

**User Name: =**

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

**Job Number: = 252540096**

**Documents (500)**

**Client/Matter:** -None-

**Search Terms:** "working class"

**Search Type:** NaturalAnd

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

1. [**BEST SELLERS**](#Bookmark_1)

2. [**A Fighter Pilot Who Aimed for Novels but Lives on Film**](#Bookmark_2)

3. [**BEST SELLERS FICTION 117**](#Bookmark_3)

4. [**MEXICO TRIES TO HELP ITS LETHARGIC FILM INDUSTRY**](#Bookmark_4)

5. [**A Resolve Forged in Vietnam Drives Challenger in Senate Bid**](#Bookmark_5)

6. [**YVES MONTAND AND THE LEFT AT ODDS**](#Bookmark_6)

7. [**FILM From Junkies to Zombies, Always With Style**](#Bookmark_7)

8. [**A New Breed Of Billionaire**](#Bookmark_8)

9. [**'TAX' ON DEVELOPERS?; News Analysis**](#Bookmark_9)

10. [**ART: REGINALD MARSH IN NEW YORK OF THE 30'S**](#Bookmark_10)

11. [**Tsongas Departure Changes the Game For State's Moment In the Political Sun**](#Bookmark_11)

12. [**FILM; Practicing Surprise, Finding Success**](#Bookmark_12)

13. [**BRITAIN 'S VOTE: WHO'LL COME SECOND?; News Analysis**](#Bookmark_13)

14. [**THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Wisconsin ; Wisconsin 'Snoozer' Stirring to Life**](#Bookmark_14)

15. [**Dublin's Rare Quandary: Immigrants**](#Bookmark_15)

16. [**THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Voters; Here Come the Little Guys, and, Boy, Are They Fed Up With the Big Guys**](#Bookmark_16)

17. [**George W. Bush and the Poet**](#Bookmark_17)

18. [**CITIES TURN TO PRIVATE GROUPS TO ADMINISTER LOCAL SERVICES**](#Bookmark_18)

19. [**'Hairspray' and 'Long Day's Journey' Have Grip on Tonys**](#Bookmark_19)

20. [**Snacking on the Side Streets**](#Bookmark_20)

21. [**MRS. THATCHER OWES A BIG CAMPAIGN DEBT TO FLABBY FOES**](#Bookmark_21)

22. [**After a Romney Deal, Profits and Then Layoffs**](#Bookmark_22)

23. [**Review/Theater: The Most Happy Fella; Basic Feelings, Soaring Songs**](#Bookmark_23)

24. [**FILM VIEW; Women and Sex: A Muddle on the Screen**](#Bookmark_24)

25. [**PARIS CLASHES: BRAWLERS ARE BLAMED**](#Bookmark_25)

26. [**MOVIE GUIDE**](#Bookmark_26)

27. [**Bingo In the Blood**](#Bookmark_27)

28. [**26.2 Miles of Change**](#Bookmark_28)

29. [**THEATER; Championing Odets, Unfashionable as That Is**](#Bookmark_29)

30. [**CORPORATE TAX UPSETS REAGAN**](#Bookmark_30)

31. [**THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE DEBATES; Debate Stakes Seen as Critical By Candidates**](#Bookmark_31)

32. [**THEATER; How Reality Can Be 'Realer' on the Stage Than Raw**](#Bookmark_32)

33. [**THE DANCERS WHO BLOOM IN THE SPRING**](#Bookmark_33)

34. [**POLITICS AND THE E.P.A. CRISIS: ENVIRONMENT EMERGES AS A MAINSTREAM ISSUE; News Analysis**](#Bookmark_34)

35. [**Home Video**](#Bookmark_35)

36. [**The Boyish Mr. Damon, Not So Boyish After All**](#Bookmark_36)

37. [**BOOKEND; A World Away, A Generation Later**](#Bookmark_37)

38. [**Review/Film; That '7 Up' Group Is 35 Years Old Now, And Drooping a Bit**](#Bookmark_38)

39. [**L.I. Jewish Hospital Will Stop Providing Doctors for Queens**](#Bookmark_39)

40. [**Ferrer Promoting Mayoralty as a National Democratic Goal**](#Bookmark_40)

41. [**Modern and Postmodern, the Bickering Twins**](#Bookmark_41)

42. [**Voices**](#Bookmark_42)

43. [**HORSE RACING; Flamingos Have Landed, but Will Hialeah Fly?**](#Bookmark_43)

44. [**BEST SELLERS: October 20, 1991**](#Bookmark_44)

45. [**For Bush, Hope and Fear in Lessons of Midterms Past**](#Bookmark_45)

46. [**Moderates Seen as Key To Louisiana 's Election**](#Bookmark_46)

47. [**FAMILIES OF MENTALLY ILL: GETTING INVOLVED**](#Bookmark_47)

48. [**TV: N.F.L. AND CRIME; BEHIND WAGNER'S 'RING'**](#Bookmark_48)

49. [**A Figure of Infamy Is Held in a 2d Outrage**](#Bookmark_49)

50. [**East Coast, West Coast, and Where the Twain Meet Noting Similarities, Scholars Reject New York - Los Angeles Rivalry**](#Bookmark_50)

51. [**Chasing the Jewels of the Sea**](#Bookmark_51)

52. [**JERSEYANA; Burger, Burger, Burger: How a Fast Food Landmark Almost Vanished**](#Bookmark_52)

53. [**A Time to Mourn: King Hussein Comforts Israelis**](#Bookmark_53)

54. [**Kultur From That Other City of Lights**](#Bookmark_54)

55. [**The Listings: Art**](#Bookmark_55)

56. [**THE NATION; Must Democrats Shift Signals on Blacks to Win the Presidency?**](#Bookmark_56)

57. [**SHIPYARD WORKERS DEFY THE REGIME IN GDANSK STRIKE**](#Bookmark_57)

58. [**A Writer's Search for the Sex in Abstinence**](#Bookmark_58)

59. [**The Secret Life of Passwords**](#Bookmark_59)

60. [**BRITISH SOCCER: THE DEADLY GAME**](#Bookmark_60)

61. [**In Feast of Louisiana Governor's Race, Revenge Is Main Course**](#Bookmark_61)

62. [**Schools Go Outside Districts For Money**](#Bookmark_62)

63. [**A Voracious Traveler Takes Time to Digest**](#Bookmark_63)

64. [**VICTORIES BRING AN INCREASE IN NATIONAL PROMINENCE TO SEVERAL POLITICIANS; Anthony S. Earl**](#Bookmark_64)

65. [**MONTERREY EXECUTIVES ANGRY**](#Bookmark_65)

66. [**OFF-KEY OR OFF-COLOR, TUNES OF WEST WORRY CHINA**](#Bookmark_66)

67. [**Redemption Hunting**](#Bookmark_67)

68. [**THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE VOTERS; The Wooed at Last Size Up Their White House Suitors**](#Bookmark_68)

69. [**Mostly White Party Seeking Voters From A.N.C.**](#Bookmark_69)

70. [**PRIMATE DEMANDS POLES FREE WALESA**](#Bookmark_70)

71. [**Scripps Is in Search of Its Next Food Network**](#Bookmark_71)

72. [**The Underbelly Of a City In Transition**](#Bookmark_72)

73. [**WHAT CURES FOR 'MALIGNANCY' OF TERRORISM?**](#Bookmark_73)

74. [**HORROR WRITER'S HOLIDAY**](#Bookmark_74)

75. [**Voters Hope Senate Face-Off Clarifies Options**](#Bookmark_75)

76. [**DANCE; A Dancer Discovers A World of Profit And Daredevil Feats**](#Bookmark_76)

77. [**Away, but Not Too Far**](#Bookmark_77)

78. [**Reality TV, The Unwelcome Guest**](#Bookmark_78)

79. [**In Trenton, It's Wisest To See Leon**](#Bookmark_79)

80. [**Locals vs. 'Aways'**](#Bookmark_80)

81. [**SHOUTING IS NEVER OVER FOR REVOLUTIONARY IRAN**](#Bookmark_81)

82. [**THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE, RUSSIOAN-STYLE**](#Bookmark_82)

83. [**How a Hudson Highlands Mountain Shaped Tussles Over Energy and the Environment**](#Bookmark_83)

84. [**AIDE SEES HIMSELF AS THE 'BAD GUY'**](#Bookmark_84)

85. [**IN PERSON Living the Good Life, Writing the Low Life**](#Bookmark_85)

86. [**Present at the Destruction**](#Bookmark_86)

87. [**Grand Vision For Remaking The West Side**](#Bookmark_87)

88. [**ART REVIEW; A Stranger In a Crowd**](#Bookmark_88)

89. [**Inside His Exteriors**](#Bookmark_89)

90. [**62 Queens Libraries Await Deep Cuts**](#Bookmark_90)

91. [**Westchester Q&A: Joe Klein; Author of 'Primary Colors' Talks Politics**](#Bookmark_91)

92. [**3 MONTHS INTO STRIKE, BOMBAY'S WORKERS BEAR UP**](#Bookmark_92)

93. [**Factories With Amenities Hinder Poland 's Stark Turn to Capitalism**](#Bookmark_93)

94. [**Learning in the Real World of a Boston School**](#Bookmark_94)

95. [**About Men; Making His Own Mark**](#Bookmark_95)

96. [**Hatcher Begins Battle to Regain Spotlight in Gary**](#Bookmark_96)

97. [**For a Cinderella Art, A Fairy Godmother**](#Bookmark_97)

98. [**THEATER: FAYE DUANWAY RETURNS**](#Bookmark_98)

99. [**Frankie Valli Is Back in Season**](#Bookmark_99)

100. [**Sports of the Times; AN ACTOR'S SPRINT IN TWO ERAS**](#Bookmark_100)

101. [**COVER STORY; In a Police Series, a Delicate Balancing Act**](#Bookmark_101)

102. [**THE MAKING OF A FRENCH CHEF**](#Bookmark_102)

103. [**An Amazing Race to Opening Night**](#Bookmark_103)

104. [**Changing Senate Race Changes Mood of Some Voters**](#Bookmark_104)

105. [**The Dangerous Leap of STEPHEN FREARS**](#Bookmark_105)

106. [**U.S. SAYS IT HAS BROKEN AN I.R.A. RING THAT CROSSED FROM CANADA TO BUY WEAPONS**](#Bookmark_106)

107. [**Eerie Lights, Disco and Saucy Jump Cuts**](#Bookmark_107)

108. [**Stockholm And The Kindness of Bloggers**](#Bookmark_108)

109. [**THE 1996 ELECTIONS: NEW JERSEY -- U.S. SENATE RACE; TORRICELLI WINS SENATE CONTEST**](#Bookmark_109)

110. [**A TRANSCRIPT OF PRIME MINISTER'S CHRISTMAS EVE RADIO ADDRESS TO THE**](#Bookmark_110)

111. [**AUSTERITY TAKES THE GLOW OFF AN EGALITARIAN IDEAL**](#Bookmark_111)

112. [**When the Joneses Wear Jeans**](#Bookmark_112)

113. [**Costs Are Rising, and Fewer People Can Afford Care**](#Bookmark_113)

114. [**BATTLE IS LOOMING ON U.S. COLLEGE AID TO POOR STUDENTS**](#Bookmark_114)

115. [**PRESIDING OVER CHANGE AT CITY COLLEGE**](#Bookmark_115)

116. [**A Hard Fought Race That's Costing Millions**](#Bookmark_116)

117. [**In Bridgeport, Stopping Cars To Stop a Wave of Killings**](#Bookmark_117)

118. [**In Race for Mexico 's Presidency, Populist Tilts at a Privileged Elite**](#Bookmark_118)

119. [**Praise, Advice and Reminders of the Sour Economy for Graduates**](#Bookmark_119)

120. [**IN PERSON; Telling Her Story in Italian- American**](#Bookmark_120)

121. [**Housing Construction Starts Without Fanfare in Yonkers**](#Bookmark_121)

122. [**The Truman Show**](#Bookmark_122)

123. [**VIEWS OF 2 KOCH RIVALS ON RACE RELATIONS ISSUE**](#Bookmark_123)

124. [**YACHT RACING Conner Is Out of the America 's Cup Competition but Not Down**](#Bookmark_124)

125. [**CLASSICAL MUSIC AND DANCE GUIDE**](#Bookmark_125)

126. [**ARTS IN AMERICA Here's to Disco, It Never Could Say Goodbye**](#Bookmark_126)

127. [**Dispute Over Stadium Becomes Political, and Personal**](#Bookmark_127)

128. [**For New York Evangelicals, a Political Conversion**](#Bookmark_128)

129. [**New Star for G.O.P. Is Conservative and Black**](#Bookmark_129)

130. [**STEELWORKERS' DISSIDENT BOWING OUT**](#Bookmark_130)

131. [**POLANSKI ON POLISH STAGE AMID POLITICAL UPHEAVAL**](#Bookmark_131)

132. [**Froggy's Last Story**](#Bookmark_132)

133. [**MORT SAHL, INTRACTABLE AS EVER, BACK IN TOWN**](#Bookmark_133)

134. [**'Baby Wants to Go to Monte Carlo'**](#Bookmark_134)

135. [**Victoria Beckham : Is She for Real?**](#Bookmark_135)

136. [**Architecture: Modernist Master's Deceptively Simple World**](#Bookmark_136)

137. [**On East End, Employers Play Landlord**](#Bookmark_137)

138. [**HOME ENTERTAINMENT/RECORDINGS: RECENT RELEASES**](#Bookmark_138)

139. [**INSIDE AN OUTSIDER**](#Bookmark_139)

140. [**Industrial Colossus Typifies the Miseries of the Soviet Economy**](#Bookmark_140)

141. [**Photography View; LANDMARKS OF 19TH-CENTURY HISTORY AND ART**](#Bookmark_141)

142. [**Cavazos Quits as Education Chief Amid Pressure From White House**](#Bookmark_142)

143. [**THEATER: SHAW'S 'MISALLIANCE' IN CHELSEA**](#Bookmark_143)

144. [**TAX BILL VOTE TEST ANTICIPATED**](#Bookmark_144)

145. [**Recordings; RICKIE LEE JONES--A FINE ENCORE**](#Bookmark_145)

146. [**The Monster Woman**](#Bookmark_146)

147. [**STAGE: 'A TALE TOLD,' PART 3 OF TALLEY FAMILY STORY**](#Bookmark_147)

148. [**A Long Hardwood Journey**](#Bookmark_148)

149. [**Dennis Quaid's Second Reel: The Comeback**](#Bookmark_149)

150. [**THE 1990 CAMPAIGN; Hawaii Race Tests Democratic Hold**](#Bookmark_150)

151. [**Teachers and Principal Begin Sharing Power, but Gingerly**](#Bookmark_151)

152. [**THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE OVERVIEW; BUSH AND MCCAIN SWAP STRATEGIES FOR NEXT BATTLE**](#Bookmark_152)

153. [**Tribute for an Old-Time Bluesman Who Stays New**](#Bookmark_153)

154. [**The Producers**](#Bookmark_154)

155. [**Driven by Fear, Colombians Leave in Droves**](#Bookmark_155)

156. [**Cigarette Makers Try To Brake a Slide**](#Bookmark_156)

157. [**'Little Chappies With Breasts'**](#Bookmark_157)

158. [**TV Stars Are Rushing To Get Movie Roles, But Few Are Doing Well**](#Bookmark_158)

159. [**DETERMINED NEIGHBORS AND BUSINESSES BRINGING NEW VITALITY TO QUEENS**](#Bookmark_159)

160. [**FOR LAKE PLACID, TORCH STILL GLOWS; The Talk of Lake Placid**](#Bookmark_160)

161. [**Review/Theater; A Nightmarish Vision Of Urban America As Assembly Line**](#Bookmark_161)

162. [**In Iraqi Divide, Echoes of Bosnia for U.S. Troops**](#Bookmark_162)

163. [**THE BUDGET BATTLE; Budget Turmoil Leaves G.O.P. Bereft and Besieged**](#Bookmark_163)

164. [**DNA Tests and a Confession Set Three on the Path to Freedom in 1978 Murders**](#Bookmark_164)

165. [**Can Menendez Count on Black Voters?**](#Bookmark_165)

166. [**WALESA IS FEELING THE WEIGHT - AND TEMPTATIONS - OF SUCCESS**](#Bookmark_166)

167. [**Oldman Onscreen: The Psychopath In Perfect Accent**](#Bookmark_167)

168. [**Dance; To Found a Troupe, It Took a Real Trouper**](#Bookmark_168)

169. [**In Free-Market Slump, Brazil 's Voters Look for Change**](#Bookmark_169)

170. [**Searching Margaritaville For the Perfect Key Lime Pie**](#Bookmark_170)

171. [**New School Aid in '91? Toms River Isn't Cheering**](#Bookmark_171)

172. [**WINE TALK**](#Bookmark_172)

173. [**A PRAGMATIST TO TACKLE THE BUDGET**](#Bookmark_173)

174. [**Booze, Babes and Introspection**](#Bookmark_174)

175. [**Music Walton, at 100, Is Winning the Race**](#Bookmark_175)

176. [**RECORDINGS VIEW; Too British for Yankee Ears?**](#Bookmark_176)

177. [**Yes, New York Messed With Texans**](#Bookmark_177)

178. [**Where Men's Wear Strikes a Fearless Pose**](#Bookmark_178)

179. [**Fraud Case Underscores Debate on Paying for Infertility Care**](#Bookmark_179)

180. [**Losing a Muse and Moving On**](#Bookmark_180)

181. [**Debating The Language Of Signs; New Jersey Towns Tell Asian-Owned Stores: Advertise in English, Too**](#Bookmark_181)

182. [**A PARISH TESTED; From Haiti , Looking to Family 1,500 Miles North for Help**](#Bookmark_182)

183. [**The Changing City; Woodside, Queens; New Accents and Old Brogue Quietly Reshape Woodside**](#Bookmark_183)

184. [**Bringing Down the House In Fairfield County**](#Bookmark_184)

185. [**A Dose of French Film, Civil and Sane**](#Bookmark_185)

186. [**In Fair Haven, Moving On**](#Bookmark_186)

187. [**Phone Plan Is Attracting Immigrants In New York**](#Bookmark_187)

188. [**As Plant Closing Looms, an Enclave Splinters**](#Bookmark_188)

189. [**TRADITIONAL DEMOCRATIC COALITION IS SLOW TO REBUILD**](#Bookmark_189)

190. [**A FOE OF BUCKLEY IS CONFIDENT**](#Bookmark_190)

191. [**WEEKENDER GUIDE**](#Bookmark_191)

192. [**Fame Finds Him**](#Bookmark_192)

193. [**Pastor Is Under Fire for Work on Sex Abuse Cases**](#Bookmark_193)

194. [**In the Soulful 70's, Real Men Played Tennis**](#Bookmark_194)

195. [**A Quiet Slice of New York Waterfront**](#Bookmark_195)

196. [**The Literature of Resistance**](#Bookmark_196)

197. [**Water and Woe For the Czechs' Cultural Gems Assessing the Damage Wrought by Historic Flood**](#Bookmark_197)

198. [**POOR AND ELDERLY PEOPLE IN SUN BELT CITIES SUFFER AN UNREMITTING MISERY**](#Bookmark_198)

199. [**Grass-Roots Fight Emerges on Hospital Plan**](#Bookmark_199)

200. [**EVANGELICAL GROUP QUIETLY AND ANGRILY UPSETS ALABAMA PRIMARY**](#Bookmark_200)

201. [**After Big Bet, Hedge Fund Pulls the Levers of Power**](#Bookmark_201)

202. [**POLITICS: THE TRAIL; Buchanan Is Slugging Away, Seeking a Georgia Comeback**](#Bookmark_202)

203. [**Fashion/Review; In London, Blueblood Meets Hot Blood**](#Bookmark_203)

204. [**POLITICS; HOW HOUSE DELEGATION SEES RACE**](#Bookmark_204)

205. [**HERS; by Susan Jacoby**](#Bookmark_205)

206. [**Backward Runs French . Reels the Mind.**](#Bookmark_206)

207. [**The Politics of Layoffs: In Search of a Message**](#Bookmark_207)

208. [**UPHEAVAL IN THE EAST: Soviet Union ; Soviet Union Opposition Hits Democracy Circuit for Votes**](#Bookmark_208)

209. [**Screen Writer Turns to the Novel To Tell of Race and Class in London**](#Bookmark_209)

210. [**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK LOS ANGELES PUTTING FOCUS ON MODERN ART**](#Bookmark_210)

211. [**AT THE MOVIES**](#Bookmark_211)

212. [**Electronics Notebook; Adventures in Never-Never Land The Revenge of Shinobi. Ninja without the turtles. Magic powers involving floating and fire help in duels over waterfalls, a Detroit junkyard and New York Harbor. Phantasy Star ...**](#Bookmark_212)

213. [**Work vs. Family, Complicated by Race**](#Bookmark_213)

214. [**Seniority**](#Bookmark_214)

215. [**Food; Salem 's Lot**](#Bookmark_215)

216. [**AT THE MOVIES**](#Bookmark_216)

217. [**FEDERAL OFFICIALS REPORT THE CENSUS LAGS SIGNIFICANTLY**](#Bookmark_217)

218. [**A Hispanic Electorate With Many Variations**](#Bookmark_218)

219. [**Who Wears the Pants in This Economy?**](#Bookmark_219)

220. [**Transcending Boundaries**](#Bookmark_220)

221. [**Clinton Showing Strength Among Michigan 's Voters**](#Bookmark_221)

222. [**ELECTION IN NICARAGUA ; NICARAGUA IS CALM IN HEAVY TURNOUT FOR CRITICAL VOTE**](#Bookmark_222)

223. [**SUNDAY VIEW; Perhaps 'Racing Demon' Is Too Comfortable**](#Bookmark_223)

224. [**ABOUT NEW JERSEY**](#Bookmark_224)

225. [**Top Colleges Take More Blacks, but Which Ones?**](#Bookmark_225)

226. [**AT THE MOVIES**](#Bookmark_226)

227. [**ART REVIEW; Some British Moderns Seeking to Shock**](#Bookmark_227)

228. [**SALVADOR REBELS TAKE OVER PARTS OF LUXURY HOTEL**](#Bookmark_228)

229. [**SOFTWARE; Serious On-Screen Fun For Children Young and Old**](#Bookmark_229)

230. [**The Chroming Of the Front Yard**](#Bookmark_230)

231. [**VIEWS OF SPORT; A Nation Divided by a Common Passion**](#Bookmark_231)

232. [**There but for Fortune**](#Bookmark_232)

233. [**BERLIN COMMUNISTS OUTLINE PLATFORM**](#Bookmark_233)

234. [**THE POPE'S VISIT: THE CARDINAL; As Pope's Important Ally, Cardinal Shines High in Hierarchy**](#Bookmark_234)

235. [**A Final Fling on Nutcracker's Eve**](#Bookmark_235)

236. [**A Designer at His Peak Without a Label**](#Bookmark_236)

237. [**THE POWELL DECISION; A Decision Relieving Some, But Disappointing Others**](#Bookmark_237)

238. [**AT THE MOVIES**](#Bookmark_238)

239. [**THE POPE'S VISIT: GLIMPSES; Outside, Looking In, For a Peek At the Pope**](#Bookmark_239)

240. [**IT NEVER HURTS TO HAVE A FEW ENEMIES**](#Bookmark_240)

241. [**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Necessary Springsteen Keeps the Faith**](#Bookmark_241)

242. [**At Troubled Bridgeport U., Fear Is Growing**](#Bookmark_242)

243. [**The Listings: Art**](#Bookmark_243)

244. [**Q&A/Judy Lerner; At 77, Still a Burning Quest for Peace**](#Bookmark_244)

245. [**A New York During the 'World of Tomorrow'**](#Bookmark_245)

246. [**Hundreds of Same-Sex Couples Wed in Massachusetts**](#Bookmark_246)

247. [**ART REVIEW; An Archive in Which Pride Outstrips Pain**](#Bookmark_247)

248. [**Child of Courage Joins Her Biographer; Pioneer of Integration Is Honored With the Author She Inspired**](#Bookmark_248)

249. [**Film Series and Movie Listings**](#Bookmark_249)

250. [**THEATER A Racial Event That Became a Hit**](#Bookmark_250)

251. [**In Melting Pot, Harmony and Problems Mix**](#Bookmark_251)

252. [**Tory Infighting Highlights Labor's Comeback**](#Bookmark_252)

253. [**If You're Thinking of Living in: Stamford**](#Bookmark_253)

254. [**A Neighborhood Comes Into Its Own**](#Bookmark_254)

255. [**When Parents Offer Extras To Schools**](#Bookmark_255)

256. [**Political Violence Sweeping Once-Quiet Honduras**](#Bookmark_256)

257. [**The Listings: Art**](#Bookmark_257)

258. [**The Art of Feminism As It First Took Shape**](#Bookmark_258)

259. [**THEATER REVIEW; The Face of Evil, All Peaches and Cream**](#Bookmark_259)

260. [**Green-Light Specials, Now at Wal-Mart**](#Bookmark_260)

261. [**A Queen's Composer, But Ever Unbowed**](#Bookmark_261)

262. [**TELEVISION; Canadian Comics Take Aim at Cable Funny Bone**](#Bookmark_262)

263. [**Putin's Olympic Fever Dream**](#Bookmark_263)

264. [**Weighing Run, Jesse Jackson Shrugs Off His Party's Label**](#Bookmark_264)

265. [**ART REVIEW; In New Jersey , Nature in Abstract and a Prison Cell**](#Bookmark_265)

266. [**How the Movies Made a President**](#Bookmark_266)

267. [**EARNING IT <HEADLINEA Champion of the Technically Challenged and Overwhelmed**](#Bookmark_267)

268. [**The Struggles of Minority-Group School Chiefs**](#Bookmark_268)

269. [**Museums Look Inward For Their Own Bailouts**](#Bookmark_269)

270. [**FILM Wells's Future Is Forever Recurring**](#Bookmark_270)

271. [**Now We Know: Home Is Where the Art Is**](#Bookmark_271)

272. [**Oscar Films/View From Abroad The Actor Next Door Quietly Savors His New Fame**](#Bookmark_272)

273. [**America 's Promise, Found in the Army; To More Immigrant New Yorkers, A Better Life Begins in Uniform**](#Bookmark_273)

274. [**Illinois Town Hopes to Exile Its Gang Members to Anywhere Else, U.S.A.**](#Bookmark_274)

275. [**Political Fallout From Smog Blurs Future for Los Angeles**](#Bookmark_275)

276. [**When Adaptation Is Bold Innovation**](#Bookmark_276)

277. [**A New Glimpse of the Heyday of the Peconic Art Colony**](#Bookmark_277)

278. [**For Angry Innaurato, No Self-Effacement**](#Bookmark_278)

279. [**For Gambling in Tennessee , All Bets Are Off**](#Bookmark_279)

280. [**Hitting the Road**](#Bookmark_280)

281. [**Breaking France 's Final Taboo**](#Bookmark_281)

282. [**BOOKEND; The Solipsisters**](#Bookmark_282)

283. [**MUSIC; A Soprano Who's in Demand Everywhere, Almost**](#Bookmark_283)

284. [**Atlanta: Scenes Beyond The Mall**](#Bookmark_284)

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

286. [**TELEVISION/RADIO; Giving a Guerrilla Journalist the Freedom of Cable**](#Bookmark_286)

287. [**Housing Voucher Test in Maryland Is Scuttled by a Political Firestorm**](#Bookmark_287)

288. [**Private Company Given Power to Pick Teachers**](#Bookmark_288)

289. [**Giuliani, Uncertain on Run for Mayor, Talks Tough on Drugs and Defense**](#Bookmark_289)

290. [**In Angler's Freezer Since '62, Fish May Refute 'Extinction'**](#Bookmark_290)

291. [**Under the Beds of the Reds**](#Bookmark_291)

292. [**Presenting the Arts to New Audiences**](#Bookmark_292)

293. [**Trying To Stay True to The Street**](#Bookmark_293)

294. [**Giant Steps**](#Bookmark_294)

295. [**WEINER CONCEDES RACE FOR MAYOR TO AVERT RUNOFF**](#Bookmark_295)

296. [**Immigrant Diversity Slows Traditional Political Climb**](#Bookmark_296)

297. [**Closing on Sunday: Will It Always Be in England?**](#Bookmark_297)

298. [**FOCUS: Anchorage ; Homesteading Is Alive, and Sort of Well, in Alaska**](#Bookmark_298)

299. [**CAINE STRETCHES HIS RANGE**](#Bookmark_299)

300. [**A NATION CHALLENGED: THE PRISONERS Taliban Arab, Like Many, Longs for Home but Faces a Doubtful Fate**](#Bookmark_300)

301. [**FILM VIEW; At the Cineplex It's Dumb, Dumber, Dumbest**](#Bookmark_301)

302. [**FOCUS: Anchorage; Homesteading Is Still Alive in Alaska**](#Bookmark_302)

303. [**Religion Meets Rebellion: How ISIS Lured 3 Friends**](#Bookmark_303)

304. [**ARCHITECTURE VIEW; What Does It Take To Make a Landmark?**](#Bookmark_304)

305. [**Where a Cuddle With Your Baby Requires a Bribe**](#Bookmark_305)

306. [**SAVING BUFFALO'S UNTOLD BEAUTY**](#Bookmark_306)

307. [**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK Splitting. Screens. For Minds. Divided.**](#Bookmark_307)

308. [**NON-WESTERN WORKS DOMINATE FILM ARRAY AT NEW YORK FESTIVAL**](#Bookmark_308)

309. [**G.O.P. IN SENATE HOPING FOR CUTS OF $450 BILLION**](#Bookmark_309)

310. [**Nurses' Strike Leaves a Town in Need of Healing; Relatives Aren't Speaking, Hospital Workers Are Taunted and Patients Go Elsewhere**](#Bookmark_310)

311. [**Where Mexico (Not Salsa) Is King It May Not Have the Hype But a Regional Music Rules**](#Bookmark_311)

312. [**The Listings: Art**](#Bookmark_312)

313. [**A Newcomer Breaks Into the Liberal Arts: Criminal Justice; With a Little Help From the Movies and TV, a Subject That Once Got No Respect Attracts Students**](#Bookmark_313)

314. [**Despite Squeeze on the Middle Class, A Suburb's Young Voters Like Bush**](#Bookmark_314)

315. [**FILM; Signs of Renewal in the Latest British Invasion**](#Bookmark_315)

316. [**In Furor Over Prize, Novelist Speaks Up For His Language**](#Bookmark_316)

317. [**THE DEMOCRATS IN ATLANTA; Democrats, After Lean Years, Are Optimistic as They Gather**](#Bookmark_317)

318. [**INSECURITY FOREVER; The Rise of the Losing Class**](#Bookmark_318)

319. [**Escape From Puberty**](#Bookmark_319)

320. [**Madison Avenue's New Directors**](#Bookmark_320)

321. [**Taking the Starch Out of Status**](#Bookmark_321)

322. [**What We Look Up To Now**](#Bookmark_322)

323. [**3 Museums That Tell Venice's Story**](#Bookmark_323)

324. [**HOFFA WILL LEAD TEAMSTERS AFTER CHIEF RIVAL CONCEDES**](#Bookmark_324)

325. [**In the Other Wisconsin , Too, Jackson Has Appeal**](#Bookmark_325)

326. [**FILM VIEW; What We Don't Know About TV Could Kill Us**](#Bookmark_326)

327. [**Commercial Property / 275 Seventh Avenue; A Medical Clinic Leases Lower Floors to Modernize**](#Bookmark_327)

328. [**NEW JERSEY GUIDE**](#Bookmark_328)

329. [**New Jersey Q & A: Dr. Lawrence Feinsod; Seeking Fairness in School Financing**](#Bookmark_329)

330. [**G.E. Becomes a General Store for Developing Countries**](#Bookmark_330)

331. [**CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Across the Spectrum Of Dance in France**](#Bookmark_331)

332. [**HOME VIDEO/NEW RELEASES**](#Bookmark_332)

333. [**THE 1998 ELECTIONS: NEW YORK STATE -- THE DEFEAT; D'Amato Fails, Finally, To Confound Rivals**](#Bookmark_333)

334. [**When Children Kill Children: Boy, 11, Is Wanted in Chicago**](#Bookmark_334)

335. [**Lower East Side Housing: Plans and Conflict**](#Bookmark_335)

336. [**33 Years Later, Draft Becomes Topic for Dean**](#Bookmark_336)

337. [**A First: Dual Gubernatorial Primary Fights**](#Bookmark_337)

338. [**Paris East: The Bastille And Beyond**](#Bookmark_338)

339. [**On the Block**](#Bookmark_339)

340. [**Changing the Face of West Berlin**](#Bookmark_340)

341. [**The Listings: Art**](#Bookmark_341)

342. [**HEALTH: Infant Care; Why Fewer Blacks Choose to Breast-Feed Than Do Whites**](#Bookmark_342)

343. [**LONG ISLAND OPINION; A Survivor's Duty Is Not to Forget**](#Bookmark_343)

344. [**ART / ARCHITECTURE; Far From 'the Troubles,' Agitprop for Both Camps**](#Bookmark_344)

345. [**Log On, Rock On**](#Bookmark_345)

346. [**A Unified Theory Of Nicole Kidman**](#Bookmark_346)

347. [**WEEKENDER GUIDE**](#Bookmark_347)

348. [**Gore Campaign Becomes Hopscotch in Search of a Dramatic Showing**](#Bookmark_348)

349. [**Mexican Challenger: Bold Words, Pale Presence**](#Bookmark_349)

350. [**Public Face of Terror Suspect: Low-Key Family Man**](#Bookmark_350)

351. [**In Fort Greene, Prosperity Is Bittersweet Some Blacks Reap Profits As Others Lament Change**](#Bookmark_351)

352. [**A DIFFERENT DIXIE; Few but Sturdy Threads Tie New South to the Old**](#Bookmark_352)

353. [**TV and Politics: 2 Cities Give Hint of the Impact**](#Bookmark_353)

354. [**Poor Face Grim Choices as Pakistan 's Economy, and Government, Unravel**](#Bookmark_354)

355. [**Billy Graham Returns, to Find Evangelical Force in New York**](#Bookmark_355)

356. [**New Financial Tool Revives Old Block**](#Bookmark_356)

357. [**One Patch of Russia 's Economic Crazy Quilt**](#Bookmark_357)

358. [**UKRAINIANS ELECT A NEW PRESIDENT**](#Bookmark_358)

359. [**Politics With the Beat of the Bronx; Willie Colon, Salsa Star, Makes a Bid for a Congressional Seat**](#Bookmark_359)

360. [**FILM; Proponent of an Ever-Potent Lodestone: Bad Taste**](#Bookmark_360)

361. [**THE NEW SEASON/ ART; Writing in Light on the Tenement Walls**](#Bookmark_361)

362. [**Seeing London on a Tight Budget**](#Bookmark_362)

363. [**FESTIVAL REVIEW Pinter's Silences, Richly Eloquent**](#Bookmark_363)

364. [**Culture Zone; Out of Order**](#Bookmark_364)

365. [**In Brooklyn and L.I. Communities, a Sense of What's at Stake in Debate Over Census**](#Bookmark_365)

366. [**Bridging a Racial Rift That Isn't Black and White**](#Bookmark_366)

367. [**50 Years Later, the Value of the G.I. Bill Is Questioned**](#Bookmark_367)

368. [**Berlin's Vital Cafe Culture**](#Bookmark_368)

369. [**Who's in Running For Council Seat? Almost Everybody**](#Bookmark_369)

370. [**A Leafier Place To Bloom**](#Bookmark_370)

371. [**Where There's No Car, There's a Bus; Navigating and Surviving the Suburbs: Taking the No. 60 in Westchester**](#Bookmark_371)

372. [**Hungarian Arrests Set Off Debate: Should '56 Oppressors Be Punished?**](#Bookmark_372)

373. [**'You're Right, Dear.' 'If You Say So, Dear.'**](#Bookmark_373)

374. [**25 St. James's Street**](#Bookmark_374)

375. [**Common Denominator; Rep. Lowey Builds Bridges Between the City and the Suburbs**](#Bookmark_375)

376. [**GROWING UP THANKLESS**](#Bookmark_376)

377. [**More Room to Grow Creatively**](#Bookmark_377)

378. [**Divided San Francisco Eyes Election**](#Bookmark_378)

379. [**At the Movies**](#Bookmark_379)

380. [**THE NEW SEASON/FILM: THE SCENE-STEALERS Crib Sheet: Breakout Performances**](#Bookmark_380)

381. [**The Listings: Art**](#Bookmark_381)

382. [**'Vinyl Wars' Divide a Hamlet; Tappan Board's Ban on Siding Angers Some Homeowners**](#Bookmark_382)

383. [**For a New Political Age, a Self-Made Man**](#Bookmark_383)

384. [**THE TALK OF WATERBURY; ONETIME BRASS CAPITAL BEGINS TO SHINE AGAIN**](#Bookmark_384)

385. [**Black America Made Visible; TV Show Illuminated Culture Through Lens of Bed-Stuy**](#Bookmark_385)

386. [**ART ; The Animated Mind Behind the Mannequin**](#Bookmark_386)

387. [**A Senate Stalwart Who Bounced Back**](#Bookmark_387)

388. [**Latvia 's Worry: What to Do With All Its Russians**](#Bookmark_388)

389. [**Calls for Slavery Restitution Getting Louder**](#Bookmark_389)

390. [**Cinematography Meets Geography In Montmartre**](#Bookmark_390)

391. [**In British Inquiry, a Family Caught in Two Worlds**](#Bookmark_391)

392. [**Houses Now; Homes of Metal : Great Shining Hope?**](#Bookmark_392)

393. [**The New, and Democratizing, Soviet Middle Class**](#Bookmark_393)

394. [**Where Children Look Skyward for Direction; In Queens, the Borough of Airports, Interest in Aeronautics Careers Revives**](#Bookmark_394)

395. [**Neighborhood Watch**](#Bookmark_395)

396. [**The Secret Life of Passwords**](#Bookmark_396)

397. [**Hartford's Hard-Knock Schooling**](#Bookmark_397)

398. [**Decline in Gun Violence Bypasses Philadelphia**](#Bookmark_398)

399. [**FILM; Harlem Was on Their Mind**](#Bookmark_399)

400. [**IN A MANSION, ALLIANCES TO OVERCOME ADDICTION**](#Bookmark_400)

401. [**A Sleepover In Free Soweto**](#Bookmark_401)

402. [**For the Creative, Havens in Sag Harbor**](#Bookmark_402)

403. [**Arab World Finds Icon In Leader of Hezbollah**](#Bookmark_403)

404. [**Writers Falling for the Lull of the North Fork**](#Bookmark_404)

405. [**THEATER: THREE MUSICALS LIVEN STAGES IN LONDON By FRANK RICH**](#Bookmark_405)

406. [**Commercial Property/The Shifting Nature of 14th St.; The Hub of Change Is Union Square**](#Bookmark_406)

407. [**Slaves to Fate**](#Bookmark_407)

408. [**For Aisles and Aisles, Buyers and Guns Galore**](#Bookmark_408)

409. [**New York 's Worst Drug Sites: Persistent Markets of Death**](#Bookmark_409)

410. [**AT BANK OF BOSTON, A DIFFERENT PATH**](#Bookmark_410)

411. [**When Mom Is Just Floors Away**](#Bookmark_411)

412. [**Where Landlords Learn; Some Property Owners Choose School Over Fines**](#Bookmark_412)

413. [**SPARE TIMES**](#Bookmark_413)

414. [**MOSCOW'S EAST SIDE STORY: TEEN-AGE TOUGHS**](#Bookmark_414)

415. [**Matthew Bourne Does the Horizontal Ballet**](#Bookmark_415)

416. [**Review/ Art ; Mike Kelley's Messages: Mixed and Mystical**](#Bookmark_416)

417. [**No Wizards, Matey, They're Wise Enoof A Gritty Liverpudlian Finds Refuge With Feisty Woodland Critters**](#Bookmark_417)

418. [**For Families of Troubled P.S. 156, Protest Disrupts More Than Just Class**](#Bookmark_418)

419. [**CALIFORNIA STORE WOOS HISPANIC COMMUNITY**](#Bookmark_419)

420. [**Battling Stereotypes With High Test Scores**](#Bookmark_420)

421. [**Neighbors Seek to Raze a Racial Wall**](#Bookmark_421)

422. [**THEATER; When The Group Becomes The Star**](#Bookmark_422)

423. [**Man in the News; Canadian With Mandate: Joseph Jacques Jean Chretien**](#Bookmark_423)

424. [**THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN; SPLINTERING OF ONCE-SOLID SOUTH POSES NEW PROBLEMS FOR DEMOCRATIC PARTY**](#Bookmark_424)

425. [**POP VIEW; A New Heavy-Metal Underground Emerges**](#Bookmark_425)

426. [**The Rich Source Of Indulgence**](#Bookmark_426)

427. [**FARE OF THE COUNTRY; Finding Memorable Tempura in Tokyo**](#Bookmark_427)

428. [**Those Third-Term Blues**](#Bookmark_428)

429. [**The Talk of Hollywood; 2 Stories of Youth And Its Wilder Side**](#Bookmark_429)

430. [**After Attacks, Michelle Obama Looks for a New Introduction**](#Bookmark_430)

431. [**Brooklyn's Spirited Council Race; Diverse Neighborhood Produces a Contest of Real Choices**](#Bookmark_431)

432. [**THE POPE IN CUBA : THE PEOPLE; Pope Carries His Message to the 'Rome' of an Afro- Cuban Faith**](#Bookmark_432)

433. [**Mr. Misunderstood? Willis Makes Himself Clear**](#Bookmark_433)

434. [**A Promise or a Threat?; Long-Sought Supermarket Now Draws Fire**](#Bookmark_434)

435. [**A Trailblazer And a Dreamer**](#Bookmark_435)

436. [**The Listings: Art**](#Bookmark_436)

437. [**British City Defines Diversity and Tolerance**](#Bookmark_437)

438. [**In Turnabout, Housing Authority Will Begin Favoring Jobholders**](#Bookmark_438)

439. [**108 DAYS OF MARRIAGE, AND COUNTING**](#Bookmark_439)

440. [**Haunted by an Earlier Life A Deportation Order Is Also a Separation Order**](#Bookmark_440)

441. [**Love and Cartagena**](#Bookmark_441)

442. [**Mixed Success In Yonkers**](#Bookmark_442)

443. [**Calm in the Swirl of History**](#Bookmark_443)

444. [**COLLEGE BASKETBALL; Griffin Stays Humble on Way Toward Top**](#Bookmark_444)

445. [**The Trouble In Housing Trickles Up**](#Bookmark_445)

446. [**An Appraisal Bill Clinton's Mixed Legacy**](#Bookmark_446)

447. [**FILM; 'Amongst Friends' Tops Off a Journey Of Self-Discovery**](#Bookmark_447)

448. [**The Listings**](#Bookmark_448)

449. [**Mean Streets**](#Bookmark_449)

450. [**DANCE VIEW; MEREDITH MONK SALUTES THE FAMILIAR**](#Bookmark_450)

451. [**FILM Robert Duvall: Lord of the Dance**](#Bookmark_451)

452. [**As Obama Heads to Florida , Many of Its Jews Have Doubts**](#Bookmark_452)

453. [**Money Changes Everything**](#Bookmark_453)

454. [**Beyond Sex and Violence, Back to a Place Like Home**](#Bookmark_454)

455. [**Young Organizers Lead Labor's Push**](#Bookmark_455)

456. [**AIDS Research in Africa: Juggling Risks and Hopes**](#Bookmark_456)

457. [**MARKETING GETS BRITISH RESPECT**](#Bookmark_457)

458. [**ART REVIEW; Renoir Portraits Show an Artist In Two Lights**](#Bookmark_458)

459. [**FOR THE BRONX, A NEW IMAGE IS A TOUGH SELL**](#Bookmark_459)

460. [**THEATER: JOHN GUARE'S 'HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES '**](#Bookmark_460)

461. [**Memento Mori -- but First, Carpe Diem**](#Bookmark_461)

462. [**The Almost Naked City**](#Bookmark_462)

463. [**FIGHTING DRUGS ON NEW YORK BLOCKS**](#Bookmark_463)

464. [**In Selma, Everything and Nothing Changed**](#Bookmark_464)

465. [**Theater in Paris: Elan, Eclat and Assistance**](#Bookmark_465)

466. [**WESTCHESTER BOOKCASE**](#Bookmark_466)

467. [**LOCAL PRESSURE BRINGING MORE LENDING IN INNER CITIES**](#Bookmark_467)

468. [**In Deadly Area, Signs Urge End to Killings**](#Bookmark_468)

469. [**Guilt by Association**](#Bookmark_469)

470. [**THE TWIN TOWERS : The Suspect; More Light Is Shed On a Shadowy Life**](#Bookmark_470)

471. [**POP: NEW YORK 'S BEST FOLD: BOSTON ALL-STARS**](#Bookmark_471)

472. [**Another Bridgeport Emerges As a Leader With a Past**](#Bookmark_472)

473. [**Great Outdoors Shrinks at Summer Camps for Urban Children**](#Bookmark_473)

474. [**THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE IMPRESSIONS; Voters All Tepid and Bothered About Candidates**](#Bookmark_474)

475. [**On the Pavement, A New Contender**](#Bookmark_475)

476. [**Cracks Found In the Myths Around Statue ; Park Service Librarian Writes Book to Clarify Lady Liberty's Origins**](#Bookmark_476)

477. [**FILM; A Man Who's True To His Convictions**](#Bookmark_477)

478. [**Dark-Horse Albanese Seeks His Stride**](#Bookmark_478)

479. [**Wolf's Wit Just Keeps On Biting; Small-Town Shock Jock Picks on Neighboring Village**](#Bookmark_479)

480. [**Broadway's Cookie, Un-Sugarcoated**](#Bookmark_480)

481. [**A New Era Is Dawning for the Grand Concourse**](#Bookmark_481)

482. [**SUBURBS STRUGGLE WITH RISE IN THE HOMELESS**](#Bookmark_482)

483. [**After 25 Years, a Once-Promising Golfer Resurrects His Game**](#Bookmark_483)

484. [**WILDWOOD WAS PARADISE ENOUGH**](#Bookmark_484)

485. [**Piermont Prospers From Makeover on the Hudson; Location, Location, Woody and Mia Aid Transformation From Factories to Galleries**](#Bookmark_485)

486. [**IF PARENTS PART: YOUNG ADULTS DESCRIBE THEIR OWN ANGUISH**](#Bookmark_486)

487. [**Union City and Miami: A Sisterhood Born of Cuban Roots**](#Bookmark_487)

488. [**Annus Horribilis**](#Bookmark_488)

489. [**HOSTAGES AND HIJACKERS: A FRAGILE COALITION SHATTERS; SIMMERING FEUD OF 2 ITALIAN PARTIES IS BROUGHT TO BOIL BY HIJACKING CRISIS**](#Bookmark_489)

490. [**Rumormongers in Calais Mirror a Demonic Time**](#Bookmark_490)

491. [**Neo-Neo Realism**](#Bookmark_491)

492. [**The Next TriBeCa? Stick a Pin in the Map**](#Bookmark_492)

493. [**FOR THE WORKER: CHANGING TIMES, NEW CHALLENGES**](#Bookmark_493)

494. [**Hostility Greets Students at Black School in White Area of Detroit**](#Bookmark_494)

495. [**The Listings: Movies**](#Bookmark_495)

496. [**Jeeves of the Plaza**](#Bookmark_496)

497. [**Major Races to Watch in Today's Election in New Jersey**](#Bookmark_497)

498. [**AT THE MOVIES**](#Bookmark_498)

499. [**Endowment Chairman Coaxes Funds for the Arts**](#Bookmark_499)

500. [**Town Sees Pressure By Suffolk On Houses**](#Bookmark_500)



# [***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

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**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**



[***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

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**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

**End of Document**



[***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

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**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

CHANGES, by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $15.95.) The crises that arise when a television anchorwoman and a glamorous physician fall in love. 3317

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

WINTER'S TALE, by Mark Helprin. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95.) Heroic lives in Manhattan between the late 19th century and the year 2000. 767

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. 8104

THE AUERBACH WILL, by Stephen Birmingham. (Little, Brown, $16.95.) Three generations of a German-Jewish family in New York. 995

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. 10719

RETURN OF THE JEDI, adapted by Joan D. Vinge. (Random House, $6.95.) Illustrated storybook based on the latest ''Star Wars'' film. 11144

EVERYTHING AND MORE, by Jacqueline Briskin. (Putnam, $15.95.) Life after Beverly Hills High School: the careers of four women. 121128

CHRISTINE, by Stephen King. (Viking, $16.95.) A car that kills is at large among a Pennsylvania town's high school set. 131313

THE SEDUCTION OF PETER S., by Lawrence Sanders. (Putnam, $15.95.) The sudden danger-filled success of a long out-of-work actor. 141525

HEARTBURN, by Nora Ephron. (Knopf, $11.95.) A *roman a clef* about a marriage breaking up. 151231

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.

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:*

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.

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.

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.

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**



[***MEXICO TRIES TO HELP ITS LETHARGIC FILM INDUSTRY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-JF10-0008-Y3CP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 19, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 12, Column 3; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1230 words

**Byline:** By ALJEAN HARMETZ

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY

**Body**

The lethargic pulse of Mexico's movie industry can be taken each morning in the newspapers.

Alberto Isaac, director of the Mexican Cinematographic Institute, a new Government agency intended to spur quality movie production, spread a newspaper on his desk and pointed. There were four pages of advertising for movies that could be seen that night in Mexico City; fewer than a half-dozen were Mexican.

''All the middle-class Mexicans have deserted Mexican films,'' Mr. Isaac said. ''They see only American movies. That's part of the cultural phenomenon we have to reverse.''

Aljean Harmets article on Mexican Government's efforts to spur country's film industry; photo (M)

Mr. Isaac grimaces as he reads the title of one of the few Mexican movies advertised, ''El Sexo de los Pobres'' (''Sex of the Poor People'').

''El Sexo de los Pobres'' is pulqueria, the most successful genre of movies made here. The name comes from pulque, the fermented juice of the maguey cactus that is the drink of poor people in Mexico. In ***working-class*** neighborhoods, it is drunk in bars known as pulquerias.

The name has recently been attached to what Mr. Isaac called ''bad melodramas, lousily produced and acted, about poor people.'' The customers for the pulquerias are also poor people.

Skirting the Pornography Ban

''It's against the law to make porno movies,'' said Gerald Green, director general of Patsa, a Mexican company that provides production services for American films made in Mexico. ''Producers get around that by making pulquerias about the boss's love affair with a secretary or about the casa chica, the little house with a mistress.''

''Pulquerias are losing their shock value now,'' Mr. Isaac said. ''A country like Mexico, where people are sexually repressed, found the first films with nudes very attractive. Now the films are becoming parodies of themselves. There are not one or two nudes, but 25 or 30. Instead of being like the United States girlie magazines, they are now for the gynecologist.''

The Government owns the eight-stage Churubusco Studios on the outskirts of the capital, two production companies, film laboratories and many theaters. Last year, the Government helped produce eight movies.

According to Mr. Isaac, three of the movies with which the Government was involved were ''ambitious,'' although he considered all three artistic failures. They included a film co-produced with the Soviet Union about the radical American journalist John Reed.

In addition, 70 films were made by independent producers, at an average cost of $200,000. Most of those movies were pulquerias, or ''cabareteras,'' which Mr. Isaac described as films about ''show-business night life, with undressed girls at work in cabarets,'' or ''rancheras,'' which he characterized as ''cowboy movies like old Gene Autry films with songs, a villain, an ingenue and lots of shots in cantinas.''

The cinematographic institute was established last March. One of its aims is to help the Mexican cinema regain the prestige it had during the 1940's, when Pedro Armendariz was a leading actor, Gabriel Figueroa became a world-class cinematographer and Emilio Fernandez won the grand prize at the Cannes Film Festival in 1943 with ''Maria Candelaria.''

Making 'Under the Volcano'

One of Mr. Isaac's first acts was to make the Government co-producer and co-financier of John Huston's ''Under the Volcano.'' Adapted from the much-praised 1947 novel by Malcolm Lowry, ''Under the Volcano'' stars Albert Finney, Anthony Andrews and Jacqueline Bisset. It is shooting in Cuernavaca, with Mr. Figueroa as cinematographer.

''We're interested in prestige pictures like 'Under the Volcano,' '' Mr. Isaac said. ''We must think of the future. In the last several years, we've been losing ground in markets we used to dominate, Central and South America and the Spanish-speaking market in the United States.''

He said that among the countries that have had the initiative were Venezuela, Colombia and Brazil.

John Gavin, the former actor who is the United States Ambassador to Mexico, said such genre movies as cowboy films no longer move easily from one Latin American country to another.

''Argentines can't sell their gaucho pictures up here, and Mexicans can't sell their charro movies down there,'' he said. ''Because of the different costumes and dialects, audiences in another country laugh at the films.''

In recent years, only the comedian Cantinflas has been able to command an international following while working in the Mexican film industry.

''We have Hollywood too close to us, and the example is bad,'' Mr. Isaac said. ''We can't do 'Star Wars.' ''

'Invasion' From America

Mr. Isaac described his ambivalence at the ''invasion'' of American film makers who have flocked to make their movies here because of the devaluation of the peso. More than a dozen American movies were made here in the last couple of years or are being made, including ''Under Fire,'' ''Amityville Horror 3-D'' and ''Yellowbeard.''

''They are helping our technicians develop and learn a lot,'' Mr. Isaac said. ''But they are making the cost of filming higher for Mexican producers. And how important is it to learn how to make the outer-space ship land in 'Dune' when the higher level of Mexican talent, writers, directors and cinematographers, are usually not used by the Americans?

''If conditions change, the American producers will fly away to the next country that provides things cheaper and will leave the local industry in bad shape.''

Mexico requires films using foreign directors and cinematographers to pay a standby Mexican. The man considered the most important figure in Mexican cinema, Mr. Fernandez, is standby director to his friend Mr. Huston and has a small role in ''Under the Volcano.''

Mr. Fernandez said the Mexican films being made were ''nothing but mud.''

''It makes me sad to see that the youth of today is only capable of that,'' he said.

The Future and the Young To Mr. Isaac, the future of the industry lies in ''lots of independent young people who are now making films in 8 millimeter and 16 millimeter, films that find their ways to exhibit in small cinemas in universities and in cinema clubs.''

He particularly praised Jaime Humberto Hermosillo's 1982 film, ''Maria de Mi Corazon.'' He said ''Maria de Mi Corazon,'' based on a story by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, had been seen by several thousand people in the cinema clubs, had been blown up to 35 millimeter and would be shown in theaters.

He also singled out a film by his son Claudio, ''The Day Pedro Infante Died,'' which he described as ''an autobiographical film about the troubles a young artist finds expressing himself in Mexico.''

Mr. Figueroa, the 76-year-old cinematographer of films ranging from ''The Pearl,'' made from the John Steinbeck story by Mr. Fernandez, to ''Night of the Iguana,'' from Tennessee Williams, directed by Mr. Huston, said that when Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado became president of Mexico, a group of 10 film makers presented to him a plan to form the movie institute.

''We said the Government is obligated to complete the education of the people of Mexico,'' Mr. Figueroa said. ''We said one way was to make good movies - not intellectual movies, but movies made from the best material written by Mexican, Latin American and Spanish writers. He agreed, and maybe this is how we can do something to develop a new Mexican film industry.''

**Graphic**

photo of set of ''Under Fire''

**End of Document**



[***A Resolve Forged in Vietnam Drives Challenger in Senate Bid***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M57-3050-TW8F-G2W4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 20, 2006 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1799 words

**Byline:** By MARC SANTORA

**Body**

It was 1969, and John Spencer, a 22-year-old first lieutenant in the Army, was returning home from combat in Vietnam when he received an abrupt lesson in how America, as he put it, was being ''ripped apart'' by the war.

''We had a layover in O'Hare Airport in Chicago, and me and a couple of other soldiers stopped into a little bar there,'' Mr. Spencer, the Republican candidate for the United States Senate in New York, recently recalled. ''We were told, 'We don't serve soldiers here.' ''

Mr. Spencer is trailing badly in the polls behind the incumbent Democrat, Hillary Rodham Clinton, and has little money to spread his message and virtually no financial support from his own party. But he has continued to run a spirited campaign, an almost renegade campaign, largely because he sees history repeating itself with the war in Iraq.

At a time when voters are expressing frustration with the war and with President Bush, who had a 31 percent approval rating in a New York Times/CBS News poll taken last month, Mr. Spencer has remained a cheerleader for the administration. He has accused Mrs. Clinton of undermining public support for the war, likening her criticism of President Bush to her opposition to the Vietnam War in the 1960's.

''She had flowers in her hair, and I had a rifle in my hand,'' he said in an interview. ''I was being shot at and she was doing whatever she did, I don't know. Looking for Bill. But I guess to find Bill she would have to go to Moscow.''

It would be hard to imagine a race with two such strikingly different candidates. Mrs. Clinton had a comfortable suburban upbringing, counted the nation's elite as her peers at Wellesley College and Yale Law School and became the first woman to be made a full partner at the Rose Law Firm in Arkansas.

Mr. Spencer, 59, was an orphan and a community college dropout who enlisted in the Army. He battled and overcame alcoholism, worked in construction, built his own cleaning business and became mayor of Yonkers, New York's fourth-largest city. He governed as a tax-cutting, law-and-order conservative.

The two face off in their first debate at 7 tonight in Rochester. It will be televised by Time Warner cable.

On the campaign trail, he tells voters that the Roe v. Wade decision legalizing abortion should be overturned and that gay marriage should be outlawed. He has little patience for the United Nations and believes that the behavior of soldiers at Abu Ghraib has been exploited by Mrs. Clinton, who he said ''wants power first'' and is willing to ''undercut the nation's resolve in a time of war in order to achieve it.''

Yet he is also deeply frustrated by the lack of support he has received from the national Republican Party, despite its deep antipathy toward Mrs. Clinton. He also has received little help from either Gov. George E. Pataki or former Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, whom Mr. Spencer has criticized as too liberal.

In a recent interview with the syndicated columnist Robert D. Novak, Mr. Spencer said the lack of support made him feel like he had been ''stabbed in the back.''

Still, he remains one of Mr. Bush's staunchest supporters, even as other Republican candidates have distanced themselves from the war and the administration.

''I am glad we have a President Bush right now instead of a President Clinton in a time of war,'' he said. ''I shudder to think.''

Mr. Spencer was born Daniel Patrick Spencer in 1946. His parents, Edward and Ann McGlinchy Spencer of White Plains, separated when he was an infant and placed him in foster care. Patrick and Nora Ginnane, a ***working-class*** couple living in Yonkers who already had eight children of their own, took him in. They named him John, but he kept the last name Spencer.

He is not shy when telling audiences, like the American-Polish Council of New York State in Brooklyn last month, about meeting his biological mother for the first time when he was in his 30's.

''The first thing I said to her was, thank you for having me,'' he said.

His foster mother died when he was 8, and his foster father died six years later, so his foster sister Noreen, 10 years his senior, raised him.

By his own admission, Mr. Spencer was not focused as a teenager. He enrolled in Westchester Community College to study mechanical engineering but never graduated. Instead, he joined the Army in 1966, and by 1968, he was in Vietnam, where he led a combat platoon south of Danang.

He is reluctant to talk about his time in battle. But he has no regrets about going. ''We were on a mission to help the South Vietnamese people,'' he said. Mr. Spencer was awarded the Bronze Star for his service.

George Kline, 58, now a chemist in Maryland, served under Mr. Spencer's command.

''He was never a dictator type,'' Mr. Kline said. ''But he spoke his mind. And he also had a nice dose of healthy sarcasm.''

While Vietnam helped shape him, it is his experience with antiwar protestors upon returning home in 1969 that still stings and informs his current political thinking. He said he was ''grossly, grossly disappointed in my own nation.''

Mr. Spencer married his first wife, Eileen Looney, in 1971, and they had two children, John Jr. and Jennifer. But he began drinking heavily, was arrested twice in drunken brawls with police officers and now admits that he was an ''irresponsible father.''

''I partied hard, and I blacked out when I drank,'' he said.

But he joined Alcoholics Anonymous and swore off drinking in 1976. Steadily, he got his life together; first working in construction, later becoming vice president of a real estate management firm and then Bankers Trust Company, and starting a cleaning business.

Mr. Spencer has close-cropped gray hair, a rugged face and the bearing of an athlete. He displays the nervous energy of someone who enjoys his coffee and cigarettes. When away from voters, he is quick to light up, discreetly holding the cigarette with his thumb and forefinger so the lit end is obscured by his palm. He is blunt, often profane and has a one-of-the-guys style.

''He's a fighter,'' said Bob Philp, 57, who has known Mr. Spencer since they worked together as steamfitters three decades ago. When the two would play sports, Mr. Philp said, Mr. Spencer ''would play antagonizer.''

In 1990, Mr. Spencer was elected to the Yonkers City Council. In 1996, he ran for mayor and defeated the Democratic incumbent.

During his first term, he started an aggressive antigraffiti campaign, added police officers and firefighters and began a campaign to revitalize Yonkers's neglected waterfront. He settled a long-running and contentious school and housing desegregation case, and got the state to remove a financial control board that was put in place in the 1980's.

''I changed the whole image of the city as it was perceived by outsiders,'' he asserted.

But while he was able to lower both income and real estate transfer taxes, property taxes ballooned by more than 40 percent during his tenure, which ended in 2004.

Mr. Spencer also developed a reputation, he says undeserved, for intemperate remarks. He once fired off a letter to Attorney General Eliot Spitzer excoriating a fellow Republican, the former Westchester County district attorney, Jeanine F. Pirro, saying she ''protects corrupt people.'' When the letter became an issue in her current race for attorney general, her campaign dismissed it as ''written in anger.'' Democrats have compiled a list of Mr. Spencer's more colorful comments. For instance, he once joked about shooting Governor Pataki.

Mr. Spencer says his opponents have taken the remarks out of context.

One thing Mr. Spencer and Mrs. Clinton share, however, is that their personal lives have been put under the microscope.

For years as mayor, Mr. Spencer carried on an affair that was an open secret with his chief of staff, Kathy Spring. He eventually divorced his wife, and in 2003, he married Ms. Spring, with whom he had already had two children. They later had a third child.

Mrs. Spencer worked for the Yonkers city government and when Mr. Spencer left office, he gave $1.1 million in raises to people on the city payroll, including his wife. His critics cried conflict.

Mr. Spencer bristles at the suggestion that he did anything improper, saying that his wife had more than two decades of experience in city government and that the raises were well deserved.

His second marriage became an issue during the bitter Republican primary this spring, when a top aide to his opponent, Kathleen Troia McFarland, called Mr. Spencer a bigamist.

Mrs. Clinton, however, has not made an issue of any of this, instead acting as if she has no opponent at all. Her confidence is not only supported by her commanding lead in the polls, but by her huge advantage in campaign contributions: She has more than $15 million at her disposal while Mr. Spencer now has about $470,000 remaining, not taking into account $250,000 in campaign debts.

Yet, Mr. Spencer continues to attack Mrs. Clinton, sending out news releases every day calling her to task on everything from a vote on defense spending to her position on the treatment of detainees. He has spent $4 million on his campaign, much of it for direct mailings. He ran four television ads against Mrs. Clinton before the primary, although he has not had money to buy air time since.

To make up for the lack of television exposure, he has energetically crisscrossed the state, traveling hours to speak to handfuls of people and holding events where he is lucky if one reporter shows up. Where Mrs. Clinton travels with an entourage of aides and security detail, he has a staff of six.

Even in his hometown, he does not attract a crowd. At a recent outdoor festival, he made his way under an overcast sky greeting old friends, talking very little about Mrs. Clinton and looking perfectly happy.

''I am not the give-up type,'' Mr. Spencer said yesterday, during a break in debate preparations. ''I am used to being an underdog all my life, and I accept it for what it is.

''The act of running is to challenge people to think,'' he continued. ''Not to coronate people because they are celebrities.''

PROFILE

John Daniel Spencer

BORN -- White Plains, Nov. 17, 1946.

EDUCATION -- Westchester Community College, 1964-66.

MILITARY SERVICE -- United States Army, 1966-69; first lieutenant and platoon leader in Vietnam, 1968-69; awarded the Bronze Star.

CAREER -- Cushman & Wakefield, senior property manager, 1977-84; Bankers Trust Company, vice president, 1984-92; established a cleaning business, Akron Building Services, in 1991. Yonkers City Council, 1990-95; mayor, 1996-2004.

WIFE -- Kathy Spencer.

CHILDREN -- Kaitlyn, 10; Patrick, 8; and James, 19 months. Two children, Jennifer, 32, and John Jr., 34, from a previous marriage.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: ''She had flowers in her hair, and I had a rifle in my hand,'' said John Spencer, a former mayor of Yonkers and now Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton's Republican rival. (Photo by Uli Seit for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

John Spencer near Danang, Vietnam, as an Army lieutenant in a photograph taken in the last days of his tour of duty in 1969.

In 1996, John D. Spencer, then the mayor of Yonkers, with students from the Scholastic Academy for Academic Excellence. (Photo by Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** October 20, 2006

**End of Document**



[***YVES MONTAND AND THE LEFT AT ODDS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-J7G0-0008-Y182-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 10, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 11, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1137 words

**Byline:** By JOHN VINOCUR

**Dateline:** PARIS, Oct. 9

**Body**

On stage, Yves Montand offers audiences the extraordinary gift of a man at ease with himself. The voice is passion restrained, as relaxed as a walk in the sun.

The heat, the temper, the hard edges come elsewhere. Over the last few months they have been part of the singer and actor's emergence at age 62 as a different kind of political player in France. He has said enough since midsummer to be attacked in Izvestia, the Soviet Government newspaper, and for a public opinion survey group to announce last Monday that 55 percent of the French believe that what Mr. Montand, the showman, thinks about politics is more important than what the country's professionals say.

He has said so much, in fact, that Le Matin, the Paris newspaper with the most direct ties to the Socialist Government, wrote, ''That's enough, Monsieur Montand! Too much is too much, Monsieur Montand.'' The Communist Party called him a turncoat and found what it insisted was an African proverb to deal with his case: ''The higher a monkey climbs the tree, the more he shows his bottom.'' There was more: The party dragged out Mr. Montand's older brother, Julien, an employee of a branch of a Communist-led labor union, to say that Yves never worked much as a kid, liked to give a more ''diversified'' picture of his youth in poverty than reality would allow, and has taken on the ''false vocation of somebody who thinks he can talk about everything with total self-assurance.''

Where He Stands Now

Once a ***working-class***, left-wing hero, the entertainer has become a problematical figure for some of his old friends. Izvestia attacked frontally; for others, irony is the approach. Le Monde, which used to appreciate his point of view, now comments: ''Yves Montand, who sings so well, is talking, talking, talking. It seems to be about politics.''

Highly compressed, what Mr. Montand has been saying is that the Soviet Union is a brutal and aggrandizing state, that many people in the West refuse to understand this or to defend themselves against it, that French intervention in Chad was necessary but came too late, that the leadership of the French Communist Party is full of people who have been around since the time of Stalin and Beria, and that the non-Socialist Governments of France since de Gaulle knew something about running the economy that the current Socialist Government does not. The French Left has recently tried, wrongly, he said, to brand a few right-wing extremists as fascists and was bogged down in a sentimentality ''more dangerous than Stalinist leaders.''

A Montand Sampler

Samples from a conversation last week in his living room:

''People today only consider two solutions in dealing with the Soviets. Either there's war or you give up. That's not the solution. It's the firmness and the solidarity of the democratic countries. I very much fear that the American struggle against Soviet expansionism is just a gadget, a gimmick.''

''The United States, with everything that doesn't work in it - the problems of the blacks, the Puerto Ricans, the prisons, the corruption and on and on - is the last rampart of democracy.''

''The greatest hypocrisy of the left here is to continually hide its own failures by accusing others of having been the cause.''

''It's a very strange place indeed where the words Solidarnosc or Afghanistan or Walesa are considered dreadfully boring. Our capacity for indignation is terribly limited, and the Soviets know it.''

Coming from Jacques Chirac, the Gaullist Mayor of Paris, this would intrigue no one. Set next to the name Yves Montand, the words have a different sense in this country. As an unusual entertainer, a man whose greatest skill may be his entrapment of an audience in a kind of elegant complicity, Mr. Montand has found out he can reach people whose ears turn to wood for most politicians. As a man who has been associated with the left for decades, he now realizes he possesses a particular weight as a symbol of disillusionment. People seem to react because he is too good looking, too direct, too smooth an embodiment of disappointment and anger to be brushed aside, tolerated into insignificance.

The French John Wayne

Now that Mr. Montand is unwinding, he says, ''I'm going to keep talking and keep yelling.'' Would he mind very much being called the French John Wayne, a visitor asks. ''Go ahead,'' he says. ''Whatever. I don't care. I want to wake people up''

The change over the years has been deep. In the 1950's, Mr. Montand was close to the Communist Party, a signer of its petitions and an entertainer so welcome in Prague and Moscow that, as editorialists here often remind him, he met with Nikita S. Khrushchev. The party's influence on him, he acknowledges now, was so strong that he dropped songs from his repertoire because it didn't like them.

He stopped singing ''C'est Si Bon'' because a political friend felt it was too ''American.'' He became what he described this spring as a ''reverse bigot,'' the equivalent of ''a Khomeini-ite, yes, it was the same thing.''

The turnaround began in 1956. If his politics changed fully 25 years ago, the difference now is that Mr. Montand says he no longer is paying attention to all those people on the left who told him that speaking too frankly meant he was helping the right, the people for whom he had always felt so much contempt. He cannot explain precisely what has set him off; some friends say it may be a mixture of age, conviction and confidence, a very strong drive to set the record straight.

A Dichotomy of the 30's

''It's like this,'' he says, hunting for explanation. ''I was always against intolerance, injustice and humiliation. That hasn't changed a bit. But for a long time people didn't say certain things they knew. You couldn't go over the line. It all appears so clear to me now that I say, 'No, I'm sorry, here's the truth.' ''

The problem with French political life and its reaction to his feelings, he goes on, is that it still thinks in 1930's terms: Everything is divided into a left-right equation. ''That's old-fashioned and exhausting, all this right or left stuff. But there are just obvious things that need to be said.''

The entertainer, who has a film coming out this month and plans to tour Europe next year with his one- man show, insists he is not going to become a politician. But he may break his political rule of the last 10 or 15 years of refusing to give his support to a single political figure. It will probably not be Francois Mitterrand. Mr. Montand respects 90 percent of the President's foreign policy (''clear and courageous,'' he says), but he cannot accept his alliance with Georges Marchais of the French Communist Party.

All his life, he said recently, ''I simply looked to do the things I thought were right. Now, age is here. To fight it, you've got to continue to get indignant.''

**Graphic**

photo of Yves Montand

**End of Document**



[***FILM; From Junkies to Zombies, Always With Style***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48YC-R9Y0-01KN-208P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 29, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 15

**Length:** 1535 words

**Byline:**  By CARYN JAMES

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

EVEN people who know that Danny Boyle directed "Trainspotting" aren't likely to know much more -- no clue what he looks like or even how old he is. He is so identified with that film -- an improbably gleeful movie about heroin addicts in which a skinheaded Ewan McGregor dives head-first into what the movie calls "the worst toilet in Scotland" to retrieve drugs -- that a photographer hired to shoot Mr. Boyle in April finds a backdrop to reflect its ambience. It is the smelliest alley in London, a vile cul-de-sac where flies buzz around trash cans.

The alley is a dizzying change from the setting, just two blocks away, in which I've just talked to Mr. Boyle -- the ultra-trendy St. Martin's Lane Hotel. (The place was chosen by Fox Searchlight, which is releasing his latest film, "28 Days Later.") In a worn corduroy jacket, he is no match for the fashionistas there, but he's hardly a character out of "Trainspotting" either. He talks about how astonished he is that his oldest child is already 18, then orders tea and scones -- conventional middle-class chatter. Once a ***working-class*** boy from Manchester, he has become a successful 46-year-old Londoner whose reddish-brown hairline is beginning to recede.

The difference between Danny Boyle -- polite, well-read, a guy who actually listens during a conversation -- and the rough characters he brought to the screen seven years ago helps explain why some of the gentlest people I know regard "Trainspotting" as a favorite film: he takes people who seem repellent on paper and reveals their humanity. With the visual flair that is the key to his style, he creates an antic surface for his films; and by the end viewers are amazed to find they have sympathized with junkies, murderers, even an annoying vacuum cleaner salesman.

His characters are more sympathetic from the start in "28 Days Later," though the movie is his darkest yet, a "Mad Max" for the age of AIDS and SARS. In the film (which opened Friday), a virus that causes murderous rage enters the blood, changing humans into killer zombies and London into an empty, eerily quiet, apocalyptic place. "I'm very optimistic and positive as a person," Mr. Boyle says. "Although the films are often a bit dark, I think there's a spirit in them and an energy in them which is life-affirming." He adds, "I think we won't kill ourselves in the end; I think we will manage to scrape by. And I'm exhilarated by it."

"28 Days Later" is exhilarating to watch, one of Mr. Boyle's best. Witty in its allusions to old horror movies and at times just plain frightening, it is also fraught with realistic echoes of current fears, as a makeshift band of virus-free people tries to escape the disease. As in all Boyle films, the visual approach -- here digital cameras create the gritty look of television news from the end of the world -- reflects the characters' view of the unsettled world around them.

Although his reputation in America was born in 1996 with "Trainspotting," his style wasn't. After an apprenticeship at the Royal Court Theater and a decade of working in British television, he directed "Shallow Grave" (1994), a deliciously sly black comedy about several roommates (including Mr. McGregor in the first of his three Boyle movies) willing to kill each other for a cache of stolen money. In that film he mastered an effectively disorienting approach, with skewed angles, colors that are slightly too bright, small touches that distort reality without leaving it behind.

For every film, he says, he works from photographs. "I collect a huge book of images for everybody, for the cast and the crew of each film. That's so we communicate through pictures as much as through language, because it's alarmingly inaccurate, language, for all our dependence on it. You have these meetings and you ask for a green car. And the car turns up and it's purple." (Spoken like a man who does not write the screenplays for his films).

In "28 Days Later," those visuals make you jump. A Hitchcockian black bird carries a lethal drop of blood. But the horror-movie touches are set against a frighteningly real landscape.

The hero, Jim (Cillian Murphy), wakes after a 28-day coma to find himself in a London so abandoned it seems the filmmakers must have used some fancy computer tricks to create that creepy desolation. They didn't. During the summer of 2001, using a half-dozen digital video cameras at once, they stopped traffic in the early morning for a few minutes at a time and shot in the city, with Big Ben and the Millennium ferris wheel familiarly looming.

And in those early, apocalyptic scenes, one image carries more resonance than Mr. Boyle could have known. Jim discovers a wall covered with photographs of lost friends and relatives, and posters searching for the missing, an image that inevitably brings to mind the walls that appeared after Sept. 11. But the scene was inspired by a photograph of a similar wall in China after an earthquake. Mr. Boyle says: "I wouldn't have copied it from New York because I would have felt it was inappropriate. But because we'd shot it before that happened, I felt it was O.K, because it's a human thing that happens, clearly, in many catastrophes, where communication is broken." Images that appear to be throwaways are often the anchors to harsh reality in Boyle films, like the word "Plague" scrawled outside the door of a character who has AIDS in "Trainspotting."

He followed that movie with "A Life Less Ordinary," a strained romantic comedy in which Mr. McGregor kidnaps Cameron Diaz. Its title could represent Mr. Boyle's whole career, in which characters gradually move from the everyday to the astounding. Leonardo DiCaprio does that as an American in Thailand in "The Beach" (2000), the big-budget monstrosity about a utopian community gone sour. (The novel, by Alex Garland, is smarter than the film. Mr. Garland went on to write the original screenplay for "28 Days Later.")

A high-profile movie, "The Beach" was critically savaged ("We got a kicking," Mr. Boyle says matter-of-factly) and left a problem in its wake. Mr. McGregor, who was led to believe he would be in the film, learned second-hand that he had been replaced. Mr. Boyle and his producer, Andrew Macdonald, had decided they needed a Hollywood movie star, which Leo was and Ewan was not. "We should have been up front with Ewan about that," Mr. Boyle says. "It just goes to show you that when you're not absolutely honest with people that you pay a price for it."

He's definitely paying. Mr. Macdonald owns the film rights to Irvine Welsh's novel "Porno," the sequel to "Trainspotting," and he and Mr. Boyle were hoping the cast would pick up its characters a decade later. But last month at the Cannes Film Festival, Mr. McGregor made it clear to reporters that the project was out of the question for him, and it is now on hold.

"The Beach" was so complicated and exhausting that it left Mr. Boyle with a recurring nightmare. As he describes it: "I was on an airplane. All the crew were there saying, 'What do we do next?' I had no idea." He responded by making two small films on digital video for the BBC. They are acerbic, adventurous pieces written by the playwright Jim Cartwright. In "Vacuuming Completely Nude in Paradise," Timothy Spall is a slobbering, bullying vacuum cleaner salesman who takes on a pathetic young apprentice. He is completely irritating yet touching. In "Strumpet," Christopher Eccleston (who plays an enigmatic military leader in "28 Days Later" and also starred in "Shallow Grave") is a wild-eyed poet/songwriter in a film that embraces and rails against MTV-style fame.

Before "The Beach," Mr. Boyle had made a truly small film, an oddity called "Alien Love Triangle" that has never been shown publicly. Miramax's Dimension Films commissioned it as part of a trilogy of science-fiction shorts, then decided against releasing an anthology film. The other segments were turned into full-length features ("Imposter" and "Mimic"), but Mr. Boyle felt his story should stay as it was. Based on my private viewing of the film, he was right. It has just enough humor to sustain its 28 minutes, with Kenneth Branagh as ascientist who discovers that his wife, played by Courteney Cox, is really a male alien, whose own wife soon knocks on their door: she is Heather Graham, bald-headed and green skinned.

Mr. Boyle is now in Liverpool shooting a film even less likely for him: "Millions," a fantasy about two little boys who find a million British pounds days before England converts to the Euro. He calls the film "charming," which worries him. "Forty minutes is about the limit for charm," he says.

But he doesn't run out of charm himself, even in the vile alley. "Do you want me to smile?" he asked the photographer at the start of the shoot, but I fled the smell before hearing the answer. Later the photographer said that Mr. Boyle hadn't smiled much, that he seemed to want to look moody. Separately, Mr. Boyle said that he hadn't smiled much, that the photographer seemed to want him to look moody. Anyway, he said, he only has two expressions, cheerful or moody, with nothing in between -- which may be why his zombie apocalypse movie is scary, real and fun.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The director Danny Boyle, above, in a London alley recently. Cillian Murphy, below, as a survivor on the city's deserted streets in Mr. Boyle's new thriller, "28 Days Later." (Steve Forrest/Insight-Visual, for The New York Times); (Peter Mountain/Fox Searchlight Pictures)(pg. 15); Ewen Bremner, left, Ewan McGregor and Robert Carlyle in "Trainspotting." (Liam Longman/Miramax Films)(pg. 24)

**Load-Date:** June 29, 2003

**End of Document**



[***A New Breed Of Billionaire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4RBS-N8D0-TW8F-G0VM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 14, 2007 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1; AGE OF RICHES

**Length:** 2003 words

**Byline:** By LANDON THOMAS Jr.

Landon Thomas Jr. reported from Istanbul and elsewhere in Turkey in October and did additional reporting from New York.

**Dateline:** ISTANBUL

**Body**

Stuck in a traffic jam in his bulletproof BMW, the richest man in Turkey lets loose with a satisfied grin.

Since 2000, Husnu M. Ozyegin has spent more than $50 million of his own money, building 36 primary schools and girls' dormitories in the poorest parts of Turkey. Next to the Turkish government, Mr. Ozyegin is the biggest individual supporter of schools in the country -- and an official from the education ministry has told him that his market share is increasing.

''Not bad,'' he says in his gruff, cigarette-scarred voice as he pockets his mobile phone. ''If I can have an impact on one million Turkish people in the next 10 years, I will be happy.''

The global wealth boom has created a new breed of billionaire in once-destitute countries like Turkey, India, Mexico and Russia. Propelled by their rising economies, robust currencies and globally competitive companies, they have ridden a surge in local stock markets that have reached previously untouchable heights in a short five-year timeframe. Now, a number of them are using their wealth to bolster their standing and push for social changes.

These entrepreneurs, who have made their billions in private sector industries like telecommunications, petrochemicals and finance, are distinct from a past generation of international billionaires, most with ties to Middle Eastern oil or valuable land holdings. Not only have they become the richest men in their countries; they are among the wealthiest in the world.

For these emerging economies, where loose regulation, opaque privatization processes and monopolistic business practices abound, this extraordinary and uneven creation of wealth rivals in many ways the great American fortunes made at the turn of the 20th century.

While such countries have long been accustomed to vast disparities between a tiny class of the wealthy elite and the impoverished masses, the new elite shares some characteristics with counterparts in the United States. And just as Rockefellers, Carnegies and Morgans once used philanthropy to smooth the rough edges of their cutthroat business reputations -- as have a current generation of wealthy Americans that includes Bill Gates of Microsoft and Sanford I. Weill of Citigroup -- local billionaires in emerging markets are trying to do the same.

Global Philanthropy

Carlos Slim Helu, the telecommunications entrepreneur in Mexico who is worth more than $50 billion, has pledged billions of dollars to his two foundations that will aid health and education. Roman Abramovich, Russia's richest man, who has a net worth of $18 billion, has channeled more than $1 billion into the impoverished Arctic area of Chukotka, where he also serves as governor, building schools and hospitals.

And in India, Azim Premji, the chairman of the software company Wipro who is worth $17 billion, has established his own foundation that supports elementary education.

To be sure, as these fortunes are still being made, the sums donated are relatively small in light of the pressing social needs of these countries. But as return-driven philanthropy has gained in popularity through the efforts of Mr. Gates and others, emerging market billionaires are applying similar bottom-line oriented lessons to their own countries.

''What we are seeing in these countries,'' said Jane Wales, president of the Global Philanthropy Forum, ''are people emerging from the private sector with tremendous wealth who are attracted to highly strategic philanthropy.''

A Nontraditional Climb

Here in Turkey, Mr. Ozyegin, who is 62 and has a net worth of $3.5 billion, did not secure his wealth by buying government assets on the cheap or by belonging to a rich family that controls a monopoly -- two traditional routes to great wealth in the developing world.

The founder of a midtier corporate bank called Finansbank, he cashed in on a rush of interest by foreign financial institutions in Turkish banks last year and sold a controlling stake in his bank to the National Bank of Greece, receiving $2.7 billion in cash.

Flush with money and ambition, he is doing all that he can to lift Turkish educational standards at the primary and university level.

Sitting in his personal conference room atop Finansbank's main office in Istanbul, Mr. Ozyegin recalls Aug. 18, 2006, when the sale of his 49 percent stake officially closed.

''I remember that day better than my birthday,'' he said, as he leaned back in a plush leather chair. ''I was not only a billionaire but the richest man in Turkey. It's a great feeling, but your responsibilities increase.''

Like many self-made billionaires, Mr. Ozyegin has a direct, demanding manner, and a day spent traveling with him does not yield much casual conversation. He carries two cellphones, Throughout a long day he juggles calls from his wife, his assistant, his son and assorted government bureaucrats, as well as the managers of his various businesses.

He typically works 11-hour days, not solely from his suite of offices but also from his car, plane or boat, checking in on his far-flung operations in Turkey as well as Russia, Romania and China.

''I'm first generation, that gives me satisfaction,'' he said. ''Getting to the top is not so easy; staying there is more difficult.''

Mr. Ozyegin's grandparents came to the southern Turkish city of Izmir from the Greek island of Crete in the late 19th century, during the dying days of the Ottoman Empire. The son of a doctor, he attended Robert College, an elite academy in Istanbul, before setting off to Oregon State University in 1963 with $1,000 in his pocket.

An overachiever, he played basketball and led the student government, but earned mediocre grades. Harvard Business School seemed like a long shot given that he was in need of a scholarship. But he attached a picture of himself welcoming Robert F. Kennedy to Oregon State to his application and was accepted. ''I guess they liked me for my leadership abilities,'' he said.

After a successful banking career, he founded Finansbank in 1987, selling his two homes and borrowing $3 million to get the deal done.

At the outset, the bank's ambitions were small, providing corporate banking services to Turkish businesses. The bank's fortunes fluctuated in line with the volatile economy, expanding rapidly during the heady years of strong economic growth, but facing extinction on two separate occasions, in 1994 and 2001, when the Turkish markets suffered contractions.

Becoming Competitive

As a businessman, his frequent interaction with Southeast Asia, China and Russia has impressed upon him the need for Turks to become more competitive in today's global economy.

''The most important problem that Turkey has is education,'' he said.

He cites the rapid increase of applications to Harvard Business School from Chinese and Indian students. Turkey, a smaller country, sends only four to eight students a year, said Mr. Ozyegin, who meets with the students when he visits.

Beyond his public school investments, Mr. Ozyegin has plans to spend up to $1 billion over the next 15 years on a new private university, to be called Ozyegin University.

''I want to do something on a major scale,'' he said. ''My vision is that we can train and export people like India does.''

Since he started his building program in 2000, Mr. Ozyegin has completed 36 schools and girls' dormitories at a cost that varies from $400,000 to $1.8 million each. He wants to reach 100 by 2010. He works closely with the government, with most of the building taking place in the country's poorest regions in the south and northeast.

''That is a lot, it is a very significant number,'' said Filiz Bikmen, the executive director of Tusev, a philanthropy foundation in Istanbul.

Turkey has the lowest ratio of girls to boys in primary and secondary school of any country in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, which requires its 30 members to meet minimum requirements for living standards and democratic practices. Turkey's low standing is a result of a traditional culture that, especially in poorer areas, places a higher premium on a boy's education than a girl's.

In a country where the ruling party draws its root support from an electorate that is becoming more Islamic in attitude and outlook, Mr. Ozyegin's aim to reach out to undereducated girls touches a sensitive cultural vein (through his wife's foundation, Acev, he has also helped pay for women's literacy and early education programs in poor parts of the country.)

A practicing Muslim but avowedly secular in outlook, Mr. Ozyegin embodies the hopes as well as fears of Turkey's elite, many of its ranks now supporters of the ruling Justice and Development party, which has led the revitalization of the Turkish economy.

Mr. Ozyegin hopes that focusing on education as an economic development tool will help transcend the current bitter disputes over religious practice, including whether the increase in the number of women wearing head scarves signifies the emergence of a more Islamic, less secular Turkey.

''I want Turkey to have the same education levels as Europe 25 years from now,'' he said. ''Whether you wear a scarf should not matter.''

A Focus on Education

When Mr. Ozyegin visits a school, he is frequently met by the district's mayor, a representative from the education ministry and various other local notables. His visits, like his business meetings, are swift and to the point -- a sweep through the school's halls and a barrage of questions directed at school officials.

At a primary school bearing his name, in a ***working-class*** district on the outskirts of Istanbul, he marches into a classroom of wide-eyed sixth graders who jump to their feet with the spirit and alacrity of a platoon hailing its general and he exhorts them to heed their studies.

At another school, he upbraids an official for countenancing stained carpets and trash that lines the building's long hallways. ''This place is full of garbage,'' he said, his voice low and angry. ''Do something about it. It's shameful.''

There are touching moments, too. A newly built primary school in a village close to the border with Armenia echoes with shouts of its 360 students as Mr. Ozyegin's wife, sister and brother-in-law, who oversee the logistics of the building program, stop by for a visit.

Rarely do the children here attend high school. Many of them speak Kurdish as their first language, and their parents eke out an existence as sheep and cow herders.

Clothes are frayed and toes poke through the holes of plastic shoes. But, like the fading evening light on the snowy peak of nearby Mount Ararat, there are glimmers of hope, too.

Danyan Kuba, a tall, nervous seventh grader dressed in a coat and tie, is asked what he wants to be when he grows up. He shifts awkwardly, looks down at his shoes and back up again. ''I want to be a math teacher,'' he says in a strong, clear voice.

For Mr. Ozyegin, becoming one of the richest men in the world has brought its own pressures. He gets many letters each day. Some ask him to erase the debt they have on their Finansbank credit cards.

Others are more poignant -- recently he received a letter from an admirer in jail asking for a pair of shoes and a suit, a request he plans to honor.

Like some who have made so much, Mr. Ozyegin likes to keep score.

Warren E. Buffet may be the richest man in the world, but Mr. Ozyegin says, his wealth has risen faster. ''My compounding is better than Buffet's, but my track record is only one-half as long,'' he said.

He is also a student of the life of J. P. Morgan: he reels off how much Morgan, who dominated the world of finance at the turn of the 20th century, left to his son, daughter and wife, as well as the salary he awarded the captain of his yacht. But Mr. Ozyegin's lack of renown on the larger global stage nags at him.

''I'm giving away 2 percent of my net income every month,'' he said. ''I don't think Bill Gates is doing that.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Husnu M. Ozyegin has spent $50 million building 36 primary schools and girls' dormitories in the poorest parts of Turkey. (PHOTOGRAPH BY LYNSEY ADDARIO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) GRAPHIC: REAL MONEY

CHART: A NEW GLOBAL ELITE

**Load-Date:** December 14, 2007

**End of Document**



[***'TAX' ON DEVELOPERS?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-K2R0-0008-Y3JY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***News Analysis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-K2R0-0008-Y3JY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 14, 1983, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 3, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Analysis

**Length:** 1184 words

**Byline:** By MARTIN GOTTLIEB

**Body**

Like a weathered mountain, New York City's voluminous set of zoning regulations usually undergoes change in subtle ways. But every so often it becomes the focus of issues that can profoundly affect the way the city regulates development and the way it interprets the reach of its land use powers.

Such is the case, planners believe, with a concept advocated by city planning commissioners, borough presidents and community activists that is now being studied by a panel appointed by Mayor Koch. Under the concept, developers of office buildings and luxury housing would contribute to a fund for housing and possibly other needs in the city's poorer neighborhoods.

Examination of proposal that developers of New York City office buildings and luxury housing contribute to fund for housing and possibly other needs in city's poorer neighborhoods

Through negotiation and present regulations, developers have already pledged millions of dollars to the city, almost always for such amenities as parks and subway station improvements that serve to ease the effects of density in neighborhoods where they are building.

With thousands of homeless people on the city's streets, thousands more doubling up with friends or relatives in housing projects and Federal housing construction funds sharply curtailed, many officials want to use this money to tackle problems of housing and poverty across the city.

Complex Issues Involved

But even those who feel most strongly about this idea agree it presents issues of unusual complexity. Among them are several concerning the proper function of zoning, which has traditionally been used to regulate development in carefully defined areas.

Would the establishment of a citywide fund ''basically be a perversion of the process of zoning'' because it ''coerces'' contributions from developers, as Julia Vitullo-Martin of a civic group, the Citizens Housing and Planning Council, argues? The council is made up of builders, planners and housing and social welfare professionals.

Is there a legal basis for applying developer contributions beyond a neighborhood bearing the brunt of development? And if the city collects money for granting a zoning bonus, would this not invite suits by property owners who claim injury when the city takes away development rights? This could occur when a neighborhood is ''downzoned'' or a property is designated a landmark.

There are also a host of questions involving carrying out such a policy: Should developers receive extra floor space in exchange for contributions, or should they be ''taxed'' for the simple right to build? Should the assessments be levied solely on Manhattan property or on new projects in other boroughs as well, even though the city wants to encourage them? In what proportions should proceeds be divided between a community where development is taking place and the rest of the city - and who should make that decision? Should all the proceeds go for housing or should they be shared with other needs, such as economic development?

Finally, since the New Deal, the costly responsibility of building low-and moderate-income housing has rested primarily with the Federal Government. Is it a proper responsibility for the city and would it slow development here - something even the staunchest proponents of the redistribution concept say would be a mistake.

Flaws Are Conceded

''If one wanted to destroy this concept, one could pick holes with each of the 15 parts of it,'' said Paul Davidoff, director of the Center for Municipal Action, a planning research and advocacy organization at Queens College. The center is undertaking its own analysis of the issue with the Pratt Institute's Center for Community and Environmental Development in Brooklyn.

''The important thing,'' Mr. Davidoff said, ''is not to let the particulars destroy the overriding mission, which is to create lowand moderate-income housing in a city that desperately needs it.''

Proponents point out that two Federal programs have been left without new funds this year. As recently as 1981, they provided more than $30 million for new subsidized housing construction in New York City.

''I think the central legal issue would be whether a plan of this type is a zoning provision or whether it is a new tax,'' said Norman Marcus, counsel to the City Planning Department.

If the plan is deemed to be a zoning provision, Mr. Marcus says, a case will have to be made that new development, largely in booming Manhattan neighborhoods, has created special needs in the city's poor and ***working-class*** communities. ''The link will have to be forged between richer neighborhoods and poorer neighborhoods,'' he says.

If the proposal is deemed a tax, he says, such a link would not have to be defined, but the State Legislature as well as the Board of Estimate would have to approve the plan.

Success in San Francisco

In San Francisco, the Planning Department established such a link two years ago when it decided to require office developers to contribute toward lessening the housing needs generated by their projects. According to Dean L. Macris, San Francisco's planning director, $20 million has been raised, mostly for low- and moderateincome housing.

Furthermore, he says, developers have not challenged the provision legally. In New York the local chapter of the American Planning Association, an organization of planning professionals, has tried to make a similar link in a position paper. The organization argues that while new developments create jobs and revenues, they ''also cause indirect as well as direct displacement of low- and moderate-income persons in the vicinity of the project and generally throughout the city.''

These arguments are met with scorn by some planners and many developers, although one builder, William Zeckendorf, said he thought that such plans could work as long as developers received bonus space and did not have to make payments larger than those required under some present city regulations.

''The question is whether you are solving the right problem with the right tool,'' said Daniel Rose of Rose Associates, a major developer of housing in Manhattan.

Drawbacks Are Noted

If there are increased development costs, he says, builders either will stop building or will pass much of the cost on to tenants or condominium buyers.

''The overwhelming majority of developers would say this money should not go to some general pot, but to amenities in the neighborhood of the new building,'' Mr. Rose said.

A member of the City Council, Ruth Messinger, contends that a key difference between the two is that amenities in a neighborhood, such as a nearby park, could well increase a developer's property value while a contribution toward a housing pool would not.

A guide to construction activity published by Yale Robbins Inc., a real-@estate publishing and consulting concern, indicates how much could be at stake as the committee appointed by Mayor Koch attempts to work its way through these issues. The guide estimates that in various stages of planning south of 96th Street are 37 residential buildings and more than 30 office buildings.

**End of Document**



[***ART: REGINALD MARSH IN NEW YORK OF THE 30'S***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-K680-0008-Y2SP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 1, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 19, Column 1; Weekend Desk; Review

**Length:** 1172 words

**Byline:** By GRACE GLUECK

**Body**

NEW YORK in the Depression era was a lively proletarian crowd scene, its seedy streets swarming with Bowery bums, burlesque performers, dance-hall hostesses, shopgirls and men who stood on breadlines. That, at least, was the vision of Reginald Marsh (1898-1954), a Paris-born, Yale-educated boy from the suburbs who -with such other old-master-oriented painters as Isobel Bishop and Kenneth Hayes Miller - lived and worked on 14th Street, and saw Manhattan with the same ''regionalist'' eye as Grant Wood saw Iowa. It's a vision brought alive again in ''Reginald Marsh's New York,'' a show of 38 paintings, drawings, prints and photographs from Marsh's prolific output, installed at the Whitney Museum's new outpost in the new Philip Morris building, 120 Park Avenue, at 42d Street.

Grace Glueck reviews show "Reginald Marsh's New York" at Philip Morris building's museum.

With a sketchbook and often a camera, Marsh frequented the city's streets, movie houses, amusement arcades and outlying beaches, lured by the bodily display of ***working-class*** people as they went about their duties and pleasures. At Coney Island, he caught beach belles and muscle men strutting their stuff; on 14th Street, bouncy office clerks flaunting the latest from S. Klein; at the New Gotham burlesque house, a lusty stripper parading nude before a leering audience. With documentary fidelity (an actual 1934 headline in The Daily News, ''Bride Quits Astor in Street Quarrel,'' is reproduced in a painting of Rockaway Beach), he translated his photographs into sketches, sketches into paintings. In his thinly painted tempera compositions, he took cues from such past masters as Rubens and Tintoretto, building dense but fluid crowd scenes of figures drawn with classical anatomy against such ''monumental'' backdrops as the Third Avenue El.

Some quintessential Marsh concerns - women, crowds, low life, signs and show-biz razzle-dazzle -are packed into ''Pip & Flip'' of 1932, one of his better-known paintings. A throng is massed before a raucous display of circus posters, and three ''live'' dancers (Pip and Flip, depicted on one of the posters, are two buxom but pointyheaded female twins from Peru). Prominent in the crowd are four young women, scantily dressed, whose long and shapely legs move in Rockettelike unison as they walk; the whole a very high key, lowdown version of, say, a Rubens processional.

In quite another mood is the somber ''Chatham Square'' (1931), a nighttime composition with old-masterish lighting, that depicts a group of derelicts hanging around the pillars of the El. (The El is gone, but what Marsh could do today with the Port Authority Bus Terminal!) Marsh was better, though, when dealing with what he admired most - lusty sexuality in young bodies, as in the boisterous ''Lifeguards'' (1933), a rough-and-tumble beach scene in which two amateur acrobats stage a muscle show in a welter of buttocky, bosomy female sun worshipers. He was by no means a great painter - often, the works trail off into caricature, a heritage from his days as a cartoonist for The Daily News and then The New Yorker, and some of them look very dated. But they still convey a sharp sense of the city's vitality.

Marilyn Cohen, a Ph.D candidate at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts, has organized the show for the Whitney and written a very able catalogue ($8.95), full of insights about Marsh's emotional relationship to his subjects. And she's put on display some interesting biographical material - letters, diaries, account books and so forth that show him as a precise observer and record keeper. A bonus is taped 1930's music, sung by Fats Waller among others, which adds a lot to the show's period flavor. (Through Aug. 24.)

Also of interest this week: John Ahearn and Rigoberto Torres (Brooke Alexander, 20 West 57th Street): The South Bronx, a more uptown venue than Reginald Marsh's, is the turf of John Ahearn. With his associate, Rigoberto Torres, Mr. Ahearn produces lifesize likenesses of local people, taking molds of his black and Hispanic subjects with wet plaster and modeling them in half-torso or full length for placement on a wall. Hung here are such lively types as ''Kate,'' a thin, bony old woman with cropped white hair and an alert street face; ''Victor and Ernest,'' two laughing boys of remarkably contrasting skin; ''Mother and Child,'' a portrait of a Hispanic mother in affectionate conversation with her young daughter, and ''Banana Kelly Double Dutch,'' four girls playing a complicated variety of jump rope.

Mr. Ahearn manages to catch his subjects in the most lifelike of expressions and body language, but what's really remarkable about the work is the way he conveys skin color. It isn't true to life, but rather an impressionistic tonal mixture, which somehow comes out truer. The face of ''Kate,'' for example, is a rich orange-yellow, her arms a whitened olive green; in ''Victor and Ernest,'' the cast of Victor's skin is bluish white with pale bluish freckles, that of Ernest's a rich, polished brown mixed with reds and yellows. ''Charlie I,'' a man disturbingly laughing to himself, is bluishblack with reddish highlights. And for a self-portrait, Mr. Ahearn gives one side of his face a reddish glow, while the other is toned in mottled red and green. Alive as the figures are in attitude and expression, it's the painting that makes them real. (Through Aug. 26.)

John Tweddle (Blum-Helman Gallery, 20 West 57th Street): Back on the exhibition scene after a long hiatus, the work of John Tweddle - from Oklahoma - hasn't changed much in style or subject matter. His trapezoidal canvases, painted from the viewpoint of a shrewd childfolk artist with a hip take on American life, are full of the damnedest things. They range from the simple portrayal of a smirking cat crowned by a halo, who has just eaten two pet birds, to a horrendous Crucifixion scene, depicting the dying Jesus surrounded by leering faces and such Yankee symbols as trucks, rockets and oil derricks.

Over all, there's a tone of apocalypse to these canvases, which comment on nuclear holocaust, passages from the Bible and American materialism. Their structure is iconic, usually consisting of a vignette with a narrative subject, ringed by formal borders that incorporate all manner of signs and symbols. ''Vision From Oklahoma,'' for example, shows a bronco buster set in a fiery ellipse and rimmed by a decorative montage of dollar signs (very prominent in Mr. Tweddle's work), planes, derricks, cars and houses. It's based on a passage from the Old Testament book of Daniel, which refers to corruption engendered by a vision. A lot more secular is ''History of Tweddle Art,'' a comic-strip rundown of Mr. Tweddle's painting styles and subjects, with a hand holding a joy stick in the lower left corner that, if pulled, might blow the painting apart.

For all our suspicions of naivete in art, this work is utterly disarming. What holds it all together is that Mr. Tweddle really knows how to paint. (Through next Friday.)

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of painting by Reginald Marsh

**End of Document**



[***Tsongas Departure Changes the Game For State's Moment In the Political Sun***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8WY0-000P-24PP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 22, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

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

**Length:** 1328 words

**Byline:** By KIRK JOHNSON

By KIRK JOHNSON

**Body**

THE state's Democratic Presidential primary campaign changed abruptly last week, leaving supporters of Paul E. Tsongas, the former Massachusetts Senator, adrift and available to be courted all over again by the remaining candidates.

Mr. Tsongas, a native of Lowell, Mass., had been heavily favored at one time to win the Connecticut primary on Tuesday. But he dropped out of the race on Thursday, saying his campaign was running out of money.

Mr. Tsongas's announcement left an unknown but certainly large proportion of the state's 654,532 registered Democrats, who may have stopped listening to the other candidates, starved for information. Democrats are now left to choose between Gov. Bill Clinton of Arkansas, the party's clear front-runner, and Edmund G. Brown Jr., the former California Governor, who attracted large numbers of disaffected, angry ***working-class*** votes in the primaries in Michigan and Illinois, when Mr. Tsongas was still in the race. Mr. Brown and Mr. Clinton had announced ambitious campaign schedules in Connecticut even before Mr. Tsongas's departure.

Mr. Tsongas may get a large number of votes in the primary despite his withdrawal. Because he dropped out too late to have his name removed from the ballot, residents will still be able to vote for him, and some of his supporters will be working precisely toward that end. Delegates pledged to Mr. Tsongas in the primary would go uncommitted to the Democratic convention in Manhattan this summer. Other names on the Democratic ballot include Senators Tom Harkin of Iowa and Bob Kerrey of Nebraska, both of whom abandoned their campaigns for the Presidency. For the remaining candidates, the task changed overnight. Mr. Clinton, who had sought to challenge Mr. Tsongas in the New Englander's own backyard, became the Connecticut front-runner who had to watch out for a challenge by Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown, meanwhile, was given an opportunity to cast himself as the sole alternative to Mr. Clinton, who is now considered the almost certain Democratic nominee because of his previous victories in primaries around the country.

"The choice is between business as usual and real change," Mr. Brown said.

But even if the game has changed, the backdrop and the issues -- especially the state's battered economy -- have not. In 1988, when Connecticut last stepped into the brief national spotlight of a Presidential primary, the economy was flush, and the state was viewed as a ripe source of campaign contributions. George Bush, then the Vice President, called Connecticut a sterling example of the fruits of economic growth that Republican policies had fostered.

Since the recession began in 1989, the state's residents have seen home prices fall with the health of the construction industry. Homelessness, unemployment and business failures have all soared, and uncertainty about job security has become the angst of the hour.

"People in the state of Connecticut are looking to government for answers," said the state Democratic Party chairman, Edward L. Marcus. In 1988 "things were acceptable to people economically," Mr. Marcus said. "Now they're totally unacceptable. There's anger and there's disappointment."

But upon whom do the voters take the anger out? Do the men bringing their presidential ambitions to the state this week offer real solutions for Connecticut?

Is it better to stay the course with a vote for President Bush or embrace the middle-class tax cut proposals favored by Mr. Clinton? Would the so-called peace dividend from cutbacks in military spending be better used to fuel investment in industry or to encourage private consumption that could stimulate the economy?

And then there is the even trickier question, which candidate do the voters believe? "I'm tired of the promises, the promises, the promises," said Angelo Brown, a Hartford resident who confronted Mr. Tsongas at a campaign stop at the Polish National Home in the city on Wednesday. "What makes you so different?"

'No Prince Charming Out There'

But other residents said they were pleased just to be able to vent some steam at the candidates and said Connecticut was still getting at least an airing of the issues.

"There's no Prince Charming out there this year, but I think we are getting a good discussion of the issues," said Ernest Kulka, a Torrington Democrat who said he was uncommitted but leaning toward a vote for Mr. Brown, "because he's more radical."

Mr. Clinton has centered his campaign around what he calls "the forgotten middle class." He would push for an immediate 10 percent income tax cut. And to help states like Connecticut make the transition from the cold war economy, he outlined a four-point plan that he said would help workers, companies and communities make the adjustment, through training and assistance programs.

"For 10 years, the middle class has declined, poverty has exploded, and only the rich are doing better," Mr. Clinton says in his campaign literature. "Together we can take our country back."

Protest Among Republicans

Mr. Brown also favors cutting taxes, but he has also pledged to "move off the backlog every single public works project in America to put people to work." He would also reduce foreign aid and invest the money in improving the economy.

President Bush, who is not campaigning actively in the state, outlined his economic proposals in his budget plans announced in January. They include cutting the capital gains tax rate and raising the personal tax exemption for middle-income families with children to $500 for each child.

Neither of the President's rivals on the ballot, Patrick J. Buchanan, the conservative commentator, or David Duke, the former Ku Klux Klan leader, has actively campaigned in the state and have no organizations here. Because the other contenders have not sought votes, any votes for Republican other than Mr. Bush could be viewed as a protest.

"The higher the protest vote, the more that people are looking for a change, almost any change," said Robert G. Jaekle, a former Republican leader of the State House of Representatives who is seeking the Republican nomination to challenge United States Senator Christopher J. Dodd in November. "But I don't see it as much anti-Republican or anti-Democrat as anti-incumbent."

The measures of what might constitute a no-confidence vote for Mr. Bush also vary greatly. Mr. Marcus at the State Democratic Party said that given Mr. Buchanan's low profile in the state and Mr. Bush's historic popularity and family ties, anything higher than 15 percent against the President would constitute "a defeat." The President grew up in Greenwich and his father, Prescott Bush, was a United States Senator from Connecticut from 1952 to 1963.

Looking at the Turnout

The state's Republican Party chairman, Richard Foley Jr., said that localized votes against the President will be the thing to watch.

"If Buchanan is getting a 20 percent statewide average, and in some areas he's getting 40, it's time to take a look," Mr. Foley said.

Political leaders said that one of the other factors to watch would be the turnout. In 1988, 36.8 percent of the 660,848 people listed as registered Democrats in the state came out to vote. (Michael S. Dukakis, then the Governor of Massachusetts, won; the Rev. Jesse Jackson came in second.) Republicans only saw a 23.8 percent turnout out of 439,053 registered party members, with Mr. Bush receiving more than 70 percent of the votes.

Most politicians in the state say the turnout could be even lower this year, perhaps below 20 percent in both parties. But much, as always, is decided in the final days, as candidates succeed or fail in sparking voters' imaginations.

The polls will be open from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M. on Tuesday. At stake are 53 Democratic and 35 Republican delegates.

Because no other state has a Presidential primary this week, the eyes of the nation will be on Connecticut.

"The fact that it's a stand-alone primary guarantees it its 15 minutes of fame," said Mr. Foley.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** March 22, 1992

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41YW-1N00-00MH-F37G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Practicing Surprise, Finding Success***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41YW-1N00-00MH-F37G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 24, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 11; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1592 words

**Byline:** By A. O. SCOTT

By A. O. SCOTT

**Body**

ELEVEN years ago, Steven Soderbergh's first film, "Sex, Lies and Videotape," won the Palme d'Or at Cannes, making him, at 26, the youngest director ever to win that festival's most coveted prize. The title quickly entered the tabloid-headline vernacular (it would gain new relevance during the long melodrama of the Clinton-Lewinsky scandal), but the movie itself was, and remains, refreshingly unsensational. Its spare, mordant comedy of sexual betrayal and romantic confusion seemed to touch obliquely on a widespread sense of unease, though Mr. Soderbergh's script refrained from specifying the causes of this mood (AIDS? economic anxiety? generational exhaustion?) beyond the troubled relationships of its four main characters.

The film's extraordinary success was perhaps disproportionate to its merits, but sometimes it's necessary to make a big deal out of a small movie, if only as a gesture of revolt against the grandiosity of Hollywood. "Sex, Lies and Videotape" was a modest, well-made picture coming at the end of a decade dominated by loud, outsize blockbusters. Mr. Soderbergh, with the brave tactlessness of youth, was quoted in the press referring to two of the leading purveyors of such pictures, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, as "slime, barely passing for human." He quickly became, like Spike Lee before him, a symbol and spokesman for the possibility that Hollywood's business as usual was not the only game in town -- that serious, intelligent movies could once again flourish on American soil. As Vincent Canby of The New York Times wrote in a report from Cannes, Mr. Soderbergh's anointment as the latest golden boy of the emerging American independent cinema burdened him at the outset with high expectations and set him up for a backlash of deflationary second-guessing. "It's all downhill from here," he remarked dryly in his moment of early glory, as the offers poured in.

Happily, such pessimism, however facetious, has proved unwarranted. While the indie boom of the early 90's produced its share of hustlers, opportunists and flashes in the pan, Mr. Soderbergh's career has been as twisty as one of his movies. The seven features he made in the 1990's are astonishingly diverse in genre and style, ranging from the literary atmospherics of "Kafka" (his inevitable sophomore disappointment, ridiculed, unfairly, by some of the same critics who had championed "Sex, Lies and Videotape") to the tenderness of "King of the Hill," to the cerebral noir of "The Underneath" and to the low-key machismo of "Out of Sight," his 1998 adaptation of an Elmore Leonard novel.

While critics adored some of these movies, especially "Out of Sight" and "King of the Hill," large-scale commercial success eluded Mr. Soderbergh. But even as he courted a mass audience, and "Out of Sight" helped to turn George Clooney and Jennifer Lopez into movie stars, Mr. Soderbergh continued to make formally daring, intellectually challenging films like "Schizopolis" in 1996 and "The Limey" last year. As many of his contemporaries -- most notably Quentin Tarantino -- have spawned legions of imitators and flirted with mannered self-imitation, Mr. Soderbergh has remained stubbornly idiosyncratic and has resisted the temptation to repeat himself.

In the past year, he has shaken off the curse of precocious triumph and emerged from the limbo of being a hitless critics' darling, ascending at last to his rightful, if unexpected, place as a top Hollywood director. "Erin Brockovich," which starred Julia Roberts as a crusading paralegal, was the first movie of 2000 to make $100 million at the box office. One of the few films so far this year to be embraced by both audiences and reviewers (with a few dissenters, including this writer), "Erin Brockovich" is likely to pick up a handful of Oscar nominations. If it does, Mr. Soderbergh may be in the enviable position of competing with himself: his new movie, "Traffic," opens on Wednesday. It's certainly his largest, most ambitious movie so far, and it may also be his most accomplished.

The two pictures could hardly be more different. "Erin Brockovich" is essentially a vehicle for Ms. Roberts's acting talent and movie-star charisma, which fight each other to a draw. The movie's story is as linear and conventional as they come: rags to riches, triumph of the underdog, ***working class*** ugly duckling into high-powered legal swan. "Traffic," in contrast, is an ensemble piece, a dense weave of stories grounded not in a character but in a charged, topical theme -- the drug war, seen from all sides of the battlefield. But different as they are, and as much of a departure from his earlier work as each one seems to be, both pictures are stamped with Mr. Soderbergh's unmistakable, if sometimes elusive, style.

Over the years, Mr. Soderbergh has developed a striking visual and narrative approach and has honed his instinctive feel, already impressively evident in "Sex, Lies and Videotape," for the expressive capacities of the medium. At his best -- in "King of the Hill," "Out of Sight," "The Limey" and "Traffic" -- he marries thrilling technical precision with an unobtrusive respect for acting. While he has clearly been influenced by earlier filmmakers like John Cassavetes, Jean-Luc Godard and Orson Welles, he has avoided the traps of homage and pastiche, the glib quotations and presumptuous mimickings so irresistible to his contemporaries.

Mr. Soderbergh, with his studious attention to film language, his formalism and his thoughtful application of craft, is more modernist than postmodernist. Rather than trafficking in shock, his movies aim for the rarer, more valuable effect of surprise.

One astonishment of "Sex, Lies and Videotape" was its unassuming air of self-confidence. As he has matured, Mr. Soderbergh has demonstrated a remarkable ability to trust not only his own instincts but the abilities of his actors and the intelligence of the audience. He assumes, as few American filmmakers dare these days, that you will pay attention, and your attention is rewarded, at the minimal, pleasurable cost of momentary confusion. The opening of "Erin Brockovich" is a tour de force of disorientation, as Ms. Roberts's character endures a humiliating job interview, a car accident and the desperate anxiety of impoverished single motherhood. The scenes play with our sense of time and subvert the lazy sense of narrative rhythm inculcated by bad movies and commercial television. Mr. Soderbergh allows some scenes to play on for an extra beat or two, as though to capture the awkward pauses of everyday experiences, and cuts others short to create a feeling of dread and implication. The car accident, which other directors might foreshadow with hackneyed cross-cutting or portentous music, takes place at the far edge of the screen, just at the moment our minds have wandered in anticipation of the next scene.

In the long run, the film's small surprises can't quite compensate for its overall predictability, but "Erin Brockovich" at least proved that Mr. Soderbergh's vision could assert itself within conventional parameters. It could just as well be argued, though, that he had already proved as much at least three times: in "King of the Hill," a coming-of-age story set during the Great Depression; in "Out of Sight," a romantic crime caper; and with the spare, almost classical revenge plot of "The Limey."

YET even though each of these movies, like "Erin Brockovich," ends up exactly where you might expect, they arrive at their destinations circuitously, collecting moments of unanticipated whimsy and pathos along the way. "The Limey" tells a simple, familiar story -- a British ex-con played by Terence Stamp arrives in Los Angeles to avenge the death of his daughter, which he believes was caused by a shady music producer played by Peter Fonda. But the director uses the plainness of the story as an opportunity to linger over telling details and explore its rich subtext. The movie, with its jump cuts and its forays into fantasy (Mr. Stamp's character imagines the death of his antagonist many times before it happens), becomes an extended meditation on the puzzling relationship between personal and historical time. Specifically, it's about the 60's, a much-mythologized decade evoked not by costumed flashbacks but by the flickering shadow of Mr. Stamp, a young, brash, beautiful star of the period, in clips from one of his old movies.

The story in "Traffic" is almost dizzyingly complex, with three main narrative lines, a dozen major characters, too many strong performances to list and nearly 100 different locations. The action takes place in Tijuana, San Diego, Cincinnati and Washington, and Mr. Soderbergh, who was the cinematographer (credited under a pseudonym) as well as the director, has used a variety of filters and film stocks to give each place its own look and texture. The cast includes Soderbergh stalwarts like Don Cheadle and Luis Guzman, as well as Michael Douglas, Amy Irving and, most astoundingly, Benicio Del Toro in two languages, Spanish and English.

A director who began his career with a deft chamber piece has now at last attempted a symphony. Is it a populist art film or an especially arty popular movie? Is Mr. Soderbergh an independent who has infiltrated Hollywood, or was he always a mainstream director in maverick's clothing? Such questions are based on rather wobbly distinctions, the kind Mr. Soderbergh, early on, seemed likely to uphold. Now, at the top of his game, he may help to abolish them, which would be good news indeed.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Steven Soderbergh on the set of his new film, "Traffic," a tale of the drug war. (Bob Marshak/USA Films)

**Load-Date:** December 24, 2000

**End of Document**



[***BRITAIN'S VOTE: WHO'LL COME SECOND?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KDR0-0008-Y0FD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***News Analysis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KDR0-0008-Y0FD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 6, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 3, Column 1; Foreign Desk; Analysis

**Length:** 1156 words

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

**Dateline:** LONDON, June 5

**Body**

The British general election campaign has become a runaway for Margaret Thatcher and the Conservative Party, according to public opinion polls here. If they are correct, the last 72 hours of campaigning before the voting on Thursday will be enlivened only by the semblance of a contest for second place.

No fewer than six polls published by newspapers this morning all confirmed the Tories' lead, which has not been challenged at any point in the campaign. All the surveys indicate Mrs. Thatcher will have a majority of at least 100 seats in the new 650-seat House of Commons, and some suggested the Prime Minister may be on her way to the biggest sweep that Britain has seen since 1935, with a majority approaching or even exceeding 200 seats.

LONDON, June 5 - The British general election campaign has become a runaway for Margaret Thatcher and the Conservative Party, according to public opinion polls here.

The new Liberal-Social Democratic alliance is gaining on Labor, the polls show, with two of them indicating that the alliance has actually edged ahead. But most of the alliance's backing is coming from former Labor voters, not from Conservatives; in effect, the opposition parties are splitting the anti-Thatcher vote, while the Tories romp free with the backing of about 45 percent of the electorate.

Even if the alliance does manage to gain more popular votes than Labor, it is unlikely to win many seats. Its support is spread more or less evenly through the country, while Labor's is concentrated in about 200 urban strongholds in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Cardiff and other cities.

Foot Dubbed King Lear

Nonetheless, a third-place finish in the popular vote would be a terrible humiliation for Labor and for its 69-year-old leader, Michael Foot. Mr. Foot, ordinarily a gentle and modest man, has raged in frustration so often in recent days that politicians and journalists here are beginning to compare him to King Lear. He would almost certainly be replaced if the outcome is as it seems likely to be, and a second-place finish by the alliance might conceivably lead to a major realignment on the tattered left wing of British politics.

The opposition parties have failed to dent Mrs. Thatcher's confident assertions that her ''resolute approach'' will cure the nation's economic sickness. They have had issues aplenty with which to work - more than three million unemployed, with a Government unwilling to create jobs by spending money, unwilling even to pledge that the jobless total will remain below four million; record crime levels; higher taxes for most people than when Mrs. Thatcher took over four years ago; the unpopularity of the new American cruise missiles that the Government is pledged to deploy starting this winter.

On the face of it the unemployment issue alone should have been enough to turn Mrs. Thatcher out of office, as economic disarray has led to the downfall of governments in West Germany, Spain, Sweden and other countries in the last four years. The polls have been showing for almost a year that voters consider unemployment the most important issue facing the country. But for most people, that is apparently an abstract judgment; the polls also show, although this finding has seldom been published, that most voters consider inflation - the issues the Prime Minister has stressed, and the one on which she has scored her most notable success - the subject of greatest concern to them, their families, their friends and their neighbors.

Discussions with voters in all parts of the country in the last three weeks suggest, in addition, that Mrs. Thatcher has managed the neat political trick of convincing the electorate that unemployment is caused by world trends over which she has little control, while the decline in inflation has been managed largely by her own policies.

Campaign About Images

At bottom, however, this has not been a campaign about issues; it has been a campaign about images, on the American model. ''I've always hated the Tories,'' said a pipe fitter in Manchester, ''and I don't much like Maggie. But tell me now, how can I vote for Labor after what they've done to themselves in this campaign?''

That sentiment, heard on every side these last few weeks, is the key to the way events have developed. Starting off with a platform that was too extreme for the average voter, with its commitment to nuclear disarmament and withdrawal from the Common Market, its proposals to spend billions on this and billions on that, Labor compounded its problems with a series of gaffes that not only diverted attention from unemployment but undermined the willingness of many voters to take seriously anything the party leaders proposed.

First Mr. Foot and Denis Healey, the deputy leader, got into a wrangle over disarmament, and no sooner had that been patched up than James Callaghan, the former Labor Prime Minister, said he disagreed with both. Then Mr. Healey brought down on himself and his party the opprobrium of almost everyone in public life with an intemperate attack on Mrs. Thatcher. These and similar events dominated the newspaper and television coverage of the campaign, to the exclusion of reasoned debate on the economy and other issues.

High Marks for Leadership

By this weekend, according to a Harris poll, a majority of voters still doubted whether Mrs. Thatcher would be able to reduce unemployment. But most people thought she would ''govern in the interests of the country as a whole,'' would ''keep inflation down'' and would ''keep her promises.'' Most people considered her policies on crime, education, pensions and health a failure, and as many thought she had failed as thought she had succeeded with the economy. But the electorate gave her high marks for leadership in general and specifically for her leadership during the war over the Falklands.

The failure of Labor's ramshackle campaign to make the vital link between the Government and unemployment has meant that underlying demographic changes could take effect. It has been evident for the last decade that ***working-class*** voters once automatically committed to Labor have begun to change their views with the improvement in their incomes and their living conditions. But many of them retain visceral fears, of which unemployment is one and the dismantling of the National Health Service is another. Mrs. Thatcher managed to soothe them on these two points, and to focus their attention in other directions.

A majority of Labor voters want to own their own homes; she gave them the right to buy their publicly built apartments. A majority are fed up with the unions, even if they belong to one; she promised tough new legislation. A majority are convinced that nationalized industries do not work; she has started to sell off what she could. A majority, finally, are old-fashioned patriots who would like to see Britain taken seriously around the world; she gave them a Falkland victory.

**End of Document**



[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Wisconsin;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8W00-000P-23C5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Wisconsin 'Snoozer' Stirring to Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8W00-000P-23C5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 26, 1992, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 21; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1130 words

**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.,

By R. W. APPLE Jr.,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MILWAUKEE, March 25

**Body**

"Bill Clinton has been doing fine in Wisconsin," said Robert H. Friebert, one of the Arkansas Governor's main fund-raisers in this state, as the news of former Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr.'s upset victory in Connecticut lit up television screens on Tuesday.

"But local campaigns always get swamped by the national results, and what Connecticut did is going to encourage the ABC people here -- the Anybody But Clinton gang. It isn't about Jerry Brown in the Oval Office. It's about stopping Bill Clinton, but it could still be a serious problem."

He is not alone in sounding the alarm for the front-runner.

"There's only one avenue left for protest, and that's Jerry," said Bill Dixon, a Madison lawyer with extensive experience in Presidential campaigns. "Bill Clinton had better watch it. The $18-an-hour jobs are gone, the crime rates are going up and everyone hates the establishment."

Open Primary

Wisconsin, whose Presidential primary is one of the oldest in the country, votes on April 7, the same day as New York. Only a third as many delegates are at stake here, 82 against 244, but television ads are much cheaper, and there are other elements that could work in Mr. Brown's favor.

For one thing, the primary is open, which means that Republicans who like the Californian's attacks on the political system can cross over and support him in the Democratic primary. Wisconsin also lacks several of the things that have proved central to Clinton successes elsewhere, like a sizable black or Hispanic population and a strong party structure.

Mr. Brown is "a bit more progressive in a state that invented progressivism, where Bill is sort of middle-of-the- road," said State Representative Stan Gruszynski, who is trying to make up his mind between Mr. Clinton and Mr. Brown. "People here care more about that than they do about giving their vote to the guy who's eventually going to be nominated."

Although conservatism has taken hold in Wisconsin in recent years, the liberal, reformist tradition of Robert LaFollette retains an influence, particularly in Madison, the state capital. When Mr. Brown talks about clean government and open politics, and when he rails against the nefarious influence of big money in Washington, he sounds not unlike LaFollette.

Drawing Crowds

Mr. Brown came into the state last week, in the words of Jonathan Sender, executive director of the Wisconsin Democratic party, "and knocked everyone's socks off." He drew several thousand students at a rally at the University of Wisconsin in Madison and another large crowd, perhaps 1,500, at a labor hall there.

So even before Tuesday's surprise in Connecticut, Mr. Brown had pulled within striking distance of Mr. Clinton, who has not visited the state this year. A Milwaukee Journal poll of 404 likely Democratic primary voters, published last Sunday, showed Mr. Clinton ahead, 49 percent to 35 percent, with a margin of sampling error of plus or minus five percentage points.

"The thing to be careful about," said Craig Gilbert, a political reporter for The Journal, "is Wisconsin's tradition of high turnouts -- 40 per cent of the voting-age population in 1988, highest in the country. That tends to help the candidates with broad appeal and hurt the ones with a hard core of activists. It could end up hurting Brown, or helping him."

Wisconsin's primaries in the past have often generated considerable drama. In 1960, John F. Kennedy held off Hubert H. Humphrey here, even though Mr. Humphrey came from neighboring Minnesota, and established his national credentials. In 1976, Morris K. Udall came within a hair's breadth of beating Jimmy Carter and robbing him of momentum at a crucial moment. Four years ago, the Rev. Jesse Jackson drew big crowds at Serb Hall and elsewhere on Milwaukee's heavily blue-collar, central European South Side, raising vain hopes that he was putting together a biracial ***working-class*** coalition.

A few days ago, as Mr. Gilbert said, this year's Wisconsin race had "looked like a snoozer." With the unemployment rate relatively low, at 5.1 per cent, the potential for an outpouring of protest had seemed slight.

But Edward R. Garvey, the former California Governor's state campaign chairman, said Mr. Brown's victory in Connecticut had turned this into an "extremely important" state that Mr. Brown would contest strenuously, with a packed schedule Thursday and Friday in Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee and Green Bay.

"Connecticut said this race is not over," said Mr. Garvey, a former attorney for the National Football League players who has lost two races for the United States Senate. "Wisconsin can make the point indelibly."

Mr. Clinton is coming here, too. He will speak to the State Assembly on Friday and will be back for a joint appearance with Mr. Brown at a Jefferson-Jackson dinner in Milwaukee three days before the primary.

His campaign chairman, Herbert A. Loftus, a former speaker of the Assembly, promised that "Brown's issues will get the same intense scrutiny as Bill Clinton's have, and the first thing to crash and burn in Wisconsin will be Brown's tax plan." It calls for a flat 13 percent income tax rate, along with a 13 percent value-added tax, a kind of Federal sales tax.

Tax Proposals Criticized

A number of Wisconsin union leaders joined today in backing Mr. Clinton and blasting Mr. Brown's tax proposals. One of them, Candice Owley of the Federation of Nurses and Health Professionals, said the Californian's ideas on taxes were at least as regressive as the Bush Administration's.

But other labor leaders support Mr. Brown, and Joseph Gruber, a vice president of the state A.F.L.-C.I.O., predicted "a rank-and-file mobilization" behind him, at least partly because of Mr. Clinton's record in Arkansas, which has a law barring closed union shops.

As in many states, Mr. Brown has put together little in the way of an organization here. The Madison telephone number for the Brown effort, as listed by the Democratic National Committee, is in fact the home number of Doug Belknap, a psychologist who said he had never been involved in politics. An office was opened last week, he said, but it has no telephone yet.

"I got involved with Jerry Brown because I think this campaign is psychotherapy on a national cultural scale," Mr. Belknap said.

But for all the amateurism of his effort here, Mr. Brown is starting to assemble a coalition of union members who resent Mr. Clinton's support of a free trade zone with Mexico, because they fear it would lead to the export of their jobs; students and other liberals in Madison and elsewhere; environmentalists, who abound in this state of lush lakes and forests, and people who are frustrated with all incumbents and who like Mr. Brown because he is not from Washington and refuses to play politics by the usual rules.

**Graphic**

Table: "Wisconsin Profile"

Democratic primary: April 7

Delegates at stake: 82

All figures are for 1990 except where indicated. Wisconsin's population in 1990, excluding people living abroad, was 4,891,769 or 2 percent of the U.S. total. It ranks 16th among the states in population.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  |  |  |
|  | Wisconsin | U.S. |
|  |  |  |
| Growth since 1980 |  |  |
|  | 4.0% | 9.8% |
|  |  |  |
| Median age |  |  |
|  | 32.9 | 32.8 |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Married couple households |  |  |
|  | 57.5% | 59.7% |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Unemployment rate |  |  |
| Jan. '92 | 5.1% | 7.1% |
|  |  |  |
|  |  |  |
| Per capita income |  |  |
|  | $17,503 | $18,685 |
|  |  |  |
| Race |  |  |
| White | 92.2% | 80.3% |
| Black | 5.0 | 12.1 |
| American Indian | 0.8 | 0.8 |
| Asian | 1.1 | 2.9 |
| Other\* | 0.9 | 3.9 |
|  |  |  |
| \* Did not specify on census form |  |  |
| Hispanic\* | 1.9 | 9.0 |

\*People of Hispanic origin can be of any race.

(Sources: Census Bureau; The Almanac of American Politics, 1992; The World Almanac and Book of Facts, 1992; Bureau of Labor Statistics)

**Load-Date:** March 26, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Dublin's Rare Quandary: Immigrants***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6XK0-000P-N41N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 15, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 12; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1296 words

**Byline:** By JAMES F. CLARITY

By JAMES F. CLARITY

**Dateline:** DUBLIN, June 11

**Body**

For the first time in its history, Ireland, a nation proud of the achievements of the millions of economic and political refugees it has sent to other countries, is suffering an immigration problem.

The largely illegal influx in the last two years of more than 3,000 foreigners, tiny for most countries but enormous by Irish standards, has overwhelmed the Government bureaucracy and the legal system. The bureaucracy needs new regulations to deal with the flow, and private agencies say they are unable to find enough lawyers to handle the immigrants' cases at no charge.

Some of the foreigners, most of whom are from Romania, Congo (the former Zaire) and Somalia, have stirred outbursts of racism in this homogenous society of 3.5 million people where it is rare to see a brown or tan face on the street.

More than 50 refugees are arriving every week, a rate expected to double in coming months. Five years ago the rate was less than one a month.

The immigrants, Government officials say, have been attracted by reports of Ireland's economic surge, and by reading advertisements on the Internet and hearing by word of mouth of agents selling trips to Dublin, most of them illegal.

Such trips cost from $3,000 from Eastern Europe to $5,000 from Africa, the two areas producing most of the refugees. The ads also describe the social welfare benefits available to refugees.

The seriousness of the immigrant situation has attracted the attention of Bertie Ahern, who is expected to become Prime Minister in three weeks. He took time out from the election campaign last week for a visit to the Irish Refugee Council, a private aid group, to be briefed.

One immigrant at the council office told his story the other day. The man, Bellahi Brahim-vell, 35, said he was a former Mauritanian diplomat, a member of the Tuareg minority, who had been serving a jail term in his country for political subversion. He said he had formed a group that accused the President of permitting the buying and selling into slavery of Tuaregs.

"Classical 19th-century slavery," he said. "I am Tuareg. So they sentenced me to seven years for subversion. I escaped and went to Senegal."

He said he had entered Ireland with a false passport, paying $5,000 for it to a trafficker who flew with him to Dublin.

Few of the African refugees get such personal service from their traffickers, who sometimes pack them in ferries in Wales or hide them in other boats, across the Irish Sea from Dublin, and tell them they are going to Canada.

Mr. Brahim-vell said in French that he was being treated for hepatitis, receives about $140 week from the Government and lives in a single room in an apartment building with many Irish students.

He has witnessed no racism, he said, as say most refugees, reluctant to complain in the country that will decide to keep them or send them away.

"Irish people are good, friendly," he said. "I have encountered no trouble. Sometimes the students and I make meals together and laugh. They try their French. I have only a little English. But most of the day I sit in the room.

"I am depressed. I have a serious illness. I have been here since December. I have telephoned my home only three times. I would like to be given political asylum. After that, I don't know. If there was an end to slavery in my country I would return immediately."

A woman just arrived from Kinshasa in Congo calmed her three small daughters in the council office as she awaited the help of a translator who spoke her native Lingala. She said in broken French that she was a political refugee, fleeing the new Government in her country.

Two young Russian men in the office said they needed help, that no one would hire them because they had heavy accents and looked foreign.

Once the Government catches up with the backlog, the woman would seem to have a chance to gain asylum; the Russians will probably be sent home.

Most of the 1,300 refugees who arrived this year are from Romania, some poor Gypsies, some middle-class political dissenters. The refugees who get into Dublin, most using forged passports, are housed in ***working-class*** areas of central Dublin and given about the same amount of money as unemployed Irish receive -- $100 a week, which is below the national poverty line.

It is illegal for the refugees to work. Some of the Romanians beg on the street and some have been accused of shoplifting by merchants. Last week, two Romanians seeking political asylum were convicted of assaulting an Irish man and given suspended sentences. Also last week, a Romanian man who was denied asylum after an investigation, punched police officers as they tried to put him on an airliner. The crew of the Aer Lingus plane then refused to take him and he was was shipped to Wales in a ferry. The incidents received wide publicity in newspapers and on television.

The vast majority of the refugees, from Romania and elsewhere, have applied for political asylum, and the backlog of unprocessed cases has been building for years. The Irish Parliament, in keeping with United Nations agreements, passed a new Refugee Act in December.

But the law cannot be put into effect until the Government produces the new regulations, which a press officer for the Justice Department, Mary Burke, said would happen in a matter of weeks.

It is the Romanians, especially the Gypsies, who arouse the most animosity here. A taxi driver pointed out a middle-aged man walking along the River Liffey, not far from the Council office.

"I saw that fellow an hour ago, begging," he said. "He had only one leg at the time. He said he was a Romanian refugee. Now I see he has two legs. That's the way they are."

African immigrants have also been the targets of racism.

"We're 99 percent white," said Catherine Winston, the administrator of the Council. "It's a culture shock for our people. We have to get used to it."

She said racism directed at the new refugees was a small, but painfully noticeable, part of the problem. Racist slogans are painted on walls in areas where the refugees live, and were regularly painted on the Council's front door on Aran Quay on the Liffey.

The other day, the Council name plaque on the door was obliterated with black paint.

Deirdre Clancy, in charge of the Council's legal work, said: "It's quite ironic that Ireland is a country that has sent its citizens abroad for a variety of reasons and should now have difficulty accepting a small number of refugees who seek protection from the violation of their rights. And just last week we were commemorating the 1840's famine, that sent millions of our people to America and other places and President Clinton said how generous and giving the Irish people are."

Ms. Burke, the Justice Department press officer, said, "We're seen as a good country to come to." She said the Government spends about $45 million a year housing and feeding the refugees and that in the next few weeks a new post of Refugee Application Commissioner will be filled with responsibility for speeding up the process.

The Government is also expected to issue new regulations streamlining legal procedures, reducing the two years it now takes to decide whether a foreigner is a genuine political refugee fleeing oppression or personal threats, or an economic case, someone fleeing poverty back home.

Only the political cases are likely to be allowed to stay.

Last week, Irish Refugee Council officials said, Mr. Ahern paid an unpublicized visit to the cluttered office, always full of anxious foreigners seeking help, in the last week of his campaign to become Prime Minister.

No reporters or television cameras recorded the meeting, and there was no public disclosure of it later.

Mr. Ahern took his own notes and "agreed that the situation was a mess," Ms. Winston said, adding, "We think we met the right man."

**Graphic**

Photo: An influx of immigrants, many arriving illegally, is straining Ireland's Government and legal resources. A young Bosnian woman with a child begged for money recently on Grafton Street in Dublin. (Eamonn Farrell/Photocall for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 15, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THE 1992 CAMPAIGN: Voters;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8Y60-000P-213C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Here Come the Little Guys, and, Boy, Are They Fed Up With the Big Guys - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8Y60-000P-213C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 14; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1054 words

**Byline:** By ISABEL WILKERSON,

By ISABEL WILKERSON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** ROCKFORD, Ill., March 14

**Body**

Forget the middle class. Forget the ***working class***. There is a newly discovered and much-sought-after species of voter that spans class and party lines: the little guy.

Beaten up by the recession, this voter switches parties at will -- and this rough-around-the-edges industrial city 75 miles west of Chicago is full of them.

Unemployment is at 10 percent, good-paying factory jobs are leaving town and most everyone here in Illinois's second-largest city is feeling vulnerable these days.

In the forest of aluminum-sided ranch houses on Oak Grove Lane, where people tend their perennials and station wagons and spew venom about out-of-touch politicians, many of these self-proclaimed little guys are Reagan Democrats who stuck with George Bush in 1988. This year they are trying to read between the sound bites, looking for themselves in the candidates.

Kicked by the System

These voters define themselves not by class or income but by how many times they have been kicked in the teeth by taxes, Medicare, Social Security, the economy and the rest of a political system run by people who they say do not care about them. They are the people who see their representatives in Congress only at election time, whose taxes seem to be the first to go up and who feel that whatever politicians do they somehow end up the losers.

Now in the final days before the Illinois primary, many of them have not yet decided which Presidential candidate is really in their corner.

"You don't know what to believe,' said Gordon Wenziker, a Rockford postal worker. "In an election year, everybody identifies with you."

Many of these people are using a measure to compare candidates that goes beyond position papers on the economy and experience in foreign affairs. Even personality and charisma do not quite capture it. They want a benevolent uncle, an outsider, a meat-and-potatoes kind of guy who will put their needs above those of the rich and powerful.

"We need somebody that's down-to-earth," said Loretta Westott, a retired factory worker on Oak Grove Lane, who thinks Gov. Bill Clinton of Arkansas most fits the description. "They have to understand what it's like to worry about things like regular people do. I can tell by the way they talk and if they look like an average person."

Then she repeated the little-guy mantra heard in interviews with nearly three dozen Rockford voters: "The little guys are the ones who are hurting. These politicians let the rich get away with everything."

The way people on Oak Grove Lane tell it, President Bush is too patrician and has betrayed them. Mr. Clinton has what they say is a John F. Kennedy kind of charisma, but they worry about what other skeletons from his past may emerge in a Republican attack in the fall. They see former Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. of California as a born-again little guy, and they like what he stands for, but they figure he doesn't have a chance at the Democratic nomination.

Former Senator Paul E. Tsongas, who has done well with educated, affluent voters elsewhere, has barely made an impression here.

"Is he running for President, too?" Ms. Westott asked.

Places like Rockford are ripe for anti-elitism oratory. People here are more pragmatic than partisan. Voters are just about evenly divided among Republicans, Democrats and independents and tend to be typical of the voters in the country as a whole.

"Rockford is the middle of the middle of the middle," said Frank Witt, a Democratic ward committeeman who lives on Oak Grove Lane.

For most of the last century, Rockford was a thriving factory town, where hard-working people could make a good living in machine tool factories. Many of those factories are out of business now and those that are left are cutting back. Last week, the Chrysler Corporation, one of the area's largest employers, said it was laying off 750 workers at its assembly plant just outside the city.

"It makes you sick," said Elmer Jones, president of the Local 792 of the Carpenters Union. "Rockford was once the town for the skilled craftsman and skilled trades. Now all the jobs in our area are fast foods. It's just service industry. You can't make it on $4.25 an hour."

It is that attitude that has got people assessing candidates by their "caring" quotient.

David Burelli, an Oak Grove Lane resident who is a fund-raising consultant for public schools, says he is wary of the Republicans and is looking for a candidate with compassion. "I voted for Bush in '88," he said. "Now I just don't know if we can afford another four years of him. The country is fed up with the things going on in Washington.

"I don't know a lot about Tsongas, but he seems to care," he added.

Indeed, Mr. Tsongas, the only candidate to visit Rockford this week, played to that sentiment at a rally at a local union hall. "Somebody has to care," he said. "I care. You're looking at a boy from Lowell, Mass. The city I grew up in knows what economic decline is about. This is not theory. I lived this."

Those words hit home for Jerry Dunn, a trucking sales representative looking for someone he can relate to. "He's a plain guy," Mr. Dunn said, "a guy you could go down and have a beer with at the local tavern."

Mr. Dunn also voted for Mr. Bush last time, but after a wage freeze at work and fear that any day his boss might come in and say he is no longer needed, he said he is judging the candidates this year by how they relate to regular people.

He said he liked Mr. Tsongas best and has ruled out Mr. Clinton because "he seems aloof -- he seems to be talking to us, not with us."

But just because the common touch has become a common criterion does not mean common people all see things the same way.

Millie Johnson, a hairdresser on Oak Grove Lane, has been a Republican all her life, casting her first Presidential vote for President Dwight D. Eisenhower. But this year, she said, she believes that a Democrat, Mr. Clinton with his energy and youthfulness, is the best hope for the little guy.

"We need some fresh blood in there," she said, "young fresh blood."

Mrs. Johnson said she is angry enough at the President for paying little attention to regular people like herself that, for the first time, she will vote for a Democrat.

"I've been let down or I wouldn't be switching parties," she said. "You lose faith in mankind. They promise you the world and you don't get it."

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday with an article about voters in Rockford, Ill., misattributed part of a quotation in some copies. Paul E. Tsongas, not David Burrelli, said: "Somebody has to care. I care. You're looking at a boy from Lowell, Mass. The city I grew up in knows what economic decline is about."

**Correction-Date:** March 17, 1992, Tuesday

**Graphic**

Photos: Loretta Westott, retired factory worker (shown with her husband, Earl): "We need somebody that's down-to-earth. They have to understand what it's like to worry about things like regular people do. I can tell by the way they talk and if they look like an average person"

David Burelli, a fund-raising consultant for public schools: "I voted for Bush in '88; now I just don't know if we can afford another four years of him. The country is fed up with the things going on in Washington. I don't know a lot about Tsongas, but he seems to care." (Photographs by Steve Kagan for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 16, 1992

**End of Document**



[***George W. Bush and the Poet***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48RD-J5H0-01KN-2521-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 1, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1674 words

**Byline:**  By FRANK RICH

**Body**

GIVEN that the artistic muse of the Clinton administration was Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, the creator of the sitcom "Designing Women," George W. Bush's appointment of Bo Derek to the board of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts could hardly be faulted for breaking with tradition. Ever since Abraham Lincoln overruled his advisers to attend "Our American Cousin," culture has been considered ladies' work in Washington -- first ladies' work. It was Jacqueline Kennedy who brought Pablo Casals to the East Room, not her husband, who celebrated his inaugural with a command performance by the Rat Pack. It is Laura Bush who invites writers to the White House, not the president, whose inaugural concert featured Andrew Lloyd Webber, Ricky Martin and Wayne Newton. (Where was Barry Manilow when the country needed him?)

But at a certain point Washington's tenuous, often tacky connection to culture ceases to be a joke, and that point is now. Almost two months after the world first heard of America's failure to protect Baghdad's museum from looters and thieves, Iraq's treasures are still being pillaged -- this time at the source, the archaeological sites themselves. According to The Economist, the Italian diplomat the United States put in charge of Iraq's cultural holdings is obscuring the dimensions of this new fiasco by refusing to allow reporters to accompany him on helicopter visits to the scenes of these crimes. Meanwhile, the plundering continues, and each day that it does, we lose more of our collective memory of our religious, literary and artistic roots in the centuries before Christ. Visit "Art of the First Cities" at the Metropolitan Museum -- an exhibition of delicate Mesopotamian artifacts safely held by non-Iraqi museums -- and weep for the many comparable pieces that are being destroyed or stolen as our occupation forces fail to secure the peace.

As if this weren't enough, our government is now trying to cover up its culpability in the desecration of the Baghdad museum with smoke bombs of spin. On May 7, Lt. Gen. William Wallace told reporters that "as few as 17 items" in the National Museum were unaccounted for -- a figure that then allowed administration apologists to minimize the tragedy. But this and other low-ball American estimates of loss are, as one Unesco fact-finder told The International Herald Tribune last week, "a distortion of reality." The U.N.'s team of experts estimates that at least 2,000 to 3,000 pieces are missing from the museum and that the entire two million volumes in the National Library and Archives are ash. "It's only by comparison with the most dire initial reports that said everything was gone that it seems not so bad," said one member of the team, John Russell of the Massachusetts College of Art. "Yes, not everything is gone, but major things are."

Another derogation of cultural duty by Washington, and one hitting closer to home, is likely to become official tomorrow. That's when the Federal Communications Commission is expected to hand media giants like Viacom and News Corporation more power by letting them grab still more notches on the TV dial. The fix has long been in. The Center for Public Integrity revealed 10 days ago that the F.C.C. regulators and staff members making these decisions had taken some $2.8 million worth of free trips (some 2,500 junkets in all, many of them to Las Vegas) from the very industry they are supposed to be regulating. Michael Powell, the agency's Bush-chosen chairman, has alone freeloaded 44 times to rendezvous with show-business moguls even as he has largely disdained public hearings on the issues at stake. The template for this kind of stacked, behind-closed-doors policy making is Dick Cheney's secret energy task force, to which Enron executives got entree while environmental advocates received short (if any) shrift.

Do our entertainment conglomerates need the same kind of government favors being showered on Halliburton? In the recession year of 2002, Variety has reported, the seven major Hollywood studios saw a rise of 18 percent in revenues. The reach of these companies is already so pervasive that performing arts institutions dedicated to classical music, dance and theater can barely be heard above the din. It's a sign of the Bush era that an oil company, ChevronTexaco, has picked this moment to dump the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday afternoon performances on radio, one of the last examples of high culture's regular appearance in the mass arena of commercial broadcasting.

Or, as one critic puts it in the new issue of The Hudson Review, "Our commercialized, entertainment-oriented television-based culture has cheapened and trivialized all forms of public discourse." He points to a recent study showing that the average American spends 24 minutes a day reading -- "not just books, but anything," TV Guide and diet tips included -- as opposed to "over four hours daily of television and over three hours of radio."

The author of this grim indictment of the cultural state of the nation, as it happens, is himself a member of the Bush administration -- Dana Gioia, who took over as chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts during the runup to the war in Iraq. In the weeks since he's been in office, I've spent several hours talking with him in New York and Washington -- conversations I've found fascinating. The only subject he wouldn't expound on is the mystery of how he ended up in this administration in the first place.

Mr. Gioia, 52, is in almost every way a contradiction. He's a ***working-class*** kid of Italian-Mexican heritage from Los Angeles who ended up spending 15 years as a business executive (at General Foods) while building a career as a widely published poet and essayist. He has studied with Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Fitzgerald and marketed Jell-O. He's a Republican who voted for Mr. Bush but says "the only people I've ever contributed money to are Green candidates." As a critic, he's a fierce defender of what he considers traditionalist literary standards and yet takes pains to distinguish himself from the neo-con snobs who regularly deplore pop culture. He sounds nearly as engaged by Run-DMC rap lyrics as he is by Auden -- and he can get as passionate about "Magnolia" as he is about "Les Troyens."

Nor does Mr. Gioia subscribe to the ugly culture wars that the likes of Lynne Cheney and William Bennett embraced during the Gingrich revolution. Many of those battles were in one way or another about N.E.A. grants to artistic projects with sexual content, especially homosexual content. Mr. Gioia will have none of it. "If the F.B.I. investigation of me proved anything," he says, "it's that about half of my friends and in some cases my collaborators are gay -- like Alva Henderson, the guy I wrote an opera with. How can you accomplish anything in the American arts if you're homophobic? It just can't be done. Someone doesn't want to do a play because it's gay? Well, grow up. This is America. It's just as simple as that. We're supporting arts for all Americans."

He does reserve one cheer for the cultural marketplace -- he's not a Republican for nothing. "If you create a system where the marketplace doesn't operate in the arts," he says, "it breeds a kind of institutional stagnation, which you see in a lot of European countries." But he knows the perils: "If you put the marketplace entirely in charge of the arts, you see them very endangered" -- as they are now. Like virtually all of his predecessors, Mr. Gioia's antidote is to increase the N.E.A. budget and expand arts education. But at a time when arts programs of all kinds, in and out of schools, are falling prey to the worst fiscal crunch in the states since World War II, the endowment would not make a difference even at three times its minuscule current appropriation ($117 million). Add the catastrophic money woes at American cultural institutions to the growing grip of the media giants that are sucking up the air in their stead, and you've got a crisis.

What can Dana Gioia do about it? He could shake Washington -- and the Bush administration -- with the same asset that has made him successful as a writer, the power of his ideas. A legendarily contentious essay he wrote for The Atlantic in 1991, "Can Poetry Matter?," started a debate over the merits of the academic poetry establishment that raged for years. While he sees clearly the cultural lay of the land, including what he called the "heartbreaking" destruction in Iraq, his duty must be to convey the urgency of his vision to a larger audience, within and beyond the White House. Can he? The knee-jerk answer, of course, is no. He would appear to be as doomed as another green administration appointee, the soon-to-depart Christie Whitman, who, in the words of The Washington Post, seems to have been put in charge of the Environmental Protection Agency "merely to make the Bush administration seem more interested in the environment . . . than it was."

Yet there's a crucial difference between Mr. Gioia and Ms. Whitman. While a commanding and popular public speaker, Mr. Gioia has never been a politician and has no interest in becoming one. He is confident and in no way a waffler. He has a proud, hard-won reputation as an independent thinker and artist to protect for his eventual return to the literary life.

He is too smart not to realize that for all the efforts of the current first lady, a former librarian, to promote reading, libraries are closing, not expanding, on this administration's watch. He is too serious to stand idly by while Rupert Murdoch amasses more power at home and looters subsume the culture of our 51st state, Iraq. "The measure of a great nation is not merely its wealth and power but also its civilization," Mr. Gioia said when testifying before Congress in March. He seems to mean it. The measure of his tenure in Washington will be the extent to which he can counter those administration policies that damage our civilization rather than merely provide them rhetorical cover.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Dana Gioia, the new chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, comes to Washington. (Associated Press)(pg. 34) Drawing (Seymour Chwast)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** June 1, 2003

**End of Document**



[***CITIES TURN TO PRIVATE GROUPS TO ADMINISTER LOCAL SERVICES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KJC0-0008-Y088-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 23, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 2; National Desk

**Length:** 1325 words

**Byline:** By JOHN HERBERS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** KANSAS CITY, Mo.

**Body**

The neighborhood groups that used to demand better services from city halls around the nation are now providing those services themselves.

Under mounting financial pressures and despite opposition from unions, many city governments are hiring civic groups to perform services that have historically been carried out by public employees. City Hall gets more for its money but gives up central control in the process, officials say.

Here in Kansas City, the government has let contracts to three neighborhood organizations to carry out all inspections for health and safety code violations in the areas where the organizations are active.

KANSAS CITY, Mo. - The neighborhood groups that used to demand better services from city halls around the nation are now providing those services themselves.From Sidewalks to Housing

In Portland, Ore., neighborhood groups are repairing streets; in Louisville, Ky., they are constructing sidewalks; in Jacksonville, Fla., they are managing social service centers; in Boulder, Colo., they are operating shelters for the poor; in Baltimore, they are maintaining parks; in Woodbury, N.J., they are rehabilitating housing, and in Canton, N.Y., they are assisting children and disabled people.

Such delegations of authority, unheard of in the past, are writing the latest chapter in the fast evolving role of neighborhood groups and in the ''privatization'' of local governments.

Part of this trend is that neighborhood groups are becoming more formally organized and entrepreneurial. In New York, for example, the Southern Brooklyn Community Organization is performing services for other neighborhood organizations in running anticrime patrols, housing and economic development programs.

Shift From Adversarial Role

For the cities, turning to the neighborhood groups that had sometimes been their adversaries is merely a new dimension in their efforts to reduce costs. For the last four years, as tax revenues and Federal aid have declined, the cities have been asking private corporations for voluntary aid and using private businesses to perform city services in hopes of savings in equipment and wages.

In a recent survey of 1,300 cities, the International City Managers Association found that 78 percent hired outside contractors to tow and store vehicles that were left illegally on the streets; one-third had contractors collect garbage, and one-fourth had profitmaking concerns repairing their streets.

''We were surprised,'' said Carl F. Valente, the association's director of financial management, referring to the extent of dependence on nonpublic organizations.

Subsidizing Local Experiments

This shift is being supported by the Reagan Administration as part of an ideological commitment to less government at all levels. The Department of Housing and Urban Development is subsidizing a few of the City Hall-neighborhood contracts, including the code enforcement ones here, on an experimental basis.

The city managers' survey showed less dependence on neighborhood groups than on concerns seeking a profit. But the neighborhood groups have only recently entered the contracting field, and in some services their involvement is already substantial.

Four to seven percent of the cities have contracted with neighborhood groups for operating crime-prevention patrols, running day-care centers, drug treatment programs, recreation programs and cultural and arts programs.

The Sabre Foundation, a Washington-based private group that is doing research on the new contracts, says city officials invariably find that neighborhood groups can perform city services at less cost than public workers, in part because the groups rely heavily on volunteers. But officials also find that City Hall loses much of its control, according to Barry Wax, who has interviewed officials around the country for the foundation.

City employees' unions are strongly opposed to outside contracting, and the practice has not flourished in highly organized cities such as New York. The American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees argues that the quality of services declines in contracting out work.

Local Groups' Work Defended

Some neighborhood leaders reply that while that may be true of private companies, neighborhood groups enrich the services because they usually perform the services in their own areas with local residents.

The neighborhood movement has been growing since the 1960's, when the Federal Government began subsidizing grass-roots lobbying organizations through such programs as Model Cities. In the 1970's the groups began relying more on their own resources and carried out successful lobbying campaigns for laws to enhance neighborhood development.

And in the last few years they have become heavily involved in setting up nonprofit corporations to perform services for their constituents. Their leaders are split between being social activists and business executives.

''We have to learn two languages: one to relate to the people we serve and the other to relate to business people,'' said Larry Guillot, a former Roman Catholic priest who is an associate director of the Blue Hills Homes Corporation, one of the organizations that will do housing inspections in Kansas City.

Offshoot of Community Group

The corporation, a nonprofit offshoot of the Blue Hills Community Association, which operates in a predominantly black, ***working-class*** neighborhood, operates a $6 million-a-year business with a complex organizational chart out of modern offices in a shopping center.

Across town, where a neighborhood of poor Hispanic people, blacks and whites has been isolated by freeways, the Westside Housing Organization, which builds and repairs housing, has made a deal in which it will receive part of the profits from a high-rise, luxury condominium that a private developer plans to erect on a hill at the edge of the neighborhood.

The organization does not own the land but has used its growing influence under state and local laws to gain control of zoning in the neighborhood, another example of delegated government authority. Thus the developer had to go to the organization rather than City Hall for clearance to erect the building. The organization demanded, and legally won, a promise of the share of the proceeds.

Fred Jaben, director of the organization, said the community would probably use the income from the project to rehabilitate apartments of poor residents.

An Entrepreneurial Example

The Blue Hills Community Association here is typical of how neighborhood groups have become entrepreneurs. The group was formed in 1968 to stop the rapid deterioration of homes and businesses in a 200-block area of southern Kansas City, and it has been growing ever since.

The Blue Hill Homes Corporation, headed by J.@P. Cole, a former Federal official, runs a remedial education program in the public schools, owns and manages rental property, builds and repairs housing, operates youth programs, organizes block clubs, sponsors a credit union and runs crime prevention programs.

Mr. Guillot, in charge of planning and development, says the organization prides itself on doing most of this without Federal aid, though Federal contracts for educational work have undergirded its full-time professional staff.

Code enforcement is a controversial subject in most cities. If requirements are too stringent for maintaining property, they drive out poor people. But a lack of requirements destroys property and endangers health. In selecting the first inspector under the contract with City Hall, Mr. Guillot passed over the applications of several experienced inspectors and chose Lois York, a recent college graduate.

''This is a new approach,'' Mr. Guillot said. ''But she will learn quickly and she relates well to the neighborhood.'' To make the move more palatable for everyone, City Hall came up with a euphemistic title. Miss York will not be called an inspector, she will be ''the neighborhood improvement specialist.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of site of high-rise luxury condominium in Kansas City photo of Fred Jaben and Vi Collins

**End of Document**



[***'Hairspray' and 'Long Day's Journey' Have Grip on Tonys - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48T4-7CD0-01KN-2375-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 9, 2003 Monday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1487 words

**Byline:**  By ROBIN POGREBIN

**Body**

It was apparently the right show at the right time.

In a theater season darkened by war, terrorist alerts and seemingly relentless rain, "Hairspray" proved to be the perfect multicolored, upbeat antidote, winning eight prizes, including best musical, last night at the 57th annual Tony Awards at Radio City Music Hall.

Audiences also seemed to welcome the harsher dose of reality offered by "Movin' Out," Twyla Tharp's dance show set to Billy Joel's music that chronicles ***working-class*** friends finding their way in the wake of Vietnam.

Ms. Tharp won the Tony for choreography. And as if to make sure to thank Mr. Joel himself -- and to encourage other pop artists to come to Broadway -- the Tony voters gave him the award for orchestrations, which he shared with Stuart Malina. In accepting it, Mr. Joel said, "Just watching all those terrific people perform my songs has been very moving and very gratifying."

Playing a grand piano in Times Square, Mr. Joel opened the Tony broadcast with a live performance of his song "New York State of Mind."

Eugene O'Neill's classic "Long Day's Journey Into Night" was crowned best revival and won the top two acting awards.

"Nine," written by Mario Fratti, Arthur Kopit and Maury Yeston, won the Tony for best musical revival.

Richard Greenberg's "Take Me Out," a play about a gay baseball player that originated at the Joseph Papp Public Theater, won the Tony for best play and best direction (Joe Mantello).

If the Tony Awards are Broadway's way of sending a message, last night the commercial theater honored the 1960's, albeit very different versions of the decade: the beehive hairdos of "Hairspray," the sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll of "Movin' Out," the short-skirted chic of "Nine."

Broadway also rewarded the unconventional, given that "Movin' Out" has only one singer and no speaking; "La Boheme" -- which won the Tonys for best scenic design (Catherine Martin) and lighting (Nigel Levings) -- is a Puccini opera; and "A Year With Frog and Toad," which received several nominations, is based on Arnold Lobel's children's books and aimed at young audiences.

And Broadway seemed to be trying to reach out to nontraditional theatergoers in awarding "Russell Simmons Def Poetry Jam on Broadway" last night's Tony Award for special theatrical event. The production, in which nine poets perform their own work, attracted a population of nonwhite, young theatergoers before closing last month. In accepting the award, with the cast behind him, Mr. Simmons said, "Thank all of you for being so open-minded." Plenty of traditional theater was also honored last night. "Hairspray," after all, is a book musical, albeit one based on the subversive 1988 film by John Waters.

Broadway seemed to be welcoming newcomers as well, giving Marissa Jaret Winokur the award for best actress in a musical for her performance as a heavyset teen activist in "Hairspray." It was a significant win, given that Ms. Winokur beat out the reigning queen of Broadway, Bernadette Peters, who had been nominated for "Gypsy" and last night had audience members on their feet after her performance of "Rose's Turn."

In her acceptance speech, Ms. Winokur talked about fairy tales. "If a 4-foot-11, chubby New York girl can be a leading lady in a Broadway show and win a Tony," she said, "then anything can happen."

In another disappointment for "Gypsy," the show lost out on the award for best revival to "Nine." Jane Krakowski won the Tony for featured actress in a musical for her performance as Antonio Banderas's sexy mistress in that musical, beating out two of her co-stars, Chita Rivera and Mary Stuart Masterson.

Similarly, Denis O'Hare of "Take Me Out" won last night's featured actor award over the man he plays opposite, Daniel Sunjata. "Half the award is his, because acting is a team sport," Mr. O'Hare said.

Another pair of co-stars had been pitted against each other in that category: Philip Seymour Hoffman and Robert Sean Leonard of "Long Day's Journey."

Vanessa Redgrave won the Tony, her first, for best actress in a play for her performance as the unraveling Mary Tyrone in "Long Day's Journey." For his performance as Ms. Redgrave's husband, Brian Dennehy was named best actor in a play.

"The words of Eugene O'Neill -- they've got to be heard," Mr. Dennehy said last night. "They've got be heard and heard and heard. And thank you so much for giving us the chance to enunciate them."

When all was said and done, last night belonged to "Hairspray." Jack O'Brien won the Tony Award for best director. "Finally," Mr. O'Brien said in accepting. "The quest for this silver goes back 26 years, before many of you were born."

Harvey Fierstein won the award for best actor in a musical -- even though he plays a woman -- beating out Mr. Banderas, who was considered the other leading contender.

"I adore each and every one of you, I want to have your children, and I promise to raise them well," Mr. Fierstein said.

Dick Latessa, the theater veteran who refuses to give his age, won the Tony for featured actor in a musical for his performance as Mr. Fierstein's adoring husband in "Hairspray." Last night Mr. Latessa called the show "the joy ride of my life."

In saying thank you for the award for the "Hairspray" score, Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman thanked each other. In addition to being collaborators, the two have been companions for 25 years. "I love you, and I'd like to live with you the rest of my life," Mr. Shaiman said to Mr. Wittman. Then theykissed on national television.

In what many considered a surprising victory, Michele Pawk won for featured actress in a play for her performance in "Hollywood Arms," which closed in January. "To have been remembered," Ms. Pawk said. "I am so honored."

Several of the shows nominated in various categories had already closed, including "Urban Cowboy," "Amour," "Dinner at Eight," "Flower Drum Song" and "Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune."

"Frog and Toad" has announced plans to close after next Sunday's performance.

The spirit at the awards last night was often playful. In accepting the prize for best book of a musical, Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan started speaking at the same time to make a joke about collaboration.

In one comic bit, the British comedy team of Sean Foley and Hamish McColl from the comedy revue "The Play What I Wrote" spent a great deal of time trying to find the stage, only to finally arrive and be told by Mr. Jackson that it was time to go to a commercial.

Despite a weak New York economy and a continuing drop in tourism in the wake of the terrorist attacks, Broadway attracted a record $720.9 million in the 2002-3 season.

The Tonys -- formally, the Antoinette Perry Awards -- were presented by the League of American Theaters and Producers, the industry's trade association, and the American Theater Wing, which founded the Tonys in 1947 and runs educational programs.

The ceremony was the first to be broadcast in full on CBS; in past years, PBS has presented the first hour, which featured technical awards.

This year, the awards in categories like costumes and set design were presented in advance of the broadcast to allow for more production numbers and give the winners more time to speak.

Each year there is an effort to lure more high-profile stars to the show to improve the Tonys' typically weak television ratings. Last night's presentation had as host Hugh Jackman, currently in "X-Men 2" and due to make his Broadway debut in the fall in "The Boy From Oz." With his hair long and his face unshaven, Mr. Jackman made fun of himself in a song to the tune of "Soliloquy" from "Carousel."

The show had some built-in star power because of the celebrities appearing this season on Broadway, including Mr. Banderas in "Nine."

The song from "Nine" performed last night was introduced by the actress Melanie Griffith, Mr. Banderas's wife, who in July is to step into the show "Chicago."

The broadcast began with New Yorkers commenting on the Tony Awards, concluding with Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg. "Being mayor is great," he said. "But I'd rather be Antonio Banderas."

In a separate, forthcoming ceremony, Tony honors for excellence in the theater are to be given to the 10 principals who rotate performances in "La Boheme"; to Paul Huntley, the hair and wig designer; to Johnson-Liff Casting Associates, a leading Broadway casting office, whose principal, Vincent G. Liff, died in February; and to the Acting Company, the touring theater company.

Among the awards given out before the broadcast was a special Tony for lifetime achievement to Cy Feuer, the producer of shows like "Guys and Dolls" "Where's Charlie?," "Little Me" and "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying." In accepting the award, Mr. Feuer said, "I want to thank you for this longevity award, which you will all be eligible to receive if you stick around for a while."

Tony voters comprise 724 theater professionals and journalists.

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

**Correction**

An article on Monday about the Tony Awards presentationreferred incorrectly to the broadcast of the full ceremony on CBS. It was not a first; it returned this year after running from 1978 through 1996. The article also misspelled part of the title of a musical produced by Cy Feuer, who received a special Tony for lifetime achievement. It is "Where's Charley?" not Charlie.

**Correction-Date:** June 12, 2003

**Graphic**

Photos: Joe Mantello, left, won best director for "Take Me Out," and Twyla Tharp won for her choreography of "Movin' Out," to Billy Joel's music.; Scott Wittman, left, and Marc Shaiman after accepting their Tony Awards for best original score for "Hairspray." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times); (Photographs by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E5); From a piano in Duffy Square, Billy Joel performed the opening number last night for the Tony Awards, where "Movin' Out," the musical based on his music, was among the winners. (James Estrin/The New York Times); Vanessa Redgrave was named best actress in a play for "Long Day's Journey Into Night," and her co-star, Brian Dennehy, was best actor. (Photographs by Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1)

**Load-Date:** June 9, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Snacking on the Side Streets***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-8V50-000P-2261-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 29, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Travel Desk

**Section:** Section 5;; Section 5; Page 14; Column 1; Travel Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1173 words

**Byline:** By BRYAN MILLER;

BRYAN MILLER is the restaurant critic of The Times.

By BRYAN MILLER;  BRYAN MILLER is the restaurant critic of The Times.

**Body**

VISITORS to Barcelona during this summer's Olympic Games may find that the crowds in well-known restaurants rival those in the spectator stands. The tapas bars in tourist neighborhoods, too, may resemble the starting line of a marathon. Now for the good news.

Many restaurants, bars and specialty food stores that normally close in August for vacation plan to remain open this year, so if you venture off the beaten track ample dining opportunities should exist. One unconventional and colorful way to beat the crowds is seeking out various charcuteries in Barcelona that have several tables in the back for those who can't wait to take the groceries home. In these shops you can taste anything from silken serrano ham to distinctive regional cheeses, wines, breads, and pastries; some serve tapas.

Prices are almost always lower in these shops than in full-service restaurants. What's more, you might even find ingredients to buy later for a picnic on the plane ride home.

Here are three such charcuteries, plus two out-of-the-way tapas bars that serve outstanding charcuterie.

La Castellana Charcuteria (41 La Rambla; telephone 302-3171). This 95-year-old specialty grocery and charcuterie is worth a stop just for the remarkable cured ham called jabugo, a specialty from the mountains outside of Seville. The pinkish-red meat, sliced thinly and served with fresh rolls, has a silken texture, sweet-nutty flavor and remarkably long aftertaste, like a fine Rioja wine. Speaking of wine, the store stocks many fine labels, some in half bottles.

La Castellana has a warm and traditional aura, with its dark wood shelves holding wines and fine olive oils, little wrought-iron tables with marble tops for those who want to sample the foods, serrano hams and chorizo dangling from ceiling hooks, and a friendly, patient staff.

Other tidbits to try are the paprika-cured green olives called machadas; Salamanca salchicha, a lean, spicy chorizo from Castile (have your wine or water nearby), and the mild, dense sheep's cheese called manchego. You might sample an assortment of soft, semifirm and hard cheese for comparison, with the flavor getting sharper as it is more aged. The cheese would go particularly well with a Jean Leon cabernet sauvignon or chardonnay, a Torres Sangre de Toro or many of the medium bodied Penedes wines sold here for under $10 a bottle. Appetizer-size portions (raciones) generally run from $3 to $7.

Luciano Pavarotti and other singers from the Barcelona Opera sometimes stop by La Castellana for rejuvenation after a performance. It's easy to understand why.

El Gran Colmado (318 Consell de Cent; 418-1704). One of Barcelona's better specialty food stores, Gran Colmado offers some superb olive oils, cured olives, cheeses, various types of cured hams, pastries and regional wines among its vast stock. This meticulously organized half-block-long shop has a cluster of marble tables in the back where you can enjoy a sampling lunch. It also serves tapas ($3 to $10), and the changing selection is extensive and superior.

At 11 A.M. well-dressed businessmen stop in for a slice of ham, pan con tomate (halved rolls rubbed with tomato and olive oil) and a short red wine. Here I grasped the characterization of Catalans as being the most business-minded and efficient of all Spaniards: At a small marble table near me a gentleman was sitting drinking coffee with an open-faced serrano sandwich, reading the newspaper and having his shoes shined all at once. I've never seen that at Dean & DeLuca.

Charcuteria La Pineda (16 Carrer del Pi; 302-43-93). This is one of those little stores in the Barri Gotic, or Gothic Quarter, that you simply cannot walk by without poking inside. If you are not lured in by the curtains of chorizos, serrano hams, air-dried legs of lamb and sundry sausages from around Spain, then you will be by the leathery faced habituees at the tiny stand-up bar. Founded in 1918, this gem of a grocery cum tapas bar seems to have a strictly local clientele. The staff is polite and accommodating.

Sit at a long marble table on squat stools in front of old wood and glass wine shelves that look as if they haven't been opened since the Spanish Civil War. The dense and chewy chorizo de Segovia seems to be a favorite of the regulars, as is the shiny, scarlet ham from Granada that goes for about $3 for a generous plate. Another ham is wrapped in a ham mousse that is freckled with black truffles and green peppercorns. And there is the empanada Gallega, a tasty thin pastry stuffed with tuna and red peppers ($3.50 for a slice big enough for two). The Spanish-style potato tortillas are better than average, too.

The simple house red wine from Tarragona, Priorato, costs $1 for a small glass. Don't be surprised if the salty food has you gulping rather than sipping. Whatever you cannot finish the staff happily wraps up to go.

Can Paixano (Carrer de la Reina Cristina).This accidental discovery is down a cluttered passageway from the 184-year-old landmark restaurant Les Set Portes (7 Doors), a couple of blocks from the waterfront on a short street filled with electronics shops and jewelry stores. Can Paixano offers a rollicking, rough-edged taste of ***working-class*** Spain just a 10-minute walk from the Columbus statue.

You will not find any foreign tourists at Can Paixano. It has neither a phone nor a sign. Even the street number, which is normally posted above the door, is missing.

Starting about noon, local artisans, students and squat, bag-toting women flood into this narrow bar and charcuterie with a napkin-strewn cement floor that appears to be in a converted garage. The bar is three deep in no time. Pushing and shoving is part of the fun here.

Behind the counter and under grease-splotched signs listing all kinds of sausages and cured meats, cooks hustle up charcuterie platters and sandwiches. Taste a racion of the delicious air-cured ham, lusty chorizo, butifarra (Catalan pork sausages that come both white and dark), or cecina, the dark, minimally salty air-cured beef that is a specialty of Burgos. The butifarra is especially savory; so too is a strong, chewy Basque chorizo called chistorra. Raciones go for $1.25 to $2.25 -- no wonder the place is always packed. There is also a good selection of cheeses at a retail counter in the back (if you can shove your way over there).

Along the chest-high counter are bottles of cheap sparkling rose that go for $2.75 a bottle or 50 cents a glass. In any other setting this sweet, bubbly drink would be dismissed as a step above ginger ale. Somehow, though, the obstreperous Iberian setting and rugged food elevate it to a higher status.

Barcelona Jabugo (175 Paris; 201-29-42). This animated beer hall and tapas bar with a perpetually busy bar is a diverting place to sample exquisite jabugo as well as many other types of charcuterie from around the country. Nibblers can stand at the bar or sit at one of the small tables in the back. Jabugo is expensive wherever you find it. At Barcelona Jabugo it costs about $20 for a 3.5-ounce portion.

**Graphic**

Photos: Dining at La Castellana Charcuteria, where jabugo ham is a specialty. (Erica Lansner/Black Star for The New York Times); Charcuteria La Pineda, in the Gothic Quarter. The rustic Paixano bar has neither sign nor phone. (Amilcar de Leon for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 29, 1992

**End of Document**



[***MRS. THATCHER OWES A BIG CAMPAIGN DEBT TO FLABBY FOES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KJT0-0008-Y0ST-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 22, 1983, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 3, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1127 words

**Byline:** By R.W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

While checking the history books the other day, David Watt of the Royal Institute of International Affairs made an intriguing discovery: British voters have not once in this century given to any government what Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is seeking in next month's general election - a clear mandate to carry on for a second full term with the same leader who won the preceding election.

Only three prime ministers since 1900 have sought such a mandate. Stanley Baldwin was beaten in 1929, Clement Attlee won in 1950 a victory so narrow that he was out of office within 18 months, and Harold Wilson lost in 1970.

And yet as Mrs. Thatcher began her active campaign late last week, she and her Conservative Party seemed all but unstoppable, barring a serious blunder. Three polls gave her a lead of 11, 15 and 18 percentage points respectively, enough for a majority of more than 100 seats in the House of Commons.

LONDON - While checking the history books the other day, David Watt of the Royal Institute of International Affairs made an intriguing discovery: British voters have not once in this century given to any government what Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is seeking in next month's general election - a clear mandate to carry on for a second full term with the same leader who won the preceding election.

Why should that be? It is not that the Prime Minister inspires overwhelming personal affection among her people, not that her cautiously right-wing platform has galvanized opinion and certainly not that she has already delivered what the people want. As her opponents point out, crime has increased, not decreased; government spending has increased, not decreased; taxes have declined only slightly for the average voter; industrial output, while showing the first signs of a modest recovery, is far lower than when she took office; unemployment is at its highest in recent history. Only in taming inflation has she succeeded spectacularly - that, and in winning the war in the Falklands.

The basic answer lies in the fragile state of the opposition parties. ''You can't beat somebody with nobody,'' the old pros in American politics used to say, and the homely maxim applies in Britain, too.

Labor is beset with problems, starting with the legacy of four years of doctrinal and factional squabbling. That has been set aside for the moment so that the party can present a solid front, but the memory of the bad old days lingers in the mind of the electorate; early door-step canvassers hear a good deal from voters about the infighting in the party, which became so serious that it led to a schism. Many right-wingers broke away to form the new Social Democratic party, now joined in an alliance with the Liberals.

Labor's problem is made more serious by the handicap of an unpopular leader. Michael Foot, who will be 70 years old in July, is much respected by his peers for his intellect, his honesty and his sense of justice; he is one of the most cherished members of the House of Commons. But to the public at large, he often seems eccentric - a rather unkempt man who looks a bit like a mad professor and has a disconcerting tendency to ramble on television shows. One recent poll suggested that if the pugnacious Denis Healy were the leader instead of Mr. Foot, the two main parties would be running neck-and-neck.

Its platform also appears to be a liability for Labor. Individual planks, such as a huge injection of public funds to combat unemployment, have considerable voter appeal, according to the polls, but the overall package strikes many people as overly optimistic. The party proposes to spend almost $20 billion on reflation, to nationalize large segments of the economy and to radically realign Britain's international political, military and economic alliances by leaving the Common Market and engaging in nuclear disarmament.

Weighted down as it is, Labor must also swim against strong historical tides. The slow but steady embourgoisement of the British ***working class*** through higher living standards, home ownership and the like - a process that took off at a brisk pace in the United States immediately after World War II - has loosened the party's once-firm link to blue-collar voters.

The changes are reflected by a population shift from the cities to the suburbs, and that is in turn reflected in the reapportionment carried out for this election. According to a detailed computer analysis by Britain's television networks, the new political boundaries should give the Tories 21 more seats and Labor nine fewer, even if everyone voted on June 9 exactly as they voted in the election of May 1979.

'Throwing Away' Votes

What, then, of the Social Democrat-Liberal alliance? Its leaders and its platform, calling for modest reflation, limited changes in defense policy and a series of other gentlemanly reforms, seem to have caught the public mood better.

But it is becalmed in third place - a weak third place, according to the polls - and is in danger of being thought wholly irrelevant. The alliance may still snap back, with almost three weeks of campaigning remaining. But for the moment it is suffering from the disease endemic to third parties in democracies without systems of proportional representation: lack of credibility. The lower their standing in the polls, the less inclined people are to ''throw away'' their votes.

Like Labor, the alliance knows that it must puncture what the columnist Peter Jenkins sees as a national mood of pessimism, characterized by a conviction that no politician and no government can really do very much about inflation and economic decline.

David Steel, of the alliance, is trying harder than most, repeating for his audiences what he said at his first campaign press conference: ''There is nothing inevitable about unemployment. It is man-made, not God-given, and it is ridiculous for Conservative leaders to flap their hands in a pathetic display of helplessness.'' Yet Mrs. Thatcher, who has maintained all along that there was little she could do about joblessness, rides high.

Fate and the Prime Minister have been cruel to the alliance. Last year, the Falkland war robbed it of the kind of publicity needed to build credibility. And just when the alliance seemed to be rallying, with a by-election victory at Bermondsey this spring, Mrs. Thatcher cut off any prospect of renewed momentum by calling a June general election. Fear of a revivified alliance is one of the principal reasons she played this political trump card.

There is still time for surprises, and there is no doubt that electoral loyalties remain shallow, but at the moment Mrs. Thatcher looks a very good bet to beat that second-term jinx. The bookies think so, too; they quote the Tories as prohibitive 1-6 favorites.

**End of Document**



[***After a Romney Deal, Profits and Then Layoffs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:547R-XT91-DXY4-X099-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 13, 2011 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2011 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1; THE LONG RUN

**Length:** 2805 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL BARBARO; Kitty Bennett and Christopher Gregory contributed reporting.

**Body**

By the green-hued yardsticks of Wall Street, the 1990s buyout of an Illinois medical company by Mitt Romney's private equity firm was a spectacular success.

Mr. Romney's company, Bain Capital, sent in a team of 10 turnaround experts from Boston to ferret out waste, motivate executives and study untapped markets.

By the time the Harvard M.B.A.'s from Bain were finished, sales at the medical company, Dade International, had more than doubled. The business acquired two of its rivals. And Mr. Romney's firm collected $242 million, a return eight times its investment.

But an examination of the Dade deal shows the unintended human costs and messy financial consequences behind the brand of capitalism that Mr. Romney practiced for 15 years.

At Bain Capital's direction, Dade quadrupled the money it owed creditors and vendors. It took steps that propelled the business toward bankruptcy. And in waves of layoffs, it cut loose 1,700 workers in the United States, including Brian and Christine Shoemaker, who lost their jobs at a plant in Westwood, Mass. Staggered, Mr. Shoemaker wondered, ''How can the bean counters just come in here and say, Hey, it's over?''

Mr. Romney's career at Bain Capital, which he owned and ran as chief executive, is a cornerstone of his campaign for the Republican presidential nomination -- a credential, he argues, that showcases the management skills and business acumen that America needs to revive a stalled economy. Creating jobs, Mr. Romney says, is exactly what he knows how to do.

The White House, though, is already preparing a less flattering portrayal, trying to frame Mr. Romney's record at Bain as evidence that he would pursue slash and burn economics and that his business career thrived by enriching the elite at the expense of the ***working class***.

From 1984 to 1999, Mr. Romney and his deputies made fortunes by investing in, acquiring and then selling about 150 companies. It was high-stakes work that shaped Mr. Romney's values and views, taught him the art of salesmanship and negotiation and took him deep inside the boardrooms and factories of American business.

Because financial data for many of the acquisitions are not publicly available, it is difficult to fully tally the wins and losses, the jobs created and the jobs eliminated on Mr. Romney's watch. But the experience with Dade, Bain's biggest transaction at the time, shows how Bain managed its investments, structuring deals so it would be hard for Mr. Romney and his partners not to come out ahead.

Bain and a small group of investors bought Dade in 1994 with mostly borrowed money, limiting their risk. They extracted cash from the company at almost every turn -- paying themselves nearly $100 million in fees, first for buying the company and then for helping to run it. Later, just after Mr. Romney stepped down from his role, Bain took $242 million out of the business in a transaction that, according to bankruptcy documents and several former Dade officials, weakened the company.

Even some people who benefited from that payday and found it reasonable at the time now question it. ''You would have to say, looking back, that it was too large, because it pushed us into bankruptcy,'' said Robert W. Brightfelt, a former Dade president who collected more than $1 million.

Bain Capital declined to comment specifically on the Dade acquisition, but cited a long history of improving companies' performance in both ''good and challenging economic conditions.'' A campaign spokeswoman, Andrea Saul, defended Mr. Romney's tenure at Bain, saying that ''while not every business was successful, the firm had an excellent overall track record and created jobs with well-known companies.''

In recent years, Mr. Romney has acknowledged having second thoughts about some of the deals he drove, saying his post-Bain career in government had sensitized him to the consequences of his decisions as a businessman.

But Romney the candidate can still frequently sound like Romney the C.E.O. On the campaign trail, he has taken a tough-love approach to the economy, suggesting that the best remedy for the housing market is to allow foreclosures to ''hit the bottom''; railing against wasteful spending by the government-backed solar company Solyndra; and arguing that companies with poor strategies, like General Motors, should be allowed to go bankrupt, without a federal bailout.

It was the same approach he took with Bain, as he explained in an interview with The New York Times in 2007, when asked about layoffs at the companies he bought.

''Sometimes the medicine is a little bitter,'' he said, ''but it is necessary to save the life of the patient.''

Quick Riches

In the early 1990s, as the American economy rebounded from a recession, the biggest names in the buyout business hungrily eyed Dade, then a little-known maker of medical technology based in Deerfield, Ill.

It was ripe for a takeover. Its main product, copy-machine-size units that ran blood tests in hospitals, laboratories and doctors' offices, was widely used but rife with problems. Dade's owner, the giant health care company Baxter International, was ready to dump its aging diagnostic division.

Bain impressed Baxter's management with its vision for how to fix the ailing business. Mr. Romney, who began Bain Capital in 1983, prided himself on turning around companies like Dade -- not just polishing them for sale, as their quick-buck Wall Street colleagues did.

It was the Bain Way, reflecting the firm's roots as a spinoff of the venerable consulting firm where Mr. Romney had been a star performer, Bain & Company. At age 36, Mr. Romney was asked by the founder, William W. Bain Jr., to jump into the relatively new, risky and extraordinarily profitable business of private equity.

The idea was tantalizing: raise money from a pool of investors, like wealthy families and public pensions; buy a struggling company using a small amount of cash and a lot of financed debt; improve its operations; and then sell it for a profit.

By marrying traditional financial engineering with management consulting, Bain Capital produced much higher returns than its rivals.

''They were unusual in doing that in the '80s,'' said Steven N. Kaplan, a professor of finance at the University of Chicago, who has studied the private equity business. ''Romney figured it out, and everyone else copied it.''

Bain Capital was a partnership, but there was no question who was in charge: as the owner of all the voting stock, Mr. Romney controlled the profits and the power.

He did not act like a big shot -- he bypassed his secretary to make photocopies himself and left the building to buy himself lunch. But his values prevailed: he insisted on cheap, spartan office decorations (the original desks contained no wood) and introduced fines for executives who arrived late to meetings (when he once had to pay a $20 penalty, he looked physically pained, a co-worker recalled).

Colleagues remember him as a heavily perspiring, deeply anxious presence for much of the first year, constantly worried that he might tarnish the good name of Bain & Company by fumbling at Bain Capital.

''There was enormous pressure on Mitt not to have any bad investments,'' recalled Geoffrey S. Rehnert, an early managing director at Bain Capital. The message from Bain & Company was ''don't do anything that embarrasses us.''

Mr. Romney did not. In just a few years, Bain Capital made eye-popping sums of money in deal after deal -- ''the golden goose'' that was laying ''golden eggs,'' as he would later call it.

Mr. Romney nurtured startups like the fledgling office supply chain Staples, at times over the objections of skeptical Bain partners. Its 1986 investment of about $2 million netted Bain Capital $13 million.

Some of the first buyouts were even more lucrative. Bain Capital earned $34 million, 34 times its 1986 investment, in Calumet Coach, a manufacturer of medical equipment, for example. It made $55 million, 16 times its 1990 investment, in the Gartner Group, a technology research firm, according to documents sent to potential investors.

Young executives became wealthy overnight. ''It was a heady experience,'' Mr. Rehnert remembered. ''It was life altering, because we could pay down mortgages or buy bigger houses or new cars at a stage in life when those were big luxuries, ahead of our peers.''

As Bain Capital expanded, Mr. Romney cut back his travel to the headquarters of companies, assigning to lower-level executives the task of scouring balance sheets and interviewing managers. But he reviewed the numbers and signed off on major acquisitions, like the Dade purchase.

''He certainly approved the deal, understood it, had presentations made to him regarding it,'' recalled Scott Garrett, Dade's chief executive at the time. ''He became quite knowledgeable about the business.''

In the waning days of 1994, a small group of investors led by Bain Capital, including Goldman Sachs, paid $450 million for Dade. Bain invested about $30 million.

Dade employees could always tell when Bain Capital executives were in town: their bosses worked longer hours.

''The thing Bain brought was urgency,'' Mr. Brightfelt said. ''It was 24 hours a day. It never stopped.''

At Dade's headquarters, the men from Bain -- young, nattily dressed Bostonians -- exerted themselves in ways big and small as the new owners. They took a majority of seats on the board of directors. They interviewed candidates for high-level jobs. They negotiated crucial contracts with suppliers. And they requested reams of data.

In 1995, Bain officials debated whether Dade should buy a competitor, a diagnostics division of DuPont Medical Products that owned technology vital to Dade's future. Some Bain executives advocated quickly selling off Dade for a tidy profit. Others counseled patience, arguing that Bain could collect even more by investing in the company for a few years.

Mr. Romney, in Bain's boardroom in Boston, listened intently to both sides and rendered a verdict: Dade should acquire the DuPont unit. Mr. Romney ''wanted to double down on Dade,'' Mr. Garrett recalled.

In back-to-back acquisitions, Dade bought the DuPont diagnostics division in 1996 and a German medical testing company, Behring, in 1997, whose products replaced or improved upon Dade's.

Renamed Dade Behring, it became an industry leader, just as Bain Capital had intended. With its overseas acquisition, the company's labor force swelled to 7,400 workers.

The business invested in and refined products, like a test that rapidly detects whether a heart attack has occurred, that became widely used. From 1995 to 1998, Dade's annual sales rose to $1.3 billion from $614 million. Its assets grew to $1.5 billion from $551 million. But another number was climbing just as fast -- Dade's long-term liabilities, which surged to $816 million from $298 million.

Layoffs and Cutbacks

Cost-cutting became a mantra inside the company. After his employer, DuPont, was bought by Dade, William T. Mowrey, a field engineer, said his generous pension plan was replaced by a 401(k); his salary was cut by $1 an hour, costing him $2,000 a year in income. When he filed for overtime, he said, his new bosses refused to pay it. ''They were just trying to milk as much out of us as they could,'' he said.

Mr. Mowrey, now 54, quit. Many workers, like Mr. Shoemaker, the Dade employee in Westwood, and his wife, a temporary employee at the same plant, did not leave on their own terms. When they lost their jobs in 1997, they had to abandon plans to buy their first home together. ''It created a lot of stress,'' said Mr. Shoemaker, 59, who had earned more than $80,000 a year.

For some, the emotional effects of the layoffs outweighed the financial repercussions. Soon after Dade bought the DuPont unit, it closed a plant in Puerto Rico; all but a few of its nearly 300 workers were laid off.

Arsenio Muniz Rosado, a 51-year-old father who had spent 23 years at the plant, starting out as a groundskeeper, sank into a debilitating depression. Still jobless six months after he was let go, he tried to commit suicide with a bottle full of Xanax pills. It was the first of several attempts.

For all intents and purposes, he said of the plant, ''I died in there.''

Cindy Hewitt, a human resources manager, had been instructed to persuade about a dozen of Mr. Rosado's co-workers to move to Miami, where Dade had another plant.

Not long after the workers arrived, the company said it would close that factory, too. Ms. Hewitt tried to help several workers return to Puerto Rico, but she said Dade insisted that they first repay thousands of dollars of moving costs. ''They were treated horribly,'' she said. ''There was absolutely no concern for the employees. It was truly and completely profit-focused.''

Ms. Hewitt said she was so disillusioned by the experience that she left the corporate world.

Executives involved in the decisions said that to make Dade a success, they had combined companies in need of overhaul. And the mergers created redundant work forces that had to be winnowed.

''It's not done because they love cutting jobs,'' said Mark Wolsey-Paige, a former senior vice president at Dade. ''It ultimately made those companies stronger.''

He added: ''Something even worse would have happened if they had remained as they were before Bain bought them. It would have been a steady stream of cuts and layoffs.''

Tipping Into Bankruptcy

By 1998, Mr. Romney and his restless colleagues at Bain began looking for a way to cash out of the firm's investment in Dade.

A hefty offer arrived. Kohlberg Kravis Roberts & Company, a rival buyout firm, proposed buying Dade Behring for $1.9 billion, according to documents filed in the bankruptcy case. But Bain executives rejected it, disappointed by the price, the documents indicate.

Bain settled on a common tactic in private equity: In April 1999, it pushed Dade to borrow hundreds of millions of dollars to buy half of Bain's shares in the company -- and half of those of its investment partners.

Bain pocketed the $242 million. Goldman received $121 million. Top Dade executives got $55 million, records show. The total payout to shareholders reached $420 million -- nearly as much as the purchase price for Dade.

The money was hard to resist, acknowledged Mr. Brightfelt, the former Dade president. ''We were all glad to get some cash out,'' he said, ''and we thought we deserved it.''

A few months before the payout, in February 1999, Mr. Romney retired from Bain Capital to oversee the Olympic Games in Salt Lake City. He nevertheless benefited from the transaction, a financial disclosure form indicates. It shows that until at least 2001, he owned 16.5 percent of the Bain Capital partnership responsible for the Dade investment.

Even as the investors prospered, Dade cut 367 more jobs in 1999, documents filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission show.

The strategy of sharply increasing Dade's debt alarmed several executives. Mr. Garrett, the former chief executive of Dade who stood to gain from the transaction, said he had argued unsuccessfully against it.

''It was too aggressive,'' Mr. Garrett said. ''It was done right up to the limit of what the company could borrow.''

With the amount of money that Dade owed to creditors and vendors at nearly $2 billion, some executives worried that the company would have little maneuvering room if its financial situation suddenly deteriorated.

Soon enough, it did. Interest rates rose, increasing Dade's debt payments. The value of the euro, then a new currency, slid, reducing Dade's European revenue. And a new distribution center had unexpected delays.

Creditors, unsettled by deteriorating finances and high debts, began to pounce. More layoffs followed. And in August of 2002, Dade filed for bankruptcy protection.

The creditors threatened litigation against Bain and its investment partners, accusing them of ''professional negligence'' and ''unjust enrichment,'' according to bankruptcy documents. Bain and the other investors argued that the claims were baseless, but agreed to forgo about $68 million owed to them by Dade. And seven years after buying the company, Bain forfeited its remaining ownership stake.

Dade emerged from bankruptcy two months later and the stock soon began trading publicly.

Over the next four years, its revenues and share price surged, and in 2007, Siemens, the German conglomerate, paid $7 billion to buy Dade Behring. The Dade name disappeared, but the company survived.

Bain's strategy, as painful as it was with plant closings and layoffs, had ultimately worked, executives said. The bankruptcy ''does muddy the story,'' said Mr. Wolsey-Paige, the former Dade executive. ''Over all,'' he said, ''it was very positive.''

The Long Run: Articles in this series are exploring the lives and careers of the Republican and Democratic candidates for president in 2012.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Mitt Romney cites his time as a private equity firm manager. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID L. RYAN/THE BOSTON GLOBE) (A1)

A BUSINESS PAIRING: Mitt Romney, left, with William W. Bain Jr. in 1990. Mr. Romney began his rise in business working for Mr. Bain, who encouraged him to move into the private equity firm that he ran for 15 years. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JUSTINE SCHIAVO/THE BOSTON GLOBE)

HUMAN COSTS: Cindy Hewitt, a human resources manager, said she was so disillusioned dealing with workers in a Bain Capital downsizing that she left the corporate world. Arsenio Muniz Rosado, who lost his job in Puerto Rico, tried several times to commit suicide. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEG ROUSSOS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

CHRISTOPHER GREGORY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A26) CHARTS: How One Company Performed Under Bain Capital: Mitt Romney's private equity firm, Bain Capital, earned an 800 percent return on its investment in Dade, an Illinois medical company it owned for seven years.Though the company's performance improved in its years under Bain, it laid off hundreds of workers and accumulated debt that propelled it toward bankruptcy in 2002. (Source: SEC filings) (A26)

**Load-Date:** November 13, 2011

**End of Document**



[***Review/Theater: The Most Happy Fella;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9630-000P-250F-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Basic Feelings, Soaring Songs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9630-000P-250F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 14, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 1; Column 4; Weekend Desk; Column 4;; Review

**Length:** 1331 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

By FRANK RICH

**Body**

NOSTALGIA alone does not explain why Americans still adore Broadway musicals of the 1940's and 50's. The appeal of these shows is much plainer than that. Men and women step forward and express their most primal desires in simple poetry and unforgettable melodies: I want this. I must go there. I love you.

These feelings, which are no less profound for being universal, will never go out of fashion, and neither will the musicals containing them if they are as powerfully acted, sung and staged as the revival of Frank Loesser's 1956 musical, "The Most Happy Fella," which opened at the Booth Theater last night. As directed by Gerald Gutierrez and performed by a cast led by Spiro Malas and Sophie Hayden, this work can hold its own with "Carousel" and "The Music Man" on the hit parade of Broadway romantic classics of the golden Rodgers and Hammerstein era. It is so stirring that even as your head tells you that you cannot possibly be moved by its preposterously simple love story of a middle-aged immigrant Napa Valley grape farmer of the 1920's and his young mail-order bride, the rest of you is tugged right in.

"The Most Happy Fella" has not always exerted such a tidal pull. From its successful original production, which was upstaged by the arrival of "My Fair Lady" two months earlier, through the last New York revival at the City Opera this season, the show has usually been staged as a majestic quasi-opera, reflecting the length of its score (more than 30 numbers) and the Puccini-isms of some of its lusher passages. This time Mr. Gutierrez strips away the theatrical grandiosity and corn by making a few textual trims, by replacing the original 35-piece orchestra with a simple, two-piano accompaniment Loesser commissioned but never used, and more important, by insisting on the sort of adult, honest acting and singing that one almost never finds in Broadway musical revivals (let alone at the opera). In other words, the director bets that the material itself -- the integrity of its emotions and the voluminous musical beauty with which those emotions are expressed -- will carry the evening without embellishment. Thanks to the intimacy of the Booth, even the deadening filter of electronic amplification is virtually eliminated as Mr. Gutierrez pitches his cast forward on a thrust stage.

The bet pays off with a nonstop surge of passion, much of which flows from the sterling and unorthodox lead performances. Mr. Malas could not be a less likely romantic hero. As the title role of Tony demands, he is not young, not good looking, not smart, not fluent in English and for much of the show not ambulatory. (A road accident lands him in a wheelchair.) But Mr. Malas, an opera baritone whose thick body and large peasant features suggest a lifetime of both hard knocks and gargantuan appetites, immediately wins us over, not with a fat man's musical-comedy jolliness but with the plaintive hunger and deep humility in his sweet, timid hopes for happiness with Rosabella, the San Francisco waitress whom he courts by letter. When he later must overcome some formidable obstacles to win his bride's love, Mr. Malas uses his voice as a caress, playing down its power in favor of its tenderness, until finally the audience, too, is seduced by this unexpected Romeo.

Ms. Hayden, whose warm soprano has an affecting undercurrent of sadness, is his ideal match. She is not the standard, girlish ingenue usually cast in roles like Rosabella but a woman who actually looks like the less-than-virginal, greasy-spoon waitress she is when Tony meets her. She's attractive but not daintily so, and in the opening scene she sings with a cigarette dangling from her mouth. Like Mr. Malas, she is also transformed inexorably by affection, in her case from a broke and abandoned pickup to an unselfish lover. The songs in which Tony and Rosabella exchange lessons in English and Italian ("Happy to Make Your Acquaintance" and "How Beautiful the Days") become gripping dramatizations of two lost souls breaking a psychological rather than merely a language barrier. When the floodgates finally open on a duet that is Loesser's answer to "Bess, You Is My Woman Now" (its crippled hero included), the entire house seems to embrace the two leads as ecstatically as they at last enfold each other.

"My heart is so full of you, there is no room for anything more," sings Ms. Hayden at that point. It is the measure of this production's success that one is thrilled rather than embarrassed by songs in which lovers sing nakedly of being "warm all over" and "wanting to be wanted, needing to be needed," and that Loesser's childlike vulnerability seems no less authentic than the Tin Pan Alley urbanity of his "Guys and Dolls." Even so, this staging does not shortchange the score's conventional show-biz turns, starting with the pop harmonizing and incipient soft-shoe of "Standin' on the Corner." The dazzling Liz Larsen and Scott Waara, as the show's archetypal comic couple (indeed, undisguised retreads of Ado Annie and Will Parker), are as unhackneyed as Mr. Malas and Ms. Hayden, so sexy and funny and real they obscure their roles' vaudeville roots. They and the rousing chorus of singers and dancers ambush the second act with the human stampede Liza Gennaro has choreographed for "Big D."

Much of the Broadway showmanship of Mr. Gutierrez's "Fella" has been brought to a higher gloss since this production was first seen at the Goodspeed Opera House in Connecticut last summer. (The only glaring exception is Claudia Catania's wrong-note performance as Tony's meddling sister, Marie.) The trio of juggling and harmonizing chefs (Buddy Crutchfield, Bill Nabel and Mark Lotito) remains a delight, as, in a different key, does the robust voice of Charles Pistone as Joe, the dark Lothario of the piece. John Lee Beatty's sets, Jess Goldstein's costumes and Craig Miller's lighting offer a lovely blend of Tuscan-hued vineyard landscapes and 20's ***working-class*** fashions. For a show that places its first priority on the interior of its characters, this "Fella" never neglects the visual, moving delicately from the bleak winter of its lovers' first encounter to a radiant summer of harvest and regeneration.

Sure, one does miss the musical colors of the haunting Don Walker orchestrations at first; the twin pianos that usurp them sound more out of place in a Broadway house than they did at Goodspeed. But I must confess that when I went home after the performance and put on the exemplary 1956 cast album, a boon companion for most of my theatergoing life, it seemed for the first time a little heavy, a little hollow. Or is it just that the new "Most Happy Fella" leaves one's heart so full that there is no room for anything more?

The Most Happy Fella

Book, music and lyrics by Frank Loesser; based on Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." Entire production directed by Gerald Gutierrez; choreography by Liza Gennaro; sets, John Lee Beatty; costumes, Jess Goldstein; lighting, Craig Miller; musical direction, Tim Stella; duo piano arrangements, Robert Page, under the supervision of Frank Loesser; artistic associate, Jo Sullivan; production manager, Jeff Hamlin. Presented by the Goodspeed Opera House, Center Theater Group/Ahmanson Theater, Lincoln Center Theater, the Shubert Organization and Japan Satellite Broadcasting/Stagevision. At the Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, Manhattan.

Cashier, Postman and Doctor . . . Tad Ingram

Cleo . . . Liz Larsen

Rosabella . . . Sophie Hayden

Tony . . . Spiro Malas

Herman . . . Scott Waara

Clem . . . Bob Freschi

Jake . . . John Soroka

Al . . . Ed Romanoff

Marie . . . Claudia Catania

Max . . . Bill Badolato

Joe . . . Charles Pistone

Pasquale . . . Mark Lotito

Ciccio . . . Buddy Crutchfield

Giuseppe . . . Bill Nabel

Priest . . . Bill Badolato

WITH: John Aller, Anne Allgood, Molly Brown, Kyle Craig, Mary Helen Fisher, Ramon Galindo, T. Doyle Leverett, Ken Nagy, Gail Pennington, Jane Smulyan, Laura Streets, Thomas Titone and Melanie Vaughan.

**Graphic**

Photos: A simple love story -- Spiro Malas and Sophie Hayden in Frank Loesser's musical, at the Booth. (Martha Swope) (pg. C1); Scott Waara and Liz Larsen (Jay Thompson) (pg. C19)

**Load-Date:** February 14, 1992

**End of Document**



[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-96Y0-000P-20WY-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Women and Sex: A Muddle on the Screen***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-96Y0-000P-20WY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 9, 1992, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 13; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;; Review

**Length:** 1270 words

**Byline:** By Caryn James

By Caryn James

**Body**

How did a director as smart as Lizzie Borden make a movie as confused as "Love Crimes"? And why isn't the film called "Sex Crimes," which is, after all, what it's about? Probably because most films about women don't know when to separate sex from love, or when to bring them together. If recent movies offer any clues to cultural standards, then that nagging good-girl/ bad-girl stereotype (bad girls are sexual, while good girls are not) is alive and thriving where you least expect it.

"Love Crimes" means to be a provocative sexual thriller with a large, honest dose of political incorrectness. An assistant district attorney, played lifelessly by Sean Young, goes undercover to catch a sex criminal who is masquerading as a famous photographer. The man, who benefits on screen from Patrick Bergin's handsome looks and charm, lures women into posing nude, then has sex with them when they feel they have lost their will to resist -- sometimes because he has frightened them, sometimes because he has flattered them. Emotionally, the involuntary sex is rape; legally, maybe not.

When the assistant D.A. turns herself into a decoy victim, her own dark fantasies and memories impel her more than her passion for justice. This tangle of conscious and unconscious desires might have been a complex, timely exploration of women and sex -- precisely what Ms. Borden has repeatedly said she meant to create.

It didn't turn out that way, and there's no point in beating up a poor film that fails on the most commonsensical levels. The photographer's victims go running to the police, though their charges of violation are very hard to prove; even rape victims with strong evidence are often reluctant to press charges. Ms. Young's character looks stereotypically mannish, with her business suits and cropped, slicked-back hair, as if to set her apart from "normal" female sexuality. And she is given flashbacks to a childhood trauma that conveniently explains away her troubling sexual desires. So much for psychological depth.

But the failure of "Love Crimes" points to a larger, more insidious pattern: film makers are fearful of women and sex. Even those who begin their films with an unblinking, unapologetic acceptance of women's sexual desires find some cowardly way to hedge by the end. Women's sexuality is a muddle on screen, at least as confused as the highly visible real-life circumstances it mirrors, from the Anita Hill-Clarence Thomas hearings to the national debate on abortion.

Among recent films dealing with women and sex, "Rambling Rose" is the most charming; "The Rapture," the most reactionary, and "Whore," the lamest. "Love Crimes" is simply the newest and the most disappointing, given Ms. Borden's previous work -- "Born in Flames" (1983), a cult film about black feminist terrorists, and "Working Girls" (1986), a smart, humanizing look at call girls.

The threat of AIDS does not seem to be a chilling factor here, for the issue is usually ignored or given a cursory disclaimer scene (Julia Roberts flashes her multicolored condoms under Richard Gere's nose in "Pretty Woman"). And the problem does not split along simple male-female lines. "Rambling Rose" is directed by a woman, Martha Coolidge, and written by a man, Calder Willingham. "Whore" is a mixture, directed by Ken Russell and adapted by Mr. Russell and Deborah Dalton from "Bondage," a play by David Hines. "Love Crimes" was written by Allan Moyle and Laurie Frank.

Instead, the confusion seems to come from the fear of violating the good-girl/bad-girl stereotype. This problem has never applied to men, of course, for whom Valentinos and Casanovas are perfectly acceptable father figures. But when movies try to explore women's sexuality, even the most intelligent film makers retreat to the safety of the madonna-whore cliche.

"Rambling Rose" comes close to making its case for female passion, with Laura Dern as a highly sexual young woman who goes to work as a maid in a progressive Southern household in the 1930's. There is no doubt that she throws her body around in a desperate search for love, but it is also clear that she displays a blatant and exaggerated form of natural female desires. Diane Ladd, as the mother of the family, even offers a furious speech defending Rose when a doctor wants to perform a hysterectomy; to his archaic way of thinking, that would cure her sexual abnormality.

Yet the film insists on giving Rose this irritating, retrograde line, one that undermines the way the film has accepted, even championed, her sexuality: Rose says, "Girls don't want sex; girls want love." In real life, what girls and women want is for this *not* to be an either/or proposition.

But in films about women's sexuality, that is somehow a tough concept to grasp, for sex and love rarely meet. In the silly, apocalyptic movie "The Rapture," Mimi Rogers plays a telephone operator for whom promiscuous, anonymous sex is a relief from boredom. When she finds religion, she settles into marriage, motherhood and long, frumpy, flowered dresses. From bad girl to good girl in one quick costume change.

In "Whore," Theresa Russell looks into the camera and talks about life as a hooker, chomping gum and putting on a ***working-class*** accent that makes her sound as if she were doing a bad Roseanne Arnold imitation. Sex is reduced to an economic transaction, which is very much the obvious and belabored point of the film. For this character and many other women on screen, sex is either absent or loveless.

And there is little improvement in sight. Though "Fatal Attraction" has been analyzed to death in the five years since it appeared, the prototypical bad girl is still the crazed sexual predator played by Glenn Close, and the good girl is still the wife and mother who puts a knife through the other woman's heart.

The heroine who has unfortunately been left behind is one who appeared a year before "Fatal Attraction": Nola Darling in Spike Lee's "She's Gotta Have It." A woman who can't choose among her three lovers may be nobody's idea of a role model. And this 1986 film sneaked in just ahead of widespread awareness of AIDS, which is not mentioned in the movie. But while Nola would seem irresponsible now, it is important that the film never questions or challenges her sexual desire.

Mr. Lee tries to wrap things up too neatly and quickly at the end. In a sequence of events too fast to make sense, Nola is raped by one of her suitors, decides to call it a "near rape" and tells him she loves him but wants to be celibate for a while. Then in a closing monologue, she reveals that she gave up her celibacy and realized she didn't want that man after all. Dramatically, this is the weakest, most confused part of Mr. Lee's original, engaging film. But at least Nola ends by asserting her own identity as a sexual woman. It took an iconoclast like Spike Lee to dare such an honest portrait, and few other film makers have picked up on it.

In fact, the only fully satisfying heroine currently on screen, the only woman for whom sex is neither a dirty word nor a political statement, lives far in the past. Though Emma looks a little tarty by the time she takes on her second lover in Claude Chabrol's fond adaptation of "Madame Bovary," Flaubert's heroine is not condemned for her desires. Emma Bovary's sexual passion is not separated from love, romantic fantasies or social aspirations -- in short, sex is a part of her complex emotional life. Flaubert was, of course, a genius. But a woman as complete as Emma shouldn't be that hard to imagine anymore. We shouldn't have to retreat to the 19th century to find a sexual woman in films.

**Graphic**

Photos: Sean Young and Patrick Bergin in Lizzie Borden's "Love Crimes" -- Its failure points to a larger, more insidious pattern. (Millimeter)(pg. 13); "Rambling Rose," starring Laura Dern as a highly sexual young woman, comes close to making its case for female passion. (Carolco Pictures)(pg. 14)

**Load-Date:** February 9, 1992

**End of Document**



[***PARIS CLASHES: BRAWLERS ARE BLAMED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KMX0-0008-Y3SV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 14, 1983, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 3, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1273 words

**Byline:** By JOHN VINOCUR, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, May 13

**Body**

The sporadic street skirmishes over the last three weeks that have resulted in dozens of injuries and hundreds of arrests in Paris are increasingly taking on the appearance of clashes between the police and young brawlers known to students here as ''the uncontrollables.''

A pattern has developed in which youths - some from extremist groups of the right and the left, some on an apolitical hunt for the sirens and anarchy of street fighting - attach themselves to student demonstrations, then use them as cover and as a starting point for vandalism and jousts with authority.

The situation has made it extremely difficult to assess the real strength and direction of the student protests that continue throughout France against the Socialist Government's university revision bill. Some students have battled with the police and seem ready to continue. But the presence of ''the uncontrollables,'' rejected by the main student groups, has brought a degree of violence to the demonstrations that strengthens the Government's contention it is dealing more with right-wing extremists than average students.

PARIS, May 13 - The sporadic street skirmishes over the last three weeks that have resulted in dozens of injuries and hundreds of arrests in Paris are increasingly taking on the appearance of clashes between the police and young brawlers known to students here as ''the uncontrollables.'''Consider the Risks'

On Thursday, after a night of street fighting in the Latin Quarter near the intersections of Boulevard St.-Michel and Boulevard St.- Germain, Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy called on students ''to consider the risks they're taking when their grievances serve as pretexts for extreme right-wing groups trying to bring disorder to the streets.'' The police made 113 arrests and charged 3 young men with illegal possession of weapons. About 10 people were reported hurt.

There have been signs lately of an agreement soon that would resolve a strike by medical students, who are protesting new Government regulations that would require many of them to enter general practice instead of specialized fields. Their protests led Wednesday to an attempt to disrupt the Cannes Film Festival, an incident in which hundreds of students clashed with riot policemen.

The situation in Paris Wednesday night had some of the aspects of fighting May 5, when a protest by about 7,000 or 8,000 students dispersed and hours of clashes with the police began.

This time there were about 700 students from the Assas law school who began what Xavier Perleaux, president of the student strike committee, called ''a media-shock demonstration'' intended to reach public opinion while avoiding any confrontation with the police.

Tourists Are Struck

The demonstration started about 8 P.M. By the time it reached Boulevard St.-Germain, the strike committee telephoned Agence France-Presse to say the march was being dispersed by the organizers ''in order not to disturb public order.'' The student group said its ranks had been infiltrated by plainclothes policemen and ''the uncontrollables.'' The trouble soon followed.

The skirmishes lasted until about 1 A.M., with small groups setting fire to tires, erecting barricades across streets with building materials, trying to turn over two city buses and smashing store and car windows. The police repeatedly charged with their riot sticks, and in the process struck a number of passers-by, including some tourists wandering through the Left Bank.

The young men doing the fighting, according to converging police and newspaper accounts, numbered about a hundred. Many had crew cuts and wore padded jackets, boots, masks made from bandannas and goggles usually used by skin divers.

The accounts of the fighting in the Paris newspapers, like those of Agence France-Presse, were significant because they generally did not refer to students but used vaguer designations such as ''demonstrators'' and ''little groups.'' The approach had political weight because the accounts suggested that Government policy was being attacked by extremist minority elements very short on respectability.

'The Worst Kind of Fascists'

One newspaper, France-Soir, usually vehement in its contempt for anything undertaken by the Government of President Francois Mitterrand, quoted a law student as saying: ''We were just breaking up the demo when we saw the skinheads, the worst kind of fascists - the ones with the shaved heads -mercenaries from every side, and even the 'autonomists' from the extreme left, arrive. They were the ones who set up the barricades with stuff lying around the neighborhoods.''

The term ''the uncontrollables,'' as used by the students, refers to the entire spectrum of brawlers. Some of them are apparently right-wing students attached to a group called Group Union-Defense, and others are described as members of the fighting auxiliaries of a right-wing, nationalist party headed by Jean-Marie Le Pen, a candidate in the Paris city council elections in March.

There are also unaffiliated, apolitical fighters likened to the ***working-class*** youths who attached themselves to the student riots here in May 1968.

Of the three men held on weapons charges today, for example, one was a truck driver and another an unemployed laborer. The left-wing groups said to enter into some of the skirmishing have been likened to the anarchists of West Berlin's squatter settlements.

Disagreement Among Students

Whatever the designations, it appears increasingly in the Socialist Government's interest to stress that the violence comes from the extreme right and not from the large mass of students. Mr. Mauroy said Thursday that the students in the demonstrations were ''not only a minority, but a limited one.''

Among the students themselves, there is much disagreement about whether the demonstrations have as much to do with education as they do with politics. The main specific grievance is the university revision known as the Savary Law, whose rough goal is making sure that universities produce graduates who can serve the economy as well as being integrated into it.

The law provides for both easier entrance into the university system and, in some areas, for tests that would essentially eliminate some students after their first two years. The main complaints involve the feelings of some students that the easier entrance requirements will devalue diplomas, while the selective examinations will create permanent insecurity.

The Government explanation for the demonstrations is that they are an expression of a traditionally privileged class now worried about maintaining its place in French society.

'Social Positions Are Threatened'

Some students acknowledge this. Mireille Hartmann said, ''What we're seeing are the future members of the bourgeoisie who think their social positions are threatened by the Socialists.''

Philippe Serin, a leader of a right-of-center student organization, spoke of a ''phenomenon of just being fed up.'' A friend, Frederic De Lestrange, said the last thing the conservative students wanted was creating a May 1968 rebellion in reverse, because ''that would just let the Socialists play the 'legitimacy' card and win support as the legitimate, elected Government.''

The violence Wednesday was accompanied by disagreements at a national meeting of student groups trying to work out a unified, socalled apolitical position on the question of the university revisions. It was this group that Mr. Mauroy called a minority and insufficiently representative. At the biggest student protest this spring in Paris, the crowd was about 8,000, or less than a fifth of the capital's total university population.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of demonstration

**End of Document**



[***MOVIE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41HG-88J0-00MH-F55D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 2000, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E;; Section E; Part 1; Page 27; Column 1; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Part 1;; Column 1;; Schedule

**Length:** 1538 words

**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy movies and film series playing this weekend in New York City. \* denotes a highly recommended film or series. Ratings and running times are in parentheses. An index of reviews of films opening today appears on Page 15.

Now Playing

\* "BAMBOOZLED," starring Damon Wayans, Savion Glover and Jada Pinkett-Smith. Written and directed by Spike Lee (R, 135 minutes). Mr. Lee's answer to "Network" is a scaldingly funny satire of the television industry in which a failing network hits the ratings jackpot with an old-time black minstrel show that resurrects offensive stereotypes. Accepted as hip, ironic and liberating by mainstream audiences but reviled by black militants, it starts a national craze for wearing blackface. If this messy cinematic collage goes every which way, its anger at a television industry that largely excludes blacks and whose black programming (in the director's view) perpetuates minstrelsy is right on target. Mr. Wayans plays the black Harvard-educated executive who dreams up this Frankenstein monster of a show (Stephen Holden).

"BEDAZZLED," starring Brendan Fraser, Elizabeth Hurley and Frances O'Connor. Directed by Harold Ramis (PG-13; 105 minutes). This sprightly, amusing bit of devilment (a remake of a 1967 picture with British spoofsters Dudley Moore and Peter Cook) stars Mr. Fraser as Elliot Richards, a geeky, luckless doofus, and Ms. Hurley as the Devil. In exchange for a lien on Elliot's immortal soul, Ms. Mephistopheles turns him into a Colombian drug trafficker, an N.B.A. superstar and a famous writer, among other things. Each scenario, meant to bestow on Elliot the love of a pretty co-worker (Ms. O'Connor), goes comically awry. The original "Bedazzled" was cheekily blasphemous; this version, true to the spirit of the age, is somewhat pious, but it's nonetheless reasonably good fun (A. O. Scott).

"BILLY ELLIOT," starring Gary Lewis, Julie Walters and Jamie Bell. Directed by Stephen Daldry (R, 90 minutes). Mr. Daldry's debut feature tells the story of an 11-year-old coal miner's son in northern England who dreams of becoming a ballet dancer. The movie holds few surprises; you always know where it's going, and sometimes you can predict exactly what the characters are going to say. But Mr. Daldry finds honest feeling and dramatic integrity in shopworn material, and the cast, notably Mr. Lewis as Billy's father, Ms. Walters as his teacher and young Jamie Bell as Billy himself, help rescue the movie from its most hackneyed impulses (Scott).

\* "THE CONTENDER," starring Gary Oldman, Joan Allen, Jeff Bridges and Christian Slater. Written and directed by Rod Lurie (R, 132 minutes). A political thriller pumped up with as much dramatic juice as "The Contender" doesn't have to be believable to be gripping. If this lurid Washington yarn about a sex scandal that threatens to destroy the hand-picked nominee (Ms. Allen) of the liberal President (Mr. Bridges) to fill a vacated vice presidential slot clanks with tin-eared oratory and preposterous plot turns, it keeps you on the edge of your seat. Scenery-chewing performances by Mr. Oldman (as the scrofulous, misogynist congressman who leads the smear campaign), Mr. Bridges as a Clinton-Johnson presidential amalgam and Ms. Allen as the dignified and high-principled nominee contribute to the fun (Holden).

\* "DR. T AND THE WOMEN," starring Richard Gere, Kate Hudson, Laura Dern, Helen Hunt, Shelley Long and Farrah Fawcett. Directed by Robert Altman (R, 122 minutes). Like last year's "Cookie's Fortune" (which was also written by Anne Rapp), Mr. Altman's new comedy has a mellow, rambling feel. The keen edge of social criticism that characterized masterpieces like "Nashville" and "The Player" has been blunted somewhat, but Mr. Altman remains an unparalleled choreographer of chaos. Mr. Gere, playing a harried, gentlemanly Dallas gynecologist, is virtually the only man in the movie, and his generous performance anchors the film and provides a foil for wonderful supporting turns by Ms. Hudson, Ms. Dern, Ms. Hunt and Ms. Long (Scott).

"LOST SOULS," starring Winona Ryder and Ben Chaplin. Directed by Janusz Kaminsky (R, 102 minutes). Most of the neighborhoods in which "Lost Souls" plays are bound to be scarier than this horror movie retread, and it's probably a bad idea to release an "Exorcist" remake while the original is enjoying a 25th anniversary rerelease. Ms. Ryder is part of a team of renegade religious professionals and Catholic priests -- the X-Fathers -- performing exorcisms to prevent the birth of Satan. Mr. Chaplin may just be that person, though his career as a smug author exploiting the lives of serial killers should probably tag him as the personification of Evil. Mr. Kaminsky, the talented cinematographer who shot "Saving Private Ryan" and "Schindler's List," makes his directorial debut with this feature, which has intriguing visual details. To those who wonder why, we can only suppose that perhaps the Devil made him do it (Elvis Mitchell).

"MEET THE PARENTS," starring Robert De Niro, Blythe Danner, Ben Stiller and Teri Polo. Directed by Jay Roach (PG-13, 105 minutes). Mr. De Niro's scowl has become the kind of cultural shorthand that generally presages entry into the Smithsonian, where it can lie in state next to the Fonz's jacket, Archie Bunker's chair and Cher's hair. He uses it in this likable paranoid comedy, in which he plays every guy's worst nightmare: the father of his girlfriend. Mr. Stiller is the nervous, eager-to-please boyfriend, and the story plays out in a rustic suburban scenario that's too quiet: Martha Stewart's "Night of the Living Dead" (Mitchell).

"PAY IT FORWARD," Kevin Spacey, Helen Hunt, Haley Joel Osment, Jon Bon Jovi and Angie Dickinson. Directed by Mimi Leder (PG-13; 155 minutes). Three good actors -- Mr. Osment, Mr. Spacey and, especially, Ms. Hunt -- are wasted in this aggressively well-intentioned exercise in spiritual fraudulence. Mr. Osment plays a saintly Las Vegas seventh grader who concocts a scheme to make the world a better place. Ms. Hunt is his alcoholic mother and Mr. Spacey his scarred, sarcastic social studies teacher. The movie is so thumpingly melodramatic, and its surprise ending so vile in its manipulations, that it gives being nice a bad name (Scott).

\* "REQUIEM FOR A DREAM," starring Jared Leto, Ellen Burstyn, Jennifer Connelly and Marlon Wayans. Directed by Darren Aronofsky (not rated, 102 minutes). Mr. Aronofsky's adaptation of the Hubert Selby Jr. novel is both a knockout and a downer. "Requiem" looks at the lives of four addicts (played by Mr. Leto, Ms. Burstyn, Ms. Connelly and Mr. Wayans) connected to one another by the bonds of love, friendship and family; it also emphasizes that the rituals of consumption are as important as the addiction. The tumble of imagery is powerful, almost overwhelming, and totally under the director's control, and though the material is bleak, "Requiem" offers the compensating high from an instinctive filmmaker (Mitchell).

"THE YARDS," starring Mark Wahlberg, Charlize Theron, Joaquin Phoenix and James Caan. Written and directed by James Gray (R, 115 minutes). An amalgam of "The Godfather" (its candlelit mood and score), a Sidney Lumet-styled urban-realist drama (its Queens setting) and a vintage Warner Brothers ex-con melodrama (its hokey ending), "The Yards" is a film whose epic ambitions remain unrealized. Mr. Wahlberg is a good-hearted ex-convict sucked back into crime who becomes the fall guy for evil deeds committed by a corrupt family that runs a business repairing subways cars. Mr. Phoenix, as his ruthless best friend who becomes his nemesis, gives an incendiary performance and is the best thing in the movie (Holden).

Film Series

"THE BRITISH NEW WAVE: FROM ANGRY YOUNG MEN TO SWINGING LONDON." It's back to the tumultuous days of England in the 1950's and 1960's in the three-week series of 35 features and short films that opens today at Film Forum. Here again are actors like Laurence Harvey, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Rita Tushingham and Vanessa and Lynn Redgrave; writers like John Osborne, Shelagh Delaney, Harold Pinter and Alan Sillitoe; and directors like Lindsay Anderson, Tony Richardson, Karel Reisz and John Schlesinger. Fueling their creativity was a post-World War II Britain of angry and alienated young ***working-class*** people alive with sexuality and devoid of the polished veneer of the old upper-class. On the menu are memorable films like "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "The Entertainer," "The Servant," "If," "Darling," "Alfie," "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" and "Tom Jones." The time machine to this remarkable period gets under way today and tomorrow with a double feature of Jack Clayton's "Room at the Top" (1959), with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret, and Tony Richardson's "Look Back in Anger," with Richard Burton and Claire Bloom in the screen adaptation of John Osborne's hit play. The series continues through Nov. 16 at Film Forum, 209 West Houston Street, in the South Village. Tickets: $9; $5 for members. Screening schedule and information: (212) 727-8110 (Lawrence Van Gelder).

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Joaquin Phoenix, left, plays the ruthless best friend of Mark Wahlberg in the film "The Yards." (Eric Liebowitz/Miramax Films)

**Load-Date:** October 27, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Bingo In the Blood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:51K4-2DK1-JBG3-64S7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 28, 2010 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2010 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MB; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2429 words

**Byline:** By N. R. KLEINFIELD

**Body**

LIKE other regulars, Cynthia Klivan got there early, needing a couple of hours to get settled. She had to claim her preferred seat by the snack bar. Then she had to unload her supplies from her pink bingo bag -- her daubers to mark her paper sheets with circular smudges, her transparent tape to hold the sheets together so they would not disperse, her bingo chips for the lap boards and the magnetic wand that scoops them up. She likes to grab breakfast -- rye toast and a cup of coffee -- to refuel before play begins.

And, of course, there was gossip, seeing what had gone on in peoples' lives since she was last here, which was yesterday.

''What's doing?'' she inquired of a seatmate.

''Nothing.''

''I've got a headache already from dealing with Rite-Aid.''

Ms. Klivan, a companionable retired parole-board clerical supervisor, usually comes to Nostrand Bingo Hall in the Midwood section of Brooklyn six days a week. Nostrand is one of the enduring relics of a fading game long cherished by those long done working. Play happens twice a day -- at 11:30 a.m. and 7 p.m. -- but not on Sunday mornings.

Ms. Klivan is a day player. Bingo is her fixation, her delight, the center around which her 74-year-old life rotates, as is true of thousands of believers who gravitate to the remaining commercial halls in the city in pursuit of human interaction and a little extra money.

Bingo has been a rite for Ms. Klivan for 30 years. To understand its galvanic pull, one need only rewind a few years, to the day her sister picked her up from the hospital after cancer surgery and asked, ''Where do you want to eat?'' Ms. Klivan told her she didn't want to eat. And her sister, looking hard at her, said, ''You're not thinking the bingo hall?''

Oh yes, she was.

And when she shambled in the door, surgical drains still in place, everyone had to chuckle. They told her: ''Cynthia, you're pale as a ghost. What are you doing here?''

Ignoring them, Ms. Klivan bought her cards and began marking the numbers.

She sees bingo two ways. ''It's like a disease,'' she says of its addictive quality. But at the same time, it's an analgesic for the yawning emptiness of old age. ''You can put this in,'' she said: ''Bingo saves lives.''

The opportunity to call out ''bingo'' in her booming voice gives her satisfaction. Faces swivel in her direction and the attendant materializes to peel off some bills. The prizes usually arrive in $15 or $30 installments, but sometimes, luxuriantly, in hundreds. For an instant, she is somebody. Then the next game begins.

THE sign outside the low-slung, brown brick building pronounces, ''Bingo, Bingo, Bingo.'' A man named Adam Sandler owns it. He inherited it from his father (they are not related to the actor), who ran a welding company and began hosting bingo games in 1961 at a hall down the street. The younger Mr. Sandler, now 48, rents the hall on a rotating basis to charities that operate the games, outfits like Joe Torre East Highway Little League, a Jewish War Veterans post and Labor and Industry for Education. By state law, bingo games have to be run for charitable purposes. (Indian casinos are another story.)

Things don't always go as they are supposed to. Some years ago, Mr. Sandler caught an operator's son stuffing $50 and $100 bills from proceeds into his socks. He booted out the charity.

This year, state regulators revoked the license of a hall in Jackson Heights, Queens, and three of the operators were indicted on charges of looting bingo proceeds. (They have pleaded not guilty.) Regulators are now looking at all the city's bingo halls to see that things are on the up and up.

Though it enjoys a steadfast following among older ***working-class*** residents, bingo has been in retreat across the country for many years, eroded by competing forms of legalized gambling with sweeter riches or superior odds, as well as by online entertainment options (including Internet bingo). The recession and smoking bans haven't helped. (The economy has bruised the entire gambling industry.) Decades ago, the city had a few dozen commercial bingo halls, where most of the serious play occurs. Last year, there were 15; now, just 10. And bingo is losing popularity at churches and fire halls.

To Mr. Sandler, bingo is strictly a business. He does not play, or understand all the intricacies. ''It's a simple game,'' he said in his office, as a bevy of camera screens showed the goings-on, ''but when they start talking about 'corners' and 'pay the king,' I don't know what they're talking about.''

Nostrand Bingo is a big, squarish windowless cosmos jammed with linoleum tables and walls dressed up with TV monitors and lighted bingo boards. Three dollars gets a player inside, where about three dozen games are played over three and a half hours. The jackpot, awarded in a designated game, is $600 during the day and $1,000 at night.

After prizes, fees and the rent paid to Mr. Sandler (about $2,000 a day, much of which goes toward his expenses), a charity is lucky to clear $800 to $1,200 for itself from a day of bingo.

For the 11:30 a.m. games, Nostrand draws about 140 players, overwhelmingly older women and a few interlopers like Bernard Ledgin, 89, who described himself as a retired transportation engineer (he was a taxi driver). At the 7 p.m. sessions, there are often 180 players, more of a mix of ages and sexes. Dozens of regulars report day and night, bingo having oozed deep into their blood.

LET'S play. G57. B9. N40.

''That the only N you got?'' someone screeched.

''Shut up,'' thundered another player from across the hall.

The numbers arrived at 18-second intervals. Ms. Klivan worked 30 paper cards and monitored 44 more on the computer blinking in front of her. Electronic bingo has been available in New York halls since 2002. A player taps the screen and enters numbers on as many as 54 cards. The law limits halls to one terminal for 15 seats, and since they are costlier than paper sheets (usually at least $40 during a session, while many regulars won't risk more than $20 or $30), most players don't go electronic. Ms. Klivan plays everything, because it bores her just jabbing a screen.

She knows that the numbered balls pop out of the mechanical blower by pure chance, but like many bingo players, she believes in the power of totems. So she keeps a plastic evil eye, which her super brought her from Bulgaria, attached to her bingo bag. Her friend Sallie Rheingold brings a snapshot of her late husband, a troll doll and a rabbit's foot, covering a lot of bases.

Ms. Klivan believes that the first eight numbers called during the day's opening game repeat uncommonly often, and so later on she will use them on one of her ''player select'' cards, on which players scribble in eight numbers of their own choosing. On another card she fills in the date she retired from work, along with the date she started.

Her favorite wager is ''the line,'' in which a player picks any of 15 rows of five numbers and gets paid if his or her row turns up first in a game. Ms. Klivan, a baseball fan, will often select a line that includes the number of a standout player in a game she just watched. Occasionally, she borrows a process pioneered by a friend: ''When she can't think of a number for the line, she turns on the Weather Channel and she plays the dew point.''

Ms. Klivan sometimes bets on the daily number and yields to other instincts. If she spies an ambulance with its siren on while driving to bingo from her home in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, she will play the ambulance number. If she notices a car being towed, she will play its license number.

She can't explain the logic, because there is no logic.

BINGO goes back to 1530, descended from an Italian game called Lo Givoco del Lotto D'Italia. A pitchman encountered a version in Germany and sensed its possibilities, bringing it to America in the 1920s as a carnival game. It was called Beano, since players marked their cards with beans. Winners shouted, ''Beano!''

A struggling toy salesman from New York named Edwin S. Lowe saw the game at a carnival near Atlanta in 1929. Back home, he tested it on friends, and one winner mistakenly called out, ''Bingo!'' rather than ''Beano!'' He liked what he heard.

It was a priest in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., who recognized the game's power to help his ailing church. Trouble was, there were just 24 unique cards at the time, so too many people were winning. The priest pressed upon Mr. Lowe the need for vaster possibilities of losing. Mr. Lowe enlisted a Columbia math professor named Carl Leffler, who configured more than 6,000 different bingo cards.

All those combinations took a mighty toll. He is said to have gone mad.

Random number generators are now used to make bingo cards, and the number of possible cards is about half an octillion, which is a 1 followed by 27 zeros.

THE floor walkers doled out winnings as a chorus bleated the daily lament of losers, ''Same winners every time.''

Prizes in lesser games range from $15 to $100, and how much someone pockets depends on how many shared bingos there are and if a player is winning bets that can magnify returns as much as 10 times. Hit enough bingos, plus claim extras like ''line'' wagers that return $26 per $2 bet, and a player could leave $3,000 or $4,000 to the better. But that demands a bold investment in a game with stingy odds, much worse than popular casino offerings, and the sort of luck that visits rarely.

Luck is the thing. Other than a player's being nimble enough to manage hordes of cards at the same time, there is no skill to bingo.

''None whatsoever,'' Ms. Klivan said.

You do need to stay awake. If you're inattentive, you can miss a number, fail to call out ''bingo'' and forgo a payoff. Bingo players refer to this as ''You slept it.'' Or they say, ''You sleep, you weep.''

Has Ms. Klivan ever slept it? ''No,'' she said. ''I don't sleep, and I don't weep.''

Why engage in something so numbing and unglamorous, a game in which no matter how much you play it, there's no way to improve?

''Listen, it's something to do,'' Ms. Klivan said. ''If I want to do something intelligent, I'll read a book, I'll go to a play, I'll go to an opera. This is not my life. This is my life during the day.''

Ms. Klivan lives alone, but has a boyfriend who has a weakness for the horses and the lottery yet abhors bingo. He tells her it's for idiots.

She does not tally up her bottom line but knows the long-term answer to her compulsion: ''I'm a loser. We all are.''

Ms. Klivan habitually stays well within her available cash. Some days, she bets $50, some days $100, depending on her mood.

Bingo's tragic dimension, though, includes those who funnel the rent money into the bingo maw. One evening, a cranky husband barged into Nostrand and dragged his wife out by her hair, the losses approaching the horrific. Another woman said she routinely risked $500 a day, while her husband thinks she is wagering no more than $30. ''You think I'm stupid enough to tell him?'' she asked. Then again, he's at the track.

The regulars look instead to people like Todd Wolbrum, a security guard, whose $1,000 jackpot a few weeks ago helped him buy a 1998 Chevy Lumina.

Years ago, cheaters would occasionally alter numbers with a pen to give themselves winners, but now cards are verified by computer. There are stories about operators at other halls who would stick pins in some of the bingo balls to weigh them down so they wouldn't come up, then outfit relatives with cards that didn't need those numbers. At a defunct hall in Brooklyn, the owner was said to have rigged a computer terminal to receive far more than the allowable cards. His wife played that terminal, and, the story goes, oh, did she win.

Last year at Nostrand, a woman paid the player next to her $500 not to call bingo, because the number waiting to be announced next got the woman a ''mystery ball'' prize worth thousands. Mr. Sandler threw her out for a year.

VOLUNTEERS for the sponsoring charities rotate between working the floor, where they sell cards and pay winners, and calling the numbers. Players try to read the callers. ''One caller I find always calls the 13 line,'' Ms. Klivan said. ''But if I put my money on it, he calls something else.''

Barbara Stiles, 71, was at the microphone now. Callers have their styles, and Ms. Stiles prides herself on enunciating each number clearly, and pacing the calls consistently.

''There are always complaints,'' she said. ''The same people win every day. You're calling too fast, you're not calling fast enough.''

Wayne Gilbert, 40, who works at the snack bar, hears it all. ''I'm like the bartender,'' he said. ''They'll tell me someone has passed or they went to Vegas. I hear a lot more than I need to about people's livers and blood pressures.''

Years ago, there were fights, like two women tossing each other around, either over a seat both wanted or rampant talking. Lately, it is more civil, though things get rowdier at night.

''Once in a while we'll suspend someone,'' said Timmy Brickhouse, 65, one of Nostrand's managers. ''A month ago, two women were arguing over who knows what. We put them out for 30 days. Some of them say, 'Throw me out; you're doing me a favor.' ''

SANDWICHED into her usual spot, Ms. Klivan was up a few hundred dollars. Across the table from her sat Ms. Rheingold, a cuddlesome woman with a luminous smile who is known as the Candy Lady.

A retiree from the Board of Education, Ms. Rheingold, 80, spreads out candy on her table for workers and fellow players. She has sugar-free versions for diabetic players like herself.

She rigorously tracks results on index cards, sniffing for patterns. ''Look here,'' she said. ''The six line came up 23 times since January.''

She used to play more often, but now limits herself to two days a week so she can squeeze in doctor appointments. Nights, she loves her television: ''Burn Notice,'' ''Glee,'' ''NCIS.'' She watches one show while VCRs tape two others.

Suddenly, Ms. Rheingold had a bingo. But so did two others. She won $7. Repeating a bingo ritual, she held out her harvest to Ms. Klivan and said, ''Touch for luck.''

Ms. Klivan fingered the bills and said, ''Make more.''

One day, Ms. Klivan said, her doctor called and she picked up. ''What's all the noise?'' he asked.

''I'm at work,'' she said.

''Oh,'' he said. ''Bingo.''

The hours droned by. The blower kept spitting out numbered balls as players labored to conquer an ancient game that wouldn't be had.

Lips puckered in thought, Ms. Klivan tapped the computer screen, daubed her paper sheets with her iridescent red splotches.

G48. N37. Somebody had to win.

O67. Bingo.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: EARLY BIRD: Cynthia Klivan, above, needs a couple of hours to get settled, to gossip and to have breakfast before playing. (MB1)

LIVING FOR THE GAME: At Nostrand Bingo Hall in Midwood, Brooklyn, a player searched for her number. Below, a kaleidoscope of boards that a bettor may be playing on simultaneously. Adam Sandler, below, inherited the bingo hall from his father. He rents it out to charities, which, by law, must run the bingo contests. To him, it's just a business. ''It's a simple game,'' he said in his office. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICA MCDONALD FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MB6)

**Load-Date:** November 28, 2010

**End of Document**



[***26.2 Miles of Change***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5461-6HX1-JBG3-64T8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 5, 2011 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2011 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Column 0; Sports Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2230 words

**Byline:** By C.J. HUGHES

**Body**

As dusk fell, a woman, head to toe in black, bounded down the sidewalk, with a leash in one hand and a baby tucked against her chest. By the curb, two men in suits loudly debated the stock market. And at a Mexican bistro, patrons sipped Chardonnay from stemless glasses under graffiti framed as art.

Ordinary stuff, maybe, for many New York neighborhoods. But this lively mix of bar-goers and Wall Streeters and harried parents was percolating on Vernon Boulevard, in Long Island City, Queens, a highway-bordered neighborhood that until recently seemed to function largely as a giant parking lot.

In 1976, when the New York City Marathon first trudged through Long Island City en route from Staten Island to Manhattan, the area had an even more pungent industrial flavor. A common sight at night then wasn't stockbrokers but trucks, lots of them, rumbling from low-slung warehouses down dark streets with cargoes of bread, beer and soda.

And sometimes they got too close for comfort. ''I had my car hit by so many Pepsi trucks, I couldn't even tell you,'' said Robert Guarnaschelli, a lifelong resident, as he stood near 46th Avenue, marveling at the changes.

For the first six races of the New York marathon, from 1970 to 1975, the course did little more than loop through Central Park. But in the funk of the cash-poor, high-crime late 1970s -- the Me Decade for some, the Crisis Decade for the city -- organizers thought they should give a wide and varied slice of New York something to cheer about.

To say that the marathon, in its touching of the five boroughs in 2011, will traverse a changed city is to state the obvious. Still, to run the course today is to appreciate, in a distinctive block-by-block, bridge-by-bridge progression, just how different the city is. And at least in some instances, how truly ''other planet'' different it is.

The transformation of Long Island City, from a vast asphalt expanse into a neighborhood rich with luxury two-bedroom condos, is just one startling stop on the city's remade and repopulated landscape. Charred blocks are now flush with trees. Discos have given way to pharmacies. Immigrant groups have faded, to be replaced by arrivals of new colors. The gulf between rich and poor has blown open.

Sure, one could pick any thoroughfare in the city, or devise your own 26-mile spin through New York, and note change. But the marathon's route, year in and year out, draws runners from across the globe and declares, in its punishing and entertaining way, ''This is New York.''

Consider this, then, a how-we-live-now guide, observed in tank top.

Mile 2

Following the graceful curve of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, runners practically coast into Bay Ridge, their introduction to Brooklyn.

For most of the 20th century, this was a tight-knit enclave of Scandinavians, Irish and Italians, drawn by work on ships. When Grete Waitz, the nine-time marathon winner from Norway, went whizzing through there, her country's flags would be flapping, said Bob Carlsen, 72, a third-generation Norwegian who cheered her on.

A Miss Norway is still crowned every spring, and Nordic Delicacies sells tins of fish pudding on Third Avenue.

But in the 1970s, Norwegians had seven social clubs, Carlsen said; now there are two, and they share space. And attendance at the annual Norwegian parade, held in May, ''seems to be more limited each year,'' he said.

The Irish and the Italians are dwindling as well, as Bay Ridge over the last 15 or so years has experienced the turnover and tumult of ethnic change.

New faces belong to Russians and Asians, with a huge Muslim population, too. Women in purple and gold hijabs stroll down Fifth Avenue past the Islamic Society of Bay Ridge, a popular mosque that is the community's spiritual heart.

Ziad Khaled, 48, a Muslim born in Lebanon, now owns Hookahnuts, a store that sells pistachios with its tobacco pipes. A window sign promises ''alcohol-free perfume.''

Muslims are among the fastest-growing segment of new arrivals in New York. And while the aftermath of Sept. 11 produced all sorts of discomfort and unease -- many Pakistanis, for instance, either chose or were forced to leave -- the arrival of Muslims in the city continues unabated.

Khaled, a Muslim, still feels the sting of the post-9/11 anger and anxiety, and from people who say all who practice Islam are terrorists. He said, ''I'm ashamed to say this, but we need a lot more education in this country about religion.''

But he is not going anywhere, as he and his fellow Muslims in New York continue what can no doubt feel like their own marathon toward acceptance.

Mile 8

Slightly less than a third of the way into the route, the marathon takes a sharp right onto Lafayette Avenue, and thus into the heart of perhaps one of the neighborhoods more representative of change in New York: Fort Greene, Brooklyn.

Its rebirth reflects some of the sweeping changes that have altered daily life in the city: reductions in crime, explosions in property values, and the development and deepening of the city's cultural life outside Manhattan.

Those changes, of course, have also ignited in Fort Greene the kind of conversation taking place in many corners of the city -- about the merits of gentrification, the complications of integration and the implications of aggressive policing.

The shifts, seismic or nuanced, good or controversial, are beyond dispute. Shaded blocks, like those along South Portland Avenue, boast antique row houses with inviting stoops. Intersections are anchored by stylish eateries like Olea Mediterranean Taverna at Adelphi Street. There is dance and art, concerts and readings.

Access to all that doesn't come cheap; one-bedroom apartments fetch half a million dollars. Prices have also soared for basics. Back in the 1970s, Ralph's, a corner market at South Portland, was a Budweiser station, for marathon watchers or runners looking to reload some carbs. Now, Ralph's stocks River House beer for $18 a six-pack.

Mile 11

Williamsburg can seem timeless, and for decades runners entering it have mingled, mostly with mutual respect, with the neighborhood's Hasidic Jews in their traditional attire.

The neighborhood today, just a little way up Bedford Avenue, is the authentic, if slightly overexposed, frontier of one of the more significant demographic developments in New York in the last decade or so -- the influx of young people from places other than New York. They have poured into the Lower East Side and the South Bronx, Bushwick and Astoria, but Williamsburg is the de facto capital of the infusion.

Of course, the hipsters of Williamsburg can have a retro take on their own dress that might make the Hasidim smile.

On a recent evening, near North Seventh Street, a man in a floppy blazer held what looked like a lime-green banana to his ear, then began talking into it. It was a plastic telephone handset, the kind that graced most America homes through the Reagan era, though its cord was plugged into a digital device. Following him, a group of girls giggled in awe.

The surge of twenty-somethings here in the past 10 years -- the area's construction fences are tagged with literate squiggles like ''the world is crazy but you don't have to feel like that'' -- is evident with the arrival of each L train at North Seventh Street, and is at least responsible in some significant part for driving the average age of a New Yorker to 36.

Already, though, the adjoining neighborhood on the marathon's route, Greenpoint, looks at Williamsburg and sniffs: too old.

Patrick Ferrell, 27, moved to Greenpoint from Greensboro, N.C. A record label employee with Buddy Holly glasses, Ferrell also plays bass for No Man, No Eyes, an ''experimental rock band.''

Ferrell said he would never relocate to Williamsburg; too many aging poseurs, he said. ''Way too many 'rad dads' floating around,'' he said.

Mile 14

In a legacy-solidifying push, Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg's administration has rezoned some 20 percent of the city, a vast relaxation of restrictions on the building of housing, housing and more housing, much of it awfully expensive.

Long Island City's changed character and altered look are a testament to that rezoning and the rebuilding that has come as a consequence. Yes, there are still myriad taxi depots, used-car lots and garages. Not to mention that huge billboards, for department stores, orange juice and cellphones, catch the eyes of commuters on the Long Island Expressway below.

But people who ran the route in the '70s no doubt do double takes these days. Developers have recently lined Jackson Avenue with angular condos. A complex known as Hunters View was built over an auto-parts store. One Vernon Jackson rose over a razed glue factory. And One Hunters Point, on Borden Avenue, stands in the footprint of a parking lot where children a couple of generations back played touch football.

Adding so much sizzle to a sleepy city corner has charmed some business owners like Sung Park, 52, a deli owner on Vernon since 1988.

In 2009, he decided the neighborhood had changed enough that he could move beyond selling soda and sandwiches. He opened a museum on 50th Avenue, formally known as Underpenny Antiques, where his collection of 19th-century cast-iron pot holders, some 200 of them, are on display. Oh, and you can buy an oil painting there, too.

''Years ago, you couldn't tell cabdrivers 'Long Island City,' so we would tell them to go to the Midtown Tunnel tollgate,'' he said. ''But now they know where to go.''

Mile 16

Mention First Avenue to club-hoppers of a certain age, and a wave of nostalgia, not to mention a flashback or two, might overtake them.

Starting in the 1960s, and bumping and grinding until the 1980s, the area that radiates north of the Queensboro-Ed Koch Bridge, where marathon runners now enter Manhattan, was a trove of boisterous disco/restaurants that were so memorable that they still inspire Austin Powers-like reactions.

''This place was absolutely swinging, night after night,'' said Anthony King, who in 1972 opened Finnegan's Wake, at East 73rd Street, to join the party. Today, the stucco-sided restaurant and the comedy club Dangerfield's, circa 1969, are the only surviving traces.

Times have buttoned up. From a staff of two bartenders and a bouncer, and a closing time of 4 a.m., King has just one bartender today and winds things down at 1 a.m., he said.

His more shimmering peers seem to have met rather dull ends, contributing to the contemporary sleepiness of this stretch today.

Adam's Apple, at No. 1117 (''Come take a bite out of life,'' a TV commercial urged), is a mattress store; Magique, which later became a Chippendale's, at No. 1110, sells bath towels. About the only watering hole to morph into something similar is the original T.G.I. Friday's, at No. 1152, now Baker Street.

The most marquee-level club was clearly Maxwell's Plum, at No. 1885. From 1966 to 1988, its burgers-and-caviar menu drew an A-list of actors like Cary Grant, Warren Beatty and Arnold Schwarzenegger. It was torn down in the mid-1990s, and the site now has an orange-brick 12-story apartment building with a Duane Reade.

''At some point, the scene headed downtown,'' King said, ''definitely somewhere below 14th Street.''

Mile 22

Harlem: For a century, it might have been the American address most strongly identified with African-Americans, and as such it was one of the signature locations on the marathon's map of New York.

Yet for many years, Harlem, the upper Manhattan neighborhood between the East and Hudson Rivers that marathoners traverse along Fifth Avenue, was also considered imperiled: Block after block of brownstones had concrete blocks for windows. And rubble-choked lots could have an apocalyptic look.

Today, both notions of Harlem -- as a distinctly black piece of the New York puzzle or as a place afflicted with urban ills -- no longer quite apply.

Many of the neighborhood's black residents, having been priced out of their homes or after having made a surprising killing by selling them, have left in the last decade. Indeed, the population in the standard boundaries of Harlem no longer has a black majority. In 2008, for instance, black residents accounted for just 40 percent of the population from roughly 96th to 155th Streets, census data shows. Even in one of Harlem's cores -- west of Fifth, by Marcus Garvey Park -- residents are 10 percent white.

Whether this black-white flip-flop signals an unwanted invasion or just a chance for old-timers to cash out is a question that is fervently hashed out over dinner at Sylvia's, the Lenox Avenue mainstay, or Red Rooster, a popular upstart nightspot.

Some new white arrivals are just glad to clear up misconceptions.

''I never came up here before because I was told it was dangerous,'' laughed Ron Van Lieu, 70, who has lived in lower parts of Manhattan since the 1960s and moved to Harlem two years ago. An acting teacher at Yale's drama school, Van Lieu was out walking his dog, Ella.

Harlem, it turns out, has also lured one of the marathon's founders -- George Hirsch, 77, who in 2008 traded his home in Murray Hill for a condo on Central Park North.

For all the change, or perhaps because of it, Hirsch thinks the race is no less able to unify the city now than it did when he helped dream it up. In fact, two years ago, when he ran it for the last time, ''the guy from my bodega came over to give me a shout,'' he said. ''That was really nice.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: BAY RIDGE: Above in 1969, it was an enclave of Scandinavians, Irish and Italians, before Russians, Asians and Muslims populated Fourth Avenue, top. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEYER LIEBOWITZ/THE NEW YORK TIMES

LIBRADO ROMERO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

HARLEM: The brownstones along 120th Street near Marcus Garvey Park, left, have a different look than in 1974, when many of the brownstones there had concrete blocks for windows, far left. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIBRADO ROMERO/THE NEW YORK TIMES

NEAL BOENZI/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (D1)

WILLIAMSBURG: This section of Brooklyn, long known for its large Hasidic population, has in the past decade or so seen a steep influx of young people from outside New York. (PHOTOGRAPH BY LIBRADO ROMERO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

SUNSET PARK: The neighborhood is now largely Hispanic and Asian -- groups that have doubled their presence in the city since 1980. Mexican immigrants, who barely existed in New York in the 1970s, are now a quarter of the population on some blocks along the course.(PHOTOGRAPH BY SUZANNE DECHILLO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Said Albahri said he appreciates the quiet suburban atmosphere of Bay Ridge.(D4)

Residents' desire for a bookstore in Fort Greene prompted the opening of Greenlight Bookstore two years ago. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAN MCLEAN/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Sylvia's restaurant was a Harlem landmark before the marathon's inception and it remains a part of the culinary heart of the area. But many of its neighboring restaurants and businesses are newcomers: Staples is across the street and Red Rooster Harlem and Chez Lucienne are one block south. Kenneth Woods, president of Sylvia's, said: ''It used to be an adventure for down towners or for people from the suburbs and other boroughs to come to Harlem. Now they are moving here.''

The recently renovated Bar LIC on Vernon Avenue is part of the change in Long Island City from its industrial past to an area of lofts and high-rise condos. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE WARD/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Fifty-five runners completed the first marathon, and many thousands crossed the finish line last year, above. (PHOTOGRAPH BY AVI GERVER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Marathoners running along Bedford Avenue through the Hasidic section of Williamsburg. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SHANNON STAPLETON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (D5) GRAPHICS: The Evolving Face of the Course: The New York City Marathon began in 1970, but the route first touched all five boroughs in 1976. The runners from the early years would find significant changes to the neighborhoods along the current course. Places that were largely ***working-class*** and white in the '70s are now much more diverse. Rezoned industrial neighborhoods are attracting the next generation of affluent New Yorkers. Historically black neighborhoods are less distinct, as the city's black population declines. Poor parts of the route's quick swing through the Bronx are just as poor, now with more Mexican immigrants. And the wealthy parts of Manhattan's Upper East Side are as rich as ever.

A Richer Route: The chart along the marathon route shows the change in median income from 1980 to 2009 after adjusting for inflation. Incomes across the city rose 23 percent in that period. The peaks on the chart are in neighborhoods that have gentrified since 1980.

Comings and Goings: The ethnic makeup of some of the neighborhoods along the route has changed. The Puerto Rican and black populations are down in nearly all of the neighborhoods and the Asian population is up, sometimes significantly, along virtually the whole course. Mexicans have seen their numbers rise as well, especially in places like Sunset Park and East Harlem. (Sources: Socialexplorer.com

Kenneth T. Jackson, Columbia University professor and city historian

William H. Frey, Brookings Institute demographer

U.S. Census Bureau

American Community Survey

New York City Marathon (route and mile markers)) (GRAPHICS BY ALAN MCLEAN, ARCHIE TSE, LISA WAANANEN, TIMOTHY WALLACE AND JOE WARD/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (D4-D5)

**Load-Date:** November 5, 2011

**End of Document**



[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7WK0-000P-N55B-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Championing Odets, Unfashionable as That Is***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-7WK0-000P-N55B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 27, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

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

**Length:** 1308 words

**Byline:** By RACHEL SHTEIR;

Rachel Shteir is the dramaturg for the Gertrude Stein Repertory Theater in Manhattan.

By RACHEL SHTEIR;  Rachel Shteir is the dramaturg for the Gertrude Stein Repertory Theater in Manhattan.

**Body**

BENEATH UNFORGIVING overhead lights, the audience dimly visible on all four sides, actors in 1930's clothing filter in to a bare wooden stage. They are singing, as a guitar player picks out the old union song "Joe Hill" and the Depression anthem "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

This is Clifford Odets country, where ordinary people are manipulated and often destroyed by all-powerful economic forces. In the one-act "Waiting for Lefty," however, Odets, who wrote the play for the renowned Group Theater, wanted to show the strength that can come from unity.

Will the frightened, poverty-stricken taxi drivers in the play cave in to the corrupt union bosses who don't want them to strike? Or will they band together in a desperate attempt to wring decent working conditions and salaries from the taxi owners?

It is the beginning of the first scene, a union meeting, and the director, the actress Joanne Woodward, is rehearsing the Blue Light Theater Company production that opens tonight at the Classic Stage Company space on East 13th Street. The director flips a coin. "Heads we strike, tails we don't," she says. It is tails.

Ms. Woodward knows that all the action in "Waiting for Lefty" moves toward a strike, but she is playing devil's advocate to make a point. Not everyone can be for a strike at the beginning of the play, she says. Somebody has to be against it. The cast, which includes Marisa Tomei, Greg Naughton, Lee Wilkof and Peter Jacobson, laughs, but no one volunteers.

Ms. Tomei, who plays both the angry wife of one of the drivers and a stenographer, holds up a copy of The Socialist Worker newspaper to show her support for the strike.

Ms. Woodward, a longtime champion of liberal causes, has a special affection for Odets. Two years ago, the fledgling Blue Light company (on whose board of advisers she serves) inaugurated its first season with a production of Odets's "Golden Boy" directed by Ms. Woodward. The play, about a promising violinist who is seduced by dreams of money and fame into becoming a prizefighter, which destroys his life, was one of a series of plays that Odets wrote for the Group Theater in the 1930's.

Aware of complaints today that Odets's dramas often fall victim to his message, Ms. Woodward said, "When I told people I wanted to direct 'Golden Boy,' they rolled their eyes." For her, though, Odets's grittiness feels contemporary. "He is one of our finest playwrights," she said. "He's just fallen out of fashion."

Not to be deterred, Ms. Woodward directed Ms. Tomei in "Rocket to the Moon," Odets's drama about a thwarted romance, at the Williamstown Theater Festival last summer. It was the last play Odets wrote for the Group Theater, where he had also been an actor.

The story of "Waiting for Lefty" began in 1934, when Odets, then 28, wrote it in three nights in a Boston hotel room. At the time, there was nothing like it on the stage. Odets turned a real-life taxi strike that had brought New York to a halt some months earlier into an exciting and moving drama. "Waiting for Lefty" was "the first agitprop play to go mainstream," said the critic Gerald Weales. "It humanized the cardboard characters from agitprop theater and breathed life into them."

INDEED, NO PLAY IN THE American theater is so firmly tied to the fervency of the early days of the Depression. The critic Harold Clurman, a founder of the Group Theater, called it "the birth cry of the 30's."

Set mainly in a union hall, the play progresses inexorably as the drivers -- too beaten down to take action -- tell their hard-luck stories. Then, in the last moments, it is discovered that the corrupt bosses have shot the union's chief spokesman -- Lefty himself. A call for action blares from the stage: "Storm birds of the ***working class***. Workers of the world . . . what's the answer?" The response is a roar: "Strike! Strike! Strike!"

It is hard to overestimate the excitement these words aroused at the play's premiere on Jan. 5, 1935, a benefit for New Theater magazine, a publication that represented left-wing theaters. Clurman described how "line after line brought applause, whistles, bravos and heartfelt shouts of kinship." The cast took 28 curtain calls, and people poured out of the theater into the street and stood there, talking excitedly late into the night.

Arthur Miller, who saw "Waiting for Lefty" later in 1935 and credits it with getting him interested in "plays that shook you up," said recently: "It was absolutely a new explosion. No one had ever seen a play addressing the audience directly before."

What made "Waiting for Lefty" memorable, though, was not only its politics but the acting. The original cast is a who's who of American actors at the time. It included Elia Kazan as the heroic taxi driver who started the strike, as well as Luther Adler and Morris Carnovsky. Subsequently, Jules (later John) Garfield, Bobby Lewis, Lee J. Cobb and Paula Miller, Lee Strasberg's wife, would join the cast. Sanford Meisner directed the play with Odets.

Overnight, "Waiting for Lefty" became a legend. When it moved to Broadway in March, Brooks Atkinson of The New York Times praised Odets for creating characters "right off the city pavements."

The young playwright became a celebrity, appearing on the cover of Time, hobnobbing with Hollywood stars and getting his other dramas produced. Theater columnists called him "the O'Neill of the 30's."

By the time Odets first left for Hollywood, in December 1935, "Waiting for Lefty" had become an institution. Amateur groups performed it all over the country. It didn't hurt the play's reputation that it was banned in Boston and New Haven. In Newark, the police threw some of the cast in jail.

By the late 30's, though, "Waiting for Lefty" seemed less radical than stale. Some critics attacked the play's politics the way the young boxer Joe Bonaparte knocks out his adversaries in "Golden Boy."

Mary McCarthy was among the first to punch with a scathing essay called "Odets Deplored." Eric Bentley wrote, "It is said that Clifford Odets's 'Waiting for Lefty' made millionaires angry for as long as it took them to get from their seats to where their chauffeurs tactfully waited for them at the end of the block."

ODETS, WHO DIED IN 1963 at the age of 57, never again wrote anything to match "Waiting for Lefty." Testifying before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the playwright, who had been a member of the Communist Party for about six months -- named names and, when asked about the politics of "Waiting for Lefty," said, "I did not learn my hatred of poverty, sir, out of Communism."

For Ms. Woodward, directing "Waiting for Lefty" recalls the time when she was a young student at the Neighborhood Playhouse in Manhattan, where some of her teachers, like Meisner, had been former members of the Group. "They introduced me to the play," she said.

But directing the play is also a way to focus her thinking on the troubled state of the American theater in general, Ms. Woodward said. She is not among those who saw Odets's move to Hollywood as a sellout. "In the 30's," she said, "there was really nowhere else to work, and the Group needed money." Those who found well-paying jobs sent money back, she said, "because they could."

Part of her fascination with "Waiting for Lefty" derives from personal experience during the Depression: "In the 30's, my father, who had a master's degree in mathematics, worked all of these jobs -- teaching math, coaching baseball; in the summer, he picked peaches and played semi-pro ball -- just to support his family."

This tenacity in the face of hardship, Ms. Woodward said, is what makes "Waiting for Lefty" contemporary.

"We still haven't figured out how to pay people living wages for a day's work," she said. "To me, this play is not just about the Depression. It's about changing peoples' minds. Which is what theater is for."

**Graphic**

Photos: Joanne Woodward, right, and the Blue Light Theater Company cast she is directing in "Waiting for Lefty"--In 1935, it was "a new explosion," recalled Arthur Miller. (Joyce P. Dopkeen/The New York Times)(pg. 1); Art Smith played a cabdriver and Ruth Nelson was his despairing wife (above) in the original 1935 production of "Waiting for Lefty." Below, Marisa Tomei and PJ Brown portray the couple in the current version, directed by Joanne Woodward and opening tonight. (Photofest; Scott Suchman)(pg. 24)

**Load-Date:** April 27, 1997

**End of Document**



[***CORPORATE TAX UPSETS REAGAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MNB0-0008-Y4Y0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 27, 1983, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Page 1, Column 3; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1199 words

**Byline:** By FRANCIS X. CLINES, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 26

**Body**

President Reagan criticized the nation's corporate tax system as ''a myth'' today and questioned whether it would be better to pass on profits directly to stockholders to be taxed in their individual incomes.

The surprising idea - which would amount to something of a revolution within the existing Federal tax structure - was broached by the President in some informal remarks he made here to a group of businessmen during a visit to high technology corporations in the Boston area.

''It's something we ought to look at because there really isn't a justification for it,'' Mr. Reagan declared, a reference to the argument that, in effect, corporate profits now are taxed twice, at the business and personal income levels.

The President said he knew full well that a controversy would follow his sudden proposal.

BEDFORD, Mass., Jan. 26 - President Reagan criticized the nation's corporate tax system as ''a myth'' today and questioned whether it would be better to pass on profits directly to stockholders to be taxed in their individual incomes.'I'll Probably Kick Myself'

''I realize there will be a great stirring,'' he told a group of corporate executives gathered at the Millipore Corporation in this suburban town. ''I'll probably kick myself for having said this, but when are we going to have the courage to point out that in our tax structure, the corporate tax is very hard to justify.''

The President added: ''Why isn't the so-called corporate tax simply passed on to the stockholder, on which they then, based on whatever bracket they are in, will pay an individual income tax?''

Although the proposal was a first for President Reagan, the notion of eliminating the corporate income tax has been mooted in tax circles for years. Because the corporate income tax often amounts to double taxation -levied initially on corporate income, then on shareholder dividends -economists and tax experts have long criticized it as a major defect in tax policy. Abolishing or reforming the tax, however, has proved difficult.

In 1977, for example, the Carter Administration examined methods of integrating corporate tax with individual tax, a tax treatment widely used in Europe. Under this plan, shareholders receive tax credits for all or part of the income tax paid by corporations.

Ultimately, however, President Carter's tax bill proposed merely a lowering of the corporate income tax rate. One reason for the more conventional approach, according to Emil Sunley, who was Deputy Assistant Treasury Secretary for Tax Policy during the Carter Administration, was that the integrated approach ''didn't receive much response from the business community.''

Instead, Congress lowered the corporate income tax rate to 46 percent from 48 percent. But few companies pay even that much. Thanks to a multitude of tax provisions, such as investment tax credits and similar benefits, corporations pay far less than the statutory rate. Indeed, corporate income tax will account for only 7 percent of Federal revenue in the fiscal year 1983, according to projections by the Congressional Budget Office.

As he left the meeting, Mr. Reagan was asked why he might want to see all corporation profits given directly to stockholders for a single-step personal income tax. He replied: ''Before they get it, they're entitled to the entire profit. Before they get it, it is taxed at a corporate rate.''

Then, apparently noting what he considers an inequity in the present structure, the President added, ''Now maybe some of these stockholders are not in the higher rates of corporations.''

Aides Apparently Taken Aback

The President's aides, apparently taken aback by the inclusion of the subject in Mr. Reagan's final remarks of the day, quickly emphasized that he was not now formally proposing an end to the corporate tax system.

''There's no specific plan,'' one White House official said. ''It's just one of many ideas under consideration under the general topic of tax reform.''

Even so, Mr. Reagan himself indicated he found considerable virtue in the idea. ''It wouldn't be a loss to the Government,'' the President said. ''I think that there would be a net gain to the Government all the way around if we would look at that instead of sticking with what is literally a myth about corporations and what the taxing policy should be.''

White House officials said they could add no details to the President's remarks or attempt to describe the ramifications of the idea of shunting all corporate profits into stockholder dividends for individual personal taxation.

President Reagan's four-hour visit was intended to demonstrate concern for the nation's persistent unemployment problems. He visited the Boston area's inner city and high technology corporations and emphasized the need for job retraining for ''a great transition period'' to modern industry.

In his sweeping visit, the President stopped often to have photographs taken with job trainees, with workers on a computer assembly line, and with a group of local business executives. He even dropped in unannounced to the Eire Pub near the ***working-class*** tenements of Dorchester. There, he shook hands and toasted the friendly patrons with a brief sip of beer.

A Beer on the House

The bartender declined the $2 the President laid on the bar. Several hundred demonstrators denouncing nuclear war and the Administration's economic program gathered in Roxbury, the President's first stop, where he visited the Opportunities Industrial Center, a federally subsidized job training office for local minority group residents. He also toured the Digital Equipment Corporation in a sparsely developed industrial park in Roxbury.

Mr. Reagan, who last visited Boston in 1980 as a candidate for the Presidency, arrived at a time when local critics are contending that his budget policies were threatening Federal subsidies needed by some of the very industries and job trainees he was now visiting.

Letter From Senator Kennedy

In a letter delivered earlier this week to the White House, Senator Edward M. Kennedy and Representative Joseph Moakley, both Massachusetts Democrats, complained to Mr. Reagan that ''over the past two years, your Administration has sought to cut back or eliminate almost all of the very programs that were so vital to our recent economic expansion.''

Officials of the Community Development Corporation of Roxbury, a minority-enterprise group that attempts to create business growth in the inner city, said that a recent notice of a loss of Federal and local funding was suddenly reversed last week. White House officials denied there was any connection with the President's visit.

Marvin Gilmore, director of the Development Corporation, said the group attracted the Digital Corporation to the largely undeveloped 40-acre industrial site through programs that have been threatened by the Reagan economic program and philosophy.

''This is a model, but look at the process it took to get it there,'' Mr. Gilmore said. ''That very process is now threatened.'' In his remarks during the day, President Reagan said that his Administration, in its budget program to come later, would be spelling out details of its plans for encouraging high technology job growth.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of President Reagan

**End of Document**



[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE DEBATES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:419Y-CJ80-00MH-F4DV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Debate Stakes Seen as Critical By Candidates***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:419Y-CJ80-00MH-F4DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 1, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 1; Column 2; National Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1483 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE

By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Sept. 30

**Body**

When Gov. George W. Bush and Vice President Al Gore appear side by side in Boston on Tuesday before the largest single television audience of the presidential campaign, officials in both camps say, the stakes will be far greater than they had anticipated because the contest is so excruciatingly tight.

The debate has emerged as so consequential, in fact, that operatives for Mr. Gore and Mr. Bush said they had suspended many important strategic decisions, at least until Wednesday, so they could gauge whether the fundamental dynamics of the contest have been shifted. Those decisions include where to buy advertising and where, precisely, the candidates should be deployed in the final weeks of the campaign.

Karl Rove, Mr. Bush's chief strategist, played down the debates a few weeks back, saying they tended only to reinforce voters' support of one candidate or another.

Now, given that the race has no front-runner, Mr. Rove argues that the 90-minute debates -- the one is Boston is followed a week later with a debate in Winston-Salem, N.C., then one in St. Louis a week after that -- may be pivotal. Not since Richard M. Nixon and John F. Kennedy squared off in 1960, he said, have debates been so significant in a presidential contest.

"With the polls so close," Mr. Rove said, "an impact of three or four or five percentage points could easily have a significant impact on the race."

Mark Fabiani, a strategist for Mr. Gore, put it this way: "No question it's a huge event. It's a really, really important event. It's a time when people really tune in to who you are and what you've done."

The campaigns have been so preoccupied with the debates that negotiators on both sides devoted more than six days of closed talks to the details before they emerged on Friday with a detailed agreement that spells out everything from the height of the lecterns to the number of aides each candidate can have backstage. Negotiators discussed such seemingly trivial matters as the temperature in the hall (65 degrees) and whether to allow props (no).

Officials involved in the negotiations said that they had not been particularly contentious, but that the Gore representatives -- who had more collective background in debate talks -- were more aggressive in making demands, though not all were met."A lot of this was head-fake stuff," said a person involved in the talks.

The Gore campaign had one victory before the negotiations began: the Bush organization had abandoned its objections to having all three events sponsored by the bipartisan Commission on Presidential Debates. (The commission will also sponsor the vice-presidential debate in Danville, Ky., on Thursday.) Bush representatives had also opposed Boston as the site of the first debate.

Both sides had some modest successes and disappointments in the details of the negotiations.

For example, the Gore negotiators pressed, unsuccessfully, for the candidates to be able to wear lapel microphones in the first debate, presumably so the vice president could leave his lectern and prowl the stage, as he sometimes did in debates in the primaries.

Officials involved in the discussions said backers of Mr. Bush had asked that the height of his lectern be lowered, apparently because he is slightly shorter than Mr. Gore and did not want to appear diminished in his presence. But both lecterns will stand 48 inches high.

Mr. Bush's representatives prevailed, however, in altering the format so that there will be more time than in the past for give and take on a single topic.

One official scoffed at all the maneuvering, given that there was precious little to maneuver over. "Part of this is a geometry question," the official said. "You can't do the flying Wallendas when you've got two guys standing at a podium."

Beyond the polls showing a see-saw contest in which Mr. Gore seems slightly up one day and Mr. Bush the next, another reason both camps are so focused on the debates might be that they are well aware that the impact of television seems particularly strong in this election.

Many Democrats and Republicans credit Mr. Gore's speech at the Democratic convention -- even the kiss he gave his wife, Tipper -- as propelling Mr. Gore in the polls.

The first debate is often the one that draws the highest audience. This time, viewership might be diminished because NBC plans to give its affiliates the option of broadcasting a baseball playoff game instead of the debate, and Fox is scheduled to offer entertainment programming.

Even so, the debates are expected to reach many more millions of people than the two political conventions this summer. For many people, it will be the first time they see the two competitors live -- and for longer than a snippet in a commercial or on the news.

Yet for all those millions, officials in both campaigns say Mr. Bush and Mr. Gore will focus their messages on the narrow swath of swing voters who are expected to decide the election.

For the Bush campaign, officials said, the goal is to demonstrate to those wavering voters that the Texas governor has a command of the issues and a presidential bearing. They also intend to assure women and undecided voters that he is no uncompromising conservative.

Mr. Rove said the best way for the governor to reassure the public is "to let the American people know what his agenda is, what he would do as president, what his philosophy is and to contrast it with Gore whenever possible."

The pressure is particularly intense for Mr. Bush because he needs to address lingering concerns that he lacks the capacity to be president.

As Bob Dole, the Republican nominee in 1996, put it plainly in a speech this week at Denison University in Ohio, "There's a feeling that he's not quite ready for prime time, that he doesn't fill the suit."

For the Gore campaign, the aim is to underscore Mr. Gore's grasp of the issues by offering many specifics, as he did in his speech at the Democratic convention. His aides said he was aiming his appeals at ***working-class*** families by presenting himself as someone who will fight for them.

"This is our opportunity to talk in some specificity and detail about our ideas and our plans for the country," said Carter Eskew, a veteran strategist for Mr. Gore.

Strategists on both sides hope, of course, that the debates will nudge their candidate into the lead. Mr. Eskew, for one, says the debates will define the next three weeks of the campaign. "They will, to some extent, freeze the race for a few weeks," he said. "It's certainly the main event for the next three weeks."

Mr. Gore is a far more accomplished debater than Mr. Bush, having dispatched politicians ranging from Bill Bradley in the Democratic primaries this year to Jack Kemp in the vice-presidential debates in 1996 to Ross Perot before that. That does not mean it will be a lopsided matchup. Mr. Bush is less versed in the issues, but his advisers said his personality might shine through -- and his affable, everyday-guy appeal might score points with voters.

Mr. Bush also benefits from low expectations. If he makes it through Tuesday night without a discernible gaffe or tangled syntax, the pundits -- and more importantly, the voters -- could pronounce him the victor.

"It's nearly impossible to win a debate but it is possible to lose one," said Nelson Polsby, a political scientist at the University of California at Berkeley. "Therefore, whoever is perceived going in as having the higher level of expectations is the one that's most at risk. I would say that's Gore."

And the Bush campaign was trying mightily to keep the expectations high for the vice president. "He is one of the most practiced debaters in American politics," said Karen Hughes, Mr. Bush's communications director. "He's debated 30 or 40 times over the last 12 years."

In keeping with their attempts to lower expectations, neither side would dare predict that his candidate would walk away as the front-runner on Tuesday evening.

"I don't necessarily think we expect that somehow the debate is going to be a breakout event," Mr. Eskew said.

Mr. Rove agreed, saying, "I don't think in a race this close there's likely to be any dynamic that puts anyone ahead."

But for the candidates at least, the pressure will be intense. Walter F. Mondale, Gerald R. Ford, Michael S. Dukakis and former President George Bush have all told interviewers that their stumbles in debates -- or the nimbleness of their opponent -- might have cost them the White House.

"The debates have been elevated to high drama in this country and particularly in this election year," said former Representative Bill Paxon, an adviser to Mr. Bush. "This election is just about as close as you can have it."

If people are waiting for a fatal blow, he said, they may be disappointed. "We're not going to see any huge knockouts," Mr. Paxon predicted. "We're going to continue to slog through, World War I trench warfare style, right to election eve."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: George W. Bush practiced debating yesterday at his Texas ranch with Senator Judd Gregg of New Hampshire, at podium, and aides. (Associated Press)(pg. 26)

**Load-Date:** October 1, 2000

**End of Document**



[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41HX-R1Y0-00MH-F0T3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***How Reality Can Be 'Realer' on the Stage Than Raw***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41HX-R1Y0-00MH-F0T3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 29, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 5; Column 5; Arts and Leisure Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1469 words

**Byline:** By TOM DONAGHY;

Tom Donaghy's most recent play, "The Beginning of August," is at the Atlantic Theater Company through Nov. 5. A collection of his plays under the same title will be published on Nov. 15 by Grove Press.

By TOM DONAGHY; Tom Donaghy's most recent play, "The Beginning of August," is at the Atlantic Theater Company through Nov. 5. A collection of his plays under the same title will be published on Nov. 15 by Grove Press.

**Body**

LAST year, one of the major television networks engaged me to develop an hourlong dramatic series. It hired me and flew me to Los Angeles, I was told, because my plays are "real." I got to work and obliged my bosses with a script so real, so topical, so without concession to tired television tropes, that it looked as if my first time out I might garner that elusive prize: a produced pilot.

I returned to the Chateau Marmont and sat by my cell phone. Finally, the call came. Of the eight network slots available for dramas, three would be cop shows, one would be a game show, and the remaining four would be taken by "reality-based shows." No scripted dramas. This was a strategy, it turned out, to compete with the juggernaut that was "Who Wants to Be and/or Marry a Millionaire."

The network felt it needed to stanch the hemorrhage of viewers lost to these game shows (not to mention cable), and it smelled something in the air. People wanted to see real people behaving, the network speculated, citing the success in Sweden of "Expedition Robinson," which would become our "Survivor."

I was assured that my pilot was real, but that it could never be real enough. The television audience, I was told, had become too sophisticated for scripted drama -- those weren't actors sweating in front of Regis! Darva really did marry that millionaire! -- and viewers were clamoring for something more real.

But the shows that resulted -- "Big Brother," "American High" and the Everest of the genre, "Survivor" -- ended up having very little to do with reality. Unlike the landmark 1970's documentary "An American Family," about the Louds, the hourlong reality-based programs last season ranged from the well-intentioned ("American High," which followed students for a year) to the hokey ("Survivor"). Why? Because their "reality" had been meticulously arranged for television consumption.

This kind of striving toward reality without the possibility of achieving it is the subject of "Paris Is Burning," Jennie Livingston's 1991 documentary about Harlem drag balls. At these events, where the dance fad of voguing began, drag did not merely mean men passing as women: contestants competed in categories like military and schoolboy. Whoever had the most "realness," that is, whoever could pass in the real world -- the world outside the cloistered drag balls -- was awarded the grand prize. There was no mistaking what was, ahem, underneath it all. The goal was to look as real as possible when everyone knew there was no chance of ever really being so.

As my dreams of syndication evaporated, I got my plane ticket back. Flying over Las Vegas, I pondered "realness." And I don't mean "realism," a word burdened with too many connotations and often used interchangeably with "naturalism" when talking about theater or film. Eugene O'Neill said, "I wish to God some genius were gigantic enough to define the separateness of these terms once and for all!" No, I mean realness as a perspective that suddenly seemed pervasive: equal parts voyeurism, anthropology, longing and empathy. A moving in as opposed to a stepping back.

And no matter how mercenary or exploitative or sensationalistic -- or even noble -- the networks' intentions were, there was something in the air: the culture seemed saturated in realness.

Technological advancements make it possible for any nascent Scorsese with Dad's credit card to buy and make his or her own digital video movie. Memoir hysteria shapes the publishing world as we read about everyone's emotionally barren childhood. A resurgence of the representational in the visual arts indicates that the tangible is suddenly interesting again as subject matter. "Survivor II" is heading our way, and "Hopkins 24/7" is already here to give us the realness that "E.R." could only hope to convey.

Why all this realness all of a sudden? Is it just our inner Peeping Tom? Or could it be a strike against Disneyfication and the McCorporate presence that put story second to product placement and merchandising tie-ins? Or is it simply the natural progression of postmodernism, with real life as the found object made into a kind of reality collage?

The last century saw the decimation of the rural and communal and the domination of the urban and the separate. We concede that Main Street is gone and our village has been a global one for some time. And though we are still wired together psychologically in the human tribe, it is the clarity of our AOL connection that keeps us in contact.

Is it any wonder that we crave human connection? Then what about live theater, the medium that invented "realness," which is one of the things it still does best? I mean, isn't theater a part of the culture?

And so I returned home, to the theater, with hope. Certainly someone who wrote as "real" as I did would find succor among my people. I would be embraced by the burgeoning realness I was sure to encounter downstage center.

But a quick glance showed otherwise. Off Broadway, the Wooster Group and Anne Bogart continued their fascinating deconstructions of classic realistic plays. But this was hardly "realness." And while revivals of those actual plays were also being produced, mostly they were so "names" could flex their muscles between films. New realistic plays were, of course, also being faithfully produced, but uniformly they mimicked the realistic conventions of theater 50 or 60 years ago.

Perhaps more damning, many young theater artists I spoke with generally dismissed the notion of any drama that seemed realistic with derisive phrases like "kitchen sink" or "front porch." O.K., so maybe this was merely a generational response. But the consensus seemed to be: where is the white-hot, up-to-the-minute, closer-than-close, contemporary realness as represented everywhere else in the culture?

At the Union Square Theater, it turned out, where until recently Moises Kaufman's "Laramie Project" was playing. In the great and recent tradition of Anna Deavere Smith's "Fires in the Mirror" and "Twilight: Los Angeles, 1992," here was theater that seemed to walk in step with the culture at large.

Transcribed from tapes of witnesses to actual events, the work of both Mr. Kaufman and Ms. Smith brings a topical immediacy to the stage, refuting the outmoded style of American social realism -- all right, kitchen-sink dramas -- that theater artists, and critics, decry. If one accepts the theory that realism was appropriated from the theater by television with Norman Lear's revolutionary sitcoms "All in the Family" and "Maude" (and was revived, arguably, with Roseanne's ***working-class*** lament in the 80's), then artists like Mr. Kaufman and Ms. Smith have reclaimed what was once known as realism for the theater in new and provocative ways.

The well-known voice teacher Kristin Linklater, in her book "Freeing Shakespeare's Voice: The Actor's Guide to Talking the Text," writes of the special power of the spoken word as it is heard live; its ability to unite an audience not only in meaning, but also in sound. In other words, a line of dialogue effects a physiological response that reverberates in the senses as well as the mind. This is what the kids call inter activity. This is realness plus. And this is what audiences everywhere are searching for.

Voting half-naked potential millionaires off an island? I think not. Try Off Broadway.

But instead, people continue to fill the movie theaters, read the memoirs, watch the cable and even perfect the technology to -- paradoxically -- have a more intimate experience. And so, unaware of what they are missing, they need to be redirected toward the budding new theater of realness. To plays that portray people living in a society unique to its time, and how that society affects them, as well as how they affect each other in it. To works like "Charlie Victor Romeo," seen earlier this year at the Collective Unconscious, the script for which derived from transcripts of cockpit voice recorders; or to Richard Maxwell's stripped-to-the-bone realness in "Boxing 2000" and his other plays.

Theater artists and producers should be inspired by such work, which embraces theater's singular power: to contemplate our collective reality; as audience, actor and story engage in an unspoken discussion of what reality is, how definitions of reality can be broadened. Theater affords this opportunity like no other medium, as actors and audiences breathe side by side, together engendering the spiritual and meditative power that that shared experience implies.

Those who are in the theater must work fast before there is a camera in every home and we are paying to watch ourselves. Let the theater pursue the drama, a drama that is immediate and interactive.

Film cannot do this. Television cannot do this. The Internet and digital video cannot do this. Theater can.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mercedes Herrero, foreground center, and other cast members in Moises Kaufman's play "The Laramie Project" at the Union Square Theater. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. 22); A scene from the play "Charlie Victor Romeo," presented earlier this year, in which cockpit transcripts served as the script. (Robert Berger)(pg. 23)

Drawing (Lars Leetaru)

**Load-Date:** October 29, 2000

**End of Document**



[***THE DANCERS WHO BLOOM IN THE SPRING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-M450-0008-Y49W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 25, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 3; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1226 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER DUNNING

**Body**

AROUND this time of year, just about as infallibly as returning robins, the dance season begins to take off. There is dance activity for every taste this weekend in theaters dotted across the city. The start of the spring season offers most notably the chance for reacquaintance with an American master named Merce Cunningham at City Center and the opportunity to get to know the personable Hamburg Ballet in its United States debut at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

For nearly 40 years, Mr. Cunningham has been convincing audiences of the perils and joys of the avant-garde. The music is odd. The dance is distinguished by its clarity and energy. And both of this weekend's programs include a Cunningham hit.

AROUND this time of year, just about as infallibly as returning robins, the dance season begins to take off.

Tonight and tomorrow afternoon, for instance, Mr. Cunningham will present his popular ''Duets,'' which American Ballet Theater added to its repertory recently - dances for two, which are strung together like small, glowing jewels. The choreographer is also interested in creating dance for film. ''Coast Zone'' and ''Channels/Inserts,'' two film dances reset for the proscenium stage, are fine examples of the way he plays with space.

This season's much acclaimed new work, ''Quartet,'' which features Mr. Cunningham himself, promises to be a high point tomorrow night and Sunday afternoon. Programs at City Center, 131 West 55th Street, are tonight at 8, tomorrow at 2 and 8 P.M. and Sunday at 2. Tickets are $12 to $25. Information: 246-8989.

One of the interests of the dance on view in the Brooklyn Academy's international ballet festival this year has been its differences from our accustomed fare. And the work of John Neumeier, the American director of the Hamburg Ballet, looks different enough to have elicited both passionate adherence and dismay in New York. Mr. Neumeier is known as a man of the theater, but in his ''Mahler's Third Symphony,'' a full-evening ballet to be performed tonight, he moves into the realm of plotless dance, filling the symphonic ballet with fast-flowing imagery and some daredevil partnering.

The Hamburg company is very personable, crammed with charming dancers of all nationalities. A more familiar star will be on stage at both performances tomorrow, when Judith Jamison dances the seductress in ''Legend of Joseph.'' And Mr. Neumeier himself will appear Sunday afternoon in his full-length ''St. Matthew Passion,'' playing the role of Jesus. Performances are tonight at 8, tomorrow at 2 and 8 P.M. and Sunday at 2. Tickets are $7.50 to $17.50. Information: 636-4100.

Towheaded and innocent-looking, Charles Moulton appears to have stepped full grown out of ''Huckleberry Finn.'' But there's intelligence, imagination and impudent humor at work in the dances of this young post-modernist, who will be seen with his good company tonight through Sunday night at the pristine little St. Marks Danspace.

His new ''Motor Party,'' for instance, takes an irreverent and loving look at the tango, waltz and polka, while the dreaming ''Pascal's Triangle'' was inspired by the work of Blaise Pascal, the 17th-century philosopher-mathematician. St. Marks Danspace is on Second Avenue, at 10th Street. Performances tonight and tomorrow night at 8 and Sunday at 4 and 9 P.M. Tickets, $5 (Theater Development Fund vouchers accepted). Reservations: 924-0077.

May O'Donnell's Dancers

May O'Donnell belongs to the history of American modern dance. She was a lead dancer in the early days of the Martha Graham Dance Company and a choreographer whose work has struck a responsive chord among the newest generation of dancegoers. ''Suspension,'' a pellucid signature work that will be performed by her company tomorrow night at the Joyce Theater, Eighth Avenue and 19th Street, is as fresh today as it must have seemed when it was created 40 years ago. But Miss O'Donnell is all razzle-dazzle in ''Pursuit of Happiness,'' a big-band dance on view tonight and Sunday afternoon.

An added filip will be the participation of Ben Vereen, the Broadway and variety star, who will appear with Miss O'Donnell's committed dancers all weekend. Performances tonight and tomorrow night at 8 and Sunday at 2 and 7 P.M. Tickets, $20, tonight and tomorrow; $15 on Sunday. Free admission to Xenon's, the discotheque, is included in tomorrow's ticket price. Reservations: 242-0800.

Marleen Pennison's Adventures

Marleen Pennison likes adventures. The young tap choreographer is not content just to get her company out on stage tonight and tomorrow night at 8 at the Marymount Manhattan Theater, 221 East 71st Street, to toe-heel up a racket. Instead, she's taken on the plucky and passionate world of the old vaudevillian in ''The Routine,'' a new work, and looked into the broken dreams of ***working-class*** kids in her multimedia ''Freeway,'' performed to a collage of highway sounds. Tickets are $7 (Theater Development Fund vouchers accepted). Reservations: 966-0978.

The weekend also offers performances by a number of young gifted performers with established companies who have struck out on their own as choreographers. There's Sally Hess, for instance, a wonderfully rangy soloist with Dan Wagoner who is utterly at home in open space. Miss Hess will perform with friends - a percussion composer, a jazz singer and a comedian-actress - at the Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune Street, tonight and tomorrow night at 9. Tickets, $5 (Theater Development Fund vouchers accepted.) Reservations: 924-0077.

Then there is Susan Rethorst, whose sweet-faced, gentle way of moving may be put to the test in her ''Stealing,'' a new work about appropriating space and attitudes. She and her dancers are at the Performing Garage, 33 Wooster Street, tonight through Sunday night at 8. Tickets, $6 (Theater Development Fund vouchers accepted). Reservations: 966-3651. And Maria Cheng, a performer of exceptionally strong presence, will be seen this weekend in her new, eveninglong solo, ''Antecedents.'' Miss Cheng will perform at the Bessie Schonberg Theater tonight and tomorrow night at 8 and Sunday at 3 P.M. Tickets, $6 (Theater Development Fund vouchers accepted). Reservations: 924-0077.

For Ethnic Experiences

This will be a good weekend, too, for ethnic dance. Pilar Riojas will return to the New York stage in ''Duende'' and regional dances that display her purity and concentration as a Spanish dancer. Miss Riojas will perform at the Gramercy Arts Theater, 138 East 27th Street, tomorrow at 3 P.M. and Sunday at 3 and 7 P.M. Tickets, $15. Reservations: 889-2850.

Morocco and the Casbah Dance Experience will take over the Theater of the Riverside Church this weekend, alternating with the bright young Danny Buraczeski Dance Company-Jazzdance, in an evening of Middle Eastern and North African music and dance. Morocco will perform tonight at 8 and Sunday at 2 P.M. Tickets, $6; $4 for students and the elderly (Theater Development Fund vouchers accepted). Reservations: 864-2929. And traditional Chinese folk dance will be the subject of a free lecture-performance by the Chiang Ching Dance Company, led by the thoughtful and appealing Miss Chiang, a graduate of the Peking Dance Academy, who also choreographs modern dance. At Clark Center, 939 Ninth Avenue, near 50th Street, tomorrow night at 8 and Sunday at 2 P.M. Reservations: 246-4818.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Marleen Pennison and company photo of Charles Moulton photo of Ben Vereen and Alice Gill

**End of Document**



[***POLITICS AND THE E.P.A. CRISIS: ENVIRONMENT EMERGES AS A MAINSTREAM ISSUE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KSP0-0008-Y4W2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***News Analysis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-KSP0-0008-Y4W2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 29, 1983, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 5, Column 1; National Desk; analysis

**Length:** 1226 words

**Byline:** By PHILIP SHABECOFF, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, April 28

**Body**

The crisis that recently swept the top leadership from the Environmental Protection Agency could well be a watershed for environmentalism in the United States.

For the first time, the environment as an issue emerged, if only temporarily, as a dominant feature on the nation's political landscape. It was an issue that captured and held the public's attention for weeks and preoccupied the Government at its highest levels.

The latest New York Times/CBS News Poll this month shows that public concern about the environment, already high, has increased significantly. In the survey, 58 percent of those responding said they agreed that ''protecting the environment is so important that requirements and standards cannot be too high and continuing environmental improvements must be made, regardless of cost.'' The last time the question was asked, in September 1981, 45 percent of the respondents agreed.

WASHINGTON, April 28 - The crisis that recently swept the top leadership from the Environmental Protection Agency could well be a watershed for environmentalism in the United States.

Other public opinion polls, including those taken for the Democratic and Republican Parties and by independent pollsters, are indicating overwhelming public sentiment in favor of strong enforcement of environmental laws.

The latest Times/CBS News Poll also indicates that people are particularly concerned about pollution by toxic wastes, an issue that can strike close to home. Ninety-two percent of those surveyed considered toxic wastes a problem to the country as a whole. Sixty percent of them said they considered it a ''serious'' problem, while 20 percent said it was a serious problem in the area where they live.

Judging by the survey, people are willing to assign political blame for failure to protect them from pollution. By a margin of 52 to 26 percent, respondents said the Reagan Administration had been ''biased in favor of industries that pollute.''

Forced to Assert Commitment

President Reagan, who was virtually silent on the subject in his first two years in office, has repeatedly been forced to assert his commitment to the environment in the wake of charges that the problems at the environmental agency were attributable to his Administration's antiregulatory policies and a pro-business bias.

Mr. Reagan also named William D. Ruckelshaus, who won a reputation for independence and diligent enforcement of the environmental laws as first Administrator of the E.P.A., to replace Anne McGill Burford as head of the beleaguered agency.

Leaders of national environmental groups now say the political crisis touched off by the investigations into the agency's enforcement of toxic waste laws represents a major advance for environmentalism in the nation's political life. Henceforth, they contend, politicians will ignore environmental issues at their peril.

In varying degrees, political professionals agree with this assessment. Ann Lewis, political director of the Democratic National Committee, says the crisis at the E.P.A. ''established that environmental issues have a far broader constituency than the backpacking extremists that Reagan likes to talk about.''

The reaction to disclosures about the agency's enforcement of toxic waste laws, she said, shows that ''***working-class*** people understand what happens to their air and water when you dump toxic chemicals in their neighborhoods.''

She also said Congress's reaction to the disclosures about the agency showed that Republicans as well as Democrats understood the political significance of what was happening. She noted that mainstream Republicans, such as Senators Alfonse M. D'Amato of New York and Rudy Boschwitz of Minnesota, were calling for Mrs. Burford's resignation even as the President was still saying she could stay on as long as she wanted.

Issue Expected to Cool Off

A strategist for the Republican Party, who did not want to be quoted by name, said that while the environmental issue was ''supercharged'' because of Mrs. Burford and the disclosures, it would inevitably cool off and take a back seat to the economy as a factor in election campaigns. This strategist compared it to the nuclear freeze issue, which, he said, failed to become a ''cutting edge'' in the 1982 Congressional elections.

However, he also said the environment had acquired ''legitimacy'' as a political issue and would be important in specific areas, particularly those near hazardous waste sites, ''where Johnny Lunchbucket thinks that his quality of life or the health of his children may be threatened.''

The environmental agency has already identified more than 15,000 hazardous waste sites around the country, many of them in metropolitan areas. This suggests that the potential number of ''Johnny Lunchbuckets'' who may be worried about the waste sites is substantial.

Environmentalism has been evolving as a political force in this country for almost a century. For most of that time, the issue intruded into the political process when conservationists banded for a specific fight. One of the earliest and most famous of these battles was the losing effort led by the naturalist John Muir to block the construction of the Hetch-Hetchy Reservoir near Yosemite Park in California.

By the time of Earth Day in April 1970, environmentalism had developed into a fairly broad-based popular movement, with a proliferation of local organizations. The movement was strong enough to persuade Congress to enact a series of landmark environmental laws in the 70's, including the Clean Air and Water Acts, the Toxic Substances Control Act, the Resources Conservation and Recovery Act. These laws also included the measure providing $1.6 billion for cleaning up hazardous waste sites, which is the focus of the investigations of the environmental agency.

Rarely Significant in Elections

But except in specific instances, the environment did not emerge as a significant element in election campaigns. Despite public concern, environmental issues played a relatively insignificant role compared with the economy and issues of war and peace.

Last year, however, a number of environmental groups entered the political arena in a major way, contributing funds from political action committees and, more significant, providing substantial numbers of campaign workers for favored candidates. After the Congressional elections, the groups contended that their efforts had made the difference in many marginal races.

Now, the intense public and media attention given to the crisis at the E.P.A. has thrust environmentalism from the wings out onto the national political stage.

In the absence of specific crises, the economy and foreign affairs are likely to continue to overshadow the environment in political campaigns. But Mr. Pomerance and other environmentalists say they are now certain their issues will be a significant factor in the 1984 Presidential election. They note that several of the Democrats contending for the party's nomination, notably Senators Alan Cranston and Gary Hart and former Vice President Walter F. Mondale, have already said they expect to make the environment a major issue in their campaigns.

The next step in the evolution of environmentalism as a political force is difficult to predict. So far, there have been no suggestions of a separate environmental political party, such as West Germany's Green Party.

**End of Document**



[***Home Video***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XTD0-000D-G2PX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 5, 1991, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 20; Column 3; Cultural Desk; Column 3;; Review

**Length:** 1236 words

**Byline:** By Peter M. Nichols

By Peter M. Nichols

**Body**

In a CBS News documentary released on videotape today, a former radar operator looks back. Early on the morning of Dec. 7, 1941, he reported a "large indication" of aircraft streaking in from the sea toward Pearl Harbor. No one, he says, was very interested.

The CBS tape, "Remember Pearl Harbor," is one of several new videos that commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Japanese attack. CNN, too, has released a documentary and there is a third entry of an entirely different nature: "Dec. 7: The Movie," a free-wheeling feature film directed by John Ford and now available in its entirety for the first time since it was made in 1942.

Both the CBS and CNN documentaries begin with the origins of the attack and end with reflections on its consequences. The CBS tape, "Remember Pearl Harbor" (Fox, $14.98, 55 minutes), is narrated by Charles Kuralt and features commentary by Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf and an assortment of witnesses, both American and Japanese. This is a measured study, moving reflectively from the almost slap-happy torpor of life in the islands before the war to clips of exploding ships and stories of torn and incinerated bodies.

CNN's "Pearl Harbor: 50 Years After" ($19.98, 1:25) homes in from several angles. It first examines how the attack spawned the everlasting American phobia about sneak attack. Other sections explore the conspiracy theories (did Roosevelt and Churchill know about the attack beforehand?) and the racist propaganda that led to the internment of Japanese-Americans on the West Coast. All of this makes provocative viewing.

For an off-beat interpretation, however, there is the engrossing "Dec. 7: the Movie" (Kit Parker Video and Central Park Media, $19.95, 1:25; information, 800-833-7456). After the attack, Ford dispatched the cinematographer Greg Toland and others to make a Government-sponsored documentary. Later the project turned into a feature film, with performances by Walter Huston and others and battle scenes not taken from the newsreels but shot fresh on a Hollywood back lot using rear projection and models of ships and planes.

In the film, parts of which can be seen tonight during an ABC special program on Pearl Harbor (a review appears on page C22), Huston plays a prewar Uncle Sam, a goateed replica of the national symbol given to rosy predictions about Hawaii's future. On hand with a less optimistic assessment is Uncle Sam's conscience, Mr. C. (Harry Davenport), who points out that much of the islands' population is Japanese and that could mean trouble.

From then on the movie becomes a Japan-bashing statement of national resolve, though the Government didn't see it that way. Because the Navy judged the film too critical of American preparedness at Pearl Harbor, all but 34 minutes of it was banned and consigned to the the National Archives, where it remained until this year. In 1943, though, 20 minutes of that 34 minutes won an Academy Award as a documentary.

NEW VIDEO RELEASES

Straight Out of Brooklyn

*1991. HBO. $92.99. 1:23. R.*

In the first film by 19-year-old Matty Rich, a black ***working-class*** family in Brooklyn comes apart under the pressure of poverty and other plagues of inner-city life. "If the situation is familar almost to the point of cliche, Mr. Rich is able to squeeze some emotional juice from it" (Stephen Holden).

Terminator 2: Judgment Day

*1991. LIVE. $99.95. Laser disk, $29.95. 2 hours, 19 minutes. Closed captioned. R.*

Materializing where he left off in James Cameron's enormously successful 1984 prequel, the cyborg called Terminator (Arnold Schwarzenegger) goes toe to toe with T-1000, a cyborg made of a liquid substance who is able to pull himself together even after sustained stretches of gunfire have reduced him to silvery puddles. T-1000 has been dispatched by evil forces to elimimate young John Connor (Edward Furlong), who, if he survives, will grow up to be the one person able to prevent the destruction of the earth by nuclear holocaust. Allied with the Terminator, who has been sent to save boy and planet, is John's mother Sarah (Linda Hamilton), the sinewy product of a body-building regimen with a mean streak born of frustration from trying to explain the situation to doctors in a psychiatric hospital. Mr. Cameron creates better-developed characters this time around, allowing the Terminator a bit of unlikely humanity in a "swift, exciting special-effects epic" (Janet Maslin).

Prisoners of the Sun

*1991. Paramount. $89.95. 1:49. CC. R.*

Bryan Brown is Capt. Robert Cooper, who is sent to the Indonesian Island of Ambon after World War II to investigate the deaths of some 800 Australian soldiers held prisoner by the Japanese. After exhuming telltale skulls and bones, the volatile captain takes aim at the enemy admiral responsible, only to find him shielded by friends in high places. High-minded outrage bogs down in the ensuing war-crimes trial until flashbacks during a soldier's testimony about torture and murder "takes the film out of the stuffy, unreal courtroom, giving it a final jolt of reality" (Caryn James).

Tong Tana: A Journey to the Heart of Borneo

*1984. First Run Features. $59.95. 1:28. In German, Swiss and Penan with English subtitles. No rating.*

Except for his steel-rimmed spectacles, the Swiss journalist Bruno Manser easily passes for a member of the Penan Indian tribe with whom he lives deep in the Borneo jungle. Malaysian loggers work the same territory, and while the purpose of this documentary, which is narrated by Alec Baldwin, is to record the Penan's resistance, no chain saw is heard until late in the film, which, "like the jungle, has a lulling unhurried rhythm all its own" (Maslin).

OUT OF ACTION

There have been a lot of memorable prisoner-of-war movies. Here are a few that are available on tape.

STALAG 17. Set in a German prison camp, Billy Wilder's film stars William Holden as a double-dealing P.O.W. who becomes a hero. 1953. Paramount. $19.98. 1:29. No rating.

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI. As a British colonel, Alec Guinness becomes inordinately attached to the bridge he and allied prisoners are forced to build by the Japanese. David Lean's classic also stars William Holden and Jack Hawkins. 1957. Tri-Star. $19.99. 2:44. No rating.

THE GREAT ESCAPE. Steve McQueen, Charles Bronson, Richard Attenborough and James Garner break out of a German camp. John Sturges's film is from James Clavell's screenplay. 1963. MGM/UA. $29.95. 2:48. No rating.

KING RAT. Bryan Forbes's film, based on the James Clavell novel, stars George Segal as a black-market hustler in a Japanese camp. 1965. Tri-Star. $19.98. 2:13. Black and white. No rating.

VON RYAN'S EXPRESS. Frank Sinatra and Trevor Howard star as P.O.W.'s being chased by the Germans after a camp breakout in Italy. 1965. CBS/Fox. $19.98. 1:57. No rating.

SEVEN BEAUTIES. Lina Wertmuller's film stars Giancarlo Giannini as an army deserter in a German concentration camp who finds that fantasies about former girlfriends are his only defense against a sadistic warden. 1976. Tri-Star. $59.99. 1:55. Italian with English subtitles. R.

THE DEER HUNTER. Prisoners of the Vietcong play Russian roulette and splash in rat-infested pits in Michael Cimino's film, which stars Christopher Walken, Robert De Niro, John Savage and Meryl Streep. 1978. MCA/ Universal. $29.95. 3:03. R.

THE HANOI HILTON. Captured American flyers get a going-over in Lionel Chetwynd's grim drama. 1987. Warner. $19.98. 2:10. CC. R.

**Graphic**

Photo: The attack on Pearl Harbor is the subject of several new videos. (The New York Times); Arnold Schwarzenegger in "Terminator 2: Judgment Day." (Tri-Star Pictures)

**Load-Date:** December 5, 1991

**End of Document**



[***The Boyish Mr. Damon, Not So Boyish After All***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KVP-VBN0-TW8F-G2W0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 10, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 37; THE NEW SEASON: FILM

**Length:** 1822 words

**Byline:** By MANOHLA DARGIS

**Body**

MATT DAMON does what few stars with his kind of billing do: he disappears. A character actor who rates multimillion-dollar paychecks, he has an Oscar, a lucrative blockbuster franchise, a wife you have probably never heard of and a resume that includes Steven Spielberg, Francis Ford Coppola and Steven Soderbergh. This fall he stars in films from Martin Scorsese (''The Departed'') and Robert De Niro (''The Good Shepherd''), for a reunion by proxy for the two directors. In the first Mr. Damon plays a gangster who goes under cover as a cop; in the second he plays a Yale graduate present at the birth of the C.I.A.

Mr. Damon tends to win respect, not swoons, from film critics, but great directors can't stay away. His boyish looks have certainly helped him land roles, and remain essential to his appeal even at 35. But it is his ability to recede into a film while also being fully present, a recessed intensity, that distinguishes how he holds the screen. When Brad Pitt and Johnny Depp, two other character actors masquerading as stars, take the screen, they tend to make noise. Their beauty creates its own distractions, and their forays into brooding intensity set off flares. Mr. Damon eases into roles so quietly you rarely see him acting.

It's the type of quiet that can be mistaken for no acting at all and that, much like his trademark smile, can prove deceptive. People magazine anointed him one of the sexiest men alive two years ago, but he seems out of place alongside the silky likes of Mr. Depp. With his heavy brow and a jaw that juts like a fist, Mr. Damon bears little resemblance to the delicate boy-men who have dominated Hollywood recently. He seems a little crude, almost brutal, as if he had been drawn for the Sunday comics. From some angles, with that stub of a nose and a flop of blond, he can look like Dennis the Menace. Cut the hair and he just looks like a menace.

It's this Janus-like quality -- the boy next door who turns out to be the killer, the thief and the spy among us -- that makes Mr. Damon a consistently surprising screen presence. Rooting around the clammy pathologies of a murderer like Tom Ripley, as he did in ''The Talented Mr. Ripley'' (1999), might not have seemed the smartest move for a would-be star with heartthrob potential. Mr. Damon took on ''Ripley'' soon after ''Good Will Hunting'' (1997), a potentially risky choice given how hard the director Anthony Minghella tried to pin Ripley's murderous tendencies on his homoerotic yearnings. With his blue eyes and sunburst smile Mr. Damon looked so pretty, so wholesome. No wonder Bruce Weber kept taking his photograph.

Ripley proved a smart move for a young actor who wanted to show bite as well as teeth. It also showed that Mr. Damon easily plays against type, as evident in his first important screen role, in ''School Ties'' (1992), as a prep school anti-Semite who makes life tough for the Jewish gridiron hero. That film didn't make Mr. Damon famous, but it helped make him hungry, and that hunger led to a partnership with his childhood friend Ben Affleck. They wrote ''Good Will Hunting'' to give themselves the kinds of roles they couldn't secure otherwise. (Mr. Damon went on to be nominated for best actor.) Mr. Damon played the title character, Will Hunting, a ***working-class*** genius from South Boston with issues. Mr. Affleck played his buddy, the guy who isn't the genius.

There's a juicy story about the making of ''Good Will Hunting'' in Peter Biskind's history of American independent film, ''Down and Dirty Pictures.'' In their attempt to make the film and in their dealings with Miramax's Harvey Weinstein, who finally got the project off the page and into theaters, Mr. Damon comes across as tough, if not as savvy about money as Mr. Affleck. In one memorable exchange, Mr. Damon faced down Mr. Weinstein over who would direct. The writers wanted Gus Van Sant. Mr. Weinstein had offered the film to Chris Columbus, then best known for ''Home Alone.'' Mr. Damon protested Mr. Weinstein's choice and, in between expletives, the executive shouted: ''How dare you talk to me like that? You're a nobody!''

''I'm a nobody,'' Mr. Damon said, ''but I'm a nobody with director approval.''

High-end careers like Mr. Damon's are made on talent, luck, timing, contacts and the camera's love, but anyone who retains director approval on a film green-lighted by Harvey Weinstein is no fool. Mr. Damon made his share of clunkers while he was a member of the Miramax players, that loose band of young actors and directors who helped turn the company into a powerhouse, but he also made the most of his tenure. Films like ''Dogma,'' one of four films Mr. Damon made with Kevin Smith, both as a lead and in cameos, solidified his indie cred. Even the duds, like ''All the Pretty Horses,'' directed by Billy Bob Thornton from the Cormac McCarthy novel and reportedly ravaged in the editing room by Mr. Weinstein, had pedigree.

''Good Will Hunting,'' which Mr. Damon initiated when he was a student at Harvard, became one of Miramax's most profitable releases. Despite some hints of darkness, the film is calculated nonsense of a high order, as phony as anything cooked up by Hollywood committee. Chris Columbus could easily have directed it, after all, though unlike Mr. Van Sant he could not have slipped in the film's one true scene: Will mocking the therapist played by Robin Williams. (In another version of the screenplay, the therapist sexually services Will.) As Mr. Damon faces the camera in searching close-up, we see the cruelty slide across Will's face like a shadow and, as important, we see the pleasure he derives from that cruelty.

Like most of Mr. Damon's films, ''Good Will Hunting'' did not require him to go deep all the way through. Will and the therapist share a manly hug and tears moisten Mr. Damon's face, while the script perfunctorily dredges up a foster father who liked to swing a wrench. But ''Good Will Hunting'' is principally a story about the triumph of the human spirit, as they like to say in Hollywood (and Miramax had already long gone Hollywood), and as such could never withstand any serious character excavation. Glibness was as crucial to the film's success as Mr. Weinstein's salesmanship. Mr. Damon needed only to suggest pain and wrap himself in Mr. Williams's furry arms to sell the character, both of which he did.

Actors like to show hurt, but it was Mr. Damon's ability to play mean (to Mrs. Doubtfire!) that stuck. Since then he has made a practice of taking on characters who are significantly darker than their smiling good looks suggest. That divide between his characters' appearances and actions is critical to ''The Talented Mr. Ripley'' as well as the ''Bourne'' and ''Ocean's'' films, in which Mr. Damon plays a con man named Linus. Mr. Soderbergh obviously enjoys riffing off the actor's youthful affect. In ''Ocean's Eleven'' (2001), Mr. Pitt and George Clooney look as if they stepped right out off the cover of GQ. Mr. Damon, by contrast, wears a windbreaker and a striped shirt that could have been designed by Charles M. Schulz.

The ''Ocean's'' films are larks (a third is on the way), but they also provided Mr. Damon new buddies. Following ''Ocean's Twelve'' (2004), he signed on for a lead role in the political intrigue ''Syriana'' (2005), a project initiated at Mr. Clooney and Mr. Soderbergh's production company. An American energy analyst stationed in Geneva, Mr. Damon's Bryan Woodman comes to personify the ugly contradictions of capitalism. His moment of truth comes in the Middle East when, after a moment's hesitation, he accepts a lucrative contract with the sheik whose family he blames for the death of his oldest son. ''How much,'' Woodman asks with deadpan bitterness, ''for my other kid?''

''Syriana'' sounds tougher than it plays, largely because the lead performances tend to be too sympathetic for what the characters are meant to represent. Even so, in his most pivotal scene in the film, Mr. Damon manages to keep the character's grief from tipping over to pathos and into our sympathies. Soon after he unloads that vicious line about his dead son, pausing to let the words hover uncomfortably, he starts pitching the sheik with an eagerness that would make Sammy Glick blush. As he illustrates part of his sales pitch by drawing a diagram in the sand, Bryan Woodman resumes the clear voice and steady gestures of an American businessman skillfully riding out the storms of free-market globalization.

The sins of American fathers being visited on sons and an occasional daughter has been a recent favorite theme in films. While ''Syriana'' suffers from Oedipal overload, the bad-dad motif is handled nimbly in the two ''Bourne'' films (a third is also on the way), where the back story takes a back seat to the action. As Jason Bourne, Mr. Damon fully inhabits the black-bag operative who has only the faintest memories of his past. When not stomping on someone's solar plexus, this amnesiac superspy tends to look like a college graduate on a European amble. He also looks young enough for his tuition to have been paid by Harrison Ford, who a decade earlier had a lock on big-budget action in spy stories like ''Patriot Games.''

The paternalistic decency of Mr. Harrison's persona in films like ''Patriot Games'' seemed very much of its Clintonian moment, just as Mr. Damon's voyage to the dark side in the ''Bourne'' thrillers seems very much of this moment. The principled intelligence operatives beloved of Hollywood have given way to new moral ambiguities. The ''Bourne'' films bear little resemblance to Robert Ludlum's original books, but Mr. Damon's intense physicality and the lethal naivete of his character are suggestive of Graham Greene's description of the title character in his novel ''The Quiet American'': the young American agent, who while in Vietnam in the 1950's enters with ''an unmistakably young and unused face flung at us like a dart'' and a ''wide campus gaze'' that ''seemed incapable of harm.''

Greene makes short, nasty work of that young American, whose innocent face is a mask for catastrophic arrogance. In the 1950's, the decade when his novel was first published and when Hollywood began its love affair with Method acting, American movie screens were filled with faces crumbling under the weight of their own sensitivities. Even now, the romance of suffering, which reaffirms the centrality of individualism even in martyrdom, retains an irresistible hold on our films and ideas about men, with Marlon Brando's howl having given way to Ryan Gosling's. There is no such romance in the toothy smiles of the American boys next door of the sort often played by Mr. Damon. Those smiles are designed for glory and fluttering American flags, although, as the actor's quiet ascendancy suggests, sometimes those smiles are also designed to hide something sinister, frightening, deadly.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Matt Damon as a gangster with Martin Sheen in ''The Departed,'' above, directed by Martin Scorsese

and as a spy with Angelina Jolie in ''The Good Shepherd,'' directed by Robert De Niro. Both films open this fall. (Photo by Andrew Cooper/Warner Brothers Pictures)

(Photo by Andrew Schwartz/Universal Pictures)(pg. 61)

(Photo by J. Emilio Flores for The New York Times)(pg. 37)

**Load-Date:** September 10, 2006

**End of Document**



[***BOOKEND;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-8BX0-000P-N22C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A World Away, A Generation Later***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-8BX0-000P-N22C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 6, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7; Page 35; Column 1; Book Review Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1470 words

**Byline:** By Morris Dickstein;

Morris Dickstein is Distinguished Professor of English at Queens College.

By Morris Dickstein;  Morris Dickstein is Distinguished Professor of English at Queens College.

**Body**

Books that last, books that still matter, change from generation to generation. Two decades after it first appeared, "World of Our Fathers," Irving Howe's classic history of Jewish immigrant life on New York's Lower East Side, is at once the same book and subtly different. Its world is more remote, with few survivors still among us, yet more immediate, because of the bustling new immigration today. This is a paradox worth exploring. What kind of book was it, and how did Irving Howe of all people come to write it? How has it changed, especially for young people encountering it for the first time?

As history, "World of Our Fathers" remains invigorating -- exhaustively researched, wonderfully readable, unfailingly humane, an elegy for a lost world. Where others waxed lyrical, Howe is measured, searching and evocative: his book is a cultural anthropology spanning the Old Country, the difficult voyage, the shock of arrival and resettlement, the crowded tenements and long working hours, the struggle to build labor unions, the settlement houses and synagogues, the matchmakers, dance halls and Catskill retreats, and the culture of Yiddish -- from poets, novelists and intellectuals to theatrical divas and popular entertainers.

Howe was an unlikely yet inevitable person to give us an exemplary picture of the immigrant experience. He himself emerged from the cultural clash between generations. Like most children of immigrants, he worked hard to put the ghetto behind him. He was a political writer and broad-gauged literary critic, not a historian, but he was possessed by the historical imagination as it touched his own experience. Born in 1920, only a few years before immigration was cut off, he grew up on the proletarian streets of the Bronx, not on the Lower East Side. When his father's grocery business failed in 1930, the family was forced to move to a poorer neighborhood, and he learned a lesson about class he never forgot. His conversion to socialism at the age of 14, he thought, had liberated him from merely tribal solidarity. Like other New York intellectuals who came of age in the 30's, he set sail as a citizen of Western culture, not strictly a Jewish writer.

The social and literary issues that attracted him had no special ethnic accent. But the war and the Holocaust conspired to remind him of his origins, and he turned to Yiddish literature, then virtually unknown among American readers, as a way of coming home. In an endless stream of critical essays and finely conceived anthologies, he helped bring this dying literature into the cultural mainstream. For Howe, "World of Our Fathers" was the next step in a circuitous journey that brought him back to Judaism, not as a religion but as a secular culture that he struggled to preserve.

Since the 1890's, many had written about the Lower East Side -- as muckrakers exposing urban blight, as tourists exploring the Lower Depths or as celebrants gilding the lily of their humble beginnings. Howe had little interest in the pathologies of a "culture of poverty." Unlike the Harry Goldens and Sam Levensons of the 1950's, he was immune to Borscht Belt nostalgia. Instead, he recaptured the tumultuous, not always attractive humanity of the Lower East Side. "World of Our Fathers" was his real autobiography, evoking the world of his actual father, to whom he had been "a son with a chilled heart" (as he said ruefully in "A Margin of Hope"), and the immigrant language and culture he once truculently scorned.

Often the embattled polemicist in the 1950's and 60's, Howe mellowed in his work on Yiddish literature, striking a balance between filial piety and critical discrimination. This mellower Howe is the voice we hear in "World of Our Fathers," fair to a fault about everyone from nativist foes of immigration to snobbish uptown Jews. A few critics accused him of leaving out religion -- the immigrants' synagogue and yeshiva world -- others of ignoring the "world of our mothers." Neither charge is quite fair, though religion figures in the book largely as "secular messianism," the translation of religious vision into social hope. His story embraces men and women alike, but the women who are most vivid are social activists like the labor firebrand Rose Schneiderman, Lillian Wald of the Henry Street Settlement or Belle Moskowitz, the brains behind Alfred E. Smith, New York's progressive Governor. Howe's emphasis on socialism, organized labor and Yiddish culture, if slightly disproportionate, feeds the autobiographical power of the book. He projected his deepest loyalties onto a reading of the past.

This is one reason the book reads differently today than it did 20 years ago. Younger readers can be more disconcerted by their forebears' impassioned socialism and unionism than by their threadbare poverty. Taking the safety net of the welfare state for granted, they may not understand, first, how ***working-class*** socialism emerged from the actual experience of poverty, nourished by ingrained Jewish notions of social justice, and, second, that its egalitarian idealism shared little with the bureaucratic socialism that collapsed in the 1980's.

Despite the waves of renewed immigration in recent decades, a historical rift has opened up between us and the players in Howe's story. Howe's initial readers, who made the book a surprise best seller, were second-generation Jews, the strivers who had not become intellectuals, socialists or union activists but had made it in America. They had migrated to the suburbs after the war, built lavish temples and supported worthy charities, only to see their well-educated offspring turn against their values. In "World of Our Fathers" they were able to reconnect to a world of struggle and idealism they had long repressed. The book, finding its way into virtually every Jewish home, provided them with an emotional catharsis.

The children and grandchildren of that generation, though, are more likely to turn to Israel, to religion or to searing testimonies about the Holocaust as a way of exploring their Jewish identity. Irving Howe knew very well that he was writing at the end of something -- the end of socialism, the end of Yiddish, the end of what he called "Jewish secularism," a rich but transitional culture that developed in the latter part of the 18th century.

In a lecture at Hunter College in March 1993, just six weeks before he died, Howe, depleted by a long, draining illness, intoned a kaddish for the world whose history he had written: "The immigrant experience, which until recently has been the major substance of American Jewish life, is receding into memory. . . . Nostalgia grips us all, yet cannot provide the bread or wine of a common future. For what is fading is not just the sweatshops and tenements -- we are well rid of them. . . . What is also fading is the pale bloom of Yiddish." But he reminded his audience that this was merely a trend, a probability: "The long term is . . . long. In the short run, the mixture of shared experience and common memory may be enough." From humor and cuisine to liberal politics, the immigrant experience has left vivid traces that still affect the way we live now.

In his inimitable style of serious joking, Howe once remarked that Israel had become the religion of American Jews, with the Holocaust as its liturgy. Yet both of these issues preoccupied him in his last years. And when I saw him in synagogue at the end of Yom Kippur, just before the gates of judgment were said to swing shut, I knew I was witnessing the death of socialism, or at least of socialism as a self-sufficient secular faith. Irving Howe's scrupulous book, written with the assistance of Kenneth Libo, is a collage of texts and memories that almost restore a half-forgotten time. But it also exposes our braided link to the larger ethnic mix of contemporary life.

Today's multicultural America, with its new immigrants, its Babel of languages, its resurgent nativism, its terrible pockets of poverty, its Darwinian faith in the free market and its ruthlessly concentrated corporate power, bears a striking resemblance to American society before World War I. Many of the positions staked out in today's cultural debates -- pluralism, universalism, bilingualism, cultural nationalism, identity politics -- were rehearsed during the first decades of the century. Today's outcry against immigrants is as familiar as the uncritical celebration of ethnic ties. Younger Jews, intermarrying in large numbers, caught between tribalism and assimilation yet finding themselves excluded from the rainbow coalition of today's minorities, could do far worse than to study the forces that helped shape their present lives. In "World of Our Fathers," Irving Howe turned his own reckoning with the past into a richly textured lesson for posterity.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** April 6, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Review/Film;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9DN0-000P-2358-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***That '7 Up' Group Is 35 Years Old Now, And Drooping a Bit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-9DN0-000P-2358-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 15, 1992, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 13; Column 5; Cultural Desk; Column 5;; Review

**Length:** 1213 words

**Byline:** By JANET MASLIN

By JANET MASLIN

**Body**

Michael Apted's landmark "7 Up" series, which began as an attempt to document the long-range effects of social and economic disparities among English schoolchildren of "startlingly different backgrounds," has become much, much more. These transfixing films, the latest of which is "35 Up," reveal a reality that cannot be found in nature. The series' ambitious time-lapse method, whereby subjects are revisited at regular seven-year intervals, makes possible an astonishingly intensive view of their lives and evolution. At 35, not surprisingly, many of Mr. Apted's former 7-year-olds have begun to squirm under the burden of such scrutiny.

"35 Up," which opens today at the Film Forum, finds this series growing increasingly rueful with age. Some of the participants have realized early goals, but many others see their dreams receding. Married, settled, noticeably bulkier, some sit surrounded by kitchen gadgets and family snapshots, speaking wistfully about their annual vacations. Many talk tearfully about losing their parents, as does the otherwise hardboiled Tony (participants have been identified only by their first names throughout the series), who calls his mother's death "the worst moment of my life." His mother, he says, "was and still is the best girl in the world."

Tony, at 7 a scrappy kid from the East End of London, confided at 21 that his fondest dream was to have a son. Now the reality: at 35, he can be found at a crowded family dinner table, arguing with his formerly svelte wife, Debbie, about the price of sneakers for that son, who is reaching adolescence. Tony once hoped to be a jockey, but these days he is content to drive a cab and work occasionally as a movie extra. "Better to be a has-been than a never-was," he says cheerily.

The original "7 Up," a television film on which Mr. Apted started out as a researcher, took as its starting-off point the Jesuit maxim, "Give me a child until he is 7 and I will show you the man." Yet even as the subsequent installments sometimes affirm that thought, they also contradict it in fascinating ways. It's true that Nick, who at 7 said he hoped "to find out all about the moon and all that," anticipated his own career as a scientist; he subsequently earned his Ph.D. in physics and now teaches at the University of Wisconsin. But glimpses of Nick as a bright Yorkshire farm boy who attended a one-room schoolhouse ("If I could change the world, I'd change it into a diamond," he said at 7) don't truly prefigure his subsequent independence.

Nick alone, among the participants, criticizes the note of pessimism and passivity that runs through many of the interviews and describes it as markedly different from the mood of his American neighbors. Nick also affirms his wife's decision to remove herself from this study after "28 Up" gave total strangers the impression that theirs was an unhappy marriage. (Many of the participants discuss the burden of being part of this series, which has been so widely seen in Britain that some of its subjects have received fan mail and are recognized on the street.)

Nick accepts his own obligation to Mr. Apted and this important, ever-unfolding document, but he has chosen to keep his young son away from the cameras as well. Interestingly enough, one of the few other participants to make that choice is Charles, who now works in television journalism and no doubt understands the camera's power to invite unflattering, invidious observation.

Charles was part of the first film's trio of rich boys, who were much more outlandish at 7 than they are at 35, and are well remembered for having said what John, another of the three, now calls "some shocking but extremely funny things in retrospect." (It was good, one of them observed, to make people pay for schooling "because if we didn't, schools would be so nasty and crowded.") One of the new film's surprises is that John, having dropped out of the series at 28, has returned for the sake of promoting a favorite charity, Friends of Bulgaria.

John, now a barrister, talks wryly about the effects of having "a little pill of poison" dropped into his life every seven years with a new installment of the series. But he also makes it clear, in discussing the travails of digging herbaceous borders in the garden of his country home, that not much has changed. The same is true of Suzy, an upper-class girl who had a bored composure at 7 and wears a crest on her sweater at 35. Though Suzy was in the throes of a rebellious phase at 21, she is now happily married and bringing up her children in pastoral splendor. "I can't change what I was born into," she says.

Mr. Apted's original aim was to study the effects of privilege or the lack thereof, but he leaves it to viewers to draw their own conclusions. John and Tony, for instance, may be seen as comparably content despite the class distinctions that divide them. A more complex case is that of Bruce, who at 7 was in pre-prep boarding school speaking of becoming a missionary, and at 35 is seen sitting in language class in Bangladesh, the only adult among the students. Bruce, who carefully dodges Mr. Apted's inquiries about whether he may ever marry, lives simply in this impoverished region, and has indeed accomplished the goal he described as a child. But Mr. Apted notes bluntly: "This film is about opportunity. Do you think that you made the most of your opportunity?"

The study's most heartbreaking case of lost promise is once again Neil, who stood out so poignantly in "28 Up" that he received thousands of letters and even job offers after it was shown. Outstandingly winning and handsome at 7, Neil was by 28 a homeless derelict, mentally unstable, yet still clearly a person of exceptional intelligence and thoughtfulness. It is a vast relief, at the end of this film, to learn that he is alive and well and that Mr. Apted has even been able to find him.

Neil, who at 21 said, "I think I've been kicking in midair all my life," is only slightly more settled than he was before, and looks desperately uncomfortable even when filmed buying a loaf of bread. But when Mr. Apted asks whether Neil has a sense of failure, he replies, "Well, my life isn't over." Even as "35 Up" watches the walls close in around some of its participants, that remains very much the point.

The study's less obvious casualities are Jackie, Lynn and Sue, three ***working-class*** women who variously married early, became single parents, took on dead-end jobs and say they think about their lack of advantage only when Mr. Apted shows up to raise the question. And Symon, the study's only black participant, had five children and a sausage-packing job at 28 and at 35 declined to have his life held up to public exposure. Perhaps this only affirms what Mr. Apted set out to demonstrate in the first place. But this brave, demanding project has yielded much more wisdom than he or anyone else could have expected.

35 Up

Directed and produced by Michael Apted; director of photography, George Jesse Turner; edited by Kim Horton; Samuel Goldwyn Company presents a Granada Film. At Film Forum 3, 209 West Houston Street, Manhattan. Running time: 127 minutes. This film has no rating.

WITH: Charles, Andrew, John, Peter, Neil, Suzy, Paul, Symon, Tony, Jackie, Lynn, Susan, Bruce and Nicholas

**Graphic**

Photo: Lynn, one of the subjects of Michael Apted's "7 Up" series. (Granada Television)

**Load-Date:** January 15, 1992

**End of Document**



[***L.I. Jewish Hospital Will Stop Providing Doctors for Queens***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XTT0-000D-G38S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 3, 1991, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1200 words

**Byline:** By LISA BELKIN

By LISA BELKIN

**Body**

In a vivid display of the struggle now under way over the future management and mission of New York City's public hospitals, a major private hospital announced yesterday that it would no longer provide the doctors who staff a public hospital in Queens.

The decision, by Long Island Jewish Medical Center, means that beginning next summer the Queens Hospital Center, a city hospital in Jamaica, will have to find a new source for doctors who do most of the day-to-day work of the hospital.

The action takes on larger significance because Long Island Jewish is one of 11 private hospitals and medical schools that provide doctors to staff the city's public hospitals, and the issues that Long Island Jewish said are behind its decision to end its relationship with the city system are also critical to negotiations now under way among the city and the other private hospitals.

At the heart of these negotiations is a fundamental question of what kind of care the public hospitals should provide and what role the private hospitals and medical schools should play.

The private hospitals now use the city hospitals as a place for their doctors to hone medical specialties, but the city would like to push these doctors into a more general practice of medicine for the poor.

The documents that shape this relationship are known as affiliation agreements and are the subject of the current negotiations.

Long Island Jewish says its decision to end its $40 million affiliation agreement with the Health and Hospitals Corporation, which oversees the city's 11 municipal hospitals, is a result of "Draconian" cutbacks at Queens Hospital and the Health and Hospitals Corporation's move to push the hospital toward offering more general medical care and less specialized care.

The cutbacks have made it difficult to keep and recruit staff, said Dr. Robert Match, the president of Long Island Jewish. The shift toward general care, he said, threatens his hospital's goal of training residents in certain medical specialties.

Dr. James R. Dumpson, chairman of the Health and Hospitals Corporation, said Long Island Jewish's action "represents an abandonment of its commitment to the poor and medically-disenfranchised population of Queens."

Queens Hospital, the third-largest hospital in the county, serves a poor and ***working-class*** population in the Laurelton, St. Albans, Cambria Heights, Holliston and Jamaica areas.

Officials at the corporation and elsewhere in the city's health-care system speculated that Long Island Jewish planed to affiliate with a private hospital, possibly Jamaica Hospital. Dr. Match said that although his hospital did plan "future isolated arrangements for certain selected services" with Jamaica, it did not plan a "broad affiliation."

The announcement by Long Island Jewish comes as the affiliation agreements are the subject of harsh criticism. New York City's relationship with its municipal hospitals is unlike any other in the country in that private institutions like medical schools, medical corporations and, in the case of Long Island Jewish, other medical centers, are paid by the city to staff the public hospitals.

Started in the 60's

The system was developed during the 1960's and 70's, when New York had difficulty recruiting doctors to work in its public hospitals which, then as now, paid less and had grittier working conditions than their private counterparts. Under the affiliation agreements, doctors hired to work in the public hospitals were technically employed by private institutions and received the prestige that came along with that. In return, the public hospital received a higher quality staff than it might have otherwise been able to recruit.

But critics say the agreements, under which the corporation pays area medical schools and private hospitals more than $400 million to staff its municipal hospitals, cater to the needs of the affiliates by emphasizing lucrative specialties rather than primary care, sometimes at the expense of the patients.

Those allegations became loudest early this fall when the affiliation agreements were blamed, in part, for the death of a young Hasidic scholar, Yankel Rosenbaum, in the Kings County Hospital Center emergency room. Doctors failed to diagnose a stab wound to Mr. Rosenbaum's back. The affiliate, Downstate Medical School, was criticized for not having a department of emergency medicine and for establishing a command structure that effectively prevented senior doctors not employed by Downstate from assisting and instructing residents.

But the move by Long Island Jewish seems to show that the accusations hurled about this summer tell only of only half the problem. "There's been so much focus on the unhappiness of the city, no one's been paying any attention to the fact that the affiliates are unhappy too," said Bruce C. Vladek, president of the United Hospital Fund and a member of the corporation's board of directors. "There are tensions on both sides."

Letter of Contentions

Many of those tensions are listed in the letter of withdrawal that Dr. Match delivered yesterday to Dr. Dumpson.

In the letter Dr. Match describes Queens Hospital as "deteriorating physically with an antiquated infrastructure and greatly diminished support services." The result, he said, is that Long Island Jewish, which straddles the line between New Hyde Park, L.I., and Queens, has "had great difficulty in recruiting and retaining physicians" at Queens Hospital.

This year the hospital suffered a 15 percent cut in its $140 million budget, part of a citywide cut of $156 million.

In addition, the letter says, the corporation has adopted a "regionalization plan to convert Q.H.C. to a primary-care general hospital limited to a few specialties." The letter added, "This further reinforces our decision."

Dr. Match said in an interview that the inability to keep and recruit staff, coupled with plans to reduce the number of specialties, threatened his hospital's residency programs. Long Island Jewish now operates 24 such training programs at Queens Hospital.

Accreditation Risk

The Accreditation Council for Graduate Medical Education, which accredits residency programs, has "put us on notice" that some of those programs risk losing their affiliation, he said.

In a statement released yesterday, Dr. Dumpson said the corporation did not want to limit the number of specialties taught at Queens Hospital. Long Island Jewish's charges ignore the corporation's "commitment to rebuilding Queens Hospital Center as a full-service hospital."

This is not the first time, he said, that an affiliate has ended its agreement with the city. In 1976 Maimonides Hospital severed its agreement to staff Coney Island Hospital. A private group, the Coney Island Professional Corporation, was established to staff that hospital.

Dr. Dumpson said the corporation "will now aggressively explore alternative arrangements for staffing the hospital" after the agreement with Long Island Jewish ends on June 30, 1992.

In a statement yesterday, Mayor David N. Dinkins said, "In the days, weeks and months ahead, insuring continuity of quality health care to the residents of southern Queens must and will be our highest priority."

**Graphic**

Chart: "Doctors for City Hospitals: How an Affiliation Agreement Works"

Most of the doctors in New York City's municpal hospitals are provided under agreements like the one between Long Island Jewish Hospital and Queens Hospital. Long Island Jewish wants to end its agreement, citing budget cuts and reduced specialty programs.

Long Island Jewish Hospital Queens Hospital Runs residency program Public hospital run by to train doctors newly 180 Doctors --- city's Health and graduated from medical Hospitals Corporation schools. Hires and pays <--- $40 Million Has a large and varied the doctors population of patients.

Advantages Advantages \*Expansion: Room to train \* Staff: A reliable supply more doctors and give of doctors for a hospital them wider experience that otherwise would have difficulty attracting them.

\* Profit: Fee paid by city \* Experise: Access to can exceed the cost of the program's faculty. running the program.

**Load-Date:** December 12, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Ferrer Promoting Mayoralty as a National Democratic Goal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FNM-CWS0-TW8F-G2MF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 10, 2005 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1714 words

**Byline:** By DIANE CARDWELL

**Body**

It was somewhere between the salad course and the Barry White song that Fernando Ferrer, candidate for mayor, took the microphone last week at a dinner for the local Democratic club held at Temple Sholom in Mill Basin, Brooklyn. He had already told the crowd that he shared their values because they all came from the same place, as working New Yorkers hoping for more opportunities to get ahead.

Then his remarks took a different turn. ''I want to earn your support because I do believe, Democrats, I do believe this is the year we take back City Hall,'' he said, to scattered cheers from the racially mixed audience. ''This is the year we send the message coast to coast: It starts here in New York City. Then we go to Albany, and then we take back the White House for Democrats, but most importantly for Democratic values.''

After two failed runs for mayor, Mr. Ferrer has found himself in an unusual and risky position as the candidate to beat in the Democratic primary, and the man people both inside and outside of the campaign presume will face Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg and all his millions in the fall.

And this time around, even before Mr. Ferrer and his team have announced a campaign manager, they are already seeing past the primary to the general election, a contest they are casting as the nation's most important electoral battle between Democrats and Republicans this year.

To counter Mr. Bloomberg's vast personal fortune, the campaign has brought on Leo J. Hindery Jr., a telecommunications and media executive with strong ties to the Democratic National Committee, to lead a cross-country fund-raising drive. But even beyond that, Mr. Ferrer and his team are hoping to harness the dashed hopes of Democrats from California to Texas to Maine in order to mobilize volunteers -- both commanders and foot soldiers -- for Mr. Ferrer's campaign.

Winning City Hall, they argue, could help spark a nationwide Democratic resurgence.

''I think people are going to look at a Republican mayor who has supported Republican policies at the state and federal level that have, I think, by most measures injured this city and most of its people and say, 'Look this is a Democrat versus a Republican,''' Mr. Ferrer said in an interview at his as-yet-undecorated headquarters in Midtown Manhattan. ''And I think national Democrats will be looking at this election and saying, 'Look, can we make a major statement about who we are as a party, what we mean as a party, because we have to stand for something.'''

There are signs that national Democrats see the New York race as important: the Democratic National Committee has pledged $1 million to the state party to help win both the mayor's and the governor's contests.

But as Mr. Ferrer enjoys his new status, many of the old doubts remain. Can he move beyond a minority coalition and attract white voters suspicious of a candidate who views the city as divided into two New Yorks? And can he shake off the sense that he is the product of a Bronx Democratic machine that has long been tainted by accusations of favoritism and even corruption?

At this point, Mr. Ferrer appears to be doing well. A recent poll by Quinnipiac University showed him well ahead of his Democratic rivals, with 40 percent of the vote among the primary contenders, the amount needed to avoid a runoff. That poll also showed him leading Mr. Bloomberg, 47 percent to 39 percent.

''Clearly in the primary you have to believe that Fernando Ferrer is the front-runner and the presumed nominee,'' said Scott Levenson, a political consultant who is not working for any of the mayoral candidates. ''He has run before and done well and is a proven vote-getter. He is arguably secure in his base and has expanded it in some ways over the past four years.''

And while Mr. Ferrer's opponents dismiss his lead as a reflection of his name recognition from past campaigns, several political analysts said there was more to it than that.

''The name has much more resonance, it means something deeper than just a last name,'' said Doug Muzzio, a professor at the School of Public Affairs at Baruch College. ''It is a person, it is a set of beliefs and policy. It is some sort of identity.''

Indeed, on subway platforms, inside stores and on the streets, Mr. Ferrer is frequently noticed, with people stopping him to chat about when they saw him last, or to wish him luck with his run.

''I met you a year ago at a hot dog stand and I spoke to you, and you said you weren't sure whether you were going to run for mayor again,'' said John Gallagher, approaching him in the Columbus Circle subway station. ''I'm glad you are.''

At Zabar's, one man greeted him: ''El proximo alcalde de Nueva York.'' (the next mayor of New York).

''Hi, Mr. Mayor,'' said another customer.

''From your lips to you-know-who's ears,'' Mr. Ferrer said, gesturing skyward.

But for that to become a reality, Mr. Ferrer faces the challenge of making sure his message reaches a diverse set of ears on a much more temporal plane.

In 2001, Mr. Ferrer cast himself as the champion of the ''other New York,'' a place where, in his view, middle-class and poor people were having an increasingly difficult time surviving and finding ways to advance. But that message, especially when played against the background chatter of advisers and supporters who said that Mr. Ferrer would win by creating a broad coalition of black and Hispanic voters, was labeled divisive by his opponents, and it tarnished his image among white voters in several precincts of the city.

Four years later, as he prepares to campaign on much the same theme, Mr. Ferrer insists that he has always spoken of the theme in purely economic and not racial terms, mentioning a waitress he met at a diner in Bayside, Queens, who worked six days a week just to pay her $2,000-a-month rent. ''I was talking about her,'' he said, identifying her as white only when asked.

''Sorry, I can only say what I can say and believe what I can believe,'' he said, a hint of exasperation creeping into his voice.

When he was growing up in a struggling family on Fox Street in the South Bronx, his mother believed that her children would be able to achieve more than she had, he said. ''That has no color or language or national origin or religion attached to it,'' Mr. Ferrer said. ''That's a New York aspiration.''

Nonetheless, this time around, his tale of two cities is softer and seemingly more inclusive. In his thus-far-infrequent campaign appearances, Mr. Ferrer has reminded audiences that he has spoken in the past about the ''other New York,'' but then quickly turned to a more optimistic message of unity. Recently speaking to a crowd of mostly black parishioners at the Greater Highway Deliverance Temple in East Harlem, he said: ''I continue to believe in the need to build one great city. I see one New York that at its best is a better city for everyone.''

But as he reaches out to the minority and ***working-class*** voters he will need to attract to win, he is also reaching out to more affluent and white voters. A recent midweek afternoon found him behind the appetizer counter at Zabar's, for example, slicing smoked salmon and chatting with customers about the relative merits of omega-3 fatty acids. And campaign advisers have been careful to highlight Mr. Ferrer's support among white elected officials, including the state attorney general, Eliot Spitzer, and City Councilmen Lewis A. Fidler and Bill de Blasio of Brooklyn.

Indeed, consultants and elected officials say that Mr. Ferrer must find a way to hold onto the minority coalition from his last campaign and expand it to include more whites in order to prevail in the mayor's race. He must appeal, these analysts say, to liberals as well as to more conservative Democrats, many of whom live in the boroughs outside Manhattan.

''I think what Freddy needs to do is shed the image that he created in the 2001 campaign and go back to the moderate that he was during his tenure as borough president'' of the Bronx, said City Councilman James S. Oddo, a Republican who represents central Staten Island and a small slice of Bensonhurst, Brooklyn. ''He needs to go and tell people, 'I was born on Fox Street and I'm closer to what you are and my experiences are closer to your experiences than a guy who was born in Massachusetts and lives in a town house.'''

Still, it is a tricky line to walk. His support among blacks is threatened by the candidacy of the Manhattan borough president, C. Virginia Fields, who is African-American, and among Brooklyn and Queens residents by Representative Anthony D. Weiner, whose district straddles both boroughs.

For the moment, though, Mr. Ferrer seems both confident and philosophical as he focuses on fund-raising and the campaign begins to get under way. By Jan. 18, the most recent public filing with the city's Campaign Finance Board, he had raised a little more than $2.5 million, trailing only the City Council speaker, Gifford Miller, who had raised more than $4.2 million.

Of course, Mr. Ferrer and his advisers say, it will take much more than money to best his Democratic rivals and Mr. Bloomberg in what many political analysts predict will be a hard-fought contest. To that end, Mr. Ferrer talks of the four new pairs of Rockport loafers (two black, two brown) that he intends to wear out in his quest for an office his wife says he has seemed destined for since the two first met as teenagers.

''He had a sense of purpose that most young people my age did not,'' said Aramina Ferrer, sitting in the riverfront apartment they share in Riverdale, the Bronx. Mrs. Ferrer, a public elementary school principal, described that purpose as an early sense of responsibility, especially as a Puerto Rican, to make a mark on society. ''Like, 'We're part of the city but you know what? We really need to demonstrate that we can help the community move up.'''

Extending that vision to the rest of the city, Mr. Ferrer said, is at the heart of his campaign, which he talks about with a whiff of Howard Dean-like partisan fervor.

''We've got to be about letting more people into the richness that is New York and to the promise that is New York,'' he said. ''Yeah, that is something that really does separate Democrats from the rest of the world.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Fernando Ferrer campaigning at Temple Sholom in Brooklyn. ''This is the year we send the message coast to coast: It starts here in New York City,'' he told Democrats. (Photo by Michael Nagle for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Fernando Ferrer campaigns at Greater Highway Deliverance Temple in East Harlem. He is leading in one poll in the mayoral race. (Photo by John Marshall Mantel for The New York Times)(pg. B10)

**Load-Date:** March 10, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Modern and Postmodern, the Bickering Twins***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41G6-9KP0-00MH-F2G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 21, 2000, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Ideas/Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 11; Column 1; Arts & Ideas/Cultural Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1585 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

By EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

**Body**

Where are the manifestoes of yesteryear? There was a time when declarations of aesthetic commitment were commonplace.

There was Futurism (as foreseen by its prophet, Filippo Marinetti, in 1909): "Except in struggle, there is no more beauty."

There was Cubism (as proclaimed by Apollinaire in 1913): "We are moving toward an entirely new art which will stand, with respect to painting as envisaged heretofore, as music stands to literature."

There was Dadaism (heralded by Tristan Tzara in 1918): "Every man must shout: There is great destructive, negative work to be done."

And there was Serialism, Surrealism, Neo-Classicism.

Arching over them all was something that came to be called Modernism, a movement that wasn't really a movement, but that somehow combined all the isms under a single label, while also accommodating such odd couples as Pound and Brecht, Schoenberg and Stravinsky, Picasso and Duchamp.

Today, the only label that claims our attention is postmodernism, and it does so in a peculiar fashion. While Modernism thrived on multiple manifestos, postmodernism's manifesto might be that no manifesto is possible: all doctrines are created equal. Postmodernism is almost impossible to pin down; like a blob of mercury, it slips away under the slightest pressure, only to pop up again in original form. Pomo, as it is affectionately called on college campuses, celebrates its own novelty and superiority, but it still can't help defining itself in opposition to Modernism, which may be as important to 21st-century culture as Greek civilization was to the Renaissance. Modernism is a source of myth; it provides a model to be imitated or rejected.

But as we enter an era that could well be po-pomo, questions are increasingly being asked about just what Modernism was or even whether it was really anything at all. It is almost as if Modernism were now being recast in the image of pomo. Modernism, in these reinterpretations, is gnomic, ironic, wavering. A recent anthology of historical documents, "Modernism," edited by Vassiliki Kolocotroni, Jane Goldman, and Olga Taxidou, proposes to reveal Modernism's "contradictions and diversities," rejecting any coherent theory of its development. The art historian T. J. Clark, in "Farewell to an Idea," is also interested in disrupting standard interpretations of Modernism by meticulously disclosing the uneasiness and discomfort latent in important paintings: "The modernist past is a ruin, the logic of whose architecture we do not remotely grasp."

In another book, "Untwisting the Serpent: Modernism in Music, Literature and Other Arts," Daniel Albright, a professor of Humanities at the University of Rochester, smartly argues that one of the distinguishing characteristics of Modernism was its exploration of the relationships between the arts: the way in which Stravinsky juxtaposed the music of "Renard" with the story's staging, or the way in which Pound's little-known opera, "Le Testament" uses troubadour esque music to disclose themes of modernist poetry.

These books try to redefine the familiar interpretation of Modernism that flourished during the last century. The coming of the 20th century, goes this mainstream view, coincided with a crisis in the arts. Music had exhausted the possibilities of the tonal system that lay behind centuries of masterpieces; painting, if it remained pictorial, was doomed to turn into kitsch; and literature could no longer rely on the narrative of the novel and the rhythm and rhyme of verse for its energy. The world had changed politically and socially so the arts would have to change as well.

The most influential aesthetic interpretation of this change was offered by the art critic Clement Greenberg. The highest achievements of Modernism, he suggested, reflect a rigorous idealism, an exploration of the principles of each art form. Modernist painting unveiled the nature of painting itself, for example, while modernist sculpture revealed the means by which art related to space; both rejected demands that art serve decorative or illustrative or sentimental functions.

A more political interpretation was offered by the philosopher Theodor Adorno, who, in "The Philosophy of Modern Music," analyzed music by decoding its attitudes toward the social order. Modernism, he suggested, had two major strands. The inauthentic, retrograde strand was represented by Stravinsky, who, Adorno suggested, was all flash and little substance; he was an acrobat, an entertainer, who tried to distract the listener from more serious concerns. Modernism's revolutionary potential, though, was realized by Arnold Schoenberg, who, Adorno argued, stripped away illusion with his rigorous technique. To a careful listener, the music could reveal the conflicts and contradictions latent in modern Western society.

Adorno and Greenberg might seem to have had very little in common, but both actually were mandarin in their tastes and rigorous in their demands. Both also grew out of the Marxist intellectual tradition. Greenberg, in fact, became editor of Partisan Review in 1940, a journal that was trying to reconcile Modernism and its stern, formal concerns with Marxism and its interest in economics and the ***working class***). The reconciliation was not all that difficult, because one underlying assumption in many of the manifestoes of Modernism was that "progress" could be clearly defined. For Adorno, the progress was political and technical; for Greenberg, the progress was aesthetic and intellectual. History had direction and meaning.

This notion of progress, though, is precisely what was discarded in the recent postmodern rebellion against Modernism. The charge against Modernism is that it did not go far enough. Modernism wanted to overturn the past, but still tried to preserve the privileged status of art works. It portrayed a world without certainty but declared itself certain. It rejected the burden of tradition, but it also took tradition seriously. Postmodernism objected. If Modernism began a revolution, postmodernism was to complete it. Composers like John Adams and John Corigliano playfully plundered earlier styles, creating sentimental pastiche. Philip Johnson, who began as a modernist architect, later converted to pomo, coyly mixing elements of styles past. Andy Warhol's Pop Art, Jasper Johns's various flags -- these were, in part, arguments against Modernism and its beliefs. There is no progress, only plunder. In Modernism there is a perspective, a frame of reference; in postmodernism there is no frame, no stability: tradition is a collection of trivia.

So postmodernism refuses to take anything too seriously. Its mode is play, its attitude ironic. Each work declares: greatness is a delusion, great art a pretense, and here's the demonstration. The odd thing is that this very declaration -- the impossibility of greatness, the masquerade involved in art -- was already accepted and anticipated by the Modernist movement. But in Modernism, that sense of bewilderment was taken seriously, and deeply felt. There was a notion that something was at stake. Mr. Clark, in his discussion of Modernism, invokes Max Weber's characterization of the Modern as the "disenchantment of the world." Here, disenchantment means that any authority is open to question, and tradition cannot be relied upon for guidance. So Modernist works are scarred by a sense of uncertainty. In close analyses of particular artworks, like Cezanne's "Large Bathers," or Picasso's "Man With Guitar," Mr. Clark reveals how the tensions between a yearning for certainty and a certainty of its impossibility are inscribed in the images.

In fact, the effort to reconstitute a tradition and re-enchant the world could be the central preoccupation of the work itself. Schoenberg's opera "Moses und Aron" is about the difficulties in creating a new form of law; Eliot's "Waste Land" is concerned with the difficulties of reconstituting poetry. In this sense, Modernism anticipated postmodernist arguments; it already showed how difficult and perhaps impossible the attempt to re-enchant the world may be. But that is precisely what gives the works their power. Their subject is partly the difficulty of their project, the futility of their desire.

The urgency of this preoccupation by Modernism may be one reason that so many of its adherents fell prey to the temptations of extreme certainties like Fascism (Pound, Wyndham Lewis) or Communism (Picasso, Dos Passos). Some sought refuge in premodern religious faith (Eliot) or declared allegiance to a premodern folkish past (Bartok). Even Mr. Clark, who calls himself a Marxist, has his refuge: his narrative includes what he calls a "Satan," "the accumulation of capital and the spread of capitalist markets."

But this search for certainties only emphasizes the main point: Modernism was haunted by a struggle with disenchantment and a search for new bearings. Pomo said, it's impossible and doesn't matter anyway.

Now that this is a po-pomo world, how is Modernism to be understood? Artistic progress has proved to be an illusion. Manifestoes have become impossible. Modernism, in retrospect, can even seem a bit obsessive (Joyce's "Finnegans Wake") or overwrought (Schoenberg's "Erwartung"). Yet there it remains, unavoidably present, making a mockery of pomo irony.

Is it possible, then, that the culture is still immersed in Modernism? That the struggle and search continue despite Pomo's best efforts to say they don't matter? Po-Pomo may turn out to be just a variety of Mo.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Postmodernism rebelled against Modernists' notion of progress and went on to plunder their styles. Above, Cezanne's Modernist "Large Bathers." At far left, "Brillo Box" by Andy Warhol and at left, the composer John Adams, both of them postmodernists who refuse to take anything too seriously. (National Gallery, London); (Christine Alicino/Nonesuch); (San Francisco Museum of Modern Art); The Modernist Igor Stravinsky, who explored the relationships between the arts. (Joseph Nettis)

**Load-Date:** October 21, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Voices***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5952-YCC1-JBG3-64JB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 18, 2013 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2013 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MB; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 4

**Length:** 3515 words

**Body**

Fran Lebowitz

is a writer, talker and essayist. Her remarks, to Michael M. Grynbaum, were lightly edited and condensed.

One of the worst things about Michael Bloomberg being the mayor is that because he was so rich, he didn't have to appeal to what he kept calling the ''special interest groups'' -- which, you know, I would call the ''citizens.''

I don't think public school teachers are a special interest group; I don't think cops are a special interest group; I don't think tenants are a special interest group. Billionaires are a special interest group. So when he says that anyone who is running for mayor is going to have to make concessions to these special interest groups -- that is what democracy is. Not issuing bans and demands.

He thinks of himself as the public health mayor. How many hospitals closed under Bloomberg? Hospitals: that's public health. Smoking, soda, salt? That's private health. And what could be more minute? I mean, I've never heard anyone say, '' 'Do you like New York?' 'Mmm, not really, too salty.' ''

When he announced this soda thing, someone showed me the size soda that you couldn't have. I didn't know those existed. My first apartment was smaller than that. I think maybe in Abu Ghraib they make you drink that soda. It seems like a crazy amount of soda; it doesn't mean I think it should be against the law.

Also, he's the ''green mayor''? He's the green mayor who travels by private jet. There is nothing more polluting than jet fuel. One of his little trips on his private jet, to wherever he goes on the weekend -- he doesn't tell us, that's his private life -- that is every cigarette ever smoked in the history of New York City.

I don't know how many of these bikes there are, but it seems like there are 80 million of them. I do not want to see 80 million ads for Citibank. When they first put them in, Bloomberg said, ''Wasn't that nice of Citibank? They gave us these bicycles.'' Really? Let me put it this way: I would rather see Citibank give us back our money, and then I would buy them a bicycle. And also maybe a skateboard, if they're really good.

The overturning of the term limits -- when this happens in another country, we call this a coup. We, the citizens, voted -- twice! -- to have term limits, and then he overturned them. I saw him give some press conference about guns. He said something like, ''I believe in democracy,'' and I thought, No, you don't. No, you certainly do not. Vladimir Putin has the same belief in democracy you do.

I really felt that during the election of the pope, Bloomberg was in a state of contained hysteria, trying to figure out, ''How can I get this gig?'' If I was in charge of electing the pope, I would elect him, because anything that would get him out of New York would be fine with me.

Michael Van Valkenburgh

is the president of MVVA, the landscape architecture firm that designed Brooklyn Bridge Park, and the Charles Eliot professor at Harvard University's Graduate School of Design.

Walking through Brooklyn Bridge Park during its construction in 2010, the architecture critic Paul Goldberger turned to me and said, ''Michael Bloomberg will be remembered as the mayor who made great parks.'' From where we stood that day, this prediction was brimming with promise. Brooklyn Bridge Park itself was the largest park project to have occurred in Brooklyn in recent memory. Looking over to Manhattan we could see the East River Park renovation under way, and to the left Governors Island, with its clear potential as a public place.

Many other projects have reinvented New York's public landscape: the Bronx River park system, the Fresh Kills landfill transformation, the High Line, Hudson River Park, a pedestrian-friendly Times Square, and bicycle lanes in streets long dominated by cars.

Over all, Mr. Bloomberg has added about 800 acres of new parkland to the city, the vast majority of it outside Manhattan; and he has invested record amounts in revitalizing old parks. The aim is now for every New Yorker to live within 10 minutes of a park. A mayor who made parks, indeed.

Michael Bloomberg took office at a time when many citizens and community groups were changing what urban life could be. But he also brought his own sense of the moment. He realized, as New York's great mayors and planners have in the past, that public parks make city life joyful and healthful. During the Bloomberg years, an entire public landscape has taken shape, a feat comparable to that of Fiorello La Guardia and Robert Moses in the 1930s. While La Guardia and Moses had access to federal work relief funds, Mayor Bloomberg had to summon the courage to use city tax dollars for the creation of these new urban landscapes. He recognized the need to invest in critical infrastructure while also putting people to work.

But the genius of park creation has never been about one person, even a mayor. The public -- specifically, people who attend meetings and enliven the process of park planning -- have been the driving force of this Bloomberg era of accomplishment. Those who have advocated for parks will need to continue to demand of elected officials that our city persist in becoming a great place to live, raise children and grow old. Mr. Bloomberg knew this need, sensed the energy and seized the opportunities. That is when the parks started happening. Under Mayor Mike's tenure, New York became a better place to live.

Marcus Samuelsson

is the chef/owner of Red Rooster Harlem and the author of the memoir ''Yes, Chef.''

I've met Mayor Bloomberg on several occasions, but nothing compares to the first time. It was at Red Rooster, and I can remember the night so well. Wolfgang Puck was in the house, and Alicia Keys was sitting in a booth next to the church ladies, who were still in their hats and gossiping away. The mayor walked in with about eight or nine people and I could see on his face that he was excited to be there.

The first thing he said to me was, ''How many people have you hired from Harlem?'' I proudly told him 75 percent of our staff were from the neighborhood. He seemed satisfied as he finished his dinner and headed downtown. I know that he was really asking about my commitment to Harlem and New York City.

The way Mr. Bloomberg never wavered in his commitment to improving New York after he became mayor following 9/11 still inspires me today, particularly as a resident and business owner in Harlem. The mayor has taught me to encourage people to build their lives in Harlem, to work hard and to have a deep love for the city. In our neighborhood, we've had 15 new restaurants open on the blocks around Red Rooster in the last three years, and combined we serve more than a thousand people a night, half who are local and half who are visitors to the neighborhood. That's a number the mayor would be very proud of.

Gary Shteyngart

is the author of ''Super Sad True Love Story'' and other novels, and the forthcoming memoir ''Little Failure.''

I guess it's been O.K. I haven't been mugged or transfatted in a while. I drink Coke out of tiny glass bottles, if at all, and I don't even look at heroin. Yeah, it's fine. Thing is I'm bored. And boring. You should hear the stuff that comes out of my mouth. Blah, blah, blah, bike lanes. Blah, blah, blah, shoyu-style ramen.

I used to shout from foreign rooftops about New York's diversity (''No wonder they attacked us, we're so freaking diverse!''), but the last decade has been all about the rise of the T.B.I., the Truly Boring Immigrant. We've colonized most of Manhattan and the string of artisanal villages that is brownstone Brooklyn. Only Elmhurst, Queens, and points east are safe from the dull tread of our Common Projects sneakers.

Lately, I've gone even farther out, to a village upstate. My neighbors are a bunch of sheep. On some nights, the coyotes attack them and this really cool ***working-class*** immigrant, an Australian sheepdog, tries to keep her charges safe. There's howling and barking and bleating, and it all kind of sounds like how New York used to be.

Yeah, sometimes things don't turn out well, but you know what? Life ends in death. Except in Manhattan, where free of transfats and bathed in kale juice, our high net worth citizenry just might live forever.

Steve Koonin

is the director of New York University's Center for Urban Science and Progress.

Michael Bloomberg has made New York City sing over the past 12 years -- not because of his ear for music, but his eye for numbers. The city today is more vibrant and on sounder managerial footing in large part because of his data-driven approach. He has often said, ''You can't change it if you can't measure it.'' And the city will be better positioned for decades because of his efforts to broaden its commercial base beyond the traditional industries of finance, real estate and insurance, and attract more scientists, engineers, technologists and inventors.

N.Y.U.'s Center for Urban Science and Progress (CUSP) was spawned by one of the Bloomberg administration's most ambitious efforts, the Applied Sciences Initiative, to bring more science and technology to New York. CUSP is pioneering the field of ''urban informatics,'' the application of Big Data to address the challenges faced by cities around the world, and will welcome its inaugural graduate class at the end of this month. Only New York City, CUSP's laboratory and classroom, has the scale, variety and ambition to lead the world in creating these new technologies. Their application will improve the quality of life, support commercial and economic development, enhance scientific understanding, and help anchor an entire new sector in New York.

On a personal note, the city to which I've recently returned after an absence of almost 50 years is very different from the one in which I grew up and attended high school. It's safer, cleaner and works better while remaining one of the world's most exciting cities. This mayor's legacy is that he positioned New York to continue to thrive for the next 50 years.

Rosie Perez

is an actress and the chairwoman of the artistic board of the Urban Arts Partnership.

Early in his tenure, Mayor Bloomberg made it clear he wanted to be seen as New York City's ''Education Mayor,'' and the bold changes he proposed for the public school system were so radical they made everyone's head spin. Although I suspect he would like to be known as the mayor who raised graduation rates and finally brought accountability to a failing system, I doubt that will be the case. I think Mr. Bloomberg will actually be remembered as the champion of the small schools movement, which is the one innovation that will be almost impossible for any incoming mayor to reverse.

In his tenure, the city closed 164 large failing schools, and replaced them with 656 smaller and more manageable ones. At times his approach was unapologetic and brutal. As the artistic chairwoman at Urban Arts Partnership, one of the city's largest arts education providers, I've been a supporter of the mayor's strategy in this regard, maybe because I went to a New York City public school and I know how a kid in a large failing high school can get lost in the shuffle.

When I walk down the hallway of New Design High School, one of the five small schools Urban Arts has helped to found in partnership with the New York City Department of Education, the kids come up to me, look me in the eye, shake my hand. I listen to their dreams and ask them where they're going to college.

It's very hard for a kid to be anonymous in a small school like New Design. I can't tell you how many kids I have seen go from a scowling ninth grader to an accomplished senior, winning scholarships to prestigious colleges. The arts have the ability to make these kinds of transformations in students, and there is a special relationship between the arts and the small schools movement.

However, Mr. Bloomberg's reputation as a supporter of the arts has not translated into more arts in all schools. Mr. Bloomberg's empowerment of principals as C.E.O.'s has created a culture where principals are held accountable only for test scores and graduation rates; whether they provide arts education in their schools is largely up to them. If a principal wants to spend all her money on math and English test prep -- so be it. So while the arts thrive in some schools, in others they are nonexistent. The lack of a clear strategy to provide high-quality arts instruction for every child in New York City public schools leaves a mark on Michael Bloomberg's permanent record.

Caleb Carr

is author of ''The Alienist'' and other books.

When Michael Bloomberg finally leaves office, we may rely on pervasive testimonials concerning the manner in which he has made the city cleaner, safer, more attractive to business and a hive of new development; and many of these assessments will even have the virtue of being true. What is less likely to be discussed is the cost of all this supposed civic improvement to the soul of the city.

The influx of wealth and the super-wealthy from around the world has meant the exodus of those creative New Yorkers who gave the city its own unique romance -- and heart. This is part of the ''he cleaned up crime'' aspect of Bloomberg's legacy: For it was the city's seedy, crime-ridden neighborhoods that could offer cheap housing not only to the middle and lower classes of workers and business owners, but to artists, writers and musicians.

Within the lifetime of many of us, SoHo was a trucking district one ventured into at night at peril to one's safety, but it was also sheltering many of the greatest American artists of the 20th century. Greenwich Village and the Hudson waterfront were still rife with very dangerous street gangs, but writers unequaled in the years since were also occupying ancient apartments in the neighborhood. In the 1960s and '70s, Hell's Kitchen was still living up to its name, but that allowed dramatists to create the Off and Off Off Broadway theater worlds. And in the '70s and '80s, the infamous Lower East Side produced what was arguably the last stand of New York music, the punk and new wave movements.

But why, if this regrettable, soul-sucking transformation of the city was conducted, for the most part, in the open, did New Yorkers not protest more vigorously? A comparative few did, but those comparative few were as nothing against the tide of new citizens with far more self-centered concerns, the first of which was safety. And here Mr. Bloomberg demonstrated a no-prisoners stance that was much to the liking of a city traumatized by the 9/11 attacks. That his policies opened his administration to justifiable accusations of racial profiling has never seemed to bother him.

In the end, cleanliness stands as the only goal that seems to have escaped the mayor. According to Travel and Leisure in 2012, New York ranked as the ''Dirtiest American City,'' due to its overflowing street trash. Perhaps some bit of the old city has survived, and will be revitalized under a new chief executive. We can but hope. But money, once it eats up a place, very rarely spits it out again.

Felix Rohatyn

is a former chairman of New York's Municipal Assistance Corporation and a former United States ambassador to France.

In 1999, Michael Bloomberg attended a meeting of American and French corporate chief executives at the United States Embassy in Paris, where I was serving as ambassador to France. Of the two dozen or so C.E.O.'s present, he was the only one who had founded the company he ran, Bloomberg L.P. He described his global business and financial information company and the explosion of digital and technological know-how that was changing how organizations did business. He told his fellow executives that technology was transforming their companies as we met, and that to thrive, firms must harness it. He was smart, pragmatic, incisive and confident. Mike Bloomberg didn't strike one as politic or particularly compromising, but as a futurist, able to see where things were headed more clearly than most of us could.

When he ran for mayor two years later, the terrorist attacks of 9/11 had left New Yorkers in grave doubt about the city's future. We needed a leader who was future-oriented and had a gift for most often getting things right.

I had gotten a taste of New York City politics during the fiscal crisis of the '70s, when Gov. Hugh Carey asked me to chair the Municipal Assistance Corporation. Among other things, I found that skills acquired in a financial career didn't always translate into an ability to govern effectively. Mr. Bloomberg, however, transported his management style and operational model to City Hall and never looked back.

When he ran for re-election as a Republican, I joined a group called Democrats for Bloomberg. Political party was not an issue. The mayor had little interest in partisan politics, which helped him govern independently. With public policies and initiatives, he didn't get everything he wanted, but he always pressed forward. Over the years, I disagreed with a few of the mayor's proposals and supported others, such as congestion pricing, which unfortunately never got done. I also supported his efforts to modernize New York's public transportation and infrastructure. He may not have reached all his goals for New York in this area, but through his foundation he has worked to help cities around the world build modern, environment-friendly public transport systems.

Michael Bloomberg has been the global mayor of the most global of cities. He sees New York City at the center of an interconnected, interdependent world, and he thinks big. His leadership helped New York rapidly recover from our darkest days. He also saw the city through a global economic crisis that had our financial industry -- the core of New York's economy -- teetering on the brink. The mayor will leave New York City sound, solvent and hopeful -- with profound challenges ahead but strongly positioned to meet them.

Mark Green

was the public advocate and then the Democratic mayoral nominee against Mr. Bloomberg in 2001; he is the host of the national radio show ''Both Sides Now.''

While he doesn't publicly talk about his rank as the world's 13th-wealthiest person, it would be as naïve to ignore his billions in discussing Mayor Bloomberg's legacy as it would the sled in ''Citizen Kane.''

Nearly all successful politicians work their way to the top by immersing themselves in communities to learn what people think and need -- what Lincoln called his ''public baths.'' Mr. Bloomberg, however, was no rail-splitter feeling people's pain, but rather a brilliant businessman who made a successful tender offer for the city. The result: a mayor independent of contributors and voters, as well as a leader lacking noticeable sympathy and empathy.

Old habits didn't die in office. So no town halls in outer boroughs, no Listening Tours, lots of black-tie galas in Manhattan, spreading millions around town to cultural and religious leaders, threatening to retaliate financially against politicians standing in his way. All very quiet. He became the most powerful mayor in the city's history because he fused in one place political power, philanthropic power and media power. How did he spend this extraordinary political and personal capital?

First, based on his closed-loop rationale that more money to the rich meant more revenue for New York City, his mayoralty embodied trickle-down urbanism. Can anyone think of a contest between capital and labor -- living wage, minimum wage, sick leave, progressive taxes -- when Mr. Bloomberg sided with average families? He rightly made sure that Manhattan kept attracting high-value talent, especially to the finance and tech sector. But the growing income and wealth gap in the city over his 12 years took a bite out of our Big Apple story.

Second, he also used his extraordinary muscle to overturn two voter referendums on term limits. Democracy can be so annoying.

Third was Mr. Bloomberg's genuine passion for public health. Look at his excellent health commissioners, Citi Bikes on his bike lanes, more green space, his 2030 sustainability plan -- and of course his gutsy crusades against tobacco and guns. He swatted away taunts of being a ''national nanny,'' knowing his efforts would save thousands of lives and billions of dollars.

There were pluses and minuses to the reign of the Medici in Italy -- and Mr. Bloomberg in New York. Was our bargain with a benevolent billionaire worth it?

The trains ran more on time, though they derailed from time to time (Jets Stadium, Cathie Black, whites ''not profiled enough,'' No-Test-Left-Behind producing few gains). He brought the city together by avoiding racial rhetoric and embracing the Muslim Cultural Center, yet divided it by a stop-and-frisk fixation that unconstitutionally profiled minorities, according to a federal judge the other day.

My guess: because an imperial style kept him from connecting with New Yawkers, Mr. Bloomberg's post-City Hall legacy as a King Canute literally shouting at the tides and the N.R.A. will be even bigger than his legacy as mayor.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2013/08/18/nyregion/talking-bloomberg.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2013/08/18/nyregion/talking-bloomberg.html)

**Load-Date:** August 18, 2013

**End of Document**



[***HORSE RACING;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y080-000D-G44R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Flamingos Have Landed, but Will Hialeah Fly?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y080-000D-G44R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 11, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 1; Column 1; Sports Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1223 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH DURSO,

By JOSEPH DURSO,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HIALEAH, Fla., Nov. 10

**Body**

After 23 months of silence and a generation of decline, Hialeah Park reopened its wrought-iron gates today with 800 horses in the barns, 650 flamingos on the lake and a record opening-day crowd of 30,472 as reminders of the days when it reigned as the showplace of American horse racing.

The crowd was twice as big as expected and the biggest for an opening here in 45 years, and it prompted exclamations from John J. Brunetti, the owner and chairman of the board of the track.

"Hialeah is here to stay," he said. "I'm shocked out of my socks by the crowd. By the third race, we opened the gates to let them in free, so we probably had five or six thousand more. It proves the public wants Hialeah."

But the elegant old track still reopened with no assurance that its 50-day season would solve the longstanding dispute among Florida's race tracks for the prime racing dates in February and March, when herds of tourists arrive to bet on the herds of horses stabled throughout the southern part of the state.

It also reopened with no assurance that it could stay in business in its ***working-class*** urban neighborhood, despite a coalition of minority groups that has been formed to help revive the race track with a new clientele and a new tone.

"The battle of the dates goes on," said Brunetti. "Closing the track for two years really shocked people. Now, it's a whole new ball game. When people ask if this is Hialeah's last year, I think not. One era is gone; another is just beginning."

In the era that's gone, they used to come by rail and by Rolls-Royce, commuting in splendor from homes in the North to homes in Palm Beach to private boxes at Hialeah, where the stucco Mediterranean clubhouse is still flanked by royal palm trees and tropical gardens with the life-sized statue of the great Citation standing in the yard. Saratoga in the summer, Hialeah in the winter.

Joseph P. Kennedy and other patricians migrated in their own railroad cars on a line that arranged its schedule according to Hialeah's racing schedule. Liz Whitney Tippett arrived for one opening day in a purple helicopter. Lily Pons, the opera diva, held court in the clubhouse on most days of the season. George Raft, Tony Martin, Joe E. Lewis and a cast of thousands supplied the show-business tilt. The nameplates on the boxes read: Phipps, Vanderbilt, Hooper, Widener. The nameplates on the barns read: Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and Ben Jones.

"Nobody ever dreamed a place could be that beautiful," said Eddie Arcaro, who rode four Flamingo winners and many others at the track and who now lives nearby. "The West hadn't been built up yet in racing, like Santa Anita and the other tracks. You couldn't get any better than Hialeah.

"It was the Palm Beach of the racing world. It was the Saratoga of the South. It attracted all the best trainers and horses."

A Different Racing Animal

Also, the best flamingos. The first flock of the stately pink birds was imported for opening day in 1932 and installed along the lake in the infield. They promptly flew away. But another bunch was imported a year later and stayed, no doubt because their wings had been clipped. Then, for half a century, they remained the symbol of Hialeah and, flying at low level in mass formation, the symbol of its premier race, the Flamingo.

"The flamingos," Brunetti said, "have been sympathetic to our plight. When we came to Hialeah in March 1977, we had 200 of them. Now we have 650."

"So," he said, wincing at the thought, "I guess the flamingos are our greatest achievement."

Getting down to basics, he went on: "This is a magnificent place. But it can't operate in November and December. It needs a share of the tourist season. What are our chances of making it? Well, when we closed the doors two years ago, we were 100-to-1 shots. When we got our current racing dates, we went to 50 to 1. On opening day, 10 to 1."

"Now," he said, smiling slyly, "the odds are slightly against us. But the tide is turning."

Dates and Politics

The tide is turning, Brunetti said, because he has made political alliances in the city of Hialeah, where his track and its traditions are situated, and in the Florida State Legislature, where the racing rules are made and the racing dates allotted among the area's three tracks: Gulfstream Park, which will operate in 1992 from Jan. 8 to March 15; Calder, which runs all summer, and Hialeah, which is rejoining the stampede with the 50-day season that began today.

Brunetti is a 60-year-old real-estate developer from Hackensack, N.J., who studied finance at the University of Miami but concedes that he spent a lot of his undergraduate time handicapping horses at Hialeah. He also agrees that he is volatile and emotional. "I'm not one to suppress my feelings," he said in an understatement.

The struggle over racing dates, he said, intensified two years ago when the legislature "deregulated" racing in Florida, which meant the tracks could schedule their own racing dates. The problem for Hialeah is compounded, he added, by the fact that Gulfstream and Calder are both controlled by Bertram R. Firestone, who therefore has less to lose in the scheduling fight.

Late in 1989, Brunetti tried to race head-to-head against Calder after many disputes and false starts in negotiations among the tracks, but he drew crowds as small as 1,222 and quit after 27 days. That's when he closed the gates. His competitors suggested that he sell Hialeah to the state, but he refused.

Acknowledging a Problem

To unravel the mess, Florida formed the Heath Commission on racing in 1990, and the commission later portrayed the situation this way: "Since 1971, the allocation of thoroughbred racing dates among the three South Florida permit-holders was a source of constant legislative lobbying and almost annual court challenges. Florida, as every witness that appeared before the commission agreed, became a laughingstock in the racing world."

Brunetti said: "The solution is simple. Calder is the summer track. Gulfstream and Hialeah want the winter dates. You're talking about Nov. 1 to May 31. Why not divide it exactly in half? The halfway point is Feb. 15. That way, one track gets January and half of February in the tourist season; the other track gets the rest of February and all of the March season. I'd take either half. I think this session of the Legislature will resolve it."

Even if it gets a break on the racing dates, can Hialeah survive?

"Look, the old era is gone," Brunetti said. "Mr. Leslie Combs is gone, and Calumet Farm isn't there, and Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloan isn't there, and there's no Greentree Stable. Now, you're dealing with new groups of people, with businessmen. You don't have the great wealth.

Change in Demographics

"Yes, the demographics have changed. This is a blue-collar neighborhood, hard-working people, but a low crime rate. The city of Hialeah has 200,000 people, 80 percent of them Latin and most of them have never been inside the Hialeah track. Will they support us? We'll find out.

"But this time, we have political clout, which is why we're reopening. I call it the Rainbow Coalition. We have support from the black caucus, from the very strong Jewish lobby, from Latin-American legislators, even the people I call the rednecks. It's a whole new ball game."

"The old era is gone," the master of the new Hialeah announced. "We're the home team now."

**Graphic**

Photos: "The flamingos have been sympathetic to our plight," said John J. Brunetti, Hialeah's owner on the track's reopening. (pg. C1); "This is a magnificent place," said the track's owner. "But it can't operate in November and December." (pg. C9) (Ray Fairall/Photoreporters for The New York Times)

Map of Florida showing location of Hialeah. (pg. C9)

**Load-Date:** November 11, 1991

**End of Document**



[***BEST SELLERS: October 20, 1991***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y4B0-000D-G533-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 20, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 50; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Column 1;; List

**Length:** 1242 words

**Body**

|  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  |  | **Weeks** |  |
| **This** | **Last** | **On** |  |
| **Week** | **Week** | **List** | **Fiction** |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 | 1 | 2 | SCARLETT, by Alexandra Ripley. (Warner, $24.95.) The sequel to Margaret Mitchell's "Gone With the Wind." |
|  |  |  |  |
| 2 |  | 1 | NEEDFUL THINGS, by Stephen King. (Viking, $24.95.) A newcomer opens a shop in Castle Rock, Me., bringing bargains as well as nightmares and disasters to the town. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 3 | 2 | 9 | THE SUM OF ALL FEARS, by Tom Clancy. (Putnam, $24.95.) Middle Eastern terrorists edge the world to the brink of nuclear war. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 4 | 4 | 3 | NIGHT OVER WATER, by Ken Follett. (Morrow, $23.) High drama on a trans-Atlantic flight after the outbreak of World War II. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 5 | 3 | 6 | THE DOOMSDAY CONSPIRACY, by Sidney Sheldon. (Morrow, $22.) An American naval officer has to contend with a mysterious force. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 6 | 5 | 82 | OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO! by Dr. Seuss. (Random House, $12.95.) Verse and pictures. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 7 | 7 | 4 | THE DECEIVER, by Frederick Forsyth. (Bantam, $22.50.) Sam McCready recalls his years in the British secret service. (LP) |
|  |  |  |  |
| 8 | 8 | 32 | THE FIRM, by John Grisham. (Doubleday, $19.95.) A young lawyer learns that his firm is engaged in secret, possibly illegal activities. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 9 | 9 | 7 | FLOWERS IN THE RAIN, by Rosamunde Pilcher. (Dunne/St. Martin's, $20.) A collection of short stories, many of them set in Scotland. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 10 | 6 | 7 | SAINT MAYBE, by Anne Tyler. (Knopf, $22.) The struggles of a young man to atone for the wrong he feels he has done his older brother. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 11 | 13 | 3 | THE DRAGON REBORN, by Robert Jordan. (Tor, $22.95.) The fate of a man doomed to save and then destroy the world; part of a fantasy series. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 12 | 12 | 17 | THE KITCHEN GOD'S WIFE, by Amy Tan. (Putnam, $22.95.) A Chinese-American matriarch tells the harrowing story of her life. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 13 | 10 | 4 | THE DUCHESS, by Jude Deveraux. (Pocket, $21.) An American woman, in Scotland to marry a duke, finds a mysterious stranger more attractive. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 14 |  | 1 | HARLOT'S GHOST, by Norman Mailer. (Random House, $30.) The world's events of the past few decades as seen by three Yankee aristocrats who work for the C.I.A. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 15 |  | 3 | IMAJICA, by Clive Barker. (HarperCollins, $23.) A fantasy in which three residents of Earth seek to reunite it with four other Dominions. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 16 \* | 14 | 2 | GONE WITH THE WIND, by Margaret Mitchell. (Macmillan, $21.95.) The 1936 novel about Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler. |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Weeks |  |
| This | Last | On |  |
| Week | Week | List | Nonfiction |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 | 1 | 5 | ME: Stories of My Life, by Katharine Hepburn. (Knopf, $25.) The actress's memoirs. (LP) |
|  |  |  |  |
| 2 | 2 | 8 | UH-OH, by Robert Fulghum. (Villard, $19.) Reflections on life's commonplaces. (LP) |
|  |  |  |  |
| 3 | 3 | 5 | LA TOYA, by La Toya Jackson with Patricia Romanowski. (Dutton, $19.95.) Growing up in a leading show business family. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 4 | 4 | 48 | IRON JOHN, by Robert Bly. (Addison-Wesley, $19.95.) The passage of the male from boyhood into manhood, as practiced in various cultures. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 5 | 7 | 4 | J. EDGAR HOOVER, by Curt Gentry. (Norton, $29.95.) The career of the longtime Director of the F.B.I. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 6 | 5 | 23 | FIRE IN THE BELLY, by Sam Keen. (Bantam, $19.95.) A philosopher explores the changing role of the male in today's society. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 7 | 10 | 4 | EXPOSING MYSELF, by Geraldo Rivera with Daniel Paisner. (Bantam, $21.50.) The autobiography of the television personality. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 8 | 6 | 18 | PARLIAMENT OF WHORES, by P. J. O'Rourke. (Entrekin/Atlantic Monthly, $19.95.) A humorist's attempt to explain the Federal Government. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 9 |  | 1 | DEN OF THIEVES, by James B. Stewart. (Simon & Schuster, $25.) How Ivan Boesky, Michael Milken, Martin Siegel and Dennis Levine plundered and created havoc on Wall Street. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 10 \* | 9 | 16 | TOUJOURS PROVENCE, by Peter Mayle. (Knopf, $20.) The charms of rustic Provence, as savored by a London advertising man who moved there. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 11 | 11 | 18 | CHUTZPAH, by Alan M. Dershowitz. (Little, Brown, $22.95.) A prominent law professor's reflections on the lot of Jews in America. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 12 \* |  | 1 | CRUEL DOUBT, by Joe McGinniss. (Simon & Schuster, $25.) The ordeal of a North Carolina woman whose son was accused of planning the murder of herself and her husband. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 13 \* | 13 | 13 | WHEN YOU LOOK LIKE YOUR PASSPORT PHOTO, IT'S TIME TO GO HOME, by Erma Bombeck. (HarperCollins, $19.95.) The tribulations of travel suffered in all parts of the world. (LP) |
|  |  |  |  |
| 14 | 8 | 6 | HARD COURTS, by John Feinstein. (Villard, $22.50.) A journalist's behind-the-scenes look at a year of professional tennis. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 15 | 12 | 7 | ANNE SEXTON, by Diane Wood Middlebrook. (Davison/Houghton Mifflin, $24.95.) The life of a gifted poet who was hampered by mental illness. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 16 \* | 14 | 3 | THREE BLIND MICE, by Ken Auletta. (Random House, $25.) How ABC, CBS and NBC lost their dominance of the television world during the 1980's. |
|  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Weeks |  |
| This | Last | On |  |
| Week | Week | List | Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1 | 1 | 10 | FINAL EXIT, by Derek Humphry. (Hemlock Society/Carol, $16.95.) The case for suicide in instances of terminal illness and ways to accomplish it. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 2 |  | 1 | IS THIS YOUR CHILD? by Doris J. Rapp. (Morrow, $23.) How children's troublesome allergies can be prevented and treated. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 3 | 3 | 90 | THE GREAT WALDO SEARCH, by Martin Handford. (Little, Brown, $12.95.) A book of illustrations in which the game is to find a fellow named Waldo. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 4 \* | 2 | 49 | WHERE'S WALDO? by Martin Handford. (Little, Brown, $12.95.) A book of illustrated games. |
|  |  |  |  |
| 5 \* | 4 | 32 | FIND WALDO NOW, by Martin Handford. (Little, Brown, $12.95.) A book in which the game is to find the ubiquitous chap as he travels from ancient Egypt to the present. |

These listings are based on computer-processed sales figures from 3,000 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)*

BROTHERLY LOVE, by Pete Dexter. (Random House, $22.) The tragic life story, told with vividness and force, of a ***working-class*** man condemned by fate and the rules of his society -- a South Philadelphia neighborhood where life is brutal and unforgiving.

IN MORTAL COMBAT: Korea, 1950-1953, by John Toland. (Morrow, $25.) A distinguished military historian's examination of a war so humiliating for the United States that attention to avoiding the same mistakes may have contributed to defeat in Vietnam.

TALKING IT OVER, by Julian Barnes. (Knopf, $21.) Mr. Barnes's sixth novel -- credible, moving, funny and frightening -- concerns an impossible love triangle and raises, like his previous books, some risky questions about the nature of fiction itself.

THE INVENTION OF ARGENTINA, by Nicolas Shumway. (University of California, $34.95.) An absorbing discussion of Argentina's founding fathers, arguing that their failure to agree on a model of the national destiny led to national collapse.

PRIDE OF FAMILY: Four Generations of American Women of Color, by Carole Ione. (Summit, $19.95.) The captivating story of a black aristocratic clan and the mother-daughter conflicts within it, fought out with spunk, energy and resourcefulness.

THE CULTURE OF PAIN, by David B. Morris. (University of California, $29.95.) A sensitive literary scholar's fascinating tour of what hurts, both mentally and physically, and of what is, and has been, thought about pain in Western culture.

BEYOND DESERVING, by Sandra Scofield. (Permanent Press, $21.95.) This intelligent novel circles around the pains and joys of a family of macho men and the women who are married to them; it suggests that rogues may indeed be amiable, or at least tolerable.

**Load-Date:** October 20, 1991

**End of Document**



[***For Bush, Hope and Fear in Lessons of Midterms Past***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KT7-S4C0-TW8F-G1RV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 3, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Column 1; Week in Review Desk; Pg. 3; THE NATION

**Length:** 1770 words

**Byline:** By DAVID GREENBERG

David Greenberg teaches history and media studies at Rutgers. His books include ''Nixon's Shadow: The History of an Image'' and the forthcoming ''Calvin Coolidge.''

**Body**

IT was 1946. President Harry S. Truman was having a bad year. Never able to fill the shoes of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he endured ridicule in the press for his rough manners and political blunders. There were new economic worries: 10 million returning servicemen seeking jobs and homes; shortages of meat, coffee and tires; some 4.5 million autoworkers, steelworkers and others on strike. Republicans began to charge Democrats with having coddled Communists. Truman's approval ratings barely cleared 30 percent.

The year ended in a blowout at the polls. Republicans picked up 55 House and 13 Senate seats and took control of both houses. Richard M. Nixon and Joseph R. McCarthy suited up and headed for Washington. Senator J. William Fulbright, Democrat of Arkansas, urged Truman to name a Republican as Secretary of State and then resign, so the new appointee could become president (as succession rules then dictated). Truman scoffed, belittling the senator as ''Halfbright.'' Prospects for his liberal agenda were shattered, while bills like the Taft-Hartley Act, which weakened labor unions, came on the docket.

President Bush is having a bad year, too. And like Truman in 1946, he has cause to worry about the coming midterm elections.

The party occupying the White House almost always loses seats in midterms. One theory political scientists give to explain this tendency is called ''surge and decline.'' It notes that most presidents have coattails when they are elected, carrying the party's candidates into Congress. But in other years those legislators have to run without the presidential surge, and many lose.

But the extent of a party's losses can vary. A different theory of voting behavior, which considers midterm elections to be a referendum on the president, helps explain why. Evidence suggests that when voters support the president -- especially his handling of the economy -- his party loses fewer seats than when they're unhappy. Some scholars have also noted that midterm turnout is highest among people who want to punish the president, which helps to account for his party's ill fortunes.

Of course, not all midterms are created equal. Some occur in the aftermath of scandal. The 1974 elections, held just months after Richard Nixon resigned over Watergate, were a windfall for the Democrats, who gained 48 House and 4 Senate seats.

Other times, the economy influences the outcome. Recessions exacerbated Republican losses in both 1958 and 1982.

This year, there is no Watergate hovering over the White House, especially with the Jack Abramoff and Valerie Plame affairs having receded from the headlines. The economy is plodding along.

Yet other factors are at work that have played a role in midterms past. The war is going poorly. Voters are anxious about national security. One party dominates the government. And Mr. Bush is in his sixth year -- a particularly tough time for a president to maintain clout in the Senate because those he swept into office when he was first elected must now run without him.

A review of key midterm contests when similar factors were at work offers the White House grounds for both encouragement and despair.

1942: How's the War Going?

In 1942, Franklin D. Roosevelt was midway through his third term. His party dominated Congress. The military was fighting overseas. Some analysts, including the pollster George Gallup, foresaw a strong Democratic showing or, at worst, modest losses. Roosevelt toured the country and gave a rousing fireside chat to rally support for the war and his candidates. He even proposed that Gen. George C. Marshall invade North Africa before Election Day.

But Marshall refused, and other military campaigns bogged down. At home, wartime rationing and regulations rankled voters. Democrats failed to turn out at the polls, while Roosevelt's critics showed up to voice their discontent. The Republicans cut deep into the once-large Democratic majorities, gaining 47 House and 10 Senate seats, the largest increases for the party since before the Depression. This year, the continued bad news from Iraq could portend a similar outcome. Mr. Bush's approval ratings are stuck below 40 percent, and a majority of the public opposes the Iraq war.

1950: A Climate of Fear

Truman's victory in 1948 helped bring Congressional Democrats back to power. But by 1950 an anti-Communist mania gripped the country, with the Democrats as the prime targets, and Truman was unpopular again.

Over a few months, Alger Hiss went to jail, Senator McCarthy claimed that Communists infested the State Department, and North Korea invaded South Korea. Running on the slogan ''Freedom Versus Socialism,'' the Republicans ousted the majority leader and two other Democratic Senate leaders. Two other Senate seats and 28 House seats were captured by Republicans, too, though the Democrats kept a slim hold on power in both chambers.

This year Republicans are using similar arguments to imply that Democrats aren't ready to stand up to America's enemies. President Bush has begun a speaking tour underscoring the threat of terrorism. Vice President Dick Cheney has stepped up attacks on opponents of the Iraq war, suggesting that they are effectively appeasing Al Qaeda. Such charges can have an impact, even when a war is going poorly.

1966: Restraining One-Party Rule

With Lyndon B. Johnson in the White House and Democrats running Congress, the Great Society was at high tide. The Democrats had passed a raft of liberal legislation on matters from civil rights to fighting poverty. An activist Supreme Court was encouraging a progressive agenda.

But people were concluding that liberalism had gone too far. A backlash of ***working-class*** voters was brewing. Many turned against the Democrats for their stands on crime, busing, welfare and other racially infused issues. In the 1966 elections, Republican candidates campaigned against ''crime in the streets,'' denounced housing laws that would force integration, and spoke about recent riots in Watts and other urban neighborhoods.

The Republicans gained 47 House and 3 Senate seats that fall, cutting into the Democratic majorities. Only 21 of 48 pro-Johnson freshmen elected in the president's 1964 landslide survived. ''It's going to be rough going for him around here,'' the House Minority leader, Gerald R. Ford, said in reference to Johnson. ''Congress will write the laws, not the executive branch.''

Today, the Republicans hold the White House and Congress, and Mr. Bush's recent appointments have pushed the Supreme Court to the right. The president has asserted vast executive powers, assuming the authority to place wiretaps on citizens despite legal restrictions on doing so, for example. Democrats are the ones counting on the public to conclude that the ruling party has overreached.

1986: No More Coattails

Ronald Reagan remained quite popular in 1986, with approval ratings around 65 percent. But the senators first elected with him in his 1980 landslide, who had given the Republicans control of the chamber that year and helped him push his agenda, now had to stand for re-election on their own.

Mr. Reagan knew the value of holding the Senate. Visiting 22 states and traveling 24,000 miles, he raised $33 million for Republican candidates. Behind the scenes, his national security aide John Poindexter, seeking an ''October surprise'' to help the party, secured the release of an American hostage in Lebanon, partly through the secret arms sales to Iran that would later envelop the administration in scandal.

But nothing could thwart what political scientists call the ''six-year itch'': the loss of Senate seats in a president's sixth year. In November 1986, six of the freshmen senators first elected with Mr. Reagan in 1980 were turned out of office. The Republicans lost two other senate seats as well, handing the chamber back to the Democrats.

Mr. Bush did not bring in nearly as many senators when he was first elected in 2000 as Reagan did in 1980. But one of them, George Allen of Virginia, is struggling to hold onto his seat, as are the two-term veterans Mike DeWine of Ohio and Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania. However, the president is less popular than many of the senators up for election, suggesting they may be better off without him on the ballot.

Reversing the Curse

In 1998 and 2002, the parties in the White House bucked the long-term trends. The drive to impeach Bill Clinton in 1998 reflected poorly on the House Republicans and boosted sympathy for the president. Democrats reversed the sixth-year curse for the first time since 1906, gaining five House seats and breaking even in the Senate.

In 2002, the White House boxed Democrats into a corner by forcing them into an early vote on whether to let Mr. Bush invade Iraq. Tying the vote to the fight against terrorism, Republicans made their rivals seem to be either mere foot soldiers following a bold president, or weak-kneed obstructionists unwilling to fight evil. Republicans made small gains in both chambers.

Other factors in recent times have also scrambled traditional expectations. Sophisticated methods of redistricting have made some Republican House seats safer. Invigorated Republican get-out-the-vote efforts have invalidated the old rule that high turnout helps the Democrats.

The last three elections -- presidential and midterm -- have been polarizing, brutally fought, and extremely close. If there is one safe bet for 2006, it's that this fall's elections will be all of those things as well.

BUSH II

Year of election: 2002

President's approval rating: 65

Percent of voters who say their vote will be against the president: 16

Congress's approval rating: 53

Favorable rating of the Republican Party: 55

Top concerns of voters: Economy, terrorism

Percent satisfied with national conditions: 47

Gasoline price per gallon (in 2006 dollars): 1.53

Percent favoring their incumbent Congress member's re-election: 58

Change in House seats of President's Party: +6

BUSH II

Year of election: 2006

President's approval rating: 37

Percent of voters who say their vote will be against the president: 35

Congress's approval rating: 27

Favorable rating of the Republican Party: 40

Top concerns of voters: Iraq war, immigration

Percent satisfied with national conditions: 30

Gasoline price per gallon (in 2006 dollars): 2.92

Percent favoring their incumbent Congress member's re-election: 51

Change in House seats of President's Party: ?

(Bill Marsh/The New York Times)

(Sources by polling by Pew Research Center, New York Times/CBS News and Gallup Organization/USA Today/CNN; Energy Information Administration [gas prices])

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Loss Prevention -- President Harry S. Truman voting in 1950. (Photo by George Skadding/Time & Life Pictures -- Getty Images)Chart/Photos: ''Comparing Discontent''Public opinion in the summers before midterm elections.BUSH IYear of election: 1990President's approval rating: 64%Percent of voters who say their vote will be against the president: 15Congress's approval rating: 28Favorable rating of the Republican Party: 58Top concerns of voters: Budget deficit, drugsPercent satisfied with national conditions: 47Gasoline price per gallon (in 2006 dollars): $1.81Percent favoring their incumbent Congress member's re-election: 62Change in House seats of President's Party: -8CLINTONYear of election: 1994President's approval rating: 45Percent of voters who say their vote will be against the president: 18Congress's approval rating: 27Favorable rating of the Republican Party: 63Top concerns of voters: Crime, jobs, health carePercent satisfied with national conditions: 24Gasoline price per gallon (in 2006 dollars): 1.52Percent favoring their incumbent Congress member's re-election: 49Change in House seats of President's Party: -53CLINTONYear of election: 1998President's approval rating: 63Percent of voters who say their vote will be against the president: 18Congress's approval rating: 55Favorable rating of the Republican Party: 56Top concerns of voters: Morality, Pres. Clinton, partisan politicsPercent satisfied with national conditions: 50Gasoline price per gallon (in 2006 dollars): 1.32Percent favoring their incumbent Congress member's re-election: 63Change in House seats of President's Party: +5

**Load-Date:** September 3, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Moderates Seen as Key To Louisiana's Election***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y3P0-000D-G411-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 25, 1991, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 10; Column 2; National Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1209 words

**Byline:** By ROBERTO SURO,

By ROBERTO SURO,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 24

**Body**

Jim McPherson idolized John F. Kennedy, and almost dropped out of law school to join the Peace Corps. He wore a black armband in a parade to commemorate the death of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., and he was once a member of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Today Mr. McPherson, now a 59-year-old lawyer here, was rushing to finish a trial and clear his desk so he could spend the next three weeks working full time on State Representative David Duke's campaign to become governor of Louisiana.

"There's something in our government that's not working right," Mr. McPherson said. "There's something in our politicians that's not believable. There's something wrong in the country because the whole system is not benefiting people. And David offers a way out."

Mr. Duke, who is 41 years old and who once idolized Hitler and rose through the ranks of the Ku Klux Klan to become a grand wizard, scored a strong second-place finish in last Saturday's nonpartisan primary with the help of people like Mr. McPherson with seemingly moderate political views. They added to his core support of less-educated, less-affluent whites in rural and ***working-class*** areas, giving him a crucial margin of votes over the third-place finisher, Gov. Buddy Roemer.

In a state where partisan labels pale in importance compared to the politics of personalities, Mr. Duke, who views himself as a new leader of the Republican Party's conservative mainstream but who has been spurned by the national party, has has created a new vocabulary for racial issues.

He asserts that changing the welfare system is a top priority. For this reason, Mr. McPherson said, "David has had a very calming effect on people who only saw a racial solution to a racial problem, and now see a system solution to a system problem."

Mr. Duke may simply have provided a rhetorical cover for racist views, or he may have genuinely established an appeal that goes beyond race. Determining which is the case is difficult because his supporters respond to him with deeply felt, rarely articulated emotions.

Support From Intellectuals

Francis J. Shubert, 65, a pharmacist in New Orlerans, said: "A lot of people represent Duke as being supported by toothless bigots. They don't want to accept the fact that there are many intellectuals out there -- doctors and lawyers -- who are supporting him."

This view was echoed by Bill Tripoli, a 50-year-old businessman in the New Orleans suburb of Metairie, who said, "David Duke is expressing a lot of hidden views of people around the state -- their fears of being displaced and of losing jobs."

Mr. McPherson, who was a losing candidate for State Attorney General in the primary, said: "There's tremendous dissatisfaction not just in Louisiana, but all over the country. David Duke didn't create it. He can't be blamed for it. But he does express it and, most important, he's offering solutions, he's offering hope. And no regular politician is doing that."

Many more people like Mr. McPherson will have to reach the same conclusion if Mr. Duke is to have a chance of winning the Nov. 16 runoff election against Edwin W. Edwards, a Democrat and three-time former Governor who finished first in Saturday's voting. Mr. Edwards, 64, won 34 percent of the vote in the primary, to 32 percent for Mr. Duke.

The results of Saturday's election and several public opinion polls taken before the vote show that the main battle in the primary campaign was for white voters with at least some college education and with a middle-class income or better.

In Saturday's open primary all candidates regardless of party affiliation were on the same ballot, and enough of these affluent white voters abandoned Governor Roemer, dropping him into third place and out of the running.

They provided the margin for Mr. Duke, giving him 485,000 votes, just behind Mr. Edwards, who had 516,000, and nearly 62,000 votes ahead of Mr. Roemer, who had 27 percent.

Whether Mr. Duke can make further inroads with Mr. Roemer's constituency is likely to be central factor in determining the outcome of the runoff election.

Mr. Edwards, whose administration was mired in scandal when he was defeated by Mr. Roemer in 1987, scored a political comeback on Saturday with overwhelming support from black voters and the backing of his fellow Cajuns. He is now aggressively courting Mr. Roemer's voters after attacking the Governor unrelentingly for four years.

Today Mr. Edwards received endorsements from two prominent Roemer supporters, and he promised to continue some of Mr. Roemer's programs on government ethics, the environment and education.

Rather than soften his implicit but nonetheless clear targeting of blacks as scapegoats for many of the nation's ills, Mr. Duke has opened his campaign for the runoff with an obvious play on racial fears.

On Sunday, after the primary vote was counted, Mr. Duke complained that it was unfair for him to be accused of playing racial politics because "Edwin Edwards had the tremendous black bloc vote."

On Monday and Tuesday, as record numbers of people registered to vote in the runoff, Mr. Duke restated this sentiment, complaining that black churches and student groups had transported people to the registration places.

Although no breakdown by race was available of the more than 64,000 newly registered voters, many of those waiting to register were white, and some wore Duke stickers on their clothes. Still, Mr. Duke said the substantial black turnout was proof that "Edwards is the blacks' candidate in this race."

Racial Issues Denied

While some of Mr. Duke's supporters see his association with the Klan as a plus and are happy to hear racial overtones in his speeches, others go to considerable lengths to deny that racial issues are a factor.

Mr. Tripoli, the Metairie businessman, told a reporter: "Why would you be concerned about his views toward Jews and blacks? He's not going to do anything about Jews and blacks."

Mr. Duke has offered several different explanations of how he has changed since the days he wore hoods and swastikas, and his supporters seem to pick the one that suits them.

Willie Coe, 48, who owns a lawn-mower repair shop in the north Louisiana town of Ringgold, said he is a devout Christian and was impressed by Mr. Duke's explanation that he had undergone a spiritual conversion.

"He said, 'I was in the Klan but I was lost,' " Mr. Coe said of Mr. Duke, adding: "You can't blame a man for what he was. It is what he is now. And I trust somebody who is saved."

Echoing a different, less spiritual explanation that Mr. Duke sometimes uses, J. Minos Simon, a lawyer in Lafayette, said the former Klan leader has "a personal background that's distasteful, but I think you can attribute that to youthful folly."

"With maturation you change," he added. "A lot of radicals of the early 60's are now very conservative executive figures."

For Mr. McPherson, the New Orleans lawyer, Mr. Duke's appeal is measured against his disillusionment with other politicians, especially President Bush.

"If you want to talk about fanning racial fears let's talk about the Willie Horton ad," Mr. McPherson said. "Let's talk about declaring a war on drugs and then declaring victory a year later. David hasn't done anything as phony or as manipulative as that."

**Graphic**

Photos: Voters at City Hall in New Orleans waiting in line to register to vote on Tuesday, the last day they could be placed on the rolls to vote in the runoff election next month between David Duke and Edwin W. Edwards. (Matt Anderson for The New York Times); "There's something wrong in the country because the whole system is not benefiting people," said Jim McPherson, who is supporting David Duke. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** October 25, 1991

**End of Document**



[***FAMILIES OF MENTALLY ILL: GETTING INVOLVED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NK40-0009-20WB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 1, 1982, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 15, Column 2; Style Desk

**Length:** 1289 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

''You relatives of the mentally ill,'' said Dr. Judy Blitman, ''haven't been treated so well in the past. Until recently, doctors tried to keep you away, and wouldn't even take your phone calls.''

Dr. Blitman surveyed the audience at the Bronx Psychiatric Center, arrayed on plastic chairs in the chapel of the Parker Building. ''That has changed,'' she said. ''We see you as a patient's greatest support.''

Ninety-two relatives and friends of mentally ill patients had braved torrents of rain and gale force winds to participate in the Family Education Workshop on a recent evening at the 705-patient state psychiatric hospital. They had come to ask questions, to hear psychiatrists present detailed information about the causes of mental illness and its treatment, and to learn how to be more effective in helping their mentally ill family members and friends.

Bronx Psychiatric Center sponsors Family Education Workshop for relatives of mentally ill

The workshop, a rarity at a state psychiatric facility in the metropolitan area, was a manifestation of a new trend called ''psychoeducation'' that is beginning to change the practice of psychiatry across the nation. Those in the psychoeducational movement seek to actively involve families of the mentally ill in the ongoing care of patients, and to provide them with the most up-to-date information about mental disease and its treatment.

Twice-Monthly Gatherings

The free program at the Bronx center offers a three-hour educational session followed by a series of twice-monthly gatherings of family members in smaller, hour-and-a-half-long groups led by trained therapists.

''I hope we're helping to heal a rift developed between families and the psychiatric profession in the 50's and 60's,'' said Dr. Mary Woesner of the Bronx center, who spoke at the workshop. ''It's not just that families weren't included in treatment, but that too many presumptions were made about concepts like 'schizophrenogenic mothers' (mothers who cause mental illness) and families causing schizophrenia.''

Dr. Blitman, a psychiatrist who specializes in family treatment of serious mental disorders, is a research fellow at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine and the director of the workshop program. She said that frequently relatives of the mentally ill have in the past complained that they were made to feel guilty by mental-health professionals. ''And if the schizophrenic patient was in individual therapy,'' she said, ''family members were often made to feel that questions about their relative's symptoms were an invasion of the doctor-patient relationship.''

Two New Studies

Efforts at psychoeducation have been attempted sporadically by individual psychiatrists and at a handful of hospitals for many years. However, the recent high level of interest has been fueled by two important new studies in scholarly journals. A report published last June in The New England Journal of Medicine found a familytreatment approach to be highly beneficial for schizophrenics. Patients so treated had fewer relapses and suffered lower levels of schizophrenic symptoms.

The other study suggested that a series of structured and supportive psychoeducational interactions with patients' families could greatly benefit the mentally ill. Part of a long-term research study of schizophrenia by Gerard E. Hogarty and his colleagues at the Western Psychiatric Institute and Clinic at the University of Pittsburgh, the report was published in the Schizophrenia Bulletin in 1980.

In the workshop at the Bronx center, which has adapted some of the techniques of the University of Pittsburgh researchers, Dr. Blitman summed up current medical thinking about schizophrenia, a group of chronic, severe mental disorders. Schizophrenia is an ancient disease whose effects were described in the Bible; she said it affects 1 percent of the populations of the societies that have been studied, and cuts across all ethnic, racial, social and economic groups. In the United States each year more than 1.5 million people, many of them afflicted with schizophrenia, become patients in psychiatric facilities.

Schizophrenia is believed to be linked to a variety of hereditary and environmental factors, and researchers have found anatomical brain deformities in one subgroup of patients. Some psychiatrists, Dr. Woesner said, subscribe to a ''vulnerability'' theory, where people who are genetically predisposed to the illness become affected when exposed to increased stress. One contributor to stress may be the patient's family situation, but this is not necessarily a factor. ''If there is a family roadblock,'' said Dr. Blitman, ''then family treatment may be useful.''

All of those who registered for the workshop received literature describing generic and trade names of @anti psychotic medication, a list of useful educational books for family members, a resource list of self-help organizations for families, and information on rehabilitation and job-training programs for the mentally ill.

The relatives at the meeting, 22 of whom were men, formed a cross section of New York's racial, ethnic and economic groups. But it was largely a ***working-class*** audience, reflecting the patient population at the hospital. Some said they had spent hours taking several different buses just to get to the workshop.

For many of those in the audience it was a chance to get new information about a baffling disease. For others, it was an opportunity to question doctors closely and skeptically about medication problems, and to vent anger at a hospital bureaucracy that some said was impersonal and unresponsive.

''My daughter has been sick for 20 years and no one took the trouble to do what you're doing tonight,'' said a mother in the first row to Dr. Woesner during a question-and-answer session. Some of those interviewed at the workshop were reluctant to give their names for publication, but not all.

''The mental illness of any one member of the family is debilitating to everyone in the family,'' said Paulina Magnetti of the Bronx, whose 22-year-old son, Joseph, is a patient at the Bronx center. ''It used to be the tradition that families were shut out of treatment, but that's a terrible mistake. We know more about the problem - we live it.''

'They're So Unprepared'

Helen Rosello recalled when the schizophrenia of her 21-year-old son, Robert, was diagnosed five years ago. ''I was so ignorant about the illness,'' she said, ''and about what we could do. All I did was cry and fight with my husband. Family members know so little about mental illness, and they're so unprepared.''

''The tradition is that doctors don't want the families to be butting in,'' said Carmen Goytia of the Bronx, who said she attended the first workshop at the Bronx center given in June to learn more about the illness of her schizophrenic son. ''You have so many, many questions about medication and treatment. And the questions keep coming.''

The psychiatrists and a number of those in the audience spoke favorably about two self-help organizations: Friends and Advocates of the Mentally Ill (P.O. Box 167, Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10029) and the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill (1234 Massachusetts Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C., 20005).

''It's so very important to make contact with other families who have been in the same situation,'' said Mrs. Magnetti, who is president of the 200-member Parents and Relatives Association of the Bronx Psychiatric Center.

The workshop program at the hospital is open to all relatives and friends of the mentally ill, whether or not their family members are patients at the Bronx center. Those who wish to attend future sessions should telephone Dr. Blitman's office at 212-931-0600, extension 2841.

**End of Document**



[***TV: N.F.L. AND CRIME; BEHIND WAGNER'S 'RING'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-MRT0-0008-Y3C5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 17, 1983, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1983 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 18, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1224 words

**Byline:** By WALTER GOODMAN

**Body**

THE kickoff program of ''Frontline,'' the much-heralded publictelevision series of 26 hourlong documentaries, which arrives at 8 tonight on Channel 13, is an exercise in guilt by association. The associations that concern the producers of ''An Unauthorized History of the N.F.L.'' are those between players and team owners on the one hand, and big-time gamblers said to be connected with organized crime on the other. A theme of the program is the disposition of National Football League officials to look the other way.

The evidence is compiled largely from press reports and rumors of fixes over the years; from interviews with two convicted gamblers and a mob figure turned informer, the famous Jimmy (the Weasel) Fratianno - all of whom, it is acknowledged on the program, were paid for their stories, and from the suspicions of Federal Bureau of Investigation, police and antigambling spokesmen. We are reminded that in the past players like Joe Namath and Paul Hornung kept unsavory company, and we are informed that several team owners are doing so right now. The inevitable follow-up question - whether this signifies that games are being fixed today, as a former bookie asserts that they were a decade ago - receives no sure answer.

THE kickoff program of ''Frontline,'' the much-heralded publictelevision series of 26 hourlong documentaries, which arrives at 8 tonight on Channel 13, is an exercise in guilt by association.

The game plan behind this documentary seems to be that if enough balls are tossed into play, somebody may score a goal. So Jessica Savitch, the host for the series, tells of the millions of dollars riding on football scores each week and warns that gamblers will do anything they can to win. We learn that Joe Namath ''could often be found playing liar's poker in a notorious nightclub.'' We look into a Las Vegas betting operation and witness a police raid on a small-time Florida bookie. Exclusives are offered, on the order of: '' 'Frontline' has learned that the I.R.S. is investigating ticket scalping.''

There is one main assay into investigative reporting, an apparently successful effort to track down a witness to the drowning in 1979 of Carroll Rosenbloom, owner of the Los Angeles Rams. The witness tells of his suspicions that murder was done, although he did not actually see a crime being committed. One of the interviewed convicts also thinks that Mr. Rosenbloom was murdered, and a liedetector test confirms that he believes that he is telling the truth - but he was not there. (I asked David Fanning, the executive producer of ''Frontline,'' whether payments to sources and liedetector tests would be used in other programs as well. Conceding that the practices were dubious, he explained that the need to get information from felons seemed to justify them in this case.) In any event, whether Mr. Rosenbloom was killed or not does not add a nickel to the sum of our knowledge about game fixing, despite Miss Savitch's opinion that he was ''perhaps the first N.F.L. owner whose underworld ties led to his death.''

As hard evidence of continuing illegality is not forthcoming, the program settles for criticizing the N.F.L. for not cracking down on the questionable associations of club owners and players, and so deterring them from undue temptation. Miss Savitch, as interviewer, tries to tackle Pete Rozelle, head of the N.F.L., on the matter of its purported negligence, but he proves a hard man to bring to earth.

Common sense and common experience support the suspicions voiced here that where big money and unsavory characters bulk as large as they do in illegal gambling, finagling is likely, but that is about as far as this documentary takes us. When an investigator who sets out to expose a subject settles finally for a suggestive glimpse, that is an incomplete pass.

If any television series this season requires and deserves an introduction, it is ''The Ring of the Nibelungs,'' Richard Wagner's magnum opus, which begins next Monday on public television's ''Great Performances.'' Taped in 1980 in the famous theater in Bayreuth, West Germany, which has served for a century as a shrine to the composer, this is the controversial production of the young French theater director Patrice Chereau and Pierre Boulez, former musical director of the New York Philharmonic. What makes it so controversial is one of the themes of ''A Ring for Television,'' an hourlong documentary on the history of the operas and their transmutation into television, which can be seen tonight at 9 on Channel 13.

The program details the periodic renewals of ''The Ring,'' in accord with new times and new technical possibilities. In 1976, at the invitation of Wolfgang Wagner, grandson of Richard, Mr. Boulez strove to make the music more ''transparent,'' and Mr. Chereau set to work to bring Teutonic mythology down to 20th-century earth. Their efforts are elucidated by the two themselves as well as by performers - including Gwyneth Jones, who sings Brunnhilde, and Donald McIntyre, who sings Wotan - and Brian Large, who directed the production for television. A couple of Wagner descendents also pitch in.

The language of the narration tends toward the high-flown at moments; we hear, for example, of the ''human and allegorical planes'' of ''The Ring,'' but such are the temptations when describing a masterpiece. The brief excerpts from the four operas are more helpful, enabling us to glimpse Mr. Chereau's vision of Wagner's vision. The action is now tied to the industrial revolution and its ''corruption of mankind,'' as the narrator puts it, and the characters are dressed in ***working-class*** or upper-class garb as befits their station and function. So at least we know more or less where we are. And we can see, too, from the dramatic energy of the excerpts that the style is very different from those statuesque stagings that, as one former Brunnhilde put it, ''carried everlasting standing in profile to the point of madness.'' In this version, to quote Jeannine Altmeyer, the young American who sings Sieglinde, ''people aren't so godlike,'' and there is ''lot of movement.''

Perhaps unavoidably, a promotional aura lies over this introduction, but it not too intrusive. Mr. Large, the television director, tells of his efforts to see the production from behind Mr. Chereau's head, ''through his eyes,'' and we watch as he sets up his cameras and works them to the rhythms of the music and drama. Each act was shot without stop in an effort to recapture a true performance.

Some lovers of Wagner may reject the notion of having a television director between them and the works - a tenable position perhaps for those who are able to go to the opera at will. Most potential viewers, however, are not destined ever to see ''The Ring'' in a theater, and very few indeed can have seen the Chereau-Boulez version. For many, television showings of other operas have already proved a revelation and a delight.

Watching an opera on television, to be sure, is different from watching it on a stage; the question is always whether the transformation from one medium to another is done faithfully, sensitively, skillfully. Viewers will have an opportunity to evaluate such matters in the coming weeks. For now, this overture is our invitation to a monumental work of art and a momentous adventure for television.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Jessica Savitch

**End of Document**



[***A Figure of Infamy Is Held in a 2d Outrage***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3100-000P-N3P5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 21, 1997, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 16; Column 4; National Desk ; Column 4; ; Biography

**Length:** 1365 words

**Byline:** Lawrence Singleton

By MIREYA NAVARRO

By MIREYA NAVARRO

**Dateline:** TAMPA, Fla., Feb. 20

**Body**

Some of his neighbors here say they believed Lawrence Singleton when he claimed to have been framed for the rape and mutilation of a California teen-ager nearly two decades ago, a crime that had made him a figure of nationwide infamy. Others, who have known him from childhood, believed that whether he had been framed or not, a man could always change.

So when Mr. Singleton made his way back here to his hometown in 1988 after his release from a California prison, and then settled last year in his old neighborhood, he was eventually accepted, although some mothers watched their children more closely and some husbands kept closer track of their wives.

"We were scared of him at first," said his next-door neighbor, Tom Bennett. "But every day he'd talk to you; he'd cook steaks and bring them to you. He fixed up his property really good. He was the neighbor you dream of. I started to believe him: 'maybe he was framed.' "

But on Wednesday night, Mr. Singleton, now 69, was arrested and charged with first-degree murder in the fatal stabbing of a prostitute inside his renovated single-story wooden home, the house that had made his neighborhood proud.

And now Mr. Bennett, like others on Mr. Singleton's street in that ***working-class*** neighborhood, are saying that the California authorities should never have released him to live in their midst.

Mr. Singleton was convicted in 1979 of raping a 15-year-old hitchhiker near Modesto, using an ax to chop off her forearms and leaving her to die at the side of a road. The girl, Mary Vincent, survived, and testified at his trial.

Sentenced to 14 years 4 months in prison, then the maximum punishment, Mr. Singleton was freed on parole after 8 years because of good behavior and his participation in a work-study program. That was in 1987, and the national notoriety he had acquired a decade earlier resurfaced as one California community after another protested parole officials' efforts to relocate him there. Mr. Singleton was finally forced to live in a mobile home on the grounds of San Quentin prison until the end of his parole, in 1988, when he returned to Tampa and, as required, registered with the State of Florida as a convicted felon.

The arrest on Wednesday night came barely three weeks after neighbors had pulled Mr. Singleton from his van as he attempted suicide in his driveway. On that afternoon, the neighbors said, he was found breathing the van's exhaust through a dryer hose that he had attached to the tailpipe. He spent about a week in psychiatric custody before returning home.

"He told me he was feeling sorry for himself," Mr. Bennett said, adding that Mr. Singleton had offered nothing more by way of explanation.

About 6 P.M. on Wednesday, Hillsborough County sheriff's officials said, a man who had done some renovation work for Mr. Singleton dropped by his house and heard a commotion inside. Peering in, the officials said, the man saw Mr. Singleton, naked, in the living room, choking and punching a woman, who was also nude, as she cried for help.

A deputy who responded to the man's 911 call says Mr. Singleton had blood on his shirt when he came to the door. The woman was dead.

The victim was identified as Roxanne Hayes, 31, a Tampa resident and mother of three children. She had a record of 99 arrests since 1986, more than a third of them for prostitution but some on charges of grand theft and cocaine possession.

The precise cause of death has not been determined, but Ms. Hayes suffered multiple knife wounds in the upper body, said Lieut. David Gee, a spokesman for the sheriff's office.

Exactly why Ms. Hayes was at Mr. Singleton's home -- whether he was a prostitution client of hers, or whether there was another reason for her being there -- remains unclear. The police said they did not know the answer, and Ms. Hayes's common-law husband, Clifford Tyson, a 40-year-old unemployed truck driver and cook, said in a tearful interview that he knew only that she had left their home to shop for groceries not long before Mr. Singleton's visitor found him attacking her.

That the dream neighbor has seemingly turned into a nightmare is no surprise to the California prosecutor who sent Mr. Singleton to prison for attempted murder, kidnapping, rape, sodomy, oral copulation, aggravated mayhem and the use of an ax to cause great bodily harm.

"I'm not going to say he's Hannibal Lecter, but once a guy like that has a certain bent he follows it the rest of his life," said the prosecutor, Donald N. Stahl, who retired last year as Stanislaus County District Attorney. "This guy has a personality that's bent in the direction of going after women."

The case that Mr. Stahl prosecuted helped galvanize the movement for tougher sentences in many states. In California, for instance, the Legislature has increased the mandatory terms for most violent crimes, and as a result Mr. Singleton would now face a life sentence for the kind of attack he inflicted on Miss Vincent, said Katie Corso, a spokeswoman for the State Department of Corrections.

Some sex-crime experts caution that Mr. Singleton is in ways an anomaly. They maintain that sex offenders as a whole are very much in need of treatment, not harsher punishment, and note that only a small minority go on to commit murder. The passions stirred by the crime of which Mr. Singleton was convicted and another with which he has now been charged should not be grounds for advocating the kind of penalties that would be unfair to most other sex offenders, these experts contend.

"This is a major public health issue in this country, and people need to look at it as such instead of trying to enact all these bizarre laws like public notification and chemical castration," said Robert Freeman-Longo, founder of the Association for the Treatment of Sexual Abusers, a treatment and prevention group.

But the Tampa murder sent shudders through the string of Northern California towns that, one by one, fought to keep Mr. Singleton out after his release on parole 10 years ago.

The killing of Ms. Hayes "could have happened here," said Dale Vassey, 27, a lifelong resident of one of those towns, Rodeo, about 20 miles northeast of San Francisco. "It just goes to show it's a good thing they did run him out of town."

Mr. Singleton, who was one of eight children reared in Tampa, also met with scorn when he first returned to the city, where most of his siblings still live. At first he moved into a brother's home, which soon became the target of a firebomb tossed into the front yard. A car dealer offered him $5,000 to leave the state.

In addition, protesters showed up at court hearings where he appeared as a result of his subsequent minor brushes with the law. Sheriff's officials say that in 1990 and 1991, he was arrested three times on shoplifting charges. At one hearing, he described himself as "a confused, muddle-headed old man."

But in Orient Park, the Tampa community where he had spent part of his childhood, and where he returned last year, his neighbors let him be. In fact, some say they did not learn of his record until his recent suicide attempt rekindled gossip about his criminal past.

"We never knew all that," David Sales, a neighbor who rescued him from the van, told The Associated Press today. "But when I found out, the first thing I thought was, 'Should I have left that man in there?' If I had known, I probably would have at least given it a second thought."

But many other neighbors did know, and say any concerns they had were assuaged by Mr. Singleton's conduct. He lived alone and on Social Security, they say, and spent most of his time remodeling and landscaping his property -- owned not by him, the neighbors say, but by his family. Several of his brothers and their wives visited often. And he loved his dog, a Rottweiler named Kala. He was also solicitous, offering to repair a neighbor's broken mailbox one day, going the next to the bar where another neighbor played in a band.

"We didn't like the idea that something had happened," said Georgia Polston, 78, who remembers Mr. Singleton as a 9-year-old and whose son went to school with one of his brothers. "But you can't make a big thing about it if you want to give people a chance."

**Graphic**

Photo: Lawrence Singleton, who was convicted of the 1978 mutilation of a teen-ager, on Wednesday after a prostitute's body was found in his house. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** February 21, 1997

**End of Document**



[***East Coast, West Coast, and Where the Twain Meet; Noting Similarities, Scholars Reject New York-Los Angeles Rivalry***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48C0-7WR0-01KN-21G7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 13, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 29

**Length:** 1564 words

**Byline:**  By JANNY SCOTT

**Body**

New Yorkers in certain circles wear their disdain for Los Angeles like a credential -- proof of their superiority, intellectual and otherwise (should all else fail). Angelenos, of course, resent New York's claim to center stage. To them, Los Angeles is the future and New York is history. And they don't see the romance of living in an overpriced shoe box, waiting out snowstorms in April.

The New York-Los Angeles dichotomy has long infected far more than annoying dinner-party conversations on both coasts. It has a way of coloring the discourse on everything: politics, culture, art and architecture, urban life.

Taking sides seems practically a condition of citizenship: Vertical vs. horizontal? Print vs. celluloid? Seasons vs. sun?

Now a bicoastal detachment of social scientists is riding to the rescue. Using everything from census and employment data to crime statistics, newspaper articles and hundreds of previously published academic papers and books, they have compared and contrasted Los Angeles and New York -- their populations, politics, economies, residential patterns, immigrants, school systems, art worlds, images, riots, police.

Partisans may be sorry to learn that the two regions strike some scholars as increasingly alike, despite many real differences. Under scrutiny, perceived polarities blur. New York is becoming L.A.-ified and Los Angeles York-ified, some argue. Certain cherished assumptions about the two places turn out to be rooted less in reality than in myth.

Both regions have disproportionate shares of rich people and of poor people and a shrinking share of middle-income people wedged in between. Both areas are highly segregated, but in complex ways that bend the term. The proportion of Latinos is growing and the proportion of blacks is dwindling. Black ghettos are being Latinized. Chinese immigrants are skipping the inner city.

Los Angeles, kingdom of sprawl, has lately been cultivating its center. New York City, infatuated with its center, is spawning new vitality along its outer edge. Both regions are balkanized politically, the scholars found. Even the New York art scene, once tightly concentrated, has spilled into places like Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and Hoboken, N.J. -- becoming more like the Los Angeles gallery scene.

"The first thing one had to do was get out of the horse race mentality," said Andras Szanto, a sociologist and deputy director of the National Arts Journalism Program at Columbia University, who compared the visual art worlds in the two cities. "Rather than seeing this as a story where New York is ahead and Los Angeles is playing catch-up, increasingly I began to see it as two sides of the same coin."

Saverio Giovacchini, a historian who examined the New York film culture and the lure of Los Angeles from 1930 to the present, traces much of the bipolarism between Los Angeles and New York culture to the period after World War II when the New York intellectuals defined mass culture and Los Angeles as the opposite of art, modernism and New York.

"This discourse about Hollywood is, in a sense, a 'state of mind' -- the mind of a largely New York-based American intelligentsia that manufactured this cultural image of the movie citadel as the anti-intellectual 'sausage factory,' " Mr. Giovacchini writes in the 530-page book that includes the group's findings. The University of Chicago Press plans to publish "New York and Los Angeles: Politics, Society and Culture -- A Comparative View," in June.

The book wasconceived and edited by Prof. David Halle, a British-born sociologist with a lifelong interest in cities. For the past seven years, Professor Halle has commuted weekly between his home in Manhattan, where he lives with his family, and his job at U.C.L.A.

Professor Halle, director of the LeRoy Neiman Center for the Study of American Society and Culture at U.C.L.A., said the New York-Los Angeles project arose five or six years ago, in part out of his bicoastal existence. (His wife is Dr. Louise Mirrer, vice chancellor for academic affairs at the City University of New York -- which helps explain his commuting.)

Professor Halle said he happened upon what is known as the Los Angeles school of urban sociology, which focuses on what has been called the "sprawling, polycentric character of the urban, built environment." Los Angeles, with its development on the periphery and its fragmented politics, is seen as a prototype for a new pattern of metropolitan growth.

In contrast, the work of another group of scholars, which Professor Halle calls the New York school, focuses on central cities. They remain fascinated with contemporary New York City and Manhattan. They tend to champion the superiority of city over suburban life, not simply for the ***working class*** but also for the middle class and the rich.

"When I first said, 'I'm doing New York/L.A.,' a lot of people then started the 'Well, which place is better?' kind of argument," Professor Halle said last week in his Manhattan apartment, shortly before flying to Los Angeles. "That's the one thing we don't have much of in the book -- people going on about which place is better than the other."

In a chapter on the so-called social geography of the two cities, Prof. Andrew A. Beveridge and Susan Weber of Queens College find that the two regions resemble each other in many ways.

For example, both have a large share of their more affluent, native-born and white residents living beyond the core, while poorer, nonwhite and foreign-born residents cluster near the center.

On the two cities' economies, Susan S. Fainstein, a professor of urban planning at Columbia, and David L. Gladstone of the University of New Orleans question whether being "global" enhances either city's well-being. For it is their global qualities that leave them vulnerable to economic downturns and make them "symbolic targets for terrorist wrath."

A U.C.L.A. sociologist, Prof. Jack Katz, compared perceptions of crime and law enforcement in the two cities.

He found that crime in Los Angeles had been attributed largely to gangs and that the police had been viewed as disorganized and incompetent.

In New York, crime had been attributed to "a diffuse culture of chaos," and the police had been credited with success in reining it in.

Professor Katz challenges the popular impression that the decline in the 1990's was that much more dramatic in New York than in Los Angeles. Analyzing the cities' crime statistics, he found that the murder rate in New York dropped to 8.3 per 100,000 population in 1999 from a high of 30.7 in 1990; in Los Angeles it dropped to 10.5 per 100,000 population in 1999 from a high of 30.3 in 1992.

Professor Katz suggests that "the image of New York's exceptional drop" resulted in part from the practice by the news media and the public of not looking comparatively at the experience of other cities, and from the habit of looking at raw homicides rather than rates. "Something miraculous arguably happened," he said, "but the difference in the decline of the two cities does not make an overwhelming case for attributing saintly powers to the police in New York."

Professor Katz also traces the greater respect accorded the New York Police Department in part to the five separate district attorneys' offices and two United States attorneys' offices available, and sometimes vying, to prosecute police misconduct in New York City. Los Angeles, he writes, has just one county district attorney's office, overseeing 49 police departments, and one United States attorney's office with jurisdiction over a wide stretch of California.

A number of the researchers found unexpected differences between the two places. Two scholars who wrote together about New York and Los Angeles as immigrant cities and regions examined the attitudes of Angelenos and New Yorkers to the immigrants who arrived after the 1965 Immigration Act. They found that New Yorkers were "far more accepting and welcoming" than Angelenos -- a difference they attribute to the two regions' immigration patterns and histories.

They traced the contrast in part to New York's longer history as an immigrant magnet. But they also pointed to differences in the makeup of the immigrant population in the two cities. A much larger percentage of immigrants to Los Angeles are illegal, and they are seen as straining social services, particularly in hard times.

In another chapter, Professor Halle and Kevin Rafter of the City University of New York question the assumption that Los Angeles is more prone to riots than New York, as some have suggested since the 1992 Los Angeles riots. Comparing riots in the two regions over the past 40 years, they conclude, "There is little reason for complacency when considering the social fabric of either New York City or the city of Los Angeles."

Looking back on the project, Mr. Szanto said in an interview last week: "In a sense, it's unfair at any one time to compare New York to Los Angeles. You have a city that came into its own 100 years ago. Los Angeles is just getting started. To compare at any one moment the two cities is rather like having a wrestling match between an older brother and a younger brother.

"The question is, compared with how youthful L.A. is on this growth trajectory, where is it? Especially in the last quarter-century, L.A. has every bit as much of the dynamism that New York had in its initial period of growth."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A Los Angeles police officer outside of his patrol car last week. Below, two New York police officers patrol Times Square on foot. A study shows differences in how crime in the two cities is perceived. (J. Emilio Flores for the New York Times); (Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times)(pg. A34); Tales of two cities: New York has pedestrian traffic along Eighth Avenue in Midtown, and Los Angeles has vehicular traffic on the Hollywood Freeway downtown. (J. Emilio Flores for The New York Times); (James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. A29)

**Load-Date:** April 13, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Chasing the Jewels of the Sea***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FNV-9MX0-TW8F-G2XG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 11, 2005 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 1; RITUALS

**Length:** 1751 words

**Byline:** By PATRICIA LEIGH BROWN

**Body**

IT was just past dawn on the Mendocino coast, a pale half-moon presiding over a pink sky. Down in the north harbor of the rag-tag ***working-class*** town of Fort Bragg, Calif., deckhands readied Capt. Tim Gillespie's 45-foot Sea Hawk to greet a mercifully flat, lazy sea. It was crabbing time.

''Crabbing Daily -- 10 per person -- still getting limits!'' announced the blackboard at All Aboard Adventures, Captain Tim's tiny charter boat company, housed in a trailer crammed with T-shirts, candy and good cheer. ''Don't Be a Crab, Catch One!''

This was our second attempt at catching the ornery culinary jewel of the Pacific -- Dungeness crab. The chilly aquamarine waters about eight miles north of Mendocino, the postcard village that plays princess to Fort Bragg's scullery maid, mark one of the southernmost points of Dungeness territory, which stretches from Northern California to the Pribilof Islands of Alaska. Two weeks earlier, we had shown up at Captain Tim's dock full of anticipation, the sky a miraculous blue. Yet just before sunrise, without warning, the ocean had a tantrum. The ensuing 12-foot swells ''breaking across the bar,'' as the town jetty is known, would have had their tempestuous way with Captain Tim's boat. It was a no go.

It had been just a glimmer of what Fort Bragg's commercial crabbers know from experience: crabbing -- which is largely done December through March, when weather and ocean are at their most unpredictable -- is dangerous work. The delicacy dipped in warm butter or Meyer lemon aioli is hard-won.

ALTHOUGH hardly comparable to stormy days that can strand professional crabbers for days on end at sea, a morning aboard the Sea Hawk, $65 a person plus $10.75 for a daily sport-fishing license, is an eye-opening Crab 101. Praying to the anti-nausea gods, I set out with a group of eight other passengers for the sandy bottom off Ten Mile River, where, at 60 and 120 feet below the surface, Captain Tim's crab pots lurked.

''Hopefully, they'll have lots of bugs in 'em,'' said Dave Porter, the senior deckhand, referring, we assumed, to crabs. ''All females go back in the water. We'll show you the difference.''

Discerning the sex of a slippery crab as it skitters across the engine hatch, its mood upon being caught, well, crabby, is one of the joys of crab culture, which has a law and language all its own. Like its counterparts in Oregon, Washington and Alaska, the California Department of Fish and Game has numerous regulations designed to protect the species, most concerning crab sex and size. Although sport fishermen are legally allowed to keep females, Captain Tim and other conservation-minded charter boat operators throw them back. Females, which can carry up to 2.5 million eggs, have whiter, more bountiful tail flaps folded closely against their undersides, which by day's end were remarkably easy to see.

''Bye-bye girlfriend!'' Dave would say, flinging females Frisbee-like back into the sea.

We were all crab newbies. Among our ranks were Chris and Becky Porter, from Napa, both 29 and no relation to Dave Porter, who were having a rare weekend away, and Bob Attwood, 47, and his 18-year-old son, Evan. Bob, a local contractor, and Evan were doing some familial bonding. Like the pros, Dave explained, we would function as a team. The first and perhaps most important job was gaffer, which involves leaning slightly over the edge and, while the boat is still moving, plunging a long hooked pole into the water. The object was to lift the buoy, attached by a cord to the submerged crab pot, into Dave's waiting arms. He then attached the cord to a hydraulic device that hoisted the crab pot out of the water.

Crab pots, we soon discovered, have their own architecture. The circular wire mesh traps are considered eco-friendly; they allow the crabber to throw back the ''bycatch'' (anything that's not a big boy crab). Every crab must be measured -- ''point to point'' in crab lingo -- and keepers are at least five and three-quarters inches wide. Hanging on to a ''shortie'' can result in a stiff fine.

Baiting is a memorable exercise: stuffing frozen mackerel into an orange plastic jar, and then -- in a ritual the Attwoods compared to ''Fear Factor'' -- dipping your hand in a huge plastic bucket full of decaying cod heads.

There is something about stabbing a rotting fish head through the eyes early in the morning with a metal spike that lends even Mendocino scenery a woozy air. Crabs, we learned, have a keen sense of smell; their preferred aroma is eau de rotting shmutz.

In no time, Dave sighted the first string, 20 ''soakers'' marked by yellow and blue floats. ''O.K., gaffer girl, do it!'' he said to Becky, who gamely tried to snare the line with the gaffer, heavy as lead. ''There's a rookie on the gaffe!'' he yelled to Captain Tim, who circled around to let her try again.

The suspense built as the first pot of the day broke the surface. Five crabs! We struggled to measure them, fitting what is essentially a crab ruler into saw-toothed notches on either side of the shell.

Hell hath no fury like a wrestled crab. ''If you want to calm them down, pet their feelers.'' Dave suggested. But even with rubber gloves, petting feelers while measuring the hood ornament of a crab -- while it is trying to separate you from your fingers -- is a major challenge.

The first crab was six inches across -- a keeper! The second was six and a quarter inches. The next pot came up empty. Soon, a rhythm developed.

Suddenly one pot yielded a huge octopus the color of a large bruise. Octopuses, like humans, adore crab. The octopus enthusiasts voted to keep it, and two stacked buckets could barely contain its tentacles. It tried in vain to escape, its desperate arms making poignant sucking noises.

CAPTAIN TIM, 37, grew up on these waters, the son of a deckhand. He and his wife, Cindy Lemas-Gillespie, 42, who is pursuing her own captain's license, bought their own boat five years ago; townsfolk christened the bow with Champagne. The Gillespies' 17-year-old daughter, Nicole, uses a wheelchair, and the Sea Hawk is specially designed for it. Unlike commercial crabbers, charter boat operators ''get to come home at night,'' Captain Tim noted.

Along with the lumber mill, which closed three years ago, the harbor is the historic lifeblood of Fort Bragg. Its working docks creak like old spines, bearing nary a trace of the Fisherman's Wharf-style phoniness 170 miles south in San Francisco. Like the silent mill, the fishing and crabbing industries are a shadow of what they were, down to 25 or 30 boats from more than 200 a decade ago. Fred Zatkoff, for instance, a 90-year-old crabber and fisherman who retired at age 88, came to Fort Bragg in the 1940's from Detroit. ''Back East some guy came and painted a real good picture,'' he recalled. ''He said the ocean's full of silver.''

Then there were no fathometers, radar or hydraulic lifts for hoisting crab pots. Only compasses, watches -- and water. ''You fished by time,'' he said. Mr. Zatkoff, who is now the Buckminster Fuller of crab pots, experimenting with squares and octagons, reluctantly sold his boat, the Koritsa, last year after becoming disoriented in the valley of a wave.

''If you've been fishing long enough, you're nothing but a realist,'' said Frank Bender, one of many recently retired crabbers and fishermen whose livelihoods were made even more difficult by huge commercial trawlers bearing thousands of crab pots as well as newly strict limits on snapper and other rock fish.

But the dangers of crabbing -- which have resulted in two deaths over the last 10 years in Fort Bragg alone -- are eclipsed by the adrenaline, said Mr. Bender, a Vietnam veteran and dockside Humphrey Bogart complete with a dangling cigarette. ''Fishing lets you dictate your own world, as much as nature allows you,'' he observed. ''Not a lot of people will go through this punishment to make a living, often not a good one. They tend to be danger-seekers, nonconformists, the socially alienated. I've given this quite some thought.'' At sea, he said, ''You have endless time to contemplate things.''

By noon, the Sea Hawk had reached its limit -- 10 crabs per person. A pot of water was already boiling back at the dock. One passenger, Jerry Horsfall, 70, was dreaming about his favorite crabcake recipe: celery, Tabasco sauce, Japanese panko flour and bell pepper for color.

It was raining by the time we carried the big white baskets full of crabs off the boat, yet the mood was exultant. ''I learned how to tell male from female!'' Evan Attwood said. His father, Bob, spoke of the teamwork -- the baiting, measuring and gaffing -- so different from ''solitary'' fishing.

We had gotten a glimpse of a panoramic world unseen on the dinner plate. For now, though, there was a freshly boiled crab, a wrench for cracking it and a sense of mastery -- messy ecstasy in the rain.

CHARTER FISHING

Your Own Crabs Taste the Best

JIM MARTIN, the author of ''How to Fish the Mendocino Coast: A Fisherman's Field Guide to Seafood'' (self-published in 2004) reports on fishing and weather conditions in and around the Mendocino coast on his website: [*www.noyoharborconfidential.com*](http://www.noyoharborconfidential.com).

Many charter boat companies in Northern California, Oregon and Washington offer crabbing excursions, sometimes in conjunction with other fishing excursions. Among them are:

ALL ABOARD ADVENTURES WITH CAPTAIN TIM -- The Sea Hawk, Noyo Harbor, Fort Bragg, Calif. Regularly scheduled crabbing trips at $65 a person for a half day. (707-964-1881; [*www.allaboardadventures.com*](http://www.allaboardadventures.com))

TOM MATTUSCH -- The Huli Cat, Pillar Point Harbor, El Grenada, Calif. Regularly scheduled crabbing trips at $60 a person for a half day. (650-726-2926;   [*www.hulicat.com*](http://www.hulicat.com))

BILL PARDUCCI -- Bodega Charters, Bodega Bay, Calif. Crabbing trips in conjunction with rock cod fishing, $70 a person for a full day. (707-463-3618; bodegacharters.com)

KURT AKIN -- Rumblefish, Noyo Fishing Center, Fort Bragg, Calif. Regularly scheduled crabbing trips at $55 a person for a half day. (707-964-3000; fortbraggfishing.com)

RICH OBA -- Pacific Pioneer Charters, Winchester Bay, Ore. Crabbing trips offered along with salmon bottom fishing, $100 a person for a six-hour trip, or $10 a person to add crabbing to any fishing trip. (541-271-0504;   [*www.pacificpioneercharters.com*](http://www.pacificpioneercharters.com))

STEVEN KESLING -- Adventure Charters, Seattle. Crabbing trips combined with salmon fishing, $141 a person including license for six hours. (800-789-0448;   [*www.seattlesalmoncharters.com*](http://www.seattlesalmoncharters.com))

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

**Graphic**

Photos: KEEPER -- A Dungeness crab is measured aboard the Sea Hawk off Fort Bragg, Calif. (Photo by Peter DaSilva for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

READY, SET, GO -- Dave Porter, a deckhand aboard the Sea Hawk, tosses a baited crab trap into the sea off Fort Bragg, Calif.

FINDING KEEPERS -- Crabs are measured to see which are large enough -- at least five and three-quarters inches wide -- to keep. (Photographs by Peter DaSilva for The New York Times)(pg. F8)Map of California highlighting Fort Bragg. (pg. F8)

**Load-Date:** March 11, 2005

**End of Document**



[***JERSEYANA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-94D0-000P-N17K-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Burger, Burger, Burger: How a Fast Food Landmark Almost Vanished***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-94D0-000P-N17K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 23, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13NJ; ; Section 13NJ; Page 9; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1357 words

**Byline:** By BARBARA STEWART

By BARBARA STEWART

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY

**Body**

"This place is u-nique," said Joe Irorio, a building contractor, sitting elbow-to-elbow with other White Mana hamburger eaters. "This is a part of Jersey City history. Dunkin' Donuts is not u-nique."

The White Mana, a little hamburger joint at Manhattan and Tonnelle Avenues, a commercial strip heavy with truck traffic, is indeed unique, with its vintage signs: Curb Service and Hamburgers Established 1946. It has a round counter with 13 stools.

The grill cook presides in the middle, tending rows of bun-topped little burgers. It may well be the original 1939 World's Fair diner, as its owner declares; other New Jersey diners, notably Hackensack's White Manna, have claimed that title though none have proved it. (Hackensack's White Manna and Jersey City's White Mana may have been established by the same person, though this, too, is unclear.)

Jersey City's White Mana, where cooks have been flattening burgers for 50 years, recently came perilously close to being flattened itself. The buyers wanted to open a Dunkin' Donuts. Saving it has taken a year and a half of negotiations and lawsuits and unleashed strong emotions.

Mario Costa, the owner since 1979, has worked at the White Mana 25 years, sweeping floors and grilling burgers through high school and Jersey City College. He bought it using savings from his job there. He went to high school with some customers; others knew him as a child.

In October 1995, Mr. Costa, exhausted from running the White Mana and the Ringside, a profitable sports bar across the road, put the Mana up for sale. His sister, who helped him, was sick. His mother in Portugal was sick and pressuring him to visit more often.

Tonnelle Avenue had deteriorated -- "a lot of crime, an attendant at a gas station was shot to death, prostitution, pimps, what not," said Mr. Costa.

Two Dunkin' Donuts franchise owners bought the diner and lot for $500,000. Customers were aghast.

"I said, 'You're crazy! Whaddaya doing?' " said Walter Zukowsky, a retired machinist, who has coffee there every morning at 5 and every afternoon at 2.

Mr. Costa began to regret the hasty sale. The Mana, the old diner he had taken for granted, began to seem priceless. He wanted nothing more than to undo the sale and guard the White Mana forever. And he was awakening to the realization that a vintage diner was worth a lot more than he had thought in an era when diners have suddenly become chic. Of course, he also wanted customers like Mr. Zukowsky to stop beating on him.

The buyers, Jayesh Patel and Indra Dave, thought, quite reasonably, that they had bought property that was for sale to open a new, potentially profitable doughnut shop. Though money had not yet been exchanged, they had signed the mortgage and invested $50,000. Now, inexplicably, Mr. Costa was reneging and taking them to court.

Mr. Costa said he had told his real estate agent to back out before the deal closed. He said the agent refused to do his bidding. (The agent declined to comment.) Mr. Costa sued the buyers to void the sale, but a judge ruled in their favor.

Meanwhile, customers were behaving like homesick teen-agers at camp, suddenly longing for a whiney little brother. Now that they were about to lose the Mana, they realized how much they loved it.

"We'll fight!" yelled Joe Irorio on a recent morning, his mouth full of French fries grabbed from his neighbor's plate. Others at the counter looked over and nodded. "The Mana's going to stay! I've had hamburgers here since 1958, when I was a kid!"

Mr. Zukowsky said: "It's my buddy." He was referring to the White Mana itself.

The White Mana was now appearing to Mr. Costas as the embodiment of home and friendship and security. "Since I did this, I was just sick with myself. I felt empty. I'm very emotionally attached to the place. I spend 10, 12, 14 hours here and feel happy. My eyes are opened and money doesn't matter."

Mr. Costa has literally grown up at the White Mana. When Webster Bridges, the previous owner, wanted to sell it in 1979 and open a modern hamburger restaurant, Mr. Costa pleaded and schemed to buy it. He scraped up $80,000 -- $35,000 in savings, $5,000 from his mother and $40,000 in loans. Mr. Bridges's new restaurant went out of business. But the White Mana remained.

"Everything is changing so quickly in Jersey City," said Mary Revell, a Jersey City police officer who used to swivel on the stools and eat hamburgers with her four sisters. "But the Mana didn't change."

As word spread that the White Mana was being replaced by -- of all things -- a Dunkin' Donuts, diner aficionados, a passionate bunch, mourned what one called "a tragedy."

The love of diners has been surging since the mid-1980's. New diners are being built. Old diners are being shipped to Europe and facsimiles are going up in Europe, Japan and Indonesia.

The White Mana, with its history and patina of the ***working-class*** 1950's, the diner that retro diners try to imitate, was irreplaceable. Forty years ago its customers -- the people still dropping by for coffee -- had gunned their motorcycles in its parking lot, had ordered milk shakes from the carhops, had met there and later married.

Daniel Zilka, a diner consultant who tries to reproduce the ephemeral as well as the material qualities of old diners, said: "It's a democratic eating table. Anybody can saddle up and have a conversation. It's like going to the barber or a psychiatrist or a bartender. You talk to the other people eating. You talk to the person who's making your meal."

Larry McMillan, the day cook, has been grilling Mana burgers for 21 years. "We get all kinds," he said of the customers, in the soft tones of his native North Carolina. He stands in one spot as he cooks, his stance relaxed, with only his arms and hands in rapid and confident motion.

He flattens the raw patty with a spatula. He shoves it and flips it. He shoves and flips the sliced onions. He tosses onions on the burger and a bun on top. He waits. Then he lifts the burger (price: 75 cents) onto a bun on a paper plate, adds three thin pickle slices, and hands it to the customer. All without lifting his feet.

Mr. McMillan can grill 30 hamburgers at once and none will be overcooked. The diner sells 3,000 a week.

A Mana burger is distinctive. Its characteristics include a compact little patty, a soft bun and onions. Decades of eating Mana burgers have enabled people to analyze their appeal.

"The roll becomes soft and takes on the taste of the onions," explained Joe Roselle, a Jersey City police detective. "The onions are pressed into the hamburger and the meat is fresh."

The key is the beef, said Mr. Costa -- delivered fresh every morning for 50 years from the same butcher.

The key is the grill and the onions, Mr. McMillan said. "This grill is saturated with onions, seasoned with onions," he said. "The more seasoned, the better burgers."

The key is the pickles, Ms. Revell said. When the old brand was discontinued, Mr. Costa tried "a myriad of replacements -- such a fuss over those pickles," she said. "But they did make a difference."

Chuck Berry and Dustin Hoffman have come by for burgers, as have judges and gangster hit men who were subsequently murdered. Mike Tyson prefers the steak sandwich.

Most of the customers are men, many of them hefty. A few women come. "Girls," said Mr. Costa, chuckling as he corrected an outsider's faux pas. Until he discontinued the car hops in the 70's, most "girls" ordered and ate in their cars. Now they usually sit in one of the four booths in a newer back addition.

This week Mr. Costa and Mr. Dave and Mr. Patel shook hands on a deal that would save the White Mana. Mr. Costa has agreed to pay them to go away. He wouldn't name a figure but said it was "many times" the buyers' $50,000 investment.

"I'd rather pay them, like somebody pays a fighter to step aside," said Mr. Costa, who's a big boxing fan. "Tyson did that with Lennox Lewis so he could fight Bruce Seldon. $4 million, Tyson paid. I'm looking at it like I got to pay these people to step aside."

Now he wants to renovate the Mana and have it declared a historic site. "So nobody can touch it," he said. "This is something good to have, to keep."

**Graphic**

Photo: Night at the White Mana, a hamburger landmark. (Julio A. Ibarra Jr. for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 23, 1997

**End of Document**



[***A Time to Mourn: King Hussein Comforts Israelis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-8SM0-000P-N3W7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 17, 1997, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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

**Length:** 1339 words

**Byline:** By SERGE SCHMEMANN

By SERGE SCHMEMANN

**Dateline:** JERUSALEM, March 16

**Body**

In a gesture of reconciliation today, King Hussein of Jordan visited the grieving families of the seven girls killed by a Jordanian soldier last week, telling them: "Your daughter is like my daughter. Your loss is my loss."

Wearing a red-checkered kaffiyeh with his dark suit and accompanied by two of his children -- his daughter Ayisha, in military uniform as commander of the Jordanian Army women's corps, and his son Faisal -- the King knelt before each of the families in their separate homes as they sat on the floor in the Jewish custom for the seven-day mourning period.

"If you would have seen her today, you would have hugged her and kissed her," said the mother of 13-year-old Sivan Petihi. Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu knelt alongside the King, translating from the woman's Hebrew to English.

Putting his hand over his heart, King Hussein replied, "She will always be alive in our hearts, and I hope you will always consider me a brother."

As he rose to leave, Sivan's grandfather, Nisim Petihi, an immigrant from Yemen, blessed him in Arabic.

From the Petihi home in the small agricultural community of Tselafon, the motorcade wound through a torrential rain to Beit Shemesh, the ***working-class*** town where the rest of the girls lived. Then King Hussein traveled to a hospital near Jerusalem, where he visited a girl and a teacher wounded in the shooting.

Israelis appeared to be deeply moved as they followed live broadcasts of the King's visit, which reminded many of his eloquent eulogy at the funeral of the assassinated Prime Minister, Yitzhak Rabin, in November 1995 and reaffirmed his place as the Arab leader most respected by Israelis.

At a news conference with Mr. Netanyahu this evening, the King offered no further information about the killer -- who attacked the girls while they were on a school trip to Naharayim Island, a strip of land in the Jordan Valley that is part of Jordan but is leased and farmed by Israelis -- except to refer to him repeatedly as a madman.

With Mr. Netanyahu at his side throughout the long day, sometimes serving as his interpreter, King Hussein also seemed intent on publicly mending his relations with the Prime Minister, which reached a new low last week after the publication of a sharp personal letter in which he accused Mr. Netanyahu of dragging down Israel's peace with the Palestinians. Some Israelis say the letter may have incited the killer.

King Hussein also made new efforts to mediate a way out of the tense impasse between Mr. Netanyahu and the Palestinian leader, Yasir Arafat.

But the Prime Minister made clear at the news conference that he would not reverse his Government's decision to begin work this week on a new Jewish neighborhood, Har Homa, in southeastern Jerusalem.

"I said that they would start this week," Mr. Netanyahu said. "They will start this week."

[Early Monday, Foreign Minister David Levy said that a meeting between Mr. Benjamin Netanyahu and Mr. Arafat would probably take place this week, Reuters reported. In a radio interview, Mr. Levy said a meeting "was expected." Asked if it would take place this week, he said, "I think so."

[Mr. Netanyahu spoke by telephone with Mr. Arafat on Sunday for the first time since the Palestinians severed contacts over the new settlement in East Jerusalem.]

At the settlement site, Israeli officials said, this week's tasks would be limited to surveying and road paving. Earthwork, which could provoke Palestinian violence, is not to start until next week, the officials added.

The project is at the heart of the current confrontation between Israel and the Palestinians, and there is widespread concern that if it leads to violence, it would seriously damage the entire Israeli-Palestinian progress toward a full peace.

Mr. Arafat is also furious at the small amount of West Bank territory that Israel is ceding in its next scheduled further withdrawal and has refused to accept the land.

King Hussein reportedly did not try to dissuade Mr. Netanyahu from the project, believing this is now futile. He focused instead on persuading the Israelis to make some compensatory gestures that might take the edge off the tension.

Mr. Netanyahu reported that he and King Hussein had spoken separately to Mr. Arafat by telephone, and that measures "are being implemented as we speak" to restore progress toward peace.

The first measure was reportedly an agreement to let Mr. Arafat start using the Gaza Airport soon and to accelerate talks on opening it altogether. The airport was completed last year but Israel has not opened it, citing security problems.

But there was no immediate indication of whether the King's mediation and the Israeli actions would be enough to head off the looming confrontation or get the political process back on track. Monday is the day on which Mr. Netanyahu and Mr. Arafat agreed two months ago to start negotiations on a final peace.

Diplomats cautioned against putting too many expectations on King Hussein's mediation effort.

Israeli security agencies have all warned that breaking ground for Har Homa could provoke Palestinians to violence, and the Israeli Army is reported to have made extensive preparations to prevent the sort of bloodshed that followed the opening of a tourists' tunnel in Jerusalem last September, leaving 61 Palestinians and 15 Israelis dead.

At the news conference, Mr. Netanyahu argued against making Har Homa or any one issue into a focus of confrontation.

"I think it's a mistake to try to create an end-all and be-all on one issue," he said, "because the opponents of peace can always find the barricade on which to pit themselves if you define it as such. The way to work is to work on other issues that can give hope on other issues."

But a senior Cabinet member has been quoted as telling a political meeting that if violence did break out, the Israeli Army might reoccupy all Palestinian areas and drive Mr. Arafat back into exile.

"If we have to fight for our lives again, Arafat will not be able to sit in his villa on the beach with Suha" -- his wife -- "and give instructions to shoot," the official, Justice Minister Tzahi Hanegbi, told a meeting of stalwarts of Mr. Netanyahu's Likud Party on Saturday night. "Whoever opens up the bag of weapons may find himself packing his bags and going back to traveling the Tunis-Baghdad route, as he once did."

There was no immediate comment from Mr. Netanyahu, though Mr. Hanegbi's comments were lambasted by members of the opposition.

If the Palestinian track remained in question, King Hussein's relations with Mr. Netanyahu, strained last week by their strong exchange of letters, both of which became public, seemed to be back on track.

"That letter was never meant for publication," King Hussein said at the news conference. "That was a personal letter that was leaked in some way. There was no offense intended, but a genuine concern for the process of peace in this region and for the future, and the Prime Minister responded in the same way."

On his visit to a wounded teacher and girl at Hadassah Hospital in Ein Kerem, a suburb of Jerusalem, King Hussein also paid a call on President Ezer Weizman, who broke his hip and hand when he tripped getting out of his helicopter last Thursday -- about the same time that President Clinton injured his knee.

Mr. Weizman, an old acquaintance of the King, praised Hussein for his courage in coming to Israel on such a visit. "It is a great thing, and for that I thank you very much," the President said from his bed.

"I would just like to say how moving an experience it has been today," King Hussein said. "Visiting the families today -- they were kind enough to receive me -- I felt and I tried to express to them that the loss was shared between us all. To me it was a loss of my children as well."

Before the King left, Mr. Weizman turned to his fellow pilot and said, "Your Majesty, there is one thing that I must tell you -- to meet you, a pilot, when I am grounded, it's the last thing in the world I expected." The King, who had flown his own plane to Israel, smiled.

**Graphic**

Photo: King Hussein reached out to the father of Sivan Petihi, an Israeli girl slain last week by a Jordanian soldier. (Reuters) (pg. A1)

Maps showing the location of Beit Shemesh, Israel: King Hussein's visit to Beit Shemesh impressed the townspeople. (pg. A6)

**Load-Date:** March 17, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Kultur From That Other City of Lights***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4R0S-SX60-TW8F-G0P4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 28, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 27; MUSIC

**Length:** 2031 words

**Byline:** By JOHN ROCKWELL

**Body**

BERLIN

BERLIN continues to exert a glittering if, to some, reptilian fascination. It will always be haunted by Hitler's ultimate evil. But it still breathes the giddy air of the 1920s -- campy, wicked and darkly fun -- and has become a new world center of youth culture and la vie de boheme. Today it is also a power center for the new Europe and an ever more ambitious building site for architecture rebuilt or eagerly modern.

The latest testimony to that fascination is Berlin in Lights, a 17-day festival in New York, which begins on Friday with a performance by Max Raabe and his Palast Orchestra at Carnegie Hall. Though the festival is centered on the Berlin Philharmonic and Carnegie, there are also chamber concerts and neighborhood programs, including Simon Rattle's acclaimed exploration of Stravinsky's ''Rite of Spring'' as danced by schoolchildren; cabaret, pop and jazz; Turkish and Kurdish music and a Venezuelan orchestra, all representative of multicultural Berlin today; art and photography exhibitions; film screenings; and panel discussions.

Any of these elements could be terrific, but even in total they don't begin to give a full picture of the historical complexity and present-day vitality of Berlin as a cultural magnet. The festival's view of the past is dominated by the Weimar Republic, a 1920s burst of effervescence before the darkness of Nazism, and its view of the present is dominated by concerts, especially classical concerts.

Though the city is a famous opera center with three companies, the is no opera in the festival. There is no dance, no theater and no extensive art exhibition. And there is no real attention paid to Berlin before the 1920s or between 1933 and the fall of the wall in 1989. Berlin's fascination -- especially for someone who spent formative years here after the war, as I did, and has visited many times since -- is far richer than any short festival can hope to explore.

Before the first unification of Germany in 1870, Berlin was the rather sleepy, grim capital of the rather grim Hohenzollern kingdom of Prussia. Yes, Frederick the Great played the flute and composed, and cultivated a mini-Versailles at Sans Souci, in nearby Potsdam. (Long inaccessible as part of East Germany, it can now be visited on a day trip that also encompasses the lovely lake district of southwestern Berlin.) And the main boulevard, Unter den Linden, was graced by handsome neo-Classical architecture.

After 1870 artistic life began to perk up in Berlin, the new German capital, though it was still overshadowed in the German-speaking world by Vienna and even Munich. The Court Opera on Unter den Linden -- the predecessor of the State Opera, led today by Daniel Barenboim -- was one of the stodgiest in Europe, repressed by censors and by Kaiser Wilhelm's pompous philistinism. The Berlin Philharmonic was coming into its own, and theater showed signs of life. Germany might have come late to the colonialist game, but not so late that it couldn't amass a hoard of exotic treasures, most of which were on display on the Museum Island in the heart of the city.

The 1920s were certainly a time of bursting if sometimes tacky vitality. Brecht and Weill's ''Threepenny Opera'' and the musical ''Cabaret'' have pointed to nightclubs, prostitutes and the demimonde as central to the era's culture, an image that the Nazis, with their campaign against ''degenerate art,'' were also eager to propagate.

But there was more, much more, to Berlin culture during the 20s. There were influential avant-garde composers, led by Arnold Schoenberg, Paul Hindemith and Weill. There were three full-time opera companies, with the State Opera, conducted by Erich Kleiber, challenged by the Municipal Opera under Bruno Walter and the Kroll Opera under Otto Klemperer.

The theater flourished, with Max Reinhardt and other directors, and the '20s were the heyday of German modern dance. There was an impassioned Expressionist art scene. There were many competing newspapers; a clutch of coffeehouses where artists, intellectuals and scene-makers congregated; and a spirit in the air that resisted the Nazis to the last minute. (Hitler never won a free election in this left-wing, ***working-class*** city.)

Berlin during the Nazis' 1,000-year Reich, which lasted from 1933 to 1945, can be divided in two. From 1933 to the early '40s, there was a lot of optimism: official and, if truth be told, popular. Yes, Jews and other official undesirables were repressed and worse, but they could be put out of mind, sometimes guiltily, sometimes blithely. After the Weimar Republic, with its inflation at the beginning and depression at the end, the Nazis brought an economic resurgence, fueled by Hitler's preparations for war. And for all the rents in the city's cultural fabric caused by the loss of Jews and political dissidents, artistic life continued with a surprising vitality, at least on the surface. Even jazz enjoyed a vogue, despite its racial ''impurities.''

In the 1940s the situation grew increasingly desperate and artistically impoverished, with the central city incinerated by air raids and the suburbs heavily hit. (When I was a boy living in the suburbs right after the war, a mansion next door burned down, and terrifying detonations of unexploded bombs in the attic and bullets in the gutters lasted all night; my father feared that the Nazi Werewolf underground had arisen at last.) Cultural life shuddered to a halt even before Goebbels pronounced ''total war'' in 1944 and all performances were shut down.

After the war the downtown was destroyed, people were hungry and leading artists had to be ''de-Nazified'' by Allied tribunals. It took years for theaters and concerts and bombed-out museums to come fully back to life. Yet until 1961 the huge city lay open to the culturally curious.

That all changed overnight with the erection of the Berlin Wall. East Berlin was smaller than West Berlin, but it encompassed the heart of the city, since the Soviets got there first in 1945.

What made West Berlin livable was the sheer size of the remaining city and the Arcadia of the southwestern lakes. And the culture. Berlin became a battleground of competing ideologies, with both sides in the cold war pouring money into the arts to demonstrate their economic and spiritual superiority.

The West had the Berlin Philharmonic, the film festival, the German Opera (the successor to the Municipal Opera) and an energetic theater life strung along the Kurfurstendamm. The Free University in the southwest became a site of student activity all through this era. The West German government subsidized students, young people and families with children in an effort to prevent the city from withering away.

East Berlin, accessible to foreigners under the old four-power Allied agreements but not to West Berliners, was a sad fortress. It reeked of dictatorship, down to the goose-stepping soldiers on Unter den Linden. Yet a number of artists, East German and foreign, remained attracted to the lures of Marxism, at least until the regime grew nakedly oppressive in the '80s. The Berliner Ensemble retained some of the tart grit that had made Brecht famous in the '20s. The Austrian Walter Felsenstein revitalized opera direction at the Komische Oper. The Swiss Benno Besson created productions of unequaled magical realism at the Deutsches Theater (Reinhardt's old haunt) and the Volksbuhne am Rosa-Luxembourg-Platz.

With the fall of the wall in 1989, yet another era began for Berlin and its culture, one that has rivaled or outshone the Weimar years and continues unabated to this day. With the opening of East Berlin, rundown neighborhoods became meccas for young people. The first was Prenzlauer Berg, just north of downtown, but gentrification has begun to drive up prices and drive out artists, who now head for Mitte, which is the real downtown, Kreuzberg and Friedrichshaim. Young people from all over the world flock to the city, with English as its common language.

Berlin today has still not settled down economically. The old industrial base is gone, and the financial action has relocated to Frankfurt. There is no real international airport yet. And even the grudging federal subsidies here and there do not go far in supporting the three opera companies and the five or six major symphony orchestras.

The Philharmonic plays in Hans Scharoun's odd-looking but acoustically exquisite Philharmonie, which used to rub up against the wall, a challenge to the East, and now lies in comfortable proximity to the revitalized Potsdamer Platz. Mr. Barenboim has established himself as the operatic leader of the city, and the venerable State Opera building will undergo major renovations. Famous conductors and soloists come and go, or stay and settle.

There is a palpable air of excitement when you walk around Berlin today, as I did recently on a gorgeous weekend, the trees in full fall colors. Despite the political squabbles about subsidies, the big high-art institutions seem to be flourishing, and scruffy vanguard showcases abound. The Museum Island is being steadily rebuilt, and the gallery scene is challenging that of Cologne, the longtime center of German art sales. Theater is everywhere, and film is burgeoning. Even the ungainly Hohenzollern Palace, damaged by bombs and flattened by the East Germans, is to be rebuilt, with the old exterior and a new conference center inside.

The whole of the dead zone where the wall used to scar the city center (along with the site of the long-since-destroyed Kroll Opera) has been transformed into the federal center, with the Bundestag and the chancellor's office and the new central train station all near the old Reichstag. Norman Foster's postmodernist dome atop the Reichstag, akin in its juxtaposition of old and new to I. M. Pei's Louvre pyramid in Paris, offers a spectacular view of all this and more, to the west and south. The dome and Daniel Libeskind's zigzag Jewish Museum and Peter Eisenman's powerful Holocaust Memorial epitomize the architectural and spiritual revitalization of the city.

By now the Kurfurstendamm has faded into a rundown echo of itself, shorn of the raffishness it epitomized during the Weimar Republic and the elegance of the '60s and '70s, and long since overtaken by the grandeur and hipness of the new East Berlin. Still, there are theaters and restaurants and fine hotels and lively late-night cafes on or near this central boulevard, and much of West Berlin has reverted to the upscale residential neighborhoods that dominated that part of the city before the war.

The dance scene in Berlin, unrepresented in Berlin in Lights, seems especially frisky. The halfhearted ballet troupes of the three opera companies have been fused into a single Berlin State Ballet, led by Vladimir Malakhov with a pronounced Russian flavor. Sasha Waltz dominates the established nonballetic scene and is now ensconced in her popular new theater, restaurant and studio complex, Radialsystem V. She founded it with her husband, Jochen Sandig, who also founded Tacheles, the first and most famous of the arts centers (complete with music clubs and cafes) in Prenzlauer Berg. The new bohemian Berlin has already developed its own aristocracy.

All contemporary dance in Europe these days is dizzyingly multinational, but nowhere more so than in Berlin. Foreigners like Constanza Macras from Buenos Aires and Jeremy Wade from New York flock there, availing themselves of patronage and subsidies unknown at home.

It is fitting that New York is presenting a Berlin festival, however incomplete its offerings. Many have commented on the similarities of atmosphere and energy between these two world cities, their blends of tough realism, satiric wit, bounding ambition and artistic innovation.

But unlike New York, even after the terrorist attacks of 2001, Berlin has suffered through, and perpetrated, unimaginable horrors. They lend even the deepest, giddiest artistic pleasures a somber undercurrent, a dimensionality, sothat the experiencing of art in Berlin today -- the consumption as well as the making -- is like that in no other city in the world.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Top, Max Raabe (hand to chin) and members of his Palast Orchestra, which opens Berlin in Lights at Carnegie Hall. Above left, Simon Rattle, who will conduct ''The Rite of Spring,'' to be danced by schoolchildren. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JENNIFER TAYLOR FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

DIETER MAYR FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. AR27)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2007

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HHC-KCF1-DXY4-X322-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 27, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 22

**Length:** 6360 words

**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)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts: 'Martin Wong: Human Instamatic' (through Feb. 14) Fervor, desire and coded insider-outsider knowledge crackle through this career retrospective of one of our great 20th-century American visionaries. Expanding on an earlier survey at the New Museum, the Bronx exhibition takes the artist from precocious juvenilia to unearthly little pictures done the year before his death from AIDS in 1999. Along with his art we have the traces of his countercultural life as mythologist, homoeroticist, existential tourist and urban resurrectionist. And all revolves around his mystical visions of ghetto New York. Neighborhood buildings are fortresslike, crushing, sinister. Yet miracles abound: windows glow gold; night skies bloom with stars. 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, the Bronx, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.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. (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) This lavish roll out of 160 objects 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 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 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. Closes on Tuesday 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. (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: '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: Chelsea

? Gil Batle: 'Hatched in Prison' (through Jan. 9) Mr. Batle, 53, served a total of 20 years in five California prisons for fraud and forgery. Now living in the Philippines, he has been recounting his experiences in an unlikely medium. Using a high-speed dental drill, he carves miniature narratives of prison life into the surfaces of ostrich eggs. The 19 examples in this show, all made in the past two years, are amazing for their meticulous craftsmanship and detailed story telling. Ricco Maresca, 529 West 20th Street, Chelsea, 212-627-4819, riccomaresca.com. (Johnson)

? Giorgio Morandi (through Dec. 19) This exhibition of 20 paintings concentrates on the artist's mature years (1950-1963) when his experimentation with the ways of painting his beloved still lifes continued, but subtly, and his manipulations of space, scale and suggestion were especially rich. The display culminates in a wonderful theme-and-variations sequence: four canvases from 1952 that depict a nearly identical arrangement of objects. David Zwirner, 537 West 20th Street, Chelsea, 212-517-8677, davidzwirner.com. (Smith)

Galleries: SoHo

? Giorgio Morandi (through June 25) The Italian master of modern still life, and closet abstractionist, is celebrated in a large show devoted foremost to his painting from the 1930s, which are not well known in this country. They reveal a period of struggle during which the artist had settled on what to paint, how to paint was still very much up for grabs. Joel Meyerowitz's large color photographs of Morandi's still life objects -- which he sometimes altered -- are also on view. Reservations are required. Center for Italian Modern Art, 421 Broome Street, near Crosby Street, SoHo, 646-370-3596, italianmodernart.org. (Smith)

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. Through Jan. 10 at Japan Society, 333 East 47th Street, Manhattan, 212-832-1155, japansociety.org. (Johnson)

David Gilbert: 'The Secret Garden' (through Dec. 6) To make his photographs, Mr. Gilbert creates rough sculptural assemblages and installations in his studio in Los Angeles and illuminates them with spectral lighting. The process links him not just with photography's origins as an index of light, but with Baroque artists like Caravaggio and Georges de La Tour for whom light was alchemically symbolic. Like many of his contemporaries, Mr. Gilbert uses digital manipulation sparingly. The work has a raw, slightly scruffy sensibility, which amplifies its personal and romantic character, bolstering an overall shift in contemporary photography toward the poetic, mystical and mysterious. Klaus von Nichtssagend Gallery, 54 Ludlow Street, near Grand Street, Lower East Side, 212-777-7756, klausgallery.com. (Schwendener)

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)

? 'Painting Tranquility: Masterworks by Vilhelm Hammershoi From SMK -- The National Gallery of Denmark' (through Feb. 27) One of Denmark's most celebrated artists, Hammershoi (1864-1916) was known as ''the painter of tranquil rooms.'' This beautiful show of 24 paintings includes pictures in severely muted colors of women in nearly empty rooms suffused by atmospheres of mystery and loneliness; misty, gray cityscapes, devoid of people, that are like anxiety dreams; and tenderly unflinching portraits of the artist's wife, Ida. Scandinavia House, 58 Park Avenue, at 38th Street, 212-779-3587, scandinaviahouse.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

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

Derek Fordjour: 'Upper Room' (closes on Saturday) Walking from Madison Avenue into this show is like changing planets. The gallery's small reception area is carpeted with crushed stone. To the right, a small opening leads to darkened larger space swathed, tent-style, in fabrics; the floor is covered with packed earth. Tree trunks stand upright like tent poles; wreaths of dried flowers are suspended from them. The installation is partly autobiographical. Mr. Fordjour grew up in Tennessee, a child of Ghanaian immigrants. ''Upper Room'' refers to places of religious worship -- a prayer room in his family home and church revival meetings in country clearings -- which were meant to provide safety but couldn't. A soundtrack of hymns plays in the gallery, but so does a live police scanner. Robert Blumenthal Gallery, 1045 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street, Manhattan, 646-852-6332, robertblumenthal.com. (Cotter)

? Beatriz Milhazes: 'Marola' (closes on Saturday) The Brazilian painter adds backbone to her abstract compositions, tightening their edges, refining their scale and working in references to geometric modernisms past, especially that of her fellow countrymen Lygia Clark and Helio Oiticica and also the Venezuelan Op artist Carlos Cruz-Diez. The rich, pulsing color, slightly darkened, and the spiraling carnivalesque energy are still in force, but better -- and the new sculptures aren't bad either. James Cohan Gallery, 533 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-714-9500, jamescohan.com. (Smith)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/27/arts/design/museum-amp-gallery-listings-for-nov-27-dec-3.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/11/27/arts/design/museum-amp-gallery-listings-for-nov-27-dec-3.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY HAMPTON UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, HAMPTON, VA., VALERIE GERRARD BROWNE) (C19)

**Load-Date:** December 2, 2015

**End of Document**



[***THE NATION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y0N0-000D-G4MV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Must Democrats Shift Signals on Blacks to Win the Presidency?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y0N0-000D-G4MV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 10, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Week in Review Desk

**Section:** Section 4;; Section 4; Page 3; Column 1; Week in Review Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1216 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN A. HOLMES

By STEVEN A. HOLMES

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

In 1964, President Lyndon Johnson confided to a young aide, Bill Moyers, that by signing the Civil Rights Bill into law he had "delivered the South to the Republican Party for a long time to come." In a sense Johnson got it wrong; there are still more registered Democrats in the South than there are Republicans. But some political analysts now think that if L.B.J. had substituted the words "the white vote" for "the South," he would have been right on target.

The bill, the most far-reaching civil rights measure ever passed by Congress, has been credited with greatly reducing discrimination and helping to create a viable black middle class. But juxtaposed with this progress are the fortunes of the Democratic Party, which, except for the election of Jimmy Carter in 1976, has been shut out of the White House since 1968.

These days there is a provocative line of reasoning that attempts to explain the slide: The Democratic Party is bleeding white working- and middle-class voters in Presidential elections in part because it is seen as being too concerned with the plight of the poor and of racial minorities -- mainly blacks.

'The Burden of Race'

"I'm inclined to believe that the Democratic Party is permanently handicapped by its civil rights role," said Milton Morris, a vice president of the Joint Center for Political and Economic Studies, a research group specializing in black issues. "That image is not going to be easy to erase. What is now happening is long-term Republican ascendancy based on the burden of race that the Democrats bear."

Analysts say that these whites who have crossed over to vote Republican, in the main, are not racists loath to see blacks move up the economic ladder. Instead, they see Democrats as asking them to pay -- either through taxes or by giving up a job or a promotion -- for programs to compensate for a history of discrimination that they had nothing to do with. Whether this is a valid perception is almost irrelevant where the party's election performances are concerned.

"It's simply a question of mathematics," said Peter Brown, author of "Minority Party," and a proponent of this political theory. "About 80 percent of the people who vote in Presidential elections are white, and since Lyndon Johnson, no Democratic Presidential candidate has gotten more than 46 percent of that vote."

Mark Mellman, a pollster who has worked with a number of Democratic candidates, agrees. "There is no question that the Democratic Party has a problem on race," he said. "Many of the philosophical principles we have espoused put us fundamentally at odds with the majority of the American people. And when your principles are at odds with the majority, you have a political problem."

Cognizant of the party's racial Achilles heel, some Democratic officials and civil rights leaders gave a palpable sigh of relief over two recent events -- the decision of the Rev. Jesse Jackson not to seek the party's Presidential nomination next year and the passage of a new civil rights bill with the blessing of the Bush Administration. With Mr. Jackson deciding not to run, the most visible symbol of the Democrats' links with blacks is on the sidelines. "It is fair to say that some Democrats have expressed anxiety about both the Jackson candidacy and what it symbolized to traditional Democrats -- white Democrats, Southerners, blue collar, ***working-class*** Democrats," said an official with a major civil rights organization who asked that neither he nor his group be identified.

Fear and Civil Rights

The agreement between Congress and the White House on the civil rights bill removes at least for the near term a difficult racially tinged issue -- race-based preference programs -- from the political debate. Indicative of the concern the so-called "quota" issue was causing Democrats was a list distributed at a Congressional Black Caucus forum in September, which called 16 Senators "shaky" in their support of the civil rights bill. Thirteen were Democrats, including Bill Bradley of New Jersey and Southerners like Richard Shelby of Alabama, John Breaux of Louisiana and Wyche Fowler of Georgia. Kerry Scanlon, an attorney with the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense and Education Fund, told the forum that a number of Southern Democrats were "scared to death" of being forced to take a stand on the civil rights bill in an election year.

But racial politics are being stoked by others. David Duke, the former Ku Klux Klan leader, has achieved remarkable success running as a Republican in Louisiana by raising three hot-button issues with racial connotations -- crime, welfare and affirmative action. And in Mississippi, Republican Kirk Fordice scored an upset victory over the incumbent Governor Ray Mabus, using a commercial calling for "workfare, not welfare," which featured a stark photograph of a young black woman holding a baby.

A Two-Sided Dilemma

Some Democratic analysts have noted with hope that the middle class is directing its anger not only against the poor, but also toward the other end of the class spectrum: the rich. The success that Senator Harris Wofford of Pennsylvania had in last week's election in portraying Dick Thornburgh, his Republican opponent, as the defender of the status quo and the powerful, holds promise for Democrats in 1992; the success of Mr. Duke and Mr. Fordice does not.

Elaine Ciulla Kamarck, a senior fellow at the Progressive Policy Institute, a centrist Democratic research organization, defined the anger in a recent article: "What do the C.E.O.'s of major American corporations and members of Congress have in common with 15-year-old welfare mothers? Plenty. The vast American middle class is sick to death of all of them."

Racial politics places Democrats in an ethical and political dilemma: If the party moves to recapture those whites who have moved away, won't it alienate blacks who have been the Democrats' most loyal supporters in recent years? And Dr. Morris says that the situation presents difficulties for blacks as well. "Blacks could change the dynamic, but the only way they could do that is to leave the Democrats and go into a Republican Party which doesn't really care about them and is doing just fine without them," he said.

Some Democratic analysts think that the best bet for leading the party out of its racial thicket may be black politicians who can appeal to whites. L. Douglas Wilder, the black Governor of Virginia who is a fiscal conservative, seemed to aspire to that role. But, in searching for a solid base for a run for the party's Presidential nomination, he is more and more making a traditional appeal to black voters.

A few Democrats see the way out of the racial conundrum by fashioning programs to help people lift themselves out of poverty through work, home ownership and investments, rather than transfers of Government money.

But some Democrats are beginning to say that it is black politicians and civil rights leaders who will have to change if the party is to gain back the middle class.

"I think there are some people in the black leadership who need to wake up and realize that you can have all the litmus tests you want for candidates," said Bob Beckel, who was Walter Mondale's campaign manager in 1984, "but if they don't get you the Presidency, you're not helping your people."

**Graphic**

Photos: Among some Democrats there were sighs of relief that Jesse Jackson will not seek the Presidential nomination in 1992 (Martin Simon/Saba); Gov. L. Douglas Wilder, who is seeking the Democratic nomination, has begun to steer his message more toward blacks. (Evan Richman/Photoreporters)

**Load-Date:** November 10, 1991

**End of Document**



[***SHIPYARD WORKERS DEFY THE REGIME IN GDANSK STRIKE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NTD0-0009-2476-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 12, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1189 words

**Byline:** By JOHN KIFNER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** GDANSK, Poland, Oct. 11

**Body**

Workers at the Lenin Shipyard, the birthplace of the independent trade union Solidarity, struck early today to protest legislation outlawing the union. The protest spread to other factories and to the streets of this Baltic port city.

Clashes between demonstrators and the riot police broke out in midafternoon and continued until at least 11 o'clock tonight, with protesters building and setting fire to barricades and the police hurling volleys of tear gas and concussion grenades.

The strike was the first defiance of labor legislation enacted by Parliament on Friday dissolving the union that was formed in 1980 and that for a time claimed the loyalty of nearly 10 million people in this nation of 36 million. Before it was outlawed, the union had been suspended with the declaration of martial law last Dec. 13.

GDANSK, Poland, Oct. 11 - Workers at the Lenin Shipyard, the birthplace of the independent trade union Solidarity, struck early today to protest legislation outlawing the union.Strike Called for Nov. 10

The four members of Solidarity's underground coordinating committee still at large issued a call Sunday urging a four-hour national strike on Nov. 10, the second anniversary of the registration of the union as a legal organization.

But angry workers on the first shift of the shipyard, which has a work force of 17,000, decided to strike at once when they reported to work at 6:00 A.M. Some witnesses said workers arriving for later shifts had also refused to work. It was not immediately clear how many workers had struck to back demands for the reinstatement of their outlawed union and for the release of their detained leader, Lech Walesa, and other leading members still in custody.

The authorities cut off most telephone and telex communications from here to keep the news from spreading. But in the city, according to witnesses, the strike spread to repair yards and several factories and to the shipyard in nearby Gdynia. In striking today, however, the workers were not occupying and taking control of the factories as they did in the strikes beginning in August 1980 that led to the formation of Solidarity.

Radio Says Attempt Failed

The Polish radio, after having ignored the situation throughout the day, said on its evening newscast that there had been ''discussions'' among the workers, but that an attempt to organize a strike had fallen through. This was after the first news of the incident began to appear on Western radio broadcasts.

In Gdansk tonight, clusters of helmeted riot policemen held the main intersections and patrolled the streets near the shipyard in groups of half a dozen.

The local Communist Party headquarters was ringed with policemen, armored vehicles, water cannon and police buses. Sections of the main street nearby were covered with broken glass and littered with rocks. There were several flame-blackened garbage trucks and twisted park benches that demonstrators had used for barricades.

The street fighting began around 3 P.M. near the monument of three crosses and anchors near the shipyard gates that commemorates the death of workers by police gunfire during the 1970 riots here over food prices. The erection of the monument had been a major objective of the founders of Solidarity in 1980.

During the afternoon, crowds apparently surged toward party headquarters several blocks away, judging by the evidence left in the streets.

By nightfall, the fighting had shifted to the Wrzeszcz district on the western edge of the city, a ***working-class*** neighborhood where Solidarity once had its headquarters.

Burning Barricade on a Street

At a main intersection in the area, around 9 P.M., embattled riot policemen were firing concussion grenades that went off with a loud explosion and a flash of light, one after the other.

Nearly two hours later, they were firing tear gas and red and green flares at crowds clustered around the building that once housed Solidarity. A barricade was burning on the streetcar tracks.

On a wall across the street, someone had daubed in large white letters ''Solidarity'' and, nearby, a sign was painted with the Communist hammer and sickle and the Nazi swastika with an equal sign between them.

Because of the difficulty in internal communications, it was not clear whether demonstrations or strikes had also broken out in other areas that had been bases of Solidarity support, such as the iron and steel center of Nowa Huta in southern poland or the industrial city of Wroclaw.

The demonstrations were spurred by the decision of the martial law authorities to dissolve Solidarity and replace it with a new set of unions whose right to strike would be sharply restricted. The legislation enacted by Parliament took back the gains won by workers before Solidarity was suspended last December.

----

Strike Was Extended

WARSAW, Oct. 11 (AP) - Today's protest at the Lenin shipyard had been scheduled to last two hours but was extended soon after it began, according to Western reporters returning from Gdansk this afternoon.

The reporters, who left the port city at noon, said it was decided to continue for six more hours until the end of the first shift at 2 P.M. and to resume for eight more hours on Tuesday.

The leaders of the protest were said to have told the 17,000 shipyard workers to assemble outside the gates on Tuesday if the Government closed the yard.

In addition to cutting communications with Gdansk, the authorities also blocked highways, making it impossible to obtain an immediate independent estimate of the total number of strikers. Accounts brought back from the area spoke only of thousands.

Meanwhile, the Government announced that 308 people had been freed from internment as promised in a speech to Parliament on Saturday by Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, the Polish leader. He made the promise in an apparent attempt to stave off protests over the new labor law.

Strikers Demand Release

The Polish press agency said those released included people whose ''attitude guarantees they will not undertake actions against the political interests'' of the state.

The Gdansk strikers demanded the release of all interned Solidarity members, whose total number has been put at several hundred higher.

No police action against the shipyard protest was taken this morning, the Western reporters said. But Polish television said that the police had used ''means of coercion'' on ''several groups'' of onlookers who defied orders to disperse after dusk.

Flowers and Banners

Beginning the protest soon after the 6 A.M. start of the shift, the striking workers decorated the shipyard gates with flowers, a portrait of Mr. Walesa, who has been under house arrest since martial law was proclaimed Dec. 13, and Solidarity banners.

As about 100 onlookers gathered outside the gates, workers sat on the walls shouting ''Solidarity! Solidarity!'' Other workers could be seen walking back and forth inside the yards or standing about.

Leaflets and posters that appeared in Gdansk on Sunday night announcing the shipyard strike also called for walkouts in the Silesian coal basin. But official sources in Katowice, the center of the coal-mining district, said it was calm.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: map of Poland photo of striking workers

**End of Document**



[***A Writer's Search for the Sex in Abstinence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PWT-65R0-TW8F-G0R9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 14, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR2; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; BOOKS

**Length:** 2114 words

**Byline:** By MOTOKO RICH

**Body**

WAYNE, N.J.

TOM PERROTTA, perhaps best known for the pointed, celebrated film adaptations of his novels ''Election'' and ''Little Children,'' might seem out of place in a crowd of 300 or so young people gathered at an evangelical Christian church in the strip-mall suburbs of northern New Jersey for a rally on why they shouldn't have sex before marriage.

Mr. Perrotta writes a lot about sex, after all, teenage and otherwise. Think of the high school candidate for student body president deflowered by a teacher in ''Election'' or the bored mom who conducts a torrid affair with a stay-at-home dad in ''Little Children.'' In ''The Wishbones'' a central character plunges into a heady romance even though he is engaged to someone else, while in ''Joe College'' the decidedly premarital narrator pursues two women at the same time, with sex the primary goal.

Now, with his latest novel, ''The Abstinence Teacher,'' out Tuesday from St. Martin's Press, Mr. Perrotta returns to the anxious and striving contemporary suburban landscape that he has made his literary home, this time tackling the evangelical movement, which has produced chastity events like the one in Wayne.

Although Mr. Perrotta read articles and trawled the Internet for details about abstinence campaigns while writing the novel, he never actually attended a real-life rally. So it was that he found himself fascinated -- and a little mystified -- over the space of two hours as the mood inside the darkened sanctuary zigzagged between jocular and somber.

In the introductory act the kids were pummeled with pop music and clips from Will Ferrell movies. A man whose peppy shouts recalled a college fraternity rush chairman exhorted them to scream, ''Sex is great!,'' only to be followed by ominous videos warning of the dire consequences of engaging in it before marriage. (Your hair could fall out from a sexually transmitted disease; your heart could be irretrievably broken.) A slender blond self-declared virgin in snug jeans and stiletto heels promised them sexual and romantic nirvana on their wedding nights if they followed her advice on how to forestall temptation now. (Avoid horizontal positions, keep the lights on and stay out of dark, isolated places like the car.) The whole thing concluded with a 15-minute sermon on the prodigal son.

''Speaking as a former teenage guy, the fact that you might someday get lucky was like the only thing getting you through those years,'' Mr. Perrotta observed after the event as gaggles of hooting kids thronged through the lobby of the suburban church. ''If you take that away I don't know what's left. It was the basic narrative of male adolescence.''

Early in ''The Abstinence Teacher,'' which Mr. Perrotta is adapting into a screenplay for the directors Jonathan Dayton and Valerie Faris, the husband-and-wife team behind ''Little Miss Sunshine,'' the author depicts a similar scene. In it a 28-year-old woman who ''wasn't just blond and pretty; she was hot'' boasts of her virginity while lecturing the students on venereal disease and unwanted pregnancies. In a titillating finale, she promises them that when she finally has sex on her wedding night, ''mark my words, people -- it is going to be soooo good, oh my God, better than you can even imagine.''

With abstinence programs and disputes over what can be taught in schools regularly making the front page, ''The Abstinence Teacher'' hits on prominent social fault lines. This has become something of a hallmark for Mr. Perrotta, who has developed a knack for combining hot-button cultural themes (electoral corruption in ''Election,'' mommy-and-me despair and vigilante justice in ''Little Children'') with flawed and complicated characters. While his stories bear the sheen of satire, they are actually sharp though compassionate investigations of human relationships. They can also be very funny.

This particular alchemy has made him irresistible to Hollywood. The producers Albert Berger and Ron Yerxa have optioned every one of Mr. Perrotta's books, although ''Bad Haircut: Stories of the Seventies,'' ''The Wishbones'' and ''Joe College'' have yet to be made into movies.

''The great thing about Tom is we often say that we want to make films about the contemporary American culture and its contradictions,'' Mr. Yerxa said. ''We want to explore very serious themes as comedy, and that seems to be exactly what Tom does also.''

''The Abstinence Teacher'' kicks off when Ruth Ramsey, a sex-education teacher and divorced mother of two young daughters, makes an offhand remark to her students about oral sex that draws the ire of local evangelical church members. Seeking to placate them, the school board invites a ''virginity consultant'' to supervise Ruth in class. The rest of the novel revolves around the budding relationship between Ruth and Tim Mason, a newly remarried soccer coach and recovering drug addict who has recently found God and wants to share him.

Mr. Perrotta said the idea for the novel emerged from the 2004 presidential election, when evangelical voters were widely credited with swinging the result for George W. Bush.

''I was surrounded by people who kept saying, 'Who are these people?''' recalled Mr. Perrotta, who has lived in Belmont, Mass., for the past eight years with his wife and two children. ''I did feel somewhat inadequate as a novelist, just like I'd missed something huge happening in the country. I really did set out to kind of investigate that world.''

''The Abstinence Teacher'' continues a process begun with ''Little Children,'' when Mr. Perrotta, 46, first departed from the autobiographical details -- or at least the geography -- that grounded his earlier work.

''Bad Haircut: Stories of the Seventies,'' ''Election,'' ''The Wishbones'' and the parts of ''Joe College'' that don't take place at Yale are set in suburban towns that resemble Garwood, N.J., where Mr. Perrotta grew up as the son of a mailman and a former secretary who stayed home to raise him along with his older brother and younger sister.

''For a long time I thought of myself as a regionalist who believed in that idea of fiction set in a specific place,'' Mr. Perrotta said, sitting in the backyard of his mustard-colored childhood home in Garwood before the abstinence rally, amid a cluster of flowerpots carefully tended by his 76-year-old mother.

Raised Roman Catholic (he has since lapsed), he was exposed to the self-abnegating form of religion that the evangelicals, he said, had turned on its head, particularly in regard to sex. ''Catholic theology is that sex should be for procreation,'' he said. ''But this evangelical culture really embraces orgasms and pleasure. I was really interested in that strain of Christianity that didn't want to fight American culture and that's a vibrant, prosperous and actually kind of sexy culture.''

In 1979 Mr. Perrotta headed off to Yale, where he returned as a writing tutor and part-time instructor after obtaining an M.A. in creative writing from Syracuse University. It was then that he began writing ''Lucky Winners,'' a novel about a ***working-class*** family that wins the lottery. While that first novel was, as he put it, ''being rejected everywhere in New York,'' he landed a gig ghost-writing a volume of a popular horror series for teenagers. (He is duty-bound not to disclose the title.)

Writing that horror novel in the afternoons, he spent the mornings working on a manuscript that would become ''Election.''

''When I look back now, that was the year I became a writer,'' Mr. Perrotta said. It was also a disappointing time. Publishers kept rejecting ''Election,'' confused by whether it was a young adult novel or a literary adult title.

But through a connection from a writers' colony he met Mr. Berger and Mr. Yerxa, the film producers, who loved ''Election'' and bought the rights. The movie, directed by Alexander Payne and starring Reese Witherspoon and Matthew Broderick, came out in 1999, just months after the book was finally published.

In 1994 Mr. Perrotta moved to Massachusetts with his wife, Mary Granfield, and daughter, Nina, now 13, and began teaching expository writing at Harvard. Luke was born in 1997.

''Little Children,'' published in 2004, was Mr. Perrotta's breakout book. A steadily growing critical fan base showered the novel with praise, and it went on to become a best seller, with 625,000 copies in print in hardcover and paperback.

While he was working on ''Little Children'' and attending his daughter's soccer games, an idea popped into his head. ''The soccer coach,'' he wrote on an index card. ''A man is upset to see the coach of his 8-year-old son's team praying after the game. Why is he angry?''

That brief note eventually morphed into a pivotal early scene in ''The Abstinence Teacher,'' with the sexes changed. Ruth Ramsey attends a nail-biting soccer match in which her 10-year-old daughter, Maggie, makes a crucial play. In the jubilant aftermath, Tim Mason and another coach lead the girls in a prayer. Ruth goes ballistic.

But as in ''Little Children,'' in which he gave depth to a disaffected and uninspired young mother (as well as to the aging mother of a pedophile), here Mr. Perrotta takes a simplistic character who on first appearances is easily dismissible and makes him hard not to like.

Tim is introduced as a self-righteous evangelist (''She needs to hear this,'' he admonishes Ruth when she tries to stop him from praying with her daughter after the game) but turns out to be ambivalent about his newly found religion, repeatedly slipping up with bouts of adulterous sex, gambling and alcohol.

In contrast Ruth, who starts off as the kind of evolved, educated parent with whom many readers might identify, is revealed to be at times blindly dogmatic, undone by her own principles. But she too is softened by moments of weakness and confusion, most notably when she finds herself inexorably attracted to Tim, a man she would prefer to demonize. ''My God,'' she thinks at one point. ''I'm pathetic. I'd probably put on a skirt and heels for Dick Cheney.''

To research the novel's evangelical components, Mr. Perrotta attended a few church services and spent a lot of time typing ''Christian sex tips'' into Google. What he discovered found its way into ''Hot Christian Sex: The Godly Way to Spice Up Your Marriage,'' a sex manual Mr. Perrotta concocted for use by Tim and his second wife, Carrie, a sweet young member of the church.

But Mr. Perrotta said he purposely did not take what he called the Tom Wolfe immersion approach to researching the novel. Instead he wanted to learn just enough to make the novel plausible. At one point he heard about a woman in New York who had, like Ruth, been disciplined for remarks she made in a sex-education class.

Mr. Perrotta called the woman, but when she never returned the call, he was actually relieved. ''I was happy with what I'd written,'' he said. ''Once I'd even heard that the story I was telling sounded familiar and possible, that was enough for me.''

He said he had no idea how an evangelical Christian audience would respond to the book. One character in particular, the aggressively pious Pastor Dennis, seems in some respects to fit a typical liberal perception of an evangelical preacher. But Mr. Perrotta said he actually admired the character's integrity and authentic caring for Tim. Above all Pastor Dennis is not a hypocrite, Mr. Perrotta said. ''Like a lot of secular Americans after that first wave of evangelical televangelists crashed and burned, like Jimmy Swaggart and Jim and Tammy Faye, there was this sense of, 'I know who those people are, they're just a bunch of hypocrites,''' he said. ''It took me a long time to understand that a lot of them were completely genuine.

After the abstinence rally in Wayne, Jason Burtt, the national director of Silver Ring Thing, the organization that mounted the event, approached Mr. Perrotta in the lobby and started chatting with him about the novel. When Mr. Perrotta explained the plot, Mr. Burtt said he didn't believe in coercing teachers. ''It is so unconvincing when someone in school is forced to teach abstinence if they don't believe it,'' Mr. Burtt said.

As he prepared to drive back to his mother's house, Mr. Perrotta said he was struck by how courteous and nonconfrontational Mr. Burtt had been. Over all, he said, evangelical Christian culture seems mostly polite, as well as extremely un-ironic. In response, ''a certain kind of collegiate irony is like a reflex,'' Mr. Perrotta said. ''And it's a reflex of superiority and condescension. It just wells up. But when I write, I try to quiet it down.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Tom Perrotta in the house in Garwood, N.J., where he grew up

his mother still lives there.(pg. AR1)

At a Silver Ring Thing rally in Wayne, N.J., last month, top, Kierstyn Savino, above center, tried on a ring symbolizing a commitment to abstinence. Below, Jason Burtt, left, national director of the organization, with Tom Perrotta.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROB BENNETT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. AR10)

**Load-Date:** October 14, 2007

**End of Document**



[***The Secret Life of Passwords***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5DNK-N221-DXY4-X05S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 23, 2014 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 37

**Length:** 4973 words

**Byline:** By IAN URBINA

**Body**

Howard Lutnick, the chief executive of Cantor Fitzgerald, one of the world's largest financial-services firms, still cries when he talks about it. Not long after the planes struck the twin towers, killing 658 of his co-workers and friends, including his brother, one of the first things on Lutnick's mind was passwords. This may seem callous, but it was not.

Like virtually everyone else caught up in the events that day, Lutnick, who had taken the morning off to escort his son, Kyle, to his first day of kindergarten, was in shock. But he was also the one person most responsible for ensuring the viability of his company. The biggest threat to that survival became apparent almost immediately: No one knew the passwords for hundreds of accounts and files that were needed to get back online in time for the reopening of the bond markets. Cantor Fitzgerald did have extensive contingency plans in place, including a requirement that all employees tell their work passwords to four nearby colleagues. But now a large majority of the firm's 960 New York employees were dead. ''We were thinking of a major fire,'' Lutnick said. ''No one in those days had ever thought of an entire four-to-six-block radius being destroyed.'' The attacks also knocked out one of the company's main backup servers, which were housed, at what until that day seemed like a safe distance away, under 2 World Trade Center.

Hours after the attacks, Microsoft dispatched more than 30 security experts to an improvised Cantor Fitzgerald command center in Rochelle Park, N.J., roughly 20 miles from the rubble. Many of the missing passwords would prove to be relatively secure -- the ''JHx6fT!9'' type that the company's I.T. department implored everyone to choose. To crack those, the Microsoft technicians performed ''brute force'' attacks, using fast computers to begin with ''a'' then work through every possible letter and number combination before ending at ''ZZZZZZZ.'' But even with the fastest computers, brute-force attacks, working through trillions of combinations, could take days. Wall Street was not going to wait.

Microsoft's technicians, Lutnick recalled, knew that they needed to take advantage of two facts: Many people use the same password for multiple accounts, and these passwords are typically personalized. The technicians explained that for their algorithms to work best, they needed large amounts of trivia about the owner of each missing password, the kinds of things that were too specific, too personal and too idiosyncratic for companies to keep on file. ''It's the details that make people distinct, that make them individuals,'' Lutnick said. He soon found himself on the phone, desperately trying to compartmentalize his own agony while calling the spouses, parents and siblings of his former colleagues to console them -- and to ask them, ever so gently, whether they knew their loved ones' passwords. Most often they did not, which meant that Lutnick had to begin working his way through a checklist that had been provided to him by the Microsoft technicians. ''What is your wedding anniversary? Tell me again where he went for undergrad? You guys have a dog, don't you? What's her name? You have two children. Can you give me their birth dates?''

''Remember, this was less than 24 hours after the towers had fallen,'' he said. ''The fire department was still referring to it as a search-and-rescue mission.'' Families had not accepted their losses. Lutnick said he never referred to anyone as being dead, just ''not available right now.'' He framed his questions to be an affirmation of that person's importance to the company, he said. Conversations oscillated between sudden bawling and agonizing silences. ''Awful,'' he said. Sometimes it took more than an hour to work through the checklist, but Lutnick said he made sure he was never the one to hang up first.

In the end, Microsoft's technicians got what they needed. The firm was back in operation within two days. The same human sentimentality that made Cantor Fitzgerald's passwords ''weak,'' ultimately proved to be its saving grace.

Several years ago I began asking my friends and family to tell me their passwords. I had come to believe that these tiny personalized codes get a bum rap. Yes, I understand why passwords are universally despised: the strains they put on our memory, the endless demand to update them, their sheer number. I hate them, too. But there is more to passwords than their annoyance. In our authorship of them, in the fact that we construct them so that we (and only we) will remember them, they take on secret lives. Many of our passwords are suffused with pathos, mischief, sometimes even poetry. Often they have rich back stories. A motivational mantra, a swipe at the boss, a hidden shrine to a lost love, an inside joke with ourselves, a defining emotional scar -- these keepsake passwords, as I came to call them, are like tchotchkes of our inner lives. They derive from anything: Scripture, horoscopes, nicknames, lyrics, book passages. Like a tattoo on a private part of the body, they tend to be intimate, compact and expressive.

Perhaps my biggest surprise has been how willing, eager actually, people are to openly discuss their keepsakes. The friends I queried forwarded my request, and before long I started receiving passwords from complete strangers. There was the former prisoner whose password includes what used to be his inmate identification number (''a reminder not to go back''); the fallen-away Catholic whose passwords incorporate the Virgin Mary (''it's secretly calming''); the childless 45-year-old whose password is the name of the baby boy she lost in utero (''my way of trying to keep him alive, I guess'').

Sometimes the passwords were playful. Several people said they used ''incorrect'' for theirs so that when they forgot it, the software automatically prompted them with the right one (''your password is incorrect''). Nicole Perlroth, The New York Times's cybersecurity reporter, told me about the awkward conversation she had not long ago, when, locked out of her account, she was asked by the newspaper's tech-support staff to disclose her password: a three-digit code plus an unpublishable epithet -- a reference to a funny exchange she overheard years earlier between a store clerk and a thief.

Often, though, these disclosures had an emotional edge to them. One woman described the jarring realization that her sister's name was the basis for all of their mother's passwords. Another, Becky FitzSimons, recalled needling her husband, Will, after their wedding in 2013 because he was still using the digits of his ex-girlfriend's birthday for his debit-card PIN. ''I'm not a jealous person,'' FitzSimons said. ''But he changed it to my birthday the next day.''

Standing at the park watching my 11-year-old son climb on the jungle gym, I struck up a conversation with a woman walking her dog, and I told her about my keepsakes idea. Like most people, she did not want her name used in my article, because she said her vignette was too personal; she also feared being hacked. But she proceeded to tell me that several months after her son committed suicide, she found his password written on a piece of paper at his desk: ''Lambda1969.'' Only then, after some Internet searching, did she realize he had been gay. (Lambda is the Greek lowercase ''l,'' which some historians say stands in gay culture for liberation. The number, ''1969,'' she explained, referred to the year of the Stonewall Riots -- the protests that followed a police raid on the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village.)

Some keepsakes were striking for their ingenuity. Like spring-loaded contraptions, they folded big thoughts down into tidy little ciphers. After being inspired by Sheryl Sandberg's book, ''Lean In: Women, Work and the Will to Lead,'' Cortni Kerr, a running partner of mine, began using ''Ww$$do13,'' which stood for ''What would Sheryl Sandberg do'' plus ''13'' for the year (2013) of the password's creation. ''TnsitTpsif'' was the password of another friend, a computer scientist who loves wordplay. It stands for ''The next sentence is true. The previous sentence is false,'' which in philosophy is called a liar's paradox. For my friend, it was a playful reference to the knots that language can tie. When I described keepsake passwords to Paul Saffo, who teaches engineering at Stanford and writes often about the future of technology, he coined the term ''crypto haiku.''

Rachel Malis, 29, a friend's former housemate, heard about my password fixations and emailed hers to me: ''Odessa,'' the Ukrainian city of her father's birth. It seemed unremarkable to me. But she said there was more to it. So I suggested we meet for coffee. We sat for an hour while Malis nursed a latte and explained what gave her password its power for her.

''Odessa,'' she said, referred not just to her lineage but also to a transformative trip she took there in 2008 with her father. In a sense, it was a place that had always separated them -- it embodied a language, a regime and a past that she could never share. Her father fled Ukraine in 1980 when he was 28, and he vowed never to return. Even in America, old habits, like his KGB-induced skepticism of the police lingered. Malis said that during her childhood in Trumbull, Conn., near New Haven, he would close the living-room blinds whenever he wanted to discuss anything ''sensitive,'' like summer travel plans or family finances. The city loomed large in her father's consciousness when Malis was growing up. She once asked why there was no fleck of green anywhere in their house -- not in the wallpaper, pictures, dishes, throw rugs -- and her mother explained that it was because the color reminded him of painful early years spent in the army.

On that trip back, Malis paid for her father's plane ticket and arranged their accommodations, and they were both surprised to find him just as lost as she was in the streets of Odessa. Her laconic father was more talkative, though, in his native tongue. He was strangely calm visiting his father's grave but became choked up when he showed her the tracks where he caught the train that whisked him out of the city one panicked night so long ago. Above all, Malis said, typing ''Odessa'' every time she logged in to her computer was a reminder of the true epiphany she carried home: that getting closer to something -- her father, this city -- didn't make it smaller or more manageable. ''It actually just brought their complexity and nuance more into focus,'' she said.

At least as interesting as the amount of thought Malis had packed into this one six-letter word was the fact that she was telling me it all. I confessed to her that I loved ''Odessa'' as a password. At the same time, I worried that her office's techies might not share my affection, given that their first rule is to avoid choosing passwords with personal significance. Malis pointed out that we break that rule precisely because secure passwords are so much harder to remember. Our brains are prone to mooring new memories to old ones, she said. I added that I thought the behavior spoke to something deeper, something almost Cartesian. Humans like, even need, to imbue things with meaning, I suggested. We're prone to organizing symbols into language.

Malis gave me an inquisitive look. So I continued: We try to make the best of our circumstances, converting our shackles into art, I said. Amid all that is ephemeral, we strive for permanence, in this case ignoring instructions to make passwords disposable, opting instead to preserve our special ones. These very tendencies are what distinguish us as a species.

These special passwords are a bit like origami, I suggested: small and often impromptu acts of creativity, sometimes found in the most banal of places. Malis seemed to agree. She nodded, shook my hand and left.

Asking strangers about their passwords is a touchy proposition. Push too hard, and you come off as a prospective hacker. Go too easy, and people just rant about how much they hate passwords. Still, it's not every day that you stumble across a conversation topic that teaches you new things about people you've known for years.

I discovered, for example, that my father -- a recently retired federal judge and generally a pretty serious guy -- derived his passwords from a closeted love for goofy, novelty songs from the late '50s and early '60s (''The Purple People Eater,'' ''Monster Mash'').

The ''4622'' that my wife uses in her passwords was not just the address of her own father's childhood home but also a reminder of his fragility and strength. Apparently when the former 270-pound football standout, a scholarship athlete and the pride of his ***working-class*** neighborhood in west Tulsa, was a small boy, he had to sing his home address (''4622 South 28th West Avenue'') in one full breath rather than try to say it normally; otherwise, his debilitating stutter would trip him up.

My young son revealed that his password was ''philosophy,'' because, he said, several years earlier, when he created it, he took secret pride in knowing the meaning of a concept that big. The disclosure had an interesting echo for me, because one of my first childhood passwords was a play on ''ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny,'' an evolutionary theory from a high-school biology class that I found especially captivating. (The hypothesis, now unfashionable, posits that the physical or intellectual development of each individual passes through stages similar to the developmental stages of that individual's species or civilization.)

I asked Andy Miah, a professor of science communication and digital media at the University of Salford in England, for his thoughts on passwords, and he offered an anthropological outlook. Keepsake passwords, he suggested, ritualize a daily encounter with personal memories that often have no place else to be recalled. We engage with them more frequently and more actively than we do, say, with the framed photo on our desk. ''You lose that ritual,'' Miah said, ''you lose an intimacy with yourself.''

For some people, these rituals are motivational. Fiona Moriarty, a competitive runner, told me that she often used ''16:59'' -- her target time for the 5,000 meters in track. Mauricio Estrella, a designer who emailed me from Shanghai, described how his passwords function like homemade versions of popular apps like Narrato or 1 Second Everyday, which automatically provide its user with a daily reminder to pause and reflect momentarily on personal ambitions or values. To help quell his anger at his ex-wife soon after their divorce, Estrella had reset his password to ''Forgive@h3r.'' ''It worked,'' he said. Because his office computer demanded that he change his password every 30 days, he moved on to other goals: ''Quit@smoking4ever'' (successful); ''Save4trip@thailand'' (successful); ''Eat2@day'' (''it never worked, I'm still fat,'' Estrella wrote); ''Facetime2mom@sunday'' (''it worked,'' he said, ''I've started talking with my mom every week now'').

Keepsakes also memorialize loss or mark painful turning points. Leslye Davis, the New York Times reporter who produced the video series that accompanies this article online, said that ''stroke911'' was her original Facebook password because she happened to create her page on the same day that her cousin had a stroke. My friend Monica Vendituoli's keepsake was ''swim2659nomore'' -- a reference to a career-ending shoulder injury in 2008 that prevented her from hitting the 26.59-second qualifying time in the 50-yard freestyle she needed for a championship meet in high school. But the effect of typing this password had shifted over the years, she added. What started as a mourning ritual, she said, was now more a reminder of how ''time heals all.''

These personal tributes vary widely, I found. Stuck on a tarmac last year, I sat next to a chatty man who, judging by his expensive watch and suit, seemed to have done well for himself. We made small talk about our jobs, and eventually I told him about my interest in passwords. After a long, silent look out the window, he turned to me and said that he typically uses ''1060'' in his passwords. This was his SAT score, he explained. He liked reminding himself of it, he said, because he took a certain private satisfaction in how far he had come in life in spite of his mediocre showing on the standardized test.

I got an email from a college student, Megan Welch, 21, who described having been trapped several years earlier in a relationship with a physically abusive boyfriend. She recounted how he routinely spied on her email. When she tried to change her password, he always either guessed or got her to tell him the new one. ''I was so predictable,'' she said. After finally deciding to break up with him, she used for her new password the date of her decision, plus the word ''freedom'' -- a deviation, she said, from the cutesy words that had been her norm. In being uncharacteristic, her password became unhackable; it was at once a break from her former self and a commemoration of that break.

Keepsake passwords are so universal that they are now part of the fabric of pop culture. I noticed, for instance, that on Showtime's ''Dexter,'' the main character (a blood-spatter analyst for the police by day, vigilante serial killer by night) forgot his work computer's password. He was soon visited by the ghost of his adoptive father, Harry, who killed himself after witnessing Dexter's violent tendencies. The visit reminded Dexter of his password (''Harry'') and the viewer of the longevity and depth of his personal torment.

Googling for more examples, I came across Jack Donaghy, Alec Baldwin's character on the NBC sitcom ''30 Rock.'' He convinced himself that a high-school crush still had feelings for him after he learned that her voice-mail code, ''55287,'' stood for ''Klaus,'' the name Jack used in the high-school German class they took together. I found George Costanza from ''Seinfeld'' nearly driving his girlfriend mad, and maybe even killing a guy, by refusing to share his A.T.M. password, ''Bosco,'' a reference to George's weakness for the chocolate syrup.

But perhaps the most bizarre one I found was Jerry Seinfeld's A.T.M. code -- ''Jor-El.'' On the simplest level -- as the episode explained -- this was the name of Superman's Kryptonian father. It served as a nod to the fictional Jerry's love of the comic-book character. But in digging a bit further, I found that the real-life Jerry's father was of Eastern European-Jewish descent, and his first name was Kalman, a.k.a. Kal. This is why one of the actor's two sons, born long after the episode was made, has Kal as his middle name. Though most people know Superman as Clark Kent, his Kryptonian name is Kal-El. What Jerry hid in his PIN looped between fact and fiction, past and present; and comic book, sitcom and real life.

I loved the Seinfeld password story because it was so convoluted that in retelling it I could barely follow it myself. Its circularity inspired a certain awe in me -- the way you might feel when you first see an optical illusion by Escher. That got me thinking about the intricate and self-referential patterns famously described in Douglas R. Hofstadter's 1979 classic ''Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid.'' The book is a beautiful and personal musing on how we mold both language and our sense of self from the inanimate material around us.

I wondered if there might be some (modest) parallel between what I saw in keepsakes and the elaborate loops in music, math and art that he described in his book. Like a fractal running through human psychology, maybe we have a tendency not just to create keepsakes but to create ones with self-referential loops in them.

So I called Hofstadter to get his take. He was reserved but intrigued. I suggested that many of these passwords seem to be quiet celebrations of things we hold dear. Hofstadter concurred. His primary password, he said, was the same one he has used since 1975, when he was a visiting scholar at Stanford. It consisted of a sentimental date from his past coupled with a word problem.

''Might there be something deeper at work in these password habits and in the self-referential loops you studied?'' I asked.

Some of these patterns we discover, Hofstadter said, others we create. But above all, ''we oppose randomness,'' he said. ''Keepsake passwords are part of that.''

The Internet is a confessional place. With so little privacy, passwords may soon be tomorrow's eight-track player, quaintly described to our grandchildren. Ten years ago, Bill Gates announced during a tech-security conference in San Francisco that ''people are going to rely less and less'' on passwords, because they cannot ''meet the challenge'' of keeping critical information secure. In recent years, there has been a push for machines to identify us not by passwords but by things we possess, like tokens and key cards, or by scanning our eyes, voices or fingerprints. This year, for example, Google purchased SlickLogin, a start-up that verifies IDs using sound waves. iPhones have come equipped with fingerprint scanners for more than a year now. And yet passwords continue to proliferate, to metastasize. Every day more objects -- thermostats, car consoles, home alarm systems -- are designed to be wired into the Internet and thus password protected. Because big data is big money, even free websites now make you register to view virtually anything of importance so that companies can track potential customers. Five years ago, people averaged about 21 passwords. Now that number is 81, according to LastPass, a company that makes password-storage software.

Partly this push is being fueled by a growing and shared hatred of passwords. The digital era is nothing if not overwhelming. The unrelenting flood of information. The constant troubleshooting. We only just master one new device before it becomes outmoded. These frustrations are channeled into tantrums over forgotten passwords.

There is scarcely a more modern sense of anomie than that of being caught in the purgatory where, having forgotten a password, we're asked personal trivia questions about ourselves that we can't seem to answer correctly. The almost-weekly stream of news stories about major security breaches makes it tough not to feel as if privacy on the Internet is unattainable.

It's enough to make the conscientious objectors seem sane. These are the many people I interviewed who said they had given up on the whole notion of online security, opting instead to adopt intentionally insecure passwords.

Digital nudists of sorts, these people throw all discretion to the wind, leaving themselves naked to hackers and identity thieves; they are protected only by the hope that they might disappear in the crowd. Their humble acts of rebellion seem to suggest that maybe the reason people were so willing to tell me their keepsakes was that it offered a small, private catharsis from the pent-up pressure that we all feel to police our online security.

In December 2009, an Eastern European hacker trolling the Internet for vulnerable targets stumbled across the mother lode: a database of 32 million passwords for a company called RockYou that runs a network of online games. Several weeks later, the hacker published the database, which remains among the largest such archives ever released.

The digital nudists were well represented. At least one of every 10 users chose a name or a name plus a year for his password. Two of every thousand passwords were the word ''password.'' But the RockYou breach had bigger lessons to offer. Most password research is focused on security, rather than on psychology or anthropology. Few modern activities, however, are more universal than creating a password. Rich, poor, young, old, virtually all of us are confronted daily by some kind of registration-demanding technology: wire transfers, prepaid cellphones, online banking, email, calling cards. The RockYou database could show how, when and why words gather weight -- existential, personal weight.

This is partly why, for the past several years, a small team of computer scientists at the University of Ontario Institute of Technology has studied the RockYou database for lexical patterns. Among their more interesting finds: ''Love'' was by far the most common verb among the passwords -- about twice as common as conjugations of the verb ''to be'' and roughly 12 times as common as conjugations of the verb ''to hate.'' By far the most popular adjectives used in the database's passwords were ''sexy,'' ''hot'' and ''pink.'' Men's names were about four times as likely as women's names to appear as the object of passwords that start with ''I love.''

Christopher Collins, one of the group's lead researchers, explained that affection even appears in disguised forms. What at first looked like a disproportionately frequent use of the word ''team,'' for instance, turned out to be versions of the Spanish words ''te amo,'' or ''I love you,'' Collins said. The number ''14344'' appeared unusually often, and the researchers at first figured that it referred to a date: March 14, 1944. After consulting the urban dictionary, they soon found out that the number actually is popular code for ''I love you very much.'' (Count the letters in each word.)

In my own conversations, I, too, noticed that love (familial, unrequited, Platonic, failed) seemed to be a common source of inspiration for keepsakes. Perhaps my favorite of these anecdotes came from Maria T. Allen, who wrote that in 1993, when she was 22, she used for her password a combination of the name of her summer crush, J. D., with an autumn month and the name of a mythological female deity (she wouldn't tell me which) to whom he had compared her when they first met. The fling ended, and they went their separate ways. But the password endured. Eleven years later, out of the blue, Allen received a message through Classmates.com from J. D. himself. They dated for several years, then decided to marry. Before the wedding, J. D. asked Maria if she had ever thought of him during that interim decade. ''About every time I logged in to my Yahoo account,'' she replied, before recounting to him her secret. He had the password inscribed on the inside of his wedding ring.

Granted, passwords harbor humanity's darker side too. Joseph Bonneau, 30, who was among the first computer scientists to study RockYou's archive, said he was amazed that tens of thousands of people would choose to introduce messages like ''killmeplease,'' ''myfamilyhatesme'' and ''erinisaslut'' -- not to mention a slew of obscenities and racial slurs -- into their lives multiple times a day.

In studying the database, Bonneau's focus was not on the meaning of passwords but their security. And the further he dug into it, he said, the more he worried about the fate of privacy as so much of life moves online. ''What the database made clear,'' he said, ''was that humans really are the weak link when it comes to data security.''

But precisely what made passwords so flawed is also what Bonneau said he found uplifting. ''People take a nonnatural requirement imposed on them, like memorizing a password,'' he said, ''and make it a meaningful human experience.''

I later recounted Bonneau's comment to Collins, who agreed. ''We don't just make it a meaningful experience,'' he said. ''Statistically speaking, at least based on the data, it's most often an affectionate experience.''

There is something mildly destructive about collecting people's keepsakes. Observers disturb the things we measure. But with passwords, or other secrets, we ruin them in their very discussion. Virtually all the people who revealed their passwords to me said they planned to stop using them. And yet they divulged them all the same.

Over the course of a half-hour, Hossein Bidgoli, a management information systems professor at California State University, Bakersfield, and editor of The Internet Encyclopedia, told me about the many dangers of using personal information in passwords. He fell silent, however, when I asked him whether he thought keepsakes were a bad thing.

Then he began to tell me about his life. He grew up in a small town near Tehran, he said, where he lived until he left Iran in 1976 to pursue his doctoral studies. He described his high school, which was named Karkhaneh, and the roses and rhododendron at a nearby plantation where he and his parents used to picnic. He recalled the distinct taste of the freshly made olive oil that his father, an engineer, used to bring home from the olive-processing plant where he worked.

''What you're calling keepsake passwords,'' Bidgoli said, ''mine is 'Karkhaneh.' ''

Translated from Farsi, the word means ''the place where people work,'' he said. But for him, the name conjured a past happiness, time spent with his parents and the place that shaped his work ethic and his ethnic identity. ''It's a pretty memory,'' he said, sotto voce.

I wondered why someone so concerned about security would be willing to tell me his password. I figured it might just be an extension of the oversharing culture that the Internet has created. Maybe my very hunt for significance in passwords and people's general eagerness to help in that endeavor says more than any particular meaning I might actually find in the passwords themselves. Humans aren't the only ones who solve puzzles. We are, however, the only ones who make puzzles simply so that we can solve them.

Bidgoli said he wasn't sure why he disclosed his password. ''It just seemed like your keepsakes are true,'' he added after a long pause. ''I wanted to contribute to that.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/11/19/magazine/the-secret-life-of-passwords.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/11/19/magazine/the-secret-life-of-passwords.html)

**Graphic**

DRAWINGS (DRAWINGS BY LUIS DOURADO

BASED ON VIDEOS BY LESLYE DAVIS) (MM39

MM41

MM42)

**Load-Date:** February 3, 2015

**End of Document**



[***BRITISH SOCCER: THE DEADLY GAME***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5370-002S-X47X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 7, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 6; Page 40, Column 1; Magazine Desk

**Length:** 4007 words

**Byline:** By James Traub; Lesley Hazleton is a visiting professor at Pennsylvania State University. This article is adapted from her book ''England, Bloody England,'' to be published in the fall by Atlantic Monthly Press.

**Body**

WE WERE IN THE ARSENAL STADIUM IN North London. Arsenal was playing Manchester United, and losing, 1-0. A few yards away from us, the Manchester fans were howling for victory. Pete, seated behind me, was not pleased.

The curses came pouring out of him as the hometeam players flubbed the ball - a torrent of Anglo-Saxon words that contorted his face into masks of fury. Sexual threats rang mightily in my ears.

''You bleedin' idiot. You couldn't score in a brothel!''

He stopped short when I caught his eye, and shrugged apologetically. ''Sorry, love,'' he said, ''I get a bit carried away, if you know what I mean. You all right, then?''

His mate Mike gave me what was intended to be a reassuring pat on the shoulder. There were snakes tattooed on the back of his hand. ''Welcome to football,'' he said. And grinned.

Forget about English notions of fair play. The ringing chorus of boos that had greeted the opposing team when they set foot on the field was a standard ritual, but it caught me off guard. I was back in England after 10 years in the States, where I had gotten used to the family atmosphere of baseball; there, the worst that happens to the visiting team is a deadly silence when they score, play stops when a beach ball is thrown onto the field.

Now that I thought of it, there were very few families here at the Arsenal home ground. Not many women at all. Or young children. Or blacks. The 35,000-strong crowd, packed into a structure the size of a small spring training stadium in Florida, consisted almost entirely of white men aged 15 to 30. All with lusty lungs for cursing and shouting, and lusty bellies filled with strong English ale. I was glad I'd brought a friend - a big friend, Hugh, whom I'd known since college.

It was a big game: Arsenal was one place ahead of Manchester, very near the top of the first division, and a win would make a big difference to (Continued on Page 66) either side. But that's not why I was here. I hadn't been to a soccer match since I'd left England, though I used to go quite often in Manchester and Liverpool, where I spent my student years, and I remembered kids like Pete and Mike. There was something about their enthusiasm that attracted me, despite the violence with which they expressed it. Their vigorous language was free of the repression that's so characteristic of England. They were 18 or 19, they were uneducated, they were already stuck in dead-end jobs or living on the dole, but for the space of a Saturday afternoon, they could forget all that and openly, loudly and raucously enjoy themselves. There was no holding back. This was mainly a ***working-class*** crowd, uninterested in the stifling niceties of upper- and middle-class life. This was another England - the England ignored or conveniently forgotten by Anglophiles, who find it hard to reconcile their upper-class fantasies with lower-class reality. There was no masking here. No embarrassment. That was the pleasure of it, and that's why the stadium was crammed. Football - soccer to my American ear - is where the emotional restrictiveness of being English breaks down. This is where you can let go.

Within limits, that is. This was football in the 1980's, and uniformed police ringed the pitch, spaced about five yards apart from each other. Both teams' colors were red and white, and the whole stadium would have been a sea of those colors if it hadn't been for the lines of navy blue police uniforms. They circled the terraces behind the goals at either end of the pitch.

Fans pay £4 (about $7) for the privilege of standing on one of these terraces - huge, concrete-stepped structures open to the sky. You have to come early to get a good place on a terrace, and once you have found it, you can't leave. You need a strong bladder, or a willingness to stand on wet concrete pungent with urine.

From our seats, we could see that both terraces were packed and people were pushing to the front, just as they would a year later at Sheffield, when 95 people were crushed to death. Visitors and home team had been carefully separated from the start. At one end were the Arsenal fans, cheering and jeering. At the other, Manchester United fans jeering and cheering to match. Chanted insults were traded back and forth the length of the pitch, as though medieval armies were trumpeting their calls to arms across the field of battle. A huge inflatable banana got big play in the Arsenal terrace. It was raised high and jiggled up and down whenever Manchester's star player neared the goal. A chorus of monkey noises went up, and the fans started jumping up and down and scratching under their arms. The player was black.

Each side of the pitch is lined with higher-priced stands, where despite the name, you sit. The stands are not strictly segregated, apparently on the theory that those with a little more money are less prone to violence. We were seated at one end, right up beside the Manchester United terrace, where the thousands of fans who'd followed their team south were penned in between high steel fences - crowd-control fences like the ones at Sheffield. Empty concrete strips border the terrace, deliberately fenced off to act as a no man's land. The idea is to keep opposing fans apart. The units of policemen stand in the otherwise empty strips. Their very presence seems like a challenge.

Suddenly there was an Arsenal attack - a pass, another pass, a header toward the goal, then another that slipped in past the goalie. The stadium went wild. I hardly registered the goal being scored before Pete and Mike behind me were standing on their seats, swaying and jumping up and down and stomping, gyrating their pelvises and making obscene signs with their arms. Eyes glazed, fists punching the air, they weren't looking at the pitch. They weren't paying attention to the players. They were focused entirely on the Manchester United terrace just a few yards away from us. It was like some tribal dance in deepest darkest Africa, the kind of dance they don't even do anymore except for the sake of earnest documentary makers with video cameras - a combination war and fertility dance, and apparently just as heady.

Penned behind their fences, the Manchester supporters responded in kind, spurring the Arsenal fans to more contortions. Pete, wearing huge heavy work boots, was bouncing up and down on his seat. I heard the seat crack. The police were braced for action now. Poker-faced, they moved in slightly, threatening. The referees rushed to get the game started again. The ball went into play; somebody got in a good pass; the crowd cheered; the victory moment passed.

Pete and Mike settled back into their seats, flushed and panting and pleased with themselves, still muttering about bleeders, and took up the chant that was now sweeping over the Arsenal terraces and stands.

''Here we go, here we go, here we go . . .'' they chanted. The tune, disconcertingly, was ''The Stars and Stripes Forever.''

Hugh, my companion, visibly untensed beside me.

So did the police. For now.

AT FIRST, IT seemed like football as it used to be. We had joined the streams of people walking toward the stadium, through the narrow street lined with drab little two-story terrace houses, the kind of houses where people hunch around the fire in the front parlor and delay going to the bathroom because it's so cold in there, basically just a shed built onto the back of the house. Houses with porcelain ducks hung on the walls, and a portrait of the Queen, and a fence in the back garden just high enough for privacy, just low enough so that neighbors can stand and chat over it as they wonder whether to take in the washing now or risk it for another half-hour before it starts raining again.

The streets surrounding the stadium were packed. Hawkers sold programs, team buttons, hats and scarves. Everyone seemed in a good mood. Genial. Comfortable. So that at first I didn't even notice the video cameras set on the roofs of some of the houses, pointed into the street. Police cameras.

I bought a portion of chips in a local fish-and-chips shop, drenched them in vinegar, and was sharing them with Hugh when I saw the mounted police riding through the crowd, the helmeted riders in luminous green capes.

We went into the stadium about half an hour before kickoff time. There were separate turnstiles for the terraces and the stands, and a lot of police by the turnstiles. They were frisking everyone who went onto the terraces. Occasionally, they'd take one or two fans aside and frisk them far more thoroughly. The frisking was quick, efficient, polite and insistent. And necessary.

The list of weapons found on football fans in the last few years includes the following:

Sharpened coins, bottles, bricks, catapults, lumps of concrete, razor blades, sheath knives, spring-loaded spikes, flares, plastic lemons filled with ammonia, stones, cans, smoke bombs, tear-gas grenades, hammers, machetes, blackjacks, surgical scalpels, knuckle-dusters, firecrackers, iron bars, studded maces, spiked balls and chains, and darts.

For some reason, the darts are the weapons that get to me most. It's the horror-movie nightmare of something so familiar becoming so threatening. A pub game suddenly becomes lethal. It reminds me of the terrible refinement on kneecapping practiced in Northern Ireland, which involves drilling through a man's kneecap with an electric drill.

PERHAPS THE CONFLICT in Northern Ireland has taken its toll on England. More likely, football violence is a reaction to the prim properness of Margaret Thatcher's determinedly middle-class regime, which has created legions of permanently unemployed young ***working-class*** men with lots of energy and lots of aggression, and no way to express it. They never subscribed to the rigid, formulaic politeness of English middle-class life - a politeness motivated less by consideration of others than by the will to repress. In a sense, football violence is a huge, obscene gesture directed at the ruling classes, at the rigid structure of English society. It is a ***working-class*** howl and, like most howls of the powerless, it ends up hurting them more than anyone else.

A couple of days earlier, I'd spent eight hours in the morgue of The Times of London, going through the clippings on football violence in the past 10 years. The morgue - the journalistic term for the archive - was in one of the basements of the new Times complex in Wapping, part of London's renovated Docklands area.

I accumulated many facts. Darts have been thrown at opposing goalies and at referees. Referees and linesmen have been beaten up by fans. Bottles, sharpened coins and bricks have been hurled at players. But all of that is nothing compared to what opposing fans have done to each other.

A brief sample:

   In January 1986, a busful of Millwall supporters was returning to London after a game in the north. It stopped at a motorway service station just as two buses of Newcastle United fans pulled in. Millwall had played Sunderland, not Newcastle that day, but 30 Millwall fans nevertheless went crazy. They trashed the cafeteria, then leaped on Alan Price, a 27-year-old geologist, as he stepped out of a phone booth, and beat him to a pulp. They then scattered business cards over him - printed, embossed cards reading, ''Congratulations, you have just met the Bushwhackers.''

Millwall had lost its match that day; Newcastle had won.

   In October 1986, 19-year-old Ken Burns had the temerity to shout ''Up West Ham'' in the face of Millwall supporters on a rampage through London's West End after a Millwall-West Ham game. They chased him into the Embankment tube station and stabbed him six times. He died on the way to the hospital.

West Ham had won 2-1.

   In May 1985, Liverpool United fans attacked fans of the Juventus team from Turin, Italy, in the Heysel Stadium in Brussels, just before the start of a European Cup final game. As the opposing fans fought a pitched battle, throwing bottles and bricks, those below them on the terraces panicked and surged forward. A retaining wall collapsed. The Liverpool fans pressed their attack. Thirty-nine people were rampled and suffocated to death. Four hundred and fifty were injured. Twenty-six Liverpool fans were eventually indicted on manslaughter charges in Belgium.

Liverpool lost 1-0.

AFTER HEYSEL, ENGLISH SOC-cer clubs were banned from Europe, where football violence is known as ''the English disease.'' The national team could still compete, but organized fans were not allowed to travel with them. It was three years later, in the spring of 1988, that I found myself at Arsenal. England was soon to meet West Germany in the European Cup. Among the T-shirts on sale outside the stadium that weekend was one showing an English soccer hooligan on the front, beer in one hand and brick in the other, with the slogan ''England on Tour.'' On the back, it said ''England - Invasion of Germany, 1988.''

The fans say that they have to ''show'' opposing countries. The ways in which they have ''showed'' them since the mid-70's, in cities throughout the Netherlands, France, Spain, Belgium, Denmark, Switzerland and Luxembourg, would once have caused wars. Hundreds have been injured, dozens arrested. Seats have been ripped up and hurled onto the field. British fans have urinated on opposing fans. They've rampaged through the streets, smashing windows, looting stores and setting cars on fire. They've trashed ferries, trains and coaches. And as they did all this, they often chanted ''War, war, war!''

At Heysel, some of the English fans wore swastika armbands. In London's Chelsea Stadium, you can see Nazi salutes being given from the terraces. The National Front, England's neo-Nazi organization, sees soccer matches as a perfect recruiting ground, and a Young National Front magazine, Bulldog, became a soccer hooligan's bible in the early 80's when it began a ''League of Louts'' in which rival fans vied in retailing their exploits.

The police responded to all this by going underground, using classic infiltration techniques. From 1985 on, they uncovered a half-dozen fan gangs, including the Lunatic Fringe of Derby County, the Gooners of Arsenal and the Yiddos of Tottenham Hotspur.

Yes, the Yiddos. A name adopted in bravado by a bunch of neo-Nazi thugs. There's not a Jew among them, but the Tottenham Hotspur stadium is close to Stamford Hill, where most of London's Orthodox Jews live, and the club's owner is Jewish. Opposing teams call them the Yids, and opposing fans chant ''We hate the Yids'' with great relish throughout a game.

Hardly anyone in England, even most Jews, thinks this particularly worthy of comment. It's just a nickname, they say, there's nothing behind it. Not even when the National Front recruits at soccer matches? When the swastika is seen on the terraces? When you can hear chants like ''Kill the Yids''? It doesn't really mean anything, I was told. It's not worth the trouble of making a fuss. You shouldn't even mention it, really. Among the gangs arrested en masse were Birmingham City's Zulu Warriors, who gave their version of a Zulu chant as they charged their victims and rampaged through shopping centers as well as football grounds. Thirty-six were arrested. Their business card read: ''Zapped by a Zulu.''

Then there were the Chelsea Head-Hunters. They had crossbows and rifles in their arsenal, as well as the more conventional spiked maces and machetes. ''You have been nominated and dealt with by the Chelsea Head-Hunters,'' said their card.

But the gang that attracted the most attention was the Inter-City Firm - West Ham supporters whose weaponry included Bren guns and spiked balls and chains. They traveled by Inter-City train to away games, usually first class. They were the largest of the gangs identified so far, with 145 members, the majority of them in regular jobs - a fact which seemed to dispel the idea that soccer hooliganism was solely the result of unemployment. Among their members were a bank manager, building contractors, manufacturers, importers, solicitors' clerks, an insurance underwriter and eight British Army soldiers, one of them a sergeant.

Their business card went for a classily understated tone: ''You have been visited by the I.C.F.''

Spiked balls and chains? Studded maces? Crossbows? Darts? Just the list of weapons reads like something out of ''Mad Max'' or ''A Clockwork Orange'' - bleakly futuristic movies come to life on the football turf of England today. The anarchic gangs, the medieval weaponry, the surrealism of the embossed business cards, the random violence, the primitive tribalism. . . . This is a new kind of England, ready to shatter old myths at the least provocation. Anglophiles beware.

PETE AND MIKE were not pleased. The score was 2-1 in favor of Manchester, and there were only five minutes left to play. A sullen resentment was building behind me, mutterings of ''We'll get yer, yer bunch of bleeding idiots.''

The public address system crackled to life. ''We request visiting supporters to wait five minutes after the game. At that time, you will be escorted safely off the grounds.''

''What happens then?'' I asked. ''You'll see,'' Pete said. They were going wild on the Manchester terraces, jumping and screaming and singing and chanting, waving banners and fists. The police were in a nearly solid ring around the pitch now, facing out toward the crowd.

They were determined not to have trouble. The week before, at this same stadium, Arsenal had played Millwall. There had been 42,000 packed in then, though it's hard to see where; the stadium seemed full to capacity right now, with 35,000. When trouble started, the police had charged the crowd. Forty-one fans were arrested, 73 were thrown out of the grounds, and two neighborhood pubs were trashed. Both fans and police were injured. That happened with only 500 police on hand. There were more today.

When the police really expect trouble, you can get up to a thousand men on duty at a game. It's expensive. The year before, police presence at games had cost £20 million (about $34 million) just in overtime pay, not including investment in closed-circuit television systems inside the grounds, video cameras outside, body scanners, metal detector gates in some stadiums and extra fencing. On a regular Saturday, when only a couple of ''flashpoint'' games are being played, there could be 4,500 men on duty, at a cost of more than £1 per fan. If the luck of the draw indicates more flashpoints - games between clubs whose supporters have bad records for hooliganism - the numbers and the cost of crowd control rise accordingly.

And no matter how many police there are, they can't stop incidents like the one in Glasgow, where a minibus full of Celtics supporters drove by mistake through a neighborhood stronghold of archrival Rangers fans. A hail of stones hit the bus; one Celtics man was stoned to death.

SINCE A SOLID triple line of police now blocked all possible exits from the Manchester terrace, the P.A. request was in fact an order. It was hard to tell if the Manchester fans were being protected or imprisoned.

The rest of us filed out slowly through the narrow corridors of the antiquated stadium. It was dark already - the last half-hour of the game had been played under floodlights. Out in the open, exits from the home stands and terraces led toward a major gate to the street, underneath the steeply stepped concrete structure of the main Arsenal terrace.

''Don't go too far to the right,'' said Hugh. ''You don't want to get under the terrace.''

I looked up where he was pointing and saw the lights glinting on three streams of urine arching high in the air.

The force of the crowd carried us on. Pete and his mates had been carried off in another direction. I saw a boy of about 6 clinging to his father's hand, staring up wide-eyed in anxiety at the press of people around him. I wanted to spread my arms wide to give him space, but I couldn't. There was no space. Out in the street, I took a deep breath. It was nighttime, but there seemed to be an extraordinary amount of light. And noise. It got louder and louder, bouncing back and forth in the narrow street between the rows of houses. Then it took shape: a helicopter, methodically flying low over the streets lining the stadium, with a strong searchlight picking out every detail as it went.

And now I could see just how many police were out here. Hundreds of them on foot, and dozens of mounted riot police. The horses were huge - far larger than New York City police horses. And everywhere I looked, police dogs - big Alsatian attack dogs - sat quietly, ready for command.

The police were moving everyone toward the underground train station as quickly as they could. They'd blocked some streets, and they looked as though they knew what they were doing.

''Excuse me, Officer,'' I said to a policeman in the middle of the road. ''I'm from New York, and I was wondering what's happening here. It all looks very impressive. . . .''

Between messages into his two-way radio, he explained the operation to me. It was indeed very impressive. In fact, it was a full paramilitary operation, carried out in tandem by the Metropolitan Police force and the British Transport Police.

The plan called for complete physical separation of Arsenal and Manchester fans. They were taken into the underground station from different sides, on alternate trains - one for Arsenal, one for Manchester, one for Arsenal, and so on. The police controlled the station entrance, and now they were moving everyone in sight onto the pavement, behind a solid line of police officers, police dogs and police horses. The road itself soon belonged entirely to the police.

The helicopter circled, flying low, and the searchlight swung over us. It was eerily quiet. Thirty-five thousand fans who'd spent the last two hours shouting and booing, cheering and singing, had gone completely silent. The only sounds to be heard were the throb of the helicopter, the clopping of horses' hoofs and the crackle of police radios. And one other sound, a low undertone to the more obvious ones: the muffled shuffling of feet moving slowly along the pavements.

I looked for Pete and Mike, but it was hard to tell anyone apart under these circumstances. Everyone looked the same: hunched shoulders, shadowy faces, cowed and subdued.

''I'm so ashamed you should see football this way,'' said the policeman. ''They're morons, the lot of them -complete morons. They say you have to go to South America to see good football nowadays. It seems they really know about crowd control there.''

Over on the other side of the station, another long line of shadowy gray faces and shuffling feet appeared. The Manchester United fans had been released from their terraces, taken out another entrance, then shepherded the long way around the block to approach the station behind the triple police barrier. None of them were singing any more.

The transport police reported that a train had come through and taken the Arsenal fans on the platform. The station was clear. Manchester fans filed in, while Arsenal fans waited in sullen silence. The helicopter continued its surveillance. The horses stomped and circled in the street. The radio crackled.

''They don't even know what football is,'' said the policeman. ''They only know violence. I remember coming to games with my dad, and it was a joy. I mean, it was part of being a kid, you know? But I wouldn't bring my son to a game now. If he wants to see football, he has to watch it on the television. That's what these morons have done to football. They've taken it away from those of us who really love the game.''

A train came in and loaded up with Manchester fans. The transport police searched the station and made sure it was clear, then more Arsenal fans were allowed in. It was a model exercise in riot control. No arrests, no violence. Just the dispiriting sight of hunched people shuffling forward under a searchlight, watched by hundreds of police. Within 45 minutes of the end of the game, there wasn't a football fan in sight.

**Graphic**

Photos of English fan at the European Championship in West Germany, 1988 (David Cannon/Allsport) (pg. 40); fans and police behind fence when watching the Leeds and Wigan (Allsport) (pg. 40-41)

**End of Document**



[***In Feast of Louisiana Governor's Race, Revenge Is Main Course***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YF70-000D-G3M6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 2, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 8; Column 2; National Desk; Column 2;; Biography

**Length:** 1189 words

**Byline:** By ROBERTO SURO,

By ROBERTO SURO,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 29

**Body**

The stage was set for hoopla. Edwin W. Edwards, who once let the good times roll as a matter of policy, was campaigning for the job he lost in 1987, asking a friendly crowd to make him Governor of Louisiana again.

A dozen shrimp and crab dishes filled the buffet tables. The rum drinks flowed in several bright colors, and a trio of blond girls in little sequined outfits sang a medley of patriotic hymns to a rock beat.

But, when Mr. Edwards took the microphone Wednesday night, there was none of the Cajun zest or folksy humor that had made him Louisiana's most popular political performer for 20 years.

"Unlike anyone else running in this race, I have a mission," he said with a steely, almost solemn voice as he stared off into the distance.

A Southern gentleman who feels his honor has been offended, Mr. Edwards, a Democrat, readily admits that his sole purpose in this campaign is to avenge his loss four years ago by unseating the incumbent, Buddy Roemer, who was elected as a Democrat but became a Republican last March.

At times, it seems that Mr. Edwards would be just as happy settling matters with a duel rather than an election. In any event, he is demonstrating surprising strength in the public opinion polls. Several surveys taken this summer showed him virtually even with Mr. Roemer, and a few indicate that he may have a tiny lead.

For example, monthly surveys conducted since May by the Marketing Research Institute have shown Mr. Roemer and Mr. Edwards running so close that the differences are well within the 3.5 percent margin of error for the surveys. In August, Mr. Edwards was the choice of 27 percent of those polled, and Mr. Roemer was picked by 25 percent.

Duke Has a Following

The third significant candidate in the race, State Representative David Duke, a Republican, was chosen by 12 percent of the 800 registered voters questioned for this survey, about the same as in several other polls. Four other candidates routinely register in the single digits.

Under Louisiana's open primary system all candidates, regardless of party affiliation, will appear on a single ballot on Oct. 19. If no one wins a majority, as seems virtually certain, the top two candidates will be in a runoff on Nov. 5.

Some analysts, like Edward Renwick, a political scientist at Loyola University of New Orleans, say there is a chance that Mr. Duke, a former leader of the Ku Klux Klan, will make it into the runoff. In a state still suffering considerable economic malaise, he appeals to white ***working-class*** voters by promising to end welfare abuses and what he calls unfair affirmative action programs.

Given that Mr. Duke's true popularity has often been underestimated in previous polls, Mr. Renwick argued that undecided voters who may be leaning toward Mr. Duke should be counted, bringing his total strength to about 20 percent of the electorate.

"If Duke's true strength is higher than it looks," Mr. Renwick said, "then it will take only a small shift of voters to put him in the runoff, but otherwise it's Edwards and Roemer fighting it out all the way."

Back From Humiliation

With the primary 50 days off, Mr. Edwards's showing constitutes a remarkable comeback.

He last held office when Louisiana was in the depths of the oil price bust of the mid-1980's, and he spent much of his last term defending himself against Federal corruption charges. Even though one trial ended with a hung jury and a second produced an acquittal, he was vulnerable to a vigorous anti-corruption campaign waged by Mr. Roemer, then a little-known Congressman from Shreveport.

When Mr. Edwards came in second behind Mr. Roemer in the 1987 open primary, he simply conceded the general election rather than risking further humiliation.

"I have a mission," Mr. Edwards, who is 64 years old, said in an interview this week. "It is to prove that I was right four years ago, that he was lying about me, and that he could not do what he said he was going to do."

A Televised Mea Culpa

Mr. Edwards tried to deal with his past difficulties through a half-hour television show he paid to have broadcast 18 times around the state earlier this month.

Sitting in a big wing chair as if he were delivering a fireside chat, he said, "I'm sorry I did not do more to retain your confidence." He blamed his problems on inattention and "underestimating entrenched interests."

It was an extraordinary admission from a man who retired his 1983 campaign debt with what is still widely considered the most extravagant and successful fund-raising event in American political history: he flew 618 supporters to Paris for a weekend at $10,000 a person and netted more than $4 million.

There is virtually no hint of that Edwin Edwards in the current campaign, and he readily acknowledges that he is now trying to project a serious, statesmanlike image.

"I have profited from my mistakes and profited from experience and gained some degree of wisdom from living this long," he said in the interview. "I have an abiding love for Louisiana. I have not lost my sense of humor nor my Cajun love of life, but I recognize we have serious problems that require serious approaches."

Mr. Roemer, however, is not about to let his adversary, or the voters, forget the past.

When the incumbent formally opened his campaign on Tuesday, he mounted the stage of a hotel ballroom to the sound of "Teach Your Children," the song by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Then without ever naming Mr. Edwards, he waded into a speech calling on voters to save the young from the perils of the past.

"I remember the headlines of four, five and six years ago," Mr. Roemer said. "Mass unemployment, financial bankruptcy, educational failure, environmental disdain, political corruption. We will not go back. We will not turn back the clock. Our children's future can't endure it. Our conscience won't allow it."

The Roemer campaign began broadcasting television spots showing some of those headlines with an announcer saying: "Then came Buddy Roemer. He warned that changing generations of corruption would be tough, and it is."

The Louisiana governor's race defies so many political norms that it verges toward the unique.

The top three candidates -- Mr. Roemer, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Duke -- all have near 100 percent name recognition and already arouse deep passions in the electorate. There are no outsiders here.

New legal limits on campaign contributions and the depressed state economy have drastically shrunk the candidates' coffers. Campaign spending this year by all candidates is not expected to exceed $12 million. Mr. Edwards alone spent more than that in 1983, the last campaign before the oil bust.

Finally, because money is tight and the major candidates are so well known, very little campaigning has taken place over the summer. Rather than the long campaigns that have become the norm, this entire race is about to be fought in a short, brutal battle.

State Representative Sherman N. Copelin Jr., a powerful New Orleans Democrat who has backed Mr. Edwards in the past, said, "It's going to be fast, and it's going to get very personal, and it's going to be a very close finish."

**Graphic**

Photo: "Unlike anyone else running in this race, I have a mission," said former Gov. Edwin W. Edwards, who is seeking the job he lost in 1987. (Matt Anderson for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 29, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Schools Go Outside Districts For Money***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y5C0-000D-G1BV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1991, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk;

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 9; Column 1; National Desk; Education Page; Column 1;; Education Page

**Length:** 1289 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,

By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LANCASTER, Pa., Oct. 10

**Body**

Despite a budget increasingly buffeted by recession, the school district of Lancaster has been able to provide programs and services that other school systems have been forced to eliminate because of costs.

By the end of the year, for example, the high school will be outfitted with a $65,000 electronic classroom, with television cameras and monitors that will allow the school to broadcast lessons to other schools or tap into classes broadcast by colleges and universities in the area.

These enhancements are not financed by property tax increases, but by the two-year-old Lancaster Foundation for Education Excellence, a not-for-profit organization established by parents and business leaders to help the urban ***working-class*** district of 10,300 students plug its budgetary holes.

Growing Trend in Country

"Given the fiscal restraints, the foundation is able to do special things that the school district can't do," said Robert J. Shekletski, the Lancaster school superintendent.

In these penny-pinching times, increasing numbers of school districts like Lancaster are setting up independent education foundations created especially for public schools. About 1,000 foundations have been established around the country in a movement that took root in California after voters there approved Proposition 13 in 1978, limiting tax increases and reducing the amount of money available to schools. The state now has 160 education foundations.

"It's kind of the last opportunity for people to do something for their own public schools," said Allan Odden, a school finance expert at the University of Southern California. "States can't give a whole lot right now, and local property taxes don't go far enough. Foundations are an outlet for people to do a little bit more."

Big Interest in Northeast

Now in the Northeast, the lingering recession and voter animosity to tax increases have forced fiscally strapped schools to look at foundations as financial sources of last resort. About 25 percent of all the foundations now operating have been established in the last three years in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut and other Northeastern states, and interest in them continues to grow.

In July, for example, Educational Foundation Consultants, a Williamston, Mich., concern that helps school districts establish independent foundations, mailed 60 letters to New Jersey school districts outlining the benefits of the foundations. So far, 30 have responded.

"I would not be surprised if another 1,000 foundations form in the next two to three years, with a lot of them in the Northeast," said Kenneth A. Grounds, the vice president of the concern, which charges an average of $18,000 to $22,000 to help a school system establish a foundation. "The Northeast is the last untapped area, after the South."

Through money-raising efforts ranging from the raffling of a BMW automobile at one California school district to telethons like the one scheduled later this month in Lancaster, these foundations raise an average of $60,000 to $80,000 by their fourth year, Mr. Grounds said. Overhead expenses average about 5 percent because few of the foundations have large permanent staffs, he said.

As these foundations mature, they have taken up the slack in helping schools to improve curriculums, raise teacher salaries and award small grants to teachers who are testing pilot programs in the classroom. In some cases, foundations have helped finance the construction of new schools or enlarge existing ones.

Some Problems Seen

But the growing popularity of these foundations has disconcerted some education finance experts. They assert that these organizations can upset efforts to equalize school spending between school districts rich in taxable property and poor school districts; that issue has provoked lawsuits in 22 states.

While no foundation has ever been legally challenged, the effect of their contributions on state formulas for supplying financial aid to school districts has been scrutinized by the California Department of Education, among others.

"It raises questions," said Joseph Remcho, a San Francisco lawyer who specializes in school financing issues. "If foundation contributions became exaggerated, they would have the potential to undermine the principle of equal educational opportunity."

Parents in poor school districts, like the Edgewood Independent School District in San Antonio, agree. One parent, Alexander M. Rodriquez, worries that if education foundations spread throughout the state they could upset a new state school financing plan that went into effect this fall that attempts to equalize the spending between rich and poor districts by forcing affluent systems to give up some of their money to poor districts.

"Rich districts could raise more money," said Mr. Rodriquez, who has a 10-year-old daughter and a 5-year-old son enrolled in the Edgewood system, which does not have an independent foundation to help it. "Edgewood would be at a disadvantage."

Mr. Remcho and others believe that in these perilous fiscal times for school systems any community support that helps preserve school programs should be encouraged.

Seizing on the idea, Lancaster citizens and school officials created their school foundation two years ago. The first year was spent organizing the foundation, establishing a wish list and convincing the citizenry in this city of 70,000 people that the idea was worth pursuing.

In its second year, the foundation now has results to show for its work. At J. P. McCaskey High School, for example, science teachers and students this fall have used a garden created last year and financed in part by the foundation for a variety of lessons.

When a blueberry patch failed, students studied the soil and discovered that it needed more acid to grow. The variety of leaves from plants in the garden has provided biology teachers with a rich source of subjects for the microscope.

"Actually looking at the leaves under the microscope is better than trying to explain it," said George Savitsky, a science teacher. "It just makes it easier."

The foundation uses the garden as example that not all projects need to be big-ticket items to have an effect. The garden, for instance, cost the foundation only $300, to buy various plants and other items. "Some trustees believe we should be further along," said Jane T. Pelland, the foundation's administrative assistant. "But no matter how small the project, kids can benefit."

A $350,000 Budget Item

Other foundations, especially those in wealthy districts, can be major sources of money in their districts' annual budgets. The foundation serving the Beverly Hills Unified School District in California, for example, accounts for $350,000 of the district's annual budget.

"There is a myth that Beverly Hills doesn't need the money," said Linda Kinnee, executive director of the foundation. "This recession is affecting everyone."

That is why the Fort Lee school district in New Jersey is expected to create its own foundation in about two months. Recession-induced budget cuts have resulted in the elimination of foreign language classes in middle schools and counselors in elementary schools. Also scuttled because of the budget cuts was an advanced mathematics program for students.

"Under the circumstances, it has become quite clear to me that there needs to be some auxiliary source of funding to meet the needs of the district," said Alan W. Sugarman, the superintendent of the Fort Lee district, with 2,850 students. Given the way the California foundations helped school districts there cope with the recession and an anti-tax mood among voters, Mr. Sugarman said, he expects his school board to approve the creation of a foundation.

"Hard times," he said, "are here."

**Graphic**

Photo: At J. P. McCaskey High School in Lancaster, Pa., science teachers and students this fall have used a garden created and financed in part by the Lancaster Foundation for Education Excellence for a variety of lessons. (Bill Cramer for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 16, 1991

**End of Document**



[***A Voracious Traveler Takes Time to Digest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-Y5T0-000D-G207-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 13, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Travel Desk

**Section:** Section 5;; Section 5; Page 43; Column 1; Travel Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1212 words

**Byline:** By DANIEL LEWIS;

DANIEL LEWIS is editor of The Week in Review of The New York Times.

By DANIEL LEWIS;  DANIEL LEWIS is editor of The Week in Review of The New York Times.

**Body**

AT the edge of the Bohemian town of Melnik, north of Prague, you come to a church known for its collection of thousands of human skulls -- don't worry, this story is not about that -- and then a restaurant with an eagle's view of the silver fork in the earth where the Elbe River picks up the Vltava on its way to Germany. On this October afternoon, though, you might as well be flying a dirigible lost in the clouds: hardly a thing can be seen from the lodgy old dining room except a blinding haze, the effect of sunlight beating on the hellish chemical fog of northern Czechoslovakia.

If the old woman at the window table is disappointed by this prospect, there's no sign of it. Frail-looking and practically translucent against the glare, she is putting away an astonishing midday meal. A plate of appetizers, a huge serving of the special veal schnitzel, two local wines, cheese, some fruit and coffee. And between bites she talks sweetly about food, food and nothing else, reviewing not only the courses set before her but also many other meals in other places, until her companion, a hefty younger woman, filled with tales of Viennese tortes and Hungarian stews, blurts out the German equivalent of "Yummy!" and can scarcely feed herself fast enough.

Old women with good appetites and long memories can teach us a lot about traveling, when you think about it. And this fall, having all the time in the world to think, I often find myself recalling that scene last fall in Melnik. Something in it defines the difference between traveling, which is a way of being, and taking trips, which is merely an activity.

For example, you can travel while staying at home.

This is sometimes called making a virtue of necessity.

This year, for the first time in many years, my wife and I decided to spend all of our vacation close to home. One reason is that we had just signed a mortgage on our first real property together, a getaway house in the woods. A further reason is that the house needed work. Roughly a trip abroad's worth of work.

ONLY someone much farther removed from ***working-class*** roots than I am could call this a hardship. Still, it's one thing to enjoy hanging around the house and scouting out local pleasures. It's another to acknowledge that I feel something like relief at taking a year off from faraway places.

It can be a mess out there, starting with airports that have come to resemble asylums -- except there are more departures some days.

But I'm talking about relief from a different sort of stress: my own growing compulsion to turn traveling into an ordeal of exhaustive preparation, back-breaking itineraries and nick-of-time return trips that leave practically no leisure for absorbing the trip. In spirit I agree with my favorite travel writer, Robert Louis Stevenson: "I travel not to go anywhere, but to go. I travel for travel's sake." In fact it is never so simple as that.

There's a kind of satisfaction in surviving total-immersion language classes and ventures into places that most travel agents never heard of. But maybe at some point the earnest bushwhacker becomes a tourist caricature not so different from the dreary souls who check off lists of Masterpieces to Check Off at the Metropolitan Museum, or snap into formation alley-oop for the big group shot at Ste.-Chapelle.

Arranging a difficult trip can be a pleasure in itself, surely. But the amount of pure relaxation to be gained by *not* arranging one has come as a shock.

No big intellectual investment is needed to pull unsent-for catalogues from my stuffed mailbox (do you think Victoria's Secret sheepskin camping gear is just a matter of time?); or to buy a pumpkin or some waterproof deck stain, or get the hardware store's advice on carpenter ants and small burrowing mammals.

While the hands keep nominally busy these chilly days, the mind seems inclined to go off on leisurely archeological digs in its own backyard, sometimes discovering things that reshape the modest history of my travels.

One recent mental expedition made me realize that I had forgotten most everything about a certain time in Vermont except the high point and the low: our wedding on the lawn of a Mr. Farrar, justice of the peace, who read a meditation on loving friendship that he himself had written; and the bicycle crash that nearly skinned me alive. Now I have retrieved the rest of the record -- hikes and canoe trips, ordinary delights piled too close on one another -- good as new.

The happy old woman in Melnik seemed blessed with a natural understanding that the enjoyment of travel is complete when you allow enough time to taste it properly. Dinner in Vienna enhances lunch in Melnik; lunch in Melnik lends perspective to dinner in Vienna. Between the two you might learn something new about the Austrians or the Czechs or yourself.

The point, she might say, is not that something extraordinary must happen when we go somewhere, but that everything that happens contributes to a personal history of the world that would be much different if we never went anywhere.

This is quite a presumption. It's also a curious line of thought, because in the course of the East European travels that took us to Melnik, something extraordinary did happen. And the funny thing is not that I haven't thought about it, but rather that I can't distill it.

We are in Berlin on a bit of business, coincidentally, at the time of Einheit, the official unification of West and East Germany. On the night of the celebration we ride the jammed subways from west to east, under what used to be the Berlin Wall, into what used to be an enemy nation.

Out on the street, we are instantly lost in a sea of people walking quietly in the dark back in the other direction, toward the Brandenburg Gate. A few cheer and dance and kiss, but more, it seems, weep. Some can't go any farther because of their weeping. They sit on the curbs holding their heads, lost in who knows what memories of their unlucky lives or their fears of the future.

CLOSER to the gate now: it is suddenly brighter, louder, faster as tens of thousands of people try to funnel through the narrow portals between east and west. Men and women stick out their elbows to keep their ribs from being crushed. People are jabbed in the back and curse in protest. I notice for the first time a frightening aspect of the new Germany, small bands of neo-Nazi skinheads raising clenched fists. The weaker and smaller among the crowd are swept off their feet, gape-mouthed and wild-eyed and then, just as abruptly, are popped through to the other side and safety.

There they come face to face with a different sort of crowd casually strolling from the other direction. Ruddy-looking people, finely dressed, pleased to be there, carrying magnums of Champagne and real crystal glasses for the party soon to begin.

I suppose I should now come up with something useful to add, or something tidy and symmetrical at least, about the difference between traveling, which is a way of being, and taking trips, which is merely an activity. It's just as well that I have an unstained deck to retire to and a few good books, and the prospect of months to spare before I take off again.

I wish the geese would shut up once in a while.

I wish some airline would start a frequent-thinker program.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** October 13, 1991

**End of Document**



[***VICTORIES BRING AN INCREASE IN NATIONAL PROMINENCE TO SEVERAL POLITICIANS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NJ90-0009-24T8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Anthony S. Earl***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NJ90-0009-24T8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 1982, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 19, Column 2; National Desk

**Length:** 1311 words

**Body**

Newly elected Governor of Wisconsin … 46-year-old Democrat … former member of the State Legislature … a liberal with strong support from groups of political activists … campaigned for a nuclear arms freeze … served as Secretary of Administration and later as Secretary of Natural Resources under Gov. Patrick J. Lucey in the 1970's … won gubernatorial nomination this year by defeating Martin J. Schreiber, the one-time acting governor.

Richard H. Bryan

Governor-elect of Nevada … 45-year-old liberal Democrat … state attorney general … barely won half the vote in the Democratic primary to defeat Lieut. Gov. Myron E. Leavitt, a conservative … succeeded in attracting enough conservative support to thwart reelection bid of Gov. Robert F. List, a Republican … their campaigns centered largely on proposals and counterproposals on best ways of raising tax revenues.

William Sheffield

Governor-elect of Alaska … 54-year-old Democrat … a millionaire who owns a chain of 10 hotels in Alaska and the Yukon Territory … broke all state records by spending more than $1 million, much of it his own money, to win nomination … campaigned in remote ''bush'' country, picking up support in small villages usually ignored by politicians … opposed proposal of Republican opponent, Tom Fink, to move state capital from Anchorage to Willow, 70 miles away.

Victories in recent elections are seen as bringing increasing national prominence to several politicians; brief comments on these people are givenToney Anaya

Governor-elect of New Mexico … 41-year-old Hispanic American … a flamboyant Democratic liberal and colorful campaigner … as state attorney general in the 1970's, he helped wage war on land-sale frauds … was accused by foes of grandstanding after bringing indictments for insurance irregularies against several prominent officials of his own party … created something of a stir in 1976 by ordering New Mexico Military Academy to admit girls.

John H. Sununu

Governor-elect of New Hampshire … 43-year-old Republican … engineering professor at Tufts University … former state representative … finished a surprising second in Republican primary for Senate two years ago … won governorship this year by defeating Gov. Hugh Gallen, a Democrat, and former Gov. Meldrim Thompson, a Republican who ran as an independent … campaigned on platform for attracting new industry and balancing state budget without new taxes.

George Deukmejian

Republican Governor-elect of California … 54 years old … served 16 years in State Legislature before becoming state attorney general … emphasized his role as crime fighter to attract blue-collar voters … campaigned almost as much against Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr., a Democrat, who lost his Senate bid, as he did against his own opponent, Mayor Tom Bradley of Los Angeles.

Mark White

Democratic Governor-elect of Texas … 42 years old … as Texas secretary of state, lobbied against the Voting Rights Act of 1965 but defended it after becoming attorney general, the job he now holds … viewed by many blacks and Hispanic people as too conservative … in campaign, accused his opponent, Gov. William Clements, a Republican, of arrogance and lack of compassion.

Chic Hecht

Elected to Nevada Senate seat, defeating Democratic Senator Howard W. Cannon, a veteran of 23 years in Congress … 53-year-old Republican from Las Vegas … former minority leader of the state senate … actively campaigned in past for Ronald Reagan and for Senator Paul Laxalt … President Reagan made campaign appearance last week in his support … campaign attracted general support from National Conservative Political Action Committee.

Jeff Bingaman

Won Senate race in New Mexico, defeating the Republican incumbent, Harrison Schmitt, a former astronaut … 39-year-old Democrat … was a member of a politically influential Santa Fe law firm when he sought and won the post of New Mexico attorney general in 1978, his first political office … a self-described mainstream Democrat, he won endorsement of the American Federation of Labor and Congress of Industrial Organizations in his Senate bid … attacked opponent on votes to trim Social Security and to allow mineral exploration in wilderness areas.

Frank R. Lautenberg

Senator-elect from New Jersey … 58-year-old Democrat … chairman of the board of a computer company that he founded … son of a factory worker … a multimillionaire who lives in Montclair, he spent $1.3 million of his own money to capture nomination and even more to defeat Republican challenger, Millicent Fenwick, 72-year-old Republican incumbent … in their campaigns, both supported legalized abortion and opposed prayer in schools … attributes his success to support of federally subsidized education, which Reagan Administration seeks to trim.

Pete Wilson

Won California Senate seat held by S.I. Hayakawa, a fellow Republican who is retiring … 49-year-old mayor of San Diego … opposed tax increase sought by President Reagan and approved by Congress this year, but generally backs the Administration's policies … provided his opponent, Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr., a campaign issue last summer by suggesting that workers under the age of 45 be given ''greater freedom'' to make provisions for retirement than Social Security provides, but denied he favored cutbacks in the system.

Katie Hall

Elected member of Indiana's House delegation … a liberal Democrat … 44 years old … one of 20 blacks and 21 women elected to House … member of the Indiana State Senate … on leave from job as social studies teacher in a Gary junior high school … some Gary Democrats sought to block her nomination by Mayor Richard Hatcher to fill House seat of the late Adam Benjamin … married to John Hall, also a Gary teacher.

Robert G. Torricelli

Defeated the Republican incumbent, Harold C. Hollenbeck, to win House seat from New Jersey … 31-year-old Democrat … aide to former Gov. Brendan T. Byrne … served as counsel to former Vice President Walter F. Mondale … door-to-door campaigner this fall … suggested that both he and opponent limit donations from political action committees to one-third of campaign coffers … vocal critic of tuition tax credits for private and parochial schools.

Alan Wheat

Elected to House seat of Richard Bolling, who is retiring after 30 years in Congress … 30-year-old Democrat … member of State House … a black with a largely white constituency, he successfully put together a biracial coalition in the Congressional campaign … campaigned against Reaganomics, saying it posed a threat to ***working class*** … won support from most labor union leaders, including the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

Nancy L. Johnson

Won House seat being vacated by Toby Moffett, a Democrat … 45 years old … one of relatively few Republicans elected to succeed a Democrat in the House … currently a State Senator, with good support from blue-collar Democrats from her home base of New Britain … directed Ronald Reagan's Presidential primary campaign in Connecticut in 1980, but considers herself a moderate … spent close to $500,000 million on the Congressional campaign.

Robert J. Mrazek

Won House seat by ousting Representative John LeBoutillier in predominantly Republican Long Island district … 37-year-old Democrat from Centerport, L.I. … pushed through a government ethics code in Suffolk County Legislature, where he is minority leader … sponsored nuclear freeze resolution that Suffolk County voters approved Tuesday … backed by environmental and pro-choice abortion groups … accused his opponent of grandstanding in Washington.

Jim Cooper

Elected to new House seat from Tennessee … 28-year-old Democrat … son of former Gov. Prentice Cooper (1939-45) … left law practice in Nashville to return to family home in Shelbyville to run for Congress … handily defeated his Republican opponent, Cissy Baker, the 26-year-old daughter of the Senate majority leader, Howard H. Baker Jr. Marjorie Hunter

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photos of election victors (page A1) photos of election victors

**End of Document**



[***MONTERREY EXECUTIVES ANGRY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P3G0-0009-23M3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 14, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Page 1, Column 4; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1269 words

**Byline:** By LYDIA CHAVEZ, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MONTERREY, Mexico, Sept. 13

**Body**

Since the late 1800's, business here has been run by an extended family of industrialists known as the Monterrey Group who favored their independence and savored the 400 miles that separates their valley of steel, chemical and glass factories from the Government in Mexico City to the south.

In the last two weeks, however, the Government has all but moved into their executive suites. The nationalization of Mexico's banks and the stringent currency controls are viewed by Monterrey's businessmen with the same outrage that Ford or Exxon executives would feel if Washington took over one of their subsidiaries.

Until Sept. 1, when President Jose Lopez Portillo made his announcement, Vitro and Visa, two large conglomerates here, controlled Serfin and Banpais, two of Monterrey's largest banks. So far, Vitro, the largest shareholder in Banpais, has been the only company to go to court and seek an injunction against the takeover. Vitro's chances of success seem weak, but its swift action shows the independence of Monterrey businessmen.

Mexican Government's nationalization of banks and tight money controls anger Monterrey Group executivesPolitical Maneuver Seen

''We have lost our freedom,'' said an executive a large Monterrey banks who asked not to be identified because he is now a Government employee. ''The Government could have put the same restrictions on the banks without nationalizing them. It just wanted someone else to take the blame for the country's problems.''

Businessmen here refer to the act of nationalizing the banks as an ''acto politico.'' Instead of resolving Mexico's economic troubles, they contend, the Government's takeover violates the constitution, pushes the country closer to socialism and assures bureaucratic chaos.

Like other businessmen here, Lauro Cavazos Castano, president of the Chamber of Property Owners for the state of Nuevo Leon, resents comparisons between the banks' nationalization and the expropriation of the foreign-dominated oil industry in 1938.

When the oil companies were nationalized, the whole country celebrated, he said, but the takeover of the banks has set the ***working class***, which enthusiastically supported the move, against the private business sector.

Specter of Wide Layoffs

Neither group seems likely to escape the difficulties Mexico faces in trying to regain its economic balance.

Inflation is running at an annual rate of nearly 100 percent, and most businessmen expect many of the millions of workers who benefited from the country's industrial expansion to be laid off in the next year. In addition, the sharp devaluation of the peso - 63 percent since February - will make it difficult for companies to repay their dollar-denominated debts and to operate factories.

''I don't know what is going to happen,'' said Amadeo Garza Trevino, director of the Monterrey Chamber of Commerce. ''We don't have the dollars to pay our debts or to buy imports.''

The Government has established a preferential exchange rate of 50 pesos to the dollar for such things as vital imports. The ordinary exchange rate is 70 pesos to the dollar. At this time, however, it is nearly impossible to buy dollars at any kind of rate.

Late Payments Expected

''At 50 pesos, many companies would be out of trouble, but it is going to be very hard for the Government to maintain that rate,'' the banking executive commented.

Some American companies here are being warned by their corporate customers that payments will be late. A representative of an American company who is visiting Monterrey said that many of the larger companies here would probably set up escrow accounts in pesos to assure American suppliers that their debts will be repaid. But he said the next six months would be confusing for all Mexican companies.

Fred Jage, an executive vice president of the Huber Construction Company in Houston, said he expected his company to take a write-off of close to $100,000 because his clients here are unable to pay for delivered goods.

Impact of Devalued Peso

George Konnce, director of services for Carrier International, an air-conditioning subsidiary of United Technologies, said that every time the peso was devalued their shop closed for a few days. ''We reopen, and then there is some more unsettling news and we close again,'' he said.

Monterrey's normally vibrant economy began to falter about a year ago when the Alfa Industrial Group, one of Mexico's largest enterprises, laid off 2,000 executives. Last May the company was forced into a process to restructure $2.3 billion in debt.

Nearly all of the businesses here have slowed their production rate since the beginning of the year. Jorge Arrambide Garza, director of the Chamber of Manufacturing Companies of Nuevo Leon, said 24,000 workers were laid off in Monterrey between March and July. He added that layoffs would probably continue at the rate of 5,000 workers a month.

Real Estate Slump Noted

Irma Barerra, a real estate agent in Monterrey, said the real estate market is at a standstill. ''I think people here are not confident enough to make any investments now, but business will probably start to increase again in three or four months,'' she said.

Businessmen here believe that the country's economy will not stabilize until there is a sharp reduction in Government spending coupled with an increase in oil exports.

Although Monterrey's business community tends to blame heavy Government spending in the face of declining revenues for the country's economic problems, they acknowledge that both the private sector and the public sector expanded too fast.

''We all thought we were millionaires with the petroleum money,'' one executive said. Despite the feeling here that the next President, Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado, who takes office in December, was not enthusiastic about the nationalization of the banks, most businessmen doubt that he will reverse it.

The Corruption Problem

Instead, they are hoping that Mr. de la Madrid will make some effort to curb public spending and graft. ''The worst cancer in Mexico is corruption,'' said Eugenio Clariond, president of the Chamber of Manufacturing Companies.

No one interviewed expects the recession to provoke a revolution, but everyone acknowledged that demonstrations would probably occur. A group of Monterrey's business organizations, which had planned a one-day strike last Wednesday to protest the nationalization of the banks, canceled the action because it might anger employees and customers.

''We do not want to be responsible for creating social unrest,'' Mr. Garza said. Instead, the business establishment is planning a meeting in Mexico City for the end of the month. Meanwhile, Monterrey's businessmen have designed a poster with a Mexican flag and the words ''Por la Libertad'' along the bottom of the flag.

''That,'' Mr. Garza said, pointing at the poster, ''is what they have taken away.''

----

Currency Repatriation Sought MEXICO CITY, Sept. 13 (AP) -The Bank of Mexico today renewed its demand that Mexicans bring back money they have deposited outside the country. Measures to stem the outflow of currency, the nation's central bank said, require the cooperation of ''all Mexicans regarding the voluntary repatriation of capital.''

The Government decreed over the weekend that only 5,000 pesos - about $71 at the current exchange rate -may be carried in or out of the country at one time.

Mexico's new currency rules, announced Sept. 1, limited to $250 the amount of money that Mexicans leaving the country could buy (at 70 pesos to the dollar). Mexicans, however, have been taking pesos across the border and exchanging them for dollars.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: map of Monterrey photo of Amadeo Garza Trevino with businessmen

**End of Document**



[***OFF-KEY OR OFF-COLOR, TUNES OF WEST WORRY CHINA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NMK0-0009-22G2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 28, 1982, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1233 words

**Byline:** By CHRISTOPHER S. WREN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** PEKING, Oct. 27

**Body**

For those ideologically tone-deaf souls who don't know a decadent song when they hear one, the editors of People's Music Press in Peking have come to the rescue with a timely guide.

No longer need young Chinese wonder whether an alien beat is luring them, toes tapping and fingers snapping, down the ruinous road to bourgeois perdition.

A new lavender-colored booklet, entitled ''How to Distinguish Decadent Songs,'' explains the perils of ''quivering rhythm,'' unruly notes and the ''unclear, loose, drunken pronunciation'' peculiar to imported popular music.

The booklet's publication last June is another broadside in the propaganda war that the authorities are waging to keep young Chinese from succumbing to Western temptations. The prime targets are foreign publications, films and music denounced as ''huangse,'' which literally means ''yellow'' but is freely translated as decadent, pornographic or obscene.

PEKING, Oct. 27 - For those ideologically tone-deaf souls who don't know a decadent song when they hear one, the editors of People's Music Press in Peking have come to the rescue with a timely guide.24,000 Publications Seized

Last spring the Chinese Government formally banned videotapes, records and cassettes with ''decadent and indecent content'' and promised to evaluate the artistic merit of future imports. The New China News Agency reported that ''some bad items have circulated in recent years, corrupting people, especially the young.''

Some so-called yellow contraband would be labeled blue in the West. Early this year the police in Guangdong Province raided some makeshift theaters that peasants set up to show raunchy videotapes smuggled in from Hong Kong. Video recorders must now be registered with the provincial authorities. Customs officials in Shenzhen, the special economic zone bordering Hong Kong, have reported seizing 24,000 pornographic publications since January.

The rest of the contraband, extending to rock music, merely suggests there are things more fun to do than build Communism. Last summer Canton's residents had to dismantle their fishtail antennae, which brought in television shows from Hong Kong.

The fear of Western bourgeois contamination is so widespread that the authorities in Tibet held a conference last May to decide how to stop the circulation of ''obscene'' material and cleanse local minds of ''spritual pollution.'' The conference asked party members to set an example by turning in their own bootleg tapes and books.

Classical Music Wins Approval

Chinese musical fare has improved since the Cultural Revolution, when the official hit parade was limited to songs like ''Medical Teams in Tanzania'' and ''The Nightsoil Collectors Are Descending the Mountain.'' Classical music is once again permitted.

But the lid has descended on other Western music, after a few heady years in which some bookstores were selling cassettes of songs from Hong Kong and Taiwan along with pirated American hits.

A recent visit to a bookstore on downtown Wangfujing Street turned up only ''Puff the Magic Dragon'' and ''Que Sera, Sera'' on a tape cassette of English lessons. There were also some Japanese kabuki records and two cassettes of Yugoslav folksongs.

Domestic music included several revolutionary operas like ''The Red Detachment of Women,'' by now on sale, and approved pop songs by Su @Xiaoming, a soprano with an artistic troupe of the Chinese Navy.

Some Chinese youths, the sort who wear bell-bottom jeans and sunglasses with the foreign label attached, affect a taste for Western rock music, but most young people find it discordant. They much prefer the softer sounds of John Denver, the Carpenters and Peter, Paul and Mary. The Chinese are also partial to ''Red River Valley,'' ''Jingle Bells'' and ''Do-Re-Me,'' from ''The Sound of Music.''

'Studying Is More Important'

Even this strikes some elders as decadent. A Peking student related that when his younger brother asked him to borrow some tapes of Peter, Paul and Mary from his classmates, their father objected, saying, ''Be careful of all this love, love, love. Studying is more important.''

The authorities feel threatened more by the sentimental ballads that find their way in from Taiwan and Hong Kong. Taiwan's singing star, Teresa Teng, who is known here as Deng Lijun, is banned, though her saccharine love songs hardly seem subversive.

Last spring students at Qinghua University were ordered to turn in their foreign music cassettes, though a student said that not everyone complied. At another Peking institute students were asked to register the titles of their tapes and records.

The musical crackdown has extended to closing a disco for foreigners in Peking and a jazz club at the Peace Hotel in Shanghai. Last summer the police raided some private disco parties held by the children of Government officials. This month a Shanghai baker named Lin Youjie got 15 days in jail and had his tape recorder confiscated for charging the equivalent of 25 cents admission to illicit dances in his home.

'Social Problem of Some Concern'

But a raid on a dance at a high school here recently drew a protest from China's youth newspaper. Two policemen closed down the party celebrating China's national holiday on Oct. 1 and hauled off the schoolteacher for letting boys and girls dance together. He was released after writing two self-criticisms.

The youth newspaper complained that the police should not have interfered because the dancing helped the mental health of the pupils, enriched their extracurricular life and promoted a sense of collectiveness.

The recent guide to decadent songs takes a sterner view of frivolity, asserting that ''Hong Kong and Taiwan popular music has made festering inroads on the taste, perception, spiritual outlook, life desires, etc. of youth in particular.''

The booklet called this ''a social problem of some concern.'' Most Hong Kong and Taiwan songs are ''low and dirty,'' it said, and, moreover, ''they don't express ***working-class*** sentiments.'' Such love songs gave no clear indication of a person's status or thinking, it added.

''What they sing about is deformed love in a colonial or semicolonial society,'' it said.

Definitions of Western Music

The editors also supplied these definitions of Western musical perversion:

- Jazz is syncopated music that ''forces people to accept what is unexpected, the abnormal beat.'' And ''dancing to this kind of music is like having nervous spasms.'' Furthermore, ''the rhythm of jazz is against the normal psychological needs of man.''

- Rock-and-roll of the 1950's replaced jazz with ''a frenzied beat, neighing-like singing and a simple melody.'' Rock songs of the 1960's have even more percussion and are ''intense to provoke the nerves.'' Further, ''What they pour out is a kind of passion for the bewildering, the vague, the numb and the impetuous.''

- Disco music has a minimal melody and lyrics and a ''rapid beat like a war drum.'' The guide explained that ''disco dancing is rapid and continuous leaping and twisting.'' And ''the dancer can choose whatever steps he likes.'' Actually, ''it is a way for the dancer to do whatever will express his feverish mood.''

The guide concluded that popular music has no artistic value to speak of. ''The reason is because it meets the needs of people's negative spiritual life in capitalist society,'' it said, adding,''It also meets the needs of capitalists who make money.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Chinese visitors to Belhal Park

**End of Document**



[***Redemption Hunting***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PWT-65R0-TW8F-G0MN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 14, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR2; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1981 words

**Byline:** By CHARLES McGRATH

**Body**

BOSTON

ALTHOUGH he hasn't lived in the area for some 15 years, Ben Affleck is still beloved by the locals here. Bostonians are not used to celebrities, and have apparently not seen ''Gigli,'' or else don't care. Almost everywhere Mr. Affleck goes, he gets hugged, high-fived, photographed on cellphone cameras.

Mr. Affleck is similarly fond of his hometown, and shot ''Gone Baby Gone,'' his directorial debut, for which he also co-wrote the script, there. He also hired many Bostonians -- people he plucked off the street or discovered nursing early morning beers in the city's many bars -- not just as extras but for speaking roles. The result is one of the most authentic-looking and -sounding movies ever made about this city, which even as it has become a 21st-century financial center has preserved a provincial culture and accent all its own.

As the tabloids never tire of pointing out, ever since ''Good Will Hunting,'' which was also set in Greater Boston (though much of the movie was shot in Toronto), the career of Mr. Affleck has veered in an almost opposite direction from that of Matt Damon, his boyhood friend and high school mate. Their roles in that movie, which they also wrote, seem in retrospect to foreshadow what became of them: Mr. Damon was the genius, Mr. Affleck the flunky.

Mr. Damon, of course, has gone on to superstardom as the hero of the ''Bourne'' franchise, while Mr. Affleck, despite appearing in more good movies than he is sometimes given credit for, has made more than his share of turkeys. Mr. Damon has largely succeeded in keeping his personal life private, while Mr. Affleck's on-again, off-again courtship of Jennifer Lopez turned the two of them into the headline ''Bennifer.''

Of late Mr. Affleck, who is now married to the actress Jennifer Garner, with whom he has a young daughter, has been keeping a lower profile. A lot of critics thought his recent performance in ''Hollywoodland,'' as the faded movie star and TV Superman George Reeves, indicated a new level of acting subtlety and maturity, and though Mr. Affleck is too smart to come out and say so, ''Gone Baby Gone,'' with a $19 million budget and the backing of Miramax, clearly represents another chance for him to right his career and prove that ''Good Will Hunting'' was not a fluke, that he is not just a sidekick but a moviemaker.

Daniel Battsek, the new president of Miramax Films, said in a telephone interview that ''Gone Baby Gone'' was one of the first projects he greenlighted after taking over, and that Mr. Affleck's inexperience as a director hadn't troubled him much. ''Given that he co-wrote the screenplay and had such a feel for the city and the people, I felt that we had a guy who would be able to tell the story in such a way as to lift it above the crime genre and make it into a proper piece of filmmaking,'' he said.

Originally the plan was to roll out the movie cautiously, in a limited number of theaters, he added, but it tested so well that the studio now intends to release it nationally. The advance word from critics and industry insiders was also very positive, he said, adding, ''People's perception of Ben has meant in a way that the movie had to climb even higher, and now that it has, that's doubling the effect it's having.''

''Gone Baby Gone,'' which opens Friday and features Ed Harris and Morgan Freeman, is based on the book of the same name by Dennis Lehane, the Boston crime novelist who also wrote ''Mystic River,'' made into an award-winning movie by Clint Eastwood. ''Gone, Baby, Gone,'' an earlier book, is in some ways an even darker, more complicated story, set mostly in Dorchester, the ***working-class*** Boston neighborhood, and involving the abduction of a 4-year-old girl and a pair of private investigators (played by Michelle Monaghan and Mr. Affleck's brother, Casey) who have been hired to find her and then find themselves morally implicated in the case.

Ben Affleck, a big fan of the Lehane novels, began working on the screenplay, together with his friend Aaron Stockard, without any notion that he might direct it. ''I was thinking about getting into directing, but I always imagined that I would write an original story,'' he explained while in Boston not long ago to preview the movie for the local press. ''But as I finished the script, I thought, 'You know, maybe this is the one: a) it takes place in Boston -- I understand the characters and the world they live in; b) it already has a story architecture, so I won't have to make one up; and c) it has an ending that's really poignant. That's the hardest thing about movies -- an ending. A lot of them just have a conceit.''

To adapt the book, he added, he had to leave out some of what he called the ''Pulp Fiction'' parts. ''The gamble I made was to take some of that out and bring the story into higher relief,'' he said. ''The danger is that in the process you desex it, but that was the chance I took. I wanted to make a movie that would engage people on another level.''

The other chance he took, casting so many nonprofessionals, came about mostly by accident, Mr. Affleck said while stopped at a red light just before the Fort Point Channel, the boundary between downtown and South Boston. With a couple of hours to spare before the screening that day, he had embarked on a driving tour of some of the locations used in the film. A horn beeped, and he looked over to see a woman in a nearby car staring at him. He nodded and waved. She grinned and waved back.

''Before we started, we talked to the designers,'' Mr. Affleck said. ''They were saying, 'We think we'd like to do, you know, a unified palette,' and I said: 'No, no, no -- no palette. Let's just go out and look around.' So we got a camera and just went out into the different neighborhoods and started shooting. I wanted something raw and authentic and even a little scuffed up. People go to the movies to see something they can't get otherwise, and I thought this was a chance to take you somewhere that you couldn't otherwise get to -- the Boston you never see in the movies.''

In the course of filming, the crew inevitably attracted crowds of people gawking, mugging, just looking like themselves, and eventually it dawned on Mr. Affleck that they were truer Bostonians than anyone the casting directors could provide. ''By rule you have to use a certain number of SAG people,'' Mr. Affleck said, referring to the Screen Actors Guild. ''But SAG extras have a certain look -- they're put together. So I said: 'O.K., we'll use the SAG actors. I just don't want to see them.''

What he saw, and what the viewer sees on the screen, are often the sorts of faces that seldom appear in the movies: people with the soggy, veiny look of alcoholism, the wary, defensive look bred by poverty and abuse, or the broad, toothy smiles that are a reminder of the city's Irish heritage.

Heading into South Boston -- or Southie, as its known, the neighborhood famous both for James (Whitey) Bulger, the hometown mob fugitive, and the 1970s busing crisis -- Mr. Affleck paused outside a bar called Murphy's Law, where one of the movie's climactic scenes takes place. ''It's sort of a cheat,'' he said. ''Because there's no real reason a guy from Dorchester would come all the way to Southie to find a bar. But we liked the way this one looked.''

He reminisced briefly about filming in another bar, where the cameras essentially ran all day while the patrons were served watered-down drinks to keep them from keeling over. ''We shot a lot of film on this movie,'' he said. ''Seven hundred thousand feet. The idea was to get to the point where people lost their self-consciousness, and it didn't seem like acting anymore.''

Some, he added, were naturals. Compared with professional actors, they ''were less inclined to be neurotic,'' he explained. ''They didn't give a flying-- how can I put this? They didn't give a flying hoot, and they weren't inclined to second-guess.'' He singled out Jill Quigg, who gives a riveting performance as a beer-sipping smart-mouth. ''We were shooting near one of the projects one day, and she just came up to me and said, 'I should be in your movie.' The only thing she was ever nervous about was the logistics of where to go during her break.''

The next stop was Dorchester, the city's largest and most diverse neighborhood, and cruising along the main drag, Dorchester Avenue --Dot Ave to the townies -- he slipped into the local patois. ''Hey, Mahty!'' he called to an imaginary companion. ''How ah ya? Wanna go ovah the packie latah, get some beah?'' he said using the Boston term for a liquor store.

There are really many Boston accents, he explained, and a trained ear can tell the difference between, say, someone from Charlestown and someone from the North End. ''I really care about the accents,'' he said, ''and it takes a lot of time to get them right.'' Then he smiled and recalled the first time Amy Ryan, a Broadway actress who gives what is bound to be the movie's most talked-about performance, as the abducted girl's blowsy, negligent mother, read for the part. ''After about five minutes I knew she was right,'' he said, ''and I said, 'So, you're from Boston, huh?' She said, 'No, I'm from Queens.'''

In the Fields Corner section of Dorchester Mr. Affleck stopped briefly at the house that served as the exterior for the abducted girl's home, a ''three decker,'' with one identical apartment stacked over another. In nearby Uphams Corner he got out and went into Cataloni's, a bar where a sign saying, ''Anyone Caught Buying Using or Selling Drugs in This Bar Will Be Barred for Life,'' is not mere decoration. In the movie Cataloni's is transformed into the Fillmore, a place so scary that even the police are reluctant to enter, but on a weekday afternoon it seemed benign and almost cheerful. A guy who looked to be a construction worker was lingering over a Bud, and the manager and the bartender, Joan Falcone and Sue McGarry, looked up as if a visit from Ben Affleck were an everyday occurrence. ''How are you doin', hon?'' Ms. McGarry said.

''Gone Baby Gone'' was also filmed in Roxbury, a black neighborhood that almost never appears in movies. Heading down Blue Hill Avenue, Mr. Affleck took a detour by the Silver Slipper, on Washington Street, a diner where one scene takes place, and greeted the owner, Jeffery Hernandez, who also seemed unsurprised to see him. A couple of blocks away, however, by a field near Dudley Square, he created a near sensation as people came flocking for autographs and to take his picture. ''Hey, Ben Affleck!'' a man called. 'You're still around kickin'!''

''What do you think -- am I cuter than J. Lo?'' a young girl said, snuggling next to Mr. Affleck while her girlfriend took a cellphone photo.

And as Mr. Affleck was getting back in his car a man wearing a Red Sox cap and a Celtics jersey shouted, ''Yo, Ben, where's the chauffeur?''

''I'm the chauffeur,'' Mr. Affleck said,

''All right!'' the man said, flashing the thumbs-up sign. ''Boston style!''

On the way back to his hotel Mr. Affleck talked about some of the directors he had learned from over the years: Martin Brest, Richard Linklater and Gus Van Sant, who taught him the importance of casting. ''I had terror,'' he said about starting out as a director. ''But then I decided I should just play to what I know, and if I fail, I'll fail in my own way.''

A little later he added: ''For better or worse I'm not very results oriented. I'm sure I should have been. Some of it is just plain smarts, which I didn't always use. In the beginning part of wanting to be a director was just a natural extension of acting. But now this feels like what I am, or what I want to be, it's so satisfying and exhilarating. In fact the central preoccupation of my life right now is trying to find another movie to direct.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Star turned director: Ben Affleck outside the Silver Slipper diner in the Roxbury section of Boston, one of the locations in his ''Gone Baby Gone.''(pg. AR1)

Ben Affleck, top, director and co-screenwriter of ''Gone Baby Gone,'' revisiting Cataloni's, a bar in South Boston featured in the film

above, Mr. Affleck with his brother, Casey, who stars in the film, during shooting in Boston

center, the director with a fan in South Boston

bottom left, Mr. Affleck in South Boston during a recent tour he made of locations used in the film.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY NATHANIEL BROOKS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARE FOLGER/MIRAMAX FILMS)(pg. AR18)

**Load-Date:** October 14, 2007

**End of Document**



[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE VOTERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4133-V960-00MH-F0TT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Wooed at Last Size Up Their White House Suitors***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4133-V960-00MH-F0TT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 30, 2000, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 1358 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

**Dateline:** PITTSBURGH, Aug. 28

**Body**

Here is how it happened for Joyce Doty: She started the summer already sold on Gov. George W. Bush. Then the conventions rolled around. Suddenly, Vice President Al Gore was looking handsome, sounding smart and intriguing her with the idea that "maybe he wasn't too corrupted by Clinton after all."

Mr. Bush's convention performance, and subsequent stump speeches, have given her pause.

"I started deciding that he doesn't have the charisma," said Mrs. Doty, who is in her 50's. "He didn't do a good job of bringing the issues to the front. I would say he is in danger of losing my vote, if not overwhelmingly so."

Dozens of people interviewed in six neighborhoods here -- ranging from the exclusive suburb of Fox Chapel to the quiet ***working-class*** corner of Carnegie to the largely Jewish Squirrel Hill -- said they, too, had been experiencing epiphanic moments about their presidential candidates in recent days, often in ways that have caused them to rethink the way they intend to vote.

For some people, the shifts have sprung from large single events -- a convention speech, a tax proposal, a choice of running mate. But for many others, their change in thinking has emerged from the smallest but most resonant of details, like a well-placed bottle of wine in a televised home video of Mr. Gore with his family that made Josh Kamody suddenly decide that Mr. Gore was "fun, someone I felt I would like as my dad."

Or the discovery that Mr. Bush's running mate did not favor the Head Start program, which sent Gregg Rosen's vote packing.

Rebecca Hepka, 23, was more or less indifferent to the race until she heard one of Mr. Gore's people use the term "living wage," which sent her into paroxysms of rage and made her decide to vote for Mr. Bush. "I don't like that term, no way," said Ms. Hepka, who sells medical insurance. "I don't want to give away all my taxes to have other people set up for life."

Interest in the campaign appears to have heated up here considerably since the political conventions, and knowledge of the issues as well as opinions about the candidates are suddenly in abundance. Many people interviewed agreed that the candidates, who not long ago were largely unknown and almost cartoon-like to them, have revealed far more about themselves in recent days. In most cases, these shifts have favored Mr. Gore, whose legendary stiffness has been softened in many voters' eyes by a sheen of sincerity and a distancing in his relationship with Bill Clinton. Recent national polls place the candidates in a dead heat, in part resulting from a postconvention bounce that pulled Mr. Gore closer to, and in some cases beyond, his rival.

Here, Mr. Gore was gaining some favor with people who said they had not planned to vote at all, like Linda Kelso, a store clerk who said that a recent visit to Pittsburgh by Mr. Gore's daughter softened her. "It seemed sincere, like they were really for the people," Ms. Kelso said.

In some cases, both men have benefited from exposure.

"I was negative on both earlier this summer," said Ann Hazlett, 71, a retired social worker who lives in Fox Chapel. "I was negative on Bush the person and Gore the party. But I liked Bush better later in the summer when he began to be more substantial and not such a smarty. And while I didn't think Gore's speech was outstanding, I felt there was sincerity there and I thought he did a good job of distancing himself from Clinton, who I no longer think will be telling him what to do. Really, I've warmed on them both."

Of course, 50 people do not represent America; they do not even represent Pittsburgh. But what was striking was the vast majority who insisted that they rarely voted strictly along party lines, and who claimed to be swayed so strongly in recent days. Many said they were early supporters of John McCain or Bill Bradley, and have started to weigh the relative merits of what they are left with.

"I am party-indifferent," said Mr. Rosen, 47, a lawyer. "My feelings started to evolve when Bush called the Greek people Grecians, and my opinion of Gore had been neutral. I would say now it is neutral to positive, largely because Bush doesn't have any policy positions. He speaks in conceptual terms."

Although fewer in number, some people interviewed said that recent days had brought them to Mr. Bush. "I was for Bush and now I am more so," said Heather Hurley, who works with Ms. Hepka selling insurance downtown. "I thought Gore looked better than ever but I don't care, because Bush's tax plan is more fair. And I like what he said last week about a strong military."

Pittsburgh has voted largely Democratic in recent decades, though its suburbs are sprinkled with Republican strongholds and it has a history of some political insurgency. The city and its suburbs are split between the 14th and 18th Congressional Districts, where Mr. Clinton took well over 50 percent of the vote in both 1992 and 1996.

Since the decline of the steel industry, the city has struggled, with some notable success, to establish a more varied economic base. The city's downtown -- heavy on old-fashioned stores like Candy Rama, where clerks wear pink smocks and much of the merchandise is under a dollar -- has undergone its share of revitalization plans, and the latest one in the offing calls for gutting most of the historic storefronts.

Not exactly known for things like international culture or cuisine (when asked for a hamburger, medium, one waitress replied, "They only come in one size, Hon"), the city has still doggedly pursued economic improvement and diversity and tried hard to retain its population, especially young people, who have tended to flee in recent decades. A recent building spree includes ballparks and a convention center.

Melissa Kelley, 41, and her husband, Carl Brotsker, 50, represent emerging prosperity. The two leaned toward Mr. Bradley in the primaries, and have spent the summer looking for cues from speeches, the stock market and those who watch it, and the convention on how to proceed.

Their paths have diverged at points. "I was going to announce to Melissa that by pain of death I would be voting for Bush," said Mr. Brotsker, who lives on the city's North Side. His reason was fairly simple. "As my economic situation has improved, I've been more intrigued by the Republican economic platform."

But then he started hearing whispers among those who handle his investments and market prognosticators that swayed him. With some embarrassment, he confessed that a comment of support for Mr. Gore voiced by the money manager Jim Cramer in an online chat swayed him greatly. "The markets have seemed to indicate that the Bush tax cut might be inflationary," he said.

Ms. Kelley has had her own epiphanies. "What I knew of Gore did not impress me initially," said Ms. Kelley, a lawyer. "But he has been better at articulating his policies. It has been a long time since I have heard a candidate say women will retain choice regarding abortion, and that was impressive."

And then there is Joseph I. Lieberman. "Making a choice can be a defining thing, an active thing," Ms. Kelley said. "Gore's choice of Lieberman gave me an indication of other types of actions he might take. So I remain cynical, but I am happier than I had been."

In fact, several people indicated that the candidate's choice of running mate was hugely influential. "I didn't like either of them until Gore chose Lieberman," said Carmen Hatcher, a systems technician. "I don't believe Gore is a strong leader, but Lieberman will guide him," Ms. Hatcher said.

Ms. Hazlett said: "I don't like Dick Cheney, which I hate to think would influence me so much. And I can't say that Lieberman would make me vote for Gore, but I have to tell you I am surprised by how many of my friends talk about that."

Some voters have stuck hard to one issue. "I believe that Gore has a better understanding about education and has shown that in recent speeches," said John Bornyas, an education administrator. "And I have gotten negative on Bush in the week since he could not get his numbers straight. But I need to see them both in the debates. And the truth is, there is always the Green Party."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Linda Kelso, a store clerk in Pittsburgh, says that until Vice President Al Gore's daughter visited the city, she had not planned to vote.; John Bornyas says he believes that Al Gore has a better understanding of education issues, but he would like to see the candidates in a debate.; Joyce Doty of Fox Chapel, Pa., is wavering on her once strong support of Gov. George W. Bush because, she says, he lacks charisma. (Photographs by Matt Freed for The New York Times)(pg. A20)

**Load-Date:** August 30, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Mostly White Party Seeking Voters From A.N.C.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4139-TP40-00MH-F13Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 31, 2000, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 10; Column 3; Foreign Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1522 words

**Byline:** By RACHEL L. SWARNS

By RACHEL L. SWARNS

**Dateline:** KHAYELITSHA, South Africa

**Body**

The white politicians ventured into this dusty black township, determined to connect.

Helen Zille practiced the clicking sounds of the local Xhosa language, her tongue dancing. Dene Smuts hailed the black crowds as "sisters and brothers."

"They're reaching out," said Phillip Grobler, a spokesman for the opposition party, the Democratic Alliance, as his caravan of politicians rolled through these shantytowns near Cape Town to a rally in early August. "The race question always comes back, but we're trying to cross those lines."

Promising to transcend racially polarized politics, handshake by handshake and township by township, South Africa's biggest opposition party has kicked off a national campaign to woo the black majority and to dent the overwhelming popularity and power of the governing African National Congress.

It is clearly an uphill battle. Six years after apartheid ended, no political party has managed to match the A.N.C.'s appeal or to bridge this country's racial divide. But as the nation readies for local elections in November, the predominantly white Democratic Alliance is emboldened by startling fractures within the governing party's black base of support.

Polls suggest that a growing percentage of blacks are willing to consider alternatives to the Congress as they focus less on the politics of liberation and more on basic governance and the high rates of unemployment and crime.

Factional fighting and corruption within the party have led increasing numbers of blacks to view the A.N.C. as "uncaring for the masses and mainly interested in personal gain and power," according to the party's annual report.

And during the past year, Congress membership has declined in all but two of the nine provinces, according to statistics released at the party's national meeting in July.

This does not mean that the Democratic Alliance will win significant numbers of black converts. The Alliance is the product of the recent merger between the New National Party, whose predecessor created apartheid, and its stronger rival, the Democratic Party.

After all, blacks still vote mostly for blacks, whites still vote mostly for whites and distrust between the races still rankles: When opposition politicians arrived in this Congress stronghold, they discovered that posters of their white leader, Tony Leon, had been torn to shreds.

Many people still revere the A.N.C. government for giving millions of blacks houses and access to clean water and electricity. And while the Democratic Alliance describes itself as multiracial, it counts painfully few black leaders and members.

But there is room for opposition inroads. More than a third of potential black voters surveyed just before the 1999 election said they did not feel close to any political party, according to the Institute for Democracy in South Africa.

The Congress won 66 percent of the vote in 1999 -- up, in fact, from the 62 percent in the previous national election. But political experts believe some people voted for the Congress this time because they did not find credible alternatives. (The New National Party and the Democratic Party together got about 18 percent of the vote.)

Some blacks are clearly ready to hear a new message. At the rally here, hundreds turned out to shake their fists in support of the Democratic Alliance politicians, who promised to tackle violent crime and the AIDS epidemic.

"We are determined to stand up on the street corners of South Africa and on every corner of Khayelitsha and to take the resources of the street to the people," cried Mr. Leon, and the crowd roared.

Lawrence Makwela stood in the back of the community hall and peered carefully at the politicians over the eyeglasses sliding down his nose. He vividly recalls the ugly days of apartheid. Still, he would not rule out voting for a white man.

"I want to hear what he's going to say," said Mr. Makwela, 46, who makes his living selling vegetables. "He's a good leader, but this is an African area. We have to be quite sure they mean business, that they're not taking us for a ride. What kind of message is he going to give to African people? Do we have a future with this Democratic Alliance?"

That, of course, is the question.

Leaders of the two former opposition parties, who competed fiercely for white, Indian and mixed-race voters until their merger in June, say they can expand their support among blacks, who make up more than 70 percent of the population. The Alliance registered as a new party in mid-August.

The party's goal is to cut the A.N.C.'s share of the vote to below 50 percent by 2009, in the presidential election after next.

But many political analysts remain unconvinced.

"The discontent is there, but the real debate is over whether anybody can capitalize on it," said Adam Habib, a professor of politics at the University of Durban-Westville. "You need a political structure, and that hasn't emerged yet."

The predominantly black Inkatha Freedom Party, once the Congress's most bitter rival, has considered merging with the governing party because its supporters are now largely A.N.C. voters and the party's leader, Mangosuthu Buthelezi, is now minister of home affairs.

To those who dismiss the Democratic Alliance's quest for black support, the party's strategists point to Zimbabwe. There, an unlikely alliance of white business executives and black workers recently won more than a third of the seats in Parliament and generated the first strong opposition since the end of white rule 20 years ago.

The Alliance leaders here do not expect such radical changes. Instead, they are wooing ***working-class*** blacks with an eye toward winning 5 percent of the black vote in the next presidential election, in 2004, and 9 to 12 percent by the vote in 2009.

The party has selected Joe Seremane, a black member of Parliament and a former political prisoner, as its national chairman. And it is visiting local townships to hear community concerns.

"The challenge is to become a party that black voters can identify with," said Ryan Coetzee, the political strategist for the Democratic Alliance. "We've got to build up credibility. You've got to go where they live and you've got to deliver. White voters don't want you to pitch up at the shopping mall. But black voters want to see that you care and see that you identify with them."

A.N.C. officials contend, however -- and most political experts seem to agree -- that the Alliance has a long way to go before it sheds its image as a party for wealthy whites. (Opposition officials recently toured Hammanskraal, an impoverished community north of Pretoria, in a caravan full of shiny Mercedes-Benzes.)

At the Alliance rally here in Khayelitsha, only one of the six people who addressed the crowd spoke fluent Xhosa, and she was a longtime A.N.C. worker who had joined the opposition only eight days earlier.

The Xhosa speaker, Nontsikelelo Jaxa, said the Democratic Alliance should not expect a quick surge in black membership. "It was a very, very difficult decision to make, joining the D.A.," she said. "You find yourself feeling like you're betraying your own people."

The A.N.C. has dismissed the alliance as a ploy to preserve white privilege, as an attempt by whites to regain political power so they can halt affirmative action and other programs designed to empower blacks.

But there is no doubt that the governing party is worried about losing disaffected voters. Unemployment runs as high as 40 percent by some estimates. Crime rates are high and frustration is simmering.

At the A.N.C.'s meeting in July, President Thabo Mbeki warned that the party could lose power if it loses touch with the masses. He said there is no room in the Congress for people who join in the hope it will help them grow rich.

"There are many instances in Africa and elsewhere in the world that show what happens when, on becoming a ruling party, a genuinely popular national liberation movement such as ours loses contact with the people and its leaders transform themselves into a self-centered ruling elite," Mr. Mbeki warned.

The Congress says it has already taken steps to solve its problems. The party has audited city councils, condemned corruption in its ranks and pledged that local politicians will be more responsive.

But some experts say that Mr. Leon, the leader of the Democratic Alliance, has the personality to rally support in ways that Mr. Mbeki cannot. While the bookish president rarely ventures among ordinary people, Mr. Leon wandered down the streets here, shaking hands with astonished citizens, visiting local clinics and discussing the shortages of medicines and supplies.

Richard Ntuli, a black opposition party member, accompanied Mr. Leon on the trip to Hammanskraal and introduced him to the local chief, who welcomed him warmly. Mr. Ntuli acknowledges that translating that welcome into votes will not be easy. But he emphasizes that the campaign is just beginning.

"The man in the street would say I'm a sellout," he admitted. "But I tell them: 'The political liberation struggle is over. The struggle is about economic liberation now, and we don't need AK-47's for that. We need a new party.' "

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Tony Leon, in white shirt, leader of the opposition Democratic Alliance, sought votes from blacks in Hammanskraal earlier this month. (Joao Silva/Corbis Sygma, for The New York Times)

Map of South Africa highlights Khayelitsha: In Khayelitsha, whites tried out their Xhosa to address voters.

**Load-Date:** August 31, 2000

**End of Document**



[***PRIMATE DEMANDS POLES FREE WALESA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P890-0009-24C3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 27, 1982, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1174 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** CZESTOCHOWA, Poland, Aug. 26

**Body**

Addressing a multitude of over 350,000 worshipers at the nation's holiest shrine, the Roman Catholic Primate of Poland demanded today that the authorities free Lech Walesa.

The Primate, Archbishop Jozef Glemp, said the Government must also make other concessions to bring about a reconciliation with an ''angry'' people.

With an eye on anti-Government demonstrations planned for next week on the anniversary of the Gdansk agreements that recognized the Solidarity union headed by Mr. Walesa, the Archbishop repeatedly sounded an appeal for calm. He called on Poles not to take to the streets but to submerge their anger in the consolation of prayer.

CZESTOCHOWA, Poland, Aug. 26 -Addressing a multitude of over 350,000 worshipers at the nation's holiest shrine, the Roman Catholic Primate of Poland demanded today that the authorities free Lech Walesa.

''On our streets enough blood has been shed,'' he said. ''The place for the dialogue is at the table.''

A Show of Strength

The demonstrations have been called by Solidarity leaders in hiding to mark the second anniversary of strike settlements on the Baltic coast that led to the creation of the first independent union in the Soviet bloc. They are shaping up as a show of strength for the union, now suspended, and the martial law authorities have made it clear that they intend to deal with any illegal gatherings forcefully.

The warning was hammered home in today's press, which, among other things, printed the full text of a television speech last night by Gen. Czeslaw Kiszczak, Minister of Internal Affairs. In it he said the authorities had sufficient force to deal with demonstrators who, he charged, were planing violent actions.

At the same time the official press agency reported unrest at the giant Adolf Warski shipyard in the castal city of Szczecin, which was the scene of bloody protests in 1970 and victorious strikes in August 1980.

The agency said that 39 people were suspended last week after a demonstration in which workers left the yard to lay flowers at a memorial to colleagues killed in 1970.

Leaflets calling for further protests on Monday were circulating, the agency said, and the authorities might be forced to take drastic action - including closing the shipyard - to ''prevent a catastrophe.''

A measure of official concern over the situation there was seen in the fact that Kazimierz Barcikowski, a senior member of the party Politburo and the man who negotiated the settlement in the Warski shipyard two years ago, was sent there today to talk with party members and others. He accused the union of ''counterrevolutionary hostility and political stupidity'' and warned that organizers of demonstrations would be brought to account. He called for ''reason and calm'' on all sides.

An attempt to head off a violent confrontation was a major theme in the Primate's sermon, delivered on the 600th anniversary of the founding of the Paulite monastery at Jasna Gora, which contains Poland's most sacred icon, the Black Madonna.

But even more striking was the forceful reiteration of the Catholic church's position on what he termed ''conditions'' for opening talks between the Government and the people.

''First, free Lech Walesa - or insure him conditions in which he can speak out as a free man,'' he declared, and instantly the throng assembled in a hilltop meadow under the medieval ramparts of the sanctuary broke out in prolonged applause. A sprinkling of Solidarity banners waved in the warm breeze.

Pimate Chastizes Crowd

At this point the Primate chastized the crowd, for he had asked for his speech to be given with no interruptions, and he went on to list other conditions. A second was the reactivation, if only gradually, of the trade unions. A third was the release of all internees, who number more than 630, and a fourth was preparations for an amnesty for people arrested and convicted under martial law. Official sources put this figure at about 3,000.

Finally, the Primate demanded the fixing of a definite date for a visit by Pope John Paul. The Pope was to have revisited his homeland for the ceremonies here today, but the trip was put off at the insistence of the authorities who feared it could further unsettle the precarious political climate.

When the Primate completed the list of demands, the crowd responded with a sea of raised arms in victory signs, a gesture of support for Solidarity. Even members of the choir on a stone balcony behind him and several monks in white robes joined in.

The demands did not go beyond the church's previous position, but it was regarded as significant that the Primate was raising them now. For months the church hierarchy has appeared to play down its objections to martial law, concentrating instead on calls for peace and talks.

Some Grumbling Over Church

The emphasis has spawned some dissatisfaction among Poles, who occasionaly grumble that the church is cooperating too closely with the Government. Three weeks ago, for example, a banner was laid at a floral cross in memory of the late Primate, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, that read: ''To the honor of the greatest Primate Poland ever had; we are waiting to see his successor.'' It was signed, ''Workers of Solidarity.''

Today the Primate went to great lengths in insisting that ''the church is very close to the suffering of the people.'' He declared at one point: ''The church realizes the effects of the danger done by harm to the people. We are with those who locked themselves inside the factories to fight for the violated rights of the ***working class***. We are with those who are interned.''

He also read out portions of a letter that he said he had received from the mother of an internee ''recently beaten up at Kwidzyn,'' a detention camp in the north. No account of an incident in the camp, in which security forces put down a disturbance Aug. 14, have appeared in Polish news outlets. Such situations, the Primate said, ''create feelings of anger and revenge. ''

But he noted that the church must remain above politics. ''It cannot become an instrument in the hands of social groups or the state.

The Primate called the agreements that ended the strikes two years ago ''a victory of reason, maturity, wisdom and peace,'' which he said still held the message that reconcilation was possible, though ''not on street barricades but at the table of dialogue.''

'Lessons of History' Cited

He asked Poles to learn ''the lessons of history'' and cited the January uprising of the 19th century against the Russians, a failure that he said brought ''annihiliation, depression, destruction and, even worse, long-lasting slavery.''

The icon whose anniversary was celebrated is hallowed by legend, and is believed by some to be a painting by St. Luke the Evangelist done on a wooden plank that served as a table for the Holy Family in Nazareth. Its fame spread after it was slashed by the iconoclastic Hussite brothers in 1430, and especially after the monastery fended off a siege by Swedish invaders in 1655, an event that made ''Our Lady'' the protector of Poland.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Archbishop Joseph Glemp

**End of Document**



[***Scripps Is in Search of Its Next Food Network - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KMX-TT40-TW8F-G2X9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 14, 2006 Monday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 4; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1728 words

**Byline:** By GERALDINE FABRIKANT

**Body**

At the Food Network studio in New York, where Rachael Ray whips up her 30-minute dinners, several tables off screen were graced recently with wine glasses and silverware.

If the table decor was a bit fancy for Ms. Ray's hugely popular ''30 Minute Meals'' program, that was because it was not for her show. It was a dinner to precede the quarterly board meeting of the E. W. Scripps Company, the Food Network's parent.

The location was appropriate. By starting HGTV, or Home and Garden Television, and by buying control of the Food Network in 1997, Scripps -- once an old-line newspaper company -- had smartly diversified into niche cable networks well before the newspaper business as a whole began to suffer a major downturn.

Largely as a result, the company's stock has performed better since 2003 than that of the Washington Post Company, Gannett, The New York Times Company, the Tribune Company, Dow Jones and McClatchy. The cable network unit, Scripps Networks, has driven growth for the last five years, accounting for 44 percent of Scripps's $641 million in revenue in the second quarter, which ended June 30, in contrast to 28 percent from the company's newspapers.

But the media landscape continues to change, and now cable networks are, like newspapers, under new competitive pressure from the Web. The question for Scripps, along with many other media companies, is whether it can continue to adapt -- and do so quickly enough.

Recently, the company made a misstep on its Shop at Home network, and has gambled on new online properties like USwitch, a comparison shopping site. In the last year, with newspaper stocks down and amid fears that cable growth is slowing, Scripps stock has fallen more than 10 percent from the beginning of the year to close at $43.33 a share on Friday.

Kenneth W. Lowe, the chief executive of Scripps since 2000, says he believes his company is suffering with other media companies. ''You have a great house,'' he said. ''It just happens to be in a not-so-great neighborhood.''

While some investors worry that the stock price will continue to struggle, others argue that Mr. Lowe has done an impressive job of diversifying. His recent acquisition of Shopzilla, an online comparison shopping site, will pay off and hasten online expansion online by Scripps, they say.

''I think the Scripps Networks will continue to do well because they target such specific markets and their programs lend themselves to video-on-demand,'' said Thomas A. Russo, a partner in the investment firm of Gardner Russo & Gardner, whose clients own shares of Scripps.

While journalists measure the success of newspapers by Pulitzer Prizes, investors usually do not. That said, one of the company's 21 newspapers, The Rocky Mountain News, has won four Pulitzers since 2000; the company's papers won five Pulitzers between 1980 and 1999.

John Temple, the editor and publisher of The Rocky Mountain News and director of content for Scripps's newspapers, said the company supported the role of the local paper. ''Ken Lowe gives individuals like me who are in positions of responsibility the independence and authority to do the right thing,'' he said. ''Our mantra has been to do what is right for our communities.''

But John Morton, a veteran newspaper analyst, says that Scripps Newspapers, the company's newspaper unit, ''does not get high marks for its journalism.'' He added, however, that its cash-flow margins -- 28.9 percent in the second quarter -- were among the highest in the industry.

Mr. Russo said: ''Newspapers are one crummy business. In order to make money in newspapers, you want to cover promos, potlucks and police blotters. The last thing you want to hear about is Pulitzers. And Scripps has done a great job.''

Mr. Lowe, a dapper 56-year-old who has been at the company for 26 years, keeps a low profile. But he has the enormous advantage of strong support from the even-lower-profile Scripps family, which owns 44 percent of Scripps's equity, worth about $3 billion, and controls 87 percent of the votes that elect two-thirds of the board.

The heirs' stake is controlled through the Scripps family trust. Two of its trustees, Edward W. Scripps Jr., 47, and Nackey E. Scagliotti, 60, sit on the Scripps board, together with 60-year-old Paul K. Scripps, a cousin from a different branch of the family (who is not a trust beneficiary).

No Scripps family members hold full-time jobs at Scripps today. Twice a year the extended family, which consists of about 100 heirs, meets with company executives. According to Edward Scripps, tensions that have led other newspaper families to sell their companies do not exist at Scripps.

''We have had these meetings for 15 years, and there has never been any discussion about selling the company,'' Mr. Scripps said. He added that ''there is not the financial pressure that many families have to sell because there is additional income from non-Scripps stock.''

And whatever the concerns of outside investors, the family remains sanguine about the company, despite the recent downturn in share price.

''We don't get it,'' Mrs. Scagliotti said. ''Some of it can be attributed to the newspaper portfolio.'' She added: ''The family realizes that there will be dips and peaks. Part of that has to do with the price of change.''

The Scripps family owes its fortune to Edward W. Scripps, who started the Scripps enterprise in 1878 when he bought The Cleveland Penny Press, a paper aimed at ***working-class*** people who could not afford the 5 cents that many papers then charged. From The Cleveland Penny Press, he expanded with papers across the country and then turned to the telegraph to move news from one paper to another.

Decades later, Mr. Scripps started United Press International to compete with The Associated Press. His next effort was United Media, which syndicates comics and characters like ''Peanuts'' and ''Dilbert.''

Mrs. Scagliotti and Edward Scripps declined to discuss the trusts' holdings, but the trust has been selling shares of Scripps since the company went public in 1988, reducing the trust's equity from 60 to 44 percent. When Scripps sold its cable systems to the Comcast Corporation in 1995, the trust received roughly $960 million in Comcast stock.

The cousins said they had great confidence in their chief executive. It was Mr. Lowe who came up with the idea of HGTV in the early 1990's, when as head of Scripps's broadcast unit he was worried about the future of broadcast TV.

Mr. Lowe recalled that he was intrigued at the time by home improvement. On weekends, he said, he and his wife would travel to see shows that showcased new homes and decor. At the time, cable operators like John C. Malone, who then oversaw the cable giant Tele-Communications Inc., sought deals to carry new services in exchange for a stake in the network, but Mr. Lowe fought hard to create a service that Scripps would own by itself. By keeping 100 percent of HGTV, and later the Food Network, Scripps managed to keep for itself a much stronger cash flow than its newspapers were providing. Mr. Lowe also made another unorthodox decision: setting up HGTV's headquarters in Knoxville, Tenn.

''I wanted the people who worked for HGTV to be able to afford their own homes,'' Mr. Lowe said. ''It would be too expensive to do that in Cincinnati, New York or Los Angeles.'' The Scripps company is based in Cincinnati.

HGTV caught on quickly, and is now carried in 90 million homes. The Food Network has been a home run as well, luring viewers interested in cooking. Rachael Ray, who has been on the Food Network since executives spotted her on ''The Today Show,'' said she had developed the concept of 30-minute meals, and the network never tried to change it.

''They made me a national brand, and they never asked me to 'chef up,' '' she said, alluding to swapping out food she had prepared herself for food prepared by a professional.

The company's Shop at Home, a cable network and TV station the company bought in 2002 for about $285 million to compete with QVC and the Home Shopping Network, has not been as successful. Mr. Lowe said that Scripps's networks were creating an appetite for cooking and home repair objects they could sell on cable.

''We wanted to build additional streams of revenue aside from advertising,'' he said. For example, so many viewers were interested in a knife that Rachael Ray was using on her show that Scripps started selling it on Food Network's Web site. But despite using Food Network stars like Emeril Lagasse on Shop at Home, the network foundered.

''The network just never got the distribution it needed,'' said Gregory B. Maffei, the chief executive of Liberty Media, which owns QVC and has a stake in the Home Shopping Network. Scripps sold Shop at Home to Jewelry Television and has written off $123 million on its investment.

Mr. Lowe said he was disappointed by the results, but the deal led the company to focus more intently on online shopping and to buy privately held Shopzilla for $525 million last year. Though critics worry because Shopzilla does not have proprietary technology, Lauren Rich Fine, who follows newspaper companies for Merrill Lynch, said Scripps had a history of managing its businesses successfully. In the second quarter, Scripps said its interactive unit's revenue was $65 million.

A bigger concern among investors has been Scripps's $366 million purchase earlier this year of USwitch, a comparison shopping site for the British market.

''I think they overpaid,'' said Ms. Fine, who downgraded the stock when the deal was announced on March 15. She was not the only skeptic. That day, the company's stock fell 3.5 percent.

Scripps will need to prove skeptical investors wrong. Last Thursday, the company said that advertising spending on its cable networks had jumped 20 percent in July, and that cable ad revenue was up 17.2 percent, to $286 million, for the quarter. ''That is very good in a soft advertising environment,'' Mr. Russo said.

If investors are optimistic, Bruce C. Greenwald, a finance professor at Columbia University Business School who teaches a course on the media, said it was because Scripps, ''has done an excellent job of dodging the consequences of the bullets that the new media economy has thrown at them.''

(Sources by E.W. Scripps; Bloomberg)(pg. C3)

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

**Correction**

An article in Business Day on Aug. 14, about the E. W. Scripps Company, the old-line newspaper chain, and its diversification into niche cable networks, misidentified the news agency started by Mr. Scripps to compete with The Associated Press. It was United Press, not United Press International. (U.P.I. was formed in 1958 when United Press and the International News Service merged.)

**Correction-Date:** August 22, 2006

**Graphic**

Photos: Kenneth W. Lowe, the chief executive of E. W. Scripps, diversified the company. (Photo by Tom Uhlman for The New York Times)(pg. C1)

Rachael Ray, one of the stars of the Food Network, said the network had made her into a national brand. (Photo by Food Network)(pg. C3)Chart: ''It Pays to Diversify''E.W. Scripps's expansion beyond newspapers into cable networks and the Internet has bolstered the company's revenue and share price.Graph tracks 2006 revenue, second quarter (in millions)NETWORKS HGTV$286, Food Network, DIY Network, Fine Living, Great American CountryNEWSPAPERS $18221 nationwideBROADCAST TV $8610 nationwideINTERACTIVE MEDIA Shopzilla$65, uSwitch, UpMyStreetOTHER MEDIA Graph$22 tracks change in share price since 2003, weekly closes, for the following:E.W. Scripps: +14.6%McClatchy: -24.8%Tribune: -33.2%New York Times Co.: -49.4%

**Load-Date:** August 14, 2006

**End of Document**



[***The Underbelly Of a City In Transition***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:431P-K1D0-0109-T45C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 13, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 4; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 3261 words

**Byline:**  By LINDA OCASIO

**Dateline:** NEWARK

**Body**

SANDONNA BRYANT still bristles when she thinks of one former employer, who asked if she lived here because she wanted to. Yet today her pride in how Newark is newly regarded is tempered by her knowledge of how much still must be done.

"The city turned a corner in that people are realizing its investment potential, both for commercial and housing development," said Ms. Bryant, who recently completed a five-year stint as coordinator for the Newark Community Development Network since 1996. "Unfortunately, there is resentment by long-term residents. They don't feel they are necessarily a part of the renaissance, because the focus is on downtown."

Ms. Bryant's sentiments are echoed by many who live and work in Newark. They can, of course, recite the litany of achievements in recent years: the opening of the New Jersey Performing Arts Center, the restoration and occupancy of several downtown office buildings, the return of the minor league Newark Bears baseball team and their new Riverfront Stadium.

Even the streets are safer, the Newark Police Department says, noting that homicides, robberies and burglaries have declined by more than 50 percent since 1995.

Still, many of those improvements have had little effect on the city's poorest residents, insists Ms. Bryant and others who work in the city's social service agencies. Three decades of social upheaval -- race riots, drug dealing and muggings and carjackings -- have taken their toll. And while Newark's long-awaited revival has blossomed somewhat in recent years, most residents of this depleted industrial city live deep within the shadows of the arts center and baseball stadium.

For his part, Mayor Sharpe James takes issue with those who say that Newark's revival has been focused on downtown at the expense of the neighborhoods.

"That's false political rhetoric," Mr. James said in exasperation. "People always want to compare downtown to the neighborhoods, but that's completely false."

The city itself is divided into five wards: the North, home to most of the city's Hispanic population; the East, a bustling neighborhood of Portuguese and newcomer Brazilian groups; the West, which touches part of South Orange, and is home to ***working-class*** and low-income families; the South, once home to the middle-class Jewish community immortalized in Philip Roth's novels, now predominantly middle-class and ***working-class*** black families with many single-family homes. The Central Ward, where the riots erupted in 1967, destroying the Springfield Avenue shopping district, has seen many of its high-rise public housing buildings demolished, replaced by low-rise, mixed-income homes.

As for the mayor, he pointed out that many community development corporations, like New Community Corporation, received land, money or both from the city for neighborhood projects. As an example, he cited the city's partnership with New Community to build a $4.8 million community center on Hayes Street, although "our name doesn't appear anywhere."

In addition, the mayor said that the lion's share of the federal block grants that the city received went toward neighborhood housing, and that homeownership in the city rose to 26 percent today from 14 percent in 1986, the year he took office; nationwide, that rate is 49 percent.

Indeed, increasing homeownership has been part of the city's successful strategy to reduce crime, the mayor said. "You can't put a cop on every corner. The best cop is a homeowner. They won't tolerate nonsense in the neighborhood."

That is one point on which the Rev. William J. Linder, director of New Community Corporation, agrees with the mayor. "We're getting more home ownership in the city, and I think that will be a significant change agent," said Mr. Linder, who has been the pastor of St. Rose of Lima Roman Catholic Church in the Central Ward for nearly 38 years.

He started New Community in 1968 to help the Central Ward recover from the devastation of the riots. Over four decades, he estimated that New Community had built about 3,000 housing units -- primarily rentals -- in the Central and West Wards, with more homes on the drawing board that would be for sale.

In addition, in 1982, after years of petitioning the city for a new supermarket, New Community decided to go into commercial development itself, and the result was a $19 million Pathmark Shopping Center that serves about 50,000 shoppers a week with a supermarket, doughnut shop, mailbox store and food court.

Yet Mr. Linder parts company with the mayor on the issue of the community center, which he said cost $2.6 million, half of which New Community put up when the city's original plan to convert a former bathhouse and pool into a center fell through.

"We made a commitment to run it," he said. "It's not the Sharpe James Community Center."

Mr. Linder said the surest sign of the city's failure to revitalize the neighborhoods was most apparent in the public schools, which have been run by the state since 1995.

"It's more about power and control than it is about children," he said. With $1.5 billion in state funds coming into Newark for school construction, there has been "a frenzy for control," he said, citing April's school board elections, which saw three allies of the mayor win seats on a school board that is slowly being empowered once again under state guidelines. "Money gets everyone excited, but not the quality of education."

Ms. Bryant, the development coordinator, was born 30 years ago and reared on South 11th Street in the South Ward, attended the city's Science High School and went on to graduate from Yale University in 1993 before returning to Newark -- a decision that not everyone understands.

"I feel a lot of pride," she said of the city's renaissance.

But like others, she fears that the prosperity -- which was beginning to take shape downtown before the economy recently began slowing -- is for the most part not trickling down to the people who call Newark home, primarily those of color or who speak Spanish.

"I don't want to perpetuate that division, but that's how people feel, whether it's reality or perceived," she said. "They want parity and they want to see resources applied to the neighborhoods."

But the deputy mayor for housing and economic development, Alfred Faiella, said that 90 percent of federal block grants, which total about $11 million in Newark, go to community agencies.

On the other hand, private investment in the downtown area, which is closest to the East and North wards, is in the $200 million range, Mr. Faiella said -- half of which has gone toward construction of new office buildings, and half toward renovating existing structures.

Moreover, Ms. Bryant, like many others in the city, say they worry that the lack of regional planning to address problems in older outlying areas like Irvington and East Orange will undermine Newark's revival.

The deputy mayor also countered critics who said the city had done no planning with the neighboring communities. "We've taken a lead with regional planning involving transportation, highway and waterfront development," he said.

But the experts who monitor such activity say Newark has not done enough -- either locally or regionally.

"There hasn't been a lot of planning at all that considers how to build and sustain a community, how to make Newark livable long-term," said Baye Wilson, director of the New Jersey office of the Regional Planning Association. "That kind of planning demands open space, recreation space, housing that is built to scale, all of which is part of the fabric of a community."

James Hughes, dean of the Edward J. Bloustein School of Planning and Public Policy at Rutgers University, said in particular there had been "precious little" regional planning.

"Everyone is grappling for themselves," Mr. Hughes said. "New Jersey has a tradition of home-rule and lack of cooperation, but substantial competition."

Dennis Gale, director of the Joseph C. Cornwall Center for Metropolitan Studies at Rutgers in Newark, agreed. "Newark may have a regional approach when it comes to transportation, a 'benign issue,' " Mr. Gale said, "but when it comes to housing, crime and education, look out. Everyone wants home rule when those issues come up."

THE persistence of the drug trade is evident on street corners, where on some blocks new housing and drug dens are neighbors. One brazen dealer advertised "Cowboy Crack," with a spray-painted sign on the doors of a turquoise house at the end of Holland Street near Springfield Avenue in the Central Ward.

Many new homes in the Central and South Wards have elaborate gates on windows and doors, a testimony to residents' lingering fears for their safety. On one recent spring day, Fairmount Street at South Orange Avenue in the Central Ward, close to West Ward, was barricaded as part of a police strategy to stem drug traffic. In the Central Ward, the huge Stella Wright housing project awaits demolition, and looms behind a row of new townhouses like a bad dream that will not go away.

According to figures compiled by the New Jersey State Police, Newark averaged more than 10,000 violent crimes a year from 1989 to 1995. By 1999, the number of murders, rapes and aggravated assaults had fallen below 5,000 a year. In January, the city trumpeted that its increase in crime for the year 2000 was the lowest since the agency has began reporting annual statistics 33 years ago. Rapes, assaults and robberies were down by more than 50 percent from 1995, and homicides were down 43 percent -- from 101 to 58 -- for the same period.

Corene Sampson 68, who has lived here since she arrived from Florida 1952, wonders if the renaissance will ever reach all of Newark's residents -- or simply benefit the outsiders who did not stick by Newark in the gloomy aftermath of the 1967 race riots.

Ms. Sampson said that although she can see some improvements from her house -- built by the Corinthian Housing Development Corp., one of the community development corporations spawned by area churches -- she still doesn't feel safe because of the drug dealing going on in the open in her neighborhood.

Long separated from her husband, Ms. Sampson has been living in the development since 1998 with her 14-year-old great-granddaughter. Her son died several years ago of pneumonia; her daughter and granddaughter have been incapacitated by chronic illnesses; she also has three other great-grandchildren.

Ms. Sampson said she was frustrated because there was no supermarket within walking distance. "So many things are supposed to be started, but it's not reaching people yet," she said.

Carol Williams, 40, who has lived in Newark since arriving here from Tacoma, Wash., as a small child, had her own definition of the word that now seems permanently affixed to Newark: "Renaissance -- it means to keep us out. You're building it up, but are you building it for us or our children? There's no way you can afford a townhouse on welfare."

For Ms. Williams, the struggle to raise her two daughters, ages 20 and 18, and a 16-year-old son, has been documented in the book "No Easy Walk: Newark, 1980-1993" (Temple University Press, 1994) by Helen M. Stummer, a photojournalist.

Ms. Sampson and Ms. Williams can both attest that any number of problems continue to bedevil the city. For instance, figures compiled by the Bloustein School of Planning and Public Policy at Rutgers University show that the city's unemployment rate is twice that of the state, and that one in four Newark residents earns less than a poverty-level income, and more than 40 percent of all low-income renters pay more than half their income in rent.

While Newark, like many old Northeastern cities, has seen a major decline in its non-Hispanic English-speaking people in recent years, blacks have also left in large numbers.

From 1980 to 2000, the number of residents who considered themselves non-Hispanic white declined by 33,950, or nearly 50 percent. At the same time, the non-Hispanic black population decreased by 46,637, almost 25 percent.

Most of this decline occurred during the 1980's; what has helped stabilize the city's population has been an influx of Hispanics, who grew by more than 10,000 in the 1980's and by almost 9,000 in the 1990's. Put another way, in 1980 about one in five Newark residents was Hispanic, as against one in three today.

DEEP within the neighborhoods of Newark, no one is more vulnerable than the children. About 80 percent of the students in the Newark public schools, or 35,172 of them, receive a reduced or free breakfast and lunch at school, according to figures supplied to the school district and compiled in Newark Kids Count 2000, a report published annually by the Association for Children of New Jersey. The organization also found that Newark's infant mortality rate was double that of the state, and that preventative care for impoverished children remained an issue.

"Immunization rates are still near the bottom of the list, compared to other municipalities and states, lead poisoning is still a concern," said Gina Lucas, Newark outreach coordinator for the association. "I'm excited that there's more attention being paid to the city and more development going on, but we continue to be concerned about Newark's children, and the needs of children are not being met. We need to see these indicators improve. Until children and their families are thriving, I wouldn't call it a renaissance."

Nor are the adults -- particularly those without jobs -- having an easy time of it.

"We are seeing an increase in the number of working people seeking help, people coming in because they can't make rent," said Jeannette Page-Hawkins, executive director of Newark Emergency Services for Families. Indeed, a 1998 study by the Institute for Children and Poverty found that 44 percent of the homeless families in Newark were never on welfare. Newark Emergency Services, situated in the renovated Continental Ballroom building on Broad Street, serves about 45,000 people in Essex County with a homeless drop-in center, food vouchers and temporary assistance for rent, utility bills, child care and transportation.

What surprised many experts, however, was the increase in the number of people with jobs who were still struggling to find affordable housing and pay their bills.

"No one foresaw the working poor," said Maria Vizcarrondo-DeSoto, president and chief executive of the United Way of Essex and West Hudson, who expressed concern about what would happen when those who had not found employment by the spring of 2002 were dropped from the rolls, as mandated by federal law. "We're waiting for the other shoe to drop. We may find ourselves in a major crisis."

Moroever, Ms. Vizcarrondo-DeSoto said that many residents lacked the technical skills for the jobs available, so that organizations "can't match families with the opportunities that are there."

To be sure, Newark's unemployment rate has fallen, though the numbers are still troubling: Last year, 8.1 percent of city residents -- or more than twice the state's overall unemployment rate of 3.8 percent -- who sought work could not find it. While the unemployment rate was much higher five years ago -- 12.9 percent -- the decline was caused by an increase in about 2,000 jobs coupled with a reduction of 3,800 in the number of residents considered to be in the job market.

As for the city's public schools, which have been under state control for nearly seven years, the dropout rate has hovered at 7 to 8 percent over the last five years, as against from 3 to 4 percent for the average high school in the state. At one high school, Weequahic in the South Ward, the drop-out rate was almost 14 percent last year, state figures show.

"It will take a number of generations to truly transform the schools," Ms. Vizcarrondo-DeSoto said.

Ms. Vizcarrondo-DeSoto was among 22 civic leaders on the 21st Century Task Force -- formed in 1997 to evaluate what steps were necessary to improve the city -- which last year recommended several steps to implement a far-reaching and enduring revival:

\* Improve the city's image among nonresidents.

\* Increase the city's role in, and contribution to, the regional economy.

\* Improve the city's ailing public schools.

The recommendations included insuring that residents had access to the jobs generated by new investment in the city, especially in construction; cleaning up such eyesores as the abandoned Pabst/Hoffman bottling plant on South Orange Avenue; and establishing a citizens' panel to monitor school management and financial issues.

"We've got to find a way to strategically plan things," she said. "There's no regional approach to development, and when one group benefits, another group suffers."

She said she was particularly disturbed by the problems facing Orange, East Orange and Irvington.

"They used to be the suburban connection, and those areas are now becoming blighted and depressed," she said, noting that Newark's progress may have an unintended "rippling effect" that simply relocates poverty.

Despite the challenges, Ms. remains Vizcarrondo-DeSoto is optimistic.

"At this point, I'm encouraged," she said, making a point of crediting the work of such community-based organizations as New Community Corporation and La Casa de Don Pedro that were advocates for impoverished residents long before private investors jumped in.

OVER the years, Gerard Joab has worked hand in hand with many of those groups as senior program director of the Local Initiatives Support Corporation, which provides financial grants to such local organizations as La Casa de Don Pedro, the Corinthian Housing Development Corporation and the St. James Development Corporation, which build affordable housing -- notable for quality and affordability -- for renters and buyers.

Mr. Joab remembers that when he arrived here in 1986, "everyone cleared out after 5 p.m., but today it's changed. People are walking around and working late."

He also cited improved city services, especially the police. Still, he said he thought that there was too little planning going on to ensure that longtime, low-income residents were not priced out of their city. "A healthy neighborhood has a blend of mixed incomes," he said.

Many nonprofit organizations depend on the city for at least some financial support, and the directors of those groups are cautious in their criticism of Newark and its main cheerleader, the mayor.

Mayor James "has been attentive and accessible to us, and certainly put up money for what we're doing," Mr. Joab said, "but in some cases the city didn't have the ability to move as quickly as we want."

Moving quickly -- to take advantage of the current momentum and attention being focused on Newark -- is important to Mr. Joab and others who have long waited for this moment. From his office in the North Ward, Raymond Ocasio, president of La Casa de Don Pedro, sees firsthand the influx of Ecuadorians, Dominicans, Mexicans and Peruvians.

In addition to building homes, La Casa offers an immigrant rights program, English classes, job referrals, nutrition information and child care. The new immigrants are joining the long-established Puerto Rican community and putting down their own stakes by opening restaurants, travel agencies, repair shops, beauty shops. He knows that there is still much to be done, but Mr. Ocasio compares Newark with Harlem, which is also attracting new investors and fresh excitement about its possibilities.

"Harlem is hot, and Harlem is still hell," he said. "You're always transitioning into something. Right now I believe we're on the upswing."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The abandoned Stella Wright homes, awaiting demolition, left, loom over row of new townhouses in Newark's Central Ward like a bad dream that will not go away. Downtown, like this stretch of Market Street, is a patchwork of renovation and stagnation, dreams and drugs. (Photographs by John W. Wheeler for The New York Times)(pg. 1); Michele Johnson, above, plays with her family at Community Hills condominiums, across from a high-rise housing develpment set of be torn down. Corene Sampson said that though she has seen improvements, she still worries about drug dealing in her neighborhood. Scene along Livingston Street, near Springfield Avenue, right. (Photographs by John W. Wheeler for The New York Times)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** May 13, 2001

**End of Document**



[***WHAT CURES FOR 'MALIGNANCY' OF TERRORISM?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-NNV0-0009-24DV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 24, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 4, Column 2; Week in Review Desk; INTERVIEW

**Length:** 1212 words

**Dateline:** BELFAST, Northern Ireland

**Body**

AFTER a week of bullets and ballots, this British province had a new Assembly that seemed to have about as much chance for smooth sailing on its maiden voyage as another Belfast launching - the Titantic.

Last week's Assembly election was to be a first step toward eventual return to self-rule, but it seemed unlikely that the winning parties would work together to end 13 years of violence. Catholic winners from two parties said they would boycott the Assembly altogether and most of the Protestant Unionists elected were outspoken opponents of sharing power with the Catholic minority. Instead of hope, the election may have introduced a new dimension to Ulster's suffering: Extremists, both Catholic and Protestant, showed strength in Wednesday's voting.

Interview with Bishop Cahal Daly, new Roman Catholic Bishop of Northern Ireland

But an important new voice was also heard in Belfast. The new Roman Catholic Bishop, Cahal Daly, was installed on Sunday and took the occasion to denounce violence as ''a primary malignancy with secondary growths eating into the healthy tissues of whole communities.'' Bishop Daley discussed the disease and prescribed some antidotes in an interview in Belfast last week with Jon Nordheimer, a correspondent of The New York Times.

Question. Have conditions reached a point where terrorists are initiating civil war?

Answer. The conditions have existed over the past 13 years, and it is a tribute to the common sense of the people that civil war has not broken out. The worst predictions have not been fulfilled. If one looks at how many beleagured communities, riddled with violence, have nevertheless kept their essential social stability and inherent goodness, it is a great tribute to the people.

Q. Have economic conditions - 23 percent unemployment - exacerbated politics?

A. That is a very grave aggravating factor - when you find more than half of your youthful population jobless, and without hope of a job and without any stake in society, no meaning or purpose in life, and along come people from these violent organizations who promise them a solution to their problems, not tomorrow but when the revolution succeeds. They give these young men status. What an attraction to somebody who is a nonperson as far as society is concerned! They appeal to a cause that they wrongly see as a glamorous part of Irish history.

Q. Are you talking specifically about Catholic youth?

A. Unemployment among the Catholic young runs 40 or 50 percent. The demographic distribution, and the housing policy that goes with it, have concentrated Catholics in areas that have not been industrially developed and therefore are most disfavored in terms of job outlets.

Q. Could this demographic isolation be broken by integrating the separate Protestant and Catholic schools?

A. Teachers in both sectors have made of the schools the one place of sanity, of tolerance and peace and understanding. If we take that away we will be weakening the possibilities of a tolerant society. Our schools are finding children at the level which is most formatory in their religious, social and moral outlook. If one has to put into brackets all that is distinctive of them as a coherent community with religious, moral and spiritual values, one is going to be taking the school further away from the family and the neighborhood. Now we have neighborhood schools, family schools; we involve parents closely in the work of the school and we relate the religious formation given in the school with the religious formation given in the family.

Q. While desegregation may weaken some values, wouldn't it strengthen contacts between children and among parents?

A. Desegregation means creating a program in which certain sensitive subjects cannot be included because they are not common to all the traditions. What one is taught in school is not just a list of instruction but also a way of life.

Q. If the schools are teaching these lessons, why does Northern Ireland experience such agony and intolerance?

A. There are severe limitations on what schooling can do. We have found in the past 15 years that very high-minded and laudable experiments sometimes aggravate the situation. In the U.S., there are examples in which racial integration was set back by compulsory busing and this would happen here because we have housing segregation and there are no schools that can cater to a mixed community. The only way we could integrate them is to bus children. Any attempt to desegregate would inevitably extend the violence into the only place where they are presently safe. That unspeakable barbarism Monday - where a gunman shot a teacher in front of his Bible class - shows that it can happen.

Sharing Views in the Schools

I'd be more concerned about another type of segregation - between middle class Catholics and ***working class*** Catholics in the ghetto. The middle class in suburbia are also living in their mental ghetto; they are too often in terrible ignorance of the conditions in which their fellow Catholics are living. The media contributes by calling the ghettos breeding grounds of crime and violence. No one wants to know the nonpersons inside these ghettos, no one wants to hire them. What's the use, they tell themselves, of trying to be anything else? Let's be what we're supposed to be.

Q. Isn't the problem of violence rooted in the tradition that Irish rights can only be won at the point of a gun?

A. That has been a simplistic view of Irish history. One of the two great propaganda tools the I.R.A. uses is that the present violent movement is the linear descendant of the Irish revolutionary uprising. The second is that violence has brought about political change in Northern Ireland and that politics has not brought about political change.

Q. What can men and women of good will hope to accomplish?

A. Our problems won't be solved by political action alone or by ecumenical action alone. I am already meeting with people in an attempt to work out programs of sharing views on very sensitive issues, issues like Irish history, history of the different major religions, that could be taught in each other's schools. It's a small beginning but we have to start somewhere.

Q. Doesn't political action have to come first?

A. All political efforts in the past few years have been cowardly, half-hearted and not followed through. The feeling is that any attempt at power-sharing will fail because all attempts in the past have failed. This long period of political irresolution has allowed people or ideologies who want to exploit the situation to do their foul work.

Q. Would failure of the new Assembly encourage radical solutions?

A. I am afraid it might. Time is running out. The paramilitaries' remedy is continued violence and continued revolution, thereby destabilizing all institutions. In Northern Ireland, they like to clad themselves in green, but they are constantly in touch with terrorists elsewhere and receive aid, indoctrination and technical advice from these international bodies. The young people who assist them don't have to understand the ideology of those who lead them. Some Irishmen in America may mouth some facile slogans about ''Brits Out!'' but we are not fighting for independence here. We are trying to find a peaceful political solution.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of children taunting a british soldier Photo of Bishop Cahal Daly

**End of Document**



[***HORROR WRITER'S HOLIDAY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-P7W0-0009-23WW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 29, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 10, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1139 words

**Byline:** By ALAN CHEUSE; Alan Cheuse is the author of ''The Bohemians,'' a novel, and ''Candace & Other Stories.''

**Body**

DIFFERENT SEASONS By Stephen King. 527 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $16.95.

''THE most important things lie close to wherever your secret heart is buried, like landmarks to a treasure your enemies would love to steal away. And you may make revelations that cost you dearly only to have people look at you in a funny way, not understanding what you've said at all, or why you thought it was so important that you almost cried while you were saying it. That's the worst, I think. When the secret stays locked within not for want of a teller but for want of an understanding ear.''

Review of Stephen King's book "Different Seasons"

Thus speaks Gordie Lachance, millionaire horror-writer and narrator of ''The Body,'' one of four short novels bound together within the covers of ''Different Seasons,'' horror-writer Stephen King's ninth work of fiction. Over the last decade Mr. King has certainly not wanted for ears; he is one of the most popular writers of our era. But unlike other vulgar - in the root sense of speaking in the voice of and to the average person - best-selling authors, Mr. King seems to have remained unsatisfied by mere popularity. As the speech of his fictional counterpart seems to suggest, the author of some of the best horror stories since those of Ambrose Bierce and H.P. Lovecraft may want more than acceptance. And it's precisely this quest for understanding, the drive to make his vision not only well known but deeply felt, that appears to have led him to publish this uneven, though often surprising, volume.

The first surprise comes early: The opening prison narrative titled ''Rita Hayworth and Shawshank Redemption'' shows us that the creator of such studies of the criminal mind as ''The Shining'' and ''The Dead Zone'' can effectively treat innocence as well as guilt. Set in a fictional state penitentiary in the author's home state of Maine, the tale is told in the first person by Red, a prisoner and entrepreneur who has as one of his best customers a former banker and convicted murderer, Andy Dufresne. Dufresne stands out among the lifers in the yard long before Red discovers his real story; the man is a cultivated type who, even as he's fighting off the brutal sexual advances of Shawshank's population of ''sisters,'' apparently spends his time alone shaping and polishing pieces of quartz from the yard. This dedication to an art form of sorts impresses Red, who thought he had seen it all:

''First the chipping and shaping, and then the almost endless polishing and finishing with those rock-blankets. Looking at them (a pair of cuff links Dufresne has given him in exchange for a favor), I felt the warmth that any man or woman feels when he or she is looking at something pretty, something that has been worked and made - that's the thing that really separates us from the animals, I think - and I felt something else, too. A sense of awe for the man's brute persistence.''

It's difficult to imagine any reader feeling a sense of awe at the way Mr. King bullies his way through this tough-guy novella about Dufresne's struggle to establish his innocence and free himself by any means possible, but the piece does give off a certain warmth. And if it's not ''pretty,'' it is still an admirable departure from the genre that made the author famous. ''Apt Pupil,'' the second and longest narrative in the volume, also stands as the most disappointing. It is a psychological study of the tandem corruption of Todd Bowden, a Southern California high-school student, and Kurt Dussander, the Nazi war criminal he discovers in his own hometown. The story links the sunny present of America with the nightmare past of death camps and all of what Todd calls their ''gooshy'' atrocities. Big theme here - but in execution the piece comes off as somewhat silly, with the tone wavering between that of cartoon images from horror comic books and the worst variety of ulp fiction: ''He tasted life on his tongue like a draught of wine straight from the bottle.'' When Dussander cremates his cat in the kitchen oven, the novella begins to reek of more than baking feline flesh. And later, when each of this unlikely pair begins a series of murders, the stench may prove overpowering.

But if Mr. King stumbles in ''Apt Pupil,'' he picks himself up again and continues at a fast clip with ''The Body,'' which is narrated by his doppelganger, Gordie Lachance. In this supposed memoir we return to the scene of a number of crimes from Mr. King's earlier fiction - Castle Rock, Me., the setting of ''The Dead Zone'' and ''Cujo'' - but the style here is once again in the psychological rather than the supernatural mode. Narrator Lachance takes us back to the initiation rite that may have formed him as a successful writer - the overnight trek into the Maine woods he took with three other ***working-class*** friends in search of another teen-ager's rotting corpse. He sees the story as one of those revelations that exact a high price emotionally but help a writer to understand his past and ''get ready for some future mortality.'' There's some pretentiousness to Lachance's tale, especially in the inclusion of two stories that he published in little magazines early in his career, some swipes at writers such as John Gardner (who, ironically, professes to be one of Mr. King's greatest fans), praise of Ralph Ellison, and some Mailerlike conceit (''And although no one is ever going to call me the Thomas Wolfe of my generation, I rarely feel like a cheat. ...''). But there's a lot to admire in this recollection of dead and dead-end kids - and a scene in which the boys attempt to cross a railroad trestle as the tracks begin to hum may induce a permanent fear of hiking.

Readers who fear that Mr. King may have hiked permanently out of the territory in which they love to see him travel will be reassured to learn that in ''The Breathing Method,'' the final novella in this collection, he returns to the horror story as a conquering hero. Tipping his hat to, among others, Jorge Luis Borges and Peter Straub, he invents a New York City men's club whose members gather for an annual pre-Christmas terror-telling session. Here other voices whisper in other rooms, and a genteel physician turns something as contemporary as the Lamaze Method into a vehicle for a frightening fiction about old New York. The natural narrative force that previously has helped Mr. King overcome his often clumsy prose and sophomoric philosophizing churns through these pages stronger than ever before; and yet he's never written anything that seems so polished and finished.

As a collection ''Different Seasons'' is flawed and out of balance, but that shouldn't deter anyone with a taste for interesting popular fiction. Each of the first three novellas has its hypnotic moments, and the last one is a horrifying little gem.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing

**End of Document**



[***Voters Hope Senate Face-Off Clarifies Options***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:415W-HRV0-00MH-F0V8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 12, 2000, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1400 words

**Byline:** By JANE GROSS

By JANE GROSS

**Series:** UNDECIDED -- The First Debate

**Body**

Tom Smith is one of many undecided voters counting on the Senate debate tomorrow night to clarify a murky situation. A fusillade of critical advertising by both candidates has angered him, Mr. Smith said, and he remains as confused as ever about the voting record of Representative Rick A. Lazio, the Republican latecomer to the race.

Mr. Smith has reservations about Hillary Rodham Clinton's character, as he has since the beginning of this pivotal contest. But his intense dislike of the first lady -- who faces a primary contest today with Dr. Mark S. McMahon -- has mellowed during the course of what he describes as her diligent, if sometimes plodding, campaign. And her positions are perfectly clear to him.

But Mr. Lazio remains an enigma to Mr. Smith, who works the overnight shift at a Wal-Mart near his home in Saugerties, N.Y. "I still don't know much about him," he said. "And the ads don't help at all."

Mr. Lazio asserts that he has a record of Congressional achievement while the first lady is a blank slate. But Mr. Smith, and most of the other voters who have been sharing their decision-making process with The New York Times since February, do not see it that way. "Being the first lady, she's been vocal about the things that are near and dear to her heart," said Mr. Smith, citing Mrs. Clinton's longstanding interest in health care, education and children's issues. "But I need to know what he's going to do for me."

As for Mr. Lazio, he said: "Sure, he has a record. But it all depends on how you read it. I can't tell if he voted his mind because of the needs of his constituents or if he was protecting himself and kissing up to whoever was in control. With the debate on Wednesday, maybe I'll get lucky and find out what he believes in, what he'll fight for."

Mr. Smith and his wife, Barbara, cannot afford cable television, and thus get nothing but snow on all but a few channels, so they will watch the debate at the local firehouse. Broadcast from Buffalo, the debate will be on NBC affiliates in New York at 7 p.m. and replayed on MSNBC at 10 p.m.

Mr. Smith is not alone in pinning his hopes on the debate. In interviews in recent days, a panel of undecided voters said the debate had major significance as the first face-to-face, unscripted moment of the race.

"I can't wait to see it," said Cathy Harrison, a nurse from Amsterdam, N.Y., who was close to committing herself to Mr. Lazio two months ago but has since shifted her tentative allegiance because of Mrs. Clinton's more emphatic comments about the flagging upstate economy. "It's a big one for me. I'm going to pay more attention to that than anything."

Mrs. Harrison will tape the debate for her husband, Bob, a social studies teacher, so he can watch it when he gets home from back-to-school night. Doug Taggart's wife, in Cortlandt Manor in Westchester County, will do the same, since he has a late meeting at the financial services firm on Wall Street where he is a vice president.

Karl Schwartz, a freelance computer consultant from Staten Island, says he plans to take notes, especially if the topic turns to medical research, his primary concern these days as his wife battles cancer.

These six voters remain undecided as the race enters its final lap, all with their own pet issues, but all disheartened by the tone the campaign has taken since the withdrawal of Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani and the substitution of Mr. Lazio on the Republican ticket.

They are the holdouts on a panel of 11 undecided voters, culled from early New York Times/CBS News polls. Two voters dropped out of the project in May, and three others say they have already made their decisions.

The first to decide, as soon as the Republican candidate changed, was Tom Beck, a guidance counselor on Long Island, in the district that adjoins Mr. Lazio's, who had been a longtime admirer of the young congressman for a voting record that Mr. Beck said defies party stereotypes.

Now, two others have cast their lots with Mrs. Clinton: Charlene Clinton, a Buffalo woman who recently returned to public assistance after losing her first job in many years, and Dave Temkin, a telecommunications expert from Queens.

Both are lifelong Democrats who counted themselves among the undecided for different reasons.

Ms. Clinton, by her own admission, has no interest in politics and did not even know who was running until the recent spate of television commercials. Now that she has the candidates straight, and their party affiliations, she will vote party-line as she always has, and as her parents did before her.

Mr. Temkin, by contrast, is avid about labor and social issues, history and government, and delayed what he now says was an all-but-inevitable decision until he had carefully considered the Republican opposition.

"Fairness and intelligence require that," he said, especially when the Democratic candidate, in this case Mrs. Clinton, is "someone you don't have any particular trust and affection for."

"I needed to see if Lazio was something other than I thought he was: an undistinguished congressman with an undistinguished record, doing his party's bidding," Mr. Temkin added. "I gave him a chance, but I sort of knew the answer all along."

Of Mrs. Clinton, he said, "I don't think her character flaws will prevent her from being an effective senator," echoing others among this group who continue to dislike the first lady but no longer in a disqualifying way. "When you look at what's going to come down the road in the Senate for the next four years, ***working-class*** people will be a lot better off with the conceivable Clinton voting record than the conceivable Lazio voting record."

Mr. Taggart, while still undecided, is also less concerned about Mrs. Clinton's flaws and more concerned about Mr. Lazio's blurry persona than he was two months ago. He said that the "amount of vitriol" directed at the first lady has left him with "sort of a protective feeling" toward her.

He also has questions about Mr. Lazio, whose voting record in Congress, Mr. Taggart has read, shifted from middle of the road to more conservative when the Republicans won control of the House in 1994. "Is that for personal gain, to make his way up the leadership charts?" Mr. Taggart asked. "Is he a conciliator or is he a panderer? Is he a malleable go-along-to-get-along kind of guy, or does he have convictions? And if so, what are they? "

Several of the undecided voters say questions like these have been totally obscured by the barrage of advertising, which has come from both sides but seems to be hurting Mr. Lazio more than Mrs. Clinton among this small group. All the voters complained bitterly of the "mudslinging" and said it made them ever more disdainful of the political process.

"I'm tired of it," Mr. Schwartz said. "Hopefully, other people are, too. Issues are too complex to be evaluated this way. It should be illegal."

A voter like Mr. Schwartz, with a single-minded interest in cancer research, will cast his ballot for whichever candidate cares more about that, no matter how disgusted he is by the advertising. For the moment, he said, that looks like Mr. Lazio.

So, too, with the Harrisons, who are shopping for a senator with a plan to reverse the hemorrhaging of the upstate economy. Right now, Mrs. Clinton has the edge, they said.

Mr. Taggart, on the other hand, has a palette of interests, among them the general state of political discourse in America. The last time he was faced with this "ugly" a campaign, he said, was when Robert Abrams challenged Alfonse M. D'Amato for his Senate seat in 1992.

"I view my vote as a reward, something to be won," Mr. Taggart said. After much agonizing, he did not cast a ballot in that race, because neither was "worthy of it," he said. "And that's not outside of the realm of possibility this time."

Undecided

This is the seventh article in a series following a group of New York State voters from diverse backgrounds as they make up their minds on which candidate to support for the United States Senate.

The previous articles were about the changed nature of the campaign after Representative Rick A. Lazio became the Republican Party's nominee; Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's dropped candidacy; the mayor's separation from his wife; his prostate cancer; how undecided voters gathered information; and their first impressions.

Series articles are available at The New York Times on the Web at [*www.nytimes.com*](http://www.nytimes.com).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dave Temkin of Queens said he wanted to give Representative Rick A. Lazio a fair hearing, but would vote for Hillary Rodham Clinton. (Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times); Karl Schwartz, whose wife is fighting cancer, said he would cast his ballot for the candidate who seems more dedicated to medical research. (Mary DiBiase Blaich for The New York Times)(pg. B6); Cathy and Bob Harrison of Amsterdam, N.Y., a nurse and a teacher, respectively, want to hear what the candidates say they will do to help the economy upstate. (David Jennings for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** September 12, 2000

**End of Document**



[***DANCE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40X0-WGP0-00MH-F1C1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Dancer Discovers A World of Profit And Daredevil Feats***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40X0-WGP0-00MH-F1C1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 6, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 9; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1506 words

**Byline:** By ANN DALY;

Ann Daly teaches performance studies at the University of Texas.

By ANN DALY; Ann Daly teaches performance studies at the University of Texas.

**Body**

AT a recent dance forum, Elizabeth Streb introduced herself with considered clarity: "Ten years ago I thought of myself as someone who had a dance company. Today I think of myself as someone who creates wild actions and movement moments in a show that I sell."

Ms. Streb, artistic director of Streb, has never been a typical choreographer. More like a daredevil, she gained recognition in the mid-1980's for her gravity-baiting feats of physicality using trampolines, gyroscopic belts and bungee cords. But like a true postmodernist, she hated music ("too bossy") and rejected narrative. Her focus was on the abstract properties of pure movement -- time, space and the body.

For her new show, "Action Heroes," parts of which will be performed on Friday and Saturday at Vanderbilt Hall in Grand Central Terminal, Ms. Streb has pumped up the spectacle with a music-sound score and at least the semblance of a story. During the 70-minute show, the eight performers career through more than a dozen episodes, including crashing though a pane of glass and bouncing off walls. Ms. Streb has gone Vegas. Or, at least, that's where she's headed.

"Action Heroes" embeds new and familiar stunts into a music-video-style format that pays homage to Ms. Streb's early inspirations, like Evel Knievel, the motorcycle showman, Cannonball Richards (he caught them in his gut) and Annie Edson Taylor, the first person to survive Niagara Falls in a barrel.

With "Action Heroes," Ms. Streb leaves the dance world behind, at least in economic terms. Her technical ambitions for its ultimate development will be too costly for dance venues, so she is turning to public spaces, commercial ventures and an earned-income business model.

The company's self-contained metal performance structure, a box truss nearly 20 feet tall, is considered an exemplar of market-driven strategies for nonprofit arts institutions by the Joyce Mertz-Gilmore Foundation, which financed the portable stage in 1998. The performance space -- complete with its own lighting, moving walls, video screens and sound -- lets the company set up cost effectively in any context. No longer limited to large, traditional theaters, Streb productions can be marketed to broader audiences and potentially yield more earned income.

The line between performance and entertainment has blurred considerably in the last few years. Riverdance, Matthew Bourne's "Swan Lake" and most notably the teaming of the experimentalist Julie Taymor with Disney to produce Broadway's "Lion King" have forged significant links between art and commerce.

Ms. Streb, herself a hybrid of ***working class*** roots and MacArthur Foundation "genius grant" credentials, cites Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, Cirque du Soleil, Stomp, "Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk" and Zingaro as precedents. The franchise scheme used by Blue Man Group, the sly East Village trio that has organized outposts in three other cities, she says, "is radical and very inspiring to everyone."

Ms. Streb was one of a number of downtown performance artists who approached the Blue Man operation in the early 1990's, after it had managed to break through to the mainstream media. Manuel Igrejas, the press representative for Blue Man and now for Streb, had learned that the public was ready for exciting new work. "It was starved," he recalls, "for entertainment that moved it on a fundamental level.

"I think a lot of artists want to move out of the not-for-profit zone. I think there is a funding ceiling that can keep artists at a certain level. It takes a lot of courage to turn down the beneficence -- which is arduously sought -- of a kindly Uncle Funder. Blue Man Group has created the template for artists to be self-sufficient and self-producing, to make work the way they want to and make a profit."

Carol Derfner, president of C. W. Shaver & Company, Inc., a consulting firm for nonprofit organizations, agrees. She advises her clients, including the Paul Taylor Dance Company, to "start thinking their way out of the scarcity model of economics that the not-for-profit management system is based upon."

"Entrepreneurial artists and cultural executives are figuring out that they produce something with real value in the marketplace and are taking more control over their destinies," she says.

Before Grand Central, Ms. Streb was seen on MTV, at Coney Island and under the Brooklyn Bridge. The company performed during a baseball game at the Metrodome in Minneapolis. Now, she wants to follow Blue Man, Cirque du Soleil and the new vaudevillians Penn and Teller to what Mr. Igrejas calls the "new frontier in entertainment": Las Vegas.

"It's my next dream," says Ms. Streb, who is 50 and retired from performance. Las Vegas offers her an appealing scale: more people, more space, more equipment. "I am very interested in what I would make if money were not an issue," she says. "Well, what artist wouldn't? So right now it's 'Las Vegas or Bust.' "

She now conceives of her art as a series of events in public places, not as a repertory dance company. And public space, she adds, is not tame territory. During the monthlong residency at Grand Central Terminal, people wandering or hustling through the hall gave her instant and uncensored feedback. They told her if they didn't get it, didn't like it or couldn't believe she got paid for doing it. The terror of receiving such uninhibited (and instructive) commentary from complete strangers enthralls her.

"I wonder if it's how we look, the unitards and all?" she says. "I try to analyze all of the private symbols and secrets we employ -- choices we made way back when. They are so automatic that we don't notice them any longer."

Nevertheless, her artistic goal remains the same: to take her audiences on a ride, inducing their own physical experiences and spatial confusion. To "amaze, even shock, worry and surprise" them, she says. But not to alienate them. So for "Action Heroes" she has integrated video projections and music as narrative devices to remind the audience that the performers are real people, not cartoon characters.

P EOPLE like music and need to be told a story," Ms. Streb says. "Me, too. It's a welcome relief from having to experience real work. It's the sherbet moment that cleanses the palate. So I am using music and story to mitigate the brutality of what we do and its eventual numbing effect on audiences."

The ostensible story -- more associative than narrative -- is Ms. Streb's own story. "This is the action whence I hail," she says. "The action heroes I emulated as a kid growing up. It was at the circus that I actually witnessed transgressive, outlawed and untidy action in America."

Nick Fortunato's "video rodeo" brings Evel Knievel, pole sitters, monster trucks, Harry Houdini and bull riders right into the ring. Using a layered mix of live cameras, pure geometric forms and prerecorded images like old newsreel footage or cloud formations, Mr. Fortunato, a video, installation and performance artist, evokes the spirit of action heroes past and present.

The projections sometimes function as moving scenery, as when drifting clouds give the swan-diving dancers an expansive sense of flight. The images are sometimes referential, as in "Squirm," a Houdini tribute, which features a clip of the escape artist wriggling out of a straitjacket. "All the while I am controlling his movements live, in time and to the music," Mr. Fortunato says. "The result is something like Houdini break-dancing."

The music similarly ranges from the abstract to the emblematic, including the company's aural trademark: the amplified sounds of the performers' bodies colliding with floor and wall.

Ms. Streb's free fall into music comes with an immediate caveat. "I am not actually interested in music," she says. "Music is the true enemy of dance."

The composer and sound designer, Miles Green, explains: "Often music is used to provide propulsion to dance. Elizabeth's movement has so much thrust that the music has to be carefully constructed to not get in the way. The score is more about mood than drive." He has created a palette of organic and human sounds, taking his cue from the pioneering daredevils themselves, who "dealt with really basic elements: water, air, wood, breath and bone."

Mr. Green also uses popular songs to suggest the genealogy of Ms. Streb's action vocabulary. A vintage 1920's recording of "Happy Days Are Here Again," for example, leads into the pole-balancing sequence, but then the mood darkens, with composed music that conveys the drama of the danger-seeking desperados.

By placing the performers in historical context, Ms. Streb hopes to defuse any questions that might distract her spectators. "If someone asks, 'But why do you dive through the glass?' I have failed. If the event I construct does not take over the physicality of the person watching, then it is not an integral enough moment. Well, perhaps now it will be clear why we do it. We are transgressive action maniacs and have no other choice but to do the move right now this second."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Elizabeth Streb relaxes after a rehearsal of her new work, "Action Heroes," in Vanderbilt Hall at Grand Central Terminal. (Vincent Laforet/The New York Times)(pg. 16); The group Streb, in its self-contained performance structure, doing the piece "Action Heroes" at Grand Central Terminal. (Vincent Laforet/The New York Times)(pg. 9)

**Load-Date:** August 6, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Away, but Not Too Far***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KM9-1770-TW8F-G27G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 11, 2006 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1821 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN P. WILLIAMS

**Body**

IT'S a summer Friday at 6 p.m., and all across the country, city residents lucky enough to have a weekend home are stuck in traffic trying to reach their longed-for destination. New Yorkers inch along the Long Island Expressway, the promise of beach breezes dampening their despair over the bumper-to-bumper vista. In Minneapolis, eager weekend fishermen crawl upcountry to their lake homes. And Houstonians scan the horizon for the Texas Hill Country in search of barbecue solace.

But a few savvy weekenders, from Manhattan to Vermont to Miami to Los Angeles, have figured out how to have their weekends and enjoy their Friday evenings too. They have bought weekend homes just a few miles from where they live.

It seems logical, right? After all, many American towns and cities have magnificent waterfronts that tourists fly hours to visit. Los Angeles has the Pacific. Miami has South Beach. And New York City has many beaches, with the same sand as the Hamptons, but only a subway ride away. Yet while there are no statistics on the phenomenon, calls to real estate brokers around the country suggest that it's the rare city dweller who chooses a second home close to a primary residence. Among those unusual weekenders are Michael Isaacson, 40, and Luis Nobrega, 38, who on most Fridays trade their two-bedroom rental in Manhattan for a two-bedroom oceanfront condo with a roof deck that has ocean-to-city views -- in the Shore Front development in Queens.

Their condo, which they bought two years ago at Shore Front Parkway and Beach 101st Street in the Rockaway Park section, is on Rockaway Beach, once known as ''the poor man's Riviera'' because the subway made it accessible to ***working-class*** city dwellers.

''I found out about it from my assistant, who saw the condominiums under construction,'' said Mr. Isaacson, a senior vice president of finance for an entertainment company. ''We weren't familiar with the area and were pleasantly surprised when we went out there. It seemed so much easier to get to than the places we'd rented or stayed in at Fire Island and the Hamptons.''

Whether they arrive by car or take the A train, they say, they can leave Manhattan and be swimming in the Atlantic in little more than an hour. And the possibility of a subway commute makes it possible for one of them to use the car and for the other to easily follow the next day, if necessary.

Their friends come out to their beach condo frequently on weekends. ''Our friends have been really surprised by this place -- no one expects it to be so beautiful,'' Mr. Isaacson said. ''We had a retirement party for my mother a couple of weeks ago. Her generation used to spend a lot of time out here as kids, before it fell into rough times. Many of her friends hadn't been back since, and they were thrilled to see how it was coming back again.''

Parts of the Rockaways began a slow descent into decrepitude after World War II, when the small-scale bungalows and houses that had attracted city residents for decades were joined by large public housing projects. The decline was heightened by the drug trade of the 1980's and 90's. But starting with some residential developments in the Arverne section, in 2002, the area has begun to experience a revival.

Since the Rockaways lack the nightlife of the Hamptons or Fire Island, the couple and their friends have dinners on the roof and pass peaceful afternoons on the broad beach out front.

Dana Griffin, the sales director for the 21-unit Shore Front, as well as the 78-unit Belle Shores development in Rockaway Park, which is still under construction, said that most of her buyers were full-time residents. But Ms. Griffin said she sensed an increased interest among city dwellers in buying second homes on the city beach.

The two- to three-bedroom, 980- to 1,750-square-foot apartments in Belle Shores are priced from $440,000 to $990,000. Prices at Shore Front started at $300,000 two years ago; the last unit was recently sold for about $550,000, she said.

''People find it hard to believe,'' she said, ''that you can have this kind of lifestyle in the middle of New York City.''

In Los Angeles, Ben and Rose Weinstein found a nearby second home without intending to. In 2002, Ms. Weinstein was pregnant, and she and her husband, a rare-book dealer who owns Heritage Book Shop in West Hollywood, had to turn their home office in Beverly Hills into a nursery. They decided to rent a small one-bedroom apartment on the beach in Santa Monica, Calif., to use as combination guest room and office. Little did they know that it would soon become their weekend getaway.

''I am surprised by it -- we thought we'd use it for work and friends,'' Ms. Weinstein said. ''We never planned on it being a family place, but the three kids love it there. They always feel like going there is a vacation.''

The seven-mile drive across the city takes 15 minutes early on a Sunday morning, although it can take an hour and a half at peak traffic times. But the Weinsteins figure that's a lot better than the four hours it might take to get to some other weekend getaway, like San Diego.

They like their weekends in the city so much that they're looking to buy a larger, two-bedroom condo on the border of Venice and Santa Monica. They've found a complex that has a pool and a beach, and are just waiting for the right apartment to come on the market.

And with three children, they've discovered that the apartment has another, nonweekend use. Sometimes they leave the children at home with a baby sitter and spend a quiet date night at the weekend place.

IN Burlington, Vt., David Porteous, 50, and his family hop in their car for a 15-minute drive to their weekend cottage on Lake Champlain, just across town.

''The summers here are so beautiful,'' said Mr. Porteous, a real estate broker with Lang Associates in Burlington. ''We enjoy the beach, and playing tennis on the community court, and there's a bike lane that goes for miles. Why would I want to drive three hours to get anywhere else?''

Five years ago, Mr. Porteous and his wife found a 19th-century three-bedroom clapboard cottage where they could unwind. Since it isn't winterized, and the community water supply is shut off between October and May, they escape to it only when the weather warms up. They spend some weekends there in the spring and fall, and when their 11-year-old son gets out of school for the summer, they pack up their essentials and relocate to the lakefront. A house sitter watches their primary home when they are away.

The house is part of Starr Farm, an old estate on Lake Champlain that long ago was divided up into 34 ''camps,'' each with a cottage and some land. The area is little known, even to Burlington residents, and the houses rarely come on the market.

While their camp lacks amenities like a dishwasher, it's bordered on one side by a long winding road and on the other by the vast expanse of Lake Champlain, with mountains in the distance. ''This is the ideal way to spend those brief months of summer,'' said Mr. Porteous, who has a short commute to work from the summer house.

Not everyone chooses a weekend home for its quiet simplicity. In the Miami area, another island -- Miami Beach -- beckons, but for very different reasons. South Beach on Miami Beach, while well within the urban core of the Miami area, is galaxies away from Miami in terms of ambiance -- and transportation. Many people on South Beach just use their feet, or the occasional taxi, to get around.

''We drive up to South Beach on Friday afternoon and park the car and don't get back into it until Monday morning. There are restaurants and shops, the beach, and everything we need,'' said Jeffrey DeCarlo, 41, a lawyer in Miami. He and his wife, Ysset, who owns a Montessori school, live in a Spanish revival house in a Miami neighborhood called Morningside, just a few blocks from the bay that separates Miami from Miami Beach.

Their weekend home is a condo in a building where Mr. DeCarlo rented an apartment in the 1980's, when he was a young bachelor and new to town. Back then South Beach was a decaying urban neighborhood that was so rough many of his friends wouldn't come to visit. He bought the condo in 1995 after the building converted from rentals.

''Literally, I can throw a rock into the ocean from my fifth-floor balcony,'' he said. ''I just couldn't see getting rid of it after I got married.''

While for a long time his wife would have preferred that he sell the apartment, she changed her mind during last year's hurricane season. When Hurricanes Wilma and Katrina hit, Mr. De Carlo, his wife, and his 14-year-old stepdaughter lost power at their primary residence, and just scooted up to the condo for a few days, because it still had electricity. (He said that the family wouldn't want to live at the beach full time, because their Spanish revival house, built with thick walls and heavy tiles, offers better protection from high winds.)

''Some people think I'm crazy to have a condo just 15 minutes away, but I love how it lets me get out of the city and still stay in the city,'' Mr. DeCarlo said. ''I wouldn't have it any other way.''

Neither would Janet Altman, 43, a marketing director at the Miami accounting firm Kaufman Rossin, and her partner, Tim Schmand, 50, the executive director of Bayfront Park in Miami. Their primary residence is in South Miami, and their work makes it hard for them to take vacations.

So in a sort of reverse commute, they head to their condo in South Beach during the week for a little rest and relaxation.

''We enjoy the benefits of being in a resort area, by going to the local restaurants and other places, and just walking through the neighborhood instead of driving,'' Ms. Altman said. ''Being able to park and walk is a vacation in itself. Some mornings we'll get a coffee at Starbucks and sit on the beach and read the paper. It's wonderful.''

Their South Beach condominium, closer to their offices, also makes it quite a bit easier for them to commute to work. ''One of the most annoying things about Miami is the traffic,'' Ms. Altman said, ''and we just don't deal with it.''

On weekends they return to South Miami, and enjoy the big yard and the country-suburban lifestyle without worrying about commuting to work.

Hemley Gonzales, the chief executive of Affordablecondos.com, said his company sold about 20 Miami Beach condos last year to people who had their primary residence across the bay in Miami.

''But a lot of them end up renting it out as an investment,'' he said. ''The true second-home owners, who can afford to keep it for themselves year round, are a very limited number of buyers. Probably five or six of those 20 will actually keep the place vacant for themselves exclusively.''

For those privileged few, the four-hour Friday-night freeway crawl that other weekend-home owners endure simply doesn't exist.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: QUICK GETAWAY -- Michael Isaacson, left, and Luis Nobrega at their Rockaway Park condo. (Photo by Hiroko Masuike for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

SHORT MIGRATION -- Ysset and Jeffrey DeCarlo leave their home, top, in Miami on Saturday morning, for their South Beach condominium, above, in Miami Beach. (Photographs by Barbara P. Fernandez for The New York Times)(pg. F9)

**Load-Date:** August 11, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Reality TV, The Unwelcome Guest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KG8-83T0-TW8F-G2V0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 23, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 9; Column 1; Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1843 words

**Byline:** By ALLEN SALKIN

**Body**

MAYBE it was the jeers of onlookers they heard regularly. Or the beer bottles thrown at them, or the gardener who turned the spray of his hose onto a $35,000 television camera. Somewhere along the line, the cast and crew of a new ABC reality series set on Fire Island took the hint: a lot of local residents didn't want them there.

''One of our camera guys was walking backward in Kismet and accidentally bumped into this guy, this big yoked-up meathead,'' said Miki Agrawal, 27, one of the 11 cast members of ''One Ocean View,'' set to premiere July 31. ''He rode his bike a half-kilometer to come up to us again and said, 'Excuse me, you bumped into me and didn't say you're sorry.' ''

Then, said Ms. Agrawal, who runs an organic pizza restaurant on the Upper East Side with her twin sister, also a cast member, the meathead started cursing. ''We said, 'O.M.G.,' '' she recalled, using the initials for ''oh my God.'' ''What's your problem?''

The problem on Fire Island is similar to the problem that other reality shows are facing. With ratings high, many people still want to watch reality shows -- they just don't want their towns depicted on one.

''Having it brought to your hometown, you feel out of control,'' said Jared Jacang Maher, a reporter for an alternative weekly newspaper in Denver, where ''The Real World,'' on MTV, is shooting its 18th season. ''We have our perception of what makes the city cool, and then to have it reduced to a couple of yuppie bars and angry drunken street fights offends in some way.''

As a spoof, Mr. Maher's paper, Westword, assembled a fake ''Real World'' cast and crew to spend a night on the town and gauge spectator reactions. Mr. Maher, 26, played a clipboard-toting producer with a plastic ID card reading ''Real World.''

The fake cast -- ''a farm girl, cynical rocker, intelligent inner-city girl, party chick,'' etc., as Mr. Maher described them in print -- downed tequila shots at a Mexican restaurant as cameras swarmed. One ''cast member'' ended up with two inebriated young women on his lap. ''I'm going to be on MTV no matter what it takes,'' one declared.

As the group left, patrons at a nearby tavern made obscene gestures at the fake production, Mr. Maher said.

By so easily creating an evening that was ''Real World''-like, Westword was aiming to satirize the superficiality of the show, he said.

Meanwhile, the real ''Real World'' production in Denver has attracted its own hecklers and worse, said John Wenzel, who is writing a blog for The Denver Post (getrealdenver.com) chronicling the comings and goings of the production, which is housed in a former billiards hall in the hip LoDo (Lower Downtown) district.

As some cast and crew members were leaving a gay bar, a beer bottle was tossed from a balcony at them, shattering on the sidewalk, according to a reader post on the blog that was later confirmed by Mr. Wenzel. ''Someone threw another one down and it bounced off one of the camera guys' afros,'' Mr. Wenzel said.

Jonathan Murray, executive producer of ''The Real World,'' said all the attention, positive and negative, has not discouraged the 17-week Denver shoot. ''It's flattering that there are so many people who are intrigued by what we're doing that they're setting up Webcams and writing daily blogs about us,'' he said.

The mayor and other officials welcomed ''The Real World'' to the city. ''They're in our hip historic district where there are 90 bars and restaurants, and it's near Coors Field,'' said Rich Grant, a spokesman for the Denver Metro Convention and Visitors Bureau. ''To have them on national TV showing that side of Denver is fantastic for us.''

Still, if Scottsdale, Ariz., is any example, Denver may live to regret its welcome, said Rick Kidder, president of the Scottsdale Area Chamber of Commerce. ''My Super Sweet 16'' (MTV) and ''Tuesday Night Book Club'' (CBS) were shot in that affluent suburb of Phoenix, and broadcast this year. On the MTV reality show, the parents of one girl were shown spending $50,000 on her 16th birthday, including $3,200 for a cake. Her poodles were dyed pink.

On the book club reality show, women spent little time on literature but plenty discussing clothes and Botox. Soon people around the country were calling the city ''Snottsdale.''

Mr. Kidder said he would not want any reality shows back because they do not enhance the city's preferred image as a strong place to run a business and live a resort lifestyle. ''These types of shows do nothing to polish that brand,'' he said.

Whether a town is rich or poor, reality TV can boil everything down to a lowest common denominator, said Katherine Sender, a professor at the Annenberg School for Communication at the University of Pennsylvania, who has studied audience reactions to reality makeover shows like ''The Biggest Loser'' and ''Queer Eye for the Straight Guy.'' Some of the growing unease with welcoming the shows could stem from viewers' learning that not all towns are treated sensitively on air, she said. ''When 'Queer Eye' went to Staten Island, there were so many jokes about vinyl siding and being in a different state,'' she said. ''It was characterized as ***working class*** and having poor taste.''

Some Fire Islanders are also nervous about how ''One Ocean View,'' which will be shown Mondays through Labor Day, will portray their low-key beach community, which prides itself on being the un-Hamptons. Promotional material for the six-episode series describes it: ''Fire Island sizzles at One Ocean View, the summer share beach house where 11 attractive, single, career-driven New Yorkers flee Manhattan each Friday to escape the soaring city temperatures for a different kind of heat. Fun, flings and nights filled with romance heat up as the days grow shorter and the pressure builds to make this a summer to remember.''

The house where the show was shot is in the small enclave of Corneille Estates, which borders the busier Ocean Beach, the largest village on Fire Island and home to many restaurants and bars.

''From their pictures, the guys on the show are all glamorous,'' said Maria Rondisi, who works in magazine production and was spending a recent Friday on the beach in front of the shared house where the show was shot in June and early July. She said she enjoys reality shows like ''The Apprentice'' but didn't like what she had gleaned so far of ''One Ocean View.'' ''The real guys out here are beer-drinking, shower-once-a-week, down-to-earth fun guys,'' she said. ''It's not the Hamptons.''

The cast members include Usman, 27, a Wall Street lawyer described in press materials as ''a confident no-holds-barred attorney with a penchant for beautiful women''; K. J., 26, owner of two health club franchises; Lisa, 28, who worked as an exotic dancer while earning a master's degree; and Mary, 24, founder of a handbag company who is photographed in extremely low-cut shirts.

On the first episode, two of the women and one of the men are shown ducking into a shower together, a new couple snuggle under the sheets, and another pair grind hips on a dance floor. Later in the series, producers introduce a Playboy model.

''It's not porn,'' insisted one of the executive producers, Laura Korkoian. ''It's more about strangers living together and networking with each other. It really is the story of the mid-20's.''

It is actually simple to test how real the show is, since the house has for the past few summers been shared by a group that is only slightly less photogenic than the show's cast, and possessed of slightly less fabulous careers.

''They were very N.Y.C.,'' said Karrie Keilitz, 28, an elementary-school teacher in Lindenhurst, on Long Island, who is part of the group of renters temporarily displaced by the production. She and her housemates have moved back in. Among this group, rule No. 1 is ''no incestuous relationships,'' said Stephanie Slobotkin, 29, another resident, who lives in Albertson, also on Long Island. ''We're like a family.'' (Not that the prohibition can't be broken. Two people who met in the house a few years ago were married last year.)

The regular tenants -- including a health teacher, a carpenter and two pharmaceutical sales representatives, almost all from Long Island, not Manhattan -- had no say in opening their house to the reality show; their landlord made the deal. But the regular tenants had few complaints.

Not so some of their neighbors. Underlying the unease of certain Fire Islanders is a gnawing sense that ''One Ocean View'' will reduce the island to a cliche that audiences will believe is authentic because it is called ''reality TV.''

''They don't represent who we are,'' said Patrick Macri, 48, who has owned a home near the reality-show house for five years. ''We're older hippies here. Live and let live.''

Of course, not all Fire Islanders are like Mr. Macri. There are young families, salty year-rounders, gay couples and, yes, some share houses full of people in their mid-20's who like to drink and look for love. Mr. Macri is among those who witnessed how the show conducted itself and soured on it. ''At first they told the community that they'd be very low key and have only a couple production people walking around with the cast,'' he said. ''But literally they had an entourage of 15 to 20 people with them wherever they went. When they did their surfing sequence, they took over almost all of our beach.''

In granting a film permit, the Village of Ocean Beach imposed rules -- like no public filming after 11 p.m. -- and the production abided by them, said Mayor Joseph Loeffler Jr. The producers paid the town $500 a day for 20 days of shooting plus the salary of a local police officer to follow each film crew. Unbidden, the production donated $10,000 to the police and fire departments and $12,000 was paid to the community of Corneille Estates, which plans to use the money to repair a bulkhead.

Even so, Mayor Loeffler said he was not happy when 50 phone calls flooded into the police on Father's Day from residents concerned that a helicopter was hovering and swooping over the island for hours. ''One Ocean View'' had rented the copter to film aerial views but had not informed officials. (The second time a helicopter was used, notice was given to the village, the mayor said.)

Although the town could regulate the filmmaking, it has no control over the final product. ''It'd be nice if we come off as this little sleepy beach community,'' Mayor Loeffler said, sitting on a wicker chair on the front patio of his modest Ocean Road home. ''And not as some place where you get drunk and rowdy in bars.''

Because of the 11 p.m. curfew, it wasn't until after filming ended on July 4 that Ms. Agrawal was able to sample some of the late-night fun in Ocean Beach, when she went to the most popular bar, the Island Mermaid. ''I had a great time,'' she said. ''It was more of a down-home bar and it was an older crowd, more of a Long Island crowd, not like a crowd you'd see at a club in New York. You felt very real being there.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: BEACHFRONT LIVING -- The cast of ''One Ocean View,'' a new reality show on ABC that is set on Fire Island, N.Y., to the chagrin of some residents. (Illustration by Lars Klove for The New York Times

cast photograph by Bob D'Amico/ABC)(pg. 1)

BEYOND THE CAMERAS -- Real renters stay in the house, below, where ''One Ocean View'' is set. (Photographs by Phil Marino for The New York Times)(pg. 2)

**Load-Date:** July 23, 2006

**End of Document**



[***In Trenton, It's Wisest To See Leon***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4F8B-KVX0-TW8F-G24H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 16, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 5; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 1; IN PERSON

**Length:** 1684 words

**Byline:** By TERRY GOLWAY

**Dateline:** HACKENSACK

**Body**

THE pictures and memorabilia in Leon Sokol's law office testify to the man's longevity in state politics. Governors, senators and state legislators from decades ago stare at him from the walls, their faces frozen in middle-aged smiles.

On a shelf -- amid snapshots of his daughters and his grandchildren -- is a gavel that belonged to his mentor, Mathew Feldman, the late state Senator and mayor of Teaneck who presided over school integration here in the 1960's, and a souvenir pen, now broken. ''That's the pen Brendan Byrne used to sign the state income tax law in 1976,'' said Mr. Sokol, a trim man with a fine head of silver hair.

The 68-year-old Mr. Sokol is something of a throwback to the days when politicians could batter each other from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., but socialize with each other after hours. So it is not surprising to find Mr. Sokol, a senior partner in the Hackensack firm of Sokol, Behot and Fiorenzo, still working behind the scenes as a confidant of acting Gov. Richard J. Codey, a Democratic partisan who is respected by his Republican counterparts.

For 30 years, Mr. Sokol has been counsel to the state's Senate Democrats, the man they turn to on tricky matters like legislative redistricting. And he is the man Mr. Codey turns to for guidance through the busy intersection of politics, policy and the law.

''I use him as a sounding board quite a bit,'' Mr. Codey said in a recent interview. ''I'll say: 'Leon, this is what I'm thinking of doing. Can I win in court on this issue?' He'll say, 'No way.' Then I'll say, 'Yeah, but can I still do it.' And he'll say, 'You'd be wasting taxpayer money.'''

Mr. Sokol is not shy about speaking his mind. What is astonishing is that he does so without the jagged edges that characterize so much of political discussion today. While his voice betrays his Williamsburg, ***working-class*** roots -- he left Brooklyn for New Jersey in 1961 -- you will search in vain for a chip on his shoulder.

Still, he knows how to make his point in a way that requires little in the way of parsing. For example, on the subject of democracy and its failings, Mr. Sokol is quick to point his finger at a group he sees as most responsible for the state of politics today.

''If I had to pick one group primarily responsible for the failures in the political system, without question the group is the voters,'' he said. ''It is the failure of the voters to educate themselves on the issues that allows campaigns to be run as exaggerations.''

And, he added, that leads to the cycle so many commentators deplore.

''The only way you can communicate those exaggerations is through expensive electronic media because of declining readership of newspapers,'' Mr. Sokol went on. ''And that requires the raising of enormous amounts of money. So if people want to see who's at fault, look in the mirror.''

It is safe to say that this unorthodox view is unlikely to be embraced by Mr. Sokol's part-time employers in the State Senate.

But Mr. Sokol's iconoclasm does not stop there. He rejects the widely circulated idea, for example, for which some would say there is ample evidence, that New Jersey has cornered the market on political corruption.

''I don't think things are any more rotten here than they are in any other place,'' he said. ''I think if you look at places like Nassau County and Kings County, we fare very well by comparison,'' he said. ''If you look objectively at the McGreevey administration, his problem was lack of personal discretion. It wasn't corruption. In the main, it was poor personal judgment.''

While Mr. Sokol admires politicians, he insists he is glad he resisted the urge to become one himself. As a teenager, he was elected president of his class every year at Stuyvesant High School in Manhattan. He dreamed of becoming a lawyer, but his family could not afford a college education plus law school. So, after graduating near the top of his high school class of 1954, Mr. Sokol accepted a scholarship to Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, N.Y., where he graduated from in 1958 with a degree in chemical engineering.

''I had to figure out a way to earn a living,'' he said. ''And in those days, in the 1950's, lawyers in Brooklyn weren't making a living. They had storefronts where they also sold insurance. And for somebody who was Jewish, the chances of getting hired by one of the larger firms was limited at that time.''

After moving to New Jersey, Mr. Sokol threw himself into local politics, and the boy wonder soon became Democratic chairman of Bergen County. He then caught the attention of Mr. Feldman, the Senate president at the time, who in 1973 offered him a part-time job -- about the same time Mr. Sokol and his wife, Marilyn, made the momentous decision that he would try to achieve his longtime ambition of becoming a lawyer. He enrolled as a part-time student at Seton Hall University Law School in Newark and graduated in 1975.

A year later, Mr. Feldman named Mr. Sokol counsel to the Senate. He has been reappointed every year since then, regardless of changes in the party's leadership, although when Republicans have been in charge, his title has reverted to counsel to the Senate minority.

''Leon Sokol was one of the people Mark Burnett interviewed when he devised the idea of the 'Survivor' series,'' joked State Senator William L. Gormley of Atlantic County, one of the many Republicans who have nothing bad to say about this fixture of the state Democratic Party.

Mr. Sokol's survival skills might have been tested more severely had he chosen to become a full-fledged politician rather than remain one of the men behind the curtain.

''I've been asked to run for office, but I was never willing to make the personal sacrifices that elected officials do,'' he said. ''That was the deciding factor. I work hard but I like to take vacations and spend time with my family and play tennis every day before I go to work. When you're an elected official, you can't do that. You're always on call.''

He quickly added that he thinks his longtime friend Mr. Codey has managed the trick of balancing his political responsibilities with his family life. ''Actually, he puts every husband to shame,'' Mr. Sokol said.

Perhaps, but Mr. Codey told a story of calling Mr. Sokol into work on Christmas morning four years ago to work on a plan to redraw the state's legislative districts. ''It was 11 o'clock in the morning, the kids had opened up their presents, so I figured I'd go to work,'' Mr. Codey recalled with a chuckle. ''I called Leon and told him he had no religious excuse for not coming to work.''

Mr. Sokol laughed at the unusual request, and joined Mr. Codey in the office on that Christmas morning.

But because he is not a state senator, and has been fortunate enough to work with Mr. Codey -- who shocked holdovers from the McGreevey administration by suggesting that they go home to their families rather than work 18-hour days -- Mr. Sokol's tennis game is in fine form.

So is his jump shot. Despite his 68 years, Mr. Sokol is a regular on the basketball court at the Teaneck Jewish Center, not far from the home that he and his wife have owned since 1966. ''Actually,'' he said, ''I'll play anywhere I can get a game.''

The game he has mastered, however, is not played on a court, or even in court. It is played in the recesses of the State House in Trenton, where advice is given, deals are cut and policies are decided.

In that game, Mr. Sokol is no mere player. He is an institution, although one known best by insiders of both parties.

As Mr. Codey explained, it would be an ''understatement'' to say that they talk frequently. Mr. Sokol said they generally talk once a day, although sometimes it is more like three or four times a week.

''He is devoid of the ego others have,'' Mr. Codey said, ''so you don't have to worry that he's somehow boosting himself when he talks to you.''

The two men worked closely on the controversial redistricting plan that brought both of them into the office on Christmas Day in 2000. The lines were bitterly contested in the courts until 2003, when the new districts led to additional Democratic victories in the Assembly and the party's takeover of what had been an evenly divided Senate.

That victory was both unlikely -- Mr. McGreevey, a Democrat, was unpopular, and many believed his party would suffer in the midterm elections -- and historically important. It gave Mr. Codey the full title of Senate president rather than having to continue sharing it, which allowed him to succeed Mr. McGreevey earlier this year.

The process was also good for Mr. Sokol, who was paid nearly $500,000 to advise a special redistricting commission and to defend the new lines in court after Republicans challenged the map.

Despite the unusually bitter fight over redistricting, Mr. Sokol's Republican counterpart, Glenn Paulsen, said he had no problem working with Mr. Sokol.

''At the beginning of the process, he called me and suggested we have lunch,'' Mr. Paulsen said. ''He could not have been more gracious and more helpful. He taught me a lot. He has a great respect for the Legislature and the Senate in particular.''

Perhaps not surprisingly, Mr. Sokol's view of legislative redistricting is more supportive than those generally expressed by good-government groups.

Critics charge that redistricting is nothing more than a corrupt process in which both parties collude to draw lines that ensure the safe re-election of incumbents. To which Mr. Sokol says, in essence, so what?

''There's a lot to be said about elected officials who are invulnerable to the electoral process,'' he said, and let the record show he chuckled when he said it. ''It gives them a lot of flexibility in terms of doing the right thing. Yes, sometimes you get somebody who is not inclined to do the right thing and you can't get him or her out. So it does have its drawbacks.''

But what are a few drawbacks among friends? After three decades as one of the men to see in New Jersey politics, Mr. Sokol has more allies than enemies, and a good friend who happens to be governor these days.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Leon Sokol, the counselor. (pg. 1)

Pictures and memorabilia in Leon Sokol's Hackensack office reflect his decades as an adviser to the state's powerful Democrats. (Photo by Nancy Wegard for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** January 16, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Locals vs. 'Aways'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PTV-MW40-TW8F-G1KT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 5, 2007 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 0; Escapes; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1965 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM L. HAMILTON

**Body**

IT was a perfect fall day in the Hamptons last Saturday. A clear blue sky silhouetted the steeples of the historic churches sharply. There was a strong coolness, not yet a chill, in the air. On Montauk Highway, pumpkins and mums took over the farm stands and fields. The vineyards served ports.

Everywhere, the summer crowds had thinned, like the trees whose leaves made a papery sound in the autumn breeze.

In East Hampton village on Main Street, day-trippers wearing late-model Merrill moccasins, leading beautiful dogs on leashes and with cameras swinging at their chests shopped the windows at Ralph Lauren and Gucci, Dylan's Candy Bar and Tiffany. A hornet's nest of cyclists in bright biking clothes lunched in front of Citarella, swigging Smart Water and eating hearty salads.

Everyone enjoyed a day of what the locals enjoy through the year.

But who is a local in East Hampton? Or the Hamptons, or any of the second-home and summer resorts across the country?

Is it Christina Arkinson, pumping gas at a 7-Eleven with a ''Local'' sticker she bought at the Sag Harbor five-and-ten stuck on the back window of her car? ''East Hampton -- born and bred,'' she said, when asked. Ms. Arkinson was delivered at Southampton Hospital.

Or the antiques-shop keeper in the black cardigan and horse-bit loafers, who was reading a local newspaper on a weathered-gray bench before his expensive window?

Are locals the couple in blazer and pearls, a vestige of older summer codes, sitting under a canopy after lunch at Pierre's in Bridgehampton and watching the last few yellow Maseratis of the summer go by? Or the teenage girls -- the tanned granddaughters and great-granddaughters of older summer families -- greeting and texting on the sidewalk back in East Hampton outside Babette's?

Or the fashion stylist/surfers at Cittanuova, also in East Hampton, eating alfresco in ball caps and thermal T-shirts?

Are true locals families like the Daytons, and nobody else? Ralph Dayton, a shoemaker, arrived in East Hampton in 1650.

''The definition of local has changed over the years,'' said the current Ralph Dayton, 43, who quit farming and became a photographer. He acknowledged that in many ways a local could now be any of the above. ''When I was a kid, and East Hampton was just a sleepy town, if you talked of locals, they were the core of families that went back several hundred years. Today, people out here for 20 years or so might be considered local. You hear people out here for five winters -- transplants -- calling themselves locals.''

EAST HAMPTON, roughly 100 miles from Manhattan on Long Island's South Fork, is not unique in the shift. Populations have grown in traditional resort communities like Santa Fe, Aspen, Telluride and Santa Barbara, as renters become buyers and as summer people spend more of the year in second homes or become full-time residents who attract similar new residents, including well-heeled retirees.

Peter Wolf, an architect and the author of ''Hot Towns: The Future of the Fastest Growing Communities in America'' (Rutgers University Press, 1999) calls it a national migration.

''These categories don't work anymore,'' he said of the idea of being a local, or not. Mr. Wolf has gone to East Hampton from New York City for 40 years. Though he is a summer resident, he said, he is also deeply involved with local organizations like Guild Hall and the Thomas Moran Trust.

''There's no such thing as a community,'' he said. ''It's composites of many communities -- a ***working class***, a vibrant middle class, more summer-type residents and a lot of people like me. All the grays and permutations of 'local' or not.''

Town-father families, old summer families, new summer people and new year-round residents have had, sometimes awkwardly, to learn to co-exist, like successive waves of immigrants.

''East Hampton has become much more of a melting pot in its own way,'' said Larry Cantwell, 56, the village administrator, who grew up there. Though he estimated that 60 percent of the houses in the town of East Hampton, which includes the village, Springs, Wainscott, Amagansett, Montauk and Sag Harbor, were second homes, he said voter registration and the school-age population were growing and more homes were being used year round.

But, he still made the standard joke, which seemed to have a hard piece of truth in it, like a chip of clam shell.

''You never become a local person unless you go back to the Mayflower,'' he said of the founding, or ''Bonac,'' families, who landed at Accabonac Harbor, as legend has it. Accabonac is an Algonquian name meaning ''root place.''

''Everyone's dream is to be a Bonacker,'' said Ina Garten, the cookbook author and Food Network personality who moved to East Hampton in 1985; operated a fine-foods shop in the village, Barefoot Contessa, for 20 years; and worked on the town's design review board. ''New Yorkers would define me as a local; I'm working on it.''

Ms. Garten has her own definition of what a local is. ''If you've made it through one winter, and you're still having fun, you're a local,'' she said. ''The summer is 15 weekends -- two days -- a year. The rest of the year, it's a pretty quiet place.''

Maziar Behrooz, an architect who moved to East Hampton from New York in 1996, built a house, established a business and became involved with village planning issues, said: ''I've given up wanting to please the locals. I'm not interested in saying whether I'm a local or not.''

He had promotional T-shirts printed in 1999 with his company's name on the back and ''Local'' in big letters on the chest. It set off a small firestorm.

''Friends didn't like the idea,'' he recalled. ''I thought it was a gimmick; they thought I was throwing fuel on a fire.'' But, for all Mr. Behrooz's ambivalence about wanting to be a local, he was able to quickly caricature the summer crowd.

Day-trippers? ''Dress shoes on during the day,'' he said. ''They'll be on Main Street, not looking for nature.''

Weekend renters? ''Walk around in groups,'' he explained. ''If you see a table of eight women, that's a weekend share.''

Summer owners? ''Not necessarily out and about,'' Mr. Behrooz said, ''or at the hip restaurants. They're living their lives.''

And, despite stories from friends who as summer people had been treated poorly by locals, Mr. Behrooz defended his adopted community.

''There's mistrust,'' he said. ''A sense that summer people come and go. So why form friendships with them when you've seen people come and go all your life. It's not tactical to form bonds with people who don't stay.''

David E. Rattray, editor of The East Hampton Star, posed the question that underpins the question of who is a local and who isn't.

Why does it matter?

''There's no particular advantage to being an insider,'' he said, of not being perceived as from ''away,'' the Bonacker term for people from the outside. ''It's not like you get extra meat at the deli.'' (Mr. Cantwell, told of Mr. Rattray's comment, thought he had answered his own question. ''You used to get extra,'' he said, laughing, of being a local in days gone by.)

Mr. Rattray is the 15th generation of his family in East Hampton. ''I don't think property ownership is a measure of whether someone is accepted,'' he said. ''You can't buy your way in. Community involvement does open a door to acceptance, and there's an organization for every social level.''

AND there begins the process that New Yorkers understand so well, whether consciously or not: the negotiated climb. And that doesn't mean getting a 9 o'clock table at Nick and Toni's in June, July or August.

''There are plenty of charities du jour in the summer,'' said Claire Bean, 43, a floral designer and event planner. She and her husband, Philip, 47, a landscape designer, live in Westhampton.

''I consider myself a local,'' Mrs. Bean said. ''We have two businesses, met and married here 15 years ago and have three children in school.''

Events are the wheels of the social whirl.

''On any given night, there are five, six, seven,'' she said. ''There's such a huge presence of affluence in the summer season.''

But community involvement, or the appearance of it, is distinct from showing up at parties.

''The Peconic Land Trust, the Group for the South Fork, the historical societies, the more local social-circuit type events'' were Mrs. Bean's recommendations for exhibiting a genuine desire to be responsibly active. The Ladies Village Improvement Society, Guild Hall, East Hampton Meals-on-Wheels and the East Hampton Healthcare Foundation, all of which share a mix of volunteers both local and not, were among Mr. Rattray's picks for where to sink the first shovel of community service. ''It's a question of contribution,'' he said, by which he didn't mean writing checks.

''You become local by volunteering,'' said Laurence Rossbach, 80, a wealth manager at Smith Barney in New York who has summered in East Hampton since the 1960s and works with Meals-on-Wheels.

Mr. Rossbach and his wife, Pamela, are involved with local institutions like the Sag Harbor Library and contribute locally to Democratic Party events.

''We're not involved in that way in the city,'' he said. ''We're not trying to achieve anything. We love the community.''

And then there are the PTAs, the town government boards and the fire department ambulance corps.

''I feel very much a local,'' said Ann Fristoe Stewart, 44, an artist who with her husband Bill Stewart, 41, also an artist, moved to Springs in 2003. Their daughter Caly, 4, is at the Ross School, and Mrs. Stewart is on the board. Mr. Stewart has discovered the fishing at Cartwright Island, a local spot for blue fish and a clublike membership of a different order, ''a whole other level of finding out'' about the area and its natives, as he put it.

WITH time and patience, the community becomes more of a neighborhood. One learns the beaches. And the places to eat.

''I go to Bucket's Deli, have for 20 years,'' said Mr. Rattray, referring to a short-order counter near the train station in East Hampton. ''It's comforting to know that some things in town haven't changed, and the egg sandwiches at Bucket's are one of them.''

East Hampton is now also home to the kind of new money and celebrity that doesn't care if it is local or not. They create their own private localities. And the oldest summer families, which date back to the late 19th century and belong to the Maidstone Club, would never have assumed to be local either. They understand they benefit the community but would never pretend to it. Mr. Cantwell called it a sign of respect.

And there are the locals who have become as rich as summer people by working for them as contractors and landscapers. They are, in a sense, the most arriviste of the arrivistes, and at the same time blue-blooded Bonackers.

''My peers, hard-nosed local guys, are enjoying the benefits of the new East Hampton,'' Mr. Dayton said. ''They drive really nice cars, they have second homes, their daughters ride in the Hamptons Classic.''

The actors Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson and their children have been going to East Hampton for 35 years to the same house, built in 1894, on an acre of apple orchard. Mr. Wallach and Ms. Jackson have played Guild Hall and the Bay Street Theater in Sag Harbor, fished for shark with Yul Brynner, bought and donated clothes at the right good-cause sales. They also are seated quickly at Della Famina.

''We're old-timers, quaint,'' Mr. Wallach said last week, talking about the cineplex, the air traffic, the house with the six pools and a bowling alley and the hired musicians he hears through his trees -- none of which existed in the summer of '62.

What he and Ms. Jackson aren't, he said, are locals.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: KEEP WAITING: Maziar Behrooz says he is still an ''away'' in East Hampton, but such distinctions seem to escape the locals at Town Pond (pg. F8)

TEST OF TIME: Ralph Dayton at Hook Mill. He would surely seem to qualify as a local

Daytons have lived in East Hampton since the mid-17th century (pg. F8)

SWING AND SAND: East Hampton is a hometown as well as a beach resort. In Herrick Park, Ann Fristoe Stewart, Bill Stewart and their daughter Caly are at left, with Jill Musnicki, Jameson Ellis and their daughter Ravenel. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON M. GRANT FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. F1)

**Load-Date:** October 5, 2007

**End of Document**



[***SHOUTING IS NEVER OVER FOR REVOLUTIONARY IRAN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PPF0-0009-20GR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 13, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1221 words

**Byline:** By HENRY TANNER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** TEHERAN, Iran

**Body**

For many Iranians, life under the Islamic regime is one of slogans, increasingly more stringent rules for dress and conduct, and the fear of violence.

The oppressiveness of the regime shows in the hopelessness that is written on many faces in the crowds; in the dreary, rundown aspects of the stores where the shelves are either empty or are filled with rows of identical cheap goods; in the shapeless nun-like appearance of the women and the seediness of most of the men.

''It's unhealthy to be elegant,'' a man said, ruefully pulling at his frayed shirt sleeves. Ties, of course, and even short sleeves are out. There have been occasions when men wearing shirts with short sleeves were set upon in the streets and had their arms sprayed with black paint by bearded zealots. One is advised to button all but the uppermost button on one's shirt.

TEHERAN, Iran - For many Iranians, life under the Islamic regime is one of slogans, increasingly more stringent rules for dress and conduct, and the fear of violence.Obsession With Head Scarfs

In a week's time a visitor saw only two women whose hair was not covered. One was a ***working-class*** woman carrying a baby and leading another child by the hand. Her scarf had slipped off the back of her head and she evidently was too tired or too oppressed by the heat and the crowd to pull it back up.

The other was a young woman in jeans and a modest longsleeved blouse waiting in front of a telephone booth at a major intersection. Nothing untoward happened during the few moments she was there, but the scene somehow had the dramatic tension of a Greek play.

The imposition of the head scarf for women seems to have become an obsession for the rulers. Western specialists say it is more than a quirk of increasingly fanatical men. The head scarf and the shapeless dress, a Westerner said, are part of a systematic effort to put a uniform on the whole nation and to stamp out any citizen's attempt at political or intellectual individuality.

'Death to America!'

The same is true of the slogans that are being chanted whenever a group gathers. The chants always have the same beginning: ''Praise the Lord! God Is Great! Khomeini Is Great! Death to America!'' and this, usually, is followed by ''Death to the Soviet Union and to All Superpowers!'' and other imprecations.

The chanting ranks with the daily prayers and the Friday mass prayers as a way to force individuals into a form of active participation in the activities of the regime. Iranians say that the slogans are not only shouted at gatherings of supporters of the regime or at meetings of factory workers. They are shouted at what should be quiet seminars of intellectuals in universities or the equivalent of board of directors meetings at industrial plants.

No matter what revulsion you may feel, you shout like all the others, one Iranian said, adding that it wouldn't do just to move your lips.

The system seemed to work with the soldiers that a visitor was able to watch on a trip to the war front, where the Iranians are fighting Iraqi forces. There were chants on all occasions, including two long flights in a military transport plane.

Regime Has Settled Down

There was something eerie and awesome about the severely wounded soldiers, some with plasma being dripped into their veins from suspended plastic bottles, who raised heavily bandaged arms and shouted the slogans with all the power of their lungs, ''Allah Is Great! Death to America!'' The slogans did not keep the soldiers from smiling curiously at the American reporters wedged in between them.

Foreigners here say that the regime has settled down and consolidated its power since President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr fled to France as did the head of the People's Mujahedeen, the left-wing guerrilla organization, last year. The Mujahedeen had been regarded as the only organization that could have toppled the regime by force.

At dusk in Teheran, cars and pedestrians disappear from the streets as the Revolutionary Guards and the police begin to set up roadblocks and check identity papers. By 10 P.M. the city seems empty and many streets are blocked by truck tires, concrete blocks or rocks.

The side streets are dark except for heavily guarded areas near Government or party installations where powerful lights bathe everything in bright white and where access is strictly forbidden.

Assassinations Continue

Although Western diplomats say the Mujahedeen followers are no longer able to mount attacks on the scale of the explosion that killed 73 Government leaders last year, assassinations of supporters of the regime have been continuing.

Residents of the capital say that unexplained gun shots can be heard in residential neighborhoods almost every night. The targets are often members of the local Revolutionary Committees, collections of gunmen who act as the police and local administration. The committees have considerable power in their districts, with members stopping and checking people in the streets, entering homes without warning or permission, arresting, questioning and occasionally torturing and killing. They are the most hated embodiment of the regime at the local level.

Some committee buildings have sprouted newly built alcoves that protrude from the upper floors and give the gunmen inside a better view of the streets. The alcoves have no windows, just slits for watching and shooting.

Each act of violence against the regime provokes arrests and executions. The victims, according to Iranians who have been involved in the suffering, are often men and women - usually young people - who happen to be in jail on the night of the incident but had nothing to do with it.

Unmarked Mass Graves

The victim may be, for example, a young woman who had been picked up for not wearing the obligatory scarf. The bodies are not returned to the relatives but buried immediately in unmarked mass graves next to Behesht-e-Zahra, the vast cemetery outside Teheran where the soldiers who were killed in the war with Iraq are buried.

A woman who went to the cemetery in the hope of finding a trace of her son was able to get a look at a register and found that more than 200 persons had been executed on the night he had been taken from prison after some Revolutionary Guards had been attacked.

Having a son or a sister or a brother in jail can be dangerous for all the members of the family. The names of the relatives are put on a list, which means being first in line for future arrest. Even those who are approached with a request to inform on a fellow worker or neighbor are put on a list.

Many people have left Teheran and returned to their family homes in small villages in search of peace and safety. Their hope is that in the countryside the Islamic regime has blended with centuries-old life styles and thus lost some of its excesses.

Foreigners do not think that the killings, the fear and the deep disaffection are a serious threat to the regime. The mullahs are here to stay for a long time, one Western diplomat said, even though they may fight among themselves for the succession to Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini.

The diplomat estimated that if an opinion poll could be held, about 5 to 15 percent of Iranians would support the regime and a smaller number would back the Mujahedeen, while the overhwelming majority would say ''a plague on both your houses.''

**End of Document**



[***THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE, RUSSIOAN-STYLE - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RH30-0009-2399-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 9, Column 1; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 1166 words

**Byline:** By HARLOW ROBINSON; Harlow Robinson teaches in the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures at the State University of New York in Albany and writes frequently about Russia.

**Body**

A GREAT LOVE By Alexandra Kollontai Translated and introduced by Cathy Porter 156 pp. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $12.95 cloth, $4.95 paper.

IT is curious that Warren Beatty chose not to include the colorful, at times scandalous, Alexandra Kollontai in his film ''Reds,'' when he did include Louise Bryant who was in many ways the American counterpart of the Russian Kollontai. Similar issues engaged the large energies of Bryant (1890-1936) and Kollontai (1872-1952): feminism, liberation from sexual and family roles, the conflict between work and home, and reconciling these problems with Marxist-Leninist ideology. Both women came from upper-class bourgeois backgrounds but spouted ***working-class*** language; both acted out in peripatetic personal lives unconventional - and frequently contradictory - ideas on family, love and sexual intimacy about which they voluminously wrote and preached.

IT is curious that Warren Beatty chose not to include the colorful, at times scandalous, Alexandra Kollontai in his film ''Reds,'' when he did include Louise Bryant who was in many ways the American counterpart of the Russian Kollontai.

Bryant met Kollontai in Russia around the time of the 1917 Revolution and later described her in ''Mirrors of Moscow'': ''Madame Kollontai is about 50 years of age and appears much younger. She has dark brown hair and blue eyes and could easily be taken for an American.'' And more telling: ''She is one of the few women Communists who cares about her appearance.''

Politics, not fiction, was Kollontai's great love. That she began writing novels and stories only in 1922, after she had been effectively excluded from active participation in the new Soviet government, indicates that for her writing was a substitute for arguing ideology in smoke-filled rooms. Pushed out of a maledominated power elite that was increasingly uncomfortable with her insistent advocacy of feminist issues, she was sent in 1922 as a member of a Soviet trade delegation to Oslo. She worked in diplomatic posts in Scandinavia until 1945.

Kollontai used the first year of her exile to produce two substantial works of fiction published in Russia in 1923: ''Love of Worker Bees'' and ''A Great Love.'' Dial Press's Virago Modern Classics published Cathy Porter's translation of ''Love of Worker Bees'' in 1977; now we have the companion volume. ''A Great Love'' contains three stories; the longest and most interesting, actually a novella, gives its title to the collection.

This is the first English translation of the entire collection (though the title story had been translated once - floridly - by Lily Lore in 1929).

Kollontai was a widely published journalist when she wrote ''A Great Love'' and the stories are clearly a journalist's fiction. The book, especially the title novella, is more interesting as history than as literature; but then the history to which Kollontai was witness was not infrequently stranger than fiction. Her involvement with married men who were also her political comrades, her not always amicable relationship with Vladimir Ilyich Lenin and his wifesecretary N. K. Krupskaya, Lenin's supposed affair with the Bolshevik feminist Inessa Armand -this is the historical material out of which Kollontai created the fictional ''A Great Love.''

The scene - France, around 1910. The cast - Russian revolutionaries in exile, feverishly planning their takeover of the homeland and the new order to follow. The great love is between Natasha, ''an efficient Party worker,'' and Semyon Semyonovich, a Party ideologue of vague but clearly superior position. The problem is that Semyon is already married, to Anyuta who is faithful, the mother of his children and unfortunately nagging. Natasha knows and likes Anyuta. Semyon neglects and mistreats both corners of the triangle, but Natasha (from whose viewpoint the story is told) is emotionally incapable of tearing herself away from this frustrating menage. Natasha wants a man comrade, with whom she can talk over party strategy after making love; Semyon wants to make love; rather, he wants to have sex, for Natasha finds his physical approaches crude and insensitive. The novella chronicles the final dissolution of their relationship, mostly in a sordid provincial hotel room to which Natasha is confined lest Semyon's colleagues or Anyuta figure out what's going on.

Natasha's hard-earned liberation at the end strangely foreshadows current films and novels about unmarried professional women driving off into the sunset alone but happier. Natasha takes a train: ''She took her seat and at once began to sort through her papers and letters, throwing some away, putting some aside for future reference, replying to others. Now she belonged body and soul to her work. Long, long ago she had felt a great love, but that love had ebbed away. Semyon Semyonovich, in his heedless, male stupidity, had destroyed it.''

LENIN is generally acknowledged as the historical prototype for Semyon, Lenin's wife Krupskaya for Anyuta, and Inessa Armand for Natasha. Kollontai observed these three living in exile in Paris in 1910-11. Indisputable historical evidence establishing a definite sexual liaison between Lenin and Armand seems to be lacking; if there were any, Soviet historians would suppress it, concerned as they are with Lenin's reputation as a saintly family man. Much circumstantial evidence does exist. Miss Porter believes, as she points out in her lengthy introduction, that Stalin had ''A Great Love'' republished in 1927 as part of a campaign to discredit and humiliate Krupskaya. If, indeed, Semyon is Lenin, then this is hardly a flattering portrait of the mausoleum hero.

The other two stories also address Kollontai's favorite theme - love vs. party duty; it is a sort of Communist Classicism. ''Thirty-Two Pages'' are pages of an unfinished dissertation, unfinished because the writer is distracted by a relationship with a worker who can only appreciate her sexually. ''Conversation Piece'' is a train platform vignette, rather Chekhovian: A married woman tries to break off her affair with a man; but he persuades her to put off the decision until tomorrow.

Now that Kollontai has been canonized by Germaine Greer and the feminist movement, and recreated in three recent biographies, all by women (Barbara Evans Clements, Beatrice Farnsworth, and Cathy Porter herself), the time has come to assess her fiction seriously. Most critics, notably Miss Clements and Simon Karlinsky in his review of the biographies, have tended to discount Kollontai's stories as tendentious, simplistic and wooden.

I can't entirely agree. At her best, when she resists easy answers in describing the pain of ending safe but restrictive relationships and the sacrifices involved in juggling lovers and careers, Kollontai is provocative, prescient and compassionate. What Louise Bryant said of her applies well to her fiction: ''Her inconsistencies are her most feminine trait as well as one of her most alluring characteristics.''

**Correction**

In the review of ''A Great Love,'' by Alexandra Kollontai (April 25), an incorrect year and publisher were given for ''Love of Worker Bees.'' The book was published in 1978 by Academy Chicago Ltd.  
**Correction-Date:** May 9, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Alexandra Kollontai

**End of Document**



[***How a Hudson Highlands Mountain Shaped Tussles Over Energy and the Environment***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5FRW-K4D1-JBKK-5448-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times Blogs

(Dot Earth)

April 14, 2015 Tuesday

Copyright 2015 The News York Times Company All Rights Reserved

**Section:** OPINION

**Length:** 5203 words

**Byline:** ANDREW C. REVKIN

**Highlight:** How the fight over a mountain and a power plant plan changed American environmentalism.

**Body**

On Sunday, I spent the afternoon accompanying my wife [*as she led a hike*](http://www.recordonline.com/article/20150403/NEWS/150409947/-1/TABLET110&template=tabletart) up   [*Storm King Mountain*](https://goo.gl/maps/WTg86), the imposing northern terminus of the   [*ancient*](http://3dparks.wr.usgs.gov/nyc/highlands/highlands.html),   [*history-rich*](http://allthingsliberty.com/2013/11/little-late-battle-hudson-highlands/) and stunning Hudson Highlands.

As we ascended the 1,300-foot-high windswept knob, I was reminded continually of a [*remarkable gathering last December of environmentalists, lawyers and scholars*](http://www.stormkingmountain.com/sk/) who played critical roles in defeating a plan proposed by Consolidated Edison in 1962 to embed a pumped-storage hydroelectric plant in the mountain.

It was the kind of facility that's [*much needed even today*](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pumped-storage_hydroelectricity), able to store energy when electricity supplies are high and demand low, then pour it into the grid at peak times of day. But Storm King was absolutely the worst possible location. Opposition initially focused on the harm to the region's scenic splendor. (The fight gave birth to the group   [*Scenic Hudson*](http://scenichudson.org/about).) But as litigation and analysis proceeded, it became clear the turbines would threaten striped bass populations, as well. (This issue was brought to light in a   [*1965 Sports Illustrated article by Bob Boyle*](http://www.si.com/vault/1965/04/26/608998/a-stink-of-dead-stripers).)

Even a 1966 redesign that would have been hidden the facility deep in the granite was defeated. Eventually, shifts in electricity demand and the utility's business model, along with the sustained court challenges, killed the project.

But the story really only began at the end, given how the battle for Storm King established precedents that have since given environmental campaigners and communities far more influence on such projects. (For the full legal tale, read [*"Storm King Revisited: A View From the Mountaintop"*](http://digitalcommons.pace.edu/pelr/vol31/iss1/6) - a Pace Environmental Law Review paper by Albert K. Butzel, a lawyer on the case for 15 years.)

The December gathering, just across the Hudson from the mountain, in Garrison, centered on a lecture by the [*University of Oklahoma historian Robert D. Lifset*](http://www.ou.edu/content/honors/people/lifset.html), laying out the observations in "   [*Power on the Hudson: Storm King Mountain and the Emergence of Modern American Environmentalism*](http://www.upress.pitt.edu/BookDetails.aspx?bookId=36405)," his rich new history of that event and how it shaped environmental activism and law ever since.

Lifset gave me permission to post his lecture. Take your time and read it below, and I hope you'll explore his book, as well. An [*excerpt is posted here*](http://www.upress.pitt.edu/htmlSourceFiles/pdfs/9780822963059exr.pdf). The book is as rich, nuanced and multi-dimensional as the complex challenges Americans face whenever weighing energy needs against environmental constraints.

Remembering Storm King

By Robert D. Lifset

In the time that I have I want to think about three questions.

First, why are we here? What precisely happened in the Hudson River valley in the 1960s and '70s? What was the nature of this environmental struggle?

Second, why did it happen? Why did this particular environmental struggle drag on for seventeen years? Why did the environmentalists prevail?

Third, why does any of this matter? Why should we care? What has been the impact of the struggle over Storm King Mountain? What is the meaning of this struggle?

First, as to the nature of the struggle over Storm King Mountain, the facts are fairly well known. In the fall of 1962 Consolidated Edison proposed to build a pumped- storage hydroelectric plant at Storm King Mountain. The company quickly gained the support of the Town and Village of Cornwall, as well as the established environmental organizations at the time: the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, the Hudson River Conservation Society. Con Ed applied for a license from the Federal Power Commission (FPC) in 1963 and expected the plant to be operational in 1965.

However, there soon developed a small opposition consisting of dissident members of the Hudson River Conservation Society and Leo Rothschild, the conservation chair of the New York-New Jersey Trail Conference. Together they began to plan a response resulting in the creation of the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference in November 1963. Scenic Hudson was designed to serve as a clearing-house for information and base of operations for those opposed to Con Ed's plans. It was ad-hoc, temporary, a coalition of existing environmental groups and for its first several years not particularly effective.

Scenic Hudson was steamrolled in a series of hearings convened by the Federal Power Commission in 1964 and 1965. The arguments advanced by Scenic Hudson focused on the damage the plant would render to the historic, recreational and aesthetic values of the landscape. These arguments were noted and brushed aside by the FPC. The Commission issued a license in 1965.

At this point the story takes an interesting turn and the gentlemen sitting to my left each played a critical role in changing the fortunes of the environmental opposition.

First, Scenic Hudson hired Lloyd Garrison of the prominent Manhattan law firm Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton and Garrison to handle an appeal of the FPC decision. Al Butzel was a young associate at Paul Weiss in 1965 who gets drawn into a case that dramatically changed the direction of his legal career. Garrison and Butzel succeeded in persuading the 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals that the FPC had failed to build a full and complete record upon which to render a decision. The court overturned the FPC license and remanded the case back to the FPC. This bought the environmental opposition valuable time. This was the first time that an FPC license had been reversed on environmental grounds and the first time that environmental activists gained standing to sue in federal court.

In 1964, Richard Ottinger became the first Democrat elected to New York's 25th Congressional District since the Civil War. Representing a district that hugged the east bank of the Hudson River, he accomplished this feat by appealing to Republican suburbanites upset about the state of the river. Among other things, upon entering Congress he introduced the Hudson Highlands National Scenic Riverway bill which would create a compact between New Jersey, New York and the federal government so as to plan for changes to the river landscape on a regional as opposed to piece meal basis. The bill provided the opportunity to hold hearings, and create platforms that would allow opponents of the plant an opportunity to make their case. This was part of a sophisticated public relations strategy spearheaded by Mike Kitzmiller to attack both Con Ed and the company's primary political support: Gov. Nelson Rockefeller. When I say that the environmentalists seated before you are tough, they not only went after those engaged in environmentally destructive activities, they went after those who supported those who were engaged in such activities.

Speaking of tough, last but certainly not least there is Robert Boyle. In the early 1960s Boyle began writing stories for Sports Illustrated about the ecological diversity of the Hudson River and the fish kills caused by Con Ed's new nuclear power plant at Indian Point. Boyle did two things that altered the direction of the fight over Storm King. First, he introduced the issue of fish kills. Boyle's reportage revealed that the intake pipes for the Storm King plant were to rest on top of the spawning ground of the Hudson River striped bass with the likely impact of decimating the fish population.

To make maters worse, the company had put forward a scientist who clearly perjured himself at the 1964 FPC hearings when he testified that Con Ed's plant would have no impact on Hudson River fish. The fish issue, unlike a defense of the aesthetics of the Hudson River valley, injected a scientifically quantifiable issue into the arsenal of arguments of the environmental opposition. And unlike the previous questions raised about Con Ed's engineering studies or its calculations demonstrating the plant was necessary, it rested squarely within a field, ecology, where the company and the FPC had no expertise and were clearly uncomfortable. At the end of the day, more than any other, it was Con Ed's inability to successfully confront the fish issue that allowed the environmental opposition to prevail.

Second, in 1966 Boyle founded the Hudson River Fisherman's Association, the forerunner to Riverkeeper, which quickly began to identify and attack polluters up and down the river. But a special target were always Con Ed's Hudson River power plants whose thermal pollution attracted and killed large numbers of fish. When the Natural Resources Defense Council was created in 1970, its first client was the Hudson River Fisherman's Society and their first target was Con Ed's nuclear power plants at Indian Point. The pressure N.R.D.C. brought to bear on Con Ed's larger operations along the Hudson River would come to play an important role in how this story ends.

But before we get to that ending we should recognize that the fifteen years between the December 1965 2nd Circuit decision and the 1980 settlement consisted of a long hard struggle fought along legal, political and public fronts.

In 1966 the FPC convened a new round of hearings that resulted in a new license in 1970. These hearings were far more extensive because the commission did not want to repeat the embarrassment of being told by a federal appellate court that it had failed to develop an adequate record, and because there was now a much larger and better funded community of environmental activists intervening to oppose the plant. An additional factor was the success of Scenic Hudson in shaping the public perception of Con Ed's project. While in 1962 the larger public might be characterized as indifferent or mildly impressed with the engineering feat of a pumped-storage hydroelectric plant, by the late 1960s, the tide of opinion had begun to turn and a new conventional wisdom began to emerge. This new narrative held that the benefits of a plant at Storm King were outweighed by the environmental costs. This was reflected in many of the Hudson River valley and New York City newspapers, and it helps to explain how the City of New York and eventually even the Palisades Interstate Park Commission came to intervene in the FPC hearings in opposition to Con Ed.

Nonetheless, Con Ed acquired another license for a plant at Storm King, a license that now stood up to judicial scrutiny. Construction of the plant began in 1974 only to be halted by an injunction from a federal judge on a suit filed by Al Butzel. The judge agreed that that the plant needed permits from the Army Corp of Engineers subject to the approval of the EPA to be in compliance with the Clean Water Act. At this point, Con Ed agreed to essentially freeze the license so as to have time to fund additional studies on the impact of the plant on the river's ecology. But for reasons I will discuss in a moment, Con Ed decided, in 1974, not to build the plant (this was a full six years before it formally relinquished the license in 1980).

All of this drew on the hard work and dedication of a large number of people who for the sake of brevity I can list only a few: Walter Boardman, Robert Burnap, Richard Pough, Stephen and Smokey Duggan, Ben Frazier, Alexander Saunders, Carl Carmer, Susan Reed, Nancy Mathews, Franny Reese, Richard deRham, Dave Sive, and Whitney North Seymour Jr. Many more discussed in the book and I am painfully aware of how even the book only begins to do justice to the contributions made by a very large and diverse number of people.

The fight formally ended with what The New York Times dubbed the "Hudson River Peace Treaty" (The Times took a strong editorial position against the plant in 1963 and closely followed this struggle for the next seventeen years). The treaty was the result of eighteen months of secret negotiations between Scenic Hudson, N.R.D.C., the Hudson River Fisherman's Association, Con Ed, Central Hudson Gas & Electric, Orange and Rockland Utilities, Inc., Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation, the Power Authority of the State of New York, the New York DEC, New York Attorney General's Office and the EPA. It was overseen by Russell Train; the nation's second EPA administrator, a former federal judge and president of the World Wildlife Fund.

Con Ed surrendered the license and agreed to fund the Hudson River Foundation: an organization created to support scientific research on the river. In return, the utility companies would not have to build cooling towers on their Hudson River power plants; they would instead regulate how the plants were operated so as to minimize the fish kills, they would not be forced to follow the strict letter of the Clean Water Act, to use the "best available technology" to mitigate the fish kills caused by their thermal pollution.

The environmentalists prevailed at Storm King in part because they gained leverage over Con Ed by attacking the environmental impacts of its remaining Hudson River plants. But they also created that leverage, by seeing to it that thermal pollution was included in the Clean Water Act as a form of pollution. Indeed the success of the Hudson River Fisherman's Association in finally finding a US Attorney willing to use the 1899 Refuse Act (a law rediscovered by Robert Boyle) to prosecute Hudson River polluters, and the spread of such prosecutions across the country produced a legal nightmare for industry which created the impetus for the Clean Water Act (1972) in the first place.

While these events are fairly well known, what is less well known is an understanding of why they unfolded as they did.

To answer this question I want to first focus on Con Ed. Consolidated Edison felt enormous pressure to expand its production capacity to meet an electrical demand that doubled every ten years. To be sure, Con Ed actively encouraged the increase in demand for it was a central part of the company's business plan, a plan widely followed throughout the American utility industry. The idea was that increasing demand created the business that could justify building new larger power plants. By taking advantage of economies of scale, and by building more efficient new plants, utility companies, in the first six decades of the 20th century, managed to meet expanding demand while simultaneously lowering prices. The lesson for Con Ed and its peers was that growth produced efficiency.

All of this fell apart in the 1960s and '70s for reasons I'll get to in a moment, suffice it to say the executives who ran Con Ed fervently believed that the inability to continually build new power plants would be a disaster for the company, the economy and the nation.

As energy production doubled every decade, its environmental footprint began to make an impact. Con Ed came under increasing pressure for its contribution to New York City's air pollution problem after a series of incidents in the 1950s and early '60s provided the issue greater visibility (no pun intended). With no formal announcement or debate, Con Ed decided to site as much future generating capacity as possible in the Hudson River valley. Between 1950 and 1976 five new power plants were constructed along a thirty-mile stretch of the Hudson River: Danskammer, Roseton, Indian Point, Lovett and Bowline. In 1969, Con Ed published a ten-year plan that called for six thousand new megawatts of generating capacity, five thousand of which would be located in the Hudson River valley.

So here we have the beginning of an understanding as to why Con Ed was so persistent in its desire to build a power plant at Storm King. The company felt it had no choice but to add new generating capacity; it was becoming increasingly difficult to add that capacity in New York City; and it needed to maintain the ability to add new capacity here in the Hudson River valley. Additionally, the pumped-storage plant itself effectively increased the company's efficiency (by pumping water to a holding pond at night thereby taking advantage of unused generating capacity) while improving its environmental credentials (the hydro plant emitted no air pollution).

So if this is why Con Ed dug in, why were the environmentalists so dogged in their opposition to a power plant at Storm King? In the book I suggest that stretching back to the mid-19th century, there have been two competing visions or conceptions of the Hudson River valley: one vision focused on the aesthetic and recreational possibilities of the valley, and the other on its commercial and industrial development. Indeed, this tension can be quite literally seen in many Hudson River school paintings that simultaneously depict both the landscape's aesthetic charms while noting the presence of industry.

The dogged determination of a rising environmental opposition can be traced to the growing belief that this balance between industry and aesthetics, between energy and the environment, had been lost and was deteriorating. This point was driven home when Con Ed published an artistic rendering of the Storm King plant in its 1963 Annual Shareholder Report. Environmental activists had long been fighting the trap-rock industry as it slowly dynamited sections of the palisades and Hudson Highlands. The Palisades Interstate Park Commission and Hudson River Conservation Society directly emerged from these struggles. Con Ed's image of Storm King arrived at a time when there existed the belief that much of the landscape had been effectively protected, and so the artistic rendering depicting a large gash in the mountain hit a nerve. At the same time, over a century of commercial and industrial development along the river, much of this development now in decline, had left an environmental impact that fostered the impression that the Hudson was a highly polluted wasteland.

But to those who had a closer relationship to the river, the ***working-class*** residents who could not afford to vacation in far-away places, or the recreational and commercial fisherman, the river was the depository of a tremendous ecological diversity and was in fact capable of being restored to a healthier state.

The eventual popularity of the opposition to Con Ed's plans for a power plant at Storm King then owes something to the relationship residents had toward the larger Hudson River and environment in general. The plant was viewed as the opening wedge in a new re-industrialization of the Hudson River valley, considering Con Ed's plans for the region this was not an unrealistic or paranoid view in the 1960s. This produced a sense of urgency and unwillingness to compromise.

All of this is to say, that the struggle over Storm King Mountain took on a meaning and importance for both Con Ed and the environmental community that eclipsed the details and importance of this particular plant.

Next question: why did the environmentalists win? The environmental opposition grew sufficiently strong and creative to delay the plant until the underlying economic conditions sufficiently changed so as to render the plant unnecessary. The strategy was always to kill the plant, not delay it indefinitely. Some of the delay owes something to the Federal Power Commission and its desire to build a complete record in light of being taken to the woodshed by the 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals in 1965; we might also point to the nature of the fish issue. What precisely would be the impact of this plant on the Hudson River striped bass? Could hatchery operations compensate for the destruction of the fish that might take place? Unlike questions about the aesthetics of the plant or its engineering, the fish issue required multi-year studies in the field. Without the 1965 decision, Con Ed might have been able to quickly build the plant and simply present the plant's ecological destruction as a fait accompli; but the '65 decision foreclosed that possible future. The plant was not being built, too much attention by the judiciary, the FPC and the public made it impossible to bury the fish issue under the advantages of the plant.

We should also take note that the opposition to the plant benefited from the strong tailwinds of a rising environmental movement. Scenic Hudson's case before the public was strong because a growing number of people were persuaded to view the issue as Scenic Hudson did. Even when it was framed in a manner that most benefited Con Ed: one of aesthetic beauty vs. needed power; a growing number of people, and most of the press found in favor of beauty. They did so because it was possible to see in one's everyday life, the toll exacted by a brand of industrial and commercial progress that took no account for environmental consequences. Howard Zahniser of the Wilderness Society reflected the feeling of many environmentalists in the 1960s when he wrote, about the struggle over the Grand Canyon, "We're not fighting progress, we're making it." From the pollution, derelict structures, and fish kills there emerged a powerful new consensus that something had to be done. Here in the Hudson River valley the then president of the Audubon Society expressed it best when he wrote in 1964 that the Storm King project became controversial "because it has brought home the truth that a line must be drawn somewhere if America is not to lose one of its great scenic treasures."

I should add that Scenic Hudson effectively found ways to organize and channel this new emerging consensus toward an opposition to Con Ed's plans for Storm King. In addition to challenging Con Ed before the FPC and in court, Scenic Hudson organized highly publicized protests (one of which included a hike led by Justice William O. Douglas), and it played a role in creating venues, from the Bear Mountain hearings in November of 1964 to the Congressional hearings on Ottinger's bill in 1965 that provided a platform where the opposition could be heard and their views publicized. Scenic Hudson never allowed Con Ed to publicly make a case for the Storm King plant in the press without also hearing from the opposition. In my view Scenic Hudson's effectiveness can partially be traced to the fact that the dozen or so people who founded the organization in November 1963 did not feel they had the time to launch a grass-roots operation that relied upon volunteers. So they professionalized. Within a few months, Scenic Hudson had hired a law firm, public relations firm, fundraising firm, and a full-time executive director. Whereas the earliest efforts to oppose Con Ed consisted of writing letters to responsible officials, hiring professionals brought in people like Mike Kitzmiller who once declared to me that it was his job "to piss in Con Ed's soup, and I loved it."

However, even if Scenic Hudson employed professionals it was led by volunteers. This made a difference in that Scenic Hudson was never going to compromise or give up the fight. Their belief in the justice of their cause was absolute and they could take this position because while they worried about influencing public opinion, they could afford to make powerful enemies in industry and government for their activism was unconnected to their professional lives. Scenic Hudson existed for the sole purpose of opposing a power plant at Storm King. It did not matter that the plant was popular in Cornwall, it did not matter that the Hudson River Conservation Society and Palisades Interstate Park Commission endorsed the plant, it did not matter that the company began construction in 1974. There was no compromise Con Ed might make, no obstacle, no setback that would end the opposition.

Yet, as strong as the environmental opposition became it was never strong enough to actually kill the plant. This is highly speculative, but Con Ed might have been able to swallow cooling towers, or more effectively fight them, but in the end Con Ed decided not to build this plant because the business model it, like many of its peers, had followed since the early 20th century collapsed. And as a result of that collapse, the company (a publicly regulated monopoly guaranteed a rate of return) narrowly averted bankruptcy in the spring of 1974 only after the state of New York passed an $800 million bailout.

Increased oil and natural gas prices, resulting from the larger energy crisis played a role, as did increased interest rates and inflation. But Con Ed and the industry also hit a technological wall in the 1960s when it lost the physical ability to build larger more efficient plants. (Thomas Edison's first power plant built in 1882 had an efficiency rating of 2.5%; meaning that 2.5% of the energy potential in the fuel used was actually transformed into electricity. The laws of physics limit thermal power plants to a top efficiency rating of 48%. By the early 1960s the industry was running into technological and engineering difficulty with plants designed in the mid-30s). Con Ed's business model collapsed because the company lost the ability to meet new demand while lowering prices.

Additionally, lower rates of economic growth in the 1970s and higher prices for electricity served to reduce the rate of electrical demand growth thereby reducing the pressure to add new generating capacity. Higher interest rates and inflation also encouraged Con Ed to initiate conservation programs that further eroded demand growth. All of which is to say that the environmental community delayed the plant but it was killed by the energy crisis (the focus of my next book).

So, I've covered the basic events that defined this struggle and outlined why it was important to both Con Ed and the environmental community, and why the environmentalists in the end prevailed. Now I'd like to turn our attention to the meaning and importance of the struggle over Storm King.

The struggle over Storm King has had an enormous impact on the Hudson River, the region and even the larger American environmental movement. The Hudson River Peace Treaty continues to govern how the power plants that line its banks are regulated. The agreement itself became a landmark case in the emerging field of environmental mediation.

Con Ed never again attempted to build another power plant in the Hudson River valley. I would speculate that the experience of this struggle was so traumatic for the company that it played a role in its decision to divest itself of nearly all its generating assets when New York State's electric utility market was deregulated in 1994.

Of course, all of the attention and energy channeled into opposing Con Ed's plans for Storm King did not remain focused on the mountain itself. Indeed, the opposition to the plant had always been successful in attracting people with a diverse range of interests. These interests eventually found expression in a range of new environmental organizations all of which I argue can be traced back to Storm King. They include Scenic Hudson, the Hudson River Fisherman's Association (Riverkeeper), Clearwater, the short-lived Hudson River valley Commission, the Hudson River Foundation, and the Natural Resources Defense Council (It might surprise some to know that N.R.D.C. was founded by Scenic Hudson board members on the losing end of an internal struggle over an effort to push Scenic Hudson to focus on more than Storm King).

Its clear that the struggle over Storm King played a powerful role in focusing attention on much more than the aesthetic character of the region; that the lasting legacy of this fight has been a sustained and long-lasting effort to clean up the Hudson River.

Finally, I want to address the biggest claim that has long been made about the struggle over Storm King, that this fight is the beginning of the environmental movement in America.

This is an interpretation that cannot be defended. There is a growing consensus among environmental historians that there were forms of environmental activism in the late 19th and early 20th century. And so even if the term environmentalism was only coined around 1970, it is inappropriate to dismiss these earlier forms of environmentalism as something else. In other words, the idea that pre-World War II conservationism evolved into environmentalism in the decades after World War II has effectively been dismantled by a wave of scholarship that found a concern for pollution and its impact on public health in the late 19th and early 20th century.

So if Storm King is not the beginning of environmentalism in America what is its relationship to the larger movement? I argue that Storm King is the moment environmentalism becomes modern. That is, this story provides a window that allows us to see a moment in time where the larger environmental movement is transformed. The heart of this transformation is the manner in which environmentalism embraces ecology. This might sound strange, for environmentalism and the ecology movement were terms that were practically interchangeable in the 1960s. But it is instructive for us to remember the original arguments and motivation for much of the opposition to Con Ed's plans. They rested on the damage that would be done to the aesthetic, recreational and historic character of the landscape.

These arguments were the same types of arguments deployed by environmentalists earlier in the century defending some corner of the national park system or attempting to preserve a beautiful landscape. To be sure, these activists sometimes deployed ecology but it was always a relatively minor part of the larger struggle (environmentalists fighting pollution in the early 20th century typically made arguments about public health or efficiency, they did not rely on ecology). This begins to change in the 1960s, as ecology becomes increasingly useful in its ability to quantify environmental impacts. Indeed, it is for this reason that ecology becomes labeled the "subversive science."

This usefulness owes something to changes within the discipline of ecology, but a big part of this story is how the venue of many environmental struggles shifts from the purely political realm toward political and legal fronts. That shift was made possible by the 1965 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals decision, which, for the first time, granted environmental litigants standing to sue in federal court. This access was later enshrined in the form of citizen suit provisions written into many of the environmental laws passed in the 1970s (legal scholars have long disagreed as to the whether and to what extent the '65 decision influenced the crafting of the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969).

In other words, the kinds of arguments environmentalists deployed, the nature of environmental conflict, shifted and became more ecology-focused in part because as a quantifiable science ecological arguments were more persuasive in court. And it was the struggle over Storm King that first cracked open those courtroom doors.

All of this encouraged and accelerated the growing professionalization of the American environmental movement. Scholars have largely seen this development as beneficial if not somewhat unavoidable. But we should recognize that this development was contingent on changes in the nature of environmental conflict, changes that can be traced right back to Storm King.

However, more important than the professionalization is the fact that, for all the reasons described above, the fight over Storm King fashioned a new set of tools, new forms of environmental conflict and resolution that would allow people in other communities, in other times, the means to fight for a better environment.

Thank You.

**Load-Date:** April 14, 2015

**End of Document**



[***AIDE SEES HIMSELF AS THE 'BAD GUY'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-PSD0-0009-22V6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 6, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 12, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1218 words

**Byline:** By HOWELL RAINES, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, July 5

**Body**

As the White House political director, Edward J. Rollins may have the most contradictory mandate of any Reagan aide.

He is supposed to fill the void left by his flamboyant predecessor, Lyn Nofziger. He is supposed to protect the President from losses in the fall Congressional elections. Yet he has been ordered by the White House chief of staff, James A. Baker 3d, to do this without getting his name in the newspapers.

WASHINGTON, July 5 - As the White House political director, Edward J. Rollins may have the most contradictory mandate of any Reagan aide.

Mr. Baker's instruction was designed to stop the controversial statements that have flowed from Mr. Rollins's lips since he was appointed Assistant to the President for Political Affairs last November. On one memorable occasion, for example, Mr. Rollins sent Mr. Reagan through the ceiling of the Oval Office by assuring reporters that the President's daughter Maureen was certain to lose her campaign for the Republican nomination for the Senate from California.

More often, Mr. Rollins has erred on the side of excessive loyalty. His speciality is upbraiding moderate Republicans in Congress for insufficient devotion to the President. This approach conflicts with Mr. Baker's conciliatory manner in dealing with all factions of the party, and it also points up a philosophical difference between the two men that seems to assure Mr. Rollins a bumpy tenure as political director. He has told friends that he is determined to be Mr. Reagan's ''political hatchetman or political heavy'' even if it costs him his job.

Role of the 'Bad Guy'

''It's always going to be the role of this office and the person who sits in this office to be the political bad guy,'' Mr. Rollins said in a recent interview. ''If I become so controversial I can't be effective then I will have to move on, and that time will come. It's the nature of the job.

''It's like being a blocking back for a quarterback,'' he added, observing that blocking backs are expendable workhorses who help the team by absorbing injuries that eventually disable them. ''When that day comes, then you'll be replaced.''

The football metaphor is an appropriate one for the 39-year-old political director. His ham-like forearms and barrel chest attest to his playing days in the backfield at San Jose State University in California. Mr. Rollins looks like a slimmed-down clone of his burly predecessor and political mentor, Mr. Nofziger. That veteran Reagan aide left the White House staff in frustration last year after discovering that, despite the grand title of the political-affairs job, he would not be the President's No. 1 political consultant. Republican political professionals wonder whether Mr. Rollins will not be ground down by the same frustration. But Mr. Rollins suggested that, expecting less in the way of personal ties to the President and his inner cricle, he will be less frustrated.

''There's no question I will never have the relationship with the inner circle that Lyn Nofziger has, either with the inner circle or with the President. I'm not one who can go over and shoot the bull with Ronald Reagan about the old days. I made up my mind I would be one of the new breed of political advisers. I know as much about the skills that go into a campaign as anybody in the country, the dayto-day management of campaigns. That's been my basic training where Lyn's was as a newspaperman.''

Rating System for Races

Not even Mr. Rollins's critics question his skills as a grassroots political mechanic. White House officials credit him with molding the Republican National Committee and the House and Senate Republican campaign committees into an effective team despite the flawed political staff he inherited from the notoriously disorganized Mr. Nofziger. Of three assistants left behind by Mr. Nofizger, only one, a tough young South Carolian named Lee Atwater, is regarded as a first-rate political talent by top Reagan aides. The other two, Paul Russo and Morgan Mason, were given shelter by Mr. Nofziger after being forced out of other White House jobs.

Together, Mr. Rollins and Mr. Atwater have designed a complicated rating system that targets the 40 House races, eight Senate races and two governorships that are most promising for Republicans. In the past, important Congressmen have gotten campaign help - money, pictures with the President, whistle stops by the Vice President and Cabinet officials - whether they needed it or not. If Mr. Rollins and Mr. Atwater are able to enforce their plans, such campaign perks will go to candidates on the basis of their strength and need, rather than their clout in Congress.

By making the White House list of the top 50 races, a candidate automatically gets $58,000 in campaign funds from the Republican National Committee. There are less expensive forms of campaign aid, too. Recently, Mr. Rollins' staff ran 135 Republican candidates through the Oval Office in 34 minutes. The candidates came away with still photographs and videotape clips showing each of them with Mr. Reagan.

Mr. Baker entrusts such nuts-and-bolts chores to Mr. Rollins. But the chief of staff keeps for himself the power to plan the macrostrategy that will determine whether the President campaigns actively or hunkers down during the political season. To help in that planning, Mr. Baker is meeting regularly with three prominent pollsters, Richard Wirthlin, Robert Teeter and Arthur Finklestein. In addition, Stuart Spencer, a Californian strategist revered by the Reagan inner circle, was at the White House for three days last week. Mr. Rollins's clout at the White House will be limited by the presence of these heavy hitters and by his own personality.

No Inner Office Politics

''Ed's problem is he's a lone wolf,'' said a friend. ''He does not and probably will not play inner office White House politics. The good news is he hasn't made enemies. The bad news is these guys don't know him.''

The latter fact could, in itself, be bad news for a White House that has repeatedly mishandled such blue-collar political issues as Social Security. On a staff dominated by affluent Ivy Leaguers and Establishment Republicans, Mr. Rollins is one of the few officials with a ***working-class*** background. He is worried about the drift away from the populist conservatism that enabled Mr. Reagan to attract votes from traditional Democrats in 1980. Such concerns come honestly to Mr. Rollins. Aside from the President, he is one of the rare former Democrats around the White House. The son of an Irish Catholic union man from Boston, he remained with his father's party until 1968 and worked as a bureaucrat in Great Society programs.

''One thing it taught me is Democrats will do anything to win,'' said Mr. Rollins. ''Republicans would rather fight the good fight. So I'm trying to take the hardball tactics I learned from Democrats and make them work for Republicans.''

The irony is that in a White House where only four men talk to the Mr. Reagan on deep policy issues, the President's Assistant for Political Affairs seldom gets to express these views to his boss. It is a circumstance about which Mr. Rollins's father might have warned him back when he switched parties. ''For a while, he wouldn't talk to me,'' Mr. Rollins recalled. ''We're a pretty political family.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Edward J. Rollins

**End of Document**



[***IN PERSON; Living the Good Life, Writing the Low Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47WJ-CV00-01KN-213F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 9, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 4

**Length:** 1559 words

**Byline:**  By ROBERT STRAUSS

**Body**

IN 30 years of writing such celebrated novels as "Clockers" and "The Wanderers" and screenplays like "Sea of Love" and "The Color of Money," Richard Price says he has had one freak-out moment, one time when he started to say, "What the heck am I doing this for?"

Mr. Price was deep into research for a novel, and for him that means delving into the seamier side of life in New Jersey housing projects. This time, he had persuaded a drug dealer to let him see a 4 a.m. transaction with another dealer. He had thought that his arrangement was safe, that the dealer had told his buyer that Mr. Price was a writer who was not connected to law enforcement in any way.

"I got out of the car and I heard, 'He's a cop!"' said Mr. Price, rather calm now, years after the incident, in the third-floor study of his Gramercy Park town house. "I thought: 'Oh, oh. This is it. I have two daughters and I've finally gone too far."'

As the other dealer came near him, Mr. Price grabbed a copy of one of his books from his car and handed it to the guy, pointing to his photograph on the jacket. The guy looked at page 276 and said, "What the hell do you know for 276 pages?"

"I don't know exactly what happened next," Mr. Price said, but the dealer jumped up on the hood of the car, "started telling me stuff and took me on a cook's tour of the deal in the project."

It is that type of gritty scene, often with a strained but positive resolution, that permeates Mr. Price's novels. His latest, "Samaritan" (Knopf, $25), is the third to be set in the fictional Dempsy, N.J., a predominantly black slice of urban North Jersey loosely based on Jersey City. ("Clockers," the first, was made into a 1995 film that was directed by Spike Lee and starred Harvey Keitel. "Freedomland" was the second.)

Like his main character in "Samaritan," Mr. Price, 53, has also gone into the inner city to teach underprivileged youths without pay, in his case at schools in Jersey City and Newark.

Though he has also taught at Columbia University and will be doing a theatrical workshop based on his novel "Freedomland" at Princeton this spring, he says his work with underprivileged younger students has often given him satisfaction that the Ivy League experience cannot match.

"With younger kids -- and I often worked with eighth-graders -- it is exciting to get them to just put something down on paper," Mr. Price said. "You try to tell them how interesting their daily experience can be, just what they ate today or who they saw."

Many people, Mr. Price acknowledges, might think that a novelist/screenwriter who is well-off enough to own a four-story Gramercy Park town house yet goes into the New Jersey to projects to teach would be, well, a Samaritan. Yet he, like the character in "Samaritan," is somewhat disparaging about his own motives.

"Let's face it, you do go in there for some part of your ego," he said in his slight New York accent. "You want them to like you. You want to show that you are someone important, or at least substantial."

In a review in The New York Times on Dec. 31, Michiko Kakutani said that "Samaritan" showcases Mr. Price's "plethora of gifts as a writer: his knack for grounding his gritty brand of social realism in myriad small details that bring us inside the workings of a drug scam or police investigation; his radar-sharp ear for street argot, for the rhythms and elisions of urban conversation; his intuitive sense of pacing and suspense, honed by his work as a screenwriter ('The Color of Money,' 'Mad Dog and Glory'); and his ability to immerse the reader in a fictional world, made palpable and real by dozens of intersecting stories and shared histories."

Ray Mitchell, the Samaritan in "Samaritan," grew up in the projects in Dempsy, worked as a teacher as a young adult and then fell into a writer's job on a television show in Hollywood. The plot covers several weeks after he has returned to Dempsy with a six-figure bank account and a slew of family and personal demons to slay.

Despite his attempts to do good deeds after coming home, Mitchell is badly beaten and lands near death in a Jersey hospital. Nothing like that ever happened to Mr. Price. His point is not that no good deed goes unpunished; it is that everyone should be aware that a Samaritan is owed nothing for just trying to give back.

Though he, too, has had some demons - a childhood bout with polio left him with a withered right arm, and he went through a period of serious cocaine use as a young man -- Mr. Price, 53, is undeterred.

He writes his books in long hand and says that makes him somewhat equal to other artists.

"All the otherarts require some physicality," he said. "My wife is a painter. Much of her work is cerebral, but at least there is physical movement. Dance, theater, sculpture -- all physical. Only writing doesn't require that, and that's what I sometimes hate about it."

Mr. Price himself grew up in the Bronx in the 1950's and 60's, in housing projects that were quite unlike the blighted landscapes he now portrays.

The residents "were a bit mixed-race, but mostly white and Catholic," said Mr. Price, whose Jewish family held mostly blue-collar jobs. His grandfather, a factory worker in Brooklyn, wrote poetry for a Yiddish journal.

"I don't know, maybe 75 copies came out, but this stuff had my grandfather's name at the end of it," he said. "It made me want to write. I didn't know that I had anything to say, but I loved the idea of seeing my name in print."

He went to Cornell to study industrial design. "It was the cheap way of getting to an Ivy League school - and the sticker on the back of the car read the same," he said. Then he did postgraduate work in writing at Columbia and Stanford, teaching English as a second language and selling exercise equipment on the phone as side jobs. A classmate from Columbia who ran a literary magazine asked to publish a short story that Mr. Price had written about gang life in a Bronx project - at no pay save a dozen copies of the magazine. An editor at Houghton Mifflin saw it and asked Mr. Price to expand it; that became his first novel, "The Wanderers."

Three other novels followed, also based on his Bronx experiences. Hollywood liked his gritty style, too, so the screenplay assignments came along. But Mr. Price says he never confused the two.

"What is important in novels is death in screenplays, and what is important about screenplays doesn't work in novels," he said. "Novels are about depth, about texture. Screenplays are just two-dimensional. The writing doesn't mean anything. Basically, they are architectural notes for the director, a blueprint. Sometimes I do like that, since I am glad to be free of the obligation of writing deeply."

To research "Sea of Love," in which Al Pacino plays a detective investigating a serial murderer, Mr. Price decided he had to hang out with police officers and assorted lowlifes. Someone introduced him around the Jersey City detectives' units, and the detectives, in turn, led him to drug dealers and hospital emergency rooms and public defenders' offices and the like.

"In New York, I would have had to give my life to hang out with a meter maid," he said. "But in Jersey City, and then Bayonne, I kept being given access to different places. It sort of metastasized into a half-year of good things."

So when it came time to write "Clockers," the New Jersey experience came back around to his novel-writing.

"My first four novels were all self-referential, so it was good to start something where it was not about me," he said.

He rarely mentions a political figure in connection with Dempsy, and the buildings and streets he describes have no exact parallels to Jersey City.

"I don't want to get caught in having to have everything journalistically pure," he said. "Besides, I want it to be like many American places - East St. Louis or Gary or Camden or most anywhere where 100,000 people of limited means are bearing down on each other."

Mr. Price likes to pick two main characters of different races, and he pulls the plot through each one of them. His characters, main and subordinate, tell a lot of stories in allegorical form, if ***working-class*** syntax.

But although Mr. Price likes the idea of hanging out with the models for his subjects, he is no lower-class poseur.

"I know where I live," he said, looking around the study of his town house, which is filled with vintage copies of books by authors like Norman Mailer and Ernest Hemingway. "This is screenwriter money, though. It's the screenplays that pay for me to write the novels."

He doesn't like Los Angeles and arranges to have his film meetings in New York. He and his wife, the abstract painter Judy Hudson, center their social lives mostly on activities of their two teenage daughters and getting together with Ms. Hudson's painting friends.

"Going to Jersey City is a big trip for me," he said.

"I'm content to do my research and be in my neighborhood," he added. "When I go away, even on a book tour, I don't want to be away more than a week."

He doesn't know where his next novel will be set, but he would not be unhappy it if turned out to be Dempsy again.

"I don't mean to arrogantly compare myself to him in any way, but William Faulkner made a piece of Mississippi universal," Mr. Price said. "If I can continue to find important stories to set there, I'll be quite satisfied to do so."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Richard Price in his town house on Gramercy Park. "I know where I live," he said. (Steve Hart for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 9, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Present at the Destruction***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40MH-RGD0-00MH-F1WK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 2, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7; Page 21; Column 1; Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1441 words

**Byline:** By Iain Bamforth;

Iain Bamforth is a British physician in Strasbourg, France. His most recent literary work is a translation of Georg Bchner's novella "Lenz."

By Iain Bamforth;  Iain Bamforth is a British physician in Strasbourg, France. His most recent literary work is a translation of Georg Bchner's novella "Lenz."

**Body**

BERLIN IN LIGHTS

The Diaries of Count Harry Kessler. (1918-1937).

By Harry Kessler.

Translated and edited

by Charles Kessler.

Illustrated. 535 pp. New York:

Grove Press. $35.

It is Dec. 28, 1918, just over a month since German capitulation and the end of fighting in World War I. Kaiser Wilhelm II has abdicated and fled to the Netherlands. In Kiel the German Navy mutinies, and the black, red and gold flag of the republic flutters over the Reichstag. Karl Liebknecht calls for a socialist revolution. Before lunch, Count Harry Kessler goes to visit the Imperial Palace, and there, among the shattered glass, looted furniture and broken walking sticks, the tawdriness of the atmosphere out of which war had come weighs on him: "In this rubbishy, trivial, unreal microcosm, furnished with nothing but false values which deceived him and others, he made his judgments, plans and decisions. Morbid taste and a pathologically excitable character in charge of an all too well-oiled machine of state. Now the symbols of his futile animating spirit lie strewn around here in the shape of doltish odds and ends. I feel no sympathy, only aversion and complicity when I reflect that this world was not done away with long ago."

Bad aesthetics, bad ethics. Kessler's verdict on the Kaiser takes a leaf from the book of his contemporary, the great Viennese satirist Karl Kraus, who, at the end of his colossal montage drama "The Last Days of Mankind," had no less a character than God echo the Kaiser's famous statement: "This was not my will." The higher you stand, the less pardon for not knowing what you're doing. Kessler's critical sense was sharpened by two things: he was by birth a member of this old order. Not only that, but his mother, a famous beauty, was reputed to have been the old Kaiser's last mistress, and wags even had it that Kessler was cousin to Wilhelm II. He wasn't, but it gives his judgment a certain piquancy, and we are left to read between the lines of his diary what the upper class thought of his allegiance to the Weimar Republic. He reports Richard Strauss's wife, Pauline, accusing him, in 1926, of being a class traitor. He says she "bends forward to whisper it stealthily, that Count Kessler has become quite a Red. Oh no, I answer, I am just a simple democrat. Pauline: A democrat, you, who are a count? In that case you are fouling your own nest."

Kessler was never simple. Transfer of power is accepted more in the spirit of a disillusioned conservativism rather than out of any conviction for egalitarian virtues. "This is the age of little men," he confides, in a passage in which he extols his "submarine sailor friend," one of those rugged ***working-class*** types who+attracted Auden and Isherwood in 1930: like many of his class, he idealizes the worker while scorning the pretensions of his bourgeois Social Democrat colleagues. Hitler, for example, is clearly a little man, a subaltern grotesquely empowered by the chaos of the times.

How can we account for Kessler's commitment? He is an aesthete; he would seem a perfect candidate for the circle of ascetic, often homosexual acolytes around his exact contemporary, the poet Stefan George, who made out of the slogan "art for art's sake" a code for living. In such politicized times, it was a painfully inadequate pose. Before 1914, the orchid in the buttonhole of many German writers effortlessly became a badge for jingoism and war fervor; after 1918, retreat into the ivory tower and disdain for the "little men" played straight into the Nazis' hands. Kessler knew that without social democracy there would be no democracy at all.

This new edition of Kessler's diary, "Berlin in Lights," is edited by Charles Kessler, who is no relative of Harry's. The editorial notes, and the otherwise excellent introduction by Ian Buruma, divulge little about Kessler's youth. Born in 1868 to a German banker and an artistic Irish mother, he trained as a lawyer before devoting his energies and money to the arts. He introduced Impressionism to Germany, supported poets and artists (including Rilke and Munch), developed the Weimar seminars later to become the Bauhaus, and under his own imprint, the Cranach Press, produced classic fine books. He briefly served as a reserve officer in the early months of the war, worked as a cultural attache in Bern and was the first German diplomat in Warsaw after cessation of hostilities. Until 1924, he was constantly on the move across Europe, arranging new terms for the payment of German war reparations, observing the confusion after the imposition of the Versailles Treaty. In Germany it was an age of assassinations; Kessler was probably lucky not to have been shot himself. When Walter Rathenau, whose biography he later wrote, was murdered by right-wingers in June 1922, Kessler notes that more than 500 left-wing politicians had been killed since war's end.

The title of this book, first issued in London in a marvelously fluent translation nearly 30 years ago, is misleading. It comes from a squib of verse by Kurt Weill, and was presumably meant to lend the book a sheen of cabaret naughtiness. Apart from the odd passing mention of "voluptuaries" and all-night bars in Berlin, Kessler is remarkably chaste about Babylon-on-the-Spree. His is really an account of the early days of that chimera, the United States of Europe -- single currency and customs union and all -- reminding us that it was on diplomats' lips long before the moral disaster that is conventionally thought to be its raison d'tre. Then as now, it was primarily a French-German affair. Kessler's cultured Europe is a lost continent though. Despite the craze in the 20's for all things American, it is evident from his descriptions that Paris and Berlin were still dazzled by their own weltglanz. It is hard to imagine French audiences today flocking to view a German film ("M<diamond=dchen in Uniform") for weeks on end as they did in the early 30's. Kessler suggests why: "Germany is (alas!) once more the international star whose antics the masses watch, in the papers and in the cinema, with a mixture of fright, incomprehension and reluctant admiration laced with quite an amount of glee at the trouble we are in."

What distinguishes his diary (apparently begun in 1880, making this book merely its latter third), is Kessler's distanziert tone -- its elegance, precision and shrewdness. The man who brought his gifts of mind to bear on the tragic carnival of his era was a distinguished prose writer. Many of his entries have an aphoristic force: "All education is violence, just as every state is." About the private man we learn almost nothing, other than the names of obscure high-society friends. He is a Proust with a social conscience, forthright about his dislikes: Ernst Toller's play "Die Maschinenstrmer" is "untalented rubbish," the poet Else Lasker-Schler "this beastly person." At first hand he witnesses George Grosz's attempts to become the German Hogarth, noting that "he is reactionary and revolutionary in one, a symbol of the times." He supplies a story to Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who works it up into "Der Rosenkavalier."

Repeated visits to the Nietzsche Archive in Weimar, which he supported financially in its early days, convince him that Nietzsche's infamous sister is "a flapper at heart." She in turn insists on calling him her "oldest friend," even though he ridicules her right-wing leanings and the pontificating Oswald Spengler she invites to speak at the 1927 Nietzsche Congress. (Soon self-appointed "supermen" will be inviting themselves.) He meets Cocteau, Busoni, Einstein, the Woolfs; visits the Cadbury factory at Bourneville; and hears a 13-year-old Yehudi Menuhin play a recital. At a dinner party he watches Josephine Baker dance naked except for a pink apron, and coolly notes: "A bewitching creature, but almost quite unerotic." Hitler appears in 1923, and looms larger as the diary enters Auden's "low dishonest decade." In 1933 this secretary to his times leaves Germany, never to return.

Many comments are eerily undeceived. I wonder if he ever reread his blatant entry for Saturday, Jan. 10, 1920: "Today the Peace Treaty was ratified at Paris; the War is over. A terrible era begins for Europe, like the gathering of clouds before a storm, and it will end in an explosion probably still more terrible than that of the World War." In other words, war was anything but over. This is a man who has seen and understood a world on the way down before he has lived it. Purgatory for Kessler ended in 1937, when he died in France. And then the storm came. What does the diary leave us? His faith certainly, and a style.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Wesley Bedrosian)

**Load-Date:** July 2, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Grand Vision For Remaking The West Side***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47WR-PJ60-01KN-21RF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 10, 2003 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1644 words

**Byline:**  By CHARLES V. BAGLI

**Body**

Where some people see the far West Side of Manhattan as a low-slung district of tenements, small shops, warehouses and parking lots, the Bloomberg administration envisions a neighborhood transformed.

Tonight at the Jacob Javits Convention Center, city officials plan to publicly unveil an ambitious proposal to redevelop the area between Eighth Avenue and the Hudson River, from 28th Street to 42nd Street.

The plan, which would require billions of dollars in public investment, calls for a $1.5 billion subway extension, new office towers along 11th Avenue, opposite a greatly expanded convention center, and a commercial corridor stretching from Madison Square Garden on Seventh Avenue west to the Hudson River, between 30th and 34th Streets. A new boulevard with a tree-filled center median -- similar to Park Avenue -- would be built between 10th and 11th Avenues and run from 38th to 34th Street to help ease traffic congestion between office skyscrapers to the west and new apartment buildings to the east.

There would be a waterfront esplanade, ferry terminals at 38th and 34th Streets, hotels and residential buildings along 10th Avenue and small parks throughout the district, which now has few such amenities.

Some elements, like a $1.2 billion stadium over the West Side rail yards, have already generated resistance from local residents, business executives and politicians.

But the deputy mayor for economic development, Daniel L. Doctoroff, argues that the transformation of the West Side over the next several decades is critical to the city's future growth. If companies that are pressed for space in other areas of the city cannot expand when the economy rebounds, he said, their jobs will go to the suburbs in New Jersey and Connecticut. Many proposed public investments would also provide the foundation for Mr. Doctoroff's bid to bring the 2012 Summer Olympics to New York, though he says the plans are not dependent on New York's being chosen as the site of the Games.

"The West Side presents the best opportunity for the city to invest in its future and grow," Mr. Doctoroff said in an interview. "Our highest priority is to create jobs for people, to develop businesses and to provide places for people to live. There has not been a time in the city's history when relatively virgin areas did not grow and develop after the extension of mass transit and public investments. This is the best return on our investment we can get."

Development in the area has been hobbled, he said, by outdated manufacturing zoning and a lack of public transportation. To catalyze the vast development envisioned, the Bloomberg administration would overhaul the zoning and together with the state extend the No. 7 subway line from Times Square to 34th Street, where plans call for the establishment of a transit hub that would link the Long Island Rail Road, Metro-North and the subways and would be several blocks west of Pennsylvania Station.

Plans also call for a $1 billion public investment to double the size of the convention center, to approximately 1.6 million square feet, by expanding it northward and linking it to the new stadium to the south, over the rail yards.

The planned Farley post office project would provide the link between the current site of Madison Square Garden and the stadium, which is proposed for a massive deck that would be built over the rail yards.

These projects, city officials said, would spur the private development of roughly 28 million square feet of office towers and thousands of apartments.

"This is an area where the public sector can make an investment," Mr. Doctoroff said, "and have it returned many times with new jobs and new businesses that generate an enormous amount of tax revenue."

The administration likens the potential effect of its proposal to how the construction of Grand Central Terminal in the late 1800's on a one-time rail yard and the sale of development rights over the tracks heading north sparked the development of the city's premier business district, along Madison, Park and Lexington Avenues.

But critics have questioned whether the city even needs a stadium and another business district, as well as how much commercial development such a district would generate.

Because the proposal is subject to the city's land-use review process and approval by the City Council, and because state assistance would be needed to expand the convention center and extend the subway line, the Bloomberg administration is waging an intensive campaign for official and public support as it also faces huge budget deficits and a recession.

City officials have been meeting privately with hotel and real estate executives, and officials from the hotel construction and restaurant unions, in an effort to sell what the city is calling the Hudson Yards Master Plan, to evoke the image of change coming to the rail yards rather than the entire neighborhood. And the word stadium has been banished in favor of "multi-use facility."

Not everyone is impressed.

"They've gone through a bunch of euphemisms," said Simone Sindin, the chairwoman of Community Board 4, which covers the West Side. "They've been instructed to drop the word stadium from their lips. I call it the 900-pound gorilla in the room."

The stadium, which would be built as an Olympic stadium and a home for the New York Jets football team, is the lightning rod for opposition to the plan, be it from local residents fearing the destruction of ***working-class*** housing in favor of tall towers, or Broadway theater operators who are worried that further traffic congestion will discourage patrons from coming to Times Square.

One opponent, State Senator Thomas K. Duane, has called for a "movement like the one that stopped Westway," a reference to a successful 10-year campaign against a $4 billion federal landfill and highway project along the Hudson River from the Battery to 59th Street. And John Fisher, a founder of the Clinton Special District Coalition, has organized a Web site for the opposition, [*www.kitchen@hellskitchen.net*](http://www.kitchen@hellskitchen.net).

Ms. Sindin complimented the City Planning Department for meeting with community leaders and incorporating some of their recommendations. But she has not been won over.

"One of the positives I see is that they're planning for a great swath of green to run southwest across the district," she said. "They've also added housing on the side streets between Ninth and 10th Avenues. But they're still married to the esplanade of skyscrapers along 11th Avenue. What does not impress me is the stadium. It doesn't belong here."

A business executive who is active in civic affairs and generally supports the West Side planning effort also questioned the wisdom of building a stadium there. "We should be planning for future growth in an orderly manner so that when the time for expansion comes we're not caught flat-footed," said the executive, who spoke only on the condition of anonymity because he often deals with Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg. "But I think the stadium would be better elsewhere, like in Queens."

While the Jets have told the city they would be willing to finance much of the cost of a domed stadium, which could replace Madison Square Garden, taxpayers would still have to pay for the $250 million deck on which the stadium would be built.

Jonathan Bowles, research director of the Center for an Urban Future, a nonprofit urban planning group, says he doubts that the billions of dollars worth of infrastructure projects will spark the 30 million square feet of commercial development the Bloomberg administration foresees over the next 30 years.

"Their plans look great, with all the parks and esplanades," Mr. Bowles said. "But this is about office development. Economists see very little growth in the financial industry. If Wall Street isn't going to grow, will there be enough jobs created in the service sector?"

Mr. Doctoroff said the city's projections are based on a study of the historic growth of office buildings, hotels, retail and housing in the city by Cushman & Wakefield, a real estate firm, and Economics Research Associates, a consulting firm. He said that based on very conservative assumptions, the city estimates that from about 2010 through 2040 New York will need an additional one million square feet of commercial space and roughly 400 apartments each year on the West Side.

The city's plan estimates that the stadium would be completed in 2009 and the convention center in 2010, which alarms the hotel industry because it is far in the future.

"The industry is still focused on the Javits expansion as something that could be started almost immediately," said Jonathan M. Tisch, chairman of Loews Hotels and the city's convention and visitors bureau. "It might take a couple of years to build, but it would send a message to booking groups that New York City is serious."

Mr. Doctoroff has long said that the public investments would be recouped by the sale of development rights and new tax revenues from rising real estate values within the district, a phenomenon known as tax increment financing, or TIF. The redevelopment area would be the largest so-called TIF district in the country, but state officials have expressed some doubts about the marketing of bonds based on revenues expected from taxes based on increased property values. In any event, such revenues would not cover the $1 billion cost of expanding the convention center.

City and state officials have talked to hotel and tourism-related industries about a dedicated tax, say $1 per hotel per night, that could finance the center and a marketing budget. Mr. Doctoroff said the city was still revising its financial plan, which will be completed in six to eight weeks.

"The assumption remains that we'll finance this through incremental tax revenues generated as a result of our investment in infrastructure," Mr. Doctoroff said.

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

**Graphic**

Chart/Map: "The West Side Plan"A plan to redevelop Manhattan west of Eighth Avenue, from 28th to 43rd Street, includes a greatly expanded Javits Convention Center, a Jets stadium over the West Side rail yards, a tree-lined boulevard between 10th and 11th Avenues, and a commercial corridor between 30th and 34th Streets from Madison Square Garden on Seventh Avenue to the Hudson. Map of Manhattan shows the plan to redevelop in more detail. (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** February 10, 2003

**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40NK-FB30-00MH-F38Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Stranger In a Crowd***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40NK-FB30-00MH-F38Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 7, 2000, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Leisure/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 2; Page 27; Column 5; Leisure/Weekend Desk ; Part 2; ; Column 5; ; Review

**Length:** 1468 words

**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

By HOLLAND COTTER

**Dateline:** BOSTON

**Body**

DESPITE a reputation for antisocial behavior (the episode of the amputated earlobe looms large), Vincent van Gogh was a people person. He was an avid talker and letter writer, fluent in four languages. Early in his short life he held a series of face-the-public jobs, as an apprentice art dealer, a schoolteacher and an evangelical preacher.

Later, as an artist in Paris, he met practically everyone in the avant-garde, and had visions of establishing an artists' colony in Provence; "the school of the south," he called it. Only toward the end, when mental illness closed in, did he become isolated, and even then he bonded with his doctor, Paul Gachet, who, the artist noted solicitously, was even more of a nervous wreck than he was.

Van Gogh is surrounded by people, and very much part of the crowd, in "Van Gogh: Face to Face," a show devoted to his portraits, at the Museum of Fine Arts here. Among the 80 entries are paintings and drawings of friends and neighbors, lovers and strangers, and repeatedly, magnetically, of the artist himself.

No career is better known than his, and textbook icons abound here, along with less familiar fare, including a series of seldom-traveled early drawings from the Netherlands. There are also notable omissions, of paintings too well known not to be missed, which may be why the show feels somewhat patchy and unresolved. Put the blame on supply and demand. With a spate of van Gogh exhibitions poised to hit the boards soon, the international loan situation must be tight.

But whatever one's gripes, van Gogh is van Gogh; there is no one like him. He fills whatever room he's in. At his best and worst -- both are represented here -- he is transfixing. And in portraiture, a genre that he was particularly attracted to, he is unsurpassed.

He had complex views about what it meant, though. He disparaged photographic accuracy. But he also kept himself a step removed from unbridled psychological scrutiny. Predisposed to view the world through a moralist's eye, he often treated the people he painted, including himself, as types, actors in an emblematic drama called life.

For him that drama seems to have begun smoothly enough. The child of a middle-class Dutch Reformed minister, he was an appealing youth: a carrot-top with shapely lips, intense small eyes and an alert, bookish temperament. At 16 he landed a position in an art gallery in the Hague specializing in high-quality reproductions. He did well there and was transferred to the company's London branch.

In London something went wrong. He fell in love, was rebuffed and grew morose. He started reading the Bible and became obsessed with John Bunyan's 17th-century inspirational allegory "The Pilgrim's Progress." This book, rooted in nonconformist ***working-class*** theology, helped persuade him that his future lay in missionary work among the poor.

He moved to a down-and-out coal-mining village in Belgium, where he taught the gospel, nursed the sick and drew portraits of the miners. After a run-in with the local church, he decided to channel his energies into art, following the example of the French painter Jean-Francois Millet (1814-75), who had made peasant life his subject.

The Boston exhibition -- organized by George T. M. Shackelford of the Museum of Fine Arts, George S. Keyes of the Detroit Institute of Arts and Joseph J. Rishel of the Philadelphia Museum of Art -- begins at this point, around 1881, when van Gogh, in his late 20's, had returned to the Hague to begin his new career.

He had been looking at all kinds of art for years, from Dutch old master paintings to English popular engravings. And he now set out on a crash course in self-education as a draftsman by copying pictures from student manuals and drawing the figure from life.

With no money for professional models, he asked elderly pensioners in the city to sit for him. His drawings of them fill the first room of the show, and they're strange, at once bland and overly expressive, closer to caricatures than to portraits. That makes sense given van Gogh's ambition at the time to find work as a magazine illustrator specializing in social realism.

The didactic impulse also marks his portraits of Sien Hoornick, a seamstress and former prostitute with whom he lived. She never looks the same twice. In one drawing she's a proletarian heroine in a prim white cap; in another, Melancholy personifed in a Morticia Addams dress. His sketches of her young daughter -- a feral, tousled-haired imp -- are far more direct and alive.

This phase culminated in the 1885 painting "The Potato Eaters," which is not in the show. Van Gogh feared that the picture, with its lumpish, simian figures, would be taken as a cartoon version of peasant life. And when it met with general antipathy, he knew he had to change course.

So he went to Paris, where a new kind of art was being made. He stayed for two years, met many painters -- Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, Seurat, Pissarro -- and learned from all of them. He also began the series of self-portraits that form the emotional core of his output.

The seven in the show are worth the price of admission: they're like a dramatic monologue with quick-change roles and hairpin shifts in tone and mood. In three pictures from 1887 he is successively a shy peasant in a straw hat, an urban swell in a nubby tweed suit, and a grave, apparitional being with creme-de-menthe eyes who seems to be dissolving in clouds of jewel-like pointillist paint. Finally self-exoticizing reaches an audacious extreme in a slightly later painting in which van Gogh presents himself as a tonsured Buddhist monk.

This self-portrait dates from 1888, when, feeling badly strung out, he left Paris for Arles in the south of France. And there he experienced his own private golden age. He was joined by Gauguin. His art opened up. The richest concentration of portraits date from this year.

Among the best were those of a single family, the Roulins: Joseph, a local postman; his wife, Augustine; and their three children. He painted each several times, and 17 likenesses have been brought together for a reunion here.

Van Gogh loved these people, and he gave them starring roles in his gallery of moral portraits. He compared Joseph, with his luxuriant beard and tippler's cheeks, to Socrates and depicted him as an exemplary upright man of the people, sitting face forward, at attention, as if about to speak.

Augustine is assigned the archetypal maternal role: she's a placid, silent monument. Here again children escape typecasting: Armand, 16, just looks like a moodily teen agerish Mr. Cool; Camille, 10, is a scamp in a mushroom-shaped beret; the infant Marcelle, in one of the artist's wittiest portraits, is a squalling, colicky little monstrosity, truly fit to be tied.

The stay at Arles ended in disaster: mental collapse, self-mutilation, a ruptured friendship with Gauguin. Van Gogh was whisked off to an asylum in nearby St. Remy, and turned out some awesome paintings there. But the path was downhill, and that's how the show feels. From this point on it's art as psychodrama.

Further breakdowns brought him to Dr. Gachet in Auvers, near Paris. Van Gogh seemed to perk up a bit there; he painted "Starry Night." But the portraits -- apart from one of a sweet, sleepy-eyed gardener and those of Gachet himself, represented only by a couple of etchings in Boston -- are pathetic: maladroit depictions of robotic adults and Munchkin-like children. The denouement came soon. Alone in a field, van Gogh shot himself and died two days later.

His reputation not only survived him but also grew, tremendously. The exhibition catalog demonstrates his influence on figurative painters from Matisse to Chuck Close. And the current vogue for portraiture owes everything to the artist who gave the genre its modern form.

The very look of his paintings -- with their cable-knit textures, Rajput colors and surreal versions of real things -- defines modern art for many viewers. But van Gogh is modern as much for what he was as for what he did. His art and his life are inseparable.

He gave us our first complete visual record of an ego dying in public; we watch it over and over, like a documentary video of a disaster. He's our first celebrity martyr, the patron saint of our cult of disability. He's that most contemporary of tragic heroes, the blameless victim of the self. We line up for exhibitions of his work to look at great art, which even flawed shows deliver, but also just to spend some time in his charismatically star-crossed company.

"Van Gogh: Face to Face" is at the Museum of Fine Arts, 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, (617) 267-9300, through Sept. 24. Admission is by ticket only for a reserved date; information: (617) 542-4632 or at [*www.mfa.org*](http://www.mfa.org). The show travels to the Philadelphia Museum of Art, Oct. 22 to Jan. 14.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A detail from Vincent van Gogh's portrait of Camille Roulin (1888), above, and from an 1887 self-portrait, at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. (Photographs from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)(pg. E27); "Young Girl in an Apron" (1883), left, and "Sien Seated" (1882) are among the drawings in "Van Gogh: Face to Face" in Boston. (Photographs from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston)(pg. E29)

**Load-Date:** July 7, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Inside His Exteriors - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7W4N-D9F0-Y8TC-S024-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 12, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2241 words

**Byline:** By NICOLAI OUROUSSOFF

**Dateline:** Tokyo

**Body**

AFTER nearly four decades of work Toyo Ito has earned a cult following among architects around the world, although he is little known outside his home country, Japan. Through his strange and ethereal buildings, which range from modest houses for the urban recluse to a library whose arched forms have the delicacy of paper cutouts, he has created a body of work almost unmatched in its diverse originality.

Over the past decade, as the popularity of architecture has boomed and many of his contemporaries have jetted around the globe piling up one commission after another, Mr. Ito has largely remained on the sidelines. He is rarely mentioned in conversations about semicelebrities like Rem Koolhaas, Zaha Hadid or Jacques Herzog. He has repeatedly been passed over for the Pritzker Prize, architecture's highest honor, in favor of designers with much thinner resumes. Even in his native country he is overshadowed by Tadao Ando, whose brooding concrete structures have become a cliche of contemporary Japanese architecture.

Mr. Ito's status may finally be about to change. On Thursday a stadium he designed for the World Games will be unveiled to a global audience in Kaohsiung, Taiwan. Its pythonlike form should produce as much a stir, at least within architectural circles, as did the Bird's Nest stadium by Mr. Herzog and Pierre de Meuron when it was unveiled a year ago at the Beijing Olympics.

Even more ambitious are his plans for the Taichung opera house, which is scheduled to go into construction sometime next year. A work of striking inventiveness, it has already been touted as a masterpiece. Its porous exterior, which resembles a gigantic sponge, is as wildly imaginative in its way as Frank Gehry's Guggenheim museum in Bilbao, Spain. Its design was a large reason Mr. Ito was recently awarded his first American commission, the Berkeley Art Museum in California.

But even if Mr. Ito begins to land the big, lucrative commissions that he so obviously deserves, he may never be completely accepted by a broad popular audience. He does not have the intimidating, larger-than-life persona of a Koolhaas. Nor is he a flamboyant presence like Ms. Hadid, who is often compared to an opera diva because of her striking looks and imperial air.

Mr. Ito, by comparison, can be unassuming. A small, compact man with a round face framed by rectangular glasses and dark bangs, he is easygoing and rarely flustered. And he has the rare ability to consider his projects with a critical eye, even going so far as to point out flaws that a visitor might have overlooked.

What's more, his work can be maddeningly difficult to categorize. No two Ito buildings look exactly alike. There is no unifying aesthetic style, no manifesto to advance. You can never be sure what Mr. Ito will do next, which can be thrilling for architects but nerve-racking for clients (another reason, perhaps, that his work isn't better known).

What his buildings do share is a distrust of simplistic formulas. His career can be read as a lifelong quest to find the precise balance between seemingly opposing values -- individual and community, machine and nature, male and female, utopian fantasies and hard realities.

His ability to find such balances consistently has made him one of our great urban poets, someone who has been able to crystallize, through architecture, the tensions that lie buried in the heart of contemporary society. It makes his work especially resonant today, when much of the world is drawn to one form of extremism or another.

Mr. Ito, who was born in 1941, began his career at a pivotal time in Japanese architecture. As a student in the 1960s he followed Modernists like Kenzo Tange as they rebuilt the country's cultural confidence after the devastation of World War II. His first job was in the office of Kiyonori Kikutake, a founder of the Metabolist movement, which envisioned gigantic flexible structures that could adapt to a society in constant flux. It established Mr. Kikutake and his cohorts as prominent figures of the international avant-garde.

But that decade of cultural optimism was short lived. By the 1970 Osaka Expo, which served as a showcase for the country's top architectural talents, Metabolism had been practically reduced to a fad, its social agenda stripped of its original meaning.

''All the big concepts were drained of idealism,'' Mr. Ito told me as we rode a bullet train through the Japanese countryside on the way to visit one of his buildings. ''It was very disappointing for the young generation. It became very hard to have any outward hope about the future.''

This crisis of faith -- the sudden awareness of the powerlessness of architects, if not of architecture -- was soon followed by a prolonged economic recession, which meant that the kinds of large-scale public commissions available to many postwar architects were gone.

Looking for a way forward Mr. Ito was drawn to the work of Kazuo Shinohara, a vocal critic of the Metabolists who believed that if architecture could change the world at all, it would do so not by promoting radical social visions but by creating small, modest spaces to nurture and protect the individual spirit. His houses, mostly build it in the 1960s and 1970s, were conceived as private utopias, with delicate interiors supported by muscular concrete pillars that seemed designed to resist the outside pressures of a corrupting society.

Mr. Ito took this idea to its extreme in 1976 with the White U house, which was organized around a central court and completely shut off from the outside world. Designed for his younger sister, whose husband had died of cancer, its seamless white interiors were meant to create an intensely private, therapeutic environment, a place where she could recover from her grief. Only the tops of a few surrounding buildings and utility poles were visible from inside, a gentle reminder that life continued beyond its walls.

But eventually this vision seemed as limiting as the Metabolist's vision seemed naive, and Mr. Ito would locate his architecture in the space between two extremes: the social idealism of late Modernism and the inwardness of Shinohara's work.

His breakthrough came with the Sendai Mediatheque, a library and exhibition space completed in 2001. Seen from a distance the structure looks like a conventional Modernist glass box rising from one of Sendai's busy, tree-lined boulevards. The first hint of something out of the ordinary is a series of enormous white latticework tubes that pierce the top of the structure, capped by a delicate steel frame. The tubes seem to be arranged in a loose, almost random pattern, and as you get closer, you realize they extend down through the entire structure, connecting the floors. They not only hold up the building, they house elevators, staircases and mechanical systems. Sunlight, reflected from gigantic, computer-controlled mirrors, spills through them during the day, giving the building an ethereal glow.

''The tubes are often compared to trees in a forest,'' Mr. Ito told me through a translator as we toured the building. ''But they are also like objects in a Japanese garden, where space is created by movement around carefully arranged points, like ponds or stones.''

The idea was to free us, both physically and psychologically, from the rigidity of the grid and what it implies -- the Cartesian logic, the erasure of individual identity. But the building is not just an isolated experiment. By echoing the forms of the conventional slab buildings around it and aggressively distorting them, the design suggests how the city too could be made more free and more human.

This vision takes on even greater complexity in the Tama Art University Library, completed just over two years ago, west of Tokyo. Set at the edge of a dreary hillside campus, the structure was conceived as an irregular grid of delicate concrete arches.

When I first saw it, it brought to mind the work of Louis Kahn, who -- in an effort to root modern architecture in an ancient past -- used classical references to imbue glass, concrete and steel with an aura of historical monumentality. But Mr. Ito's design turns this idea on its head. The arches that line the library's exterior vary in width from 6 feet to nearly 50 feet, giving them an offhand, whimsical quality. Windows are set flush to the arches' concrete surfaces so that the facades have a taut appearance, as if the building had been sealed in shrink wrap.

Inside, the arches are arranged at odd angles to one another. Other structures seem casually placed inside the space -- a large concrete drum that houses mechanical systems at one end, a sculptural staircase at another. The floor of an informal exhibition space follows the slope of the surrounding landscape so that from inside, the relationship of the two seems fluid.

The result is a kind of antimonument. The image we hold of a heavy, traditional arch becomes something fragile and ethereal. The classical sense of order dissolves. The design's aim is to liberate us from the oppressive weight of history and, in the process, open up imaginative possibilities.

Since the library's completion his ambitions have led to a startling range of new designs. The concave roof segments of his recently opened Za-Koenji Public Theater in Tokyo, for instance, are vaguely reminiscent of Shinohara's House Under High-Voltage Lines (1981). But Mr. Ito's structure is more animated, reflecting the energy of its bustling ***working-class*** site.

Seen from an elevated rail line that passes directly in front of it, the theater's uneven tentlike form seems to be a result of the forces colliding around it, like speeding trains and arcane zoning requirements. Inside, a wide elliptical staircase at the back corner of the lobby draws people up through the building. Big porthole windows are carved into its roof and walls. It is a simple, inexpensive building, yet its enigmatic form lingers in the imagination and transforms your perception of the neighborhood around it.

The design for the 44,000-seat Kaohsiung stadium, by contrast, seems to be as much about the anxieties of a mass event as about a shared emotional experience. While traditional stadiums are designed to shut out the outside world, Mr. Ito's stadium seeks to maximize our awareness of it while still creating a sense of enclosure.

From the main entry the stadium looks like a gigantic snake that is just beginning to coil around its prey. Its tail extends to one side, framing a large entry plaza. At times when the stadium is less full, people will be able to stroll through the gates from the plaza and sit on a patch of grass at the edge of the field, eroding the boundary between inside and out.

Inside, the intertwining pipes of the canopy curl down and around the stands, enveloping the audience. And while the immediate surroundings are shut out, most seats have a distant view of downtown. The result is remarkable: a space that manages to maintain the intensity and focus of a grand stadium without that intensity becoming oppressive.

Yet it is in his design for the Taichung opera house, scheduled to go into construction sometime next year, that Mr. Ito comes closest to an ideal he has been chasing for decades: a building that seems to have been frozen in a state of metamorphosis. Set in a landscaped park, the opera house is conceived as a flexible network of interconnected vessels that has been sliced off on four sides to form a rectangular box.

The amorphous forms are not random; their seemingly elastic surfaces grow and shrink according to the functions they house, which include restaurants, foyers, a roof garden and three concert halls that will seat from 200 and 2,000 people. Visitors will find themselves slipping between some of these forms and entering others. The sense of inside and out, of stillness and motion, becomes a complex, carefully composed dance.

It is a striking vision, as beautiful as anything built in the past decade. And it sums up Mr. Ito's philosophy about both architecture and life, about the need to accommodate the many contradictions that make us human.

It also suggests a way architecture can move forward.

At the beginning of this century the field seemed to have entered a new age of freedom and experimentation. But like everything else, that spirit was quickly subsumed by the competitive greed of the global economy: the money, the real estate speculation, the frantic rush for consumer attention. Designs that were born of joy and exuberance, like Mr. Gehry's Guggenheim, were treated as marketable commodities, which became a kind of trap.

Seen in that light, the inaccessibility of Mr. Ito's architecture is a virtue. Hard to pin down, it is also difficult to brand. By embracing ambiguity, his work forces us to look at the world through a wider lens. It asks us to choose the slowly unfolding narrative over the instant fix.

''I sometimes feel that we are losing an intuitive sense of our own bodies,'' Mr. Ito lamented at one point during my visit. ''Children don't run around outside as much as they did. They sit in front of computer games. Some architects have been trying to find a language for this new generation, with very minimalist spaces. I am looking for something more primitive, a kind of abstraction that still has a sense of the body.''

''The in between,'' he added, ''is more interesting to me.''

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

**Correction**

An article on July 12 about the architect Toyo Ito referred incorrectly to the sibling for whom he designed the White U house in 1976. He designed it for the younger of his two older sisters, not for his younger sister.

**Correction-Date:** August 2, 2009

**Graphic**

PHOTO: The Tama Art University Library, which opened west of Tokyo in 2007. The structure, designed by the Japanese architect Toyo Ito, has an exterior of irregular, delicate concrete arches.(PHOTOGRAPH BY TOMINO OHASHI)

The stadium in Kaohsiung, Taiwan, designed by Mr. Ito for the World Games, will open this week. It encloses what's inside while allowing awareness of what's outside.(PHOTOGRAPH BY YOSHIO FUTAGAWA/GA)(AR1)

Expressions of Toyo Ito's designs: Detailed views of the new stadium in Kaohsiung, Taiwan, above and bottom right

the Za-Koenji Public Theater in Tokyo, right

and an interior view of the Tama Art University Library, near right below.(PHOTOGRAPHS BY, MARC BIBO

KATSUMASA TANAKA/GA

TOMINO OHASHI)(AR20)

The Sendai Mediatheque, a library and exhibition space completed in 2001. The latticework tubes that pierce the top of the structure ''are also like objects in a Japanese garden,'' the architect Toyo Ito said.(PHOTOGRAPH BY YOSHIO TAKASE/GA)

Toyo Ito, right, with his model for the Taichung opera house, which will include restaurants, foyers, a roof garden and three concert halls that will seat 200 to 2,000 people.(PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM O'CONNELL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(AR21)

**Load-Date:** July 12, 2009

**End of Document**



[***62 Queens Libraries Await Deep Cuts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YVR0-000D-G0K8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 13, 1991, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 4; Column 4; Metropolitan Desk; Column 4;

**Length:** 1243 words

**Byline:** By DONATELLA LORCH

By DONATELLA LORCH

**Body**

At the Elmhurst branch of the Queens Borough Public Library, elderly men pore over Chinese newspapers while others borrow books by Louis L'Amour, in Mandarin or Korean.

A few miles away, at the Vleigh branch, Orthodox Jewish families arrive just before sunset on Fridays to take out a weekend's worth of books. Danielle Steele is a favorite, in both Hebrew and English.

And at the busy, polyglot Flushing branch, a regular convergence of Indians, Pakistanis, Bangladeshis and Russians can often make finding a seat next to impossible.

It is all "rush, rush, rush," said the 33-year-old librarian at Flushing, Hong Zhuang.

The Queens Borough system, with 62 branches, is the busiest public library in the country. For the last three years it has had the largest circulation of any -- distributing 13.2 million books, magazines and tapes last year alone and seeing a 121 percent increase in circulation since 1981.

A Warren of Diverse Cultures

But it is more than the sheer volume of books checked out that makes the Queens library system extraordinary. It has become a warren of diverse cultures, ethnic groups, languages and religions, created by the immigrant tide that has reshaped Queens in the last decade. And it has become for many immigrants a comfortable link between the lands they left and the new one they are tentatively discovering, offering them classes in how to cope with American life while providing books and magazines in the languages they know.

But that link could be severed. Facing a $3.5 billion budget gap, Mayor David N. Dinkins is proposing more large cuts in library services across the city. These would come on top of an 11 percent cut -- $14.7 million out of a $133 million -- in the current year's budget. That could mean layoffs, reduced hours and even closings among the three city library sytems -- Queens, Brooklyn and the New York Public Library, which serves Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island. In Queens, as many as 25 branches could close under the most severe plan.

Letters of Protest

To prevent that, employees of the city's three public libraries and library users are planning to rally outside City Hall today. Thousands have already deluged Mayor Dinkins's office with letters of protest.

"The library is their lifeline," Constance B. Cooke, the Queens Borough system's director, said. "We've bent over backwards to bring in all kinds of new users. To think that the city would turn their backs on us is inconceivable." Her library's proposed budget, $30 million, she said, is $10 million less than this year's. The Council has yet to vote on the cutbacks.

Closing a branch in Queens would not mean simply that its users would have to travel farther to another. For many, there is no other.

"Our branches are tailored to the community," said Marilyn Lubin, coordinator for adult services. "In Flushing we have book material in five different Indian dialects. In Vleigh, the manager goes to Israel to buy his books."

Live Quilting Lessons?

For Jewish Central Asian music from Bokhara, one has to go to the Jackson Heights branch. Quilting lessons or Creole language cassettes? Please go to South Hollis.

To learn English as a second language, however, an immigrant can go to just about any of the branches. The Queens library system has the largest such program of the three city library systems, teaching 3,500 people a year in its New Americans Project.

"Our English classes are more than bilingual," Ms. Lubin said. "We have Chinese, Spanish, Koreans, Russians, Japanese all in one class."

The branches also hold lectures and workshops on living in America: how to get a job, how to deal with a landlord, how to get a divorce or a green card, what an immigrant's rights are. In some branches there are concerts and plays, also tailored to the community.

"In Queens you can always find a neighborhood where some of the audience comes from exactly the same place as the performers," said Alan Wagner, who helps run the New Americans Project. "We go one step further. We find an audience to match."

Half Hold Library Cards

The branches are spread out in a borough of about 2 million people, half of whom hold library cards and where one in three residents are foreign born. Neighborhoods vary from affluent, mostly white Douglaston to ***working class*** areas of Jamaica, which is mostly black; from Italian and Greek Astoria to largely orthodox Jewish Vleigh, and ultimately to Flushing, the most diverse.

In the Elmhurst branch, off Queens Boulevard and 51st Avenue, the energetic Linna Yu is manager, adviser, businesswoman and surrogate mother. Here eight out of 10 library-goers are Asian, Mrs. Yu said. Elmhurst, she said, is the first stop for many immigrants who have never seen a library before. And they read and read and read. It has the fourth highest circulation in Queens.

25% in Chinese or Korean

Twenty years ago, Elmhurst was a community of Germans and Italians. In the early 1980's it changed. Mrs. Yu has had to reshape the collection from the bottom up; now, about 25 percent of its books are in Chinese or Korean.

Her biggest cultural hurdles? Persuading younger users, unaccustomed to the freedom of borrowing from an American library, not to tear out pages from books or even steal them. "Here, all of a sudden it's so easy," Mrs. Yu said. "They just want to keep it."

In Richmond Hill, Mrs. Lubin said, the favorite readings are romances; in upper middle-class Hillcrest, Milton and Shakespeare are popular, and in Douglaston, yachting magazines are well thumbed. But in Flushing, the branch with the highest circulation -- 700,000 items last year -- and the most ethnically diverse users, everything goes out, in a host of languages, Mrs. Lubin said, from Pakistani to Russian. Flushing is the busiest of the 62 branches, and its seats are often filled. It hums with activity last year two fleeing bank robbers ran in and stashed their money in the basement stacks, the manager, Ruth Herzberg, said.

Collection on Holocaust

Less than two miles south, at the Vleigh branch at 73d Avenue and Main Street, the major collection is on the Holocaust, and the library works around the Jewish calendar.

On a recent Friday, Sharon Goldfinger, a 39-year-old nurse with six children, was checking out more than a dozen books for her children. They read four each during the weekend. "This keeps them occupied without fighting," she said.

By contrast, in the South Hollis branch at 204-01 Hollis Avenue, the one-story library is an oasis from streets strewn with crack vials. It is next to two schools and has a large collection of black American history and literature, the manager, Sylvia Babb, said.

Twelve-year-old Tracy Agard, a 7th grader, arrives every school afternoon to do her homework with three friends. She says they are the only ones in her class of 30 students who go. "They say we're crazy," Tracy said. "They say the library is boring and it's just for nerds."

"It's all crack vials out there," her friend Denise Newsone, 13, said. "If you close the library, the drug heads will take over and it will get worse."

John Phillips, 28, a subcontractor who was reading "Black Enterprise" magazine in the library, also said he was worried about losing the branch. "We're a small segment here, but a lot are going to suffer," he said. "I'm happy to see young kids trying to keep their heads on straight. To come here they fight obstacles. They risk being ridiculed and being laughed at. They really want to come."

**Graphic**

Photo: If one library branch closes in Queens, many users have no other, since the libraries are tailored to meet the needs of the community. At the Elmhurst branch, which has a large collection of books in Mandarin and Korean, Elizabeth Tumino, left, a librarian, helped new library users. (William E. Sauro/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 13, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Westchester Q&A: Joe Klein;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2TM0-0005-G0VS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Author of 'Primary Colors' Talks Politics***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2TM0-0005-G0VS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 17, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Westchester Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13WC; ; Section 13WC;  Page 3;  Column 1;  Westchester Weekly Desk ; Column 1; ; Interview

**Length:** 1279 words

**Byline:** By DONNA GREENE

By DONNA GREENE

**Body**

IF not for a teacher who inspired him to write, Joe Klein says he would not be what he is today -- a well-known political reporter and columnist and as "Anonymous," the author of the recent best seller "Primary Colors."

Mr. Klein, a resident of southern Westchester who will soon leave Newsweek to take a job with The New Yorker, recently addressed a dinner gathering of graduates and faculty members of Hackley, a private school in Tarrytown, to honor the retired teacher, Arthur Naething. Proceeds from the dinner will provide funds for an annual lecture at Hackley by distinguished writers and an award for teaching writing.

Mr. Klein, a 1964 graduate of Hackley, who was not paid for his address, gave the dinner gathering his pre-election analysis and several days later shared his post-Election Day thoughts in an interview. Here are excerpts from that conversation:

Q. What made Mr. Naething so special?

A. He was this remarkable presence. I showed up at Hackley a victim of violent upward mobility -- my family had moved from being almost ***working class*** to being fairly well-to-do quite quickly. Naething opened up the world of the English language to me. He made my brain come alive. I was a junior in high school. Everyone who has ever seen him teach knows he was this incredibly forbidding and imposing classroom presence, with a great, deep bass voice and a great sense of drama and irony. He introduced me to the notion of irony. He made me love words.

Q. You had never before thought about being a writer or a journalist?

A. I didn't dare think about it. I didn't dare hope. I had always been a reader, but he taught me how to really see what I was reading.

Q. Is there any way to put in words how that magic happens?

A. I think with any great teacher you know it when it's there, but my senior year we read the four Shakespearean tragedies, and he made them come alive. He made them absolutely totally immediate and compelling.

Q. Regarding the election, did anything surprise you?

A. No. Clinton is the most remarkable politician of our age. This guy now goes in history books as one of only three Democrats to be re-elected in the 20th century, Wilson and Roosevelt being the other two -- having come back from near total disgrace and humiliation two years ago. I was with him in the last 48 hours of the campaign. We were in New Hampshire on Monday morning, and he was incredibly nostalgic about New Hampshire. I'm nostalgic about New Hampshire of four years ago because it was the best political campaign I ever covered. But it was a place where he was publicly humiliated, and he lost. The conclusion that I came to about it is that he is nostalgic about his ability to survive. It was the first time he pulled his Houdini act on the national scene, and if you look at his four years, it has been a series of escape acts. He is the great escape artist of American politics.

Well, you cannot pull Houdini on history. Now, this is the great test for him. The question is, how will he be regarded in history? That's something that I know is very much on his mind. And as usual with him, you have the possibility that it will be something very close to greatness or something very close to disastrous.

Q. Did any of the Congressional races surprise you?

A. It worked all to his good. I think that the great lesson that we've learned in the 90's in politics is that it's best not to be too proud when you win an election. The only way you make progress -- and Clinton said this after he won -- is if we all go forward together. It's clear, and he learned it during the health care battle in 1994. Our Senator, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, throughout was saying to Mrs. Clinton and to the President, You will not pass health care 51 to 49 in the Senate. Things get passed in the Senate 75 to 25 or 80 to 20. This is a nation of consensus, especially when we're not facing a crisis.

So I think that now it makes it a lot easier with the Republicans in control to build that consensus. If the Democrats were in control, the Republicans wouldn't have agreed to anything. Now, they have to run on something, too. And they learned that extreme negativity and partisanship and talk of revolution caused each and every one of them to have a much tougher race this time than they probably ever bargained for.

I think we are in a post-ideological era, and I think democracy really has worked. It's a wonderful thing to behold. The public can't stand extreme politics from either side and wants to see these guys working together and not bickering.

Q. In "Primary Colors," your portrayal of the press is devastating. So much is being written now about how the press is so hated. What's your reaction?

A. We've done it the old-fashioned way: we've earned it. Individually, each one of my colleagues, or at least the vast majority, is a wonderful, sophisticated, decent, hard-working, fair human being. But something happens to us when we are put together in a group. We become something else again. Given the kind of competitiveness that exists in the marketplace, in large part because of technology and market segmentation -- the fact that you have 72 channels and when I was kid you had 3. That means there are 12 or 15 cameras jostling for position any time there is a press conference or any kind of event. It is real difficult to do the public business that way. I got a small taste of it this summer; it is really hard to think straight with that kind of intensity -- both downside and upside.

When the media is for you, the bath is so warm and wonderful, you feel Olympian. But when the media is against you, you hate them. The intensity of it is too much. The problem we really have has been a problem of discretion. We have not been able to distinguish between important and less important things. I think the public is getting very sick of these spectacles we put on.

Q. Is it so ingrained in reporters' styles now that they can't stop?

A. I suspect so; I don't know how it will stop. But I think 100 years from now people will look back on this period the way we look back on Salem. You look at these things and you wonder about what we are doing to our public life. It's becoming impossible for anyone who wasn't Mr. Goody-Goody or Ms. Goody-Goody in high school, married their high school sweetheart and did nothing in their life except be ambitious to run for public office.

We define the character issue so narrowly. My idea of a great President was a guy who cheated on his wife in such a damaging way that it pretty much ended their marriage, drank a pitcher of martinis every night, cheated at poker with his friends, lied to his staff, sicked the I.R.S. on his enemies. And my father voted for him four times. We have to back off and let these people have their lives.

Q. What are you personally doing toward that?

A. For 10 years as a columnist, I have taken the side of the quarry whenever there is a witch hunt, unless it is something that affects national security or unless -- this is always a subjective determination -- I think it is something that absolutely disqualifies a person for public office.

I think in almost every one of these instances -- in the Bill Clinton instances so far -- the phenomenon of the witch hunt is far more serious than any of the allegations. We have spent so much energy and resources on this and all we have gotten is a public that believes that all politicians are crooks. The reality is that right now politics in America is cleaner than it has ever been in our national history. And, there is a dual reality -- every last one of them is tainted. They are tainted by money. It's a matter of degree, and we are not giving it the perspective.

**Graphic**

Photo: Arthur Naething, a retired teacher at Hackley, left, and his former student, Joe Klein. (Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 17, 1996

**End of Document**



[***3 MONTHS INTO STRIKE, BOMBAY'S WORKERS BEAR UP***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RD10-0009-248F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 4, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 2, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1198 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL T. KAUFMAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOMBAY

**Body**

For the last three months, Bombay's quarter of a million textile workers have been on strike, following the lead of a physician who has confronted both industrialists and established labor unions and seriously disrupted the economic life of India's richest city.

The cost of the strike has been punishing to all sides. The workers and their families, who account for more than a million of the city's eight million people, receive no strike benefits, and their meager savings have long since vanished. They are now pawning their marriage ornaments to obtain cash from money lenders, who are charging 114 percent interest a year. With little or no hope of temporary work, the idle laborers spend their days sleeping and playing cards at the chawls, or housing units, where groups of up to 12 people live in 12-feet-by-12-feet cubicles.

BOMBAY - For the last three months, Bombay's quarter of a million textile workers have been on strike, following the lead of a physician who has confronted both industrialists and established labor unions and seriously disrupted the economic life of India's richest city.

The owners of the 62 struck mills are also suffering in what is already the longest strike involving Bombay's oldest industry. There is no strike insurance, and fixed costs at some of the larger plants are running to tens of thousands of dollars a week.

20 Mill Owners May Be Out

R.L.N. Vijaynagar, the chief negotiator and spokesman for the mill owners, predicted that as many as 20 owners would be forced out of business by the strike, with the Government presumably moving to take over those losing and inefficient units in order to preserve jobs. Twelve of the struck factories had been acquired by the Government even before the strike, after having been declared ''sick companies.''

Both sides in the labor conflict agree that there is no end in sight, and predictions of workers and management envision anywhere from three to six more months of idleness. No negotiations are going on, and the employers do not even recognize the union. Instead, they have branded the strike leader, Dr. Datta Samant, as an intruder who is seeking to replace the union with which the mill owners have a contract.

For his part, Dr. Samant has not made any public demands, saying only that as the strike continues the mill owners will eventually have to come to him. The strikers, however, make it clear that they expect Dr. Samant to deliver the 40- to 60-percent pay increases that he has won in strikes in scores of less labor-intensive industries.

Conflict Seen as Pivotal

The high costs of the conflict are matched by the stakes involved. Sharad Pawar, an influential member of the Bombay state legislature and a former chief executive of the state, regards the standoff as the critical confrontation in a long struggle for economic control of the city. ''If Datta Samant wins,'' he said, ''then it will be the Waterloo for the industrialists of Bombay, and if the mill owners win, then it will be the Waterloo for Dr. Samant.''

In the ***working-class*** district where he lives in a sparsely furnished three-room house, Dr. Samant, a powerfully built man, counsels the strikers who come to see him every morning to be patient. ''It will take time,'' he tells them, ''but we will win.''

Like so many institutions in India, Dr. Samant's organization is a one-man show that depends on feudalistic personal contact between the leader and the led. He gives advice and support to all those who come, and he acknowledges that if he were to be removed the organization would collapse.

'For Humanitarian Reasons'

Dr. Samant explained to a visitor how he gave up medicine for labor organizing. ''It was for humanitarian reasons,'' said Dr. Samant, who was born into a family of modest farmers.

He said that as a doctor he treated several quarry workers who suffered from respiratory diseases. As he came to know them, he said, he was touched by their plight and agreed to speak for them in negotiations with their employer. He won improvements and branched out into other industries, refining his tactics, which his critics now charge include intimidation and violence.

Arun Shourie, a crusading newspaper editor who recently attempted to negotiate with Dr. Samant after the physician tried to shut down the Bombay edition of The Indian Express newspaper, described the experience as harrowing. He said Dr. Samant was not interested in figures or facts or balance sheets or rights or wrongs. ''He said, 'We will just shut you down,' '' said Mr. Shourie, who added that at the same time key employees were visited at their homes by thugs who threatened to injure their families if they went to work.

Four years ago, several members of the Godrej family, who run typewriter and cosmetic factories, were knifed in the midst of a labor agitation led by Dr. Samant. The labor leader denies that he uses violence and points out that while he has spent three of the last nine years in jail on various charges, he has never been convicted of a criminal offense.

Differences Noted

Employers, rival labor leaders and economists say that perhaps even more harmful than the charges of violence has been Dr. Samant's emphasis on wage issues with no regard to the consequences for the economy. Naval Tata, president of the Employers Federation of India, said that while the aggressive unionism practiced by Dr. Samant might have brought gains for the organized sector, it had widened the huge gap between relatively privileged organized labor and the much larger pool of unorganized workers.

''An unskilled worker in Bombay gets approximately 55 rupees a day,'' said Mr. Tata. Five rupees equals about $5. ''Contrast this daily wage,'' he said, ''with the minimum wage of an unskilled worker who gets 62 paise in the unorganized sector of Tamil Nadu or 1.13 rupees in West Bengal.'' A paisa is one-hundredth of a rupee, and 62 paise equals about 8 cents; 1.13 rupees is about 14 cents.

Dr. Samant dismisses such arguments as crocodile tears. ''I agree that the unorganized sector is terribly exploited,'' he said, ''but I happen to be working with the organized workers, and there is room for others who wish to help the unorganized poor. Perhaps Mr. Naval Tata would like to do something for them.''

'Never Believe Balance Sheets'

Dr. Samant, who is running for Parliament, similarly rejects arguments that by setting his wage demands high he is forcing businesses to close or move elsewhere, thus eroding job opportunities in Bombay. ''The very fact that after six, seven, or eight months of strike, engineering and pharmaceutical companies can settle for 60 or 70 percent just shows what their real profits must have been and that they could afford it,'' he said. ''You should never believe balance sheets, just look at how the industrialists live.''

'Why Should We Earn Less?'

In the chawls, where the textile workers live, and where their debts keep mounting, Dr. Samant's name is invoked to keep spirits from sagging. ''He won 60 percent for the automobile workers,'' said Ram Kumar, a part-time textile worker who earned about $65 dollars a month at the Century Mills. ''We are the oldest industry. Why should we earn less?''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of housing units for textile workers

**End of Document**



[***Factories With Amenities Hinder Poland's Stark Turn to Capitalism***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YWX0-000D-G3CF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 3, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Financial Desk

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

**Length:** 1240 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN ENGELBERG,

By STEPHEN ENGELBERG,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** KEDZIERZYN KOZLE, Poland

**Body**

Prime Minister Jan Krzysztof Bielecki recently visited the sprawling Azoty chemical works here, and what he saw chilled him to his free-market bones.

More than a year after the Government began its pioneering program to dismantle the centrally managed socialist economy, this state-run company seems frozen in an earlier time, when profits did not matter much and companies typically took on the role of municipal governments.

"It still conducts functions so typical for a socialist enterprise," Mr. Bielecki lamented in an interview. "They have an indoor skating rink, a very nice swimming pool, culture center, soft drink bottling plant and a very nice laundry. They maintain 1,000 free factory apartments, heat 80 percent of the town and still make a profit."

He continued: "This company has entered an international market and holds 5 percent of world production, yet it doesn't work at all on marketing, and the name of the enterprise" -- Zaklady Nawozowo-Azotowe w Kedzierzynie Kozlu -- "is not pronounceable by anyone who doesn't speak Polish."

The factory, and its relationship to this squat, ***working-class*** town several hundred miles southwest of Warsaw, is a microcosm of the difficulties Poland faces in dismantling an encrusted system. In the last few weeks, Mr. Bielecki has repeatedly cited Azoty (ah-ZOH-teh), the 22d-largest enterprise in Poland, as a symbol of resistance to change.

Big Economic Troubles

Economic reform in Poland has reached a crossroads, senior Government officials agree, and one crucial factor is how quickly the Government can force state-owned companies to adapt to the rigors of the market and cast off sidelines that lose money.

Right now, many companies are floundering. Their collapse has caused labor unrest, a huge budget deficit and a sharp decline in industrial output. As mass bankruptcies and layoffs loom, Mr. Bielecki and his Government are buffeted by demands that they loosen credit and pump more money into enterprises that provide 80 percent of the country's industrial production.

But Poland's economic team, which takes its free-market principles seriously, is adamant that such a move would be a tragic mistake -- putting money into the factories least able to use it well. Mr. Bielecki's preferred solution is to speed up the sale of these companies to private investors, encourage growth in the rapidly expanding private sector and strengthen management at the state-run companies by repealing laws that give workers a strong say in running their factories.

Under current law, workers have some leverage. Factory managers must justify every important decision to an employee council, which has the authority to suspend the manager if it disagrees. This has created what Alfred Biec, a senior economic official, calls the "Bermuda Triangle" formed by employees councils, unions and management. Money goes into the enterprises, he said, and then it disappears.

As it was designed nearly two years ago, Poland's economic program was intended to spur sensible behavior by slashing subsidies and raising prices for materials and energy to world levels. Once the companies knew the real costs of their business, the argument went, management would be transformed. Over time they would become the sort of profit maximizers whose behavior is extolled in introductory economics textbooks.

Huge Uncollected Debts

It has not happened yet. Executives propped each other up, amassing huge debts among themselves that were never collected. They sent workers on unpaid holidays, built up inventories and played for time, in the hope that the Government would be forced by rising social discontent to give up.

Most managers owe their jobs to the Communist Party and are also hampered by a lack of knowledge of how to compete in world markets. In a recent report, the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States took note of "Warsaw's reluctance to force insolvent state firms into bankruptcy for fear of political and social consequences."

Now, the strong will of Mr. Bielecki to keep credit tight and the accumulation of financial pressures is approaching a day of reckoning for many companies. Yet a visit to this town suggests that the solutions will bring their own problems.

Local Amenities

Local officials insist, for example, that they do not have enough money to take over management of the theater, skating rink and other amenities paid for by the chemical company.

Azoty's director, Konstanty Chmielewski, contends that the effect of closing down the cultural centers would be devastating in a town with few other entertainments.

'This was a big enterprise planted in a very small town," Mr. Chmielewski said. "It grew with the town. It equipped the town with a number of amenities and it acquired many functions it wouldn't need to in a bigger town. Of course, this was abnormal, and we must leave it, but we don't want to ruin everything at once."

He added: "The Prime Minister is absolutely right in saying you have to find a way out. But there are reasons for not moving too precipitously."

Unlike many state-run industries, Azoty appears to be a lucrative company, with annual profits of $40 million on sales of about $440 million. It pays its workers $175 a month.

The factory is in the heart of Silesia, a region in southern Poland that was turned into a jumble of heavy industry by the country's Communist-era planners.

Its history is typical of this region, which was part of Germany during World War II. At what is now Azoty, the German company I. G. Farben turned out airplane fuel and fertilizer for the Third Reich, using labor from nearby concentration camps.

Unemployment at 1%

After the war, the territory was ceded to Poland and the factory, which had been repeatedly bombed by the Allies, was rebuilt. Today it produces more than 100 products, many by antiquated processes. It also has a modern section completed in 1986 under license from Union Carbide that makes a component of PVC, or polyvinyl chloride plastic, which is used in pipes and tubing. Azoty has 5 percent of the world sales of this chemical, despite what Mr. Chmielewski calls minimal marketing efforts.

At the moment, unemployment at Kedzierzyn Kozle stands at 1 percent, evidence of the particularly slow pace of transformation among the state-run industries here.

Czeslaw Nowak, the deputy head of the Solidarity trade union at Azoty, said the company, which employs 5,300, is overstaffed. "You'd really have to be a lazy guy not to find work immediately around here," he said.

Nonetheless, Mr. Nowak said that his role was to fight for "each and every job" and that he would resist any attempt to trim the work force. "Our position is that it is better to lower wages than lay off workers," he said.

Mr. Nowak said he was not impressed by the Prime Minister's presentation during his visit to the company earlier this month. "Mr. Bielecki thinks in very broad categories," said the union leader. "He doesn't get down to the structure of enterprises and towns and the financial situations of each worker."

In the next few weeks Mr. Bielecki plans to change the legal status of several hundred factories that account for 40 percent of Poland's industrial production. The move will have the effect of taking the employees councils' power to suspend managers away and will give the executives the opportunity to make tougher decisions, if the Bielecki Government survives what is widely expected to be a national uproar.

**Graphic**

Photos: Konstanty Chmielewski, right, director of the chemical works factory, meeting with his deputy, Gregor Gawor, center, and Czeslaw Nowak, the deputy head of the Solidarity trade union at Azoty.; A swimming pool, culture center and an indoor skating rink are among the amenities provided by the state-run Azoty chemical works factory in Kedzierzyn Kozle, Poland. Because it still conducts functions typical for a socialist enterprise, the company seems frozen in an earlier time, when profits did not matter much and companies typically took on the role of municipal governments.; Prime Minister Jan Krzysztof Bielecki of Poland has repeatedly cited Azoty, the 22d largest enterprise in Poland, as a symbol of resistance to change. (Photographs by Witold Jaroslaw Szulecki for The New York Times & Associated Press) (pg. D4)

Map of Poland highlighting Kedzierzyn Kozle (pg. D4)

**Load-Date:** June 3, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Learning in the Real World of a Boston School***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YTW0-000D-G43J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 19, 1991, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk;

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 23; Column 3; National Desk; Education Page; Column 3;; Education Page

**Length:** 1283 words

**Byline:** By MARY B. W. TABOR,

By MARY B. W. TABOR,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOWELL, Mass., June 13

**Body**

After testimony and deliberation by a jury of his peers, Miguel Rivera stood tugging at his T-shirt, intently awaiting a verdict.

"Your honor, the jury finds the defendant, Miguel Rivera, guilty as charged," the jury foreman told the judge as she pushed aside her ponytail. Miguel glanced at his 12-year-old lawyer, Mark Lynch, with a look of dismay.

His offense: Choking another second grader on the playground. His defense: The boy called him a bad name. His sentence: A small fine and two days without recess.

Here at the Clement G. McDonough City Magnet School in Lowell, Mass., the cradle of this country's Industrial Revolution, students are taking part in a small revolution in education.

City Magnet, the nation's first school intended as a microcosm of society, not only has its own court system, but also a representative government and a market economy. Students work as judges, lawyers, editors, bankers and entrepreneurs; they pay rent on their desks and taxes on their salaries. They also buy and sell goods using paper currency called "mogans," named for a former Lowell superintendent, Patrick Mogan.

Work Is Made Relevant

While they teach basic subjects like mathematics, literature and history using traditional texts, teachers also strive to make the work relevant. Adding and subtracting are used to balance bank statements. Instead of book reports, students write book reviews for the school newspaper. While programming computers, students learn lessons in geology.

In a 70-minute activity period at the end of the day, students either do assigned jobs or take part in running businesses or serving in the elected legislature.

"We have regular classes, but they are modeled to mirror outside society," Sue Ellen Hogan, the school's principal, said in a recent interview. "The activity period is to give them hands-on reinforcement."

Students in kindergarten through second grade receive a small salary in mogans for doing their homework and being good school citizens. Beginning in the third grade they are also given jobs and paid bigger salaries.

"Even if kids make it through high school, many of them don't come out with the kind of survival skills they need to make it in the outside world," said Theresa Roach, who teaches government and oversees the court at City Magnet. "This school gives them those skills."

Helped Desegregate Schools

Opened in 1981 in response to a court order to desegregate, City Magnet is based on the ideas of George Richmond, a former Brooklyn public school teacher who first tried the concept and then wrote a book about it, "The Micro-Society School: A Real World in Miniature" (Harper & Row, 1974).

City Magnet has helped desegregate the schools in this ***working-class*** city, where 42 percent of the school's 330 students are from minority groups. More than half of the students are poor enough to qualify for free lunches.

Now in its 10th year, the school is also proving a model for educational change and success. Although many parents were initially skeptical, they have seen students' grades and attendance levels rise. There are fewer discipline problems. And, according to school officials, the number of parents waiting to get their children into the program is now the highest of any of the 28 schools in Lowell.

"You're lucky because your school is different," Lee A. Iacocca, chairman and chief executive officer of the Chrysler Corporation, told the eighth-graders at their graduation exercise Thursday night. "It has taught you more than just how to read and write and count. It has taught you about the real world, about the things you have to do in the real world, about how you have to accept responsibility, how you have to work together, and how to discover what you're good at and what you like to do."

Mr. Iacocca invited himself to the commencement after seeing a Public Broadcasting Service television documentary, sponsored by Chrysler, that featured the school.

City Magnet has served as a prototype for an elementary micro-society school in Yonkers, and several other communities are considering the concept.

At the Eugenio Hastos de Maria Micro-Society School, also known as Public School 19, in Yonkers, the program has brought major improvements. In 1987, when the micro-society school was first introduced, only one in four pupils was reading at grade level. Last year, tests showed that half the school's pupils were reading at grade level.

Changing School Makeup

When the program was introduced, more than 90 percent of the pupils were Hispanic or black pupils; this fall, one-third will be white children whose families requested the micro-society magnet school.

"We think this is going to be one of our best elementary schools," said Donald M. Batista, the Yonkers superintendent. "We think micro-society is an extremely effective way to teach our youngsters, especially because we have so many children from other countries. This program helps them learn how to function in a strange society."

The Yonkers program, which is bilingual, also includes regular school visits from local officials and parents, who serve as role models for the students, Dr. Batista said.

Some students say they get tired of the micro-society activities after a few years and that students who are shy do not always fare well. But most teachers and students in Yonkers and in Lowell give the program high marks. It helps the students understand difficult concepts and builds confidence as well, they say.

"When I teach about the Great Depression, I talk to my students about how a depression would happen in their micro-society," Mrs. Roach said. "It's too hard a concept for their little minds to understand otherwise. But when I talk to them about it in micro, all of the little lights go on. They totally see it."

'You Learn About Everything'

Amy Carrington, 13 years old, an 'A' student who left parochial school three years ago to come to City Magnet, agreed. "At my other school, it was really boring because they'd just give you a book," she said. "Here, you learn about everything."

What does she know now that her friends at other schools don't? "They know how to add and multiply and stuff," she said. "But I also know how to handle a bank book and a checkbook. I know how to fill out a tax form. They know how to write essays and reports. I also know how to write newspaper articles, from hard news to editorials.

Missing Link in High School

"My dad works at a high-tech place, and he doesn't know half the stuff I know about newspapers and laws and computers," she added.

But an uncomfortable challenge for Amy may come next year when she enters Lowell High School. The transition from a micro-society school to normal teaching programs can be "very, very difficult," said Dr. Hogan, the City Magnet principal, not because the students cannot do traditional schoolwork but because they miss the attention, independence and responsibility they had in the micro-society school.

George Tsapatsaris, the Lowell schools superintendent, is trying to start a micro-society component at the high school. But Mr. Tsapatsaris must also watch the budget. The micro-society program, because of the requisite teacher preparation and supplies, costs about $50,000 a year more than is allotted by city and state budgets, Mr. Tsapatsaris said.

To date, Federal grants have made up for most of City Magnet's overrun, but the poor local economy has already forced the city to cut the school's supplies budget by 20 percent for next year.

"Even without the extra money, we would try to make this program work," the superintendent said. "The express purpose of this program has been to help all school kids succeed, and we believe the micro-society is doing that."

**Graphic**

Photos: The nation's first micro-society school, Clement G. McDonough City Magnet School in Lowell, Mass., has its own court system. At a recent trial, Judge Mark Van Norden, right, conferred with lawyers, from left, Alan Northrup, Isaac Williams, Mark Lynch and Amanda Smith.; Adam Dixon, a second grader, testifying about how he was choked by another pupil on the playground. (Photographs by Rick Friedman for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 19, 1991

**End of Document**



[***About Men;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0180-000D-G4MG-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Making His Own Mark***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0180-000D-G4MG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 12, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Magazine Desk

**Section:** Section 6;; Section 6; Page 20; Column 3; Magazine Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1186 words

**Byline:** BY MICHEL MARRIOTT;

Michel Marriott reports on national education issues for The New York Times.

BY MICHEL MARRIOTT;  Michel Marriott reports on national education issues for The New York Times.

**Body**

IN A GESTURE ODDLY ancient, a young man's chest was offered for tribal marking. He stood on his knees, bare from the waist up. His irregular breathing spoke fear in an arrhythmic cadence of grunts and sucking air.

I watched as he threw back his head, bracing for the burning touch. His "brothers" held him as steady as they could, chanting in deep ragged voices. A smell much like that of frying bacon soon hung heavy in the morning air.

I was in a mobile home moored at the edge of Morehead State University in eastern Kentucky some 20 years ago. I had earned my place there. After months of pledging and enduring a battery of physical and psychological tests, I had proved my worthiness for joining Omega Psi Phi Fraternity.

While pledging, I had, along with my brothers, exhibited selflessness, determination and grit. I had been battered with oarlike paddles; I had recited fraternity lore as matches flared between my fingers, and most of the time I had slept little and eaten even less while preserving my B-plus average and some modicum of dignity. For many years afterward, whenever I was about to face a difficult challenge, I would remind myself that it could not be as hard as pledging.

I had also learned that brotherhood need not be a consequence of common parentage and a shared sex. Something precious and delicate was forged among eight very different teen-agers from eight very different places and experiences.

And so I stood in a darkened living room the width of a one-car garage, proud to become an Omega man. The others I had pledged with were also entering the fraternity that day and, one by one, were being branded with the mark of their new tribe.

Even today, I feel a great deal in common with every man who knows our secret handshake and sings our sacred, solemn songs. Yet when I see their horseshoe-shaped brands, I sometimes have to fight back a pang of guilt when I look at my own bare skin.

Branding, the literal burning into the flesh of the fraternity's symbol -- the last letter of the Greek alphabet -- is the final step of the initiation. For me, the brands do not evoke images of conquered black men in chains as chattel. On the contrary, I see the marks as a sign of pride and brotherhood. I believe they reflect a kind of spirituality and beauty through sacrifice that is at the core of the African esthetic. When I pledged, branding was optional, but few refused it.

Hours before the start of my initiation ceremony, however, I told my soon-to-be fraternity brothers that I did not want a brand -- at least, not on my chest. Putting the brand near the heart was the custom of my local chapter. That was not how I had imagined it.

I had grown up in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Louisville, Ky., where the thought of someone branding his skin was as foreign as worshiping cows. While a high-school freshman, however, I began to reconsider. One afternoon some Omega brothers visited my school, which was predominantly black and best known for winning basketball games. These guys wore purple jackets with gold-colored letters so oddly formed I had first mistaken them for letters of the Russian alphabet.

For me, these men were clearly part of something special, something not just anybody could join. Their fraternity, they explained, was something that required hard work, struggle and perseverance.

It was founded at Howard University shortly after the turn of the century, grounded in principles that emphasized leadership, academic excellence and a commitment to service in the black community. Of course they had a good time, throwing dances and being men-about-campus, but they didn't brag about beer parties and panty raids. They talked, instead, about scholarship drives, tutoring for the college-bound and setting up networks with other people of action, whether they were in fraternities or not.

They told me Jesse Jackson was an Omega man. So were Bill Cosby and Charles Drew, the doctor who developed the technique for storing plasma in blood banks.

Omegas were as serious as the times. I wanted to be part of what they represented. I also began to convince myself that I wanted to wear their symbol -- 3 inches high and 2 inches wide -- like they did. For life.

But two years later, on the morning of my initiation, I was confronted by an overweight guy in a tight T-shirt. He was holding a makeshift branding iron fashioned from a wire clothes hanger and reddened on an electric hot plate.

"So, are you going to get one on your chest or not?" he asked, thinking that I might have changed my mind. His voice was weary from screaming at me the night before during a final pledge test called hell night.

"I want it on my arm," I said, pointing to my baby-smooth biceps.

"Tradition says you get it on the chest first and then anywhere else you want after that."

"Naw," I said. "My arm."

"If you don't get a brand on the chest, you don't get one at all," he replied before preparing the iron for another branding.

I was disappointed, but the idea of marking my chest somehow didn't appeal to me. Marking an arm, especially with a wound across the muscled bulge of my biceps, seemed so warriorlike. So manly.

Besides, Omegas had a reputation for hard, sometimes even brutal, pledging. We called ourselves the "sons of blood and thunder," and meant it. A visible brand could have been my medal of valor and honor rolled into one. Machismo personified. A brand made a tattoo look like a bad ink stain, I thought. But for me, it had to be on my arm; nowhere else would do.

I had nothing to be ashamed of, I reasoned. I had passed all the tests, and had won the respect of my new brothers while gaining a higher respect for myself. I was an Omega man, simply one without its insignia on my skin.

On that morning, something prevented me from caving in to what seemed like subtle peer pressure to burn my skin in a place I was not prepared to. Once I refused, however, the fraternity brothers seemed sincerely undisturbed by my decision; I was not browbeaten by the branded because I had decided to be brandless. One even suggested that I might change my mind and get it later.

"I might," I said with equal sincerity.

Perhaps my strength was drawn from the sum of the many lessons I had already learned from pledging. Through the more than two months of hardships and joys that led to my admission into the tribe, I discovered that an essential element of being a man was the possession of an unblinking vision that can see beyond the immediate. That when there is a common interest among men who have gained one another's respect and trust, compassion and understanding often follow.

My composure and clarity did not flee as I watched another brother receive his brand to cheers and congratulatory backslaps. One of the students I had pledged with got a brand on his chest, left buttock, right thigh and left arm. He said no matter where or how he stood, he always wanted an omega to face the sun. I saluted him for his personal choice. Yet I clung to my resolve and finished the ceremony, with its candlelight and whispered rituals, brandless but more of an Omega than even I, at the time, realized.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** May 13, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Hatcher Begins Battle to Regain Spotlight in Gary***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-XKK0-000D-G05J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 6, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 12; Column 3; National Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1248 words

**Byline:** Richard G. Hatcher

By DON TERRY,

By DON TERRY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** GARY, Ind., May 5

**Body**

On the streets of this faded steel city, many people still refer to Richard G. Hatcher as Mayor, almost four years after he was voted out of office, and they pronounce the title and name as one word: "MayorHatcher."

For some, it sounds like a curse, for others a password to a proud past.

Mr. Hatcher, 57 years old, became one of the country's first black mayors of a major city when he was elected in 1967, and held office for two sometimes stormy decades until he was defeated in what some say was a referendum on his combative personality. It was a style forged in the civil rights movment.

Seeking the Spotlight

Now, like a former boxing champion eager to recapture the glory of the spotlight, Mr. Hatcher is running for his old job in the election on Tuesday.

"He likes being Mayor," said Ronald Cohen, a history professor at Indiana University Northwest here. "It gives him an identity, a platform, which he hasn't had for the last several years."

It was a shaky platform. Mr. Hatcher presided over the city at a time when much of urban America was undergoing painful and profound change: disappearing factory jobs, fewer Federal dollars, rising crime and disease, dying steel mills and middle-class flight, black and white.

Today, much of Gary's business district is lined with boarded buildings and out-of-work people. And opinions have remained divided.

"People were tired of Hatcher; that's why he lost," said Jacqueline Jones, a 37-year-old businesswoman. "They were tired of the city going down, down, down. They were tired of him blaming his problems on somebody else. We don't want to go back."

Hatcher's Core Support

But Mr. Hatcher has retained a core of intensely loyal followers, many of whom remember when life in Gary was heavily segregated and politics was "just for white folks," in the words of an elderly man who was waiting to hear "MayorHatcher" speak at a church last week.

To them, Gary's problems in Mr. Hatcher's five terms were part of a nationwide decline of the inner city. They said Gary suffered more, perhaps because it relied so much on one industry: steel. Steel was why Gary was founded in 1906, they say, and steel was why it was suffering now.

In his early days Mr. Hatcher was a symbol of progress, of black people's getting a piece of the pie, even as the pie began to crumble. He became a bright star in the national movement for black political empowerment.

"I think the people of Gary see him as a historical figure," said James Lane, the author of a city history. "The question is whether they think his time has passed and it's time for new strategies or whether we need to revive some of that spirit of the 60's."

Many people said they thought that question was answered in 1987 when Mr. Hatcher was ousted by a low-key, nonconfrontational black politician, Thomas V. Barnes, in the Democratic primary. Mr. Barnes is running for a second four-year term.

Since Mr. Hatcher's defeat, there has been a wave of black politicians, like Mr. Barnes, who won high office and headlines for their philosophy and their politics, which are perceived to be more moderate. These include Gov. L. Douglas Wilder of Virginia and Mayor David N. Dinkins of New York.

'Crossover Politicians'

"I call them crossover politicians," Mr. Hatcher said in a recent interview. "In an effort to be more acceptable to the white majority, they are unwilling to address, at least publicly, those issues that are considered as black issues: poverty, racial and economic justice, housing, adequate health care. Those are fairly universal issues, but they are still afraid to address them."

He added, "My question is, how dear is the price they are willing to pay?"

Mr. Hatcher, in his shirt sleeves and loosened tie, was sitting in his Gary home as he discussed his comeback campaign and his life out of office. He has spent the time teaching at a university and practicing law.

On a nearby wall was a photograph of the fiery Indiana basketball coach, Bobby Knight, whom Mr. Hatcher said he "loves and respects" for standing firmly for his beliefs, popular or not. It is a picture of the well-known incident in which Mr. Knight flung a chair across the court during a game.

"I believe there is some indication that the country is ready for more progressive politics than that which we've seen during most of the 1980's," Mr. Hatcher said. "There are people who represent progressive politics and their presence seems to be growing."

He smiled and said, "We'll soon find out whether that trend is evident here in Gary."

On Tuesday the voters will choose among nine candidates in the Democratic primary. In this city, winning the Democratic primary is tantamount to being elected.

The Field for the Race

Aside from Mayor Barnes and Mr. Hatcher, only two other candidates are thought to be contenders: Dozier T. Allen, the head of the area's welfare office, and Scott King, a lawyer and the only white in the race in this city that is more than 80 percent black.

Gary's problems are numerous and entrenched. Many banks and businesses abandoned the city over the last 20 years for suburban shopping malls.

White flight, already a steady stream to the suburbs, became a flood soon after Mr. Hatcher's first mayoral victory. After he won the Democratic primary, hundreds of white voters switched parties and voted for the Republican in the general election. After Mr. Hatcher won that race, too, more "For Sale" signs went up.

Thirty years ago, Gary's population flirted with 180,000; today it is 116,000.

Much like Detroit, Gary is now a mostly black city surrounded by mostly white suburbs and towns and the relationship between the city and the surrounding communities has often been strained, especially while Mr. Hatcher was Mayor, his critics contend. Mr. Hatcher often feuded with Gary's neighbors over the operation and improvement of an airport and other development issues. Sometimes the feuding took on racial overtones.

"He chased a lot of people away with all that black power talk," said Jesse Pruitt, 63, who said he used to support Mr. Hatcher.

John Key, 33, who supports Mr. Hatcher, said, "If there were confrontations with the suburbs, Mayor Hatcher didn't initiate them. He only told the truth."

The Confrontational Image

Mr. Hatcher said he does not deserve his image as militant and confrontational.

"I'm very mild-mannered," he said. "I never raise my voice. I don't scream at people. But I say what I believe."

Mr. Barnes built much of his successful campaign around a pledge to reach out to the surrounding communities. The theme of his administration has been "stressing the positive."

It was the decline of the steel industry that hit Gary the hardest. The city's biggest employer is the USX Corporation, formerly United States Steel. About 7,500 people work there now; in the early 1980's, there were 25,000, and in the early 1970's, about 35,000.

Beyond the ghostly business district, the scene is far from bleak in this city on the southern end of Lake Michigan. The ***working-class*** neighborhoods are filled with neat bungalows and lawns. White-collar workers, many from Chicago, a 30-minute drive away, have begun buying up the large homes that overlook the beach and lake.

But Gary's heart remains sick, and it is divided over Mr. Hatcher's campaign.

"I wish he'd go away," Mrs. Jones said. "We don't need him. His day is over."

But Claudia Terry, a secretary, said: "I love MayorHatcher. If I could, I'd vote for the man three times. He supports his people. What's wrong with that?"

**Graphic**

Photo: Richard G. Hatcher, who is running again for mayor of Gary, Ind. (Steve Kagan for The New York Times)

Graphs: 'Decision Time in a Steel Town' shows Gary, Indiana's population and unemployment rate from '70 to '90 and its per capita income from '69 to '87 (Sources: Census Bureau; Bureau of Labor Statistics)

**Load-Date:** May 6, 1991

**End of Document**



[***For a Cinderella Art, A Fairy Godmother***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4F6D-5JN0-TW8F-G1VW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 7, 2005 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; PT2; Column 1; Leisure/Weekend Desk; Pg. 39; CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

**Length:** 1660 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN

**Body**

What with the hoopla surrounding the opening, every corner of the new Museum of Modern Art has been madly mobbed, even the print galleries. Deborah Wye, MoMA's chief curator of prints and illustrated books, was beside herself with joy the other morning, watching as the crowds poured in. For a print curator, this can seem almost like an out-of-body experience, prints being the proverbial stepchild in the collection.

Although print aficionados -- the sort who pride themselves on knowing the difference between an aquatint and a drypoint, art's endearing equivalents of train spotters -- frequent print galleries, most people naturally gravitate to paintings and sculpture. If, post-holidays, Ms. Wye's galleries return to their traditional Cinderella role, it would not be so bad, truth be told. They are a respite from the beaten track, a discovery, a jewel box. Not incidentally, they are stupendously beautiful.

''At first I was worried about where Taniguchi put us, because we were apart from drawings and photography, but now I'm thrilled,'' Ms. Wye said about the layout of the museum as conceived by the architect Yoshio Taniguchi. Tall and thin, with frosted, cropped hair, a broad face and an almost comically thick Boston accent that she seems genuinely startled to hear is noticeable, Ms. Wye is just about the least forbidding and pretentious person you are likely to meet who holds a job like hers, notwithstanding her serious black business suit and important black glasses. She has a perpetual smile, as if she can't believe her good fortune to be spending a life peering at Picassos.

''My father was in the Navy when I was born, and at first we lived in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in a 'three decker,' a house with three families,'' she recalled. ''He was a chemical engineer. My mom was a secretary. She made all our clothes. She was creative, and my parents were intellectually curious. But I knew basically nothing about art and art museums growing up.''

She credits a college professor, Carl Belz, with converting her to art. An indifferent student at the University of Massachusetts, in Amherst, she was encouraged by a friend to check out Mr. Belz's modern-art class. ''I saw Andy's soup cans and Oldenburg's hamburgers flash on the screen and couldn't believe my eyes,'' she recalled. ''That was art? The art bug suddenly bit me. Carl would take us to galleries in New York. We went to Leo Castelli's gallery, where Ivan Karp worked. Ivan sent us straight over to Andy Warhol's studio. That was how it was in those days.''

''When I graduated in 1966,'' she continued, ''I got my first job in Lucien Goldschmidt's shop on the Upper East Side. He sold rare books and old master prints and drawings. It was just a magical place. It was only Mr. Goldschmidt and his wife, who was a librarian, and a manager and a framer and me in my miniskirts, in love with Pop Art. Mr. Goldschmidt called me Miss Wye. My job was 'gal Friday.' I would count the illustrations in Baroque festivity books and lick stamps, and then during lunch hours rush over to see the galleries.''

From there she became an assistant in the drawings department at the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard under Konrad Oberhuber, who nurtured her curatorial skills, and she began to study the artist Louise Bourgeois, who became a close friend. (This led to Ms. Bourgeois's first museum retrospective, at MoMA in 1982.)

When a post opened in the Modern's print department in 1979, Ms. Wye moved back to New York with her husband, Paul Brown, a painter.

''My father didn't understand why I would leave Harvard University to go to MoMA because he had never heard of the place,'' she said. ''For me, of course, it was the dream job.''

She arrived as an assistant curator to Riva Castleman, the chief of the print department, succeeding Ms. Castleman in 1996, just when planning of the new building began. Her galleries now share the second floor with galleries for contemporary and media art and a restaurant. They are in a nook in part of what remains of the previous Modern. These are smaller galleries than the new ones. In an otherwise relentlessly white museum, Ms. Wye had the walls painted a soothing gray, which makes the prints, by contrast, look brighter, despite the dim light levels (to protect the art).

The shoebox space is an improvement over the old print galleries, which snaked around a storage room. Ms. Wye wanted to evoke the atmosphere she recalled from Goldschmidt's shop and that is a part of the print and rare-book world. ''The print department is its own world within the larger art world at MoMA,'' Ms. Wye said. ''I want to tell the history of modern art and also to show the history of prints. My biggest pressure is just to get noticed. We have our constituency, but we want to attract people who may think they're not interested, people who aren't even sure what prints are. I say, just come into the gallery and relax.''

Familiar Names, Familiar Prints

When the Modern opened in 1929, the first works to enter the permanent collection were eight German Expressionist prints and a drawing. During the 1940's, Abby Rockefeller donated her collection of 1,600 prints to start a print study room where anybody could visit, by appointment, and see the art. (You still can.) Prints epitomized Rockefeller's and the Modern's populist aspiration for modernism.

Produced in multiples, prints seemed like the most democratic art. They were generally less costly than paintings. They were part of popular culture. Toulouse-Lautrec's color lithographs, posters plastered around Paris, introduced masses of people to modern art via advertisements for confetti and can-can dancers. Artists, from Bosch through Hogarth and Goya, also politicked through prints, which could be widely distributed. Ms. Wye has included in her galleries a print by Felix Gonzalez-Torres, who in 1990 appropriated a Time magazine illustration of the 460 Americans killed by handguns in one week. The print is a stack of endlessly reproducible sheets resting on the floor. Visitors are invited to take one, free.

Ms. Wye picked a total of 71 prints and illustrated books for the opening installation from the more than 53,000 the Modern owns. It is the largest collection in the museum.

''I wanted people to see familiar names, artists who they know as famous painters or sculptors who were dedicated to prints,'' she said. They are installed to show connections. Gauguin's woodcuts influenced Munch, who in turn influenced the German Expressionists, and so on to Martin Puryear, whose recent woodcuts are beside a sculpture he did, in the foyer just outside the gallery.

In the entrance are prints by Damien Hirst and Christian Marclay. Mr. Hirst attached a copper etching plate to a turntable, then attacked it with needles and screwdrivers to make his print. Mr. Marclay has printed his old vinyl records. The last room in the gallery includes Kiki Smith's huge etching of a peacock on textured handmade paper.

The Creative Process

''As much as I love the traditional techniques, it's exciting when an artist rethinks a process,'' Ms. Wye said. ''Besides Kiki, we have Louise Bourgeois and Lucian Freud and William Kentridge, all making etchings. Digital technology is the big story in the print world, but computers have become just one of the tools in the workshop. Meanwhile, many artists are returning to etchings.''

''I know that prints can seem mysterious,'' she said. ''You can make paintings at home, but you can't do prints, except maybe woodcuts. You need chemicals, a press, special tools. Some artists don't even want to get involved at first, because it's different from their routine and it's collaborative. You need master printers.''

''I included the print by Toulouse-Lautrec that shows his printer, Pere Cotelle, in his workshop, with Lautrec's friend Jane Avril, the dancer, inspecting a print, to stress that prints are a collaboration between printer and artist,'' she said. ''Picasso is the great example. A printer would introduce him to a new technique, and he would say, 'Well, I'll do something different.' It was a challenge, a catalyst for him, being with a printer who had a little knowledge he didn't have, because he enjoyed proving he could do what printers told him he couldn't do.''

Picasso's ''Weeping Woman'' was on loan for decades to MoMA with ''Guernica''; then, like ''Guernica,'' it left for Spain when Gen. Francisco Franco died. Ms. Wye is proud that the museum acquired another impression of it a few years ago, at a cost she declines to disclose. The credit line of donors on the wall label is as long as a Chinese take-out menu.

Personal Favorites

Is it now the work she would grab first in an emergency? ''How could I choose?'' she said. ''It's like with your children.'' Spotting Emil Nolde's etching of a jetty in Hamburg, she admired how Nolde used a worn, pitted plate that evoked the dark, sooty atmosphere of the harbor. She said she also loved Munch's ''Kiss'' and Warhol's ''Marilyn'' and then settled before an unobtrusive work by Miro, an untitled etching from 1938 in black and red.

''I just love it,'' she said. ''This was the time of the Spanish Civil War. Miro had been doing indifferent prints. Then he met Louis Marcoussis, a painter who had a print shop in his studio, and the light went on. Usually he is so gentle. Here, for just a moment, he's fierce and personal.

''I interpret this as a mother, a little girl, a man who seems ineffectual, and a grotesque that's like Ubu, nasty and horrible, who may be Franco.

''Look at how the ink bristles and stands up off the sheet.'' She peered closer at the print. ''Even the old-fashioned, 'come up and see my etchings' size. It's great.''

Ms. Wye paused and looked around at the Matisses, Beckmanns and Ruschas. ''I have to say,'' she added, laughing, ''I'd try to grab as much as I could carry.''

The Museum of Modern Art is at 11 West 53rd Street, Manhattan, (212)708-9400.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The new print galleries at the Museum of Modern Art are painted a soothing gray to highlight the collection. Left, their curator, Deborah Wye, with works by Gerhard Richter, Andy Warhol and Ed Ruscha. (Photographs by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. E39)

The prints featured at the Museum of Modern Art include, clockwise from left, ''Untitled From Black and Red Series'' by Joan Miro

''Untitled'' by Christian Marclay

''Hamburg, Loading Dock'' by Emil Nolde

''Burning Wheel'' by Damien Hirst

and ''Weeping Woman'' by Pablo Picasso. (Photo by Museum of Modern Art)

(Photo by Estate of Pablo Picasso/Artists Rights Society)

(Photo by Christian Marclay/Museum of Modern Art)

(Photo by Museum of Modern Art)

(Photo by Damien Hirst/Museum of Modern Art)(pg. E41)

**Load-Date:** January 7, 2005

**End of Document**



[***THEATER: FAYE DUANWAY RETURNS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-SD00-0009-2013-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 26, 1982, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 7, Column 1; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1179 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

THIS much can be said for the star, Faye Dunaway, and the author, William Alfred, of ''The Curse of an Aching Heart'': they are not playing it safe. Mr. Alfred has tried to write a drama that remakes kitchen-sink naturalism with bold, impressionistic sleight-of-hand. Miss Dunaway, leaving her recent Hollywood viragoes behind, attempts to impersonate a ***working-class*** Irish girl who travels between the ages of 14 and 33. As it happens, both playwright and star fail - but not ignobly. If ''The Curse of an Aching Heart'' has the same leaden gait as this season's other female star vehicles, it does at least yearn to soar.

This is Miss Dunaway's first New York stage appearance since 1965, when she and Mr. Alfred, a Harvard professor and poet, both came to prominence as a result of their collaboration on ''Hogan's Goat.'' ''Aching Heart,'' which opened last night at the Little Theater, picks up where they left off then. The setting is again Irish Brooklyn, with the time frame advanced from the 1890's to 1923-42. The atmosphere is once more heavy with period, religious and ethnic flavor. And Miss Dunaway again plays a heroine challenged by unbearable heartbreak.

Frank Rich reviews play, "The Curse of an Aching Heart," starring Faye Dunaway

This time that heroine is named Frances Walsh. Her sadnesses are many. After losing both parents, Frances is adopted by a beloved uncle who proves to have incestuous longings. After a long wait to win the neighborhood lothario in marriage, she then loses the husband to booze. But this woman isn't deterred from, as Mr. Alfred puts it, ''hugging life.'' ''When there's no going backward or going forward, where do you go?'' asks Frances. The handsome Miss Dunaway answers the question by marching forward, chin out, to seize what small daily victories over existence she can.

Mr. Alfred's drama, meanwhile, marches backward, forward and around the bend. Constructed as a memory play, ''Aching Heart'' begins at the end, then takes long leaps through the past before returning to its opening image. If there is nothing inherently wrong with this flashback format, there is something perverse about the way Mr. Alfred utilizes it. Almost without exception, the key events in Frances's lif e - her entire marriage, her husband's decline, her angriest conf rontations with her uncle - take place during the years that the play wright chooses to skip.

By refusing to show us Frances's harsh trials first-hand, Mr. Alfred reduces her triumph over them into a sentimental abstraction. The heroine may repeatedly boast of her resilience in the face of misery, but her fortitude isn't meaningful or dramatic once removed from its immediate emotional context. And sometimes the narrative context is missing as well. Mr. Alfred often dallies far too long before relating the major crises that have unfolded off stage during a previous, time-abridging scene change. The chronology in the Playbill doesn't prevent ''Aching Heart'' from lurching in and out of coherence for much of its two intermissionless hours.

This isn't to say that Mr. Alfred is mindlessly careless. His elliptical technique is too consistent not to be intentional. He wants to do what writers should - to rearrange the patterns of reality into art rather than replicate them verbatim. But his method can only pay off if the scenes we do see are revelatory of the heroine and her important relationships.

Instead we get dithering, oddly shaped comic vignettes that fr equently focus on minor players. Much energy is wasted on Frances'sbr ash best friend (Audrie Neenan) and her beau, an Italian trolley co nductor (Jon Polito) - neither of whom ever rises above mu sicalcomedy stereotype in either writing or performance. We learn mo re about Frances's two wan, also-ran suitors than we do about her in tended. A loud, fat German neighbor (Kurt Knudson) keeps popping upso lely to revive corny gags reminiscent of radio's ''Fibber McGee andMo lly'' era.

Given the nonstop use of period lingo and references - Theda Bara, Clara Bow and Jeanette MacDonald are all worked in - one wonders if Mr. Alfred got so swept away by his affection for a quaint past that he lost sight of his original theatrical mission. Some dialogue seems to exist only to call attention to vanished folkways and slang, from ''double cherry smashes'' to ''cat's pajamas.'' Yet when the playwright gets around to handing us his messages, he lapses into all too timeless bromides. We're portentously told that everyone is put on earth ''for something - for someone,'' and that ''it's people you remember'' in life.

Nostalgia dominates the production as it does the writing. Much use is made of pastiche period songs by Claibe Richardson and a streetcar that circles the stage on an honest-to-God track. The director, Gerald Gutierrez, and his skillful designers - John Lee Beatty, Dennis Parichy and Nancy Potts - give the antique Brooklyn of ''Aching Heart'' a burnished copper glow. Would that the acting were so delicate. In a large supporting cast, only Paul McCrane, Terrance O'Quinn and Colin Stinton, as Frances's men, and Beverly May, as her aunt, try for subtlety. Throughout the company, accents come and go.

As for Miss Dunaway, she is playing without a net in the scenes that require her to roller skate, prattle and preen like a juvenile. Though she sometimes succeeds in avoiding cuteness, her task becomes impossible when we're asked to accept her as a contemporary of the cast's young men. In the adult passages, the actress grabs her proud and anguished moments, but the writing won't allow her to stitch the takes into a complete character; we feel that she, like us, is observing Frances from a remote distance.

Yet it's also true that Miss Dunaway's absence from the theater has not dimmed her stage technique. She's usually in command. I wish I could say the same for Mr. Alfred, a sensitive writer whose heart surely aches for his cherished Brooklynites far more than this bloodless play lets on.

Quaint Era

THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART, by William Alfred; directed by Gerald Gutierrez; music by Claibe Richardson; sets designed by John Lee Beatty; costumes designed by Nancy Potts; lighting designed by Dennis Parichy; sound designed by David Rapkin; orchestrations by Bruce Pomahac. Presented by Margot Harley, John Houseman, Everett King, David Weil and Sidney Shlenker. At the Little Theater, 240 West 44th Street. Frances Anna Duffy Walsh .................Faye Dunaway Gertrude (Lulu) Fitter ..................Audrie Neenan John Joseph (Jo Jo) Finn .............Bernie McInerney Pasquale (Packy) Malardino .................Jon Polito Man With Newspaper .......................Dale Helward Herman Crump .............................Kurt Knudson Martin (Lugs) Walsh ..................Terrance O'Quinn Minnie Crump ...........................Francine Beers J. Stanislaus McGahey ...................Colin Stinton Aloysius (Wishy) Burke ...................Paul McCrane Gertrude Graham Finn ......................Beverly May Martin Thomas Walsh ....................Raphael Sbarge

**Graphic**

Illustrations : Photo of Faye Dunaway

**End of Document**



[***Frankie Valli Is Back in Season***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PR9-TVP0-TW8F-G043-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 23, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; MUSIC

**Length:** 1846 words

**Byline:** By ANTHONY DeCURTIS

**Body**

FRANKIE VALLI sat amid the bustling lunch crowd at Patsy's, the Midtown Italian restaurant he has patronized for more than 40 years, with the air of a man who knows that he is going to get exactly what he wants. He had performed the night before, but, wearing a white jacket over a dark shirt, he seemed refreshed, relaxed. Mr. Valli dined at Patsy's with his friend and idol Frank Sinatra back in the '60s. Much has changed since then, but this restaurant, like Hemingway's clean, well-lighted place, has remained a bastion, in Mr. Valli's view, of lasting values in a modern world that often seems rickety.

A specially prepared bowl of minestrone was set before him by the chef. Mr. Valli let it cool for a moment, then tasted it. ''Now this,'' he said quietly, ''is a great example of tender loving care.''

''This is a family operation,'' he continued, ''which means everybody from out front to the kitchen. These are all family recipes. This restaurant has been here forever.''

And so, it sometimes seems, has Mr. Valli. He first became a star in 1962, when his group, the Four Seasons, soared to No. 1 on the strength of a perfect pop song called ''Sherry'' and the wings of Mr. Valli's stratospheric falsetto. And now, 45 years later, his star is rising again.

''Jersey Boys,'' the Broadway musical based on the Four Seasons' rise and fall, is a major success. Bruce Springsteen, the quintessential Jersey Boy, went to see it last month, and a photograph of him backstage with the cast ran in Rolling Stone. In England, where ''Jersey Boys'' will open next year, a blistering remix of the Four Seasons' 1967 single ''Beggin' '' became a Top 40 hit. A career-spanning boxed set, ''Jersey Beat: The Music of Frankie Valli & the 4 Seasons,'' came out this year. Beginning in 2004 Mr. Valli had a recurring role as the stone-faced mob captain Rusty Millio in ''The Sopranos.'' And in a recent issue of Blender, Mr. Valli was described as ''owning the 2000s.''

So however rickety the modern world may seem, it has somehow caught up with Mr. Valli. Against all conceivable odds this 73-year-old singer is now something he has never been before: hip.

To capitalize on Mr. Valli's current stature, on Oct. 2 Universal Motown is releasing ''Romancing the '60s,'' on which he sings love songs from the period when he attained his first great prominence. While the 13 songs Mr. Valli chose to interpret, from Stevie Wonder's ''My Cherie Amour'' to Ben E. King's ''Spanish Harlem,'' span the entire decade, the album is really a tribute to the smartly produced, soulful pop that defined the '60s before psychedelia, blues-rock and protest music began to dominate. The album's models are recent collections by the likes of Barry Manilow and Rod Stewart, which recast songs familiar to older listeners and were rewarded with healthy sales. That it is Mr. Valli's first album of new material in 15 years lends it a sense of occasion.

Mr. Valli is ''a guy who can walk through walls now,'' said Doug Morris, the chairman and chief executive of the Universal Music Group. ''My dream is that this creates a franchise, where every year we put out another album of Frankie Valli's interpretations of classic songs.''

THE desire to create a franchise with a singer who is already well into his 70s perhaps says as much about the precarious state of the music industry as it does about Mr. Valli's commercial prospects. But older fans remain one of the few demographic groups buying CDs, rather than downloading music from the Internet. And no one who attends one of the riotously received performances of ''Jersey Boys'' -- or one of the 70 or so shows that Mr. Valli still performs each year with a newly constituted Four Seasons -- can deny that there is an audience for his music. (He is set to play four nights in November at the Frederick P. Rose Hall of Jazz at Lincoln Center.)

Mr. Valli is the latest in a series of grandfatherly figures to undergo revivals; his predecessors include the likes of Sinatra, Dean Martin, Tony Bennett and Hugh Hefner. And a certain irony imbues the reverential cult status now accorded the Four Seasons album ''The Genuine Imitation Life Gazette,'' an unlikely psychedelic experiment from 1967. In a YouTube culture measured in nanoseconds, audiences seem curiously fascinated by anyone who has lasted, particularly those who have done so on their own terms, as Mr. Valli has.

Still, without question, ''Jersey Boys'' is driving the renewed interest in Mr. Valli. The show, which is more of a no-holds-barred band biography than a jukebox musical, won four Tony Awards, including best musical, and it has grossed more than $100 million since it opened less than two years ago. Performances in other cities have generated an additional $50 million.

''I'm elated,'' Mr. Valli said. ''It's over the top for me. Sometimes I wonder if I'm dreaming. It really has been wonderful.''

Dressed in black pants and a round-collared gray shirt, Mr. Valli sat on a couch in his suite at the Borgata Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, a few hours before closing a three-night stand there. He's short -- his size is a running joke in ''Jersey Boys'' -- but his presence, thoughtful and intense, makes him seem larger. Workout clothes were drying on a handrail that ran inside the floor-to-ceiling windows behind him, and the phones in his room rang constantly. Mr. Valli lives near Los Angeles, so performing in his home state means that family members, friends and admirers all want tickets and a chance to visit. Even Scott Weiland, the bad-boy lead singer of the hard-rock band Velvet Revolver, which was also playing at the Borgata, stopped backstage to pay his respects.

Born Francis Castelluccio in 1934 and raised in Newark, Mr. Valli comes from a ***working-class*** background. As ''Jersey Boys'' depicts, organized crime figures were ever present in the neighborhoods, bars and clubs where he and the rest of the classic lineup of the Four Seasons -- Bob Gaudio, Tommy DeVito and Nick Massi -- performed.

''We worked in every saloon in New Jersey, and in most cases the guys who owned those places were mobbed up,'' Mr. Valli said. ''We were used to it. We got to know everybody, and they liked us. I was never owned by the mob, or part of the mob. If I didn't have any success, and I wanted to go that route, I certainly could have.

''But success, what was it? A kid comes out of high school. Nobody's sending me to college. Whatever I wanted to do, I had to take care of it on my own. Who knows what would have happened?''

What did happen was that ''Sherry'' launched a daunting string of hits -- ''Big Girls Don't Cry,'' ''Dawn,'' ''Rag Doll'' and dozens of others -- that made the Four Seasons one of the biggest groups of the '60s. Their impeccable harmonies derived from the doo-wop era, but Mr. Valli's falsetto was a force of nature that defied genre and gave the foursome an immediately identifiable sound.

In his room at the Borgata, Mr. Valli characteristically played down his singing. ''I never gave it a lot of thought,'' he said. ''People would say, 'He's got a three- or four-octave range,' and I had no idea what that even meant. Somebody would say, 'Hit this note,' and I'd just do it.''

But there is something far greater than technical ability in Mr. Valli's extraordinary voice. ''To sing that high and that strong is pretty much unique,'' explained Steven Van Zandt, a fellow New Jerseyan who plays guitar with Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band and starred as Silvio Dante, Tony Soprano's consigliere, in ''The Sopranos.'' ''But his regular voice is so amazing. I'd love it when he'd break out of the falsetto, like at the end of the chorus in 'Walk Like a Man.' When he'd hit'' -- he sang -- '' 'and walk like a man, my son.' Whoa! Goose bumps. A fantastic, otherworldly voice.''

Speaking of his own ambitions as a signer, Mr. Valli said: ''It's very important to be believable. Nobody can teach you the soulful parts, the heartful parts, of what singing is about. It's like putting your signature on the song. I've always tried to do that.''

BOB GAUDIO, one of the founding members of the Four Seasons and co-writer of nearly all the group's hits, sat sipping a glass of wine and eating a vegetable panini in a hotel lounge after a recent performance of ''Jersey Boys'' in New York.

Mr. Gaudio, who produced ''Romancing the '60s,'' and Mr. Valli have been musical collaborators and business partners for well over four decades on the strength of a handshake -- a ''Jersey contract,'' as the musical puts it. They own the masters of all the Four Seasons' music, as well as Mr. Valli's solo material, and they have retained their publishing rights, rarities for musicians of their era. They split everything 50-50.

At the performance of ''Jersey Boys'' and afterward, Mr. Gaudio went completely unrecognized, which is fine with him. Never comfortable in the spotlight, he quit performing in the early '70s to concentrate on songwriting and production.

''Frankie has been put in an icon status by this show, and that's a just reward for him,'' Mr. Gaudio said. ''Two, three, four hits -- yeah, whatever. But after 20, 30, 40, you've got to say hey, wait a minute. How many people have accomplished what he's accomplished as a vocalist?''

The Four Seasons are among the few American groups to survive the British Invasion in the 1960s, and Mr. Valli has hit the charts at least once in every decade since then. They were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1990. But once musical tastes changed after the Beatles, the Four Seasons never again seemed significant.

Part of the reason for that is cultural. For example, as the spectacular use of Mr. Valli's ''Can't Take My Eyes Off You'' in the barroom scene of the Michael Cimino film ''The Deer Hunter'' makes clear, fans of the Four Seasons were far more likely to fight in the Vietnam War than to protest it. For a long time anyone hoping to seem cool could scarcely do worse that proclaim devotion to the Four Seasons.

None of which fazes Mr. Valli at all. Even in the leanest times there was always as much work available for him as a live performer as he cared to do. Anyway, he was ''never one of those guys who wanted to work 300 nights a year.'' As for whether or not ''Romancing the '60s'' becomes a hit, Mr. Valli shrugs in that offhand Italian way that expresses supreme indifference. ''You go in and do the best you can,'' he said. ''How many hits do you need?''

Mr. Valli refused dessert at Patsy's, but a plate of sweets was brought out for him anyway. He picked up a small cookie, dipped it beneath the foam of his decaf cappuccino and took a bite. His face softened with pleasure.

''I've had a wonderful life,'' he said. ''With all the ups and downs, all the disappointments, all the accolades that come with success, I wouldn't change it for anything. To get out onstage and watch people get happy and appreciate what you're doing? That's like being touched by God to do something very special. It's really nice.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Frankie Valli at his home in California. Forty-five years after his first hit record his star is rising again. (pg. 1)(PHOTOGRAPH BY J. EMELIO FLORES)

Frankie Valli with the latest edition of the Four Seasons in concert this summer. The group performs about 70 shows a year. (pg. 30)(PHOTOGRAPH BY BOBBY BANK/WIREIMAGE)

Above right, the Four Seasons as recreated in the Tony-winning musical ''Jersey Boys.'' (Pg.AL30)(Photograph by Sara Krulwich for The New York Times)

Below, Frankie Valli, second from left. with the genuine article in the early 60's. (pg. 30)(PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE FOUR SEASONS)

**Load-Date:** September 23, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Sports of the Times;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-S2T0-0009-22VS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***AN ACTOR'S SPRINT IN TWO ERAS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-S2T0-0009-22VS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 28, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Page 3, Column 1; Sports Desk

**Length:** 1057 words

**Byline:** By George Vecsey

**Body**

FOR 16 weeks of his life, Ben Cross was an athlete. If actors could be transformed into Henri Toulouse-Lautrec and the Hunchback of Notre Dame, Ben Cross could be transformed into an Olympic champion.

An actor whose exercise had previously consisted of ''running to pubs late at night,'' Cross had to get his body in shape to portray Harold Abrahams in the film ''Chariots of Fire.''

He also became a historian, an archeologist, with a rare opportunity to compare the sporting worlds of the 1920's and the 1980's.

George Vecsey profiles and interviews Ben Cross, who portrayed Harold Abrahams in the film "Chariots of Fire"

''I have great admiration for athletes,'' Cross said the other day. ''They are just like actors in a lot of ways. They have tremendous pressures and conflicts. They have to compete and they can't stay home just because they have a head cold.''

The popularity of the film has kept Cross in touch with sports. Currently appearing in New York in the play ''Lydie Breeze,'' Cross presented a medal at the USA/Mobil indoor track and field championships Friday night.

Cross says the track and field world of today is vastly different from the England of 1924, when Harold Abrahams incurred the wrath of the poobahs at Cambridge by hiring a track coach.

Part of their anxiety was that Abrahams was a wealthy Jew who was trying too hard, at least by their code, which favored Abrahams's titled classmate who trained with a cigarette in his mouth.

''You weren't supposed to work up a sweat,'' Cross said. ''But those were the only set of rules they knew. It went along with the premise that an Englishman's word was always good. The Spanish used to have an expression, 'upon the word of an Englishman.' It was part of that world.''

That world of rigid honor on one hand, and overt prejudice on the other, seemed very distant when Cross was trying for the Abrahams' role in 1980.

At 34 years of age, and raised in a ***working-class*** section of London, Cross says, ''I never saw that the old world. I think it probably ended with the second war.''

To learn what it must have been like for a wealthy Jewish athlete in 1924, Cross sought out the books of Harold Abrahams and Sam Mussabini, Abrahams' coach, and he also met with a rabbi.

Another struggle was to look like an Olympic runner on film. Cross is wiry and intense but had never participated in sports. He had dropped out of high school and worked as a stagehand before becoming an actor.

''I started out running a mile and thought it would kill me,'' Cross recalled, puffing away on a Marlboro Light this week. ''My muscles seized up and I had to stop. Eventually, I worked seven hours a day on my body, stretching for half an hour, lifting weights, doing sit-ups, sprinting 100 meters, then walking 100 meters. At night I'd jog three miles.

''If I may say so, I worked at it rather seriously. My wife had just gotten used to living with a crazy Irish actor. Suddenly she was living with a crazy Jewish athlete. I just vibrated with energy, I was so bloody fit.

''They wanted us to race against each other but we said we were not a bunch of animals. We knew auditions are a form of elimination race, but we insisted we would not race.

''After I got the role, I worked with a coach, Tom McNabb, and some athletes in England. Maybe not world-class runners, but certainly better than us. We'd go out every morning and have a race. The athletes would win, and we'd say, 'All right, you've got that out of your system, now we can go to work.' ''

The film works so well that even a viewer who knows sports is not bothered that none of the actors have physiques of modern athletes. ''They used a blurred lens so you wouldn't see how fast the real athletes were running,'' Cross said. ''I'm proud they never had to crank up the film to make it seem I was running faster.''

How fast did Cross run after working seven hours a day for 16 weeks? He says: ''I have no idea. I never took my time. I wouldn't want to know. The film was the only important thing.''

He thinks the actors look enough like 1924 runners because ''In those days you didn't have all that body-building. If you were naturally fast, you were given a chance. The Olympics were a chance to go out and thrash the opposition from across the sea.''

After studying the athletic world of 1924, Cross could sense the difference from the athletic world of the 1980's. ''We'd train at the Crystal Palace,'' he said, naming a popular track in the London suburbs. ''There were no world-level runners there at that time of year, but there were lots of good athletes. A guy from London Transport, who hadn't driven a train in years, was working out every day. That was his job.

''In 1924, the dedicated amateur had to support himself, whether he was a lord or the man who delivered coal. You'd put down your hat and your glasses and you'd race.

''Nowadays, from what I can see, if you are a world-class runner, you don't have to worry about your next meal. But the people below them can't keep up because they can't afford the best.

''I could tell the difference between a 30-buck shoe and a 60-buck shoe that weighed two bloody ounces and you felt you were flying on air.

''Technology has changed sports tremendously. In 1924, they used a simple stopwatch, but today they've got watches that can measure a second down to the hundredths. If you want to win, you've got to beat the other guy by a hundredth of a second, so you train harder, longer.

''The incentives are so much higher. You win a race, you make 5,000 bucks for your club. That can't be bad. If a bloke is working seven hours a day with his body, he should get paid.

''But there's another side to it. More money leads to what I call the McEnroe Syndrome. That kind of person would not be in sports if it weren't for the money.''

Did his exposure to 1924 make Cross yearn for that time? ''Sure, in the old days, your handshake was all you needed. Now I need an agent, a lawyer and somebody else to do my booking. They tell me I need my own publicity agent, to get my name in the bloody gossip columns.

''I can't say it's better or worse. We've traded one philosophy for another. But when I see the Government and private companies chipping in money for athletics, I think that's all right. When I was training, I felt I was running against professionals. That seemed more honest to me somehow.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Ben Cross photo of Harold Abrahams

**End of Document**



[***COVER STORY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-35P0-0005-G2CS-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In a Police Series, a Delicate Balancing Act***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-35P0-0005-G2CS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Television

**Section:** Section 12;; Section 12; Page 5; Column 1; Television; Column 1;

**Length:** 1231 words

**Byline:** By BRUCE NEWMAN

By BRUCE NEWMAN

**Body**

THERE was a time on television when the long-running dramatic series was a kind of immutable universe unto itself, with shows like "Perry Mason," "The Fugitive" and "Hawaii Five-O" creating a constellation of stars that never changed, revolving around a single story told over and over again. In the case of "Gunsmoke," this went on for decades.

If "Book'em, Danno" served as a kind of secular benediction to the weekly worship service that television drama had become by the mid-70's - unvarying as a sacrament, Quinn Martin Productions in a world without end - the one-hour drama in the 90's relies far less on that old-time religion. NBC's "Law and Order," now in its seventh season, goes through cast changes like the companyh of an Agatha Christie whodunit.

Now entering its fourth season for ABC on Tuesday nights, "N.Y.P.D. Blue" has already gone through nearly half a dozen major cast changes (anybody remember Sherry Stringfield, long gone through the revolving door to "E.R."? Amy Brenneman?) and will be forced to adapt to another this season when Sharon Lawrence departs for all but occasional appearances as the wife of Detective Andy Sipowicz.

Change can be good. "In a long-running show, things can become pretty static if you're not careful," said Dennis Franz, who has won two Emmys playing Sipowicz. "The audience will eventually tire of seeing you in the same situations over and over again - even though that's got a lot to do with what they like, and feel comfortable with, and keep wanting to come back to - so you look for new terrirtories to expand in." As Sipowicz himself might say of this delicate balancing act: Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme freakin' chose.

Too much change can be bad. "The audience does want that feeling of stability, because they make an investment every week when they watch these characters," said Jimmy Smits, who joined the show in its second season after the departure of David Caruso. (Anybody remember him?) The trick, of course, is to keep a show that is in the midst of continuing organic change the same one that viewers signed on for when it began four seasons ago.

This is often a problem for the show's characters, but rarely for the actors. "If you distill it down, what we do is very similar to the way people live their lives," said James McDaniel, who plays Lieut. Arthur Fancy. "So if you just play it moment by moment, as it's evolving, it's not really a question of being fresh."

It is most particularly a show about the way people live their lives "on the job," because in its true blue-collar heart of hearts, "N.Y.P.D. Blue" is a show resolutely about the workplace. While other shows become so involved in the back stories of their characters that they occasionally forget to be about doctors and lawyers - on "Chicago Hope" these days, viewers are as likely to find themselves among the Masai in Kenya as among the gallbladders in the O.R. - "Blue" remains steadfastly about cops.

The only consistent deviation from that during the last two seasons was a running story that might have been called "The Domestication of Andy Sipowicz." Some of the show's early fans, particularly critics, worried that too much happiness might dull the show's most obsidian-edged character.

"I share those concerns," Mr. Franz said. "I think Sipowicz has become popular because of his underdog makeup, but if underdogs succeed, we get tired of them. That started to happen with Sipowicz during the second year with the home life and the baby. It was 'Father Knows Best' time. It's nice to go there and visit periodically, but let's not leave him there and forget about him."

The person whose job it is to remember where all the characters on "N.Y.P.D. Blue" are at any given moment, and to keep them moving in contrapuntal time, is David Milch, the show's executive producer. He never worried about making Sipowicz too benign.

"I think all we've done is portray the character as he lives," Mr. Milch said. "If you create the right characters what you're doing afterward is running around trying to keep up with them. You're not standing outside them as a puppeteer. Characters will change, no matter what. What will make it a not very interesting or successful change is if a show simply allows the entropic process to move the characters toward the middle. Because you get stories from the edges of the character wearing off."

The death of Sipowicz's son, Andy Jr., near the end of last season seemed to sharpen Sipowicz's formidable edges and revitalize the show's writing. Mr. Milch had actually intended to dispatch Andy Jr. long ago, but the actor who had created the role, Michael DeLuise, had subsequently been hired as a regular on "Sea Quest" on NBC.

"I wanted to kill his kid at the end of the first year, but the kid wasn't available to die," said Mr. Milch, as Runyonesque a figure as exists within the increasingly corporatized Hollywood studio system. "There is always a more tawdry and commercial reason for the decisions you make than what gets theorized about in the press.

"If I really understood the commercial imperative, I would be happy to bend over for it. I would be the last one to disavow the existence of those kinds of concerns. What you try to do, having acknowledged their existence, is forget about them in their extraneity and tawdriness, and try to do it right.

"In my experience, whatever keeps the material fresh and engaging, an audience usually swings with. I think what an audience resists is being jerked around. teh way you do that is by saying, 'Terrible news! Andy has cancer.' Then in the fourth act you say, 'But it's benign!' You pretend to do something, then you restore the world to where it was at the beginning. That's bull."

"What we tried to do in that final movement with Sipowicz last season was to generate those themes of what's reclaimable from the past and what isn't," Mr. Milch added. "It's the end result of what I felt were much deeper continuities, and I was very proud of those episodes. Similarity, I'm really pleased with what we're doing now with Jimmy's character. He's finally getting his innings."

In their haste to replace Mr. Caruso's character, Mr. Milch and his partner, Steven Bochco, created a name and an identity for Mr. Smits, but there was never time to build an actual character around Detective Bobby Simmone, who thus had what Mr. Smits calls "that enigmatic factor." Much will be revealed this season.

"It hasn't been seamless," Mr. Smits admitted. "The fact that we were figuring out what the character would be on the fly has had its downside in terms of trying to find a definable center that audiences could connect with."

Typically, Mr. Milch returns to that hero of the ***working class***, Leo Tolstoy, as his touchstone. "Tolstoy said all happy families are alike," Mr. Milch recalled, "and all unhappy families are unhappy in a different way. When you portray a happy family, there isn't a whole lot to say. Because Sipowicz is entering into a period of relative happiness, I think we aren't going to be dwelling so much on it. And Simone's life is really going to have a cataclysmic series of complications.

"Which, in a way, is sort of emblematic of how you proceed in writing for a series. That is, you try and be true to the thematic continuities, and to incorporate the practical necessities. And make them both legitimate in the same way."

**Graphic**

Photo: On the cover: Nicholas Turturro and Dennis Franz in the series.; Dennis Franz, a two-time Emmy winner for "N.Y.P.D. Blue," flanked by Jimmy Smits, left, and James McDaniel. (ABC); This season's returning cast of "N.Y.P.D. Blue" includes Gordon Clapp, left, Nicholas Turturro and Kim Delaney. (pg. 17) (ABC); David Caruso, the series' first star. (pg. 18) (ABC); Amy Brenneman, an early casualty. (pg. 41) (ABC);

**Load-Date:** November 9, 1996

**End of Document**



[***THE MAKING OF A FRENCH CHEF***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RTX0-0009-24R6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 24, 1982, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1115 words

**Byline:** By PIERRE FRANEY

**Body**

MY career as a chef began in the fall of 1934, when I left my home in the village of St. Vinnemer, near Chablis, for Paris, where I was to begin an apprenticeship at Chez Tenint, a brasserie on the Place de la Republique. I was 13 years old.

In those days, boys from ***working-class*** families were urged by their parents to choose a career early in life, so that they could begin preparing for it as soon as they completed grammar school. I was about 9 when my mother and father first began asking me what I wanted to do.

I was the second of four boys. My older brother, Jacques, had already decided to follow in our father's footsteps and become a plumber. My own choice was a fairly simple one: I always loved to be around the kitchen when my mother was cooking. Anytime she needed someone to taste a dish or lick a spoon I was available.

Pierre Franey describes his life as apprentice chef

So when the time came, my uncle, a wine merchant who frequently did business in Paris, arranged a position for me in the kitchen of one of his customers, Monsieur Tenint. I was to board with a doctor in Paris who was a family friend, sharing a spare room with three other youths.

My days at Chez Tenint were spent at such chores as scraping vegetables, cleaning chickens and making certain the stove and the butcher blocks were spotless. I worked a six-day week, starting each day at 9:30 A.M. and, with a three-hour break after lunch, finishing at 9:30 P.M. And all of this for no pay!

Still, I recall being there only a short time when I was asked to pose for a photograph in my toque and white outfit. Thinking of how pleased my parents had been when I told them that I wanted to be a chef, I naturally couldn't resist. In fact, I was so proud of being in that photograph that the buttons on my tunic practically burst when I stood for it.

I remained at Chez Tenint for a year, and then moved to Drouant, one of the city's finer restaurants, on the Place Gallion. The kitchen there was set up in the classic tradition: the head chef, Jules Petit, acted as sort of an overall administrator; under him were two sous chefs, and under them were the various stations - the sauce station, the roasting station, the fish station, the vegetable station, the garde manger station where most the chopping and cutting was done.

Each station had its pecking order: a station chief and his subordinates, called commi. As was the common practice for apprentices - in this job I was actually paid the princely sum of 400 francs a week - I began as the lowest commi on the lowest station, the vegetable station.

It so happened that it was the vegetable station's responsibility to also prepare omelettes, and early one day Emile Domas, a sous chef with a booming voice and an imposing figure, walked in and announced to me: ''Today, young man, you are going to make a plain omelette!''

It was hardly an unreasonable demand. Indeed, I had been practicing diligently on my omelette-making for some time. It was just that I had never done it while Monsieur Domas -whose manner toward the kitchen staff was somewhat akin to football coach's toward his team - was watching. I carefully broke four eggs (my hands were shaking badly), stirred them with a fork, made certain the pan was hot but the butter was not burning, and began to cook.

When my masterpiece was completed, Monsieur Domas inspected it and said, ''This is not a plain omelette! It is an omelette Gran Mere - it is all wrinkled!'' With that, he whacked me on the neck with a spatula. Mortified and angry, I picked up the omelette Gran Mere and threw it at him. Then, suddenly realizing what I had done, I fled upstairs, with Monsieur Domas in pursuit. I apologized profusely, of course, but I told him, ''I can't take that kind of treatment, I'm going home.''

To my surprise, Monsieur Domas was also apologetic. He said, ''I was wrong, too. I think you have great promise as a chef, but you've got to learn to do things correctly.'' He put his arm around my shoulder and we returned to the kitchen. From that day on he referred to me smilingly as his ''son-in-law.'' Monsieur Domas had a daughter about my age, but I don't know if she ever married.

My apprenticeship lasted three years, during which time I made the rounds of all the stations, as was the common practice for student chefs. I eventually settled at the fish station and by 1939 had worked my way up to second commi there.

I must have done well, because that year Monsieur Drouant, the owner of the restaurant, was asked by the Government to assemble a team of chefs to cook at the French Pavilion at the World's Fair in New York, and he chose me to go.

The head of this group was Marius Isnard, the chef at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo, which at that time was considered one of the greatest kitchens in all of Europe.

For an 18-year-old such as myself, it was quite an honor to be included. This opportunity led to my association with Henri Soule, who served as the maitre d'hotel at the French Pavilion, and later open Le Pavillon restaurant in Manhattan.

I consider my years of apprenticeship to have been a thorough grounding in kitchen basics - perhaps too thorough. In those days, a young man just starting out was expected to spend literally years at the most menial tasks, cutting, scraping, chopping, cleaning.

It was a great moment in my career at Restaurant Drouant when I moved to the fish station and was allowed to cook a fish! I honestly feel that I wasted two or three years of my life peeling potatoes and cleaning fish and poultry when I was more than ready to handle more adventurous tasks. An apprentice who displayed little ambition or flair could languish at the vegetable station until his retirement day.

By comparison, today's student chefs move along much quicker, as they should. For one thing, all of them have finished high school and a great many of them have earned college degrees before entering cooking schools. This makes them impatient, which is good and bad. A good chef will always be eager to do better things, but a young man or woman just out of cooking school should remember that he or she is in the apprentice stage. They still have a lot to learn. I have been cooking for 48 years and I am still learning all the time.

It seems to me that many graduates of the better-known culinary institutions in this country want to open their own restaurants the day they are handed their diploma. My advice to them is to work under the best chef they can for a few years, to work under several chefs if possible. Then, when the time is right, when they have gone as far as a sous chef can, then they will be ready to be a head chef.

When that time comes, they will know it.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Pierre Franey

**End of Document**



[***An Amazing Race to Opening Night***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K89-37R0-TW8F-G2G0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 25, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1845 words

**Byline:** By SARAH LYALL

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

IT worked for would-be opera singers, pop stars and restaurateurs. But will it work for aspiring playwrights?

That is the question behind ''The Play's the Thing,'' Britain's latest, boldest and possibly most foolhardy effort yet to discover new talent via a televised competition open equally to the unexpectedly gifted and the sadly deluded. But because this time the contest concerns the theater, with its singular complications and exigencies, the questions it raises go far beyond the usual ''can you create a star overnight?'' scenario.

Is it possible, the series asks, not only to select a credible winner from a pool of inchoate works in progress, but also to muscle it into shape -- rewrite it, cast it, design it, stage it -- in the space of a few months, so that it can open in the West End? And perhaps even more to the point, can it ever make money?

''Quixotic is a friendly adjective to use'' about the enterprise, said the actor Neil Pearson, one of three panelists who whittled the pool of applicants down to a final winner. ''Suicidal is more like it.''

Even Sonia Friedman, the project's driving force and the tough-minded producer of plays like ''Faith Healer'' with Ralph Fiennes and most recently Tom Stoppard's ''Rock 'n' Roll,'' started as a skeptic. She signed up for the show, she said, as a challenge, a wild experiment to see whether it was indeed possible to find and produce new work in the West End virtually from scratch. But when Channel 4 approached her with its idea, she said, ''my immediate reaction was, 'This is not possible.' ''

But maybe she was wrong. Last Monday the winner of the yearlong contest was revealed to be 51-year-old Kate Betts, a creative-writing teacher at the University of Chichester whose play, ''On the Third Day,'' reveals what happens when an unhappy woman meets a government worker named Mike who believes he's the Messiah. On Thursday, after more than its share of dismaying setbacks, both personal and technical, the play opened at the New Ambassadors Theater in the West End.

The word ''opening'' is almost a misnomer, since it marks the end of a long, fraught process as much as the beginning of a new phase, in the way ''commencement'' means both a start and a finish at a graduation.

A lot of people, it seems, dream of writing plays for a living. When the competition began in the spring of 2005, there were more than 2,000 submissions. They came from train drivers, hospital porters, scientists, nightclub bouncers, teachers, plumbers, supermarket workers and call-center employees. For whatever reason, 70 percent of the entrants were men.

The plays -- at that point they were merely synopses and sample scenes -- had titles like ''Dog's Pies,'' ''Silent Running,'' ''Frocktherapy,'' and ''Revenge of the Biker Rabbits.'' Subjects included families at war, Jesus, drug-addicted prostitutes and yes, rabbits on motorcycles. Among the characters were inner-city Glaswegian youths, terrorists and, in 335 cases, people who visit either a gym or a weight-loss center.

Mr. Pearson was struck by how bad many of the entries were. ''It's no surprise that we found no genius, since geniuses by nature are rare,'' he said in an interview. ''But it was rather odd seeing how many people wanted to write for the theater who had apparently never been to the theater.''

Many submissions, he said, were more suited to television-style half-hour segments than anything remotely stageable. ''There were rather soapy subjects -- abortions, love triangles, whatever -- and also a number of scripts that echoed and sometimes slavishly copied sitcoms. You could actually see from the submissions what people like to watch on TV.

'' 'Eastenders' and 'Father Ted' were particularly well represented,'' he added, referring to two popular British shows: a soap opera about ***working-class*** London and a sitcom about three priests in Ireland.

By nine months ago the judging panel -- Mr. Pearson, Ms. Friedman, and the literary agent Mel Kenyon -- narrowed the applicants to 30. The 30 became 10 and then 3. The entire process was filmed and edited down to the four-part Channel 4 series ''The Play's the Thing,'' which had its premiere on June 12 and wrapped up Saturday night.

The series depicted, for instance, several early contestants' attempts to articulate for the judges what exactly their plays were about. ''It's about a man looking for his dog,'' one said. Another made a quick sketch and then said, ''That's a rubbish picture of a knife, which is important to the play.''

A woman said that her play featured four characters and then, struck silly by nerves, promptly forgot three of them.

But from there the project diverged from programs like ''Pop Idol,'' the granddaddy of televised humiliate-the-contestants talent competitions. In ''The Play's the Thing,'' the judges are tough and honest, but not bitchy; they don't set out to ridicule anyone for a cheap thrill. The point is not to laugh at the losers but to illustrate in excruciating detail how much work, help and luck is required of an aspiring playwright hoping to go all the way.

''I got a lot of positive feedback,'' said Steve Gardner, a 39-year-old resident of Manchester whose submission, ''Father's Day,'' made it to the final three before being rejected. When he entered the contest, Mr. Gardner, who left school at 17, was stacking shelves at a branch of Asda, a British supermarket chain. He wrote the play, about a young boy and his racist grandfather, in a quiet corner of his local pub.

''It wasn't intimidating, because you were treated as a writer,'' he said of the program. ''You were taken seriously. Your background, your education -- none of that mattered. They reacted to you on the basis of your script, and they were interested in your play and your opinion.''

THE show demonstrates what happens when the final 10 playwrights are given eight weeks ''to turn their sample scenes into masterpieces,'' Ms. Friedman tells them on camera. ''The good times are over. Now it's really hard work.''

They are sent to a country house with the playwright Stephen Jeffreys (''The Libertine''), who has been assigned to discuss rudiments of playwriting, like how structure is made up of story, time and place.

The 10 plays seem quite promising, the contestants intriguing. One man, in low spirits after being fired from his call-center job, says that the process of working on ''Rose Colored,'' his play about four elderly people who kidnap a young hooligan and find common ground with him, has helped to lift his depression. A woman whose play, ''Ramases Has Disappeared,'' is based on her experiences working with troubled youths, is shown struggling to explain the play's premise when Mr. Jeffreys asks the obvious: What actually happens to Ramases?

''He has lost his phone,'' she replies.

''That's not enough,'' Mr. Jeffreys says.

A cast of actors is hired to read scenes from the 10 plays to help the judges make their selections. And then there are three: Ms. Betts's, Mr. Gardner's, and ''Reykjavik,'' by Iain Weatherby, an advertising copywriter who calls the work ''a comedy about air travel and terrorism.''

''If you had to die,'' he asks, ''wouldn't you rather be in business class?''

Meanwhile opening day looms. Ms. Friedman is fretting, and her anxieties are spilling out onto the fledgling playwrights. Ms. Betts is discouraged, for instance, by Ms. Friedman's assessment that her main character, the government-worker-cum-Jesus, is ''fundamentally dry and boring,'' and that the play has no tension and no ending. At the same time Mr. Weatherby is forced to rip his play up and start from scratch, relying on actors' improvisations to get his mind moving in the right direction.

IN the end, after a great deal of arguing, the panel chose Ms. Betts. (The decision was made in early March, so there would be sufficient time for rehearsals, but the results were embargoed.) But if the contest's resolution gave a focus for Ms. Friedman's worry and attention, Ms. Betts's troubles had barely begun. Mounting a play by an established writer is hard enough; the process of lifting ''On the Third Day'' -- the only new play in the West End -- into shape verged on the nightmarish.

As of the first preview, a week before opening night, Ms. Betts, who lives in a small cottage in Sussex with her husband, three children and elderly mother, was still making last-minute changes to the script. And the production was beset by problems so severe they would have daunted even a seen-it-all theatrical veteran.

Two weeks into the five-week rehearsal period, Steven Pimlott, the play's director, became seriously ill; his emergency replacement, Robert Delamere, had a completely different concept of the work and took the cast almost back to Square 1. A seven-hour power failure across the West End forced the cancellation of the first technical rehearsal, 10 days before opening night. Several previews were also canceled because the production simply wasn't ready.

Then there were worries that Ms. Betts, without the seasoning experience in, say, fringe and regional theaters, would not be able to handle the pressure. Ms. Friedman was gambling on Ms. Betts -- ''We had to go with someone with the mental and emotional stamina to cope'' -- and even though her bet seems to have paid off, the process has been unusually difficult.

''We are working at an unbelievable pace,'' she said. ''We're having to give the winner unbelievable amounts of support.'' But as she prepared for opening night, Ms. Betts was feeling pretty good, considering.

''I'm not quite sure what a West End audience is, but I do hope that as well as being entertained, they'll have something to think about,'' she said in an interview. ''I hope they will actually enjoy themselves. There's a lot of spectacle, a lot of special effects, a lot of humor as well as strong emotions in the play.''

Mr. Pearson said that the process had been so encouraging in nurturing unplumbed talent that it did not much matter whether ''On the Third Day,'' which is scheduled to run through Sept. 2, turned out to be a success.

Singling out Mr. Gardner's play as ''a beautiful piece of work'' that would be well suited to a small theater, he said the panel had discovered ''possibly four, possibly five writers who are good enough to have an expectation of having their work produced, if not in the West End, than in a London studio.''

As of a week before opening night Ms. Friedman was carefully lowering expectations, at least publicly. ''I'm not looking to make history here,'' she said. ''I'm not after people saying, 'You're created a masterpiece, you've discovered the new Beckett, the new Stoppard.' All I looking for is to be able to produce a credible, enjoyable play.'' She found some vindication after the first preview. ''For me the best compliment we got came from several people who said to me, 'We've seen a heck of a lot worse in the West End by very established writers,' '' she said. ''At this stage that's all I'm after.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Cast members of the four-part TV series ''The Play's the Thing'' in front of the New Ambassadors Theater. (Photo by Channel 4)(pg. 1)

Above, Paul Hilton and Maxine Peake, who star in the winning play, ''On the Third Day.'' Below right, the playwright Kate Betts onstage with part of the crew of the television show. (Photos by Channel 4)(pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** June 25, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Changing Senate Race Changes Mood of Some Voters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40MR-F3Y0-00MH-F27C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 3, 2000, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1504 words

**Byline:** By JANE GROSS

By JANE GROSS

**Series:** UNDECIDED: Watching and Waiting

**Body**

More than a month into what is essentially a new race for the United States Senate, Cathy Harrison and Dave Temkin, both party stalwarts, have just about climbed off the fence of indecision and chosen the candidate they will vote for in November, barring scandal or surprise.

Mrs. Harrison and Mr. Temkin -- she now set on Representative Rick A. Lazio of Suffolk County and he on Hillary Rodham Clinton -- are part of a panel of nine voters that The New York Times is following as they make their decisions in this pivotal Senate race.

They were culled from respondents to early New York Times/CBS News Polls, back when Rudolph W. Giuliani was the Republican candidate in the race, the number of undecided voters was unusually small and their indecision was based not on ignorance of the candidates but rather on antipathy for them.

All that has now changed, with Mayor Giuliani out of the contest because of prostate cancer, and Mrs. Clinton, in the eyes of these voters, a less contentious figure than she was a year ago. But except for Mrs. Harrison and Mr. Temkin (and Tom Beck, a Long Island guidance counselor familiar with Mr. Lazio's record who embraced his candidacy from Day 1), the six other voters continue to watch and wait.

Tom and Barbara Smith, a struggling ***working-class*** couple from Saugerties, say they still do not feel that they know enough about the candidates, partly because they live in a part of the state without the saturation news coverage of New York City, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester or Buffalo.

Charlene Clinton, a single mother in Buffalo who recently lost her first job since leaving the welfare rolls, says she pays no attention to politics, did not know Mr. Lazio had entered the race and would make up her mind at the last minute, as she always does.

Other voters on the panel have pet issues that will determine their vote. Doug Taggart, vice president of a financial services concern and a resident of Cortlandt Manor in Westchester, wants to know how each candidate would spend the growing budget surplus.

Karl Schwartz, a computer consultant on Staten Island whose wife is undergoing experimental cancer treatment, wants a senator who cares about the disease, its causes and its cures. And Bob Harrison, a high school social studies teacher from Amsterdam, who is Cathy's husband, wants to know how Representative Lazio and Mrs. Clinton plan to invigorate the failing upstate economy.

Mrs. Harrison, a nurse and a lifelong Republican, had a hard time supporting Mr. Giuliani, despite party affiliation, because she found him too harsh and autocratic, too focused on downstate concerns and too indelicate in his personal life.

But Mr. Lazio is another story. "From what I've been seeing and hearing, I like the family feeling he gives off," Mrs. Harrison said. "He's a Republican candidate and now I don't feel any need to cross over."

The choice is also simple now for Mr. Temkin, a telecommunications expert from Flushing, Queens, and a lifelong Democrat. His reservations about Mrs. Clinton remain real, Mr. Temkin said. And he would vote Republican if the candidate had the stature and courage to cross his party when it was in the interest of New York State, as Jacob K. Javits did when he was senator, he said.

But Mr. Lazio's defining act so far, in Mr. Temkin's mind, was deferring to the Republican governor, George E. Pataki, by abandoning the race in favor of Mr. Giuliani and then jumping back in on command. "He's too loyal to the party," Mr. Temkin concluded.

All these voters (two of the original group dropped out of the project in May) are learning about the candidates amid the din of their daily lives, generally more compelling than politics. There are gaps in what they know and little spare time to fill them.

The Smiths, for instance, have been preoccupied with the birth of a grandchild, the search for a new apartment and plans to paint and hang bookshelves. Ms. Clinton, the single mother in Buffalo, lost a job as a monitor at a school that was stripped of its certification. She is back in the bureaucratic maze of welfare and faced with a shut-off notice for an unpaid water bill. The Harrisons just celebrated their son's high school graduation, helped him choose a community college and left for a family vacation in Hawaii, which took two years of savings.

Still, most of them are aware of certain policy announcements, gaffes and tiffs. They agree that mudslinging, a word used by many, has increased since Mr. Giuliani's withdrawal. They agree that Mrs. Clinton has been more visible in the metropolitan region and less visible upstate, where she has less chance of winning with Mr. Lazio as her opponent. They all are hoping for debates and better elaboration of positions.

Most of the sniping between the candidates is of no interest, except to irritate them. The accusations that Mr. Lazio had inappropriately profited from a securities deal, for instance, drew ridicule because equivalent accusations have been made against Mrs. Clinton.

"It's posturing and pandering," Mr. Temkin said. "It's like Dr. Strangelove. They're afraid if the other guy does it and they don't. We're not given enough credit for intelligence as voters."

Mr. Smith had a theory on why there was less negative campaigning when the mayor was still in the race. "Maybe she didn't feel as threatened," he said of Mrs. Clinton. "Lazio is young and energetic and he exploded out of the block. Maybe that shook her up."

These voters seem unmoved by the barrage of television advertising. It is tempting to think that they discount the power of the ads because they think that is what sophisticated voters should do. But in nine interviews, only the Harrisons were able even to describe a television commercial for a candidate -- a warm and fuzzy one in which Mr. Lazio is surrounded by his wife and children.

"Family values and such," Mr. Harrison said of the Lazio commercials. "Upstate, that's a plus."

But while Mr. Lazio's attractive family won over Mrs. Harrison, her husband, who comes from less conservative Republican stock, says he needs something more. "On the economy, I haven't heard much from either candidate," he said. "That's an important issue up here, to make sure New York State prospers. So I'm waiting."

Mr. Taggart, who has been impressed with Mr. Lazio's energy, is waiting to hear his plans, and Mrs. Clinton's, for the surplus. Large tax cuts, a common Republican lure, would be both foolish and selfish, in Mr. Taggart's view. First, cuts put very little money in any individual's pocket, he said. And second, prosperous times are an opportunity to be magnanimous.

"One of the ways we define ourselves as a people," he said, "is how we get through the best of times."

Mr. Schwartz, a former schoolteacher, is quick to acknowledge that these days he has become a myopic voter, with only one thing on his mind: his wife's non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. He has learned on the Internet, from his lymphoma news group, that Mr. Lazio last year won the Paul Tsongas Memorial Award from the Lymphoma Research Foundation of America.

Normally a Democrat, and aware of Mrs. Clinton's focus on health care issues, he has offered the first lady a chance to weigh in, sending an e-mail message to her campaign office that has not been answered. "I would like to get her viewpoint," he said.

Mr. Schwartz is abashed to be so self-centered. "I do understand there are other issues for other people," he said. "But for us, this is life and death." In addition, he said concern about the increased incidence of certain cancers "branches into respect for the environment and your position regarding corporate power and the responsibility of big business for the mess they create."

Charlene Clinton, who has voted in all but one election since she was eligible, has been consistently unaware of campaign developments, including Mr. Giuliani's cancer diagnosis, the announcement of his planned marital separation, his withdrawal from the race and Mr. Lazio's entry.

In elections past, she has relied on an elderly neighbor, an avid newspaper reader, to keep her informed. Lately, that woman has been ill. In addition, there has been a change of pastors at the Cedar Grove Missionary Baptist Church. The former paster talked a lot about politics, and the new one does not, Ms. Clinton said.

She has never voted for a Republican, nor have her parents, Ms. Clinton said. Yet she insisted that she remained undecided. "I'm not that into politics," she said. "But issues do concern me."

Undecided

This is the sixth article in a series following a group of New York State voters from diverse backgrounds as they make up their minds on which candidate to support for the United States Senate.

The previous articles were about Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's withdrawal from the race, his separation from his wife, the mayor's prostate cancer, the information already available about the candidates, and the voters' first impressions.

The articles in this series are available at The New York Times on the Web:

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

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Tom and Barbara Smith, at their home in Saugerties, say they still do not know enough about the candidates in the New York race for Senate. (Richard L. Harbus for The New York Times)(pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** July 3, 2000

**End of Document**



[***The Dangerous Leap of STEPHEN FREARS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3G10-0014-545G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 6; Page 41, Column 1; Magazine Desk

**Length:** 3954 words

**Byline:** By Robert Lindsey: Robert Lindsey, a former correspondent for The Times, is the author of ''A Gathering of Saints: A True Story of Money, Murder and Deceit.''

**Body**

ONE MORNING LAST month, as London savored a rare Indian summer, Stephen Frears boarded a jet at Heathrow Airport for Los Angeles. With him were three cardboard boxes containing 12 reels of film. They were evidence that the British film director had won, or so it seemed, a race to turn a 200-year-old French novel of sex, love, corruption of innocence and other diversions of the ancien regime into Hollywood gold.

Asked before his departure what the title of the still unfinished movie would be, Frears, as he frequently does, chuckled to himself, and, clearly enjoying his answer, said it was still a mystery.

The mystery was solved, rather anticlimactically, by Warner Brothers when he landed. The movie, based on a stage version of ''Les Liaisons Dangereuses,'' a novel written in 1782 by a French military officer, Choderlos de Laclos, would be called ''Dangerous Liaisons,'' a marketing concession to fears that moviegoers might be scared off by a foreign-language title.

A few hours after arriving in Hollywood, Frears showed his work-in-progress to a sneak-preview audience at a Pasadena movie house. The next day, he was in New York, showing the film to critics. The following day, he and the 12 reels were back in London for final editing and soundtrack dubbing. The film is scheduled for release Wednesday in New York and a handful of other American cities.

''It would be boring,'' Frears said during a break in scoring the picture at a sound studio in London's Soho district, ''to spend years making a movie. It's amazing what you can do when you've got an Oscar-winning director'' staring over your shoulder.

Frears was referring to Milos Forman, the Czechoslovak-born director who won Academy Awards for ''Amadeus'' and ''One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.'' For more than a year, Forman has been working on a movie based on the same novel, which has been in the public domain for more than a century.

''I knew that Milos takes a long time to make his movies,'' Frears added and laughed loudly. ''But it does work wonders - I mean, it's a very good thing to have somebody else making the same film a few days after you. I would thoroughly recommend it as a way of getting things done.''

For months rumors had emanated from the rival production camps, but by late summer it was clear that Frears and his cast, headed by Glenn Close, John Malkovich and Michelle Pfeiffer, would win the race. Frears would even bring his 10-week shoot to a close within its $15 million budget. Forman, after falling behind on his production schedule, is not expected to finish ''Valmont,'' a more lavish production that will cost about twice as much, before late spring or early summer.

Frears had a second deadline: ''Dangerous Liaisons'' would have to open in December in order to qualify for the Academy Awards in March. He finished the editing with just three weeks to spare.

He beat his better-known rival to the finish by applying lessons learned while churning out a stream of well-regarded, low-budget films for British television. Thanks in part to this training, he chose to tell the classic French story not as an opulent period piece like ''Amadeus,'' but as an intimate, almost voyeuristic collision of personalities, often using tight close-ups.

A stocky and disheveled man who always seems dressed as if he were preparing to work at a garage sale, Frears, at 47, has just begun to experience the kind of success that many in England predicted for him 20 years ago.

He is best known in the United States as the director (Continued on Page 50) of the 1985 film, ''My Beautiful Laundrette,'' an endearing, small movie about London's Pakistani community. He pursued some of the same themes two years later in ''Sammy and Rosie Get Laid,'' a tale of romance and radical political upheaval involving a young English woman and her Anglo-Pakistani husband.

There is a playful innocence to Frears that suggests he is auditioning for a role that ought to go to Dudley Moore. He interrupts his conversation frequently with a laugh, as if he finds it impossible not to find something amusing about almost anything. He is soft-spoken and approachable. ''He kind of creeps up on you,'' says Close. ''He's initially very quiet and self-effacing and he's dressed like the stadium after the game.''

But beneath a self-effacing veneer - a ''teddy bear'' style, some friends call it - is an intelligence and toughmindedness that can infuriate actors and often succeeds in infusing his characters and the images he photographs with a powerful and intimate sense of reality.

By tacitly deploring the excesses of the ruling class, ''Dangerous Liaisons'' emerges with a remote kinship to ''Laundrette'' and ''Sammy and Rosie,'' and in all three Frears demonstrates a sensitive approach to erotic content. Yet this new film, with its bewigged cast roaming through French chateaus in pre-revolutionary silk, is a long leap from ***working-class*** Britain.

The story centers on an act of sexual revenge plotted by a beautiful, promiscuous French woman, the Marquise de Merteuil, portrayed by Close. Angered when a lover spurns her for a 15-year-old virgin, she offers herself to a former lover, the Vicomte de Valmont, played by Malkovich, if he, in exchange, will deprive the girl of her virginity.

Valmont succeeds. But during a Byzantine sequence of plot twists en route to the conquest, he falls in love with a married woman portrayed by Miss Pfeiffer, breaking the code he shared with the Marquise not to mix love with sex. Ultimately, the story turns to tragedy.

De Laclos, who wrote his first and only novel at about age 40, based the Marquise in part on a lady he knew who had a reputation ''worthy of the most insatiable Roman empress,'' according to a friend's memoirs. Valmont was inspired by another acquaintance, ''a man expressly born to understand women and the deceits at which they are so ex-pert.''

The author told a friend he had wanted to create a story that was ''out of the ordinary, eyecatching, something that would resound around the world even after I had left it,'' and it did. In addition to several stage productions and an opera based on the story, the director Roger Vadim made a French film version in 1959, played in modern dress.

''It's one of the great stories in literature, a timeless, terrifying story,'' says Close.

''It's like something right out of 'Dynasty'; 'Alexis' is the Marquise,'' Malkovich says. But more important, he says, are the story's universal themes - the themes, as Faulkner once observed about his own work, of ''the human heart in conflict with itself.''

''You can have car chases and you can do all the other things they do in movies,'' Malkovich adds, ''but in the end, what we're left with are little hearts and the little things they feel.''

MORE THAN BY anything else, interest in the story was rekindled by the most recent stage version of ''Les Liaisons Dangereuses.'' Written by Christopher Hampton and first produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1985, the play is still running in London's West End and has been staged in Paris, Tokyo and New York, where it was a moderate hit.

Almost two years ago, Lorimar Film Entertainment Corporation agreed to pay about $400,000 for the film rights to the play. But soon after a tentative deal was struck, with Hampton agreeing to write the screenplay, Lorimar executives discovered that Forman was planning his own movie. They invited him to direct their film, but Forman declined, preferring to use a script he was co-authoring with the French screenwriter Jean-Claude Carriere. He reportedly selected Colin Firth, Meg Tilly and Annette Bening for the leading roles and forged ahead, backed by French investors.

Rebuffed, Lorimar executives, who described Forman as ''arrogant,'' began approaching other directors but couldn't find anyone among Hollywood's or Europe's first rank willing to take on the job.

''We spoke to everyone -all the obvious people you'd think of for this kind of a movie, and they all turned us down,'' says Bernie Brillstein, Lorimar's chairman. ''They ran for the hills; they said they didn't want to go head to head with Milos Forman.''

Lorimar had other problems. It was in less than robust financial shape, would soon agree to be taken over by Warner Brothers and couldn't afford the kind of large budget that Hollywood is wont to throw at an ''event'' movie, especially a period costume drama with a major cast. But Brillstein had become obsessed with the project, and was convinced he could get to the screen ahead of Forman - if he could find the right director.

Hampton suggested Frears, who had directed one of his plays for television. Frears hadn't read the book or seen the play when Hampton showed him the screenplay. He recalls that Frears approached the classic with a healthy lack of reverence. ''I think he was not, in any sense, overawed by the material,'' says Hampton. In fact, ''He rather takes a kind of disrespectful view of the subject.'' (In the movie, Malkovich and some others speak in accents that could have been transplanted to the ancien regime from Iowa. Frears says he is fascinated by the uncolored sounds of American speech.) The Lorimar executives' initial response to Frears was chilly. ''His reputation was as a filmmaker of subversive English films,'' Hampton says, ''and people were sort of nervous to entrust this to him.'' Moreover, the $15 million budgeted cost - the average for a Hollywood production - was about five times what Frears had ever spent on a movie. But it was clear to them that Frears was capable of telling a story superbly.

Frears recalls of the eventual meeting in New York: ''They asked me when I could start, and I said, 'On Tuesday.' ''

Shooting began on May 30, much of it on location at various chateaus near Paris, and was completed 10 weeks later. Six weeks after that, Frears showed a rough cut of the film to Lorimar and Warner Brothers executives. ''I told Bernie this has been a very, very good job,'' he says. ''Nine months in and out gets my vote.''

FREARS'S OWN UP-bringing underscores the political complications expressed in his films. He was born into a middle-class family in Leicester, an industrial city about 100 miles northwest of London, in 1941. Before World War II, his father worked as an accountant in a family firm. After returning home from service - already married and the father of three children - he enrolled in medical school and became a general practitioner.

''My father,'' Frears recalls, ''was a little eccentric,'' reflected not only by his midlife career shift but by a decision ''to marry a Jewish woman, which I would imagine, in Leicester, must have been quite unconventional.''

Because his father was gone much of the time, Stephen and his brothers saw little of him. But he says both his father and mother, a former social worker, managed to instill in their children strong strains of what in America would be called liberal political views.

''Of course, a family like mine would come from a sort of nonconformist tradition,'' he says. ''That's where middle-class families come from in Britain. That's the story of the 19th century,'' when, battling the traditions and constraints of an aristocratic society, the British middle class was formed.

Frears found Leicester '' dull, terrible, awful, oppressive. Mostly dull,'' he repeats, chuckling to himself.

After five years at Gresham's, a public school in Norfolk that he found as uninspiring as his hometown, he was sent at 18 to a state-run school where he came under the influence of ''a very, very good headmaster, who, in the space of about three months, opened my mind. He taught me about the world, about politics, about literature. . . enough to help me pass an exam to get into Cambridge.''

There he studied law. ''Because I came from a family of professional people, you just sort of assume you're going to be some sort of a professional person.'' But he found more excitement at Cambridge in student theatrical productions.

It was the early 1960's, a time when young people in England, as in America, were beginning to challenge institutions and established authority. The stage, television and movies were being seized on to express this sense of rebellion.

''What is so peculiar is that almost the whole of my generation did not go into public life,'' Frears says. ''It turned its back on public life, which was in the process of being discredited. It was being mocked, it was being satirized. Just about everybody I knew wanted to go into the media. The BBC, that was the job you wanted.''

His contemporaries included John Cleese ''and all those other people from the Monty Python show,'' the director Michael Apted, David Frost ''and most of the people who now run the BBC.''

Frears left Cambridge with a law degree and, he says, ''drifted for four or five years.'' Unable to get a production job at the BBC, he found minor work in a theatrical repertory company and later the Royal Court Theater.

Then, in 1965, in what he regards as a pivotal moment in his life, he was hired as an assistant by Karel Reisz, director of ''Saturday Night and Sunday Morning,'' ''Morgan'' and other movies that are ranked as among the best of the so-called ''slice-of-life'' genre of the 60's. Focusing on the ***working-class*** and usually shot on location with a grainy sense of realism, these films often savagely assailed Britain's class system.

In 1967, Frears directed his first film, ''The Burning,'' a 30-minute short that explored racial tensions among white, black and ''colored'' South Africans. Two years later, he collaborated with a writer friend, Neville Smith, to create ''Gumshoe,'' a quirky thriller about a Liverpool bingo caller who imagines himself to be Humphrey Bogart. ''We were both out of work, and so we came up with this idea for a movie,'' Frears says, chuckling once again. ''Gumshoe'' starred Albert Finney and earned Frears, not yet 30, critical raves in America as well as Britain. Soon, he was being touted as England's hottest new film director.

But his career took a detour from the big screen in the early 1970's, due partly to Hollywood's sudden lack of interest in financing British films - their appeal was considered too limited for the big American market - and partly to a meeting with a British writer, Alan Bennett.

Following the success of ''Gumshoe'' Bennett asked Frears to direct a television film he had written. That began a collaboration that would keep Frears busy for much of the next decade, directing a succession of highly praised television dramas by Bennett and others. Several of his made-for-television films crossed the Atlantic to high praise, including ''Bloody Kids,'' a spare and powerful depiction of a crime committed by two British youths, and ''Walter,'' a poignant story about the life of a retarded man.

''This black hole that people talk about in my career in the 70's, when I didn't make any films - in retrospect, what I was doing was learning my job,'' he says. ''But I was learning it on very, very good material. We were, as they say, grinding it out, but we were doing it with the very best writers and the very best actors.''

Frears began to acquire a reputation as a ''writer's director.'' ''In the BBC, we were trained that it was the writer's voice we were filming; I know that's clearly not the case in America, but it's not my job to alter a writer's story.

''I wouldn't cross the road if a script isn't good,'' he adds.

ALTHOUGH BRITISH TEL-evision is highly regarded in America, Frears says he thinks it got its reputation for the wrong reasons. Many British-made series that have drawn large audiences and critical acclaim in the United States, he says, such as ''Upstairs, Downstairs,'' ''Brideshead Revisited,'' and ''The Jewel in the Crown,'' perpetuate myths about an England that no longer exists while failing to illuminate British life as it is. Much of Britain's best television -''socially concerned'' drama that ''shows Britain as it really is'' - never crosses the Atlantic.

''Me and my friends are all frighteningly disapproving of 'Masterpiece Theater,' '' he says.''It may be well and good to show that we once treated our servants well, but it supports a view of Britain that isn't actually true. It's principally there to illustrate great literature, but it's not the political view of Britain I have. It's the Toryist view. It isn't to do with contemporary lives and it isn't to do with the sort of postwar changes in Britain in which I'm interested.''

In almost any conversation, he finds a reason to inject bitter remarks about Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who, not unlike her friend, Ronald Reagan, has tried to lead a bloodless revolution aimed at reducing the size of Government and shrinking the welfare state. Frears calls her ''repressive'' and ''callous.''

Although London has a sheen of prosperity these days that seems to confirm Mrs. Thatcher's claim that her reforms are improving the lot of ordinary Britons, Frears rankles at such suggestions:

''She has divided the country,'' he contends, ''between north and south, between the employed and the unemployed, between the rich and the poor, between the people who've got and the people who haven't.''

He acknowledges a certain irony in the fact that after spending much of his career making what he calls ''socially concerned'' films about the ***working class***, his first Hollywood movie is about the French aristocracy. He chooses to focus on the political message within the story's amorality. ''Malraux,'' he notes, described the de Laclos novel as ''a blueprint for the revolution.''

FREARS MIGHT STILL be making television programs exclusively if it had not been for an unusual scheme devised to breathe new life into the moribund British film industry. In 1982, regulators of the television industry ruled that the country's 14 independent companies - which, unlike the BBC, sell advertising time on broadcasts - must share some of their soaring profits with a new broadcast outlet called Channel 4.

Although a principal goal of the plan was to acquire high-quality films for television, the hope was that some might be good enough to appeal to moviegoers. The gamble was a wise one, resulting in the production of several theatrical film hits, including the Oscar-winning ''A Room With a View,'' ''Letter to Brezhnev'' and ''My Beautiful Laundrette.''

Written by Hanif Kureishi, an Anglo-Pakistani, ''Laundrette'' explored the homosexual relationship between two young men, a young Briton and a young Anglo-Pakistani, who are trying to get ahead in contemporary London and seize upon the idea of opening a laundrette. Frears remembers reading the script and thinking, '' 'I'll make it now - for television.'

''It was really a freak; nobody knew that world existed, except, of course, Hanif. My job, really, was simply to say, 'Look, come with me, I'll show you this wonderful world,' so I could give audiences the experience I had.''

''Laundrette,'' which was made for about $900,000, won high praise at the Edinburgh Film Festival, and film distribution companies persuaded Frears and Channel 4 to release it theatrically. Before long it was a hit in much of the world.

Although his next two films - ''Prick Up Your Ears,'' a biting biographical film about the British playwright Joe Orton and his lover, Kenneth Halliwell, and ''Sammy and Rosie Get Laid,'' his second collaboration with Kureishi - were made for the big screen, ''Laundrette'' seems closest to Frears's vision of good cinema. '' 'My Beautiful Laundrette' was exactly what we were doing for television, week after week, in the 70's,'' he says. ''It's what we used to call a 'Wednesday Play.' It was alive, original and socially concerned. I didn't see it as a movie.''

UNLIKE MANY DI-rectors, Frears permits an element of democracy in his filmmaking. If he's not sure a camera angle is right, he will solicit advice from his cast and crew. While many directors use story boards, blocking out scenes in advance, Frears tends to make decisions as the filming progresses. And he wants the writer to be with him during production in case new dialogue is needed or questions arise about the story.

''He worries terribly at things,'' says Hampton, who was at Frears' side throughout the ''Liaisons'' shoot. ''Everything is discussed.'' Frears didn't plan to use so many close-up shots in the film, Hampton says. ''It just evolved. As we were looking at the rushes it became clear that the close-ups were somehow more powerful. And he was going home to his hotel and looking at 'Notorious' every night. As a result,'' he adds, half-jokingly, ''there's a lot of stuff on staircases.''

But along with this spontaneous attitude, Frears tends to apply his considerable powers of persuasion when disputes arise during filming. If he feels strongly enough about a point, he will discard democracy in favor of directorial decree.

''Of all of the directors I've worked with,'' says Malkovich, ''he's probably the one who pays the closest attention to acting, which is very gratifying. But it can also be maddening if you happen to disagree with him.''

On occasion, Malkovich's resistance to directions from Frears led to shouting matches on the set. At one pivotal moment in the movie, Malkovich's character, Valmont, breaks with his lover at the behest of the Marquise. Watching his lover collapse in despair, he says to her over and over, ''It's beyond my control.'' Frears directed Malkovich to play the scene much as it was played on the stage - hard-edged and cold. But Malkovich felt that speaking the words softly, even gently, would actually heighten the brutality of the scene. After a long day of filming the scene as Frears wanted it, the director called it a day.

''Before we wrap,'' Malkovich said, ''Let's do it over one more time. I'll do it the way I want to, and see how you like it.'' Frears ultimately decided to use that version.

DESPITE HIS AF-finity for stories that dissect contemporary British society, cutting through the legacy of centuries of a rigid class system, Frears says he never set out to make movies that might cause him to be compared to England's ''angry young men'' of the 1960's. In fact, he has made many other kinds of films, including a well-received thriller called ''The Hit.''

''Karel Reisz and Lindsay Anderson,'' who made ''If,'' a cult classic of the late '60's, ''they were my teachers,'' he says. ''But half the time, all you're thinking is, 'I've got to get a job to pay the mortgage and feed my children.' You know, you don't really plan these things. Every time you make a film, it's a miracle that it comes to life.''

As for the future, Frears says, ''I don't know what form my life is going to take'' -seemingly an allusion to the possibility of more overtures from Hollywood if ''Dangerous Liaisons'' is a success. At least for a while, he says, he may teach at a British film school and ''enjoy my family.''

His marriage at 25 to a London editor, Mary Kay Wilmers, with whom he had two sons, now 16 and 15, ended in 1975. Most of the time since then he has lived in a tall Victorian terrace house in London's Notting Hill section with Annie Rothenstein, a 39-year-old painter with whom he has two children.

''It's all very complicated,'' he says. ''I don't know what I'm going to do next because I don't know whether I'm supposed to be here perpetuating some sort of struggle against this appalling Government or go sit around a pool in Beverly Hills.''

The idea that many British directors, driven by a lack of work at home, have migrated to Hollywood, suddenly strikes him as funny.

''Real men,'' he says, ''go to Hollywood. Real men have swimming pools.'' He laughs loudly, then adds: ''What I really need next is some good material.''

**Graphic**

Photo of John Malkovich and Glenn Close (Etienne George/Warner Bros) (pg. 41)

**End of Document**



[***U.S. SAYS IT HAS BROKEN AN I.R.A. RING THAT CROSSED FROM CANADA TO BUY WEAPONS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-S2C0-0009-22BR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 1, 1982, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1211 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD D. LYONS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BUFFALO, Feb. 28

**Body**

Federal immigration officials say they have broken an international munitions conduit of the Irish Republican Army that had been sneaking its members into the United States to buy arms for shipment to Dublin and Belfast for as long as eight years.

In the last two months, seven men connected with the Provisional wing of the I.R.A. have been arrested as they sought to cross from Canada to the United States illegally by way of four bridges here and in Niagara Falls.

''It has taken more than a year of undercover work and investigations, but we have broken this pipeline that stretched from Dublin through Amsterdam and Toronto to Buffalo,'' said Benedict J. Ferro, the local director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

In the latest arrests, three weeks ago, five men were taken into custody at Niagara Falls. Immigration inspectors attached to Operation Shamrock, as the investigation was called, said they confiscated $10,000 in British currency and a diary containing a ''shopping list'' for weapons. The cash and the diary were in a car used by some of the men, the inspectors said.

US immigration officials break Irish Republican Army munitions ring whose members have been illegally entering US to buy weapons for eight years

Among the items being sought, according to the seized document, were nearly 200,000 rounds of ammunition that would fit machine guns, rifles and pistols turned out by American, British, Czechoslovak and Soviet arsenals. Also sought were electronic devices that could detonate bombs by remote control and small remote-controlled aircraft capable of carrying 20 pounds of explosives as far as five miles.

The diary contained the names of more than a dozen American companies that might have been able to supply either the ammunition or the electronic gadgetry. Some of the companies had offices as far away as Arizona and California. Federal investigators have been seeking information that would tie sales from these companies to the I.R.A. pipeline, if such purchases were in fact made.

The five men were arrested Feb. 6, while trying to cross the Whirlpool Rapids Bridge at Niagara Falls. One of them was identified as 29-year-old Desmond Ellis, who is being held in an Erie County jail and whose extradition is being sought by Irish authorities.

James Quinn, a spokesman for the Garda, the Irish National Police, said in Dublin that Mr. Ellis had posted bond of 25,000 Irish pounds, about $37,500, late last year, pending an investigation into charges that he had violated explosives laws, but had disappeared from his Dublin home early last month.

Mr. Ellis has been described by law-enforcement officials in Buffalo and Dublin as an electronics expert familiar with devices used to detonate bombs.

Federal officials here have privately confirmed that meetings have been held in the Ellis case here, in Washington and in Toronto, involving lawyers for the State Department and the Justice Department, and officials of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Canadian Ministry of Justice.

The four other men arrested with Mr. Ellis, two of whom had been previously convicted in either Canada or Ireland on munitions charges, were held for two weeks, then sent back to Canada.

One of them, William Gilroy, 36, an Irish citizen living in St. Catharines, Ontario, declined to provide details about his political activities.

''It's a lot of sensationalism cooked up by the press,'' said Mr. Gilroy, who served a prison sentence in Canada on gun-running charges seven years ago.

Mr. Gilroy and another of those arrested, William O'Neill, 29, have been living in a modest bungalow in a ***working-class*** district of St. Catharines, a 30-minute drive from the United States border.

Irish Supporters Put Up Bond

Mr. Gilroy, Mr. O'Neill and James Kelly, another Irish citizen living in St. Catharines who was arrested at the time, have been released on $5,000 bond pending a hearing on charges that they sought to smuggle aliens into the United States. As has happened in the past, the bond was put up by Irish people living in the United States.

A fourth man, Edward Howell, 34, of Belfast, posted $10,000 bail and was deported last week. He is being held in a Canadian jail, leaving Mr. Ellis as the only one in custody in the United States.

Robert Murphy, attorney for Mr. Ellis, is seeking to have him released from a holding cell here and to obtain political asylum for him. Mr. Murphy has refused to discuss the case publicly.

Mr. Ferro, the local Immigration Service director, said the investigation of suspected I.R.A. activities in the United States had been spurred by the discovery two years ago of evidence indicating a supply line.

Border Crossings Noted

Mr. Ferro said one bit of evidence was the telephone number of an I.R.A. ''safe house'' in the Toronto suburb of Mississagua, written on a piece of paper carried by Kiernan Nugent, an I.R.A. official arrested in New York City in 1980.

The house was put under surveillance, and it was found that people and automobiles arriving there were crossing the United States border regularly, he said.

About five years ago the Immigration Service began encoding in a computer bank the license numbers of all cars entering the United States. Mr. Ferro said an interpretation of the patterns indicated that the I.R.A. was regularly sending people across the bridges here and in Niagara Falls.

''In a typical case, we found a car with a certain Ontario registration had tried to enter the United States at the check point on the Peace Bridge, and been refused entry by a suspicious inspector,'' Mr. Ferro said.

''Yet the computer printout showed that half an hour later the same car was admitted at the Whirlpool Rapids Bridge,'' he added.

Thorough Checks Impossible

Tens of thousands of cars cross the four bridges daily, and it is almost impossible to make a thorough check on even a fraction of them and their occupants.

An Irish citizen must have a visa to enter the United States, but if challenged at the bridges he could state that he was unaware of that requirement. In that case the Immigration inspector is supposed to deny entry, saying that a visa must be obtained at the United States Embassy in Ottawa or the consulate in Toronto.

''If challenged and rejected they would then try the same tactic at another bridge,'' Mr. Ferro said, adding that with computer-aided identification it was becoming much more difficult to gain entry with this tactic.

Mr. Ferro and other Federal officials said the I.R.A. was using the auto bridges because airlines offering direct service from Europe demanded proof that the necessary visa had been obtained.

Others Arrested

''It was easier to cross the border here, plus the fact that it was then a simple matter to either take a plane from Buffalo to New York City - the center of I.R.A. sympathies in the United States - or drive there by car,'' Mr. Ferro added.

In addition to the five arrested earlier this month, two men were caught trying to cross the border here in January, also carrying fraudulent papers.

Last year half a dozen other people identified as I.R.A. members were picked up at the border or in New York or Pittsburgh. Federal officials said they suspected that crossings of the border here had been going on for as long as eight years.

**End of Document**



[***Eerie Lights, Disco and Saucy Jump Cuts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PMB-8430-TW8F-G14M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 9, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 60

**Length:** 2107 words

**Byline:** By CHARLES TAYLOR and STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

**Body**

Close Encounters of the Third Kind

''Stop and be friendly'' might not seem like much of a way to sum up a great movie. But those words, on a sign held aloft by an old coot as a ''Howdy!'' to an armada of UFOs, is the very spirit of Steven Spielberg's wonderful 1977 film. The news of this ''30th Anniversary Ultimate Edition'' is that apart from a long out-of-print Criterion laser disc, it's the first home video release of the film's original theatrical cut. (The two other versions omit some of the best moments in favor of flashy but clumsy set pieces.)

If a Preston Sturges comedy had been reconceived as a spiritual quest, it might have played like ''Close Encounters,'' in which a quintessentially American group of misfits and oddballs goes in quest of the UFOs they've seen, but which the government insists don't exist. Their patron saint is the character actor Roberts Blossom, who rises in one scene to orate on the time he saw Bigfoot. His shining, cracked certainty is reflected in the careworn face of Melinda Dillon, as the mother whose little boy (Cary Guffey) has been swooped up by a ship, and by Richard Dreyfuss, heartbreaking as a man whose obsession costs him his family.

The justly celebrated climax, an encounter with the alien mother ship, remains one of the great moments in film, and as close to a celebration of pure light, movement and sound as narrative cinema has yet reached. That Mr. Spielberg treats a Western night sky or the spooky yet familiar interior of a middle-class home at night with the same sense of wonder is what makes this contemplation of other worlds such a loving treatment of our own. (Sony, Nov. 13, $39.95) CHARLES TAYLOR

Death Proof

Conceived as a homage to American exploitation filmmaking, the Robert Rodriguez-Quentin Tarantino double feature ''Grindhouse'' was also an ode to the (perhaps lost) communal joy of moviegoing. The public rejected its generous gifts, and, in an almost immediate cave-in to that bad judgment, the Weinstein Company has chosen to release the films as two separate features, each in a longer cut. The upside is that we get more of both Mr. Rodriguez's gleefully gross zombie splatterfest, ''Planet Terror,'' and Mr. Tarantino's miraculous little road movie, ''Death Proof,'' which increasingly looks like one of the year's best American films.

Mr. Tarantino's attack-and-avenge scenario is an excuse to indulge his talent for dialogue that's twisty, barbed and idiosyncratic, mixing formality with informality in a way that earns the title American Gothic. The talk is the province of two sets of young women, with each group having an encounter with Stuntman Mike (a grizzled, grinning Kurt Russell), a psycho who gets his kicks by terrorizing women behind the wheel -- until one set decides to make him a plaything.

With its fetishistic shots of jukeboxes that still play 45s, and reverence for road movies like ''Vanishing Point,'' ''Death Proof'' is a love letter to pop archivalism as cozy as the roadhouse in which the first half takes place.

The passel of witty actresses includes Vanessa Ferlito, Sydney Tamiia Poitier (Sidney's daughter), Rose McGowan, Tracie Thoms and Mary Elizabeth Winstead. But it's the faces of two women who communicate the movie's sense of freedom and release: the New Zealand stuntwoman Zoe Bell (playing herself), whooping and laughing as she rides spread-eagled on the hood of a speeding Dodge Challenger; and Rosario Dawson, left, whose face, in one shining close-up, passes from fear to the sheer irrational joy found in taking a wholly unnecessary chance. (Weinstein Company: ''Death Proof,'' Sept. 18, $29.95; ''Planet Terror,'' Oct. 16, $29.95) CHARLES TAYLOR

Breathless

You could watch Jean-Luc Godard's 1960 ''Breathless'' -- one of the most seductive films of the French New Wave, here in a fully restored version -- a hundred times and see something new every viewing: a shot framed in a way you had never quite parsed before, or a jump cut that simultaneously, weirdly, both truncates time and elongates it.

Jean-Paul Belmondo's Michel is a cool, clever car thief, in deep trouble after shooting a cop; Jean Seberg's Patricia is the woman he's in love with, a mortally charming young American whose innocent blond pixie-cut caps a brain that's always calculating, teasing. She's the movie's tomboy fatale, Michel its tragic hero. But you can't get through ''Breathless'' without falling in love with them both, partly because of the way the cinematographer Raoul Coutard's camera swirls around them, pulling them close and spinning away, unable and unwilling to resist them.

In one shot he turns Patricia, with those treacherous dimples, into an angel of death in a raincoat, bathed in the glow of an ultra-mod illuminated escalator. She's on her way up, ascending, as if she can't be bothered with anything so mundane as earth. And when the camera captures Michel in a floating, semicircular pan, as he shows up at a travel agency counter in search of money owed him, the goal could only be to drink in his lanky frame, to admire the casually calculated, almost erotic way his jacket hangs off it.

Forget the theory of the male gaze. Who's to say that the lens itself has a permanently assigned gender? Sometimes she's a woman, and she knows what she likes. (Criterion Collection, Oct. 23, $39.95)STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

Giallo

A gaggle of the stylish, often bloody Italian horror movies known as giallo will arrive this fall. The pleasure of the genre lies less in the shocks than in the refreshing, disreputable air of Eurodecadence and the often luscious costumes and set designs. The greatest of the giallo filmmakers, Dario Argento, is represented by five releases. The opening attack in one of them, ''The Bird With the Crystal Plumage'' (1970) -- shot in an all-white, glass-fronted modern art gallery standing like an electric cage in the dark Roman night -- sets the chic, sleazy tone for what is to follow.

Mr. Argento's ''Opera'' (1987), in which the killer tapes needles under the eyes of a kidnapped soprano (Cristina Marsillach, above) so she is forced to watch his murders, shows the increasingly grisly turn his films took. The movie reaches its insane peak during a performance of Verdi's ''Macbeth,'' when crows escape the stage to circle an opera house, descending to pluck out the eyes of the murderer sitting in the audience.

Mr. Argento's best film remains the 1977 ''Suspiria,'' about sinister goings-on at a ballet school in which the cast -- Joan Bennett, Alida Valli, Jessica Harper -- takes a back seat to the murderous set pieces and to the art direction, which suggests what Alphonse Mucha might have done had he been a satanist. (VCI: ''The Bird With the Crystal Plumage,'' Sept. 18, as part of ''The Italian Giallo Collection,'' $29.99; Blue Underground: ''Opera,'' $14.95, and ''Suspiria,'' $19.95, both Sept. 25) CHARLES TAYLOR

The Lady Vanishes

Maybe the only problem with earning the heavyweight title in the Master of Suspense category is that people might forget you also know how to make pleasingly casual, conversational pictures like ''The Lady Vanishes.''

In Alfred Hitchcock's trim 1938 thriller, set first in an unnamed Eastern European resort town and then on a train speeding toward a tense but strangely placid climax, a breezy young woman (Margaret Lockwood, at center) befriends a meek, tweedy governess (Dame May Whitty, near right) who, suddenly and inexplicably, disappears. The young woman, concerned for the old lady's safety, anxiously quizzes the train's passengers, and nearly everyone plays dumb. Only a handsome, freewheeling musician (Michael Redgrave, far right) believes her. The picture -- here in a newly remastered edition -- chugs along with a satisfying clickety-clack, but you can't miss its sinister, mournful undertones.

''The Lady Vanishes'' glitters with Hitchock's dry humor, even as it flirts with what would become one of his favorite themes: What does it mean for a human being to take -- or fail to take -- action? When two proper Englishmen (the comedy team of Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne) speak in hushed, concerned tones of ''England on the brink,'' they're speaking not of impending war but cricket scores. These are among the characters who don't want to worry about some missing old lady. She's disposable, an invisible nuisance, and when in doubt -- which is, face it, most of the time -- it's safer not to get involved.

''The Lady Vanishes'' is deeply enjoyable but also vaguely unsettling, a prewar fable that suggests it's bad enough when you don't know what you're standing for, but far worse when you can't even be bothered to think about what you're standing against. (Criterion Collection, Nov. 20, $39.95)STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

Saturday Night Fever

John Badham's ''Saturday Night Fever,'' a huge hit when it was released in 1977, so accurately captured the vibe of its era that it didn't take long for the movie to become an object of ridicule, a kitsch relic. It was as if polyester shirts, platform shoes and, most of all, disco itself were silly trends just waiting to be reviled.

But disco was more than just a fad, or even a mere style of music. It represented a flowering, and intermingling, of gay, black and Latino cultures. You can make fun of John Travolta's white suit all you want, ''Saturday Night Fever'' gets the way disco, born in gay clubs in Manhattan and Long Island, could work transformative magic even in the macho, ***working-class*** world of Italian Bay Ridge.

Mr. Travolta's Tony Manero may be a strutting peacock in his shellacked coif and Nik Nik shirts, but his weekend treks to the 2001 Odyssey club suggest a yearning for beauty and elegance in his life. Mr. Travolta's performance is marvelously physical and interior. His spinning and gliding on the dance floor suggest the world Tony would like to escape to; but when he opens his mouth, every glottal stop reminds him where he comes from.

''Saturday Night Fever'' (released here in a 30th-anniversary edition with a crowd of extras), more than just a movie about a fad, is a snapshot of an era when the bridges between Manhattan and the other boroughs were much longer than they are today. Or at least much harder to cross. (Paramount Home Entertainment, Sept. 18, $19.99)STEPHANIE ZACHAREK

Other Releases

Sarah Polley's graceful debut film, ''Away From Her,'' showcases Julie Christie and Gordon Pinsent in stellar performances (Sept. 11). Also that day ''The Witchfinder General'' (a k a ''The Conqueror Worm'') reveals the talent cut short when the director, Michael Reeves, committed suicide. John Boorman's masterly adaptation of James Dickey's novel ''Deliverance'' gets a 35th-anniversary release on Sept. 18. And Sept. 25 brings five releases: proof that ''Knocked Up'' is an American classic; a new deluxe edition of Hitchcock's truly frightening film ''The Birds'' (with Tippi Hedren, right); Paul Verhoeven's wildly entertaining (and, to some, upsetting) World War II adventure, ''Black Book''; the veteran director Jack Hill's infamous drive-in staple, ''Spider Baby''; and ''The Mickey Rooney & Judy Garland Collection,'' which offers several of their beloved adventures on DVD for the first time. High fashion sings and dances (and so do Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire) in ''Funny Face'' (Oct. 2). The zombie thriller ''28 Weeks Later'' is a brilliant metaphor for our current military quagmire (Oct. 9). On the same day Criterion brings its superfine treatment to Gus van Sant's ''Mala Noche.'' On Oct. 23 Warner Brothers releases a special-editions box of Stanley Kubrick movies, and, on Oct. 30, a box of films featuring the greatest actress ever to work in American movies, Barbara Stanwyck. Also on Oct. 30 Don Cheadle and Taraji P. Henson shine in Kasi Lemmons's underrated ''Talk to Me.'' And one of the best recent American comedies , Pixar's ''Ratatouille,'' makes its DVD debut (Nov. 6). Also that day the ''James Bond Monster Box'' set collects every official Bond film yet released. For those with a lot of time on their hands Criterion releases Rainer Werner Fassbinder's filmic doorstop, ''Berlin Alexanderplatz'' (Nov. 13), and, on the briefer side, Akira Kurosawa's ''Drunken Angel'' (Nov. 27). Also on Nov. 27 the first -- and, sadly, last -- feature from Adrienne Shelly: the gentle and charming ''Waitress.'' Dec. 4 brings the best film from the terrific Hong Kong filmmaker Johnnie To, the thrilling, heartfelt ''Exiled.'' And on Dec. 11 ''The Bourne Ultimatum'' shows the chops it takes for an action movie to qualify as a doozy. CHARLES TAYLOR

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

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOFEST)

**Load-Date:** September 9, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Stockholm And The Kindness of Bloggers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:55X1-CXT1-DXY4-X45D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 17, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2012 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; Travel Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2973 words

**Byline:** By HENRY ALFORD

HENRY ALFORD is the author of ''Would It Kill You to Stop Doing That: A Modern Guide to Manners'' (Twelve).

**Body**

THE view was peerless but not pierless. I was sitting on the patio of the chic Hotel Skeppsholmen, which, located on an island in the middle of Stockholm, seems to embody all that's good about a city that is roughly one-third water and one-third green space. I could see lawn, palisades, boats and ferries, very few tourists, Northern Europe's best-preserved medieval city, an amusement park built in 1883, important shrubbery, ducks.

I fell into conversation with a bearded, 50-something stranger to my left, who asked me how I had stumbled onto this little slice of heaven. ''A blogger,'' I told him. Whereupon he snort-laughed as if to say: But this place is too exalted for the mere blogosphere.

''I'm sometimes the only person sitting out here,'' he told me. ''It's Stockholm's best-kept secret.''

''Better than the WikiLeaks bunker?'' I asked.

''Well ... '' he conceded, all mock gravity. ''Maybe second best.''

What would happen if you traveled to a country you'd never been to and relied on suggestions from blogs and online locals instead of those from friends and guidebooks? Would you end up at a Star Trek convention? Trapped in a basement full of cat hair and moody Swedish folk singers? Not according to my visit at the Skeppsholmen.

I chose Stockholm for this experiment because it's a city with a wealth of bloggers. Try Googling ''Stockholm bloggers'' and then get back to me next month, when you've finished reading. A fictional character like the hacker Lisbeth Salander doesn't emerge from a vacuum -- she's the product of much feverish keyboard tapping, and I don't mean Stieg Larsson's. My hope was that by taking tips from young bloggers I'd immediately be plugged into hipster Stockholm and neatly dodge any Millennium or Abba walking tours -- or indeed, any activity that might shed a light on sulky fictional hackers or the troubled marriage of Benny and Anni-Frid.

If Sweden's uniqueness lies in its having long been a socialist paradise with a thrumming amount of business ingenuity -- hello, Ericsson and Electrolux and Saab and Volvo and H&M and Ikea and Hasselblad -- then perhaps it's not a huge surprise that this is a country where a certain percentage of the population likes to sit in cafes, lavishing their blog posts and restaurant recommendations with the kind of attention befitting a sickly dachshund. The average Swede drinks 4.5 cups of coffee a day. Cue frantic blogging.

Back in New York, I'd fallen down the rabbit hole of Stockholm blogs. I'd gravitated mostly to two jaunty ones that feature -- as is increasingly seen in other city-based blogs, too -- insider tips given by locals. The first of these was Nectar & Pulse (nectarandpulse.com), a company that allows you, at 6 euros (about $7.35) a pop, to buy local hipsters' insider tips to one of eight European cities and New York. Each of the locals -- or Soulmates, as the site calls them -- is identified by name and a title like ''Shopaholic/Glamourgirl/Partyqueen'' or ''Breadbaker/Writer/Birdwatcher.'' Each Soulmate -- most of whom are in their 20s and have a kind of boho gorgeousness that screams ''pool party at Alexander Skarsgard's'' -- has filled out profile questions in which they describe favorite films, magazines, times of day and so on; seldom has one encountered more enthusiasm for Elle magazine and the films of Wong Kar-wai.

Before going to Stockholm for 12 days in April with my boyfriend, Greg, I bought tips from two Soulmates -- the one who seemed the most like me (Collector/Photographer/Listener Kristofer Hedlund) and the one -- or ones -- who are the most like someone I secretly want to be (Bohemians/Pop-Princesses/Businesswomen Johanna and Nina Piroth).

I was mailed two handsomely produced, color-photograph-bedecked guides, each 5 by 14 inches and each bearing about 30 recommendations for museums, restaurants, stores and bars. Both brochures contained a sort of prose poem in which the Soulmates described a perfect day in Stockholm. After a day of looking at art and eating and clubgoing, the mustachioed and soul-patched Mr. Hedlund plunges (presumably naked) into the bay at sunrise. The pale, waifish Piroth sisters, meanwhile, do a lot of brunching and picnicking whereupon ''the dancemood takes over'' and they engage in ''ugly, early-morning dancing'' until dawn.

I'd love to tell you that, on any given day during our trip, the previous day's celebration of nakedness and dancemood prohibited us from getting out of our accommodations much before 8 p.m., but I recently turned 50. No, we hit 13 of Mr. Hedlund's picks and 6 of the Piroth sisters'. Mr. Hedlund steered us toward the wonderful Fotografiska, the photography museum opened in 2010 inside a huge Art Nouveau customs house on the water. We marveled here at Marcus Bleasdale's pictures of Uganda and Andre Kertesz's pictures of Paris, as well as at conference rooms named ''Annie'' and ''Cindy and Sally.''

We also enjoyed our Hedlund-inspired visits to the vegetarian lunch spot Martins Grona and to the well-curated Papercutshop, which sells books, magazines and DVDs. At the cavernous art gallery Magasin 3 down near the harbor, we went to an Ai Weiwei exhibition. We learned that in 2007 Mr. Ai had made a sculpture of 1,001 wooden doors from destroyed homes but that a wind storm in Germany had knocked the sculpture down. ''It's better than before,'' he said of the artwork at the time. ''Now the price is doubled.''

Like Mr. Hedlund's picks, many of the places suggested by the Piroth sisters were on the island of Sodermalm, the formerly ***working-class*** enclave now host to Stockholm's bohemia. But if the seeming theme of Mr. Hedlund's Stockholm is ''Places Where You Could Hand-Roll a Cigarette Without Anyone Looking Askance,'' the Piroth sisters' is more ''Places to Have a Stylish Nervous Breakdown.'' At the vintage clothing store Lisa Larsson, hillocks of secondhand garments heaped on the floor suggested that Miss Larsson's closet has been struck by an asteroid; at the wonderful Rosendals Tradgard, in a park, you buy your baked goods or lunch inside one of the garden center's hot, pressure cooker-like greenhouses and then collapse at a picnic table or on the grass.

A traveler could never rely solely on the Soulmates -- when you are this beautiful, apparently, you do not traffic in practicalities like opening hours, phone numbers or prices; and you do not recommend hotels, because you are probably sleeping on the beach, a thin reindeer hide wrapped around you tightly, like a won ton. However, as a kind of gauzy inspiration, these guides provide aspirational guideposts and conversational fodder.

I loved -- purely on the basis of his having listed Susan Sontag as one of his heroes -- looking for signs of poserdom in one of Mr. Hedlund's choices of places to drink Fernet-Branca (the yuppie-ish but centrally located Kaken). I loved -- when we took a Piroth sisters-inspired day trip to revel in the stark beauty of the island of Sandhamn -- coming to the realization that my personal equivalent of ''the dancemood'' is the joy I feel when I play along with ''Jeopardy'' at home. And I loved -- even though many of their picks could be found in guidebooks -- knowing I was hanging with the cool kids. But I did not love being turned away from the restaurant P.A. & Co. three times because my Soulmate Mr. Hedlund didn't tell me I needed a reservation. Dude!

Less romantic but even more helpful than the Nectar & Pulse guides was the Spotted by Locals blog. Here, a group of youngish locals write short blog posts about their city. (There are 41 cities covered, all in Europe.) No perfect days here, and I don't know how any of these people feel about Wong Kar-wai or Fernet-Branca. But there is a good amount of information that you don't find in guidebooks, almost all of it graced with information like prices and opening hours. We followed 15 of its suggestions, the greatest concentration coming from Natalia Urbanska, a contributor and culture maven who encouraged us to visit Stockholm's premier venue for modern dance, Dansens Hus. We saw a piece in which an ominous, air-inflated 25-foot cube of parachute silk -- imagine an inexorable marshmallow -- ingested and then disgorged dancers. Dancemood: regurgitant.

But Spotted by Local's best virtue is its practicality. Aaron Larsson, another contributor, directed us to Aplace Below, the Vasastan outlet of the clothing boutique Aplace, where last season's clothes, some by young Swedish designers, are reduced by 30 to 50 percent; we bought a dove gray raincoat and a quilted, shabby-chic suit jacket. We agreed with Anna Ostman that the second bar, not the first, at the popular brasserie Sturehof is the one to go to, and saved about $12 when, per her suggestion, we ate at Sonja's Greek on a Sunday night, when all entrees are reduced to 100 kronor (about $14 at 7 kronor to the dollar).

Mr. Larsson wrote that Judit & Bertil -- a cozy Sodermalm bar that was the site of a political scandal a few years ago when Sweden's secretary of state was photographed kissing a journalist while on duty -- is unblemished by tourists and that it has a '' 'dinner-at-your-alcoholic-friend's-place' kind of feeling.'' I wholly concur, though, in my case, I was the alcoholic friend. Two aquavits under my belt, I fell, in plain view of Greg, deeply in love with the sly, stubbly 20-something bartender, a sort of Swedish Jude Law. Pointing at the cocktail menu, I blurted at Jude, ''What is smultron? It sounds like a pornographic robot.'' Jude, all smiles and indulgence, said, ''It is not that. It is a wild strawberry.'' Fifteen minutes later, I offered, ''I see that your men's room downstairs has no door. Discuss.'' Jude: ''There was a door on the old bathroom, but this is how the new one is. There is a second bathroom on this floor, with a door. It's not for me to make judgments about which you choose.''

During our stay, details like the doorless bathroom -- anything that bespoke chaos or randomness or decay -- seemed particularly vivid to me. So sunny and practical are the natives, so clean and efficient are the city and its subway, the Tunnelbana, that I longed at times for any vestige of grit or darkness. New parents get 480 days of parental leave?! Everyone I talk to seems to have a summer house on an island?! When I told the bartender at Snotty -- a bar for rock 'n' roll snobs in Sodermalm -- that I could detect no condescension or attitude from him or his patrons, he proceeded to thank me!

Sure, I could point to the occasional sign of tumult -- Sweden's Social Democrats, for the first time in more than a decade, were deposed in 2006 and replaced by a center-right coalition under Prime Minister Fredrik Reinfeldt; we all know about Sweden's high suicide rate and the oppressive snowfall and the heavy drinking and the ever burgeoning school of blood-soaked fiction. And yes, I had envisioned having a mental collapse at Lisa Larsson and Rosendals Tradgard. But, overall, to a visitor like me, Stockholm's bright sun is fairly blinding. It can all seem a little too perfect.

I soldiered on. I had now canvassed the city through the eyes of seven strangers -- a fact that had allowed me to find by Day 1 or 2 of our trip the kind of untouristed places that I sometimes only find by Day 4 or 5. (I was glad, though, that I carried a guidebook -- I needed the maps; and when we stumbled onto a church, it was helpful to know when it was built.) But it was time to bump up my game: I needed to actually meet a blogger. An American friend, having heard what I was after, put me in touch with Emi Guner, a 40-year-old mother of three who has lived in or near Stockholm most of her life, and who writes a personal, nontourist-directed blog called Letters From the End Consumer. Emi asked Greg and me to meet her at the Nytorget Urban Deli, a lively Sodermalm cafe at the back of a grocery whose offerings include miniature pineapples and saffron biscotti.

The wonderfully witty Emi -- ''Pickled herring,'' she allowed at one point, ''is the Gatorade of the North'' -- was busily pecking away at the keyboard of her silver MacBook Air when we arrived. Never before have I met someone who can so gracefully punctuate her conversation with helpful Web searches. You like sweets? Here is the site of a great new caramel shop, Parlans, where the workers all dress in swing-era garb. You're going to the medieval district? You'll definitely want to look at the windows of the lovely boutique Very Important Clothes. You miss your cat back in New York? Let's watch this clip of Werner Herzog talking about chickens. When I pressed Emi for the name of the amazing cakelike brown bread that restaurants kept serving us, I was startled to see her convey the words ''danskt ragbrod'' by pencil rather than IM.

I asked Emi if she had a theory as to why Stockholm has so many bloggers, and she said: ''It might be partly our inferiority complex. We're feeling kind of alone, all the way up here in the north. We want to reach out and tell people that we're alive. We want to show people that we're on top of everything.''

This naturally led to a discussion of hipster-riddled Sodermalm, whose cafes I had recently described to a friend as ''laptoppy.'' Emi reported: ''The Stockholm hipsters have gotten very nerdy about bread. And coffee is reaching Brooklyn levels.'' On the bread front: ''Sourdough has gotten huge, especially for stay-at-home dads. The bakery of this deli that we're in has a 'sourdough hotel' where you can leave your starter when you go on vacation.'' (Sourdough starter needs to be ''fed'' to keep the yeast active. The ''hotel'' is a shelving unit that holds some 30 jars of customers' dried or live starter; the top shelf is labeled ''Penthouse.'') Emi said, ''When I first heard about it, I thought it was a hipster joke.''

Given her excellent taste in all things Stockholm, it seemed only appropriate to ask Emi what her perfect day in Stockholm would be. She said she'd start with breakfast at the Hotel Skeppsholmen; then go to either of the nearby museums of modern art or architecture; then sit outside and eat lunch in the Humlegarden; then go for a swim at the outdoor pool at the Eriksbadet sports center.

It was only the next day -- when I'd peeled off from Greg and perched myself on the Hotel Skeppsholmen's patio -- that I realized that Emi's perfect day ended in the late afternoon. What of her evening? I struggled with this omission before finally realizing that it seemed just about right. You can plan a perfect day, and can put a perfect day in motion, but in the end, the best days are usually the ones that allow for the random. You put the building blocks in place, but then the wind moves them.

WHERE TO STAY

Hotel Skeppsholmen. On Skeppsholmen, the island that houses museums of modern art and architecture, this 81-room hotel is in a naval barracks dating from 1699. Hushed Swedish minimalism is the keynote. Note the bathroom sinks -- the water falls on pearl-white stone that looks like a blob of very relaxed pizza dough. Grona gangen 1; (46-8) 407-23-50; hotelskeppsholmen.com. A double room is 1,795 to 2,995 kronor, about $255 to $425 at 7 kronor to the dollar.

First Hotel Reisen. Formerly a 17th-century coffee house, the Reisen is on the water in Gamla Stan, the Old Town, and each of its rooms has a water view. The rooms are smallish; the breakfast, expansive. Skeppsbron 12; (46-8) 22-32-60; firsthotels.com. Doubles, 1,364 to 2,250 kronor.

WHERE TO EAT

Djuret. A nose-to-tail restaurant, Djuret celebrates one kind of meat at a time -- when we went, it was veal -- serving only that meat in all its varieties. Prepare to see meat hooks on the walls and illustrations of beef cuts on the tablecloths, and be forewarned that even the side dishes may be absent of vegetables. Lilla Nygatan 5; (46-8) 506-400-84; djuret.se. Entrees 250 to 450 kronor. Reservations recommended.

Rosendals Tradgard. About a 15 minute walk onto the park-covered island of Djurgarden will take you to this oasis of organic and artisanal soups, sandwiches and baked goods. The adjoining garden center sells plants; an adjoining gift shop sells bread and jams. Rosendalsterrassen 12; (46-8) 545-812-70; rosendalstradgard.se Open from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and to 6 p.m. on weekends. Closed mid-November to mid-February.

19 Glas. This tiny and somewhat cramped place in the Old Town has a good and wonderfully priced (129 kronor) two-course lunch featuring lots of locally produced ingredients. There's also a five-course set menu dinner for 499 kronor. Stora Nygatan 19; (46-8) 723-19-19; 19glas.com.

WHERE TO DRINK

Nobis Hotel. If you're in the market for an elegant hotel lobby drink, skip this design hotel's much-lauded and fashionista-clogged Gold Bar and head for the inner courtyard with comfy chairs and soaring atrium. According to the front desk, it takes seven men a whole day to change the overhead light fixture's light bulbs. Normalmstorg 2-4; (46-8) 614-10-00; nobishotel.se.

Le Bar Rouge. A red-velvet-bedecked bit of elegant fantaisie, this bar on a quiet street in the Old Town attracts its share of colorful characters. A popular Moulin Rouge-themed restaurant is also on the premises; reservations recommended. Brunnsgrand 2-4; (46-8) 505-244-60; lerouge.se.

WHERE TO SHOP

Aplace Below. Though there are several branches of Aplace -- a boutique specializing in international designers, many of them Swedish -- throughout the city, this very small basement branch in Vasastan sells last season's clothes for men and women at reduced prices. Eriksgatan 79; (46-8) 32-51-10; aplace.com.

Parlans. This new swing-era-themed Sodermalm confectionery sells different flavored caramels wrapped in wax paper (about 7 kronor each). You can sit in the store and order tea as well. Nytorgsgatan 38; (46-8) 660-70-10; parlanskonfektyr.se.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Local bloggers directed the author to the island of Sodermalm, host to Stockholm's bohemia. Below, Nectar & Pulse brochures from the sisters Johanna and Nina Piroth and Kristofer Hedlund. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CASPER HEDBERG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES (BROCHURES) )(TR1)

FROM TOP: Wrapping caramels at Parlans

at Rosendals Tradgard, you can buy lunch and eat in a park

a bar called Snotty, on Sodermalm. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CASPER HEDBERG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR6)

FROM TOP: The island of Sodermalm, a bloggers' pick

Magnus Laupa holds Simon at Fotografiska

''sourdough hotel'' at Bageriet Urban Deli. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHE BOISVIEUX/CORBIS

CASPER HEDBERG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (TR6-TR7) MAPS (TR6)

**Load-Date:** June 22, 2012

**End of Document**



[***THE 1996 ELECTIONS: NEW JERSEY -- U.S. SENATE RACE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-30P0-0005-G4F4-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TORRICELLI WINS SENATE CONTEST***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-30P0-0005-G4F4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 6, 1996, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1281 words

**Byline:** By BRETT PULLEY

By BRETT PULLEY

**Body**

Representative Robert G. Torricelli, a Democrat who has served in Congress for seven terms, won election to New Jersey's open United States Senate seat yesterday.

Mr. Torricelli, known for throwing himself into the center of high-profile and volatile issues, defeated Representative Richard A. Zimmer after a race that had become a testament to the ever-increasing expense and negative nature of campaigning. In the end, the race was not as close as the polls had predicted. With 94 percent of precincts reporting at 12:52 A.M. today, Mr. Torricelli had 53 percent of the popular vote, compared with 42 percent for Mr. Zimmer.

In selecting Mr. Torricelli, 45, from Englewood in Bergen County, over Mr. Zimmer, a 52-year-old, three-term Congressman from Delaware Township in Hunterdon County, voters sided with the Democratic candidate's belief that government should play an active role in preserving Medicare, protecting the environment and strengthening education initiatives.

"You have given me the blessing of success, but the burden of being worthy of all that you have given," a somewhat giddy Mr. Torricelli told a crowd of ebullient supporters gathered at a Woodbridge hotel shortly after 10 last night.

He then alluded to the nastiness of the race and his hope that it would not be repeated. "Let this campaign be remembered finally for this," he said, "that it was the beginning of a new civility in the public life of New Jersey."

About half an hour earlier, at 9:30, Mr. Zimmer had conceded defeat and credited Mr. Torricelli with running "a remarkably focused and effective campaign." With Gov. Christine Todd Whitman at his side, Mr. Zimmer went on:

"Even when people were questioning our chances because of the national political climate, we hung in there, we worked hard, we kept it neck-and-neck and we stayed in the race. Clearly, this was not an easy year to run as a Republican outside the South."

New Jersey voters also gave President Clinton a resounding victory, and both Democrats benefited from large turnouts among women and members of minority groups.

"It looks like basically 'Contract With America' payback time," said James McQueeny, a Democratic political analyst in the state. "You had the angry white male giving a so-called mandate two years ago only because women and minorities did not come out. Well, they didn't make that mistake twice."

Polls throughout the campaign had shown the two candidates within a few points of each other, but with a significant number of undecided voters. Based on exit polls today, however, many of the same issues that had earlier convinced voters to support Mr. Torricelli also persuaded those who made up their minds in the final hours.

The race between Mr. Torricelli and Mr. Zimmer was one of the most expensive in the country, with combined costs expected to climb over $20 million. The race also became a lightning rod for critics, who deplored the predominantly negative advertising by both men. Mr. Zimmer, who had a Boy Scout image going into the race and who defined himself as a fiscal hawk devoted to smaller government, stuck to his attacks on Mr. Torricelli even after other Republican leaders urged him to tone them down.

What set the stage for the matchup between Mr. Torricelli and Mr. Zimmer was the August 1995 announcement by Bill Bradley, the former New York Knicks star and 18-year veteran of the Senate, that he would not seek another term.

Mr. Zimmer was already preparing to take on Mr. Bradley, whose vulnerability had been exposed after a surprisingly tight race against Mrs. Whitman in 1990. "If we had run against Bradley it would have been a different race," said Lawrence Weitzner, Mr. Zimmer's chief consultant.

"It would have been more like the Kerry-Weld race," he said, referring to the Massachusetts contest, which was won by Senator John F. Kerry. "It would have been more on the philosophy of government."

Instead, the race turned into a mostly negative debate over the two candidates' legislative careers. Mr. Zimmer accused Mr. Torricelli of being too liberal on fiscal issues, and he also questioned Mr. Torricelli's ethics and judgment, accusing him of everything from dubious fund-raising to shirking his voting duties in Congress.

For his part, Mr. Torricelli did as Democratic candidates across the country did. He handcuffed Mr. Zimmer to Speaker Newt Gingrich, and while Mr. Zimmer tried furiously to prove he had voted independently, Mr. Torricelli focused on the many parts of Mr. Gingrich's legislative agenda, the Contract With America, that Mr. Zimmer had backed.

Throughout the race, Mr. Torricelli said he felt the issues were in his favor. Although Mr. Zimmer had been a moderate for most of his career, Mr. Torricelli contended that the Republican's votes during the last two years to contain Medicare, education and environmental spending had moved him too far to the right for New Jersey's middle-ground voters. And the Democrat calculated that if he could keep the campaign focused on the issues, he would win the race.

But Mr. Torricelli is an outgoing and ambitious man who built his Washington reputation by throwing himself into controversy. His coziness with big contributors and his thirst for the spotlight was in stark contrast to Mr. Zimmer's bland image, and the contrast did not elude the Republican's advisers.

In his advertisements, Mr. Zimmer attacked Mr. Torricelli on various ethical matters, from repeatedly overdrawing his House bank account to helping the daughter of a Federal fugitive. While Mr. Torricelli accused Mr. Zimmer of making personal attacks, the Republican candidate insisted that the issues were fair, truthful and necessary.

Eventually, Mr. Torricelli -- who was also running critical ads but limiting them to Mr. Zimmer's Congressional record -- seemed frustrated by his inability to confine the debate to legislative issues. Even today, after he voted, he said, "People need to distinguish between talking about a candidate's record, and negative, even unseemly attacks."

Joseph Vas, the Democratic Mayor of Perth Amboy, said before the polls closed, "Zimmer has been enormously successful in shaping how the campaign has gone." Mr. Vas, who said he expected to deliver a majority of votes in his ***working-class*** city to Mr. Torricelli, called the negative tone "unfortunate."

Since Labor Day, the two men have inundated the television airwaves in New York and Philadelphia, which is the only option for statewide candidates, since New Jersey has no network affiliates. Advertising in those two markets does not come cheaply, however, and once all the bills are paid, the two candidates are expected to have spent more than $17 million on broadcast ads, with $3 million more coming from the political parties.

While Mr. Zimmer was forced to spend $500,000 in what turned out to be an easy primary victory in June, Mr. Torricelli was unopposed for the nomination and continued to build a formidable war chest. As a result, it appeared that Mr. Torricelli would have much more money to buy television time, and in his Federal filings at the end of June, he reported having $5.9 million in the bank, compared with the $2.7 million that Mr. Zimmer reported at the same time.

But when the costly television ad war began, the Republican National Committee came to Mr. Zimmer's rescue and began using its large amount of "soft money" from corporations -- campaign money not given directly to a candidate -- to run advertisements that attacked Mr. Torricelli. The money leveled the playing field, and the mostly negative ads run by the national party helped set the tone for what would soon become known by many as one of the nastiest races in the country.

**Graphic**

x-Robert Andrews, D (i) 153,574 - 76 %

Mel Suplee, R 42,261 - 21 %

District 2 -- 100 %

Ruth Katz, D 80,758 - 38 %

x-Frank LoBiondo, R (i) 127,469 - 60 %

District 3 -- 98 %

John Leonardi, D 75,282 - 33 %

x-Jim Saxton, R (i) 145,183 - 64 %

District 4 -- 99 %

Kevin Meara, D 73,693 - 34 %

x-Christopher Smith, R (i) 139,892 - 64 %

District 5 -- 87 %

Bill Auer, D 36,686 - 24 %

x-Marge Roukema, R (i) 109,668 - 72 %

District 6 -- 100 %

x-Frank Pallone, D (i) 125,448 - 62 %

Steven CoroDus, R 73,035 - 36 %

District 7 -- 98 %

Larry Lerner, D 87,802 - 41 %

x-Bob Franks, R (i) 118,729 - 56 %

District 8 -- 99 % -D Gain

x-William Pascrell, D 94,086 - 51 %

Bill Martini, R (i) 88,683 - 48 %

District 9 -- 98 % -Open

x-Steven Rothman, D 67,353 - 58 %

Kathleen Donovan, R 48,515 - 41 %

District 10 -- 98 %

x-Donald Payne, D (i) 121,372 - 84 %

Vanessa Williams, R 21,487 - 15 %

District 11 -- 98 %

Chris Evangel, D 73,969 - 31 %

x-Rodney Frelinghuysen, R (i) 157,223 - 66 %

District 12 -- 100 % -Open

David Del Vecchio, D 123,804 - 47 %

x-Mike Pappas, R 133,377 - 50 %

District 13 -- 96 %

x-Robert Menendez, D (i) 110,231 - 79 %

Carlos Munoz, R 23,955 - 17 %

x - Winner

(i) - incumbent

**Load-Date:** November 7, 1996

**End of Document**



[***A TRANSCRIPT OF PRIME MINISTER'S CHRISTMAS EVE RADIO ADDRESS TO THE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DF50-000B-Y05P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 25, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1162 words

**Body**

POLES

LONDON, Dec. 24 (AP) - Following is a transcript of a speech by Poland's Prime Minister, Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, broadcast on the Warsaw radio tonight and translated by the British Broadcasting Corporation:

Dear countrymen: I turn to you on a day which is deeply rooted in Polish tradition and custom. I turn to those who are spending this evening with their families, and to those who are remaining at all posts of work and service.

We are celebrating this year's holiday in particular circumstances. I realize how the rigors of martial law have complicated everyday life and thwarted personal plans. The truth however, is this: The transitional burdens, rigors and restrictions are decisively a lesser evil than the fratricidal conflict which not so long ago stood on our threshhold.

Transcript of speech by Polish Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski on Christmas Eve

In the history of Poland, moments have occurred more than once when it was necessary to choose not between good and evil but between a greater and lesser evil. We carried out this choice. I believe the future will judge this choice justly.

Up until the last minute we did not give up hope that the emergency measures would not be necessary. We made many efforts to bring about national accord and implement essential reforms through legislative processes. No one has the right to accuse the Government of striving for confrontation.

No Other Way Out

I believed that a way to a compromise out of the dangerous crisis would be found. But for there to be accord there has to be good will among all partners. This good will was lacking. We now know today who did not display this, who proclaimed confrontation. The proofs are generally known. They constitute a sad and indelible portion of Polish history.

On Dec. 13 there was no longer any other way out. Let every one of us reply honestly today in his own conscience to the question: Where was Poland going? How long could the country, daily torn by strikes, aflame with tensions, and sinking in a climate of artificially fanned hatred, have continued to survive? I also direct this question to those foreign circles who a dozen or so days ago were still advising Poles to set to work and introduce order and discipline.

Today the same circles noisily deplore the steps which were taken to this very end. One gets the impression that someone is keen on Poland being a country in chaos, an insolvent debtor, the sick organism of the Continent. I state with all resolution that the reports of alleged tens or hundreds of fatal casualties, of thousands arrested, held in the frost, beaten up and tortured, are a lie. One cannot hide the truth about Poland in Poland. Sooner or later, it will be known to the whole world.

The introduction of martial law represented a profound shock for the whole of society, for all citizens. We did not want as much as a single drop of blood to be shed. We counted on that. Unfortunately, we did not succeed in avoiding that.

Disintegration Is Halted

We all grieve over the events that took place at the Wujek mine. That is also my personal drama. The ringleaders who organized and carried out acts of aggression, who broke the law of the state of war, bear the responsibilty for what happened.

Citizens, the process of disintegration of the state has been halted. An end has been put to anarchy. The personal security of citizens is improving. The country has repulsed the first attack by the winter. Prevention of confrontation has removed from Poland a danger whose real character and seriousness are still not comprehended in full everywhere.

As long as is necessary we shall demand observance of the severe orders of the martial law. At the same time, I declare that this state of martial law will not be in force one hour longer than necessary. The sooner the ground is moved from under the feet of the irresponsible agitators for an evil cause and organizers of conspiratorial actions, the sooner full calm and order returns and normalization takes places.

The only way opening itself up before Poland is the way of joint and unified efforts by the whole community, the way of deepening the socialist democratization. Nobody intends to nullify the fundamental principles of renewal. We do not want vengeance or a lowly squaring of accounts. There will be no military dictatorship in socialist Poland, but also there will be no room for dismantling the state or for the supporters of confronations.

Program of Intentions Near

In the near future we shall present a program of our intentions to the community. Its purpose will be to make permanent the fundamental socialist achievements of the ***working class***, peasants and all the working people, including the preservation and improvement of those positive changes which have appeared in our public life in the last dozen or so months.

It is difficult today to ask for the credit of confidence. Let deeds and not words support us. We shall resolutely, step by step, create institutional guarantees so that never again can there be a repetition of the evil and distortions accumulated before August 1980. But also so that the threats which the recent period brought should not be able to return.

In our socioeconomic system there is room for self-managing and really independent trade unions - independent of the state employer but also independent of the manipulations and terror of irresponsible politicos. There is room for workers' self-management. The rich variety of forms of social, scientific and cultural life is not contradictory with the intentions of the authorities. The Catholic church, the discharging of its mission, are guaranteed by the Constitution. The same goes for other denominations.

The ordering and modernization of the socialist structures of our public life will proceed arm in arm with resect for the best Polish national traditions formed by generations.

Chance for National Accord

A valuable source of inspiration is and also will be the 100-yearold history of the Polish workers' movement. The chance for national accord is thus still open. What is more, it may at present prove to be more realistic than previously.

Dear countrymen, I cannot today wish you a merry and prosperous Christmas. This year's holiday is modest. But it is safe. I hope the difficulties and restrictions of the present period will not take away deserved rest.

To those who are in service today, I wish endurance in fulfilling the duty entrusted them. May this family holiday, the holiday of reconciliation and peace, write itself in our memories as the beginning of the beginnings of the road to a better and happier Poland. May the feeling of fraternity and community of the Polish destiny win the upper hand over bitterness and fear for tomorrow.

Poland is one. By common efforts we must lift it out of misfortune. No one will help us out in this. Let us extinguish in our home the hotbeds of trouble, strife and hatred. May the festive period promote wise patriotic reflections.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Gen. Jaruzelski reviewing troops

**End of Document**



[***AUSTERITY TAKES THE GLOW OFF AN EGALITARIAN IDEAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-RY00-0009-233W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 14, 1982, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1982 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 11, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1371 words

**Byline:** By MERIDA WELLES

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

The education cutbacks in the budget announced by British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher last week came as no surprise, but the figures were no less painful for being expected. As in the United States, Britain's colleges and universities are facing severe austerity measures. On the average, they will lose 17 percent in Government funding over the next three years, which means that many departments and hundreds of professors will have to be dropped, and as many as 20,000 students will be turned away from college in the next three years.

The cuts have provoked considerable agitation. A ''week of action'' was concluded on March 5, when thousands of students, some of them walking and bicycling from Manchester and Birmingham, converged on London. At a rally culminating the protest, Neil Kinnock, the Labor Party education spokesman, accused the Government of holding the country's youth in contempt. At an earlier meeting of British university dons, Labor Party leader Michael Foot termed the cuts ''short-sighted, irresponsible and barbaric.''

LONDON - The education cutbacks in the budget announced by British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher last week came as no surprise, but the figures were no less painful for being expected.

Criticism of the Thatcher educational policies has focused not only on the fact of the cutbacks, but on their distribution. All universities in Britain, including such august institutions as Oxford and Cambridge, will suffer losses. But the hardest blows have been leveled at the ''plateglass'' universities - so called for their adoption of bold architectural designs - which have grown up in the last 20 years, and which, to a great extent, have symbolized the egalitarian hope of extending higher education to all strata of British society.

These schools were built as a response to the post-war baby boom and under the stimulus of the ''Robbins Principle,'' which advocated that all qualified students should be entitled to a college education, which is Government-subsidized in Britain. The University of Sussex was founded in

1961 and the Universities of York, East Anglia, Essex, Kent, Warwick, Lancaster, Stirling (Scotland) and Ulster (Northern Ireland) followed in quick succession. Keele, although not newly built, was granted university status. At the same time, about a dozen colleges of advanced technology were transformed into universities emphasizing practical courses, in which students undertake research projects with local industry.

In their attempts to attract students from all sectors of society, the new schools have had to overcome a tradition in which Great Britain's ***working-class*** young people have rarely attended college. According to Caroline Broadway, the information officer at the University of Sussex, which sends people to schools in deprived areas of southern England to encourage youngsters to continue their education, ''most people in Britain don't even think of going to university and often they have never met a graduate in their community.''

Advances and Opportunities

Nevertheless, the new schools have been a magnet for students from all classes, largely because of their innovative - sometimes, by British standards, radical - approach to education. A course at the University of Keele, for example, lasts four years, not three as is standard in Britain; like American universities, Keele encourages a broad rather than a specialized approach to education. In another departure from traditional British curriculum, the University of Stirling conducts seminars for students and businessmen on practical subjects such as Japan's industrial and commercial methods. ''We looked at the traditional English, European and American universities and took the best bits of all of them,'' said Caroline Broadway.

Academically, the ''plateglass'' schools have made considerable headway, although their status is naturally not as secure as that of the 700-year-old Oxford and Cambridge or the 19th century ''redbrick'' universities built in industrial centers, such as Manchester, Birmingham and Leeds. A survey conducted by Oxford professor A.H. Halsey, found that Oxbridge, as Oxford and Cambridge Universities together are commonly termed, still dominated the other 43 British universities in traditional subjects.

But the new universities have attracted a number of distinguished educators, including Malcolm Bradbury, professor of American Studies at the University of East Anglia, John Maynard Smith, author of several influential books on evolution, who teaches biology at Sussex University, and David Lockwood and Peter Brereton Townsend, both distinguished sociologists at the University of Essex.

One of the new schools' achievements has been to provide better employment opportunities for their graduates - though in the highstatus professions, they have had to overcome both snobbery and their academic youthfulness. The Government continues to be a bastion of Oxbridge graduates, and although the Civil Service denies frequent charges that it prefers Oxbridge candidates, 18 percent of last year's applicants from Oxford and Cambridge were hired, as against 3 percent from other universities and polytechnics. Michael Egan, a London manager of Personal Administration Management Consultants, which recruits executives, said that while his clients seldom opt for Oxbridge graduates on a purely academic basis, they often prefer them when social skills are required. ''If you're into heavy engineering in the Midlands,'' Mr. Egan said. ''the polished suaveness of some Oxbridge graduates will be counterproductive. But if you're a big company with international dealings, you may want some sophistication.''

What Price Ignorance?

Whatever advances ''plateglass'' schools have made in the two decades of their existence, they are likely to be slowed down or even reversed by the severity of the cuts. The three technological universities, for example, will lose between 31 and 44 percent of their income, forcing them to cut student enrollment by around 19 to 30 percent. The Universities of Keele, Stirling, Sussex and Essex expect to lose 34, 27, 21 and 20 percent of their income respectively, as opposed to the 10 percent trimming of Cambridge's grant.

William Waldegrave, the minister for higher education, acknowledged that education is one of Britain's most valuable resources, but defended the cuts as a necessary hardship from which no one can be protected. Many of the ''plateglass'' school administrators, however, thought the extent of the cuts aimed at their schools was unwarranted.

Sir Kenneth Alexander, principal and vice-chancellor of Stirling University, which will lose 27 percent of its income over the next three years, said the Government's decision showed a ''deficiency of information'' about the new universities. The new universities, he said, ''deserved some protection, since they are more fragile and more innovative.''

Dr. John M. Ashworth, vice-chancellor of Salford, which has one of the best graduate employment rates in the country, said his 44 percent grant cut was the result of ''insidious intellectual corruption'' among those who advised the Government on how to allocate its funds. Their prejudice, he said, stemmed from a traditional British approach to education in which pure scholarship, such as that found at Oxbridge, was still generally favored over the teaching of vocational subjects by professors who, as at Salford, often continue to work in industry.

''We have a waiting list with multinational companies who want translators with economic or engineering vocabularies,'' he said. ''We can send them graduates who know what a hydraulic drill is in French.''

The newer colleges have been largely responsible for the threefold increase in the number of university students in Britain in the last 20 years. Still, even with 300,000 students currently enrolled in universities, fewer high school graduates enter institutions of higher education in Britain than in almost any other industrialized country.

Critics of the Thatcher budget contend that an advanced society cannot afford an ill-educated population. Or, as a button worn by many of them puts it, ''If you think education is expensive, try ignorance.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of the University of Sussex

**End of Document**



[***When the Joneses Wear Jeans***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G8P-J240-TW8F-G246-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 29, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 3; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2929 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

**Series:** CLASS MATTERS: Seventh article of a series.

**Dateline:** BEACHWOOD, Ohio

**Body**

It was 4:30 p.m., sweet hour of opportunity at the Beachwood Place Mall.

Shoppers were drifting into stores in the rush before dinner, and the sales help, as if on cue, began a retail ritual: trying to tell the buyers from the lookers, the platinum-card holders from those who could barely pay their monthly minimum balance.

It is not always easy. Ellyn Lebby, a sales clerk at Saks Fifth Avenue, said she had a customer who regularly bought $3,000 suits but ''who looks like he should be standing outside shaking a cup.''

At Oh How Cute, a children's boutique, the owner, Kira Alexander, checks out shoppers' fingernails. A good manicure usually signals money. ''But then again,'' Ms. Alexander conceded, ''I don't have nice nails and I can buy whatever I want.''

Down the mall at the Godiva chocolate store, Mark Fiorilli, the manager, does not even bother trying to figure out who has money. Over the course of a few hours, his shoppers included a young woman with a giant diamond ring and a former airplane parts inspector living off her disability checks.

''You can't make assumptions,'' Mr. Fiorilli said.

Social class, once so easily assessed by the car in the driveway or the purse on the arm, has become harder to see in the things Americans buy. Rising incomes, flattening prices and easily available credit have given so many Americans access to such a wide array of high-end goods that traditional markers of status have lost much of their meaning.

A family squarely in the middle class may own a flat-screen television, drive a BMW and indulge a taste for expensive chocolate.

A wealthy family may only further blur the picture by shopping for wine at Costco and bath towels at Target, which for years has stocked its shelves with high-quality goods.

Everyone, meanwhile, appears to be blending into a classless crowd, shedding the showiest kinds of high-status clothes in favor of a jeans-and-sweatsuit informality. When Vice President Dick Cheney, a wealthy man in his own right, attended a January ceremony in Poland to commemorate the liberation of Nazi death camps, he wore a parka.

But status symbols have not disappeared. As luxury has gone down-market, the marketplace has simply gone one better, rolling out ever-pricier goods and pitching them to the ever-loftier rich. This is an America of $130,000 Hummers and $12,000 mother-baby diamond tennis bracelet sets, of $600 jeans, $800 haircuts and slick new magazines advertising $400 bottles of wine.

Then there are the new badges of high-end consumption that may be less readily conspicuous but no less potent. Increasingly, the nation's richest are spending their money on personal services or exclusive experiences and isolating themselves from the masses in ways that go beyond building gated walls.

These Americans employ about 9,000 personal chefs, up from about 400 just 10 years ago, according to the American Personal Chef Association. They are taking ever more exotic vacations, often in private planes. They visit plastic surgeons and dermatologists for costly and frequent cosmetic procedures. And they are sending their children to $400-an-hour math tutors, summer camps at French chateaus and crash courses on managing money.

''Whether or not someone has a flat-screen TV is going to tell you less than if you look at the services they use, where they live and the control they have over other people's labor, those who are serving them,'' said Dalton Conley, an author and a sociologist at New York University.

Goods and services have always been means to measure social station. Thorstein Veblen, the political economist who coined the phrase ''conspicuous consumption'' at the beginning of the last century, observed that it was the wealthy ''leisure class,'' in its ''manner of life and its standards of worth,'' that set the bar for everyone else.

''The observance of these standards,'' Veblen wrote, ''in some degree of approximation, becomes incumbent upon all classes lower in the scale.''

So it is today. In a recent poll by The New York Times, fully 81 percent of Americans said they had felt social pressure to buy high-priced goods.

But what Veblen could not have foreseen is where some of that pressure is coming from, says Juliet B. Schor, a professor of sociology at Boston College who has written widely on consumer culture. While the rich may have always set the standards, Professor Schor said, the actual social competition used to be played out largely at the neighborhood level, among people in roughly the same class.

In the last 30 years or so, however, she said, as people have become increasingly isolated from their neighbors, a barrage of magazines and television shows celebrating the toys and totems of the rich has fostered a whole new level of desire across class groups. A ''horizontal desire,'' coveting a neighbor's goods, has been replaced by a ''vertical desire,'' coveting the goods of the rich and the powerful seen on television, Professor Schor said.

''The old system was keeping up with the Joneses,'' she said. ''The new system is keeping up with the Gateses.''

Of course only other billionaires actually can. Most Americans are staring across a widening income gap between them and the very rich, making such vertical desire all the more unrealistic. ''There is a bigger gap between the average person and what they are aspiring to,'' Professor Schor said.

But others who study consumer behavior say that the wanting and getting of material goods is not just a competitive exercise. In this view, Americans care less about emulating the top tier than about simply having a fair share of the bounty and a chance to carve out a place for themselves in society.

''People like having stuff, and stuff is good for people,'' said Thomas C. O'Guinn, a professor of advertising at the University of Illinois who has written textbooks on marketing and consumption. ''One thing modernity brought with it was all kinds of identities, the ability for people to choose who you want to be, how you want to decorate yourself, what kind of lifestyle you want. And what you consume cannot be separated from that.''

Falling Prices, Rising Debt

Throughout the mall in this upscale suburb of Cleveland, high-priced merchandise was moving: $80 cotton rompers at Oh How Cute, $40 scented candles at Bigelow Pharmacy. And everywhere, it seemed, was the sound of cellphones, one ringing out with a salsa tune, another with bars from Brahms.

Few consumer items better illustrate the democratization of luxury than the cellphone, once immortalized as the ultimate toy of exclusivity by Michael Douglas as he tromped around the 1987 movie ''Wall Street'' screaming into one roughly the size of a throw pillow.

Now, about one of every two Americans uses a cellphone; last year, there were 176 million subscribers, almost eight times the number a decade ago, according to the market research firm IDC. The number has soared because prices have correspondingly plummeted, to about an eighth of what they were 10 years ago.

The pattern is a familiar one in consumer electronics. What begins as a high-end product -- a laptop computer, a DVD player -- gradually goes mass market as prices fall and production rises, largely because of the cheap labor costs in developing countries that are making more and more of the goods.

That sort of ''global sourcing'' has had a similar impact across the American marketplace. The prices of clothing, for example, have barely risen in the last decade, while department store prices in general fell 10 percent from 1994 to 2004, the federal government says.

Even where luxury-good prices have remained forbiddingly high, some manufacturers have come up with strategies to cast more widely for customers, looking to middle-class consumers, whose incomes have generally risen in recent years; the median family income in the United States grew 17.6 percent from 1983 to 2003, when adjusted for inflation.

One way makers of luxury cars have tapped into this market is by introducing cheaper versions of their cars, trying to lure younger, less-affluent buyers in the hope that they may upgrade to more prestigious models as their incomes grow.

Mercedes-Benz, BMW and Audi already offer cars costing about $30,000 and now plan to introduce models that will sell for about $25,000. Entry-level luxury cars are the fastest growing segment of that industry.

''The big new trend that is coming to the U.S. is 'subluxury' cars,'' said David Thomas, editor of Autoblog, an online automotive guide. ''The real push now is to go a step lower, but the car makers won't say 'lower.'''

The luxury car industry is just one that has made its products more accessible to the middle class. The cruise industry, once associated with the upper crust, is another.

''The cruise business has totally evolved,'' said Oivind Mathisen, editor of the newsletter Cruise Industry News, ''and become a business that caters to moderate incomes.'' The luxury end makes up only 10 percent of the cruise line market now, Mr. Mathisen said.

Yet today's cruise ships continue to trade on the vestiges of their upper-class mystique, even while offering new amenities like on-board ice skating and wall-climbing. Though dinner with the captain may be a thing of the past, the ships still pamper guests with spas, boutiques and sophisticated restaurants.

All that can be had for an average of $1,500 a week per person, a price that has gone almost unchanged in 15 years, Mr. Mathisen said. The industry has kept prices down in part by buying bigger ships, the better to accommodate a broader clientele.

But affordable prices are only one reason the marketplace has blurred. Americans have loaded up on expensive toys largely by borrowing and charging. They now owe about $750 billion in revolving debt, according to the Federal Reserve, a six-fold increase from two decades ago.

That huge jump can be traced in part to the credit industry's explosive growth. Over the last 20 years, the industry became increasingly lenient about whom it was willing to extend credit to, more sophisticated about assessing credit risks and increasingly generous in how much it would let people borrow, as long as those customers were willing to pay high fees and risk living in debt.

As a result, to take one example, millions of Americans who could not have dreamed of buying their own homes two decades ago are now doing so in record numbers because of a sharp drop in mortgage interest rates, a surge in the number of mortgages granted and the creation of the sub-prime lending industry, which gives low-income people access to credit at high cost.

''Creditors love the term the 'democratization of credit,''' said Travis B. Plunkett, the legislative director of the Consumer Federation of America, a consumer lobbying group. ''Over all, it has certainly had a positive effect. Many families that never had access to credit now do. The problem is that a flood of credit is now available to many financially vulnerable families and extended in a reckless and aggressive manner in many cases without thought to implications. The creditors say it has driven the economy forward and helped many families improve their financial lives, but they omit talking about the other half of the equation.''

The Marketers' Response

Marketers have had to adjust their strategies in this fluid world of consumerism. Where once they pitched advertisements primarily to a core group of customers -- men earning $35,000 to $50,000 a year, say -- now they are increasingly fine-tuning their efforts, trying to identify potential customers by interests and tastes as well as by income level.

''The market dynamics have changed,'' said Idris Mootee, a marketing expert based in Boston. ''It used to be clearly defined by how much you can afford. Before, if you belonged to a certain group, you shopped at Wal-Mart and bought the cheapest coffee and bought the cheapest sneakers. Now, people may buy the cheapest brand of consumer goods but still want Starbucks coffee and an iPod.''

Merchandisers, for example, might look at two golfers, one lower middle class, the other wealthy, and know that they read the same golf magazine, see the same advertisements and possibly buy the same quality driver. The difference is that one will be splurging and then play on a public course while the other will not blink at the price and tee off at a private country club.

Similarly, a middle-income office manager may save her money to buy a single luxury item, like a Chanel jacket, the same one worn by a wealthy homemaker who has a dozen others like it in her $2.5 million house.

Marketers also know that today's shoppers have unpredictable priorities. Robert Gross, who was wandering the Beachwood mall with his son David, said he couldn't live without his annual cruise. Mr. Gross, 65, also prizes his two diamond pinkie rings, his racks of cashmere sweaters and his Mercedes CLK 430. ''My license plate reads BENZ4BOB,'' he said. ''Does that tell you what kind of person I am?''

But a taste for luxury goods did not stop Mr. Gross, an accountant, from scoffing as David paid $30 for a box of Godiva chocolates for his wife. The elder Mr. Gross had been to a local chocolate maker. ''I went to Malley's,'' he said, ''and bought my chocolate half price.''

Yet virtually no company that has built a reputation as a purveyor of luxury goods will want to lose its foothold in that territory, even as it lowers prices on some items and sells them to a wider audience. If one high-end product has slipped into the mass market, then a new one will have to take its place at the top.

Until the early 1990's, Godiva sold only in Neiman Marcus and a few other upscale stores. Today it is one of those companies whose customers drift in from all points along the economic spectrum. Its candy can now be found in 2,500 outlets, including Hallmark card stores and middle-market department stores like Dillard's.

''People want to participate in our brand because we are an affordable luxury,'' said Gene Dunkin, president of Godiva North America, a unit of the Campbell Soup Company. ''For under $1 to $350, with an incredible luxury package, we give the perception of a very expensive product.''

But the company is also trying simultaneously to hold on to the true luxury market, which has increasingly been seduced away by small, expensive artisan chocolate makers, many from Europe, that are opening around the country. Two years ago, Godiva introduced its most expensive line ever, ''G,'' handmade chocolates selling for $100 a pound. Today it is available only in holiday seasons and only at selected stores.

The New Status Symbols

While the rest of the United States may appear to be catching up with the Joneses, the richest Joneses have already moved on.

Some have slipped out of sight, buying bigger and more lavish homes in neighborhoods increasingly insulated from the rest of Americans. But the true measure of upper class today is in the personal services indulged in.

Professor Conley, the New York University sociologist, refers to these less tangible badges of status as ''positional goods.'' Consider a couple who hire a baby sitter to pick up their children from school while they both work, he said. Their status would generally be lower than the couple who could pick up their children themselves, because the second couple would have enough earning power to allow one parent to stay at home while the other worked.

But the second couple would actually occupy the second rung in this after-school hierarchy. ''In the highest group of all is the parent who has a nanny along,'' Professor Conley said.

Status among people in the top tier, he said, ''is the time spent being waited on, being taken care of in nail salons, and how many people who work for them.'' From 1997 to 2002, revenues from hair, nail and skin care services jumped by 42 percent nationwide, Census Bureau data shows. Revenues from what the bureau described as ''other personal services'' increased 74 percent.

Indeed, in some cases, services and experiences have replaced objects as the true symbols of high status. ''Anyone can buy a one-off expensive car,'' said Paul Nunes, who with Brian Johnson wrote ''Mass Affluence,'' a book on marketing strategies. ''But it is lifestyle that people are competing on more now. It is which sports camps do your kids go to and how often, which vacations do you take, even how often do you do things like go work for Habitat for Humanity, which is a charitable expense people can compete with.''

In the country's largest cities, otherwise prosaic services have been transformed into status symbols simply because of the price tag. In New York last year, one salon introduced an $800 haircut, and a Japanese restaurant, Masa, opened with a $350 prix fixe dinner (excluding tax, tips and beverages). The experience is not just about a good meal, or even an exquisite one; it is about a transformative encounter in a Zen-like setting with a chef who decides what will be eaten and at what pace. And it is finally about exclusivity: there are only 26 seats. Today, one of the most sought-after status symbols in New York is a Masa reservation.

And that is how the marketplace works, Professor Conley says. For every object of desire, another will soon come along to trump it, fueling aspirations even more.

''Class now is really like three-card monte,'' he said. ''The moment the lower-status aspirant thinks he has located the nut under the shell, it has actually shifted, and he is too late. ''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Increasingly, the nation's richest are spending on personal services or exclusive experiences. (Photo by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

BLENDING IN -- With luxury goods going mass-market, new status symbols are emerging, especially in high-end services.

Godiva sells chocolate at 2,500 outlets, including its store on Madison Avenue in Manhattan, above. But its expensive ''G'' line, below, at $100 a pound, is available only in holiday seasons and at selected stores. At left, a Prada take on fashion in its Broadway store. (Photographs by NICOLE BENGIVENO/The New York Times)

(Photos by J.P. Roth and Guilbert Gates/The New York Times

photographs by Bettmann/CORBIS [Mayflower]

The Museum of the City of New York [debutante ball]

White House Historical Association [Great Unwashed]

Bettmann/CORBIS [gold rush]

Bettmann/CORBIS [Gould]

Agence France-Presse [Titanic]

Kino International Corp. [Chaplin]

Bettmann/CORBIS [Spare a Dime]

Associated Press [Honeymooners]

Barton Silverman/The New York Times [Black and White Ball]

Stephen Dunn/Allsport [Switzer]

Agence France-Presse Getty Images [Kerry])(pgs. 16,17)Chart: ''Swells and Neer-Do-Wells: A Class Timeline''1620 -- The Mayflower families arrive. Not in society -- in a boat. They're mainly immigrant farm folk.1776 -- Birth of the nation, and the American dream. Backwoodsmen and gentlemen farmers alike grab their muskets against the monarchical British.1789 -- No Sir: The Constitution prohibits the granting of titles of nobility. Yet Washington's Inaugural features a debutante ball for young ladies of the aristocracy.1829 -- Andrew Jackson invites the Great Unwashed to his inaugural celebration at the White House. They swill whiskey and trash the place. The White House survives

the presidential china doesn't.1835 -- ''Amongst the novel objects that attracted my attention during my stay in the United States, nothing struck me more forcibly than the general equality of conditions.'' -- Alexis de Tocqueville, ''Democracy in America.''1848 -- Karl Marx's ''Communist Manifesto'' offers a world view of class struggle and influences the course of history.1849 -- The American dream goes west as the gold rush begins. Some find fortune

many sift fool's gold.1863 -- Poor Irish immigrants in New York riot over the Civil War draft, which the welloff can evade by paying $300 or hiring a substitute.1865 -- The 13th Amendment abolishes slavery. It will take the civil rights movement a century later to propel blacks up the class ladder.1886 -- ''I can hire one half of the ***working class*** to kill the other half.'' -- Jay Gould, notorious financier, bragging that he could break any strike.1887 -- A gunsmith and dairy farmer, Louis Keller creates the Social Register.1889 -- The Oklahoma land rush. The nation's expanses ensure that it won't have a landed gentry like Europe's.1890 -- Jacob Riis exposes the misery of life in New York City's slums in his book ''How the Other Half Lives.''1899 -- In ''The Theory of the Leisure Class,'' Thorstein Veblen portrays America's ruling class as Darwinian predators. What feeds the envy of the have-nots? He calls it conspicuous consumption.1908 -- Henry Ford introduces the Model T, a car affordable to the masses. He says it can be had in any color, as long as it's black.1912 -- The Titanic, icon of class divisions, sinks on its maiden voyage. First-class passengers get to the lifeboats first. Third class bears the worst losses.1913 -- The 16th Amendment ushers in the modern income tax. Initially only the rich are required to pay. That doesn't last long.1914 -- Charlie Chaplin makes his American debut as the LittleTramp. For decades he makes the rich look ridiculous onscreen.1920 -- Second-class no more: The 19th Amendment grants women the right to vote.1925 -- ''The Great Gatsby,'' F. Scott Fitzgerald's novel of highliving excess before the Crash of 1929.1932 -- ''Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?'' becomes the signature tune of the Great Depression.1935 -- The New Deal ushers in Social Security, a safety net for the elderly.1938 -- The Fair Labor Standards Act establishes a minimum wage. Burger-flipping will never be the same.1945 -- The G.I. Bill of Rights guarantees war veterans paid tuition with a living allowance. The private university is now within reach of Beetle Bailey.1947 -- Levittown is established on Long Island. Newly married veterans can buy cookiecutter middleclass castles for $6,990 -- complete with lawn to water, cut and weed.1948 -- James Conant, president of Harvard, ushers in wide use of the Scholastic Aptitude Test, or SAT, opening elite colleges to students of merit regardless of income. ''The Gentleman's C'' for the well-born goes the way of the raccoon coat.1955 -- ''The Honeymooners'' makes its debut as a TV series. In the ***working-class*** sitcom, upward mobility consists of Ralph Kramden telling his wife: ''One of these days, Alice: Bang! Zoom! To the moon!''1964 -- President Lyndon B. Johnson's ''war on poverty'' expands the government's role providing housing, education and health care to the poor.1966 -- The Black and White Ball. Truman Capote invites a Who's Who of the upper crust to the Plaza Hotel in New York. Some call it the ''party of the century.''1968 -- Richard M. Nixon, a Republican, wins the presidency by pursuing the ''silent majority,'' luring middleclass Americans to the onetime party of big business.1984 -- ''The Cosby Show'' mirrors the rising class status of blacks. Cliff Huxtable is a doctor, his wife is a lawyer and a daughter attends Princeton.1986 -- ''Some people are born on third base and go through life thinking they hit a triple.'' -- Barry Switzer, football coach.1989 -- The Berlin Wall falls. Marxism's vision of a classless society is out

global capitalism is in.1996 -- President Bill Clinton signs a bill ''ending welfare as we know it.'' It's meant to push the poor off the dole and up the class ladder.2004 -- John Kerry, aloof son of privilege, muffs presidential chances by windsurfing off Nantucket. George W. Bush, folksy son of privilege, muffs English syntax and is re-elected.(pgs. 16, 17)

**Load-Date:** May 29, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Costs Are Rising, and Fewer People Can Afford Care***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4F48-C3B0-TW8F-G2YX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 28, 2004 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 2; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1; Dental Double Standards

**Length:** 1687 words

**Byline:** By REED ABELSON

**Body**

Among the nation's reservists, a common reason for not being sent to Iraq has been poor teeth. The military offers dental insurance to reservists and members of the National Guard, but for those who opt for it, the benefit of $1,200 a year does not cover many procedures and still requires reservists to pay as much as half the cost of the care.

The reservists are hardly alone. With dental costs rising and employers cutting dental coverage, an increasing number of working Americans cannot afford to see a dentist even for chronic problems.

Roughly a quarter of reservists in seven early-deploying Army units had dental problems that could require emergency attention within the next year, according to an analysis done last year by the Government Accountability Office. Similar problems surfaced in the first gulf war.

During the current Iraq war, some reservists and Guard members chose to have their teeth pulled so that they could be deployed, said Maj. Gen. Robert A. McIntosh, retired, the executive director for the Reserve Officers Association of the United States, in testimony before Congress in February.

''Although promised restorative dental work, their reward for their loyalty and patriotism will be dentures,'' he said. Dental implants, a better alternative to dentures, are not covered because they are more expensive.

In a nation where a person's smile is considered a sign of general well-being and an important factor in landing a job, dental care is becoming ever more unequal, policy specialists say. In 2000, the surgeon general issued a report describing the silent epidemic of dental and oral diseases affecting mainly the poor, but some specialists, including those working at community clinics, say the problem is becoming worse.

Each year, Americans spend about $70 billion on dental services, ranging from basic checkups to sophisticated dental implants and new cosmetic whitening treatments. But for all that spending, what has evolved is a double standard of care, with the haves getting movie star smiles and the have-nots more likely to be living with mouths full of bad or missing teeth.

Only about half of the country has any form of dental insurance, by some estimates. Most employers do not offer the benefit, and dental coverage is often one of the first things companies cut to reduce costs. In 2003, 39 percent of employers offered dental benefits, according to a Kaiser Family Foundation study, compared with 66 percent that offered health insurance.

And as employers continue to grapple with double-digit increases in their health care spending, a recent survey by the Council of Insurance Agents and Brokers, a trade association, found that many are likely to drop dental coverage altogether or ask employees to foot more of the bill. Among the 45 million people without any health insurance, dental services -- costs have risen by about 50 percent in the last decade, above inflation -- is a low priority.

While many fewer older Americans now lose all their teeth, in part because dental technologies and fluoridation have vastly improved the general level of oral health since the 1960's, specialists say that the advances made in earlier decades still elude the poor and ***working class***.

Despite significant strides in dentistry, more people are going without procedures like root canals and crowns needed to save their teeth. ''It's one of the most disparate areas of care that I've seen,'' said Gina Nolte, the executive director of the Red River Valley Dental Access Project in Fargo, N.D.

Renee Iverson, a mental health care worker in Alexandria, Minn., for example, could not afford a root canal, which would have cost her at least $1,000, to save a painful abscessed tooth. When she got together enough cash, $120, to have her tooth pulled, the dentist she saw refused, telling her it would be unethical to extract a tooth that could be saved.

''You're kidding, right?'' Ms. Iverson recalls saying to the dentist. She eventually went to a hospital emergency room for antibiotics and pain medicine, and had the tooth pulled two years later by another dentist, who has since retired.

Dr. Martin Lieberman, a dentist in Seattle who works at a community health center, says that for his low-income patients, dental work is usually the last thing they can afford. His center offers discounted services, based on a sliding scale. ''As general dentists, we have become very talented at taking teeth out,'' he said.

For people who receive health coverage through public programs, what limited dental coverage there is has also been shrinking. Medicare, the federal insurance program for the elderly, does not provide dental benefits, so the elderly poor have had to depend on state-financed programs. But in the last few years many states, including Massachusetts, Michigan and Washington, have reduced or eliminated adult dental benefits offered through Medicaid, the state-federal program.

Only eight states now have full dental benefits for adults, down from 14 a few years ago, according to the Children's Dental Health Project in Washington. Many states will cover only emergency services. Seven offer no coverage whatsoever. Children in poverty fare better, because coverage under Medicaid is mandatory.

''The safety net is uniquely weak in dentistry,'' said Dr. Burton L. Edelstein, founding director of the project, who is a dentist and professor at Columbia University Medical Center. Dr. Edelstein, who conducted a study for the Commonwealth Fund, a New York group that finances health care research, says that about a third of adults in families with incomes of less than $20,000 were likely to have seen a dentist within the last year, compared with nearly three-quarters of those in families making more than $75,000.

The realities of dental care also reflect shifts in the health system over all as more uninsured people turn to emergency care to manage illnesses that were allowed to worsen over time.

''Dental is the canary in the coal mine,'' said Mark Secord, the executive director for Puget Sound Neighborhood Health Centers, a group of medical and dental clinics in Seattle, which has had a rapid rise in the number of patients seeking discounted dental services in the last few years.

But dentistry is different from the rest of health care because it has historically been a cash business: patients pay directly for about 44 percent of what they spent in 2002, compared with about 14 percent out of pocket for overall medical care. And many dentists do not accept insurance, let alone programs like Medicaid, which often pay them less than market rate for their services. The American Dental Association, with 150,000 dentists as members, says funding, particularly through Medicaid, is inadequate. Dr. Richard Haught, the association's president, points out that the federal government and states devote only a shade over 1 percent of the Medicaid budget to dental care. He says the issue of people not obtaining dental care is a priority for his group. ''We're committed, as an association, as a dental group, as a profession, to changing this,'' he said.

Private dentists provide about $36,000 in free or discounted care, on average, treating a couple of hundred patients each year, according to the dental association.

One factor contributing to low public funding is the perception among some policy makers that oral health is separate from overall health, but doctors and dentists say that diseased teeth and gums contribute significantly to many other medical problems, like heart disease.

Pregnant women with periodontal disease, for example, appear to be significantly more likely to give birth to low-weight babies because the resulting inflammation may contribute to premature labor. ''If we could just get good oral health in this country, we can save a ton on the Medicaid system,'' Dr. Haught said. A few states like Michigan and Alabama have tried to increase dentists' fees to encourage more of them to participate in Medicaid.

Last week, Senator Russ Feingold of Wisconsin, a Democrat, and Senator Susan M. Collins of Maine, a Republican, wrote to President Bush asking him to include money in next year's budget for the Dental Health Improvement Act, which would fund new state programs that serve rural and poor communities.

In the meantime, the burden of serving people without dental coverage largely falls to cash-short community health clinics and even hospital emergency rooms. Dr. John Gusha, a dentist in Holden, Mass., who is the head of a dental group in his area that is trying to find ways to provide services to more low-income adults and children, said more than 1,000 people were currently on waiting lists for free or discounted dental services at each of the two nonprofit health centers in his area.

Federal subsidies for community clinics to expand dental care have been minuscule -- about $34 million over the last four years. Such clinics serve only about two million people annually for dental services, with money from states and other sources, and what they can collect from patients.

As a result, many people without access to dentists eventually end up in hospital emergency rooms, said Ms. Nolte of Fargo. She noted that local hospitals said they received about 1,400 visits for dental services. But hospitals are often poorly equipped to handle these patients because they have no dentists on staff and can only offer temporary solutions like antibiotics and painkillers.

The discounted services at community clinics are ''kind of a drop in the bucket'' compared with the unmet need, said Laurie E. Felland, a health care researcher for the Center for Studying Health System Change, a nonprofit group in Washington. ''It seems barbaric,'' she said. ''We're pulling teeth and calling it a service.''

As for reservists returning to civilian life, they may well find themselves with missing teeth or problems that worsened during their service overseas. Many may end up on waiting lists at community clinics, with the problem of paying for dental services just as severe as before they left.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Renee Iverson, left, said she could not afford a root canal to save an abscessed tooth, but a dentist refused to pull it, saying it would be unethical. A colleague, Melanie Hanson, right, said she used pliers to pull a tooth when she could not afford a dentist. (Photo by Ben Garvin for The New York Times)(pg. C1)

''The safety net is uniquely weak in dentistry,'' said Dr. Burton L. Edelstein, a dentist and professor at Columbia University Medical Center. (Photo by Keith Bedford for The New York Times)

Dr. Martin Lieberman, a dentist in Seattle who works at a community health center, says the center offers services based on a sliding scale. (Photo by Peter Yates for The New York Times)(pg. C5)Chart: ''Opening Wallets Wide, Wider''The price of medical care has been rising faster than overall inflation for years, with price increases for dental services often leading the way.Graph tracks year-over-year change in prices, (3-month moving averages) from 1996-2004 for the following:Dental servicesAll medical careAll consumer prices(Source by Bureau of Labor Statistics)

**Load-Date:** December 28, 2004

**End of Document**



[***BATTLE IS LOOMING ON U.S. COLLEGE AID TO POOR STUDENTS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-YYB0-000D-G08K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 27, 1991, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 1; Column 6; National Desk; Column 6;

**Length:** 1331 words

**Byline:** By KAREN DE WITT,

By KAREN DE WITT,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, May 26

**Body**

The Bush Administration will submit a plan to Congress this week to increase Federal college tuition grants for the poor and eliminate them for about 400,000 students whose families earn more than $10,000 a year. The plan, which would begin in the 1994 fiscal year, has already met heavy criticism in Congress.

As Congress prepares to take up the plan as it overhauls the Federal Higher Education Act, many of its members are sharply divided with the Administration over who should benefit from Federal aid for a college education: the poor and middle class, or only the very poor.

The chief Federal program for undergraduates now provides $5.3 billion in direct grants to 3.4 million college students, most of them from families earning $35,000 a year or less. The Administration's plan would eliminate nearly 12 percent of the students from eligibility, which is based on need, not merit. In all, Federal programs provide $11.6 billion in grants and loans to 6 million students at nearly 8,500 institutions across the nation.

Raising Maximum Grant by 54%

Although only the broad outlines of the Administration's proposal have been made public, Education Secretary Lamar Alexander told House Speaker Thomas S. Foley last month that it would seek to raise the maximum undergraduate grant by 54 percent, to $3,700 a year, cutting out currently eligible families with incomes between $10,000 and $35,000. Total spending on higher education would increase to $12.6 billion in the 1992 fiscal year from $11 billion in 1991, but the number of students who receive all types of Federal financial aid would drop from 6 million to 5.7 million.

At a House subcommittee hearing this month, Mr. Alexander testified that given budget restraints, the Administration preferred to focus aid on the poorest students to give them access to higher education.

"We want to concentrate student financial aid on the lowest-income families," Mr. Alexander said. "That's putting our money where it will do the most." While borrowing to pay for a college education is "never easy," he said, middle-income students can minimize loans by attending less expensive state and community colleges where tuition is $2,000 a year or less.

Some Oppose a Poverty Program

But leading members of Congress say they will not go along with a proposal essentially transforming a major part of the higher education package into a poverty program. "Mr. Joe Six-Pack doesn't want to support programs that his family doesn't seem to get anything from," said Representative William D. Ford, the Michigan Democrat who is chairman of the House Education and Labor subcommittee responsible for aid to higher education. Mr. Ford's panel is holding hearings in the next several months on the reauthorization of the Higher Education Act of 1986, which expires at the end of the 1991 fiscal year.

Even some Republicans have been critical of the Administration proposal. Representative Marge Roukema, Republican of New Jersey, said the Administration plan "would present a serious erosion of middle-class students and their access" to higher education. She added that many needy ***working-class*** students were already excluded from Federal student aid programs because a family home or farm was counted in the eligibility formula and its value could have increased although the family's income had not.

There are half a dozen Congressional proposals that could become alternatives to the Administration's plan. They include different formulas for the student grants, which are named after Senator Claiborne Pell, the Rhode Island Democrat who sponsored the legislation in 1971 that created the grants. Mr. Ford proposes increasing the maximum grant to $5,000, while focusing on giving money to first-and second-year students. On the Senate side, Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts, would increase the grants to $3,000 and classify the program an "entitlement," which would guarantee its automatic financing from year to year.

Figuring out how to pay for the programs is a major stumbling block for those who would expand it to the middle class. The new budget laws require any new financing for programs like to be offset by cuts in other domestic programs or higher taxes.

Some Democrats say current budget restraints should not effect the way the programs are reorganized since they will not go into effect until the 1994 budget.

The main purpose of the Higher Education Act is to aid college students through federally guaranteed loans and direct grants. Over the years, eligibility requirements for this aid have steadily decreased the number of middle-class families who qualify.

In overhauling the Higher Education Act many lawmakers also want a student financial aid package that relies less on loans and more on grants, which, they argue, will keep students from being burdened with huge debts after graduation and also stem the growing default rate on student loans.

Middle-Income Families Hurt

Representative E. Thomas Coleman, a Missouri Republican who is the ranking Republican on the subcommittee on aid to higher education, said that at a time when the marketplace demands more education and specialized training to meet long-term career goals, middle-income families are increasingly unable to afford tuition costs. The Administration's emphasis on choice, the right of parents to choose which elementary and secondary school to send their children to, should not be limited when it comes to higher education, he said.

Supporters of keeping financial aid programs for lower- and middle-income people argue that such families need assistance because college tuition has risen 135 percent since 1980, while family income has risen 67 percent. For the same period, the maximum Pell grant, which once covered 41 percent of the average college bill, now covers 26 percent of that cost.

They also point out that there has been a steady shift in Federal aid from direct Government grants to guaranteed private loans over the last 20 years. In 1975, grants made up 80 percent of all Federal financial aid to students. By 1989, that had slipped to 49 percent. The increase in loans has resulted in a rise in defaults, with the Government ultimately paying the cost.

Senator Pell said the Administration's plan was "moving in precisely the wrong direction" and that larger grants for more students were needed.

Some argue that the bottom line on how much is spent on higher education will depend on the budget. But Mr. Ford discounted that, saying that since it will take two years to reauthorize the act, there will be no effect on the budget until 1994.

STUDENT AID AT A GLANCE

Under the Higher Education Act, the Federal Government is spending $11.6 billion this year on grants, loans and fellowships for study at public and private colleges and universities, trade and technical schools and profit-making vocational schools. Here are some major programs.

Pell Grants

Named for Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island, it is the Government's principal grant program for neediest students. Grants are awarded directly to students based on need and college costs. The current maximum is $2,400.

Stafford Student Loan Program

Named for former Senator Robert Stafford of Vermont and once known as the guaranteed student loan, it is the largest source of Federal aid to college students. U.S. subsidizes and guarantees loans from commercial banks to college students. Maximum loan for four years is $17,250.

Campus-Based Programs

Unlike the Pell grants and Stafford loans, which go directly to the individual student, this money goes to the institution, which determines eligibility and distributes the money.

Supplemental Education Opportunity Grants

Federal money for low-income students, distributed by colleges. Size of grant depends on need and amount allocated to school; maximum is $4,000.

Perkins Loans

Named for former Representative Carl Perkins of Kentucky. Gives money to colleges that make loans as part of a student's aid package.

**Load-Date:** May 27, 1991

**End of Document**



[***PRESIDING OVER CHANGE AT CITY COLLEGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DGH0-000B-Y3GH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 15, 1981, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 1; Science Desk

**Length:** 1196 words

**Byline:** By RONALD SMOTHERS

**Body**

WHEN Bernard Harleston walks about the Harlem campus of City College, he takes special note of the massive, laterally jutting lines of the campus's nearly completed North Academic Center with its high marble-clad foundation thrusting outward like the prow of a great ship into Amsterdam Avenue at West 138th Street. He then looks across Convent Avenue, barely 100 yards away to the stark contrast of the neo-Gothic verticality, cloistered ambiance and richly textured surfaces of Shepherd Hall, built in 1910 and long a college symbol as the site of everything from registration to demonstrations.

''They are symbolic of change on the one hand and continuity on the other,'' mused Dr. Harleston of the two architectural styles that grace the 35-acre campus, which stretches from West 131st Street to West 140th Street, from Amsterdam Avenue to St. Nicholas Terrace. ''Those are the two themes I've been working with here.''

Bernard Harleston, president of New York City College for three months, is presiding over many aspects of change at the college

After three months as president of City College, Dr. Harleston has become immersed in change on many levels at the school, change that makes continuity seem elusive. For one thing, the school's enrollment, 21,000 in 1971, is down to 12,000. The student body is different from the those of the 50's and 60's, a period considered the golden age of the 134-year-old school. Then, for a variety of reasons, it attracted the best of the city's second-generation immigrant ***working class***.

Today's City College students, like others elsewhere, seem less well-prepared academically and, consequently, more in need of costly remedial programs superimposed on traditional curriculums. They are ethnically more diverse than in earlier years, when at any one time Irish, Italians or Jews were in the majority. Now the enrollment is approximately 26.8 percent white, 37.7 percent black, 24.9 percent Hispanic, 9 percent Asian and 1.9 percent ''other.'' Within these categories, there are 72 different countries of birth. A large program in English as a second language has been required to meet the needs of these students.

Another indication of change is the economic level of students in recent years. Actual figures over the last 30 or so years are wanting. Even so, Dr. Donna Morgan, director of institutional research said, ''It would seem likely that our students, who have never been affluent, are even less affluent today.''

The faculty's ranks have been thinned by the city's fiscal crisis and by enrollment declines. It is now 92 percent tenured, overstaffed in the arts and sciences and understaffed in the growing professional schools. They represent continuity, but, as a body, they are mostly white and do not reflect the students' ethnic diversity or their academic programs. Curriculum also shows continuity, Dr. Harleston said, especially in the college of liberal arts and sciences, but with ''little reassurance to the learner that these things are worthwhile.''

Dr. Harleston sees himself groping for a way to blend the elements of change at the school with a sense of continuity with its recent past. That task is made more complicated, said Haywood Burns, vice provost and dean of the urban and legal program, by what he calls the problems of ''ethnic succession.'' By that he means the change of the student body from predominantly white to black and Hispanic, and of the top levels of administration from white to black in the person of Dr. Harleston.

While Dr. Harleston has yet to take specific actions to accomplish his goals, what he has said has not only pleased most, but created a general sense of enthusiasm about the future. Many concede that their optimism rests in part on their desire to believe that after two years of acting presidents and an even longer period of low morale, things are about to improve.

''During the time we had the acting presidents there was a feeling that we were marking time,'' said Stanley Lowell, a City College alumnus who was a member of the search committee that recommended Dr. Harleston. ''But I think everybody, students, faculty and alumni, see Bernie getting a grasp of things. It is going to be an exciting time at City College.''

If excitement has not yet become infectious, Dr. Harleston seems determined to make it so. As he walks about the campus he frequently speaks to passing students. ''They probably think I'm crazy, but I will continue to run the risk of speaking to people I don't know,'' he said. Dr. Harleston also adheres to an ''open door'' policy. All are welcome to visit his office.

Among faculty members, Dr. Harleston is said to be liked and trusted - liked for his sensitivity to the ''human side'' of academic issues and ''trusted for his good judgment'' about what makes for a good general education. He served for 10 years as dean of arts and sciences at Tufts, a position that suggests to faculty a strong appreciation for the embattled humanities and their place in the educational process. And since it is the school's once dominant college of liberal arts and sciences that needs the most improvement - not its newer, attractive preprofessional programs -such an appreciation is important.

''We were first of all impressed with his academic background,'' said Herman Z. Cummins, Distinguished Professor of Physics. ''With his credibility and the challenges ahead, we feel that if he had to make reductions he would be guided not only by his humanity but his strong sense of the interdependence of one area of the college to another.''

For his part, Dr. Harleston said he senses the air of expectation among faculty, students and alumni in his first few months as president, and added with mock nervousness:

''They are probably saying like the poet 'Don't speak of love, show me.' '' Mindful of the sensitivities within a college community, Dr. Harleston declines to discuss specific strategies before he has first presented them to faculty and others in his administration. But he talks in general about what he plans.

''Pulling off quality education in this multiracial setting, given the educational needs, would be an enormous accomplishment,'' he said. ''It's important that the city have at least one place that can educate to tap the talents of its ethnic diversity and the demographic facts are that we at City College have the greatest diversity. We find ourselves in that position and we are happy about it.''

He rejects suggestions that enrollment declines stem largely from the college's location in Harlem and consequent concerns about safety. To him such talk smacks of ''code words.'' He argues that they can be dispelled as a problem if City College has a reputation for academic excellence. He also doesn't flinch at suggestions that the college's ethnic diversity is more a problem than an asset.

''You have to decide that City College and the new North Academic Center is going to be for the students of this generation the same thing that Shepherd Hall was for the students of an earlier generation,'' he said.''Once you decide that, there is no longer the clash of change and continuity. You look past it and see it all as continuity.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Bernard Harleston

**End of Document**



[***A Hard Fought Race That's Costing Millions***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-38W0-0005-G4CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 20, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;  ; Section 1;   Page 38;   Column 1;   Metropolitan Desk  ; Column 1;  ; Series

**Length:** 1329 words

**Byline:** By ABBY GOODNOUGH

By ABBY GOODNOUGH

**Series:** THE RACE FOR CONGRESS '96: New Jersey's Eighth District

**Dateline:** TOTOWA, N.J., Oct. 17

**Body**

At first, the retired garment workers gathered at American Legion Post No. 227 seemed unimpressed. Mayor William J. Pascrell Jr. of Paterson had stopped by to give a speech, and as he patted shoulders and pumped hands, the response was tepid.

But when Mr. Pascrell began tossing out reasons why he deserved a seat in the United States House of Representatives, the audience perked up. Taxes were out of control, he said, and he wanted to give New Jersey's ***working class*** a break. The future of Medicare was at stake, he said, and he could help rescue it. If Newt Gingrich and other Republicans continued to control Congress, Mr. Pascrell warned, even Social Security would be jeopardized.

"You paid into Social Security!" he said, as the garment workers murmured and clapped. "Think where so many seniors would be without those few dimes that come in every month."

It was a typical speech for Mr. Pascrell, a Democrat who is trying to unseat Representative William J. Martini in New Jersey's Eighth District, which includes parts of Passaic and Essex counties in the state's northeastern region. Like Democratic candidates everywhere, Mr. Pascrell, 59, is hoping to oust a freshman Republican by tying him to Mr. Gingrich and the Contract With America, whose agenda, he says, is too conservative for residents of northern New Jersey.

And like freshman Republicans everywhere, Mr. Martini, 49, is insisting that he is no Gingrich clone.

But in an unpredictable district that is equal parts urban and suburban, with large immigrant and elderly populations, Mr. Martini is believed to be a vulnerable incumbent. He is the district's first Republican Congressman since 1961, and he has voted with his party 80 percent of the time, a record that the Democrats hope will hurt his standing with the large number of independent voters here. Because Mr. Martini won in 1994 with only 49.9 percent of the vote, the race is receiving special attention from the national Democratic Party, which needs 18 seats to win back control of the House.

The fact that his opponent is the popular Mayor of Paterson and a five-term state Assemblyman does not help Mr. Martini, either.

"You have a lot of senior citizens in this district, and beleaguered members of the middle class," said David Rebovich, a political science professor at Rider University. "It's going to come down to whether they believe Martini's claim that he, the Republican, remains committed to deficit reduction and tax cuts but will not support social policies injurious to some of his constituent groups."

Mr. Martini, it seems, will be trying to convince voters of that claim up to the last minute, in a Congressional race that has turned out to be the tightest and most expensive in New Jersey. He is on the campaign trail almost every day, countering Mr. Pascrell's charge that he is a "Gingrich puppet."

In speeches, Mr. Martini trumpets that the Republican Congress has reduced government spending by $53 billion. He says he is proud of the recent welfare bill, and of his leadership in the new legislation that will provide $17.5 million in Federal funds to help preserve Sterling Forest, an important watershed on the New York-New Jersey border.

"I really was troubled by excessive spending beyond our means, and I took the hard line on that," said Mr. Martini, a former Federal and county prosecutor who ran his own law practice before he went to Washington. "On other issues, I took a moderate position. I sense the things I voted for and stood for are the priorities and values of almost all the 21 towns in this district."

Time and again, Mr. Pascrell has asserted that Mr. Martini has betrayed the district, especially residents who are elderly and those who live in urban areas like Paterson, whose population is mostly black and Hispanic. He says he supports changes in the welfare laws, but he also wants to see more government support for anti-crime programs, like community policing. And he rails against the Republican proposal for Medicare, which would reduce spending on the program by $270 billion over seven years.

"They're cutting what they should be protecting, and protecting what they should be cutting," Mr. Pascrell says constantly. Instead of raising premiums, he says, the government should ferret out health-care providers who cheat the system, which he says could save $18 billion a year.

The race is considered to be extremely close, and the district's voting record does not shed much light on how it will turn out. Paterson and a few smaller cities tend to support Democrats, but their vote is usually balanced out by the Republican-leaning suburbs. President Clinton won here in 1992, but by only three percentage points. In 1993, 49.5 percent of voters here supported Gov. Jim Florio's bid for re-election, while 50.5 percent cast ballots for Christine Todd Whitman.

Professor Rebovich of Rider University said that Mr. Martini's narrow victory in 1994 suggested that voters here have become more concerned about taxes and government spending. Interviews with residents of the Eighth District suggested that character is also important.

At a recent debate between the candidates, Ed Bauman of Clifton said he was leaning toward Mr. Martini because "he's been touted as an honest person, and that's what's important for me."

Otto Cakl of Prospect Park, who attended the debate with his wife, Marylyn, said he preferred Mr. Pascrell because he seemed warm and down to earth.

"We find him to be an honest, forthright guy," Mr. Cakl said. "He's more for the working man. He meets thousands of people, but he still goes out of his way to be friendly."

Lately, Mr. Pascrell is also going out of his way to visit the suburbs, ringing doorbells and talking to people on the street. He would serve suburban constituents well, he said, because "people in the suburbs want the same thing for their kids as the people in Paterson." But conveying that message takes a lot of footwork, he said. "People have got to see me," he said. "They've got to believe the mayor of a big city is a rational guy who's not into robbing Peter to pay Paul."

On the campaign trail, Mr. Pascrell is all nervous energy, gesturing wildly and raising his voice to stress a point. He does not hesitate to use colorful language; in one speech, he proclaimed that Mr. Martini was "full of donkey dust."

Mr. Martini, who is more reserved, says that Mr. Pascrell's folksiness is a convenient distraction from his political record. "He can convince you he can solve the problems of the world. But let's talk about arithmetic, Mayor."

Mr. Martini, of Clifton, frequently says that property taxes in Paterson have risen 46 percent since 1990, when Mr. Pascrell was elected Mayor. He also blames Mr. Pascrell for the city's 13 percent unemployment rate and for the problems of its school system, which was taken over by the State Department of Education in 1991 because of mismanagement and poor student performance.

Mr. Martini also says his opponent has distorted the Republican Congress's plan for Medicare. He says the plan would allow for a more competitive system among medical providers, keeping costs down while guaranteeing financial support for Medicare through 2010.

Mr. Martini said that in the final weeks of the campaign, his radio advertisements and mailings will call more attention to Mr. Pascrell's record on taxes and government spending. Mr. Pascrell also plans to increase advertising, and each campaign expects to spend more than $1 million by Election Day.

The expense did not seem to bother several voters interviewed, but Mr. Bauman of Clifton said he was angry about another kind of spending: that of special-interest groups on advertising for both candidates. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. has paid for television commercials on Mr. Pascrell's behalf, and the Sierra Club has done so for Mr. Martini.

"They never get anything done for the people when they get to Washington," Mr. Bauman said, "because they're indebted to special interests."

**Graphic**

Chart: "AT A GLANCE: New Jersey's Eighth District"

The Eighth District includes 21 towns in southern Passaic and northern Essex counties. Almost 25 percent of its population lives in Paterson, a blighted industrial city in Passaic County. The district's population is growing at a slower rate than most, and its property taxes are among the highest in the state. There are more registered Democrats than Republicans in the district, but in recent years, voters have supported the two parties in almost equal numbers.

Area: 104.5 square miles

DEMOGRAPHICS (1990) Population: 594,629 Race and Ethnicity White: 65.8% Black: 13% Asian: 3.5% Hispanic: 17.7% Median Family Income: $46,749 People in Poverty: 8.7% Adults 25 and over with College Degree: 24.5%

1992 Presidential Election Clinton: 45.7% Bush: 42.5% Perot: 11.8%

1994 Congressional Election William J. Martini (R): 50.7% Herb Klein (D): 49.3%

Sources: New Jersey State Data Center; Rutgers University's 1995 New Jersey Legislative District Data Book

**Load-Date:** October 20, 1996

**End of Document**



[***In Bridgeport, Stopping Cars To Stop a Wave of Killings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-3H30-0005-G3JJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 5, 1996, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 25;  Column 2;  Metropolitan Desk;  Second Front; Column 2; ; Second Front

**Length:** 1248 words

**Byline:** By JOHN KIFNER

By JOHN KIFNER

**Dateline:** BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct. 4

**Body**

"I got a weapon," State Trooper Brad Bopp shouted in the chill darkness, reaching into the back seat of a battered brown sedan. "It's live, live!"

The tension level pumped up quickly among the dozens of state and city police officers clustered at the bottom of the northbound off-ramp at Exit 29 of the Connecticut Turnpike. They were there to stamp down the drug trade believed to be behind a sudden rash of murders that has stunned this faded industrial city.

"Everybody down, on the ground, down!" officers barked at three young men whose car was being checked late Thursday in one of a series of roadblocks checking travelers entering and leaving Bridgeport. "Everybody face down on the ground!"

As handcuffs were snapped on the three men and Trooper Bopp gingerly checked the .44-caliber revolver, a van emerging over the lip of the exit ramp discovered a landscape of police officers waving everyone over and rows of waiting tow trucks. The van suddenly accelerated, lurched through the intersection and sped back up onto the highway.

Lieut. Pete Warren, the commander of Troop G of the state police, a Bridgeport officer with a barking German shepherd and a half-dozen officers jumped in their cruisers and raced after it, lights flashing.

"Go! Go! Go!" other officers yelled. "Florida plates!"

Ten homicides in the space of two weeks -- all but two of them believed to be drug related -- have spurred the unusual city-state roadblocks over the last three nights, along with political pronouncements from the Governor on down that Bridgeport, the state's largest city, is not about to fall back to its bad old ways.

The recent killings were particularly disheartening to city officials who hoped they were overcoming Bridgeport's reputation for urban violence with a Federal and local crackdown that sent gang leaders, particularly from the Latin Kings, to prison, with 11 getting life sentences in Federal prison and six getting life sentences in state penitentiaries.

The crime rate has dropped sharply from the early 90's here, not only from the putting away of the gang leaders but also from a series of police initiatives, including concentrating on auto theft -- Bridgeport was once third in the nation -- and community policing. In 1991, at the height of the gang violence, there were 61 murders. There were only 32 murders last year.

This year looked even better, with no murders in August. But with 11 murders in September, including three in one night, the toll has risen to 38 this year, bringing a new sense of unease.

Police Chief Thomas J. Sweeney said he considered the recent killings an aberration and said, "We're not being run ragged, the way we were in '90." There seemed no clear pattern to the killings, he said, except that drugs seemed to figure in most of them.

"As bad as this appears on the face, it nowhere compares to what happened before," added Capt. John T. Donovan, who heads the Bridgeport police detective bureau. "My question is why are all these happening at this time."

The drug market here is centered in several inner-city neighborhoods on the south and east sides of town, particularly the P. T. Barnum and Marina Village housing projects, located near exits of the Turnpike, which is also Interstate 95. Many of the customers are drawn from outside the city, coming from what is known as "the valley," a stretch of decaying, ***working class*** mill towns like Shelton, Derby and Ansonia northeast of the city along the Housatonic and Naugatuck Rivers.

"They can score dope down here and they know it," Captain Donovan said. "A junkie is a junkie. And I can tell you a lot of them will try to rip a dealer here for 5 or 10 dollars. A lot of times the dealer is quicker on the draw."

This appeared to be the case, the police said, in the death of Moses Wilds on Sept. 19, one of the first homicides of the current wave. He had come from Ansonia with three or four other people, arranged to buy crack and sped off in a car without paying. A shot through the rear window hit him in the back of the head.

The police are looking for a dealer named Enrique Martinez, who also calls himself Ricky Zapata, in connection with the shooting.

One neighborhood, in the vicinity of Washington Park, was so plagued by drug seekers coming off the highways that city officials blocked off many of its streets with concrete barriers a few years ago, creating a kind of maze to discourage narcotics shoppers.

But it is still a neighborhood filled with abandoned and graffiti-scarred houses, where there are many young men whose sole visible occupation is sitting on stoops watching the street. Two of the recent shootings were in this neighborhood and suggest that dealers might be trying to re-establish a market there.

One slaying was that of 17-year-old Pedro Torres, who the police say was holding about 20 bags of marijuana, presumably for sale, when he was cut down by several gunshots on Sept. 28 in the driveway of 506 Brooks Street.

More interesting to the police was Dwayne Jones, a 28-year-old with a long, narcotics-studded arrest record, who was found dead in a B.M.W. parked at Maple and William Streets, with a single, small caliber bullet in his head. The police said they believed Mr. Jones was a major independent dealer who had developed a number of enemies.

A graffiti memorial to Mr. Jones, using his street name, "R.I.P. Rabbi: one love," is scrawled across the concrete barrier at the intersection.

"It was a hit, it was a drug hit," said Paul Barnum, a city housing official and longtime resident who has been working to change the neighborhood. "We're making progress, but it's slow. First you have to get rid of the crime and the fear. We were hiding in our houses for fear of the gunfire at one point."

The police have few leads, but Captain Donovan said that one line of speculation was rivalries to fill the criminal power vacuum left by the sentencing of the Latin Kings and other gang leaders.

"Turf wars, maybe," he said. "Some of the killings could be. There's a big vacuum there. People are wanting to establish power bases and to re-establish the drug business on the east side. The amount of money is an inducement."

State Senator Alvin W. Penn, a Democrat who represents the city and called for the state police to come in, agreed. "This is about drugs," he said. "These are not random shootings. It's guys marking their turf.

"And, unless we nip it in the bud now, it's going to be a preview of things to come."

The roadblocks, which are supervised by Lieut. Col. Bill McGuire, the deputy commander of the state police, have resulted in 22 arrests on outstanding criminal warrants, 335 traffic charges such as driving without a license or auto registration, and the seizure of four illegal handguns. Colonel McGuire said the operation would continue in the coming nights.

"We want to send a message loud and clear that these heinous crimes will not be tolerated," Colonel McGuire said. "We don't want it to be a lucrative market for people to come to Bridgeport to purchase narcotics."

Watching from the Pueblo Supermarket as another group of officers checked cars at the Exit 28 off-ramp, the owner, Lewis Tineo, who used to live in Queens, said he favored the operation because "typically, we've got guys hanging out selling right here but the dealings have stopped because of this."

"My only fear is that it's temporary," he said. "Because the only solution is to get the cops into the neighborhood full time so they can push these people somewhere else."

**Graphic**

Photos: After 10 killings in two weeks, state troopers and city police officers in Bridgeport have set up roadblocks at Interstate 95 exit ramps in an attempt to stop the drug trade. (Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 25); Roadblocks off Interstate 95 in Bridgeport resulted this week in 22 arrests, 335 traffic charges and the seizure of four handguns. At top, Trooper Darren Pavlick talked with a motorist during a roadblock at Exit 29. Trooper Brad Bopp, middle, discovered a handgun while searching a car there, leading to the arrest of three young men inside. (Photographs by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 28)

Map of Bridgeport and its surrounding areas. (pg. 28)

**Load-Date:** October 5, 1996

**End of Document**



[***In Race for Mexico's Presidency, Populist Tilts at a Privileged Elite***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K6J-M1W0-TW8F-G2N0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 17, 2006 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 2; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1789 words

**Byline:** By JAMES C. McKINLEY Jr.

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, June 16

**Body**

It is the fourth stop on a long, rainy day of campaigning, but when the leftist candidate rolls into the small coastal town of Tonala, in southern Mexico, the soaked crowd comes alive with deafening chants of ''Obrador! Obrador!''

The candidate, Andres Manuel Lopez Obrador, gray-haired and slightly stooped, with a nasal voice and a boyish, freckled face, seems to suck up their energy, amplify it, and hurl it back in the form of a simple message. For too long, he booms, politicians, business owners and their families have gotten rich and evaded taxes while the ***working class*** has remained mired in poverty.

''The poor pay taxes on everything they buy,'' he says, cutting to the heart of his theme. ''Those of the pure upper class, the influential, don't pay the taxes.''

With less than three weeks before the July 2 election, Mr. Lopez Obrador, a leftist former Mexico City mayor, is locked in a dead heat with Felipe Calderon, the conservative candidate from President Vicente Fox's National Action Party. After seesawing for weeks, all opinion polls now suggest the race is too close to call.

Win or lose, Mr. Lopez Obrador remains the focus of the election, a polarizing figure who has dragged Mexico's enduring class conflict into the light. In recent speeches, he has vowed to end what he calls ''the privileges'' of a powerful oligarchy that has dominated politics here for centuries.

His fiery appeals have turned the election into a referendum on whether the country wants to stick with the free trade and pro-business policies of the Fox administration or join the growing number of Latin American countries -- Venezuela, Bolivia and Peru among them -- that have elected populist left-wingers who want to assert greater state control over the economy and funnel more wealth to the poor.

But to describe Mr. Lopez Obrador as another populist promising handouts to get votes is to miss the most salient part of his message for his supporters. In their eyes, he is a reformer who has promised to stamp out corruption and make corporations and the rich pay more taxes. He has vowed to end the sweetheart deals for government contracts, to stop the government from bailing out failing businesses and to slash the salaries of top bureaucrats and elected officials, who make far more than their counterparts in the United States.

In New York City terms, he wants to dismantle Tammany Hall.

''This is the principle problem of the country,'' he said in an interview. ''Because these privileges at the same time impoverish people and affect the country's development.''

Mr. Lopez Obrador's adversaries and critics portray him as a dangerous populist who will bankrupt the country with social welfare schemes. They say he shows an authoritarian streak, ignoring laws he disagrees with and filling the streets with protesters if things do not go his way. They accuse him of being paranoid, too, seeing plots everywhere. Some biographers maintain he sees himself as the embodiment of the nation's poor, a Christ-like savior.

''He sees himself as the incarnation of the masses,'' said George W. Grayson, a professor at the College of William and Mary who has just published a biography of Mr. Lopez Obrador. ''He views himself, I believe, as a messiah to uplift the downtrodden.''

Mr. Lopez Obrador calls this litany of characterizations ridiculous, especially the notion that he has a messiah complex. ''Sometimes it makes me laugh, because there is no basis for it,'' he said. ''The only thing is I support popular causes with conviction, and to them it seems like I'm causing them harm. They also say that I am authoritarian. It's not true. I never have been. I'm a democrat.''

If Mr. Lopez Obrador's rhetoric is full of class conflict that rattles business owners and the middle to upper class, there is a reason for it. Poverty, job creation and wealth distribution are the most urgent issues facing modern Mexico, and the failure to address them has driven some 12 million Mexicans north to the United States.

About half of Mexicans still live below the poverty line -- earning less than $4 per family member each day -- and one in five earns too little to buy enough food for a healthful diet, according to the World Bank. More than 45 percent of the nation's wealth is held by the elite 10 percent, and that concentration may be even greater since most of Mexico's superrich do not respond to government surveys, poverty experts say. The gap between rich and poor has closed only slightly since the free trade agreement with the United States took effect more than a decade ago.

Tax evasion is rampant. The last official study, conducted in 2002, estimated about 40 percent of businesses and 70 percent of professionals and small business owners either cheat on their taxes or pay none at all. The poor do not pay income tax, but are hit with a 15 percent sales tax every time they buy clothes or other durable goods.

How to remedy these problems is where Mr. Lopez Obrador and his opponent divide. Mr. Calderon insists that staying the course on free trade will bring jobs and growth that will help everyone. He has proposed cutting income taxes for the rich and businesses by putting in place a single rate, which he says will spur investment.

On the stump, Mr. Lopez Obrador, on the other hand, calls for ''profound change, a change to the roots,'' and tells crowds that Mexico today is very like Mexico under the dictatorship of Porfirio Diaz, just before the 1910 revolution. The government, he says, serves the interests of a few.

''The problem is with a minority that has privileges and wants to maintain those privileges,'' he said during a swing last week through Chiapas, the southern state that is home to Tonala, and where complaints of poverty and political exclusion fueled an insurrection in 1994.

Mr. Calderon has charged that Mr. Lopez Obrador's prescriptions would lead to financial ruin and claims that as mayor of Mexico City Mr. Lopez Obrador piled up debt to finance social programs, while presiding over a steep rise in crime and corruption. The underlying message in most of Mr. Calderon's attack advertisements is that Mr. Lopez Obrador is a leftist dictator in the making.

But Mr. Lopez Obrador's record as mayor does not suggest he has a wild-eyed revolutionary lurking in his soul. It is true that the city's debt rose by a third during his tenure, but he also improved tax collection dramatically, by about 44 percent. He slashed more than 500 jobs from the bureaucracy, eliminated perquisites for officials and cut salaries. In the end, he balanced the budget, raising both spending and revenue by about 60 percent.

He did ignore or refuse to enforce some laws the city assembly had passed that he did not agree with, among them a measure to require auto insurance.

At the same time, he established a package of welfare programs, like cash grants for the elderly, people with disabilities and single mothers, benefits which made him immensely popular, despite continuing problems with water supply and crime.

His plan for the country is similar. He says he would take those programs and others like them nationwide and pay for them by cracking down on tax evasion, cutting salaries of top government officials, and slashing other waste to raise about $20 billion.

He hopes this infusion of money will jump-start a stagnant economy and create a ripple effect. He also believes that the country's oil wealth, properly channeled, could be used to industrialize Mexico, rather than being used as a kind of slush fund for the government, as it has been for decades.

Aware of jitters among investors, Mr. Lopez Obrador has dispatched his economic adviser, Rogelio Ramirez, to New York City several times to assure bankers and Wall Street brokerages that Mr. Lopez Obrador will not provoke an economic crisis. ''He's extremely pragmatic on the operational side,'' Mr. Ramirez said.

Mr. Lopez Obrador, a 53-year-old widower and father of three boys, spent his early years in the riverside village of Tepetitan in Tabasco, the son of an oil worker turned shopkeeper.

He studied social sciences at the national university in Mexico City. His first job was running an institute for the Chontal Indians. For six years, he lived in the Indian communities, sleeping in dirt-floor shacks. It was there, he says, his commitment to the poor was forged.

Though he started out in the Institutional Revolutionary Party, the machine that controlled Mexico for seven decades until 2000, Mr. Lopez Obrador quit in 1983, he says, because it became clear the pro-democracy reformers within the party would not succeed in Tabasco. In 1988, he joined what would later become the left-wing Party of the Democratic Revolution and lost a race for governor of Tabasco. He lost again in 1994, and finally won the Mexico City mayor's seat in 2000.

Though he talks little about his home life, by the standards of Mexican politicians he lives like an ascetic in a modest house and drives an inexpensive car. He has promised to cut the president's salary in half if he is elected.

On the campaign trail, he refuses to stand under an awning if the crowd is in the sun or rain. He takes commercial flights to campaign events and often stays in cheap hotels. On one recent trip through the state of Coahuila, he washed and changed clothes in a filthy bathroom at a gasoline station before a rally. On last week's tour through Chiapas, his car had a minor accident with a van carrying a dozen people to work. He climbed out and apologized to the commuters.

To the people who come to his rallies, mostly poor, some illiterate, Mr. Lopez Obrador is one of them. He speaks in folksy rhythms and idioms they recognize. They affectionately call him by his first name or Amlo, a nickname formed by his initials.

''The man seems very honest, very simple,'' said Maria Consuelo Ayala Perez, a mother of 10 in Cintalapa, Chiapas, last week. ''He's done a lot of good in Mexico City. When Fox came into office, he said there was going to be a change, but a change was never seen.''

For some of Mr. Lopez Obrador's detractors, it is this very ability to communicate with ordinary Mexicans, especially the poor, that makes him a dangerous man. Mexico, as well as the rest of Latin America, has a long history of people who have used the desperation of the poor as a tool to whip up anger against the rich and gain power. Some critics count President Hugo Chavez of Venezuela among them.

''I think Amlo truly feels he's the Redeemer of Mexico, but his reign is of this world,'' said Enrique Krauze, a historian. ''For this reason, even though he says, 'I don't want power for power's sake,' he wants it immensely.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Half of all Mexicans live in poverty, and many of them, including at this rally in Chiapas, see Andres Manuel Lopez Obrador as one of their own. (Photo by Adriana Zehbrauskas for The New York Times)(pg. A8)

Andres Manuel Lopez Obrador wants a better deal for the poor. (Photo by Adriana Zehbrauskas for The New York Times)(pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** June 17, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Praise, Advice and Reminders of the Sour Economy for Graduates - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VXP-6NC0-Y8TC-S2Y2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 14, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 25; COMMENCEMENT SPEECHES

**Length:** 2231 words

**Byline:** By SAM DILLON

**Body**

Delivering the commencement address last month at the University of Notre Dame, in Indiana, President Obama told graduates they were a generation who must ''find a path back to prosperity.''

Graduates heard a similar message at hundreds of colleges this spring, as commencement orators -- including actors, executives, poets and heads of state -- leavened their congratulatory messages with acknowledgment of the bleak marketplace outside campus.

''We are living in the most difficult economic environment since the Great Depression,'' Bud Selig, the commissioner of Major League Baseball, said at the University of Wisconsin.

Some speakers, though, found time to wisecrack.

At Wagner College on Staten Island, for instance, Gov. David A. Paterson of New York said the country was experiencing the worst recession in 80 years, but he also reminisced about his commencement decades earlier.

Some students graduated magna cum laude, Mr. Paterson said, and others summa cum laude. ''And then there were people like me who found everything to do but study,'' he said. ''And we graduated thank you laude.''

Besides the president, the first lady, Michelle Obama, and at least 10 of the 15 cabinet secretaries addressed commencement ceremonies this spring.

The White House chief of staff, Rahm Emanuel, told graduates of Sarah Lawrence College, in Westchester County, N.Y., that as a high school senior he had by accident nearly sliced off a finger, yet had foolishly followed up with a nighttime swim that left him with gangrene, battling for his life.

His point? ''Don't be reckless,'' Mr. Emanuel said. ''Take what you do and how you live your life seriously.''

Perhaps the most somber admonishment came from Energy Secretary Steven Chu, who warned graduates at Harvard University that if the world pursued business as usual, climate change could be ''so rapid that many species will have trouble adapting, including humans.''

Following are excerpts from Mr. Chu's address and others:

Harvard University

Steven Chu

Energy secretary

Climate change is not new; the Earth went through six ice ages in the past 600,000 years. However, recent measurements show that the climate has begun to change rapidly. The size of the north polar ice cap in the month of September is only half the size it was a mere 50 years ago. The sea level has been rising since direct measurements began in 1870, but that rate is now five times faster than it was at the beginning. These changes are not due to natural fluctuations. For the first time in human history, science is now making predictions of how our actions today will affect the world 50 and 100 years from now.

College of Mount St. Vincent

John Patrick Shanley

Playwright

Not to bring up something upsetting, but when you leave here today, you may go through a period of unemployment. My suggestion is this: Enjoy the unemployment. Have a second cup of coffee. Go to the park. Read Walt Whitman. Walt Whitman loved being unemployed. I don't believe he ever did a day's work in his life. As you may know, he was a poet. If a lot of time goes by and you continue to be unemployed, you may want to consider announcing to all appropriate parties that you have become a poet.

University of Oklahoma

David McCullough

Historian

There is no such thing as a self-made man or woman. Never was, never will be. We are all, as were those in whose footsteps we follow, shaped by the influence and examples of countless others -- parents, grandparents, friends, rivals. And by those who wrote the music that moves us to our souls, those whose performance on stage or on the playing field took our breaths away, those who wrote the great charters which are the bedrock of our system of self-government. And so many who, to our benefit, struggled and suffered through times of trouble and grave uncertainty. And by teachers. ... I want to stress as emphatically as I can the immeasurable importance of teachers.

Wellesley College

Kimberly Dozier

CBS News correspondent

You chose a Wellesley grad who spent the first decade of her career broke, begging for freelance work, who constantly heard she was underqualified or, later, overqualified (that means old) or basically just plain wrong for whatever it was she wanted to do. She eventually ended up with a really great job, doing exactly what she wanted to do, exactly where she wanted to do it: in the Middle East. And she got hit by a car bomb; they nearly took her legs off. She had to come back from the dead, roughly five times, and learn how to walk again. So it tells me a lot about you and your current state of mind that you all thought you needed to hear from me, with whatever lessons I had to offer from those experiences, as you leave college for the rest of your life. In short, you all want to know how to be bomb-proof, right? So you're right: I learned a lot. Most of all, that every time I ran into a wall, I had two choices on how to face it: hope or fear.

University of California, Berkeley, Graduate School of Journalism

Barbara Ehrenreich

Author

You are going to be trying to carve out a career in the worst economic downturn since the Great Depression. You are, furthermore, going to be trying to do so within what appears to be a dying industry. You have abundant skills and talents; it's just not clear that anyone wants to pay you for them. Well, you are not alone. How do you think it feels to be an autoworker right now? And I've spent time with plenty of laid-off paper mill workers, construction workers and miners. They've got skills; they've got experience. They just don't have jobs. So let me be the first to say this to you: Welcome to the American ***working class***.

Wheaton College (Massachusetts)

Deval Patrick

Governor of Massachusetts

Our youngest daughter, Catherine, graduated from high school a couple years ago. Sitting at her graduation, I couldn't help but think about the difference between her journey and my own nearly 35 years earlier. I grew up on welfare on the South Side of Chicago in my grandparents' two-bedroom tenement. I shared a room and a set of bunk beds with my mother and my sister, who is here today -- so we would rotate from the top bunk to the bottom bunk to the floor, every third night on the floor. I went to overcrowded, sometimes violent public schools. I can't think of a time when I didn't love to read. But I don't actually remember ever owning a book until I got my break in 1970, when I came to Massachusetts on a scholarship to boarding school. ... Now, our Catherine, by contrast, has always had her own room, most of that time in a house in a leafy neighborhood outside of Boston. By the time she got to high school, she had already traveled on four continents, she knew how to use and pronounce the ''concierge,'' and she had shaken hands in the White House with the president of the United States.

Georgia Institute of Technology

John F. Brock III

Chief executive, Coca-Cola

I am optimistic about the future because of the inherent drive of men and women to work hard, to achieve, to succeed, to make life better for their children. To do what's right for the future. Maybe you expect to hear such optimism from a guy who sells a product like Coca-Cola that invites you to ''open happiness.'' But consider this theme for a moment. Coca-Cola operates in more corners of the world than any other enterprise. It's been said that after the word ''hello,'' Coca-Cola is the most recognized word in the world. Our business has chosen the idea of ''happiness'' as the best way to connect our brand with billions of people in more than 200 countries. Did some marketing guru randomly make that choice? No. It was a thoroughly analyzed decision about what speaks to the aspirations of people today.

The Juilliard School

Laura Linney

Actress

Remember that no matter which art you practice, there is no more valuable skill than the ability to listen carefully. Especially when you listen to the music, or listen to the text, listen! They will guide you well.

University of Michigan

Larry Page

Co-founder, Google

I had one of those dreams when I was 23. When I suddenly woke up, I was thinking, What if we could download the whole Web and just keep the links? And I grabbed a pen and started writing. Sometimes it is important to wake up and stop dreaming. I spent the middle of that night scribbling out the details and convincing myself it would work. Soon after, I told my adviser, Terry Winograd, it would take a couple of weeks to download the Web. He nodded knowingly, fully aware it would take much longer but wise enough to not tell me. The optimism of youth is often underrated. Amazingly, I had no thought of building a search engine. The idea wasn't even on the radar. But much later, we happened upon a better way of ranking Web pages to make a really great search engine, and Google was born. When a really great dream shows up, grab it.

Mount Holyoke College

Mary McAleese

President of Ireland

Over 40 years ago, when I was in my midteens, I announced at home that I had decided to become a lawyer. The first words I heard in response were, ''You can't because you are a woman.'' It was the voice of our parish priest. The next voice I heard was my mother's, saying, ''Don't listen to him.'' To my mother's surprise, I heeded her advice. A couple of years later, the same year that the first human walked on the Moon, I started law school and our first textbook was called ''Learning the Law'' by a very eminent jurist, Prof. Glanville Williams. In a chapter ominously entitled ''Women,'' he stated his views that law school was no place for women and that our voices were too weak to be heard in a courtroom. That man had clearly never met my mother. He reckoned the only thing to be gained by having female law students was the opportunity it provided to meet suitable spouses. I married a dentist, just for spite.

Birmingham-Southern College

Natalie Davis

Political science professor

You are the Millennials. You differ from Generation X in that you are neither cynical nor alienated, and you seem to like your parents. You're not like the boomers, who are ideologues and tend to listen only to those who share their ideology. You are seen as being inclusive when it comes to race, ethnicity and sexual orientation. You actually have positive attitudes on the ability of government to play a constructive role in our lives. You want to build coalitions. ... You are networked, and you tweet. And most importantly for our time, you are problem-solvers.

Duke University

Oprah Winfrey

Talk show host

Of all the wonderful things that have happened, including getting a doctorate, an honorary doctorate from Duke, what really makes me feel successful is being able to use my life in service to someone else. And I will have to say, it is a wonderful thing to have a beautiful home, or homes, a wonderful thing to have a beautiful home which just escaped the fire in Santa Barbara. And it is really fantastic to have your own jet, and anybody who says it isn't is lying to you. That jet thing is really good. But you really haven't completed the circle of success unless you can help somebody else move forward.

Oberlin College

Richard N. Haass

President, Council on Foreign Relations

Dissent will be, and should be, part of your lives. This country was born of dissent (the Revolutionary War), defined by it (the Civil War) and changed profoundly by it. The labor, suffrage and civil rights movements as well as the anti-Vietnam protests all come to mind. Dissent is as American as cherry pie. It is also as Oberlinian as -- tofu. Whatever you choose to do, wherever you choose to do it, you owe it to your bosses and your conscience to be intellectually honest.

United States Military Academy

Robert M. Gates

Defense secretary

During the Revolution, a man in civilian clothes rode past a redoubt being repaired. The commander was shouting orders but not helping. When the rider asked why, the supervisor of the work detail retorted, ''Sir, I am a corporal.'' The stranger apologized, dismounted and helped repair the redoubt. When he was done, he turned toward the supervisor and said, ''Mr. Corporal, next time you have a job like this, and not enough men to do it, go to your commander in chief, and I will come and help you again.'' Too late, the corporal recognized George Washington. The power of example in leadership.

Rice University

Zainab Salbi

Founder, Women for Women International

Sometimes you just have to jump off the cliff without knowing where you will land. Sixteen years ago, I jumped. It was 1993. I was 23 years old and horrified by what I was seeing in the news about rape camps in Bosnia. I couldn't find anyone doing something about the astounding injustices women were experiencing, so I decided to do something myself. I cannot tell you how many people ridiculed my efforts. I was not getting paid, and a lot of people said: ''Stop doing that. Go get a real job, and get paid.'' ... At 25 years old I was honored by President Clinton at a White House ceremony for my grass-roots work. Even then I would not have imagined that 15 years later, Women for Women would be assisting hundreds of thousands of women in countries all around the world. ... If I, an immigrant woman from Iraq with no money, can do this, you can too.

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

**Correction**

A collection of excerpts last Sunday from this season's commencement speeches around the country misidentified the company for which John F. Brock III, who gave the address at Georgia Tech, is chief executive. He heads Coca-Cola Enterprises, not the Coca-Cola Company. (Coca-Cola Enterprises is the largest bottler and distributor for the Coca-Cola Company.)

**Correction-Date:** June 21, 2009

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: ''I don't actually remember ever owning a book until I got my break in 1970, when I came to Massachusetts on a scholarship.'' DEVAL PATRICK Governor of Massachusetts, speaking at Wheaton College in Norton, Mass., on May 16. The college president, Ronald A. Crutcher, is at left. (PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTORIA AROCHO/WHEATON COLLEGE)

''When I was in my midteens, I announced at home that I had decided to become a lawyer. The first words I heard in response were, 'You can't because you are a woman.''' MARY McALEESE President of Ireland, at the Mount Holyoke commencement on May 24. (PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED LeBLANC)

**Load-Date:** June 14, 2009

**End of Document**



[***IN PERSON;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40DJ-YCF0-00MH-F0SK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Telling Her Story in Italian-American***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:40DJ-YCF0-00MH-F0SK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 4, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14NJ; ; Section 14NJ; Page 4; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1603 words

**Byline:** Edvige Giunta

By MARY ANN CASTRONOVO FUSCO

By MARY ANN CASTRONOVO FUSCO

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY

**Body**

IN an Italian-accented voice that is no less friendly than it is forthright, Edvige Giunta has much to talk about.

There's Ms. Giunta's popular memoir-writing workshop at New Jersey City University, where she is an assistant professor of English; the book of literary criticism on contemporary Italian-American female writers she is completing for St. Martin's Press; the recent symposium she helped organize through the Collective of Italian-American Women, which she co-founded; and the anthology of creative writing by Italian-American women on food, for which the Feminist Press at the City University of New York recently commissioned her to be co-editor.

There is also her idea for a book tying together the experiences of Sicilian women in Sicily and America, which she has tentatively titled "Persephone's Daughters"; the challenges of teaching Italian to her 11-year-old daughter, Emily, and 10-month-old son, Matteo; and her new home and fledgling garden in Teaneck. No wonder she does not watch much television.

Yet, she recalled that the one question asked of her when she recently saw a former colleague at Union College in Schenectady, N.Y., was "whether or not I've been watching 'The Sopranos.' "

Sitting in the oddly quiet N.J.C.U. campus cafeteria here the day after commencement last month, Ms. Giunta (pronounced JUNE-tah) related another telling incident: Once, when she asked a bookstore clerk to direct her to the section on Italian-American female writers, she was taken to the cookbook section.

"It seems that many people still have no qualms whatsoever in portraying Italian-Americans stereotypically," she said. "Sometimes the stereotypes are very close to life. I'm not reluctant to talk about the Mafia in Sicily. I'm not reluctant to talk about the passion Italians have for food. What I resist are the very reductive, monolithic, one-sided, noncomplex, nonsophisticated images of a group that is incredibly diverse."

Born and raised in Sicily, whose history bears the imprints of myriad civilizations, Ms. Giunta, who turns 41 this month, relishes the diversity of New Jersey City University. Although she has lived in Florida, Long Island, and upstate New York since leaving Italy in 1984, New Jersey is the first place where she truly feels at home. Like Sicily, she explained, "New Jersey is a state that gets a lot of cultural mistreatment."

Correcting cultural misconceptions -- whether they're about Italian-Americans, other ethnic groups, urban students, or an entire American state or Italian region -- is central to her work. "People are looking to move away from simplistic views and representations and reclaim the complexity of their culture, looking to talk about their culture and themselves on their own terms, and to talk about many issues that have remained unspoken," she said.

During the Collective of Italian American Women symposium last month, panels, readings, and performances concerning such issues as gender politics, sexuality, social resistance and the craft of writing drew more than 150 people to the auditorium of Casa Italiana Zerilli-Marimo at New York University. Anna Mancini, a 32-year-old student originally from Italy who played the violin during the conference, said she felt the event served "as a bridge to connect two cultures."

"I'm not a cultural separatist," said Ms. Giunta. "I don't want to create 'Italian-American land.' "

Her work with the collective dovetails with her memoir-writing program, which she has taught since 1996 and which will include an advanced class next spring. Memoir, she said, "is a great genre" for students in an urban, ***working-class*** institution like N.J.C.U. "It's very democratic," she continued. "Everyone has a life; everyone has memories of that life." Committing those memories to paper, she believes, instills the authors with self-confidence and self-respect, helping them to understand and appreciate not only themselves, but those around them. "Through memoir, storytelling becomes history-telling -- the telling of histories that have rarely been written or heard," she noted in a recent issue of "Transformations," a publication of Ramapo College in Mahwah.

Ms. Giunta's own history begins in the town of Gela, which she describes as "provincial even though it has a large population." She is the second of four children born to Vincenzo Giunta, a high school history and philosophy teacher, and his wife, Cettina, who taught elementary school.

"My parents, in many ways, were ahead of their times and their place," she said. "My mother always said, 'First you get your degree and your job, and then you get married.' " Her older sister, Ortensia, is a doctor and mother of three in Rome; her brother, Diego, is a law student at the University of Catania; her other sister, Claudia, is a lawyer with the International Monetary Fund in Washington.

She followed the route of the modern immigrant, going not from farm to factory, but from being a university student to a university professor. Having obtained her laurea, or degree, in foreign languages and literatures from the University of Catania in 1983, she went to the University of Miami to pursue graduate studies in English, concentrating on the works of James Joyce. She expected to return to Italy, but didn't, except for an occasional visit. Today she is a citizen of both Italy and the United States.

In 1987 she earned her master's degree and married David Cutts, a British graduate student whom she'd met in Miami. In 1991, two years after their daughter, Emily, was born, Ms. Giunta received her Ph.D., and the family moved to New York. She separated from her husband in 1992, and the marriage ended in divorce.

In 1998, Ms. Giunta married Josh Fausty, a former Union College student of hers who is now a doctoral candidate and teaches English literature and composition at Rutgers University in New Brunswick. Despite being in favor of abortion rights, she considers herself "culturally Catholic"; he is Jewish.

Although Italian is Ms. Giunta's native tongue, she finds she can write poetry and memoir only in English. "It's baffling," she said. "Living in another language and in another culture offers you a kind of intellectual and creative freedom that sometimes living in your culture doesn't. Perhaps I need to maintain that foreignness in order to be able to have access to my writing side."

She first became drawn to the work of Italian-American writers after teaching a course on Italian-American and Italian cinema at Union College. "Once I started writing creatively in English," she said, "I really felt I became Italian-American because I had found a different kind of voice I had never had before."

Explaining her focus on Italian-American women, she said: "We have to pick our fights. I wanted to get something done. Also, I like the work. I'm not a martyr. I'm not going to plunge into something that I don't love professionally and not going to enjoy. I love the literature. The literature spoke to me personally. These were my sisters, my mothers, my cousins, my aunts in a number of ways. This is a literature that needs to be written about. So it allowed me to pursue my feminist activism in a way I know how to do, because I am a literary critic."

In 1995, while serving on a research advisory committee for the Calandra Institute at CUNY, which provides support services to Italian-American students in the CUNY system, Ms. Giunta organized a program on female Italian-American writers with Elizabeth G. Messina, an assistant psychologist at Fordham University at Lincoln Center and a psychotherapist in private practice in Manhattan. In 1998, they founded the Collective of Italian American Women, which organizes lectures, readings and other cultural events.

"The cultural work of the collective has been important because it puts alternatives out there," said Ms. Giunta.

Ms. Messina added: "Our history has been obscured by its exclusion from the American educational canon." Within the past five years, Ms. Giunta has made inroads into that canon not only through her own work but also by helping to revive the fortunes of two critically acclaimed novels by Italian-American women that had gone out of print: "Paper Fish" by Tina DeRosa and "Umbertina" by Helen Barolini. Both works have found a wide audience, according to Jean Casella, editorial director of the Feminist Press, which has republished them, with afterwords by Ms. Giunta.

"She's really quite brilliant," said Ms. Casella. "When we are hiring scholars to write afterwords, we always send one of Edi's as a model. She has an incredible amount of energy, and it's in the right spirit. Academia has a lot of competitive individuals trying to advance themselves. Edi really has the idea of community and bringing people together and doing work collaboratively that makes people excited and makes them feel part of something."

Students are equally effusive.

"Some professors just brush you off; she's dedicated," said Jamie Richardson of Kearny, who studied memoir writing with Professor Giunta. "I thought she was a student herself with her book bag, always scurrying across campus."

During last month's symposium, Maria Mazziotti Gillan, director of the Poetry Center at Passaic Community College, read selections of her work that dealt with the alienation she suffered as an Italian-American child growing up in Paterson. Afterward, she observed, 'If we don't tell our own stories, other people will tell them for us."

Edvige Giunta has no time to watch "The Sopranos" because she is too busy telling her own story, even as she encourages and enables others to tell theirs.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Edvige Giunta, an assistant professor of English at New Jersey City University, says New Jersey "gets a lot of cultural mistreatment." (Thomas Dallal for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 4, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Housing Construction Starts Without Fanfare in Yonkers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-06F0-000D-G37B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 13, 1991, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 25; Column 4; Metropolitan Desk; Column 4;

**Length:** 1295 words

**Byline:** By JAMES FERON,

By JAMES FERON,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** YONKERS, April 12

**Body**

The grinding of construction equipment cutting through the asphalt parking lot opposite Yonkers Raceway attracted little attention at first, except for a Federal agent in one parked car, plainclothes police officers in another and a private security officer in a third.

They were watching for protesters, neighborhood organizations that had threatened to stop construction of low-income housing ordered by a Federal judge that they had failed to block in the courts. There was no protest, however. The grinding continued, and by sunset the site was ready for excavation.

Ten years after the Justice Department sued this Westchester city for discriminating against minorities in its housing and schools, the first actual steps had been taken to desegregate Yonkers's mainly white neighborhoods.

No Speeches

The start of construction, usually an occasion for orations, gold plated shovels and photographers, went unheeded by city officials, who are still seeking legal avenues to frustrate the housing order drafted by the Federal judge in the case, Leonard B. Sand of District Court in Manhattan.

In 1986 Judge Sand ordered the city to build 200 units of low-income housing in mainly white neighborhoods to help redress what he called 40 years of intentional segregation.

But this morning, as soon as word got around that the "raceway site" was being prepared, knots of observers began to form. One of the first to arrive was Kenneth J. Barnes, who had prosecuted the housing case for the Justice Department. He said he had driven by the site on Central Park Avenue each morning this week "because I wanted to be there when construction began."

"Today is a turning point," said Mr. Barnes, who now is director of litigation at Bronx Legal Services. "The days when politicians and other leaders in Yonkers can say we still have some appeals left, that housing's never going to be built, those days are over. The housing is being built."

Mayor Henry J. Spallone, who won an upset victory last year opposing the housing and who refers to it as "Judge Sand's social engineering project," also came by to chat with neighbors who oppose the housing. One, Jean Palazola, said, "To me, it's not a racial thing. The problem is it's being handed to people who haven't worked for it."

The Justice Department suit, later joined by the Yonkers branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, represented the first time civil rights lawyers had linked discrimination in housing and education. It drew national attention when the City Council defied Judge Sand's order to build housing and he imposed crippling fines on the city to force compliance.

The housing site, next to a gasoline station and at the edge of the concrete cut of the Gov. Thomas E. Dewey Thruway, will become home for 24 families, most of them black residents of the city's southwestern quadrant, who have applied to the Municipal Housing Authority in recent years for better housing.

Years of Protests

The units have been designed as town houses, to avoid the high-rise style of postwar public housing that created ghettos, and will be "scattered" on seven locations in mainly white neighborhoods, also to prevent affecting any one neighborhood.

This effort to minimize the disruption of new neighbors has been largely ignored, however, by a ***working-class*** white population that experienced its own postwar migration, much of it from the Bronx, where neighborhoods experienced severe racial transformation.

For the last several years they have filled the City Council chamber, overflowing to the street below, shouting their opposition to the proposed islands of minority housing that longtime residents feel will threaten home values and life styles.

The housing, with the first phase including four other sites for a total of 142 units, will be built in a variety of locations including the site of an abandoned elementary school and a narrow band of property behind the commercial edge of Central Park Avenue.

The largest site, with 48 units, will rise on the playing field of a former junior high school. The most attractive site is on Wrexham Road, a few blocks from Sarah Lawrence College, on a street of $300,000 to $500,000 homes.

Bogdan Piatek, a 38-year-old chemist who lives with his wife, Maria, and their baby boy less than a quarter- mile from the Wrexham Road location, said, "I've seen the drawings for these houses and I wouldn't have minded living there when I was renting."

The United States Department of Housing and Urban Development built the segregated housing and was originally a defendant in the case. Charges against H.U.D. were dismissed, however, when it agreed to pay for the 200 "remedial" units. Another 800 units, of affordable housing, are to be built under Judge Sand's housing plan by private contractors who would be granted incentives to include the apartments in larger market-rate developments.

Rob Jones, a managing director of Morgan Stanley who lives a few properties away from the Wrexham Road site, said a better, costlier design won from the agency was intended "to give the people who live there a sense of pride and equity and ownership."

$12 Million in Legal Fees

The homes are being built by Deluxe Homes of New York, a subsidiary of a Berwick, Pa., developer that backed out of a commitment to build the second phase, 58 homes on two sites, after experiencing problems with banks that were threatened by boycotts, picketing and violence.

Yonkers has paid more than $12 million in legal fees to challenge the housing order and $450,000 in fines for contempt of court in refusing to comply with it. The city also has spent $17 million on land acquisition for the housing, bypassing less expensive alternatives in its zeal to resist the order.

There have been other costs. A few weeks ago the City Council rejected $2.8 million in Federal urban aid be cause it was linked to the city's acceptance of the housing. But the Council approved paying legal fees that could add up to $400,000 for appeals by four councilmen found personally liable for the $460,000 in contempt fines prompted by their defiance of a court order.

The residents of the low-income housing are being selected from a list of 2,000 families, most of them from the southwest section of the city, the area cited by Judge Sand as containing the unconstitutional segregation, who had applied for improved housing.

Statistically, Yonkers, a city of 188,082, according to the 1990 census, appears to be well integrated, with 31,476 Hispanic residents, 24,539 blacks, and 5,420 Asians. But the 1990 census also reveals the same pattern of residential segregation that inspired the lawsuit.

The northeast section, bordering on Bronxville, Tuckahoe, Eastchester and Greenburgh, was 95 percent white in 1980 and is 92 percent white today. The southeast, north of the Woodlawn and Van Cortlandt Park sections of the Bronx and next to Mount Vernon, was 98 percent white in 1980 and 95 percent today.

Applicants for the new housing "are just people on a waiting list, seeking better housing," said Peter Smith, director of the Municipal Housing Agency. "The basic criteria is need," and they must meet income levels, with the upper limit being $18,550 for a family of three and $22,250 for a family of five.

The houses are two stories high with living quarters downstairs and three bedrooms upstairs. This limits family size to two or three children. The clusters of housing will represent racial and ethnic mixtures within themselves, Mr. Smith said, perhaps 70 percent black, 20 percent Hispanic and 10 percent white.

Wary of creating islands of minorities, Mr. Smith said, "We don't want to combat segregation by segregating. If you have an enclave that's strictly one race you've done more harm than good."

**Graphic**

Photos: As construction began on court-ordered low-income housing in Yonkers, Mayor Henry J. Spallone visited the site. He talked with a resident, Deborah Trainer (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times) (pg. 25); Kenneth J. Barnes, the Justice Department prosecutor in the Yonkers housing case, watching yesterday as construction began. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times) (pg. 28)

Map: Depicts an area of Yonkers and indicates the public housing sites where construction has now begun. (pg. 28)

**Load-Date:** April 13, 1991

**End of Document**



[***The Truman Show - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K59-GJH0-TW8F-G250-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 11, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Column 2; Book Review Desk; Pg. 12

**Length:** 1964 words

**Byline:** By JOE KLEIN

Joe Klein, the political columnist for Time magazine, is the author of ''Primary Colors'' and, most recently, ''Politics Lost.''

**Body**

THE GOOD FIGHT

Why Liberals -- and Only Liberals --

Can Win the War on Terror and

Make America Great Again.

By Peter Beinart.

288 pp. HarperCollins Publishers. $25.95.

ONCE upon a time -- 60 years ago, to be precise -- liberals were the moderates in American politics. They were flanked on the left by so-called progressives who were either unconcerned about the threat posed by the international spread of Communism or covertly sympathetic to it, and on the right by conservatives who wanted to use anti-Communism as a rationale for domestic demagogy and unilateral military crusades. The liberal ''vital center'' -- to use Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s phrase -- was not, however, a force for milquetoast moderation or take-half compromise. It was a tough-minded, aggressively creative political movement. It was led by courageous politicians like Harry Truman and Hubert Humphrey, who received policy support from a remarkable generation of public servants that included George Marshall, George Kennan, Paul Nitze and Dean Acheson. Intellectual ballast was provided by Schlesinger, Kennan and the theologian Reinhold Niebuhr, among others. Their immediate achievement was the containment of Communism. But Peter Beinart argues that cold war liberalism has enduring value as well: he believes it is the most plausible philosophical framework for an enlightened American foreign (and domestic) policy in the 21st century. However, he writes, ''before today's progressives can conquer their ideological weakness, they must first conquer their ideological amnesia.''

This is a brave and crucial book that should inspire a much needed policy donnybrook in the Democratic Party. Beinart is a former editor (now editor at large) of that grand, fusty liberal bastion The New Republic. (Caveat lector: I've written for The New Republic in the past, but never for Beinart. And he reviewed my latest book in The Washington Post on April 30, long after I wrote this review.) He writes clearly and concisely, with a pellucid intelligence. His most important attribute as a writer and thinker, though, is what he is not: at the age of 35, he is not a member of the baby boom generation. His political sensibility was not molded by Vietnam, the civil rights movement or hallucinogens. He is not afflicted by the excesses, delusions, indulgences or grandiosity of the current leaders of the Democratic Party. He is attempting some heavy lifting here, nothing less than the resuscitation of liberalism as a ''fighting faith,'' in Schlesinger's term. He comes to the task fresh and defiant, unwilling to accept the prevailing Fox News definition of ''liberalism'' as an epithet denoting weakness or moral relativism.

This is not to say Beinart has always been right. He supported the war in Iraq -- for two reasons, he writes. He wanted to prevent Saddam Hussein from acquiring nuclear weapons, which was reasonable. He also hoped the American-led invasion might produce an admirable democratic government in Iraq, which was not. ''On both counts, I was wrong,'' he writes. ''It is a grim irony that this book's central argument is one I myself ignored when it was needed most.''

Beinart's humility is charming, but unfair to himself. The argument at the heart of ''The Good Fight'' is a product of intellectual growth. It evolved as Beinart watched the disaster unfold in Iraq; it is the result of a rigorous search for principles that might guide the United States as it confronts the challenge of Islamist totalitarianism and the other viral threats of the Information Age. The real irony here -- and it's a fecund Oedipal harvest -- is that Beinart finds such supple answers in the liberalism created by his grandparents' generation and rejected by his parents'. Indeed, Truman laid out the essentials in his 1949 Inaugural Address, offering a foreign policy with three pillars: a willingness to use military force to contain Soviet expansion, an aggressive effort to promote economic development abroad -- especially in Western Europe's tottering democracies -- and the resolve to remain humble in the process. ''We all have to recognize -- no matter how great our strength,'' Truman said, ''that we must deny ourselves the license to do always as we please.'' A fourth pillar was implicit in the third: that in order to be respected in the world, the United States would have to work assiduously to perfect its democracy at home. Hence, Truman's insistence on programs like civil rights legislation and universal health insurance.

All the pillars were essential, and each was controversial. The left predictably opposed military action in all but the most extreme cases -- the fascist threat in World War II, for example -- because it believed the use of violence, especially actions not condoned by the United Nations, was immoral and would damage America's reputation in the world (the far left simply assumed that the United States was immoral and ''imperialistic''). Beinart quotes Niebuhr's response to the left's argument: ''We must take . . . morally hazardous actions to preserve our civilization.''

The right predictably opposed prodigious overseas development projects because they cost so much: ''During the Marshall Plan, the United States spent 15 percent of its budget on foreign aid,'' Beinart writes; ''today it spends far less than 1 percent.'' But conservatives also opposed the Marshall Plan because it gave the money away without strings, often to governments that included socialists: ''Marshall and Truman required the Europeans to draw up the program themselves so it would not bear the taint of U.S. imperialism. And they resisted efforts to use it as a lever to force European countries to remake their economies in America's image.''

The need for American restraint and humility was at the heart of Truman's liberalism. It was the most significant difference between cold war liberalism and conservatism -- and it is the most difficult part of Beinart's agenda to sell to the American public today. Conservatives passionately assume American exceptionalism, the uninflected righteousness of American power. But ''in the liberal vision,'' Beinart writes, ''it is precisely our recognition that we are not angels that makes us exceptional. Because we recognize that we can be corrupted by unlimited power, we accept the restraints that empires refuse.''

Beinart spends the first part of the book tracing the rise and fall of cold war liberalism. The fall is a more familiar story than the rise: liberal anti-Communism turned intellectually sclerotic in the 60's. Any local Communist movement -- even a fairly independent, nationalist, peripheral one like Ho Chi Minh's Vietnamese guerrillas -- had to be forcibly confronted, even if the rest of the world disagreed. There was a myopic ugliness and arrogance to the Kennedy-Johnson-Nixon mission in Vietnam, an unwitting abandonment of Truman's humility. And a new generation of liberals -- actually, the baby boom left hated being called liberals; they saw themselves as ''radicals'' at first, and later as ''progressives'' -- responded to the stubbornness of their anti-Communist parents with ballistic self-righteousness. The New Left's anti-anti-Communism was a classic double negative: it played, for most of the public, as simple anti-Americanism -- and the ''progressive'' reluctance to acknowledge the possibility of the judicious use of American power, even when the world supports it (as the United Nations did during the first gulf war), has crippled the Democratic Party's credibility on matters of national security in perpetuity. Meanwhile, the party's white, ***working-class*** base -- especially the Roman Catholics -- fled when it became apparent that liberalism now meant racial preferences instead of racial equality. Some of the idealistic, intellectual supporters of cold war liberalism began to call themselves neoconservatives and took their crusading anti-

totalitarian faith to the Republican Party as well.

In the second part of the book, Beinart makes a powerful argument that the conservative comic-book alternative -- the notion that America has the moral authority to impose its vision on the world -- has been a disaster. ''George W. Bush has faithfully carried out the great conservative project,'' Beinart writes. ''He has stripped away the restraints on American power, in an effort to show the world that we are not weak. And in the process, he has made American power illegitimate, which has made us weak. He has denied America's capacity for evil, in an effort to bolster America's faith in itself. And in the process, America has committed terrible misdeeds, which have sapped the world's faith in us -- and ultimately, our faith in ourselves.''

This is obviously a difficult argument to make, politically. But if Americans are congenitally unwilling to listen to arguments about America's capacity for evil, they are also growing quite tired, thank you, of President Bush's percussive insistence on America's capacity for good -- the idea that America is doing the Lord's work of spreading freedom throughout the world . . . and that things are going just hunky-dory in, for example, Iraq. But Bush and Beinart do have more than a few things in common. Both are idealists, and they share an assumption that seems to be rapidly losing traction with the American people: that Islamic totalitarianism poses as great a threat to the United States as international Communism did. Bush and Beinart may have another common enemy as well: the growing public desire to make the world go away -- the prevailing skepticism about utopian adventures abroad, which is now accompanied by anger over ''unfair'' foreign economic competition and the rush of illegal immigrants pouring across the Southern border. The neo-populist tendency toward nativism, protectionism and isolationism may well render both the Bush and the Beinart forms of internationalism untenable.

But the world won't go away. The global viruses -- terrorism, plagues, transnational criminality, economic exploitation and environmental depredation -- seem likely to intensify, rather than diminish, especially if the American response remains as feckless as it has been under the current administration. Even if radical Islamic power turns out to be a low-grade fever in a world challenged by more deadly viruses, Beinart's argument for a return to a more judicious American idealism seems essential. The world's problems will not be solved by authoritarians or, in most cases, by a superpower acting alone. If President Bush is right when he says democracy is the truest path toward global stability, he is wrong when he calls freedom a ''gift from the Almighty.'' Beinart knows that freedom is a struggle, not a gift, and that democracy is an achievement, and not always attainable. It requires economic nurture and sometimes military support, and the humility of action taken only within an international context. It requires a fervent attention to detail and, above all, patience.

At the end of World War II, America's leaders realized it was no longer possible to retreat behind our oceans after a period of international conflict. We were indispensable to global stability, and there were difficult choices to be made about how to exercise our power and moral authority. Remarkably, on their very first try, Harry Truman's liberal anti-Communists developed a global leadership strategy that was strong, sophisticated, optimistic and humane. Happily, Peter Beinart reminds us that the values and methods Truman deployed were not just a momentary response to the crisis of Communism, but an enduring legacy that can guide us now in a world far more complicated than the one Truman faced -- and every bit as dangerous.

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

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, a review on June 11 about ''The Good Fight,'' a book on American liberalism by Peter Beinart, gave an incorrect source for a quotation by Harry S. Truman that illustrated one of his foreign-policy principles. It was in a speech at the 1945 United Nations conference on international organization in San Francisco, not in his 1949 Inaugural Address, that he said, ''We all have to recognize -- no matter how great our strength -- that we must deny ourselves the license to do always as we please.

**Correction-Date:** June 25, 2006

**Graphic**

Photo: In his 1949 Inaugural Address, Harry Truman laid out the three pillars of a strong foreign policy: humility, aid and a willingness to use force. (Photograph by Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** June 11, 2006

**End of Document**



[***VIEWS OF 2 KOCH RIVALS ON RACE RELATIONS ISSUE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F630-000B-Y1YF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 12, 1981, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 4, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1185 words

**Body**

Assemblymen Frank J. Barbaro of Brooklyn, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Mayor, and John A. Esposito of Queens, candidate for the Republican nomination, were asked by The New York Times for their views on major issues confronting New York City. Following are their replies on race relations:

Barbaro: 'Working Together'

New York City is moving rapidly toward a population half black and Hispanic. This presents us with an enormous challenge and an important opportunity. I believe that we must acknowledge our history of racism and oppression, recognize the increase in racial polarization, and then move on to solve these problems not by pitting one group against another, but by working together on our future.

New York City mayoral candidates Frank Barbaro of Brooklyn and John Esposito of Queens express their views on racial issues

New York's Mayor must identify and support groups in minority communities working constructively for their own empowerment and development, not stigmatize and undercut their efforts. The current administration has chosen the latter course. It has grossly underrepresented minority talents and perspectives in its running of the city and then manipulated figures to disguise its failures. It has virtually written off whole neighborhoods in terms of service delivery. It has disenfranchised responsible groups working on local problems. It has escalated racial tension.

I pledge to increase substantially the numbers of minority New Yorkers in appointive and staff positions in my administration; blacks and Hispanics will be represented at the highest level of government in equal proportions to their presence in the city. I pledge to increase minority hiring and minority promotions in our various Civil Service branches. This is essential in a city where nearly half the residents - and an even larger proportion of those most dependent upon our essential services - are ''minority.''

Minorities Denied Services

I pledge to restore the credibility and power of constructive minority efforts to revitalize poor neighborhoods. I know that despite claims to the contrary, poor and minority neighborhoods in this city have been denied services, apparently as part of the administration's strategy of planned shrinkage. This policy is not only inhumane, it is ineffective. The collapse of a neighborhood's service structure does not drive its residents out of the city; it just displaces them into other communities, further disrupting their lives and intensifying their social problems. Only as poor communities are enabled to stabilize themselves with adequate municipal services and self-help development efforts can we anticipate urban calm.

I pledge to restore city services to all communities and to emphasize those services which will be of particular importance to residents of our poor and minority communities. They will be direct beneficiaries of my fight against arson and for expanded low-and moderate-income housing opportunities. They use the hospitals in their communities, which I intend to keep open, for their medical care. Their children are dependent on schools and libraries which I intend to keep open and make work.

Poor communities are dependent on existing Federal program services. I intend to fight for the restoration and expansion of those programs that are cut and to use city resources to maintain them insofar as that is possible. Certainly that is more responsive and less polarizing than to suggest, as Ed Koch did, that there is no one in New York today going hungry except those who haven't bothered to find the programs that would feed them. Poor communities require protection from crime, particularly from drug-related crime. To consider them lawless is an insult to their victimized majorities and an encouragement to their criminals to run rampant. Anticrime efforts in our poor communities will get my special attention.

Job Opportunities Needed

Most of all, our poor and minority citizens need jobs. I am committing myself to a New York City economic development program which targets municipal assistance to those businesses that expand employment opportunities. I will provide assistance in land assemblage and access to pension-fund loans, tax breaks and building variances only to businesses that open up new training and job opportunities, that agree to hire those most in need of work, that pledge themselves to policies of affirmative action and to the use of minority contractors. My administration, unlike the current one, will issue executive orders and seek to pass legislation that puts real teeth behind such commitments.

Finally, I believe it is important for a Mayor, even if he is not a member of a racial minority, to celebrate and support our black and Hispanic residents and to reflect their concerns. A Mayor who rushed to the scene of a white riot against the police can do the same if the problem erupts in a minority neighborhood.

As an Italian-American of ***working-class*** background, I am proud of my heritage and respectful of other ethnic groups in this city. I cannot believe that my profound feeling of respect and support for our minority communities need be expressed at the expense of any other ethnic group here. We can all only benefit by re-embracing those who have been so long stigmatized and inequitably treated.

Esposito: Equal Treatment

Esposito, who lives in and represents an Assembly district where the minority are in the majority, has fought for several years to legislatively outlaw un-American programs amounting to quotas. He favors affirmative action programs provided they are not a quota program in reality.

Koch says he is unalterably against any kinds of quotas - yet never once did he raise a finger to help me pass my anti-quota bill in the Legislature -although requested to do so.

Esposito believes there are quota requirements in the Battery Park, New York Convention Center and the more recently enacted M.T.A. capital improvement programs - all of which were supported and in some cases strongly pushed by Koch.

A Warning Against Quotas

There are quotas in the Police Department hirings. When you start implementing quotas in race relations, then you must proceed to implement them in sex, religion, handicapped, etc. You set in motion a complete destruction of the 1964 Federal Civil Rights Act, which specifically outlawed such types of discrimination and stated that all people shall be treated equally - i.e., that no one because of race, sex, religion, etc. should be given a preference over others equally qualified.

Esposito has yet to have the minorities in his district fault him on his position above stated. One thing is certain, however: that this same minority is not going to support Koch in his re-election because the minority perceive Koch's image by his past actions and words.

Esposito works and lives with the minority in his Assembly district for many years. If I had no problems in the past, I should not have a polarized situation as Koch presently may have. You should not play one group against the other - in New York City this would be a disaster.

**End of Document**



[***YACHT RACING; Conner Is Out of the America's Cup Competition but Not Down***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47H3-9WR0-01CN-H17R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 22, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 8; Column 1; Sports Desk; Pg. 12

**Length:** 1542 words

**Byline:**  By MIKE WISE

**Dateline:** AUCKLAND, New Zealand, Dec. 21

**Body**

The wind was gusting to 35 knots, the waters on the Hauraki Gulf roiling fiercely. The America's Cup yachts had been docked all day, so no one ashore could believe that a 60-year-old skipper ventured out in his 24-foot sailboat.

"I got permission," the skipper, Dennis Conner, yelled to the harbor patrolman standing in the tower. "Go ahead, check."

Conner pulled into the open water recently with a five-person crew, sailing toward the starting line of a rum race.

"Yeah, a bunch of kids and yahoos from the yacht club get out here and try to run each other over," Conner said. "Then they meet back at the bar and get drunk."

Conner, the old man at sea, is still a shot-and-a-beer guy trapped in a Moet & Chandon world.

His yacht was knocked out of the America's Cup competition last month, more than two months before the Auld Mug will be presented. Now, Mr. America's Cup is tending tomatoes and feeding chickens at his base here. He will stay until the final in February, pay for this Stars & Stripes challenge by speaking to sponsors and taking potential sponsors sailing aboard a spectator yacht.

"I wasn't good enough; I take responsibility," he said of the New York Yacht Club's campaign. Conner knows he picked the wrong mix. He decided to train in Long Beach, Calif., instead of New Zealand. The backers committed late. He signed his contract with the yacht club late, started fund-raising late, arrived in Auckland late and was finished by the quarterfinals. In the total-commitment world Conner created for the sport, that is not how the game is played anymore.

"When I started in '74, we only spent $1.1 million for the whole campaign," said Conner, who has mounted nine Cup campaigns. "We didn't launch our boat until May and the Cup was in September, and there were only 12 in the crew. I think we spent $3 million in 1980."

Conner's budget for the 2003 Cup was $45 million, half the $90 million spent by the Swiss pharmaceutical magnate Ernesto Bertarelli and by the software entrepreneur Larry Ellison. The boats backed by those billionaires, Alinghi and Oracle, are still racing.

The prestart for the rum race was still 10 minutes away when Conner tacked the boat toward the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron, a nondescript split-level ivory building along the rocky Auckland shore.

"See that," he said, pointing from maybe 100 yards away. "That's where they keep the Cup. Right there. The trophy is in that building."

Conner, the only man to lose and recapture the world's oldest sporting trophy, is further from the grail than he has been in 30 years -- maybe too far to clutch it again.

"I think there's a good chance this could be it," said Conner, who won the Cup in 1974, 1980, 1987 and 1988.

If the Swiss boat Alinghi wins, the Cup is going to Europe.

For now, Conner waddles around his base, barbecuing red snapper and steak for his remaining crew, looking for the next draft choice and a Friday night victory on the water.

Conner's competing in an Auckland rum race is like Michael Jordan's showing up at the downtown Y for an afternoon pickup game.

His crew was international, with fairly wide-ranging experience. Vince Brun, a transplanted Brazilian considered one of the greatest yachtsmen in the world, trimmed the mainsail, as he had on Stars & Stripes. Two of Conner's other sailors were also aboard: the trimmer Morgan Trubovich, a native New Zealander now living in Southern California, and Brian Terhaar, a hulking grinder from San Diego whom they call Bowwow.

Eventually, the winds calmed to about 25 knots, and a gaggle of boats appeared for the prestart. Next to the sleek 40-and 50-footers on the water, Conner's boat was the tiniest, a Ross-780 Trailer Sailer, the Kiwi Menace II.

He nailed the start in a tight jam of sails and sterns. Some of the larger boats eventually caught and passed Conner's. Trying to make up ground after rounding the second buoy, he was on a collision course with a mammoth rusted freighter. Conner navigated to his right, with maybe 10 yards to spare.

"Good on ya', Dennis," a man from another boat said. Well done.

The Kiwis hated Conner less than 10 years ago. He called one of their own a loser after a race and once labeled a Kiwi designer a cheater. A popular bumper sticker in this nation of 3.5 million people used to read, "Dirty Dennis."

But Conner wore them down with his candor, his nasal drone, his everyman longevity and the fact that he is one of a few syndicate bosses left whose crew members' nationality actually resembles that of the boat. Being a sailing legend does not hurt here, either. When he went to a Luciano Pavarotti concert three years ago, 5,000 New Zealanders began chanting Conner's name.

"The people on the streets, the ***working class***, they pull for me," he said, heading for the third mark. "The richies? They go for whatever billionaire they happen to like at that moment."

Part of Conner still needs to tell everyone that his father was a fisherman, that he did not come from money or privilege.

"Has Larry Ellison been on the cover of Time?" he said.

He tells you how he sold all 31 of his America's Cup boat models to help pay for his last campaign and owes about $2 million this time. "But I have a plan," he began. "I'm going to sell one of my boats."

He may be cash poor, but Conner is worth $4.1 million, and he admits that he has a good life. He lives in San Diego with his second wife, Daintry, a 32-year-old from Greenwich, Conn., who believed in his relative bare-bones quest as much as he did.

"It was like a fairy tale to her, a ticker-tape parade up Fifth Avenue, turn right up 44th Street," he said, alluding to the New York Yacht Club. "She envisioned it."

What's wrong with American sailing?

"If you had kids, you wouldn't want them to be sailors," Conner said. "You want them to go to the best schools you could afford. Our best and brightest aren't encouraged to stick with this sport.

"Here, because the sailing pays so well relative to the rest of the economy, it's a great way to increase your station in life and your happiness quotient. If you're a great sailor here, it's better from a financial standpoint than being a doctor, lawyer or a businessman. I think the best-paid person in all of New Zealand is in pro sports. You know who it is? Tiger Woods's caddie."

The double takes outnumbered the waves in the Hauraki Gulf, with everyone wondering how they got to race against Conner. Not that Conner was above anyone. When a boatful of young, aggressive Kiwi sailors jibed left and seemed to have passing rights, Conner went right and came within inches of planting the side of his boat into their stern. They began raising their voices.

"Don't look at them," he said. "Don't look at them."

Like cutting someone off during a rush-hour commute, when you don't look, it means you are just oblivious, not malicious. The Kiwis wanted him to take his penalty turn, a 270-degree turn that essentially kills your position, but Dirty Dennis kept tacking along. He finished strong.

To the surprise of Brun and the crew, Conner cut across the entire fleet of another class beginning a race, waving to each skipper as his boat came within a few feet of them, like an overseas jaywalker pleading ignorance with the locals: "Thank you, thank you."

"I can't believe we made it," said Brun, who has been in his share of scrapes.

The race over, Conner walked into his food supply shack when he got off the boat. He brought American mayonnaise, his own pork and beans, as if it were a long camping trip. "The richies have their own personal chefs, but I cook for my guys," he said.

He poured himself a coffee cup full of Mount Gay Rum. "My sponsor," Conner said, hoisting the bottle. He added maybe two tablespoons of Diet Coke to top it off. Then Conner drove down to the yacht club bar to find out the results.

"It's Din-nis," the crowd whispered. His boat finished 5th out of 12, but because of its size he won the competition by 10 minutes on handicap. The prize was a bottle of Mount Gay Rum. Conner took the microphone from the host.

"These guys wanted me to take my penalty out there, but I'm giving them something more precious," he said, handing the bottle to the crew he cut off. "They deserve it."

The crowd raised glasses and clapped for the rotund American they once hated. Glenn Cunningham, wearing Birkenstocks and jeans, was among them.

"He was public enemy No. 1," Cunningham said. "But over the years, you realize he's such a competitor. He's a warrior. He sheds a tear, you know? How many other America's Cup people come in here and drink with us?"

In the bar, how many people Conner cut off does not seem to matter much anymore. How many people he has made feel small to make himself feel big is not the issue, either. At his age, the grievances ebb like the tide. Left is an old sailor, 60 in his gait but 20 in his mind, walking out of the yacht club that keeps the Cup that he used to own.

"Forget the four wins, it's only been lost three times and I've lost it twice," Conner said with a rueful smile. He kept walking. A salty breeze caked his face and the sun receded behind the harbor bridge.

What will he do now that he is out of this competition?

"I'm here," Conner said. "I'm still in it. I'm part of it. There's another rum race next week."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dennis Conner's Stars & Stripes yachts during a practice sail off Auckland, New Zealand, before their elimination from the America's Cup defender series. Conner, 60, has mounted nine Cup campaigns. (Associated Press); (Agence France-Presse)

**Load-Date:** December 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***CLASSICAL MUSIC AND DANCE GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47J5-20J0-01CN-H2SC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 27, 2002 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Part 1; Column 1; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 42

**Length:** 1719 words

**Body**

A selective listing by critics of The Times of new or noteworthy opera, classical music and dance events this weekend in the New York metropolitan region.

Opera

"THE BARBER OF SEVILLE." You've seen it at the Met; you've seen it at City Opera; now, for the holidays, the Amato Opera is offering its own version of Rossini's perennial favorite. Tony Amato, the troupe's octogenarian founder, conducts and directs a production that Richard Cerullo (now a co-director of the company) has scaled to Amato's tiny stage, complete with a doll-size balcony for Rosina. What matter that the theater is slightly less grand than its Lincoln Center cousins: Amato's 107 seats are perpetually sold out. Tomorrow night at 7:30, Sunday afternoon at 2:30, Amato Opera, 319 Bowery, at Second Street, East Village, (212) 228-8200. Tickets: $28; 65+ and children under 12, $23 (Anne Midgette).

"DON GIOVANNI." Franco Zeffirelli's production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was greeted with mixed reactions when it was introduced at the Metropolitan Opera in 1990. But when it was revived to open the 2000-1 season, the production had been transformed. Mr. Zeffirelli's overbearingly grand sets were retained, but there were new costumes by Sylvia Nolan and entirely new and vividly imaginative stage direction by Stephen Lawless, not to mention a superb cast headed by Bryn Terfel and Renee Fleming. The production returns tonight with another enticing cast, headed by the charismatic Dmitri Hvorostovsky in the title role with Barbara Frittoli as Donna Anna, Carol Vaness as Donna Elvira, Rebecca Evans as Zerlina, Michael Schade as Don Ottavio and Richard Bernstein as Leporello. Matching James Levine's elegant conducting from two years ago will be hard. But Sylvain Cambreling, a distinguished musician, is always interesting. Tonight at 8, Metropolitan Opera House, (212) 362-6000. Sold out, but returns may be available before the performance (Anthony Tommasini).

"DIE FLEDERMAUS." Otto Schenk's lengthy production at the Metropolitan Opera is broken by two half-hour intermissions and by the bizarre practice of offering singing in German, spoken dialogue in English, making sung theater seem all the more artificial. This run offers some performers new to the Met: Philippe Jordan, a young, talented, spirited conductor; Rosemary Joshua, an Adele with an Eliza Doolittle twang and a pretty voice; and Peter Coleman-Wright, an agile Dr. Falke. Solveig Kringelborn could use more vocal depth as Rosalinde; David Kuebler is Eisenstein; Jennifer Larmore is properly petulant as Orlovsky; Thomas Hammons is Frank. As Frosch, the drunken jailor, a role that traditionally gives license for egregious overacting, Mr. Schenk has the audience howling with laughter -- bringing to mind the laugh track on a sitcom rerun. Tomorrow night at 8, Metropolitan Opera, (212) 362-6000. Remaining tickets: $130 and $195 (Midgette).

"A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE." In 1999 the Lyric Opera of Chicago presented the important premiere of the composer William Bolcom's operatic adaptation of Arthur Miller's play "A View From the Bridge" with a libretto by Arnold Weinstein and Mr. Miller. The Metropolitan Opera has brought that vivid and inventive production to its repertory with mostly the same cast. Mr. Bolcom and Mr. Weinstein have altered the opera somewhat, inserting a couple of effective arias and tightening other passages. In this operatic retelling, the story, set in the ***working-class*** Italian neighborhood of Red Hook, Brooklyn, in the 1950's, is like some modern-day Mascagni melodrama. Mr. Bolcom's chromatically rich harmonic language is given contemporary bite when jazzy, brash urban music -- the sounds of Manhattan -- filters into Red Hook and permeates the score. Mr. Bolcom, a skillful craftsman with wide-ranging stylistic tastes, is perhaps too quick to rely on set-piece evocations -- Broadway show songs, a fleeting barbershop quartet, an insinuating tango, three versions of the pop standard "Paper Doll" -- as a way to delineate character. But this is a dramatically assured and often haunting new opera. The cast, with Catherine Malfitano, Kim Josephson, Isabel Bayrakdarian, Gregory Turay, Richard Bernstein and John Del Carlo, could not be better. Dennis Russell Davies conducts a solid and involved performance. Tomorrow at 1:30 p.m., Metropolitan Opera House, (212) 362-6000. Remaining tickets: $195 (Tommasini).

Classical Music

BARGEMUSIC. With its view of the Manhattan skyline and its live, intimate acoustics, this barge floating on the East River is one of the finest places in the city to hear chamber music. Tonight and tomorrow the pianist Andrew Armstrong, the violinist Yehonatan Berick and the cellist Edward Arron perform Arensky's Piano Trio No. 1 and sonatas by Ravel and Mendelssohn. On Sunday Mr. Arron is joined by the pianist Avner Arad in their second program of Beethoven's complete works for cello and piano, playing three sonatas and 12 Variations on "Ein Madchen" from Mozart's "Magic Flute." Tonight and tomorrow night at 7:30 and Sunday at 4 p.m., Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn, (718) 624-2083. Tickets: $35; students, $20 (James R. Oestreich).

P. D. Q. BACH. The Steve Martin of classical music, Prof. Peter Schickele returns for his annual airing of the latest scholarship on the "oddest of J. S. Bach's 20-odd children." P. D. Q. was as prescient as he was prolific, composing, for instance, the first "Schleptet," a form that has since appeared time and again, albeit unacknowledged, in innumerable chamber-music concerts. He also anticipated the true spirit of the 19th-century concerto in the "Concerto for Bassoon Versus Orchestra" (with the solo line taken by Professor Schickele, who is as encyclopedically knowledgeable about music as he is funny and is himself no slouch as a composer). There are even signs that P. D. Q.'s vision reached into our own age: the title of this concert is "Oops, I Did It Again!" P. D. Q. Britney? Tonight at 8, Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m., Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center, (212) 721-6500. Tickets: $38 to $68 (Midgette).

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA. Founded in 1969 by the violinist Alexander Schneider, the New York String Orchestra is a training ensemble that brings musicians from colleges, conservatories and high schools across the United States to New York for 10 days during the winter holiday season, puts them up in hotels and provides them intensive coaching in chamber music by esteemed senior musicians. The schedule includes two concerts at Carnegie Hall, the second of which will be tomorrow night. The conductor, Jaime Laredo, will lead the New York String Orchestra and the Young People's Chorus of New York City in an all-Mendelssohn program: the Sinfonia No. 10, the Violin Concerto with Leila Josefowicz as soloist and the overture and incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with the actress Claire Bloom as narrator. Tomorrow night at 8, Carnegie Hall, (212) 247-7800. Tickets: $17 to $47 (Tommasini).

"THE TRAVELS OF BABAR: AN ADVENTURE IN SCALES." The composer Raphael Mostel's "Travels of Babar: An Adventure in Scales" is a concert work for children that includes roles for speakers, much like Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf." At its New York premiere in 2000, the work was received quite favorably. Allan Kozinn, in The New York Times, praised Mr. Mostel's music as "direct, picturesque and rather sweet." The work is being revived this weekend (and through Dec. 31) at Gould Hall with rotating rosters of celebrity narrators. For three days it will be performed in English with the WNYC radio announcers John Schaefer and Margaret Juntwait this afternoon and tonight, Anne Meara and Jerry Stiller twice tomorrow afternoon, and the actress Claire Bloom twice on Sunday afternoon. The 65-minute show, directed by Mr. Mostel, includes an eight-piece orchestra, lighting and a digital slide presentation of original Babar art. Today at 4 and 7 p.m., tomorrow at 2 and 4 p.m., Sunday at 2 and 4 p.m; Gould Hall, 55 East 59th Street, Manhattan, (212) 355-6160. Tickets: $25 to $50 (Tommasini).

Dance

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATER. Ailey's choreography will be celebrated tomorrow afternoon in a program of excerpts from his signature works, ending with "Revelations," natch. The evening show -- a trio of works by Louis Falco, Jawole Willa Jo Zollar and Ronald K. Brown -- looks pretty good too. And on Sunday afternoon you can see both the season's new works by Lynne Taylor Corbett and Francesca Harper and Masazumi Chaya's vibrant restaging of "The Winter in Lisbon," a celebration by Billy Wilson of the music of Dizzy Gillespie. The dance's playful, sensuous central duet is not to be missed. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sunday at 3 and 7:30 p.m. City Center, 131 West 55th Street, Manhattan, (212) 581-1212. Tickets: $25 to $80 (Jennifer Dunning).

BALLET TECH. Eliot Feld's company returns for the annual holiday event it calls "Notcracker." And why that title? Consider the repertory. It includes "Papillon," a ballet about bugs and butterflies; "Simon Sez," which brings dancers and stagehands together; "Straw Hearts," a romp at a resort; "Pacific Dances," to Hawaiian guitar music; and "Aurora I," an athletic tour de force. Yet there's not a single "Nutcracker" in all this lighthearted "Notcracker" entertainment. Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m., Sunday at 2 p.m., Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Avenue, at 19th Street, Chelsea; (212) 242-0800. Tickets: $40 (Jack Anderson).

NEW YORK CITY BALLET. "The Nutcracker" is back, in George Balanchine's magical production, complete with lumbering mice, a gliding ballerina, leaping snowflakes and a Christmas tree that grows majestically before one's eyes. The dancers playing the Sugar Plum Fairy, her Cavalier and Dewdrop this weekend are Wendy Whelan, Nikolai Hubbe and Jennifer Tinsley (tonight); Maria Kowroski, Stephen Hanna and Miranda Weese (tomorrow afternoon); Alexandra Ansanelli, Damian Woetzel and Pascale van Kipnis (tomorrow night); Jenifer Ringer, Peter Boal and Ms. Whelan (Sunday afternoon); and Darci Kistler, Jock Soto and Jennie Somogyi (Sunday night). Tonight at 8; tomorrow at 2 and 8 p.m.; Sunday at 1 and 5 p.m. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, (212) 870-570 or nycballet.com. Tickets: $18 to $90 (Dunning).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Wu-Kang Chen, on floor, and Patricia Tuthill of Ballet Tech. (Jack Vartoogian); Jennifer Larmore in "Die Fledermaus" at the Metropolitan Opera. (Jack Vartoogian)

**Load-Date:** December 27, 2002

**End of Document**



[***ARTS IN AMERICA; Here's to Disco, It Never Could Say Goodbye***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47DH-H6X0-01CN-H0KT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 10, 2002 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 4; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1556 words

**Byline:**  By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** SEATTLE, Dec. 4

**Body**

Rock musicians of the 1970's and their fans loathed disco music: they said the music was gimmicky, banal and predictable.

By 1979, when disco had become an industry generating $4 billion annually and there were an estimated 15,000 discotheques in the nation, a backlash was inevitable. It was symbolized by the reaction of thousands of rock fans who held an anti-disco rally at a baseball game at Comiskey Park in Chicago and set fire to an estimated 10,000 disco records.

"Mainstream rock 'n' roll music tells us disco was a waste, a low mark in American music history in the last 30 years," said Robert Santelli, director and chief executive of the Experience Music Project here, a multicolored and swooping museum designed by Frank Gehry that is devoted to rock.

Perhaps it was as inevitable as the backlash, but now playing at Mr. Santelli's museum is disco, the revisionist theory.

"Disco has not gotten true credit," said Mr. Santelli, 50, an author of several books on rock and the blues, who in the 70's listened to Bruce Springsteen in Jersey City. "There's a great value in understanding the history of disco because it teaches us what America was about in the 70's," he said.

The result is what is believed to be the first serious exhibition of the glittery phenomenon and its continuing impact on music from pop icons like Madonna and Michael Jackson, to teeny-bopper stars like Christina Aguilera and the band 'N Sync to the Latin pop of Ricky Martin, and even to the shores of hip-hop.

Called "Disco: A Decade of Saturday Nights," the exhibition, which runs until May 26, explores the pop phenomenon that began in the New York underground party scene of the early 1970's, influenced by black and gay urban culture. By the early 1980's disco had exhausted itself: disco clubs like the cocaine-drenched Studio 54 in New York were stamped by an exclusivity that left a sour aftertaste, and the music was so oversold that it attracted the most unlikely singers.

Yes, there was Donny Osmond. But the most improbable one was Ethel Merman bellowing "There's No Business Like Show Business" to a disco beat. (You can hear this recording, which she made for her 1979 disco album, at the exhibition.)

"Disco was about escapism, but it became inescapable," said Barry Walters, a senior music critic at Rolling Stone and one of the curators of the show. " In some ways it defeated its own purposes."

It was to many rock fans terrible music. Musicians and critics said that the form was a pointed contrast to the works of diverse performer-songwriters of the 60's and 70's like Jimi Hendrix, with his showmanship and virtuosic guitar playing, as well as Bob Dylan, Mr. Springsteen and others. Their works helped redefine popular music with songs rooted in the blues that were alternately poetic, confessional and political. By contrast disco was about dancing and, to some degree, about sexual liberation.

AIDS helped kill disco. Frank Crapanzano, 68, a onetime guidance counselor in the South Bronx who donated photographs, clothes and videotapes of the era to the museum show, returned to New York after the show opened on Nov. 23. "I wanted to call all my old friends about this wonderful show," said Mr. Crapanzano, a habitue of Studio 54 and other clubs who with his companion invented the campy "beanie boys" style with their crocheted hats. "There was no one to call. I didn't know anybody from the old days who was alive."

Mr. Santelli said that earlier this year, as the museum staff was exploring musical periods that had been ignored for possible shows, Eric Weisbard, senior program manager of the Experience Music Project's education department, received a phone call from a friend, Vince Aletti, a journalist and record company executive who wrote the first article about disco in Rolling Stone in September 1973. He was seeking a repository for his substantial collection of disco memorabilia (including an opening-night invitation to Studio 54) and records.

Mr. Weisbard, one of the show's creators, said he believed that disco probably began on Valentine's Day 1970, when a New York D.J., David Mancuso, opened his loft on lower Broadway for a party that was called "Love Saves the Day," or "LSD." Mr. Mancuso set up a sound system that played music continually for hours, without records being changed one at a time as was the custom, and he sold tickets. Soon dance clubs began proliferating, and not just in New York.

The basic gay influence on disco was always apparent (Mr. Weisbard said it was illegal until the 1960's in New York for men to dance together), but, he said, there was always a clear racial element. In the 1960's, he added, the counterculture listened to a blend of white and black music. By the 1970's, Mr. Weisbard said, this racial mix was becoming undone.

"Rock got white and whiter at the same time that disco was emerging," he said. Popular rock groups like Led Zeppelin and the Eagles were heard on FM radio. Disco emerged mostly on AM stations, which played black and Latino music.

"Most rock singers were white men, while the classic disco singer was a black diva," Mr. Weisbard added. "Things happened in opposition to each other. FM became classically rock, almost exclusively white. It was about as segregated a form of popular music as we've ever had. Disco was exactly the opposite case."

To the curators of the show the racial as well as sexual component of disco was an unspoken and inescapable issue that bothered some rock 'n' rollers. "Unlike rock music, whose ideal audience is teenage white male, disco brought together young and old, black and white, gay and straight," said Mr. Walters, the Rolling Stone critic. "It didn't follow any rules other than it had to be danceable. A lot of it was driven by sexual liberation, including the availability of the pill.

"Some people were threatened because it had a different sensibility," he added. "I'm not saying disco had a black sensibility or a gay sensibility or a female sensibility. But it didn't have a straight-white-male sensibility. And that bothered a lot of people."

Another curator at the show, Ann Powers, a former pop-music reviewer at The New York Times and now senior curator at the museum, said that the notion that discos were snobbish, allowing only trendy people or celebrities in, and that they had class overtones was wrong. "There's this false dichotomy: rock is the music of the people and disco is bourgeois," Ms. Powers said. "In fact rock was basically about star performers playing to an adoring audience. In disco the audience was as much the center of attention as anything, and all class barriers broke down. It welcomed everyone, from kids to elderly people who danced at senior-citizen centers."

"There was a conscious shaping of this idea that disco was antipopulist by the rock establishment, which is totally false," said Ms. Powers, who is married to Mr. Weisbard.

The exhibition involves candid photographs of the hothouse environment of the disco scene, memorabilia and film clips of early New York clubs like the Gallery and the Flamingo as well as the music of disco divas like Donna Summer, Gloria Gaynor and Patti LaBelle. John Travolta's white suit from "Saturday Night Fever," the classic 1977 film about a ***working-class*** Brooklyn youth who finds self-worth on the disco floor, is among the fashions on display. The film, with its soundtrack by the Bee Gees, embedded disco into the nation's culture.

Several veterans of the disco scene contributed memorabilia to the museum show. Nicky Siano, who put together the throbbing soundtrack for the exhibition and was a pioneer disc jockey in early New York clubs like the Gallery as well as Studio 54, said that hard-drug use at the start of the disco scene in the early 70's was not pervasive but grew at the decade's close. "By the end, people were pushing the envelope in everything they did," he said. "And it became about greed." (The owners of Studio 54, Steve Rubell, who died in 1989, and Ian Schrager, the hotel owner, served 13 months in prison after being indicted in 1979 on federal income tax charges involving more than $2.5 million skimmed from club receipts over three years.)

The exhibition itself is only yards away from the museum's permanent collection of Hendrix artifacts, guitars and memorabilia. The founder of the museum, Paul G. Allen, a co-founder of Microsoft, is an aficionado of the Seattle-born Hendrix, who died in September 1970 at age 27.

Disco's lingering effect is certainly no less than Hendrix's. "Disco is all over the popular music of the 1990's, and internationally it never went away," Ms. Powers said. She pointed to stars like Kylie Minogue, who is Australian; the Vengaboys from Spain; and the Swedish group Alcazar, whose hit last year was called "Crying at the Discotheque."

And at the start of hip-hop in the Bronx in the late 1970's, the early D.J.'s came out of disco. "Hip-hop basically evolved from disco," Ms. Powers said.

The music of Gloria Gaynor and Donna Summer is heard everywhere. "Talk about mainstream -- have you ever gone dancing at a wedding or bar mitzvah where you didn't hear Gloria Gaynor sing 'I Will Surive' ?" asked David Noh, who was a busboy at Studio 54 and contributed a jumpsuit he wore as a customer and other items to the museum show. "Disco music has never really stopped."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The entrance to the exhibition "Disco: A Decade of Saturday Nights" at the Experience Music Project in Seattle, next to a sculpture in the museum's foyer. (Gary Settle for The New York Times)(pg. E2); In Seattle: drum set of the disco pioneer Earl Young; below, shoes worn by John Travolta in "Saturday Night Fever." (Photographs by Gary Settle for The New York Times)(pg. E1)

**Load-Date:** December 10, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Dispute Over Stadium Becomes Political, and Personal***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DVK-FCV0-TW8F-G2WD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 22, 2004 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; A Contest of Will, Wealth and Ambition

**Length:** 1754 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

**Body**

One man came from ***working-class*** roots and built a media empire that surpassed its rivals, while the other was brought into the family business and has struggled to make it succeed. When angered by aides, one rips into them privately; the other is openly incandescent, covering his subordinates with expletives for all to hear. One is a billionaire who sometimes rides the subway to his job in City Hall; the other prefers a black Mercedes stretch limousine with special license plates issued by the police.

Both men get blamed for the troubles of the New York Knicks.

The two -- Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg and James Dolan, the head of Cablevision -- are at the center of the most vicious battle of the Bloomberg mayoralty. It pits Mr. Dolan, a very rich man with an enormous attachment to his legendary Madison Square Garden, against an even richer mayor whose passion to leave his mark on the West Side of Manhattan is rivaled only by his distaste for the man trying to stop him.

The battle between these two men over whether the city should help finance a new football stadium for the Jets gets nastier daily, and it is quietly becoming a factor in next year's race for mayor and is likely to affect the future of the Garden and its parent company, Cablevision.

Indeed, Mr. Dolan, while wrestling with his embattled sports franchises and struggling television business, has managed through sheer perseverance and large sums of money to get deeply under Mr. Bloomberg's skin, and seems prepared to go further. ''I'd help a candidate that could convince the Jets to build a stadium on their own dime,'' Mr. Dolan said in an e-mail message relayed through his spokesman.

It did not start out this way.

When Mayor Bloomberg announced last spring that he intended to expand the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center by building a $1.4 billion football stadium for the Jets, community opposition was almost immediate.

But Mr. Dolan quickly became the central critic. Cablevision is behind the television ads that increasingly attack the mayor personally, and recently Mr. Dolan wrote a vitriolic letter against the stadium and placed it in ads in every major city newspaper.

Mr. Bloomberg, who usually tries to sweet-talk his enemies into acquiescence, has hit back equally forcefully, in recent weeks calling Mr. Dolan selfish and uncooperative and accusing him, among other things, of denying the dreams of New York City children. The larger municipal battle over whether the stadium is a good idea is quickly being eclipsed by the personal battle.

''It is a fascinating soap opera,'' said Steven Cohen, a professor of public administration at Columbia University. ''I think what Dolan is doing is giving everybody who is against the stadium a reason to be for it. He is a figure who does not evoke a lot of sympathy from the average sports fan in New York. But at the same time, it is a very serious issue, and there are some serious questions about whether this kind of development is appropriate for the city.''

Both sides have plenty of weapons in their arsenal, and many people observing the fight -- current and former government officials and employees of Cablevision, political experts and others -- believe that each is prepared to use them.

For instance, the Garden is planning a huge renovation, and so it must apply for numerous city permits before so much as a paintbrush can be lifted. And the city also controls Cablevision's substantial cable franchises for parts of New York City, which are up for renewal in 2008 and subject to competitive bidding.

Further, if the city wanted to -- and government officials insist they are not considering it -- it could challenge the Garden's current tax break worth $11 million a year, which is contingent on its having an operating hockey team. A players' labor dispute has resulted in a league owners' lockout that may keep the Rangers sidelined all season.

For his part, Mr. Dolan, who has donated tens of thousands of dollars to Democratic political candidates, appears to be trying to insert the battle against the stadium into the mayor's race. Besides spending millions on television ads opposing the mayor's stadium plans, Cablevision recently hired a seasoned Bronx political operative, Lorraine Cortes-Vasquez, a contributor to past campaigns of Fernando Ferrer, to head its government relations unit, which deals directly with the stadium issue.

The stadium has its supporters, like Gov. George E. Pataki, trade unions and others, as well as its detractors, including elected officials from the West Side and neighborhood groups, but it is Mr. Bloomberg and Mr. Dolan who have become the public diptych of the dispute, two larger-than-life New York characters whose fight embodies some central obsessions of New Yorkers: sports, money, politics and raw ambition.

Their contest is the subject of sports talk shows and newspaper columns as each man's fighting style has come into sharp relief.

Mr. Dolan, who once eviscerated subordinates for giving him an outdated can of Diet Coke, has become a corporate Captain Ahab, raging at Mr. Bloomberg with few people in his company echoing him. Current and former employees, who agreed that Mr. Dolan was spending an increasing amount of time on this fight, said they expected him to continue until he can declare the stadium dead.

Mr. Bloomberg, who typically opens each battle with the salesmanship he honed in the private sector, took Mr. Dolan's father, Charles, out for cocktails in May, hoping for his intervention, the mayor's aides said. Getting nowhere with that technique, Mr. Bloomberg took the gloves off, using his public appearances, radio show and the like to attack Cablevision with increasingly hostile language.

''In a spat like this between Cablevision and the city,'' said Seth Abraham, a former executive at Cablevision, ''there are a lot of tools that they can hurl at each other. Jim is a liberal Democrat, he has backed liberal Democrats consistently, and I guess he can always say, 'I am going to find myself a liberal candidate to run for mayor.''' Mr. Abraham now supports the stadium plan and sits on the board of NYC2012, which is seeking the 2012 Summer Olympics.

Both Mr. Dolan and Mr. Bloomberg have operated as outsiders in their business lives and are known among their peers to dig in for a battle. Mr. Bloomberg, after being fired from a Wall Street firm, created an information company that many initially thought ludicrous, and subsequently made billions before becoming mayor. Mr. Dolan's father also took an unorthodox approach to building his cable company, and the younger Mr. Dolan learned at his side.

But many of James Dolan's moves have raised questions in the business community. While other cable companies are trying to buy programming, Cablevision is selling off such assets, and recently the Knicks and Rangers have struggled just to be competitive. Cablevision's ill-fated acquisition of the Wiz electronics-goods chain was also a drain on the company.

While Wall Street is more concerned with Cablevision's earnings than the personal style of its leader, the stadium battle, as well as publicized fights with the Yankees and the Mets, has drawn some unwelcome attention to the company and Mr. Dolan. ''I think people respect him for building Cablevision to the extent that he has,'' said John Eade, the president of Argus Research. ''But you don't see Comcast get into those kind of battle, you don't see Cox in those types of battles.''

Several high-level executives have left Cablevision in recent years, though few would return phone calls to discuss why. ''The job was fabulous,'' said Mr. Abraham, the former president of Madison Square Garden/Radio City Music Hall. ''But I really felt Jim and I needed a divorce.'' He would not elaborate.

Other executives, who declined to be quoted by name, acknowledged the difficulties of working with Mr. Dolan but said the company was still an exciting place to work.

Mr. Bloomberg's aides, who have been deeply aggrieved by what they see as an increasingly dangerous plan to foil their stadium dream, are not amused by the timing of Mr. Dolan's anti-stadium campaign so close to the mayor's race, particularly the way it features Mr. Bloomberg in such an unflattering way.

''The timing and the hiring of Freddy Ferrer's political operative to run their campaign against jobs and economic opportunity certainly hasn't gone without notice,'' said Edward Skyler, Mr. Bloomberg's press secretary, ''and I am sure the Campaign Finance Board will look at this relationship very closely.'' Ms. Cortes-Vazquez did not return calls to her office.

Oddly enough, as the two men attack each other, the city and the mayor remain involved with the Garden. Mr. Bloomberg has season tickets to the Knicks and the Rangers and has used them frequently to bond with his younger daughter, Georgina, who is an enthusiastic sports fan. And the city's Olympic bid includes Madison Square Garden as a venue for various important events.

Further, the Garden served as the site of the Republican National Convention, although host committee officials later complained that Mr. Dolan declined to donate money for the event and complained that the company overcharged them for some items. Cablevision, in turn, complained that it did not make money from the event.

Each side agrees that it is personal but insists that the other started it. ''The mayor is attempting to make it personal in order to divert attention from the real issues,'' said Mr. Dolan, who agreed to answer a handful of questions only though his spokesman, Charles Schuler, via e-mail.

Here is Mr. Skyler's assessment of the situation: Cablevision's efforts are ''all so Jimmy Dolan can protect the monopoly he inherited,'' he said. ''Do we really want one of the worst businessmen in history to be dictating the city's economic development policy?''

The war for now is one of words, but the possibility of hardball looms. In a re-election campaign, the mayor may have to contend not just with a candidate attacking him, but also with a corporation willing to spend millions to attack him. And meanwhile, the fate of the West Side is just as much at stake.

''What can be done to really make the far West Wide a vibrant part of New York City and whether the stadium will help or hinder that is something we should be discussing,'' Mr. Cohen said. ''But instead we have a debate between two advocates, one for the development and one who is trying to protect his turf.''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: James Dolan, right, owns the Garden and opposes the Jets stadium, which Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg is fighting to build. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 22, 2004

**End of Document**



[***For New York Evangelicals, a Political Conversion - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DSX-CR30-TW8F-G2C0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 14, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 35

**Length:** 1662 words

**Byline:** By ANDREA ELLIOTT; Marjorie Connelly and Jennifer Medina contributed reporting for this article.

**Body**

The signs are all around. Storefront churches dot the commercial landscapes of the Bronx and Queens. Twice as many churchgoers -- about 15,000 -- pray weekly at the Christian Cultural Center in Brooklyn, compared with five years ago. Some 200,000 New Yorkers tune in daily to Radio Vision Cristiana, an AM radio station. And last March, thousands of evangelicals gathered on the steps of the State Supreme Court in the Bronx to protest the idea of same-sex marriage.

Evangelism is flourishing not just in the red states of the nation's heartland, but in the urban, liberal stronghold of New York City, where thousands of evangelical churches are anchored in ***working-class*** neighborhoods. Whether it will evolve into a local political force, as it has nationally, remains an open question. But a range of interviews with pastors, congregants and religious experts suggests that a new debate -- and perhaps a political conversion -- is taking place in parts of the city's minority neighborhoods, swaths that Democrats have long claimed as their own.

It is a conversion that prompted Jeanmarie Salazar, a Puerto Rican mother of four in the Bronx, to vote for President Bush even though his economic policies troubled her. And a conversion that caused Harold Thompson, an African-American from Flatbush who lived through the civil rights movement, to part with a lifetime of voting Democratic, citing the ''immorality that is destroying our country.''

Both Ms. Salazar and Mr. Thompson belong to evangelical churches whose leaders have spread a single but potent message: Faith trumps everything else, even traditional party alignments.

''They're beginning to think about the social transformation of New York City,'' said Tony Carnes, a sociologist of religion at Columbia University.

Precisely determining the number of people who consider themselves members of evangelical churches or movements is difficult. Mr. Carnes said that he conducted a census of the city's evangelical churches and estimated that 1.5 million New Yorkers attend them. A separate study, conducted in 2000 by the Association of Statisticians of American Religious Bodies, put the number of evangelical New Yorkers closer to 1 million, said Vivian Klaff, a professor of sociology at the University of Delaware who analyzed the study's data.

If a fully accurate count of evangelicals in the city is difficult to achieve, it is even harder, at the moment, to define the voting patterns of evangelicals. But the number of Protestant New Yorkers who cast ballots for a Republican president more than doubled in the last four years, to nearly a quarter of those surveyed at polling sites by Edison Media Research and Mitofsky International. And a recent study by Mr. Carnes suggested that a majority of evangelical church leaders in the city were breaking with tradition and voting Republican: of 1,006 ordained ministers surveyed last year, Mr. Carnes found, 55 percent said they planned to vote for Mr. Bush.

About 30 percent of the ministers were black and 30 percent Hispanic, reflecting the demographic breakdown of the religious group, Mr. Carnes said.

''It's a significant development,'' said Randall Barnes, a professor of American religious history at Barnard College. But, he added, the Republican Party in New York City is ''still a decade or two away from making significant inroads into that community.''

Any measuring of the political clout of evangelicals in the city, now or in the future, is complicated by the fact that a sizable portion of them are from other countries, and some are not eligible to vote, said Mr. Carnes, who conducted his study with a team of pollsters at the International Research Institute on Values Changes, an independent research group in New York City. The study was financed by the Christian Cultural Center, a charismatic evangelical church.

But the results indicated a shift to the right among voting evangelicals. In a separate study he did in 1997, Mr. Carnes said, only 22 percent of the city's evangelical church leaders surveyed identified themselves as ''politically conservative.''

In the aftermath of the election, an increasingly complex image has emerged of the Christian electorate -- one that is not entirely captured under the religious right rubric. In New York City, there are the evangelicals who consider themselves liberal and voted for Kerry but find that they are missing from the mainstream image of their faith.

But then there are those, like Mr. Thompson, who broke with tradition for the first time to vote Republican.

And while many New Yorkers have loudly voiced their sense of alienation from the faith-based vote of the red states, the city's evangelicals, in numerous interviews, said they felt a similar invisibility in the Democratic stronghold they call home.

''You feel like you're alone,'' said Abraham Lopez, 19, as he stood on a recent Saturday outside the Assemblies of United Christian Churches on Third Avenue in the South Bronx.

Perhaps no single event better captures the group's presence than a same-sex marriage protest on March 14 in the South Bronx.

Led by State Senator Ruben Diaz, 150 Bronx churches closed for the day. They sent their congregants to the steps of the State Supreme Court on the Grand Concourse where thousands of people -- estimated at 8,000 by Mr. Carnes, who used two methods to count the crowd -- filled the streets. A large banner hung between two pillars, reading, ''No to Homosexual Marriage.''

''We said, 'Sunday nobody goes to church; we'll go to the street,''' said Mr. Diaz, one of the most noted of the city's Hispanic evangelicals. Mr. Diaz, whose South Bronx district includes about 250,000 people, is both an evangelical pastor and a registered Democrat.

''I am a conservative Democrat,'' Mr. Diaz, 61, said in a telephone interview from Puerto Rico. ''When it comes to education, when it comes to health, when it comes to jobs, I'm a Democrat. When it comes to moral issues -- marriage, abortion -- I'm not a Democrat.''

Mr. Diaz has a history of stirring controversy with his conservative stands on same-sex marriage and abortion. In 1994, after he organized a voter drive for Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani , Mr. Diaz, then a city councilman, vocally criticized the Gay and Lesbian Olympic Games. Mr. Giuliani then issued a statement distancing himself from Mr. Diaz's views. In 2003, Mr. Diaz filed a lawsuit, which is still pending, against the city over the opening of a small public school for gay students. He defends his positions unflinchingly, saying things like he ''cannot wait'' for the reversal of Roe v. Wade and eagerly admitting that gay rights activists have picketed his church.

Several political strategists who have worked with Republicans and Democrats said that no one with Mr. Diaz's conservative views would be able to win a citywide or statewide office. But in local city politics, like races for the State Assembly and the City Council, the faith-driven agenda might have greater impact.

''In a Democratic primary where you take the party affiliation question out of play, then I think it could become a more powerful influence,'' said Kieran Mahoney, a Republican political strategist whose clients have included Gov. George E. Pataki.

Pedro Espada Jr., who lost to Mr. Diaz in the primary this year, said he had no doubt that the evangelical movement could sway local politics. Mr. Espada, who was ousted from his Senate seat by Mr. Diaz in 2002, tried to reach out to evangelical voters by visiting Bronx churches.

''They would say, 'Espada, we would vote for you but you are not a Christian,''' Mr. Espada said. But other politicians were more skeptical that the group's members would be driven by religion when they entered the voting booth.

Fernando Ferrer, the former Bronx borough president who is running for mayor, said, ''Issues of faith and family matter, but so do issues of how we support our families, equal access and opportunity, housing, education, health care, jobs.''

While Hispanics and African Americans in New York City have traditionally voted Democratic, those who attend evangelical churches may feel a different pull.

Jose Casanova, a professor of sociology who specializes in religion and politics at New School University and has studied evangelicals around the world, said that even if they are poor, they tend to vote for conservative candidates.

''They do not so much identify with their economic position right now, but with the one they ought to have with the help of God,'' he said. ''They are very conservative and pro-market and do not expect the government to help them.''

It is not clear how pervasive this view has been in New York City's evangelical community. But the Rev. A.R. Bernard has made a point of preaching economic independence and social conservatism at the Christian Cultural Center, where more than 90 percent of congregants are African Americans or black immigrants.

''We are teaching them self-reliance,'' Mr. Bernard said. ''We have a whole new generation of people of color who have grown up without legal and racial barriers. They have experienced unprecedented wealth, unprecedented education, a position in the marketplace. So once you have something to conserve, you become more conservative.''

Mr. Bernard, who said he voted for President Bush, does not publicly endorse candidates. However, he did tell his congregants that they should question the tendency to vote along traditional party lines.

Two of his church's members, Raina and Robert Bundy, said they decided to vote for Mr. Bush by following the news, watching the debates and, ultimately, praying over their choice. Like many African Americans, they said they were brought up to vote Democratic, but now compared the tradition to their mothers' old recipes for collard greens.

''We don't use fatback, it's all about olive oil now,'' Mrs. Bundy said. ''You don't keep cooking something even though you know it's not good for you.''

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

**Correction**

A front-page article on June 21 about evangelical Christians in New York City referred imprecisely to Tony Carnes, a sociologist and a writer for the magazine Christianity Today. (The error also appeared in articles on Dec. 13, 2004, and Nov. 5 and 14, 2004.) He is the director of a social sciences seminar at Columbia University; he is not on the faculty.

**Correction-Date:** July 1, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: Jeanmarie Salazar, right, belongs to Iglesia Evangelica Pentecostal, a Bronx church. She said she voted for President Bush, though she was troubled by his economic policies. (Photo by Hiroko Masuike for The New York Times)(pg. 35)

In the past five years, membership has doubled at the Christian Cultural Center in East New York, Brooklyn. (Photo by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. 40)

**Load-Date:** November 14, 2004

**End of Document**



[***New Star for G.O.P. Is Conservative and Black***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S470-003Y-K0SH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 25, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Part 1; Page 1; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Part 1;; Column 2;

**Length:** 1294 words

**Byline:** Gary A. Franks

By NICK RAVO, Special to The New York Times

By NICK RAVO, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WATERBURY, Conn., Nov. 24

**Body**

During campaign stops at supermarkets and shopping centers, Gary A. Franks often found that passers-by, particularly in wealthy Fairfield County towns like Wilton and Ridgefield, would offer only the slightest of smiles or the limpest of handshakes, blithely dismissing him as just another liberal black Democrat running for office.

"Then, as they were walking away, I'd say, 'Wait, I'm a Republican!' " Mr. Franks said in a recent interview. "And they'd turn around and say, 'Oh, in that case, we'll give you some thought.' People just assumed because I was black I was a Democrat."

On Nov. 6, Mr. Franks, a little-known Waterbury alderman, became the first black Republican to win a voting position in the House of Representatives since Roosevelt's New Deal lured blacks away from the party of Lincoln; the last, Oscar De Priest of Chicago, left the House in 1935. Mr. Franks also became the first black ever elected to Congress from Connecticut and is now generally considered to be the nation's highest-ranking black Republican elected official.

His five-percentage-point victory over former Representative Toby Moffett, a liberal Democrat, was hailed immediately by national Republican leaders, who hope having a conservative black in a high elected office will help attract more blacks into the party.

Shortly after the election, Ed Rollins, the acting co-chairman of the Republican National Committee, pointed to Mr. Franks's victory as evidence that Republicans represent "the party of opportunity."

Mr. Franks won the seat in the Fifth Congressional District after it was vacated by another Waterbury Republican, Representative John G. Rowland, who ran unsuccessfully for governor.

Charles Black, the other co-chairman of the Republican National Committee, predicted that Mr. Franks would be eagerly sought for speaking engagements and party fund-raisers, and may have a better shot at landing important committee posts than most freshmen in Congress.

"Gary Franks is a strong spokesman for the Republican Party and conservative principles," he said.

Mr. Franks, who is 37 years old and married, with one stepdaughter, is unfazed by the attention. He has modest hopes for his first term, saying, as do many freshman representatives, that constituent service is his priority. He also hopes to fill a seat on the Armed Services Committee that was vacated by Mr. Rowland.

"My first obligation is to the Fifth District and to serve as a Federal legislator down in Washington during the next two years," he said. "But I would like to be able to help my party as well, and if there is a role I can play I will do so."

Mr. Franks grew up in Waterbury, where he was senior class president and a star basketball player at Sacred Heart High School. His father was a mill worker who never finished the sixth grade, but all six of the Franks children graduated from college and three have earned doctorates. "I'm the only one with just one degree," Mr. Franks frequently jokes.

Conservative Positions

Since his election, Mr. Franks, who will arrive in Washington for an orientation this week and will attend a seminar for new members of Congress in Cambridge, Mass., next month, has been unusually shy about talking about issues in depth, saying he needs time to develop in detail the conservative positions that he expressed during his campaign.

Those positions included supporting a cut in the capital-gains tax rate, reductions in welfare benefits, the death penalty for drug traffickers and a constitutional amendment that would prohibit burning the American flag.

Mr. Franks, who has held several management positions at large corporations and ran unsuccessfully for state comptroller in 1986, also opposes a Federal income-tax increase, the Civil Rights Act of 1990, and legislation to require companies to give workers leave for the birth of a child or a family medical emergency. The last two measures were vetoed by President Bush.

He does, however, support a woman's right to an abortion.

A Yale graduate who operates his own real-estate concern, Mr. Franks believes the proposed Civil Rights Act, which would have restored some protections against job discrimination that have been struck down by the Supreme Court, would result in a quota systems in hiring.

Mr. Franks grew up a liberal Democrat, but became a conservative Republican while at Yale. "He became disenchanted with the party's policies," said his campaign press secretary, Stephen R. Beaujon. "His feeling was that the Democratic Party from the New Deal through the Great Society fostered a spiraling government dependency."

Mr. Franks said, "My message will be different than what many people have heard from a black congressman."

Mr. Franks's plan to join the Black Congressional Caucus, which promotes legislation of special interest to blacks, is likely to produce some conflicts, since he will be at odds with the other members of the traditionally liberal group on many issues like the civil rights legislation.

'Not Monolithic'

Mr. Franks, who has received letters of congratulations from several members, will be the only Republican in the 26-member organization.

"I have no idea how they are going to respond to my views," Mr. Franks said. "I would hope they will look at my opinions and say, 'Hey, there is a lot of logic to that, and I can agree with that.' They may not."

Representative Mike Espy, a Democrat from Mississippi, said, "I wish him well." But he also said he was "annoyed" by Mr. Franks's position on the Civil Rights Act. "The black commmunity is not monolithic, and can be represented by many different individuals with varying ideas and ideologies," Mr. Espy said.

Mr. Moffett and other Democrats have attributed Mr. Franks's victory mostly to the political coattails of Mr. Rowland, who despite losing the gubernatorial election won 54 percent of the vote in the Fifth Congressional District.

They also contend that Mr. Moffett would have won had the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, Representative Bruce A. Morrison of Hamden, done better in the district.

A Contentious Campaign

Dr. Terry Alan Baney, a professor of political science at Teikyo Post University in Waterbury, attributed Mr. Franks's victory to the unexpected loyalty of his Republican support, particularly in the more affluent reaches of the largely ***working-class*** district. After his nomination, which followed a fiercely fought convention involving seven candidates, Mr. Franks's appeal among conservative Republicans was in doubt, chiefly because of his race.

Dr. Baney also said Mr. Moffett's recent move to the district may have hurt him.

Mr. Franks's race against Mr. Moffett was unusually contentious, with Mr. Moffett often likening him to conservative Republican Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina and charging that Mr. Franks "forgot where he came from."

Mr. Franks, though, noted that besides the predominately Republican towns in the district, he also carried seven of the eight mostly black districts in heavily Democratic Waterbury, despite attacks by some local blacks who said that he was an embarrassment because of his conservative political views.

He also believes his conservatism is in tune with his district, which is 4 percent black and runs across the middle of the western half of the state from Meriden to Danbury. Besides Waterbury, it includes blue-collar mill towns like Naugatuck and Derby, as well as the moneyed strip of towns on the northern fringe of Fairfield County.

One of his biggest concerns is that redistricting before the 1992 election may deprive him of some conservatives' votes. "First-term congressmen are very vulnerable," Mr. Franks said. "We have to be careful we're not placed in a position where we're doing so many national things that we forget our about district."

**Graphic**

Photo: Representative-elect Gary A. Franks from the Fifth District in Connecticut, on the Waterbury green. Mr. Franks, a Republican, says many voters he met assumed he was just another liberal black Democrat. (Steve Miller for The New York Times) (pg. 38)

**Load-Date:** November 25, 1990

**End of Document**



[***STEELWORKERS' DISSIDENT BOWING OUT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F3H0-000B-Y0KC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 30, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1; Page 28, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1146 words

**Byline:** Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

"The job is so important to them they can't afford to lose it," James Balanoff, steelworker and union officer, said not long ago about the kind of union man he calls a porkchopper. "The money. The position. The Trips, payoffs, to Europe or Japan. They sit silent. Get along and go along, that's the rule. That's the difference between them and me."

Mr. Balanoff, a pleasant-faced, thick-bodied man, was sitting in a Chicago hotel, a hotel a bit rough around the edges, like Mr. Balanoff himself. He is not a well-known man except here, in District 31 of the United Steelworkers of America, an area of ore docks and furnaces and smokestacks and loading docks. But his story illustrates many elements of the modern union movement: the bitterness that often characterizes elections, erosion of jobs, the difficulties encountered by insurgent movements.

Defeat of James Balanoff for directorship of District 31 of steelworkers union illustrates problems facing insurgent labor movements

In May, Mr. Balanoff was defeated for director of District 31 by Jack Parton, a local union president, 24,381 to 22,237. The union, with headquarters in Pittsburgh and referred to by both sides as "Pittsburgh," had strongly endorsed Mr. Parton, and old charges of Communism were revived.

PENSION AND ANOTHER JOB

On Tuesday, when Mr. Parton takes office, Mr. Balanoff's directorship will be over. At 59 years old, he will apply for a pension from Inland Steel, where he worked for 31 years, and begin to look for another steel job.

Joseph L. Rauh Jr., a lawyer active in the steelworkers' insurgent movement, said: "The machine cut Jimmie's legs off. They wanted him out so bad because he was so good."

Mr. Parton said: "Balanoff was anti-Pittsburgh. So Pittsburgh didn't help him. People are paying dues and felt they weren't getting their money's worth. The outside public may think an election like this is pretty nasty but that's pretty much normal circumstances." In the steelworkers' union, he said, "they play hardball."

There is another issue involved, that of revitalization of the nation's heavy industries and the role of the nation's union movement in this revitalization.

HELP FOR THE 'WORKING STIFF'

The Steelworkers' union favors cooperation with steel companies to save jobs. But Mr. Balanoff says, "That game isn't going to help the working stiff." Confrontation, he says, is the natural arrangement between labor and capital.

Studs Terkel, the labor observer, said that the election signified tough times for the union insurgents everywhere. "People are scared of layoffs," he said. "Workers are voting for the people who don't make waves."

A final aspect of the Balanoff story centers on the widely publicized effort by his friend, Edward Sadlowski, to seize control of the 1.3 million member steelworkers' union in 1977. He lost to the current president, Lloyd McBride, by some 80,000 votes, and since then the Sadlowski movement, Fightback, has fallen apart.

Mr. Balanoff said that the insurgent movement was not dead. One insurgent, Dave Patterson, won in the May election. But Mr. McBride ran unopposed for the union presidency.

LONG LEADERSHIP BY ONE MAN

For three decades District 31, which includes about 100,000 members, was run by Jack Germano. There were, in those years, vigorous factional disputes in the district, for there were conservative men, moderates and several strains of leftists: Socialist, Stalinists and Trotskyists. Mr. Balanoff was always involved in these disputes from the leftist side. But always, the union was a centrist union run from Pittsburgh by strong-willed presidents: Philip Murray, David McDonald, I.W. Abel, Mr. McBride.

In the 1970's, a new movement, centered on District 31, appeared. Mr. Sadlowski, who grew up a block from Mr. Balanoff in a ***working-class*** neighborhood, won the presidency of Local 65 and began to attack the Germano organization.

In 1973, Mr. Sadlowski lost the election for district director but petitioned the Department of Labor for a new election, contending that there had been vote fraud. A new election was ordered, and in 1974 Mr. Sadlowski, strongly opposed by Mr. Abel, defeated a Germano candidate, Sam Evett.

Mr. Abel was retiring, and in 1976 Mr. Sadlowski announced that he would run for the presidency. He gathered extensive notice from the press, for he was extremely attractive to reporters with his outspokenness, the profanity that laced his remarks and his references to worker heroes like Joe Hill, Mother Jones and Eugene V. Debs. Mr. Balanoff was a quiet adviser, but Sadlowski forces.

In February 1977, when Mr. Sadlowski lost to Mr. McBride, Mr. Balanoff, almost unnoticed, was elected to replace Mr. Sadlowski as district director.

In his four years in the post Mr. Balanoff faced a huge problem. Under union rules, the union president, not district directors, controls staff appointments, so Mr. Balanoff was forced to live with district staff members who were his bitter enemies.

Two major economic problems occurred as well. American Bridge, a subsidiary of United States Steel, closed, and cost the Gary area 800 jobs. Mr. Balanoff, Mr. Parton's forces contend, called for a hard line, saying the company was bluffing. At another plant, Inland Steel, it was charged that Mr. Balanoff had authorized an inferior agreement. Mr. Balanoff replies that he was only doing what the members wanted; no one, he said, can say he would sell out his members.

Morever, with the decline of the Fightback movement, Mr. Balanoff was left without the strong forces he needed. Mr. Sadlowski, who is a District 31 staff member, said he was busy these days fighting for workers' rights. But a number of the young, aggressive men who worked for him say now that he was so disappointed at his loss that he lost interest. There was no dissident opposition this year to Mr. McBride's re-election.

$2 MILLION LOCAL UNION OFFICE

Mr. Parton describes himself as a builder, both of the union and of physical properties. A former marine who started as a furnace helper and then worked his way up through the union, Mr. Parton is proud of his local's new $2 million office, one of the most splendid union halls in the country. The hall's name: The Lloyd McBride Building.

Mr. Parton pledges to campaign against plant shutdowns and to call for a membership referendum on the model agreement, in effect for seven years but now suspended, in which the union promises not to strike the steel industry. He plans to encourage Hispanic-American workers and women, who make up half the district's workers, to take stronger roles in the union.

Mr. Balanoff says this is all election talk. The answer, he believes, is militancy.

He said he will not quit his insurgent efforts. "I got 48 percent of the vote," he said. "You can't say my ideas have been rejected. You've not heard the end of Jim Balanoff."

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Jack Parton photo of Mr. Balanoff

**End of Document**



[***POLANSKI ON POLISH STAGE AMID POLITICAL UPHEAVAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F950-000B-Y4VP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 21, 1981, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 8, Column 5; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1121 words

**Byline:** By NINA DARNTON, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WARSAW, July 20

**Body**

Roman Polanski returned to Poland recently to direct and co-star in a production of Peter Shaffer's ''Amadeus.'' It seemed like a straightforward artistic proposition, but he found himself in the center of a controversy that shows that the political convulsions in Poland are affecting its cultural life.

Mr. Polanski, who began his acting career here at the age of 14, returned to the stage in the role of Mozart. The part of Antonio Salieri was played by one of Poland's leading actors and directors, Tadeusz Lomnicki, whose repertory company filled the other parts.

Description of controversy surrounding Roman Polanski's trip to Poland to direct and co-star in production of Peter Shaffer's "Amadeus"

Mr. Lomnicki's theater, in the traditionally ***working-class*** district of Wola, was the former cultural center of the Kasprzak transistor factory, which used it as a movie house. Six years ago the district's officials offered the theater to Mr. Lomnicki, a member of the Central Committee. Now the Solidarity trade-union chapter of the Kasprzak factory has demanded that the building be returned to the workers. Negotiations had just begun when Mr. Polanski arrived to direct ''Amadeus.''

''Amadeus'' ran for 13 performances to standing-room-only crowds at the Na Woli Theater. Mr. Polanski, who has acted in movies as well as producing and directing them, was warmly received by Warsaw critics and audiences. His dressing room was filled with flowers and his curtain calls were warm. He blew kisses to the audience and fell on his knees to kiss the hand of Mr. Lomnicki, whose Salieri was critically acclaimed and compared favorably by foreign journalists and diplomats with Paul Scofield's performance in London.

'Animated by Desire'

Mr. Polanski struck up a friendly relationship with the cast. On opening night an actress stepped forward at the curtain call to read a poem of welcome on behalf of the entire cast, and on closing night the same actress read a poem of farewell. The audience gave him a 10-minute standing ovation and people climbed onto the stage to give him flowers.

Long lines formed outside the theater at every performance on the off-chance that some tickets would become available. Cast members were so captivated by Mr. Polanski that they agreed to several roundthe-clock rehearsals, stopping only for dinner and continuing until 6 o'clock in the morning.

''He is a man who is animated by desire, like a child'' Mr. Lomnicki said. ''Not for a moment does he forget what he wants. He has perfect pitch for what rings true. He liberates inner freedom in his actors, but at the same time he frames them. There is a simultaneous freedom and control. I've never experienced it before. He also concentrates on a problem until he solves it. It is strange because he is internally chaotic, but in this way he is totally disciplined, both as director and actor.''

He Bought Rights to Play

''Salieri says of Mozart that prodigies become stale with years,'' Mr. Lomnicki continued, ''but this is not true of Polanski. He is still fresh. It is hard to withstand all the ideas he is always bringing in. Sometimes he kept the audience waiting to enter the theater because he had a new idea.''

Mr. Polanski said he had been thinking of doing a play in Poland for a long time and that he had chosen ''Amadeus'' simply because he liked it so much. He bought the rights to the play himself. Paying hard currency for foreign rights has become a serious problem for Poles. Mr. Polanski himself was paid a standard salary in Polish zlotys.

About a year ago he approached Mr. Lomnicki with the proposition that he play Salieri. Mr. Lomnicki suggested that the director take the part of Mozart himself.

Mr. Polanski played the part with sympathy and depth. His Mozart was a child of genius, but a charming naughty child struggling against the constraints and hypocrisy of his surroundings. He downplayed the shrieks, giggles and salacious behavior called for in the script, emphasizing the rebellion and naivete. Salieri's intrigues against this helpless innocent become all the more tragic.

'A Great Shame'

After a short break the play is reopening with a young actor in the title role. But at the moment the fate of the production hangs very much on the decision of the workers in the Kasprzak factory.

''This is a complicated problem, but also a great shame,'' Mr. Polanski said. Mr. Lomnicki, he added, ''has built a great theater, and they want to turn it into a recreation hall. They hold it against him that he is a member of the Central Committee. He is, but he is still a great actor.''

Mr. Lomnicki, a Central Committee member for eight years and a member of the Communist Party for 30, had a ''dialectical'' explanation: ''The grievances are too profound. They feel it was taken away from them without really asking them - they were never offered a substitute. This is a question of principles. We are only a very small casualty of a mass movement - a kind of revolution. sometimes unfortunate positions are taken that appear wrong at the time but that may have within them the seeds of a new birth. the movement that is causing the takeover of the theater may also produce a new law to reduce censorship. That will mean that we will have better plays written in Poland and ultimately that will bring a stronger theater than we have now.''

Other Troupes' Conflicts

The conflict is not an isolated incident. In other theaters around Poland different disputes point to the same trend: the democratization and leveling of society being wrought from the bottom up by Poland's workers have cultural repercussions that are not always in the immediate interests of higher art.

In Cracow, the famous Stary Theater, one of the best in Poland, removed its theater manager, Jan Pawel Gawlik, when the company voted to replace him. In Warsaw, a well known director has threatened to resign if his repertory company goes through with plans to decide by vote on what the company's repertory should be and who plays what part.

A company member pointed out that in the early stages of the Russian Revolution theater companies also underwent upheavals. ''In this kind of cultural earthquake,'' Mr. Lomnicki added, ''often second-class artists, usually toward the bottom, are thrown to the top. But Solidarity or the party are not magic pills for talent. They don't automatically give success. authentic artistic values remain, and the public still demands them. Proof of this is the success of Polanski's 'Amadeus.' ''

''Maybe 'Amadeus' will be the golden nail in our coffin,'' Mr. Lomnicki continued, smiling wanly. He does not seem optimistic. He has already signed a contract, to begin in October, as an actor with another Warsaw theater.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Roman Polanski

**End of Document**



[***Froggy's Last Story***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:510P-5T71-DXY4-X02X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 12, 2010 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2010 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MB; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2574 words

**Byline:** By COREY KILGANNON

**Body**

F. GWYNPLAINE MacINTYRE lived in two dimensions.

The F stood for Fergus. That was how neighbors in his ***working-class*** neighborhood in deep Brooklyn knew him: a bearish pariah holed up in a fetid apartment stuffed with a lifetime of newspapers, books, belongings and all sorts of trash, who worked nights as a printer in Manhattan and ranted about his horrid childhood.

The F also stood for Froggy. That's what fans in the rabid science-fiction world on the Internet called him: a witty and eloquent man prone to using obscure words and coining new ones, who published numerous books, articles and short stories to great acclaim and spun fantastic tales about his travels.

Both were vaporized June 25. In a dramatic farewell that could have come from Froggy's pen, Mr. MacIntyre, according to fire officials, methodically set ablaze the contents of the apartment in Bensonhurst where he had lived for a quarter-century. First the flames consumed a lifetime of possessions; then they feasted on his weary flesh, ending his painful 59-year earthly existence. Born in Scotland, raised in Australia -- or so he said, in his impeccable British regional accent -- he now lies unclaimed in a Brooklyn morgue.

''We have to conclude that this was Froggy's last story,'' said Darrell Schweitzer, a writer who was an editor and agent for Mr. MacIntyre. ''Froggy lived a life of suffering, and he was an enigma. He was an insoluble mystery, and it's possible he'll be remembered for that mystery.''

Bud Webster, a fellow science-fiction writer, noted the duality of Mr. MacIntyre's existence. ''Among the science-fiction and online community, he was accepted and praised and feted,'' he said. ''He wasn't a creepy old guy who lived in a rotten apartment.''

The fiery suicide was a reminder that, for all the public interaction in New York City, much of life here plays out in small rooms behind locked doors.

Mr. MacIntyre's one-bedroom apartment was a repository of artifacts both profound and perverted. It was stuffed with decades of work and waste -- ''the fragments of time that other people throw away,'' to use a description from Froggy's Web site. There were copies of the books and articles he had written, as well as many unsold manuscripts, a plethora of rejection letters from publishers and editors, and volumes of correspondence with other literary types. All this became fuel for the fire that would engulf him: many of his neighbors learned he was a writer only when charred, double-spaced pages of a manuscript fluttered down from his burned-out windows.

The news spread quickly in the blogosphere, followed by the unanswerable questions. How did a celebrated author, once the toast of science-fiction circles, end up headed for a pauper's burial in a potter's field?

What prompted his descent from being that darling of writers' conventions to increasing reclusion in his third-floor apartment? Which of the terrible facts he shared of his background were true, and did they, ultimately, explain everything else?

''It was the bizarro death of a man who lived a bizarro life,'' said Andrew Porter, a Brooklyn writer who was among the first to announce Mr. MacIntyre's demise, on the sci-fi fan blog File 770. ''What was his real name? Where was he born? No one knows. Froggy was weird, and his death is just as weird.''

HIS writing was prolific and varied. There was the well-received ''The Woman Between the Worlds'' (Dell Trade Paperback, 1994), an early example of the genre now called steampunk, and ''MacIntyre's Improbable Bestiary'' (Wildside Press, 2001), a collection of light verse praised by Isaac Asimov. Asimov's Science Fiction magazine published Mr. MacIntyre's short stories, including ''Martian Walkabout'' (1980), as did the magazines Amazing Stories and Weird Tales. Mr. MacIntyre ghost-wrote books, too, including the Tom Swift novel ''The DNA Disaster'' (Pocket Books/Archway, 1991).

He was a huge, gentle fellow with red hair, beard and bushy sideburns, who played the role of a Victorian adventurer-raconteur, dressing in tweed suits, riding boots, white gloves and a Scottish Highlands leather pouch known as a sporran. Writer friends knew him as a worldly bon vivant with an acerbic wit. He corresponded with many literary types and would share photographs of himself posing with them at Oxford and other impressive settings during European adventures.

''Froggy always presented himself as like an English clubman, an eccentric who might be a time traveler from the 19th century,'' Mr. Schweitzer, his friend and agent, said. ''He was always meeting someone famous in some remote part of the world -- Mother Teresa, Idi Amin -- and you couldn't confirm or deny any of it.''

Take, for instance, his gloves, which he said he wore to hide his hands. ''He claimed he had a hideous skin condition, but there was also the webbed-fingers story,'' Mr. Schweitzer said, noting that Mr. MacIntyre had told some people that webbed fingers were the origin of his nickname, and others that it derived from an obscene phrase his father called him. ''Other times, he'd claim he had prosthetics,'' Mr. Schweitzer noted, ''and then there was the story about having had his fingernails pulled out by Idi Amin's soldiers while working as a reporter in Africa.''

Even his name was manufactured and mysterious: Gwynplaine was the smiling but unhappy character in Victor Hugo's ''The Man Who Laughs.'' He used other aliases -- Timothy C. Allen (taxes) and Paul G. Jeffery (passport) and Oleg V. Bredikhine (magazine subscriptions) -- but never revealed his birth name, though he often recited details of a Dickensian childhood.

On his Web site and in correspondence, Mr. MacIntyre said he was born in Perthshire, Scotland, a twin, with some deformities. He claimed that his parents had wanted to give him up for mercy killing but instead shipped him off to an orphan labor camp in Australia, and that his mother later contacted him to ask if he would donate a kidney to his twin brother. Outraged, he refused.

In 2005, he wrote to The New York Times Magazine in response to articles on infant mercy killing and transplant organs, saying that he had been born with ''minor congenital defects,'' but that he had ''never yet met a person so gravely deformed that he or she felt it would be better to be dead.''

On his Web site, Mr. MacIntyre wrote that he had been married three times and had two adopted children, but efforts to find such relatives, or his brother or parents, were unsuccessful.

Mr. MacIntyre claimed to have spent his wild years knocking around Oxford, and for decades he had been a regular at science-fiction conventions. Since he moved to Bensonhurst in the 1980s, he had worked night jobs -- neighbors said as a printer and as a telemarketer, but they did not know where -- so he could spend days doing research for his stories, at the New York Public Library's main branch.

His hoarding might be explained by a mention on his Web site that as a child he worked pulling a wagon and picking up junk and old cast-off objects. ''Some people collect stamps or mementos,'' he wrote. ''I collect the fragments of time that other people throw away, and I put these to good use.''

Mr. Schweitzer described Mr. MacIntyre's ''public persona'' as ''basically a character he invented.''

''He was not an outright liar -- he was too good,'' Mr. Schweitzer said. ''But there was nothing about him that you could confirm: not his name, his age, his nationality. Nobody even knew where he lived.''

HE lived, for the past 25 years, in Apartment C9 of a building on the corner of 20th Avenue and 70th Street, a misfit in a neighborhood where Italian-Americans, with their storefront social clubs and Virgin Mary lawn statues, stand their ground against the tide of newer immigrants speaking Hindi, Arabic and Chinese.

Mr. MacIntyre was the enigmatic, intellectual loner who was never without a book and an armful of gathered-up newspapers. He would draw chuckles as he walked by places like the Gioiosa Caffe Expresso, an old-school coffee place where older men sit in mismatched chairs along the sidewalk.

He was a pack rat who let no one inside his apartment, not even the super, eager to do overdue repairs. And he was the neighbor from hell, who sometimes hurled obscenities in the middle of the night. ''He would scream and curse out his mother, things like, 'You ruined my life!' '' said Sadie Huang, 25, who lived directly above.

Dressing the part of the disheveled eccentric, Mr. MacIntyre would clomp down the stairs in his heavy riding boots and be engaged only in conversation on obscure historical topics and politics -- he was a staunch right-winger. He would always stop to talk to neighbors who owned a dog, but only to talk about the dog. The most sordid story neighbors told about Mr. MacIntyre involved Helene Lapointe, who lived across the hall and whom Mr. MacIntyre would pay to remove bags of garbage. On Sept. 10, 2000, according to Ms. Lapointe, Mr. MacIntyre grabbed her, duct-taped her to a chair and began torturing her and threatening her life.

''He stripped me and buzz-shaved my head and then spray-painted me black -- my whole body,'' said Ms. Lapointe, who broke free and ran to a friend's house.

Mr. MacIntyre was arrested and wound up pleading guilty to third-degree misdemeanor assault, Brooklyn prosecutors said. Ms. Lapointe, now 55, moved out immediately; she returned to the building after hearing about the deadly fire. Staring into the charred mess, she said, weeping, ''It's what he deserves, for what he did to me.''

The past few years had largely been a downward spiral, culminating in a plunge the last few months. Mr. MacIntyre was desperate for work, having apparently lost the printer job last year. He would spend long hours e-mailing online friends and fleshing out his Web site with darker and darker witticisms.

''His boastful nature and clever stories were gone,'' Mr. Schweitzer said, ''and he began telling pathetic stories about terrible things that happened to him, like pleas for sympathy.''

Ben Maurer, perhaps Mr. MacIntyre's only friend in the Bensonhurst building, said he had looked increasingly distraught and depressed in recent months. ''He didn't feel well; he was upset about his family situation, upset about his upbringing,'' Mr. Maurer said. ''His life was bleak, almost like there was nothing to look forward to.''

The dramatic potential of his own descent was not lost on Mr. MacIntyre, who managed to weave the story of his final days into a tale of intrigue. He sent out farewell e-mails and, the day before the fire, posted on IMDB.com what he promised would be his last review, of the movie ''Metropolis'': ''Nitrate film stock doesn't last forever,'' Mr. MacIntyre wrote, ''and all good things come to a happy ending.''

Just before dying, he forwarded his copyrights and future royalties to one of his publishers and put out the word that he was extremely depressed and moving to Australia and might not be heard from again. He spoke of suffering from synesthesia, a neurological condition in which the senses are crossed, and said that simply touching certain objects could set off painful feelings.

On June 24, he sent to friends an e-mail prefaced with a quotation -- ''I am just going outside and may be some time'' -- from the famous last words of Titus Oates, an English explorer who in 1912, instead of letting his infirmities slow down his fellow Antarctic explorers, wandered out to his death in a blizzard. Mr. MacIntyre called life hopeless, cursed his family as ''deeply evil people,'' and closed with the words ''Straight on till mourning,'' a reference to the directions to Neverland, from ''Peter Pan.''

One person who received the e-mail grew concerned and called 911. ''It took six cops to get him out of the apartment -- Fergus was a big dude -- and he kept yelling, 'I want to die and I'm going to take everyone in the building down with me,' '' said a neighbor, Zul Savage.

The police took Mr. MacIntyre to Coney Island Hospital for evaluation, but he was released after several hours (hospital officials would not discuss the case, citing patient privacy laws).

Back home, Mr. MacIntyre sent another mass e-mail assailing the person he knew had called the authorities (subject line: ''One idiot ruins everything''). He lighted the fire about 9:30 a.m., fire officials said. Helped by his impressive collection of paper, it grew quickly into an ''all-hands'' blaze that took 12 trucks and 60 firefighters more than an hour to extinguish. Afterwards, neighbors saw Mr. MacIntyre's robust, 6-foot-3 charred corpse being carted out.

''It was a bizarre and tortuous way to go, but he was an inventive person, so maybe as a novelist Froggy would've enjoyed writing a story about something like this,'' said Dan Cragg, a writer who had an online friendship with Mr. MacIntyre.

AFTERWARD, city officials and cleaning crews sifted through the contents of the apartment, which had been flattened into a charred, soggy, hip-high heap. There was a huge collection of esoteric science-fiction books and journals, personal correspondence and drawers full of rejection letters and notices of unpaid taxes. There were countless devices and literature suggesting an encyclopedic array of sexual deviancy.

Scattered about were numerous manuscripts, mostly short stories that read gritty, dark and fantastical, with names like ''The Case for Humanity,'' ''The Once-a-Year-Night of the Memory Man'' and ''Listen ... Listen ...'' Stacked neatly atop a bureau, as if a work in progress, were several hundred burnt-edged pages of a manuscript titled ''The Coming of Bealtaine.'' The word, which refers to an Irish and Scottish summer celebration, is derived from a Gaelic word meaning bright fire.

It took a five-man crew two full days to fill a 20-yard trash bin with Froggy's ''fragments of time.''

The Daily News ran a brief item about the fire, leaving unidentified its 59-year-old victim but giving the location of his ''cluttered'' apartment. It caught the eye of a few vigilant friends who had been receiving Mr. MacIntyre's suicidal e-mails.

Some fans rebutted the news in chat rooms, citing a mass e-mail Mr. MacIntyre had sent hours before the fire saying that he had decamped to Australia and let a friend house-sit his apartment -- which seems to have been a ruse.

The medical examiner's office has not officially confirmed the identity of the man who burned to death that day in Apartment C-9. The corpse is ''not visually identifiable, from the fire,'' and there were no dental or other X-rays to help identify the body, said Ellen Borakove, a spokeswoman for the office.

The body has remained unclaimed for months, but last Wednesday, Ms. Borakove said that ''a relative was recently located, and DNA testing is being conducted to positively identify'' the body. She would not say whom, citing privacy policies.

The confusion would have pleased Mr. MacIntyre, who often pontificated on the importance of privacy, and kept Manhattan post office boxes and his aliases, as his Web site said, ''in order to confound anyone who ever attempts to write a biography of me or otherwise invade my privacy, while I live or afterward.''

Perhaps, as Fergus awaits his pine-box burial, in another dimension Froggy is laughing in some tavern in the Australian outback.

As he observed on his Web site: ''Immortality is for suckers. If even a few of my words outlive me by even one hour, then I have cheated death.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: EPHEMERA: Top, photos of F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre retrieved from the trash cleared out of his apartment, where he died in a fire on June 25. (MB1)

LEFT BEHIND: F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre's apartment was a tinderbox of papers. He said he preferred saving ''the fragments of time that other people throw away.''

CREATIONS: Mr. MacIntyre's science-fiction writings were praised by Isaac Asimov and Ray Bradbury, among others. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY EMILY BERL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MB6)

**Load-Date:** September 12, 2010

**End of Document**



[***MORT SAHL, INTRACTABLE AS EVER, BACK IN TOWN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-DXR0-000B-Y07P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 2, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 14, Column 3; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1071 words

**Byline:** By FRED FERRETTI

**Body**

It was as if he had never been away. Wearing an oxford blue shirt peeping out from the V-neck of his blue wool sweater and poplin trousers and a cou ple of newspapers tucked under his arm, Mort Sahl walked onto a New York stage for the first time in seven years and began to chat .

''A liberal is,'' he said, looking directly out at his audience with the toothy smile that is a trademark, ''somebody who will do the right thing for the wrong reasons so he can feel good for eight minutes.''

''Ronald Reagan? We're good friends. He is after all the president of my union. Nancy and I have great simpatico. As a matter of fact, I was invited to the White House two weeks ago. Interesting to go from a friend of President Kennedy to an enemy of the state to a friend of the state. Basically, however, you have to be careful of a guy who classifies ketchup as a vegetable.''

Fred Ferretti profiles comedian Mort Sahl, back on New York Stage at Marty's

''Carter? Know how he was elected? One person crossed the aisle and created a landslide.'' ''Anderson was a moderate. A moderate is different from a liberal. A liberal is a person who wants busing and doesn't want prayer in the schools. A moderate wants prayer on the bus.''

''A thought. Can you imagine Shakespeare going out to Long Island to read his plays so he could raise money?''

Verbal Commas

Mort Sahl is back, at least for two weeks, at Marty's and at the age of 54, his humor is as it ever was - highly political, trenchantly topical, occasionally venonmous, equally savage toward Republicans, Democrats, liberals, conservatives and all ideological stops between. He retains the acute sense of outrage that is the wellspring of all of his humor and he is as intractable and unreconstructed as the most devoted of his fans might wish.

Moreover, his c omedic technique has not cha nged a whit. He begins as if he is going to tell a story, and he doe s, but first he inserts verbal commas and parentheses, informing his audience, ''I digress.''Then he will caper through a labyrinth of opi nions, insights, attacks, anecdotes and prejudices, eventually getting back to his beginning.

So it was the other night, as he began by telling everybody that he had been invited to the White House by President and Mrs. Reagan. Soon, as might be expected, he began pot-shooting; his targets included not only Mr. Reagan and assorted White House aides, but also every past President in memory; a few of his fellow performers; New York,''the last time I was here in a nightclub this was Lindsay country''; Eva Braun, ''the typical dependent woman who insisted on getting married because she fell for a guy in uniform''; Dick Cavett, ''who is not an intellectual like, say, Steve Allen''; Gov. Edmund G. Brown Jr. of California, ''a space cadet,'' and a few countries, including Saudi Arabia, ''where everything is owned by one family,'' and El Salvador, ''where everything is owned by 14 families and is thus classified as a democracy.''

'In the Bottom of the Ninth'

In the seven years since he was in New York, Mr. Sahl has not been underground, he said in an interview, although there were some hard times. ''But every time I got a hit in the bottom of the ninth.so I guess there is a God.''

For three years, through 1976, he said, he had ''my own room in the Las Vegas Hilton, where I did pretty well.'' ''You know,'' he said, ''Las Vegas has become populated with busloads of middle Americans, and I found I appeal to them, I guess I appeal to anybody in pain.

A syndicated television show in Los Angeles on which he was paired with George Putnam, a conservative commentator, followed. At the suggestion of his wife, he began writing movies and movie treatments. ''I did scripts, ghosted some others, wrote additional dialogue.''

He has written nine movies; none have been produced, but several have been bought for production. While he wrote, he continued to perform one-nighters in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago and on college campuses; three years ago, he was offered a telephone callin radio program in Washington. ''The station was ranked 18th out of 33, and they wanted controversy. Within 10 weeks, they went to No. 2 while I talked to C.I.A. agents, ***working-class*** students and disappointed women.'' The program lasted seven months, and Mr. Sahl returned to Los Angeles, ''where I have a home, but where I don't live,'' for five concerts for cable television. He is talking with CBS about a project dear to him, ''a funny television news show.''

''Anyway, let me get back to the visit to the White House,'' he said. ''I met Alexander Haig. I said hello, and he said the Israelis are intransigent. The Reagan staff is wonderful. They have this fellow Murray Weidenbaum, who has created Weidenbaum's Law, which is 'the economy will go down so far that it will come up.' He discovered this law while eating an apple in the Rose Garden. He released the apple and it flew back up into a tree.

Reagan's Ideal Couple

''The dinner - Herman Wou k was there, and Barbara Walters, who was upset because she was able to see the President but couldn't get office time w ith Roone Arledge. You know of course that Reagan only tolerates the m.

''He would like this country to be made up of people about 35, all prelaw and political-science majors who have dropped out of school and who are into real-estate speculation. The husband and wife are both 35. He has an Audi, she has a Datsun. They live in a condo and work out at Nautilus fitness centers.

''Anyway, I finally got to say hello to Reagan, and I told him I often wonder why he didn't put the striking baseball players in prison. He said he had a mandate. I said there was a difference between a mandate and people hating Carter. I said if he had run unopposed, he would have lost. You always see Reagan posing like he's digging up tree stumps. I asked why did he look so vehement, and he said he was afraid they would become trees.''

But Mr. Sahl added that he had a certain admiration for Mr. Reagan's capacity to laugh at jokes directed against him, which, he said, was not the case with former Presidents. .''

Mr. Sahl will be at Marty's at 1265 Third Avenue through Oct. 10. He appears Mondays through Thursdays at 9 and 11 P.M., Fridays at 10 and midnight and Saturdays at 11 and 12:30 A.M. There are $12 a person minimum at the early shows, $8 at late shows, and a $12 music charge at all shows. For reservations, call 249-4100.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Mort Sahl (page C1)

**End of Document**



[***'Baby Wants to Go to Monte Carlo'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2840-0005-G0JK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 11, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7;  Page 7;  Column 1;  Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography; Review

**Length:** 1471 words

**Byline:** Angus Wilson

By Peter Parker;

Peter Parker, the author of "Ackerley," is writing a biography of Christopher Isherwood.

By Peter Parker;   Peter Parker, the author of "Ackerley," is writing a biography of Christopher Isherwood.

**Body**

ANGUS WILSON

A Biography.

By Margaret Drabble.

Illustrated. 716 pp. New York:

St. Martin's Press. $35.

Future social historians who want to know what England sounded like in the middle decades of the 20th century will be able to study the works of Angus Wilson (1913-91). In his 10 volumes of fiction, Wilson produced a vivid transcription of the babel of English life -- voices from every stratum of society, clamoring for attention. Their arch, genteel and self-deceiving turns of phrase can be heard in the titles of the savagely funny short stories with which he began his career: "Fresh Air Fiend," "Crazy Crowd," "A Sad Fall." The novels that followed are large, ambitious and above all inclusive, giving a voice (particularly in the 1950's) to those hovering nervously on the margins of society or considered entirely beyond the pale.

The British novelist Margaret Drabble, who knew Wilson well in his later years, has written a frank, affectionate and judicious biography, in which she builds a strong case for her subject's importance as a writer. She makes the valuable point that his fiction of the 1940's and 50's was both fresh and revolutionary, anticipating the age of the "angry young man." Britain had emerged from the war, exhausted but triumphant, and there was a sense that this deliverance owed much to the national character of a people Noel Coward had portrayed as "This Happy Breed." Like Coward's celebratory canvases of English life, Wilson's fiction held up a mirror to England; but it was one in which the reflection was decidedly unflattering. As Ms. Drabble puts it, Wilson exposed the English to themselves as "a nation of beggars, snobs, bullies, black-marketeers and hypocrites." Later and larger books, such as the parodic family saga "No Laughing Matter" (1967) and the ambitiously global "As if by Magic" (1973), were equally controversial, and Wilson's relationship with the critics was rarely cozy.

Two things contributed to Wilson's particular literary gifts. The first is that he was the very late child of elderly parents, and so spent many of his formative years eavesdropping on adult conversation, with the result that he became an accomplished mimic. One of the first things he said was "Baby wants to go to Monte Carlo," a remark that is both perfectly of its period (pre-1914) and an early indication of a pronounced Firbankian streak in his character. The second was that he was homosexual in a country where sex was one of the few means by which someone could "cut across class," and thus had access to an unusually wide range of people with which to populate his books. From an early age, the middle-class, public-school-educated Wilson had a particular penchant for ***working-class*** "cockney boys." Significantly, it was their accents that especially attracted him, and they became the unwitting models for such superbly realized characters as Ron Wrigley in "Hemlock and After" (1952) and Vin Salad in "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes" (1956). For those new to Wilson, these funny and appalling comedies of bad manners are a good place to start.

The youngest son, by 13 years, of rentier parents, Wilson was born at Bexhill-on-Sea on the south coast of England. His early years were peripatetic and insecure, mostly spent in private hotels and boardinghouses, a couple of steps ahead of the bailiffs. Among his five siblings, the most colorful, and the nearest to him in age, were Pat and Colin, a devoted pair who involved their little brother in bizarre transvestite games, which "revolved principally round tableaux of executed royalty." They painted their faces, were possibly involved in male prostitution and almost certainly introduced Wilson into the homosexual underworld he depicted with such bold relish in his books.

After coming down from Oxford, Wilson took a job as a book cataloguer at the British Museum, the staff of which rivaled his own family in eccentricity. Further unorthodoxies prevailed at Bletchley Park, the Government Code and Cipher School, where Wilson did his war service. Quite what he did in this highly secret establishment is impossible now to recover, but he suffered some kind of nervous breakdown and was advised by a psychotherapist that he should write stories as a form of therapy. Though prepared to talk about his breakdown, Wilson could never satisfactorily explain its cause, and neither can his biographer. It is significant, however, that the neurotic tendencies that persisted throughout his life tended to manifest themselves in hysterical outbursts, often about trivial matters, like those of a spoiled child over whom parental authority is suddenly and unexpectedly exercised. He also suffered from paranoia, but this is understandable in someone who was unable to follow the dictates of society and the law by camouflaging his sexuality. With his high-pitched voice, his sartorial weakness for velvet and shades of purple and his theatrical manner, he was what used to be called an "obvious" homosexual. Furthermore, his liaisons with cockney boys exposed him to the risks of blackmail, and he was at one period obliged to hand over considerable sums of money to a butcher's apprentice. This episode is mentioned only in passing by Ms. Drabble, and one longs to learn more, particularly since blackmail is a principal theme of "Hemlock and After."

Wilson failed to complete any of the therapeutic early fictional sketches, but one weekend in November 1946, by which time he had recovered sufficiently to return to the British Museum, he sat down and wrote "Raspberry Jam," his macabre story about a young boy's involvement with two mad old women. Over the next seven weekends he wrote seven more stories, and his first volume, "The Wrong Set," appeared to great acclaim in March 1949. He remained "a fully fledged anxiety neurotic" but he had regained control of his life.

In this he was undoubtedly helped by Tony Garrett, a man 16 years his junior whom he met in 1945 and with whom he spent the rest of his life. He and Garrett settled in the Suffolk countryside, a model of domestic propriety, entertaining friends and neighbors and creating a fine cottage garden. Serpents lurked in this paradise, however, and the openness of the couple's conduct led to Garrett's being obliged to resign from his job as a probation officer, after which he took on the invaluable roles of Wilson's secretary and chauffeur. Wilson had abandoned the short story and was concentrating on his increasingly complex and challenging novels, books that teem with character and incident and frequently take as their subject the failures of liberal humanism.

Wilson's reputation was such that, like Christopher Isherwood before him, he was said to hold the future of the English novel in his hands. "The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot" (1958) confirmed his standing, demonstrating that Wilson was one of the few male writers of the period who could create a truly convincing female character. He greeted the generally optimistic 1960's with "The Old Men at the Zoo" (1961), however. A dystopian satire set against the background of a nuclear war, it unnerved his publishers and received mixed reviews. It is certainly less successful than "Late Call" (1964), which returns to the theme of liberalism, unhappily embodied in the contemporary developments of the so-called New Towns; but it marked Wilson's determination to experiment with form, even if this lost him readers. The gradual decline in his popularity and health make for a more than usually dispiriting conclusion to the book.

The first half of Ms. Drabble's biography is absolutely engrossing, and her skills as a novelist bring a real solidity to the fascinating story of Wilson's background and early career. As the book progresses, however, she suffers the same fate as Wilson when he was researching his life of Kipling, and gets "bogged down by the weight of material and of biographical detail." The declaration in Chapter 18 that "the age of the conference had dawned" bodes ill. Much of Wilson's later life was spent flying around the world, lecturing at universities and delivering papers at assorted gatherings of writers, but while this was an important aspect of his career, the long lists of places visited, people met and dinners consumed are wearying and add little to the overall picture. Ms. Drabble also seems hesitant about introducing herself into the narrative and gets into rather a muddle, referring to herself sometimes in the third person, sometimes in the first -- sometimes both on the same page. All this could have been sorted out by any competent editor, and such flaws must be set against the book's genuine achievement: it places Angus Wilson in the charivari of the unfolding century and demonstrates how this fine writer was shaped by, and recorded, the society in which he lived.

**Graphic**

Photo: Angus Wilson in 1956, the year he published "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes." (PAUL MOOR/VIKING)

**Load-Date:** August 11, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Victoria Beckham: Is She for Real?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:50Y6-C8D1-DXY4-X16X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 5, 2010 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2010 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section ST; Column 0; Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2329 words

**Byline:** By RUTH LA FERLA

**Body**

London

VICTORIA BECKHAM talks the talk. Guiding a visitor through her fall 2010 collection, spread on a rack in her studio in Battersea, she draws out a dress recently worn by Cameron Diaz, identifying its fabric authoritatively as a metallic jacquard. Another, shapely and lavishly draped, is underpinned by domette wadding, she says, to hold its folds in place. Still another, crisp as corn flakes, was made of gazar. ''Gazar, I love it,'' Ms. Beckham murmurs, savoring the term like a vintage Bordeaux.

A quick study, she has mastered the argot of the cutting room with the same alacrity that has marked all her most ardent pursuits -- the voice and music lessons that laid the foundations for her career as the pop idol known as Posh Spice; her marriage to the British soccer star David Beckham, an exercise in family branding; her wardrobe, engineered to show off her whippet frame and improbably lusty chest.

''I don't do anything by halves,'' she says, an edge in her voice. ''If you're going to do something, do it properly, I think. Otherwise there is no point in doing it at all.''

That resolve has paid off handsomely. In recent months Ms. Beckham, she of the contorted public poses, racy aphorisms and fleeting television career, has emerged as an industry force, the wily maverick of New York Fashion Week.

Written off not so long ago as a pneumatic Barbie of the hinterlands, Ms. Beckham has been a fixture in the front row at presentations like those of Chanel and Marc Jacobs. Her sinuously curvy cocktail dresses have been worn by Jennifer Lopez, Drew Barrymore and Ms. Diaz and are showcased in stores alongside luxury labels like Narciso Rodriguez and Vera Wang. ''Don't underestimate her,'' said Anna Wintour, among the many editors and retailers who have embraced her, pointing out that Ms. Beckham has managed, in a scant four seasons, to shed her dubious standing as the girl least likely to succeed.

''She's growing up,'' said Ken Downing, the fashion director of Neiman Marcus, and an early advocate of Ms. Beckham's designs. ''Her knowledge of dressmaking is impressive. She understands how to bring out the best in the female form, and that's one reason our clients are drawn to what she does.'' As important, he said, ''She knows how good clothes feel when they're on. Because she has worn them.''

Good clothes are necessary adjunct to a life spent basking in the public eye. Ms. Beckham has cavorted for the camera in the Mediterranean-style villa in Beverly Hills, Calif., that she shares with her husband, a home filled with art by Damien Hirst, Sam Taylor-Wood and Tracey Emin. She has sashayed along fashion runways, modeled in high-profile advertising campaigns and appeared as a guest on television shows like ''Ugly Betty'' ''Project Runway'' and ''American Idol.''

Her life -- the feverishly documented spending sprees, the star turns on the red carpet, the clamor for her designs -- may be enviable, but she wants you to know it has left her unspoiled. ''Doing diva,'' she said in London in June, ''that's completely pointless.''

INSIDERS powerful enough to score an invitation to her intimate spring 2011 showing next Sunday in a town house on East 63rd Street may well take her at her word. They will be greeted by a woman aglow in, though not overtly dazzled by, her own success, one who serves as the commentator for her shows -- confessing, rather disarmingly, her relative ignorance. ''Look, it's a very basic way that I am doing this,'' she said last season. ''Technically, it's probably not the right way.''

Her dresses, once so corseted that they gave off a whiff of kitsch, are loosening up, exuding at times a patrician breeziness. Whisking a visitor around her London headquarters, she said: ''My style has relaxed a bit. I think you will see that in this next collection.''

You will also see a self-assured creature whose angular features have grown softer and more womanly, her turnout a departure from the constricting get-ups that once were her fashion signature.

Diamond studs wink in her ears and a pink gold Rolex gleams on her wrist -- but these are discrete compared with the rhinestone studded hipster jeans she flaunted in New York only a handful of years ago.

The brief skirt she wore for her interview was demurely balanced by a cropped Alaia cardigan that revealed nothing more brazen than a line of Hebrew scripture tattooed at the base of her neck: ''I am my lover's and my lover is mine,'' meant to cement her marriage bond, which has survived numerous allegations of Mr. Beckham's infidelities. Through it all -- the up-and-down marriage, the abortive singing career, the storming of fashion's citadel and the occasional misstep, including the failure of an earlier denim line -- Ms. Beckham has proved a deft architect of her own ascent.

One part inspiration, three parts aspiration, she is quick to disclose the great source of her drive. ''I am a control freak,'' she said calmly in her studio. No Ghesquiere or Galliano, she does not claim to be an innovator. ''She takes conventional dresses and makes them stand out,'' said Alexandra Shulman, the editor of British Vogue. But a dedication to perfection has played a significant part in the advancement of her fashion career.

Yet Ms. Beckham, by her own account, is a wobbly work in progress. ''I'm very aware that I'm working my way up the ladder,'' she said. ''I have a long, long way to go.''

With her business partner, Simon Fuller, the creator of ''American Idol,'' she presides over a luxury brand encompassing dresses, denim, sunglasses and now a line of handbags that will make its debut on the runway next week. Her dresses, built on a contour-perfecting inner scaffolding, are magnets to the well-heeled clients ready to pay for a Grecian draped tunic or urn-shaped cocktail dress. Their growing allegiance has contributed to sales in excess of $7 million last year, said Zach Duane, the company's senior vice president for business development, a figure that would hold steady through this year as well.

Not so impressive, perhaps, by the standards of industry behemoths who tally their sales in the billions of dollars. But Ms. Beckham envisions a measured growth for her brand. ''We are moving in baby steps,'' she said of the line, mostly financed at the outset with the proceeds -- under $1 million -- from the sales of the Beckhams' successful fragrance line.

The collection is tightly distributed; the dresses are made in England and carried in 20 stores around the world. New denim and eyewear collections are being sold in 100 stores, Mr. Duane said, and free-standing Victoria Beckham boutiques are in the offing.

Ms. Beckham, he indicated, can take much of the credit for the label's success. ''She is incredibly involved in pricing, wanting to know where we're at in terms of turnover, and how the costs are being managed,'' he said. ''She is fully aware that this is the only way that you can properly run a business.''

She is certainly integral to the design process, draping her dresses on herself. ''I might get a piece of fabric and tie it around me, then ask an assistant to pin it for me,'' she said. ''I'm not claiming to be a master draper. The bottom line is: Would I wear this?''

Her beaver-ish attentiveness to the fit, construction and marketing of her line has just won her a British Fashion Council nomination as Designer Brand of the Year. It has also secured her enviable retail real estate. At Bergdorf Goodman, her dresses, which sell from roughly $1,500 to $3,700, ''are among the highest sell-through performers,'' said Jim Gold, chief executive of the store. What's more, there is a wait list. ''It's not unusual for a dress to be reserved two or three deep,'' he said.

She may like the taste of victory. But Ms. Beckham is still fending off critics from inside an armor of self-deprecation. ''I'm so camp, such a gay man trying to get out,'' she likes to say. And, ''It's exhausting being fabulous.''

Her sauciness has endeared her to no less a cultural arbiter than Marc Jacobs, who befriended Ms. Beckham and featured her in an ad campaign, in which she allowed herself to be photographed upended, her legs projecting from a shopping bag and waving in the air. Mr. Jacobs's public embrace went some way toward redeeming her in the eyes of the fashion cognoscenti.

Yet she is still being held to the coals by some insiders who tagged her from the beginning as an upstart, just another in long line of pop confections to brand her initials on someone else's frocks. Skepticism has dogged her since she announced her intention to create her fashion label.

''There is always a certain amount of bias involved when you have a name as big as hers,'' acknowledged Holli Rogers, the buying director for Net-a-Porter, now Ms. Beckham's biggest global client. The Web-based company picked up her line in its first season, but not without ''a lot of deliberation,'' Ms. Rogers recalled. ''We had to take into consideration, 'Is this a marketable brand for our level of customer?' ''

In February, the New York Times fashion critic Cathy Horyn dismissed Ms. Beckham's fall collection as a succession of ''ladylike vamp dresses straight from the movies. I could see them on TCM any old time.''

The barbs sting, Ms. Beckham acknowledged, but not enough to deflect her from her purpose. ''I want to build something that's very respected,'' she said with a pleading urgency. Her career, she added, ''is about getting things right. I want to make sure I'm in this position in 20 years' time.''

You believe her, even feel for her. Still, it's tough to forget that Ms. Beckham is a skilled performer, balancing a calculated raciness with a great show of decorum and humility. For the space of a morning she held her runaway tongue in check, sparing the salty commentary that has seasoned past conversations. ''You have to go to a sex shop to get this spray to polish them,'' she once said of a pair of thigh-high PVC boots she wore for a Macy's appearance. More than once she has boasted about the size of her husband's penis.

But holding forth at her London studio, she dabbed at the corners of her mouth, perching or alternately rocking on the edge of her chair like a schoolgirl in a scratchy pinafore -- her propriety evidently conceived to disarm the greatest cynics.

Ed Burstell, who first encountered Ms. Beckham a couple of years ago, during his tenure as a top executive at Bergdorf Goodman, relished her sales pitch, describing it as girly and unscripted. Ms. Beckham had approached him as an artless supplicant, he recalled, alighting in his boardroom to show off her new line of sunglasses.

''She had all the frames in a plastic bag,'' said Mr. Burstell, who is now the managing director for Liberty in London, adding with a hoot, ''She pulled some of them out and was modeling some of the frames for me, really getting into it, really working it. She was funny, but at the same time relentless.''

Ms. Beckham's persistence is ingrained. ''Nothing has ever come easy to me,'' she said wryly. ''At school I was never the brightest child. I had to work really hard.'' Acutely aware of her shortcomings, she can be her own toughest critic. ''I'm no Mariah Carey,'' she said of her time as a Spice Girl. As a designer, she thinks of herself as still being in a formative stage, her style sense as fungible as her public persona. Why not? ''I find it really boring when people are afraid to change,'' she said.

Her metamorphosis seems well in keeping with her ever-mutating aims. What motivates her? ''You have to think that she doesn't want to be eclipsed by her husband,'' Mr. Burstell said, an observation she would be unlikely to challenge.

The label of WAG, a British acronym reserved for the brassily acquisitive wives and girlfriends of soccer players, seems to leave her unfazed. ''I was probably responsible for creating that look,'' Ms. Beckham said, ''the long hair extensions, the fake tan, lots of makeup.'' But unlike her presumptive peers, ''I've never really been a true WAG,'' she said quickly. ''I've always had a career.''

There are still great gaps in her catalog of accomplishments. ''I would love to be Lady Beckham,'' she once joshed in a radio interview. But you suspect that her remarks are only half in jest.

''You can't buy class,'' she said. But a string of good works may not hurt. ''I grew up obviously admiring Lady Diana's style, the amount that she gave, the charities,'' she said. The Beckhams have helped raise millions in support of cancer research and children's education. The Victoria and David Beckham Charitable Trust serves children in need, providing wheelchairs, prosthetics and other forms of assistance.

As revealing is her guest list for an imaginary dinner party, not just the predictably aristocratic likes of Grace Kelly and Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, but also contemporary idols like Cate Blanchett; Tilda Swinton; Carine Roitfeld, the editor of French Vogue; and, oh, yes, Michelle Obama. ''I really would love to dress her,'' Ms. Beckham said almost plaintively.

For all her ambition, Ms. Beckham is not ready to slough off the last remnants of her ***working-class*** past. In the 1980s, her father, an electrical distributor, celebrated his own success by trading up from a van to a shiny Rolls-Royce and dropping her off at school in it. Ms. Beckham was mortified. ''Daddy,'' she remembered begging him, ''can we please go in the van?''

''I just wanted to fit in,'' she recalled, cringing at the memory.

She takes pride just the same in being her father's daughter, self-made to the core, the product of an unwavering optimism. She is aware her career isn't bulletproof. At least not yet. It was built, after all, on ''not taking 'no' for an answer.''

''My whole life has been that way,'' she said. ''I've always enjoyed proving people wrong.''

Online Correction: September 4, 2010, Saturday

A caption accompanying an earlier version of this article misspelled the first name of Courteney Cox.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: THE BOSS: Victoria Beckham at her London design studio. ''I don't do anything by halves. If you're going to do something, do it properly, I think.'' (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FAIRER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (ST1)

X-WOMAN: Ms. Beckham in 2007 at the show of Marc Jacobs, whom she counts as a close friend. (PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICKMcMULLAN/PATRICKMcMULLAN.COM)

IN COMMAND: Victoria Beckham, in her London studio, where she connects the dots for her clothing line. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT FAIRER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

IN THE MOMENT: At left, the Beckhams in Rome at the 2006 wedding of Katie Holmes and Tom Cruise. Right, Ms. Beckham at a 2010 Oscars party. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SALVATORE LAPORTA/GETTY IMAGES

AXEL KOESTER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

COLORFUL SOLITUDE: Ms. Beckham, a standout figure behind sunglasses and a jade dress, in the front row for a showing of Chanel in October 2007. (PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUNO PELLERIN/EUROPEAN PRESSPHOTO AGENCY)

FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES: From left, Courtney Cox, Mary J. Blige, Drew Barrymore and Cameron Diaz are some of the notables who have worn the designs of Ms. Beckham, who now lives among them in Southern California. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEVORK DJANSEZIAN/GETTY IMAGES

JASON MERRITT/GETTY IMAGES

KEVIN WINTER/GETTY IMAGES

CRAIG BARRITT/GETTY IMAGES) (ST8)

**Load-Date:** September 5, 2010

**End of Document**



[***Architecture: Modernist Master's Deceptively Simple World***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4PBW-7PF0-TW8F-G49K-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 5, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 27

**Length:** 2065 words

**Byline:** By NICOLAI OUROUSSOFF

**Body**

PORTO ALEGRE, Brazil

IT'S unlikely that the Portuguese architect Alvaro Siza will ever enjoy the fame of, say, a Rem Koolhaas or a Frank Gehry, architects who have vaulted to international attention by demolishing accepted orthodoxies.

For one thing Mr. Siza rarely builds outside Europe, while his celebrity counterparts shuttle around the globe.

He has spent his career quietly working on the fringes of the international architecture scene. He dislikes long plane flights, mostly because of a decades-long smoking habit and recent back problems. And he still seems most at ease in Porto, Portugal, his native city, where he can often be found sketching in a local cafe with a pack of cigarettes within easy reach.

Yet over the last five decades Mr. Siza, now 74, has steadily assembled a body of work that ranks him among the greatest architects of his generation, and his creative voice has never seemed more relevant than now.

His reputation is likely to receive a boost from his museum here for the Ibere Camargo Foundation, his most sculptural work to date. Its curvaceous bleached white exterior, nestled against a lush Brazilian hillside, has a vibrant sensuality that contrasts with the corporate sterility of so many museums today.

Yet to understand Mr. Siza's thinking fully, you must travel back to his earlier buildings. Set mostly within a few hours drive of Porto, an aging industrial hub in northern Portugal, they include a range of relatively modest projects, from public housing to churches to private houses, that tap into local traditions and the wider arc of Modernist history. The best of them are striking for a rare spirit of introspection. Their crisp forms and precise lines are contemporary yet atavistic in spirit. The surfaces retain the memory of the laborer's hands; the walls exude a sense of gravity.

His apparent reluctance to stray too far away from home is not simply a question of temperament. It is rooted in deeply felt beliefs about architecture's cultural role. In a profession that remains stubbornly divided between nostalgia for a saccharine nonexistent past and a blind faith in the new global economy, he neither rejects history nor ignores contemporary truths. Instead, his architecture encapsulates a society in a fragile state of evolution, one in which the threads that bind us need to be carefully preserved.

A pensive, heavyset man whose face is partly masked behind a trim beard and wire-frame glasses, Mr. Siza has the air of an Old World intellectual. Among architects his reputation began to flourish in the late 1970s and early '80s, as Portugal and Spain were emerging from decades of isolation imposed by the rightist dictatorships of Salazar and Franco.

By the mid-'80s, he had emerged as an important creative voice in Europe's architectural milieu, with commissions that included a low-income housing complex in Berlin and an apartment and shopping complex in The Hague. In 1987 the dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Design, the Spanish architect Jose Rafael Moneo, organized the first show of Mr. Siza's work in the United States. And he received broad attention when he captured the 1992 Pritzker Prize, his profession's highest honor.

Mr. Siza's projects are notable for a delicate weave of allusions to specific regions and cultural figures. In the 1950s and '60s he worked closely with the Portuguese Modernist Fernando Tavora, who instilled in him both a strong respect for the traditions of Portuguese architecture and an understanding that no creative work has real meaning unless it is anchored in the present.

''Tavora was a very cultivated man,'' Mr. Siza told me over dinner in Porto Alegre. ''He was very interested in the traditions of Portugal. But he was interested in the continuity of that tradition, of how it could be the basis for a modern transformation not in any one architectural style. This was very important for me.''

Among Mr. Siza's earliest works was a mesmerizing public pool complex he created in the 1960s for Leca da Palmeira, a fishing town and summer resort north of Porto. Built on a rocky site on the edge of the Atlantic, the project is hidden below an existing seawall, and is virtually invisible from the city's peaceful seaside promenade.

To reach it you descend a narrow stairway and then pass through a series of open-air changing rooms with concrete walls before emerging on the shore. The pools themselves are nothing but low, gently curved concrete barriers between the rocks, their languid forms trapping the seawater as it laps over them to create big natural swimming areas.

The rough concrete walls fit so naturally into the context of the sea wall, the rocks and the ocean that they feel as though they've been there for centuries. Yet by drawing the procession through the site, Mr. Siza is also able to build a sense of suspense that is only released once you finally immerse yourself on the water.

He builds on these ideas in later projects, creating clean geometric shapes that seem to have been distorted in order to fit them into their surroundings. One of his most mesmerizing buildings is a small two-story structure designed for the University of Porto's architecture faculty that frames three sides of a small triangular courtyard. One edge of the building follows the line of an existing stone wall; another orients the viewer toward a long narrow garden on a bluff. The entrance is cut out of a back corner, giving the impression that the building cracked open as Mr. Siza strained to adapt it to the site. It's as if the design is a kind of hinge, linking past, present and future.

Mr. Siza's ability to evoke a powerful sense of historical time through his architecture struck me with special force a few years ago when I visited a small church complex he designed for the dusty ***working-class*** town of Marco de Canavezes, a short drive east of Porto. The beauty lies in the slow pace at which its meaning unfolds. A tall narrow building in whitewashed concrete on a steeply sloping site, it is anchored to the ground by a beige granite base. Its three sections frame a small, unadorned entrance court.

That simplicity, altogether deceptive, becomes a tool for sensitizing you to your environment. As you move through the church, for example, the smoothly polished stone floor changes to wood, allowing for an intuitive transition from the formality of the entry to the intimacy of the main worship space.Sunlight spills down through big curved scooped openings near the top of the walls in a modest nod to Le Corbusier's chapel at Ronchamp, a masterpiece of high Modernism.

But the resonance of the building does not hit home until you proceed through the entire sequence of chambers that make up the church. A narrow passageway descends from the main worship space to a mortuary chapel. From there you step out into an arcaded courtyard with a solitary tree. Then you can climb back up a stone staircase along the church's exterior and circle back to the front.

It's like a measured procession from the world of the living to the world of the dead, and back again, one that only unfolds slowly overtime.

''The big thing for me is the pressure to do everything very quickly,'' Mr. Siza said to me recently over drinks. ''That is the problem with so much architecture. This speed is impossible. Some people think the computer is so quick, for example. But the computer does not think for you, and the time it takes us to think does not change.''

The Ibere Camargo Foundation is in many ways the ideal project for Mr. Siza. He has deep emotional ties to Brazil. His father, an electrical engineer, was born there. And Mr. Siza has always been enchanted by Brazil's early embrace of Modernism and its tinge of hedonism.

''My father told many stories about Brazil,'' he said. ''When I came here the first time 20 years ago, I felt like in Portugal, but with a tropical atmosphere. More free.''

That freedom is evident in the sculptural exuberance of the museum, which is expected to open sometime next year. The building was conceived over a decade ago by a local industrialist to house the work of Ibere Camargo, a Brazilian artist revered locally for his somber figurative paintings and etchings.

As with all of Mr. Siza's best work, the museum's forms forge a closely calibrated architectural narrative, regulating your pace through the site. Visitors approach the entry on a narrow path set along a series of low, one-story structures that house a print shop, artists' studios and cafe. Your eye traces the long low line of the roof, which is interrupted by a small sunken court before picking up again, setting up a gentle rhythm that draws you deeper and deeper into the site.

Once you reach the main entry court, you can turn back and catch a diagonal view across the cafe of the town center, with the slender smokestack of a former thermoelectric plant. The view locks the museum back into the cityscape, as if to remind you that art is woven into everyday life.

Most magically, cantilevered passageways curl across the front facade like an enormous hand. When you gaze up in the courtyard, it's as if the building were embracing you.

The foundation building is still incomplete, and when I arrived, Mr. Siza was still fiddling with details. Scaffolding filled the main atrium; at one point he spent a half-hour or so discussing the position of a light fixture.

You could already feel the force of the interior. In a twist on Frank Lloyd Wright's rotunda at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York, Mr. Siza located all the galleries around the towering central atrium. Visitors will wind through a sequence of galleries that overlook the atrium on each floor, slipping repeatedly into long fingerlike passageways to reach the next level.

Mr. Siza uses light to heighten the contrast between the galleries and the dark narrow passageways. A thin slot at the top of the atrium wall allows sunlight to wash over its white surface, enlivening the interior. Big windows frame views of the Guaiba River. By contrast the curved passageways have the aura of secret spaces. Only a single small window framing a view of the city punctures each one.

Ultimately the passageways are yet again a way of drawing out the time spent in thought, allowing us to absorb more fully what we have just experienced. In a way they are Mr. Siza's rejoinder to the ruthless pace of global consumerism.

In that respect the building echoes projects by a sprinkling of architects who are seemingly in revolt against the psychic damage wrought by a relentless barrage of marketing images. Mr. Moneo once designed a cathedral in Los Angeles whose entry sequence was so drawn out that the journey felt like doing penance.

Like Mr. Moneo, Mr. Siza seeks to prolong the architectural sequence to its furthest extreme. The question is whether the public will feel at ease in this building. How will the contemporary art lover, accustomed to constant diversions, deal with this level of silence?

''All of us have doubts about our work,'' Mr. Siza said one evening after a tour of the site. ''I worry I am working in a way that doesn't conform to our times. So I wonder, should I accept more the times that I live in? But I'm not so sure that this will lead to a good answer to improve the situation of people in the world.''

Whatever his doubts, his vision of an architecture rooted in a historical continuum seems vitally important in a world fractured by political conflict and ethnic hatreds. If an earlier generation of Modernists believed that architecture could play a vital role in spurring us along the road to utopia, we now know that progress is no longer a guarantee. Almost any society, it turns out, can quickly and unexpectedly descend into darkness and savagery.

At the same time the march of global capitalism has made faith in technology, a Modernist dogma, seem less and less attractive. And if the bold and delirious forms churned out by celebrated architects today mirror social upheavals, they can also serve to camouflage the damage.

Mr. Siza's architecture suggests a gentler, alternate path. It does not promise a better world but reminds us that the threads binding a civilized society can be rewoven. And in an age that rarely bothers to distinguish shallow novelty from true moral engagement, that is an act of courage.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: (Photographs by Leonardo Finotti)

Alvaro Siza, above, and a church complex he designed, right, for the town of Marco de Canavezes in Portugal. (Photograph by Chiara Porcu)

From the top, a view from the Ibere Camargo Foundation in Porto Alegre, Brazil

the Ibere Camargo's bleached white exterior

the Museum of Contemporary Art, Serralves Foundation in Porto, Portugal

the Galician Center of Contemporary Art in Santiago de Compostela, Spain. (Photograph by Galician Center of Contemporary Art)

**Load-Date:** February 11, 2009

**End of Document**



[***On East End, Employers Play Landlord***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47D3-MBW0-01CN-H51N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 8, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14LI; Column 3; Long Island Weekly Desk; Pg. 8

**Length:** 1626 words

**Byline:**  By MARY REINHOLZ

**Dateline:** SOUTHAMPTON

**Body**

BETTY VENTURELLA grew up here and said she had known for years that local real estate prices are "out of control." But the housing crunch didn't hit home until late September, when the summer crush ends and housing problems ease for most residents. Instead, Ms. Venturella's landlord announced that he was selling her home near Noyac. He gave her a month's notice to vacate the house that she and her husband, John, a self-employed carpenter, had been renting for almost $2,000 a month.

Ms. Venturella, 48, spoke to her boss. And in what seemed like a New York minute, the couple and their two children moved into a red ranch house on North Magee Street in Tuckahoe. "We're planning to spend the winter here, and it's possible we will buy it," she said.

The property and a wooded lot nearby on West Neck Road were bought recently by her employer of nine years, Henry Hildreth, 46, who lives up the street. He owns Hildreth's department store, a Southampton institution that was founded by Lewis Hildreth in 1842 and claims to be the oldest store in America still owned by the same family.

"Whatever we do is only possible with Henry's help," said Ms. Venturella, who works in merchandising and displays at Hildreth's Southampton and East Hampton branches. "He's been fortunate in life, and he's a generous-hearted person who does whatever he can afford."

Mr. Hildreth, who has ancestors on both sides who were among the East End's first white settlers, insists he has no money these days, "only credit" and the clout of his family name. "I didn't go into this to lose money," he said.

But he bought the two Tuckahoe properties, which are worth close to $1 million, and is considering buying a third parcel, all to subdivide so he can give his employees the "first shot, the best shot to get a mortgage" for a piece of land or a starter home on some of the Island's most coveted and pricey terrain.

There's no requirement that Ms. Venturella or any other employees who take advantage of Mr. Hildreth's offer remain with his company. But he said the deal was an inducement to keep them working at his stores and eliminate the disincentive of the "trade parade" traffic jam along Montauk Highway every weekday morning, when workers from more affordable up-Island communities pile across the Shinnecock Canal on their way to jobs farther east.

"Out here on the East End, it's impossible to have regular employees because they can't afford to live here," Mr. Hildreth said. "They drive by these McMansions and say, 'Are you kidding?' They may wish upon a star, but they will never have that kind of opulence. So I want to try and make life easier for them."

Local politicians seem unanimous in their concern about maintaining an adequate work force despite the dearth of legal lower-cost housing and the regulations and community protests that stand in the way of construction of new housing.

Fred W. Thiele Jr., the South Fork's state assemblyman, said Mr. Hildreth's efforts underscored the "deepening crisis" in housing. "Not everyone wants their boss to be their landlord," Mr. Thiele said in a telephone interview. "But in a difficult housing market, this is another opportunity."

Mr. Thiele has drafted legislation that would allow the five East End towns to increase the 2 percent real estate transfer tax by 0.5 percent, to be deposited into a community housing fund. Mr. Thiele said that if enacted by the State Legislature, the measure would generate $200 million by 2020 for building new housing and would also provide financial assistance for first-time homeowners.

Thomas J. Tobin, the president of the Bridgehampton National Bank, said that several area businesses recently approached the bank for financing to build housing to attract and keep employees. "It's a real dilemma" for businesses here, he said, "because without employees you can't run a business."

One of the businessmen his bank has helped is Declan Blackmore, 35, who owns Summerhill Landscapes in Sag Harbor. Mr. Blackmore said he bought two houses to accommodate a crew of Irish employees who work for him nine months a year on temporary visas. He said that the employees had been spending most of their pay on expensive rentals.

"My employees were paying a lot of money for poor conditions," he said. "Two paid $800 a room a month. They were barely getting by paying this enormous rent. What I do is offer a subsidized rent -- half of what they would pay."

Three of his employees, he said, pay about $100 a week rent for a furnished "basic house" -- three bedrooms, a basement and patio in the Northwest Woods neighborhood of East Hampton -- that he purchased seven years ago for $130,000. He also has a five-bedroom house in Southampton for employees.

Employer housing on the East End is hardly a new idea. The Southampton Press, a local weekly, has long offered new reporters the option of renting an apartment in one of two Westhampton buildings owned by the publisher's father, Donald Louchheim.

Farmers routinely provide housing to seasonal laborers. Jay Schneiderman, the East Hampton town supervisor, said that Montauk had a great deal of employer-sponsored housing for student and immigrant workers at restaurants and yacht clubs during the summer crush when the East End's year-round population of 125,000 jumps past 300,000.

Gurney's Inn, the spa and conference center in Montauk, has dormitory-style housing on site for 75 workers and rents houses and a motel to accommodate a seasonal staff that swells to 250 at the its peak, said Paul Monte, the general manager. Gurney's also finds housing for new management employees if they need it, Mr. Monte said.

Cheryl Hartsbough, Gurney's 42-year-old spa director, said it was "horrible trying to find a place to live" after she was hired a year and half ago from a job in Florida. She said Gurney's found a small apartment in Montauk for her and her 7-year-old daughter and then relocated them to a three-bedroom ranch house in Springs. She said the rent was $2,100 a month.

"I'm not next to Martha Stewart," she said, "But I love it. It's a diverse community with many different nationalities and ethnic groups. It has a middle class. There are artists here and regular folks."

In an effort to increase the housing stock, Southampton passed an accessory apartment law this spring legalizing apartments in detached structures like pool houses and garages, so long as the homeowners apply for permits and establish that they have installed smoke detectors and met other fire and safety regulations.

Dennis Finnerty, a member of the Southampton Planning Board, said the town also had a new law allowing apartments above stores in the village business zone. "The idea," Mr. Finnerty said, "is that is that if you can relax the regulations, the apartments will become more available on the open market and then more affordable."

But Kevin McDonald, vice president of the Group for the South Fork, said the question posed at a land-use seminar he attended in Southampon this fall was, "Why would anybody do any of this legally if so much of it has already happened illegally?" He was alluding to the hundreds of illegal share houses in the Hamptons.

Mr. Finnerty said the laws were passed because "Southampton recognizes that there is illegal housing in our town, and we're trying to get homeowners to comply" with the town zoning code.

Mike Benincasa, the chief inspector for Southampton's Building Department, could not supply figures on the number of residents taking advantage of the new accessory apartment law. But compliance appears to be slow, and real estate prices continue to rise.

Year-round town employees and young professionals making $50,000 to $80,000 a year seem to be having trouble finding a legal apartment or starter home, "It's impossible to find a home for less than $350,000, and I'm talking about what was once called a plain old house," said Patrick A. Heaney. the Southampton town supervisor. Because the median price of a house in the town is $650,000, he added, "the problem is getting worse."

Mr. Monte said that because of escalating real estate prices on the East End, employers would have to play a larger role in providing housing for their employees. "Beyond that," he added, "the town absolutely has to get involved in affordable housing, whether it be through mother-nd-daughter permits or legalized basement and accessory apartments. This would increase the tax base for the town, and people would be able to rent affordable apartments."

"The sad part of this is that a lot of people are doing this illegally, and the people who are living in them are in substandard conditions," he added. "They're unsafe, and nobody is policing them. It's a pathetic situation."

Mr. Schneiderman said that the Town of East Hampton was planning a "major crackdown on illegal housing" in 2003. "There's a tremendous amount of illegal housing here," he said. He added that he was also considering a proposal that would provide amnesty to homeowners with illegal accessory apartments.

The supervisor said the town had other affordable housing projects under way. But he noted that there was a nimby mentality in a town zoned primarily for single-family homes.

"Apartment buildings are probably the least tolerable here," he said. "The attitude is that if you're building an apartment, you're creating a slum."

Mr. Schneiderman warned that if current real estate trends and attitudes did not change, "what you will end up with 20 years from now is going to look like the old plantation. The only way to live in the Hamptons will be as a multimillionaire, or you're going to have to work for a multimillionaire and live in a little guest house. There will be no ***working class***. And that is not a community that I want to live in."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Henry Hildreth, the owner of Hildreth's department stores, rents this house in Southampton to an employee, Betty Venturella.; Gurney's Inn houses 75 employees on site, above and left. "The town absolutely has to get involved in affordable housing," said Paul Monte, above, general manager. (Photographs by Doug Kuntz for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 8, 2002

**End of Document**



[***HOME ENTERTAINMENT/RECORDINGS: RECENT RELEASES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SD10-003Y-K3WV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 2, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 36; Column 2; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 2;; Review

**Length:** 1340 words

**Body**

CLASSICAL

'The Orchestral Music of Charles Ives'

Orchestra New England conducted by James Sinclair; Koch International Classics 3-7025-2; CD and cassette.

The Yankee eccentric rides again in this lively collection from a chamber orchestra based in his native Connecticut. The selections, some in the Ives Society's new critical edition, are mostly short pieces, but they culminate in the suite "Three Places in New England." Despite somewhat shallow sound, the performances have vitality and a transparency refreshing for this rambunctious figure. -- Andrew L. Pincus

Gilbert & Sullivan: 'The Pirates of Penzance' and 'The Mikado'

D'Oyly Carte Opera Company and Orchestra conducted by John Pryce Jones. That's Entertainment Records TER 1177 and TER 1178; CD and cassette.

If this new company cannot yet deliver the traditional ensemble hauteur or the rich individual characterizations of classic D'Oyly Carte versions, it does offer musical bonuses. Sullivan's instrumentation, using cleaned-up manuscripts, is well detailed, and there are original versions of numbers -- like "Were You Not to Ko-Ko Plighted" in "The Mikado," which has a dropped verse restored. Current British operetta favorites are featured, including Marilyn Hill Smith, a very fine "Pirates" Mabel, and Bonaventura Bottone, as Nanki-Poo.*-- Richard Traubner*

Tobias Picker: Symphony No. 2 ('Aussohnung'); String Quartet No. 1 ('New Memories')

Leona Mitchell, soprano; the Houston Symphony, Sergiu Comissiona, conductor. Mendelssohn String Quartet. Elektra/Nonesuch 9 79246-2; CD and cassette.

Tobias Picker studied with that grand duo of American rationalists -- Milton Babbitt and Charles Wuorinen -- and, like them, possesses an abiding faith in the European 12-tone tradition. But his recent music, influenced by American trends toward tonality and accessibility, has opened up immensely, and his Symphony No. 2 sounds like full-blown post-Romanticism. This is, however, no easy return to Romanticism. Instead, it partakes of a chromatic Expressionism, underpinned by tonal references that burst to the surface only in the Straussian setting of a Goethe poem. The String Quartet No. 1, inspired by Georgia O'Keeffe, is more abstract and dissonant, but no less poignant. *-- K. Robert Schwarz*

Crumb: Works for Piano, Vol. 1

Jeffrey Jacob, piano. Centaur CRC 2050; CD only.

Mr. Crumb's trademark gestures -- the clusters, whispers, tics, clicks and other-worldly evocations -- are impressively on display in this first installment of a two-volume traversal of his piano music. Mr. Jacob plays (and hums and strums) well, and the three selections include the hypnotically tinted and allusive "Makrokosmos," Vol. 1, from 1972. The other works are terser and less gratifying: the Webern-tinged Five Pieces for Piano (1962) and the more convoluted "Gnomic Variations" (1982), written for Mr. Jacob. The album is marred by some careless tape editing. *-- Andrew L. Pincus*

'Music for Martha Graham' -- Copland: 'Appalachian Spring'; Barber: 'Cave of the Heart' ('Medea')

Atlantic Sinfonietta conducted by Andrew Schenck. Koch International Classics 3-7019-2 H1; CD and cassette.

Here are two familiar works in their original guises. "Appalachian Spring" (1944) and "Cave of the Heart" (1946) were written for Martha Graham's ballet company, and that meant economy of means -- 13 instruments in the former case, 14 in the latter. Later, Mr. Copland fleshed out his score for the popular orchestral suite, and Mr. Barber recast his work as "Medea's Meditation and Dance of Vengeance." In getting back to the originals, Andrew Schenck shows us a psychologically shadowed side of "Appalachian Spring" omitted from the suite and bares the raw fierceness of the "Medea" ballet. But more than that, Mr. Schenck and company turn in performances of danceable pulse and suppleness, all recorded in vibrant colors. -- Lawrence B. Johnson

POP/JAZZ

Happy Mondays: 'Pills 'n' Thrills and Bellyaches'

Elektra 60986; CD and cassette.

The Happy Mondays of Manchester are the most significant group to emerge from Britain's ***working-class*** "rave culture," which has invented its own delinquent version of the "enterprise culture." The rave culture works hard (drug dealing, bootlegging) and plays hard (getting high on Ecstasy and house music). Happy Mondays' music is a lumpy puree of 70's funk, boogie guitar and 1990 house production, over which the singer Shaun Ryder spews a queasy stream of consciousness: squalid tales of chemical and sexual excess, oblique observations of lumpen-prole life. When it works, as in the baleful, sultry shimmer of "Loose Fit," it's brilliant. But too often, "Pills 'n' Thrills" is a perplexing mishmash. If the Mondays' sound and scene is the new punk, it's because it's designed to confuse and repel outsiders.*-- Simon Reynolds*

The Flaming Lips: 'In a Priest Driven Ambulance'

Restless 7 72359; cassette and CD.

For many young rock bands, psychedelia is a gimmick. But for the Flaming Lips of Norman, Okla., it's a credo. The band's fifth release sounds like psychedelia's inbred eighth cousin, with blasts of metallic feedback, Moog-like whistling noises and three songs about Jesus. But the Lips don't just wallow in weirdness; their songs are cunningly constructed. "Five Stop Mother Superior Rain" builds from a moribund acoustic guitar into crisp verses framed by drips of slide guitar. From a psychedelic base the Lips have evolved into a genre unto themselves.*-- Karen Schoemer*

Tom Ze: 'Massive Hits'

Luaka Bop/Warner Brothers 26396; CD and cassette.

Spinning art music from the roots sound of samba was the bossa-nova dream, and Tom Ze chased it with more passion and precision than any of his co-conspirators in tropicalismo, the Brazilian avant-garde pop movement of the late 60's. But where bossa nova came out all sighs and whispers, Tom Ze's best work over the last two decades -- compiled here by that increasingly sharp-eyed ethnomusicologist David Byrne -- tosses buzz, howl and calculated eccentricity into its meticulous balance of the dissonant and lyrical. Guitars tickle and saw, horns wheeze and menace, old bossa standards are syncopated to the brink of collapse. And never have American audiences been treated to a more thrilling display of the vigorous intelligence that tends to lurk beneath Brazilian pop's pretty surfaces.*-- Julian Dibbell*

Edie Brickell and New Bohemians: 'Ghost of a Dog'

Geffen 9 24304; all three formats.

"Shooting Rubberbands at the Stars," this Dallas sextet's 1988 debut album, was alternative Muzak, noncommittal folk-rock suited to activities no more strenuous than hanging posters. The singer and lyricist Edie Brickell may still be the prototypical dormitory rocker, with a pseudo-coffeehouse penchant for mistaking her own scribblings for poetry ("Ghost of a Dog," "Oak Cliff Bra"). But in half of the 14 tracks here, she strings together her observances of minutiae into full-fledged narratives: "Times Like This" and "Carmelito" have a disarming immediacy of place and time. "Ghost of a Dog" may not be deep, but at least New Bohemians have left some of their ditsiness behind.*-- K. S.*

Louis Armstrong: 'Vol. 5, Louis in New York'

Columbia 46148; all three formats.

This fifth chronological collection of Armstrong's records in the 1920's and early 30's includes his first attempt to expand from blues and black-oriented vaudeville songs to pop. Two classic performances in this vein -- "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" and "Ain't Misbehavin' " -- reveal an unsuspected ability to sing pop lyrics with rich emotion. There are also two curiosities -- records made in 1929 but not discovered until last spring. They are orchestral versions of "After You've Gone," which had an Armstrong vocal when first released. The newly found versions were intended for South America, where there wasn't much market for records with English lyrics. Armstrong's vocal chorus is replaced by lackluster instrumental solos, one a wimpish alto that reflects his fondness for the sound of Lombardo saxophones.*-- John S. Wilson*

**Graphic**

Photo: Martha Graham--danceable music

**Load-Date:** December 3, 1990

**End of Document**



[***INSIDE AN OUTSIDER***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FCC0-000B-Y00J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 5, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 6, Column 3; Book Review Desk; review

**Length:** 1181 words

**Byline:** By VIVIAN GORNICK; Vivian Gornick is the author of ''Essay in Feminism'' and other books.

**Body**

THE STOLEN JEW By Jay Neugeboren. 322 pp. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $14.95.

OUTSIDEDNESS is achieved easily and continuously - almost any variation on the norm will do - but there are some verities. To be poor, crippled or stateless, foreign, crazy or a dwarf - any time, anywhere - is to insure permanent outsidedness. By the same token, to be Armenian, Mexican or Chinese at the wrong time in the wrong part of the world is also to insure outsidedness. Ironically, political outsidedness, often the most tragic and terrifying kind, is also the most impermanent. This kind of social leprosy, always in flux, may suddenly shrivel up, turn to mere dust, leaving the immediate surround - the soil in which experience is rooted and out of which identity grows - without live daily content.

Vivian Gornick reviews Jay Neugeboren's book "The Stolen Jew"

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, in America as elsewhere, if you were Jewish you lived in dramatic relation to the peripheral condition. In certain parts of the world your life was threatened; here your social humiliation was fixed. You could hold that humiliation in your hand, taste it in your mouth. The daily collection of data so necessary to the process of self-definition was there for the asking. A thousand tangible reminders a day told a Jew where he or she belonged in the structure of power categorically granted, categorically denied. It could happen in a moment - in the grocery store, on the bus, at the bank or in the library - and the skin crawled, the throat went dry, the head throbbed. Being Jewish in America was an outsider's idiom, alive to the touch. No special gifts of mind or spirit were required to participate in the awful evocativeness of the idiom. American Jews who came of age 40 years ago were all permanently stamped by the experience. Whatever else they were, first and foremost they were Jews. Around that central element of being there collected a shared psychic identity. It was the kind of experience out of which true metaphor is achieved and the mythic sense emerges. In American literature the force, meaning and richness of the hyphenated existence is to be found preeminently in the work of Saul Bellow.

''The Stolen Jew'' is written in the tradition - pioneered by Bellow and developed by Philip Roth - of urban American savvy trained on Jewishness as such. It tells the story of the Malkin family of Brooklyn. Nathan Malkin, a 64-year-old businessman whose wife and son are dead, retires to Israel to be a Jew among Jews; it comforts him to join himself to the ongoing trials of his people in the war-ridden Middle East. His brother Nachman, who'd spent most of his life in a mental hospital, kills himself suddenly, and Nathan returns to Brooklyn, realizing he has left an unresolved life behind him. He finds his sisters, Leah and Rivka, his sister-in-law Rachel and his nephew Michael awaiting him. The Malkins proceed to thrash about with one another, trying to free themselves from the past, only to become more entangled in it.

Michael, a handsome unhappy man in his 30's, is a psychiatrist who treats ***working-class*** blacks and Puerto Ricans in a public clinic; he has never left the family home in Brooklyn, into which Nathan moves upon his return. Estranged from his wife, Ruth, who keeps asking in exasperation when he's going to grow up, Michael is fixated on the Soviet Jews, and bent on traveling to Russia to do something there that will give his life the meaning it has either lost or never achieved. He talks Nathan into going with him.

At this point it is established that when he was young, Nathan published a great novel of 19th-century Russian-Jewish life called ''The Stolen Jew.'' This novel recounts the tale of a man whose only son, a gifted violinist, is inducted into the Czar's army for a period of 25 years' service. The man pays to have another Jew, an orphan from a remote village, stolen and put in his son's place, whereupon the whole family goes to America. The orphan becomes a Babel-like Jewish Cossack, sustained only by a dream of revenge. He makes his way to America and kills the violinist who has stolen his life. This novel - written exactly as a 64-year-old businessman might, in his youth, have written a 19th-century tale of passion and destiny - is woven into our novel, chapter by chapter, alternating with a long italicized conversation Nathan holds in his head with his dead brother, as he tries to puzzle out what happened then, what's happening now. At last Nathan and Michael go to Russia, where Michael, in a bizarre piece of business, manages to take the place of an incarcerated dissident, thereby re-enacting the changeling myth of ''The Stolen Jew'': the life stolen is replaced, and our characters can now get on with their lives.

Claiming Jewishness as a dominant experience in the contemporary American psyche - one capable of achieving metaphoric dimension - is problematic. To use the idea of Jews as a symbol for psychological displacement - life is stolen in childhood, one is existentially unentitled - a writer must be able to posit plausibly that to be a 35-year-old Jew in Brooklyn today is the same as being a Jew of any age in Israel or Russia. The mythic imposition will work only if it is derived from the idiomatic feel of American life. Otherwise, the words on the page deliver emotional rhetoric: experience ritualized, not actually lived.

Jay Neugeboren is an experienced novelist. He writes well, he is deeply familiar with the tradition in which he is writing, and, what's more, he longs for the world that gave rise to that tradition (that longing is palpable in his novel within the novel, written with a vigor and an appetite that is stirring). But ''The Stolen Jew'' speaks in a language that can no longer persuade. It is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that an American writer in his early 40's is up against a live inner self when he draws on a Jewish outsidedness as simple as it was in our mothers' time to deliver up a piece of writing that will give us back the actual feel of our life and times. Bellow and Roth - with all the magician's power their mad energy and brilliancy of language confers on them - can hardly swing it anymore. It is a psychological frame of reference that fails now to yield up a sense of immediacy. Quite simply: It is without live daily content. The proof of this lack of vital content in Mr. Neugeboren's book is abundant: Not one of his characters has a single arresting thing to say or is submitted to an interesting circumstance or arrives in a psychologically surprising place. The conversations are predictable, the memories are set pieces, what occurs seems like the events in a television drama. It is embarrassing that Michael should be a psychiatrist, since he is made to serve a notion, from another century, of a common fate in which one life can ''replace'' another.

For a good writer to insist on following an impulse that derives not from the quick but from the half dead is to be self-betrayed into yearning, when the task is to observe truly.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing of knife cutting violin strings

**End of Document**



[***Industrial Colossus Typifies the Miseries of the Soviet Economy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8H-0T00-000D-G0HH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 6, 1991, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1991 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Part 1; Page 8; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Part 1;; Column 1;

**Length:** 1300 words

**Byline:** By BILL KELLER, Special to The New York Times

By BILL KELLER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SVERDLOVSK, U.S.S.R.

**Body**

In November, workers battling management over the fate of the colossal Uralmash machine tool works here raised the stakes by changing one word in the name of their unofficial bargaining group.

The Workers Committee became the Strike Committee. The implicit threat sent a tremor through the heart of this country's most sensitive industry.

"We wanted them to know that if they do not meet our demands, we have the strike available as a last resort," said Valery Bezrodnov, a committee member. "It's an extreme measure, but other measures don't work."

What the 45,000 workers of this Soviet factory are demanding is not more consumer goods, as the miners who shut Soviet coal pits in 1989 did, or higher pay, or a voice in running the company. They want to own it.

"We want to be the masters of the factory, not hired labor," said Mr. Bezrodnov, echoing a favorite slogan of President Mikhail S. Gorbachev that is spreading confusion throughout the country's state-owned industries.

A Metaphor for Misery

There is probably no better metaphor for the steel-intensive, energy-hungry, monopoly-based Soviet economy and its current miseries than the gigantic and secretive machine-building conglomerate called Uralmash.

Its cavernous, clanging workships turn out everything from tank components to washing machines, but its specialty is the production of giant machines for giant industries: strip-mining excavators, slab-casting machines, rolling mills, hydraulic presses, blast furnaces, crushers and derricks.

Prime Minister Nikolai I. Ryzhkov, who spent 25 years at Uralmash including 5 as general director, is just one of the technocrats who emerged from it with a centralist, gigantist view of the economy.

It is a view still firmly held by the current Uralmash leadership, which views the campaign to privatize state industry with scorn.

"Personally I think, and no one will convince me otherwise, that the main problem is that enterprises like ours have never been given a chance to run their own affairs," Anatoly S. Osintsev, the conglomerate's deputy director for economics, said in an interview.

Mr. Osintsev reckons that denationalization is, nonetheless, probably inevitable.

"The mood among workers -- and not just workers, managers and scientists, too -- is to have property," he said. "It doesn't seem to me that it will change anything. This mania to divide, to get a share, and then expect everybody to work better -- I don't believe in it."

Everyone here agrees that without some drastic changes, Uralmash and the once proud sector it represents are in danger of going the way of the mastadon.

A few miles from the divide between Europe and Asia, Uralmash was built in 1933 to provide the machinery for Stalin's crash industrialization of the Urals and Siberia to the east.

Whenever the country needed something new, it turned to Uralmash: excavators to strip the quarries of Siberia, tanks to fend off the Nazis, and then oil- and gas-drilling rigs for exploring more than a mile beneath the tundra.

Things Went Out of Control

"Up to a certain point, we had no problem managing the enterprise," said Mr. Osintsev, who has worked at the plant for 30 years. "Then things started getting a bit out of control, and we began flying by the seat of our pants."

In many respects, Uralmash is a victim of Mr. Gorbachev. With the signing of arms treaties, the demand for tank and other weapons parts -- Mr. Osintsev estimates that 8 percent of total orders are military -- has fallen by a third since 1988.

The liberation of Eastern Europe has meant the demise of the Soviet economic bloc, Comecon, whose obedient member nations were major customers.

"We supplied excavators to Bulgaria, and they supplied us with tomatoes," said Viktor V. Yavich, who works in the Uralmash legal department. "It was barter, although the transactions were recorded in a kind of fictional currency."

But with the turn of the year, business among the Comecon countries switches over to transactions in hard currency. The Bulgarians have informed Uralmash that since they are now spending real money, the Soviets can now expect competition from the Americans, the Japanese and others. Domestic users of Uralmash machinery, given somewhat more control over their own budgets, have also become tougher customers.

Uralmash managers insist they can compete on the world market, but not without major modernization. The factory admits it has had problems with deadlines, service and spare parts.

"We don't have enough orders for 1991, and there is no guarantee that what we produce will be sold," said Mr. Bezrodnov of the Strike Committee, who operates a mill in one of Uralmash's workshops. He fears a "catastrophic" layoff, perhaps up to 50 percent.

Factory insiders say some talented scientists and engineers are leaving for jobs in cooperatives, the largely independent workshops and laboratories that are another Gorbachev experiment.

And now the factory is in a kind of gridlock because of conflicting orders from Mr. Gorbachev and Boris N. Yeltsin's Russian Republic. Plans for the new year are on hold while the politicians scrap over an economic program.

Workers Want Shares Issued

The worker committee, elected in plantwide meetings, calls for all Soviet citizens to be issued shares in the total national wealth, with the right to invest or spend their shares.

Under this plan, the Uralmash workers would buy a controlling interest in the plant and elect the management. The remaining value of the plant would be sold as stock to outside investors, preferably foreigners, to raise money for modernization.

The committee acknowledges that many workers were wary of a strike ultimatum, in an industry that Moscow has always treated as vital to national security.

"A lot of the workers think they can get what they want by shaking their fists, and reminding the Government that this is supposed to be a country of the ***working class***," said Leonid Gonchar, a drill press operator. "But it won't work this time."

The management of Uralmash is also divided over privatization.

Mr. Osintsev portrays privatization as the latest in a series of harebrained economic experiments under Mr. Gorbachev: self-financing, self-management, worker brigades, leased shops.

'A Fortune to Set Up'

"Each one costs a fortune to set up, and if there is any effect, it is short-term," he said.

But Adolf P. Kolomeitsev, deputy director of research, who is regarded by the workers as representing a more progressive faction in the administration, calls for selling shares on the open market at a price sufficient to raise funds for new equipment.

He estimates that shares would cost 20,000 to 40,000 rubles, beyond the reach of most workers, who make that much in 10 years. The main investors would be other companies, suppliers and customers of Uralmash, and some foreign investors. "Without an infusion of outside capital, we will not be able to renovate," he said.

He would retain the Uralmash shell as a holding company and break the monster into several divisions, leaner and more competitive. Reorganized, he said, Uralmash might be well positioned to get new business, like refurbishing military plants that are trying to convert to civilian production.

But the very nature of the conglomerate makes it difficult to reorganize.

Instead of building a separate division for excavators or drilling equipment, the managers of Uralmash spread each new order around to its existing shops. The same machine shop may turn out components for excavators, tanks and drilling rigs.

Workers recall this inflexible system as the legacy of Mr. Ryzhkov, who ruled the plant from 1970 to 1975, but others say he cannot really be blamed.

"Nikolai Ivanovich is also a product of the system," Mr. Kolomeitsev said. "Another person put in this place would have made the same decision."

**Graphic**

Photos: The Uralmash works in Sverdlovsk, U.S.S.R., which builds everything from tank components to washing machines. An armored vehicle is mounted at the entrance as a memorial to the factory's defense efforts. The 45,000 workers there are demanding to take ownership of the factory and have threatened to strike if they are turned down (Vladimir Yabukov for The New York Times)

Map: Soviet Union, indicating Sverdlovsk.

**Load-Date:** January 6, 1991

**End of Document**



[***Photography View;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F5H0-000B-Y0FC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***LANDMARKS OF 19TH-CENTURY HISTORY AND ART***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F5H0-000B-Y0FC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 16, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 23, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1207 words

**Byline:** By Gene Thornton

**Body**

In 1888, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Peabody of Boston spent six months traveling through Europe, the Near East and North Africa. In Paris, the Eiffel Tower was under construction that year, and the Oliver Peabodys bought two photographs of it, albumen prints that showed the truncated tower as it looked when the workmen had barely reached the second stage.

These were only two of several hundred photographs that the Peabodys bought during their travels, and which Mrs. Peabody mounted in 10 sturdy albums with her own written commentaries interspersed. Out of these albums Donald P. Lokata has organized ''Americans Abroad,'' a charming and instructive little show of 19th-century travel photographs that can be seen at the Newark Museum, 49 Washington Street, Newark, N.J., through Sept. 8.

Gene Thornton, Photography View column, reviews "Americans Abroad," exhibit of 19th-century travel photographs at Newark Museum

In those days of large view cameras and wet-plate collodion negatives that had to be prepared and developed on the spot, photography was still too difficult for any but the most intrepid amateurs. However, a number of professional photographers had found that they could make a decent living by photographing the kind of things that tourists like the Peabodys went abroad to see: principally landmarks of history and art, but also striking or picturesque scenery and quaint local types.

Their pictures were not necessarily cheap even by the standards of the time, as the Peabodys discovered when they spent a winter's day in Lucerne. ''We found a shop,'' Mrs. Peabody wrote, ''where we got a few photographs for which they charged a price sufficient to cover all their winter expenses.'' However, once the negative was made, its owner could print up as many copies as he could sell, and some of the more successful entrepreneurs had staffs of photographers and printing rooms organized on a mass-production basis. By 1888, massproduced photographic prints had virtually replaced the copper-plate engravings and lithographs that 18th- and early 19th-century tourists had bought as souvenirs of their travels. Serious tourists (there were no other kind then) often made up the type of album that Mrs. Peabody compiled, and these albums often included (as Mrs. Peabody's do) pictures by photographers now well known in photographic history: Francis Bedford, Francis Frith, Giorgio Sommer, Felice A. Beato, Felix Bonfils.

The charm of this show lies in the picture it gives of a world that no longer exists, and that seems, in photographic retrospect, a pleasanter one than our own. By 1888, photography was fast enough to stop the normal motions of pedestrians and vehicles, and so the streets of the cities the Peabodys visited come to us filled with the bustle of daily life, not empty and ghostly as in the photographs of an earlier period. The traffic over London Bridge is heavy, though not as menacing as the London traffic in the engravings of Gustave Dore. But all the carriages and wagons are drawn by horses, and hence much slower and less lethal than today's automobiles and trucks. The streets are generally also much less crowded than they are today - pedestrians and vehicles mingle easily on the boulevards of Paris - and famous monuments like the Coliseum in Rome are still surrounded by farms and country roads, instead of the whizzing automobiles of today.

In pictures like these, photography speaks truly of the past - the differences between those days and ours are real. But in other ways, the report is not accurate, or at least not full. By 1888, the Industrial Revolution had touched every country of Europe, but except for one picture of steamboats in the harbor at Liverpool and another of a railroad bridge ruining the view of St. Paul's Cathedral from Ludgate Circus in London, the Industrial Revolution does not appear in the Peabody albums. This was an era of hideous urban slums and ***working-class*** poverty, which contemporary illustrated periodicals like the London Illustrated News and Harper's Weekly often depicted in horrifying detail, but the only poor people who show up in these photographs are quaint, colorful country people.

This was, of course, not photography's fault. Tourists like the Peabodys did not go to Europe to see things that could just as easily be seen at home. They went to see something different and, they hoped, better, and the photographers whose livelihood depended on giving them what they wanted accordingly avoided factories and slums. The photographers were, in fact, working in an artistic tradition that had its roots in the 18th-century works of view painters like Canaletto, and is still alive today whenever a travel magazine photographer, or a tourist with his Instamatic camera, snaps a beautiful building or picturesque peasant. The aim is quite different from that of a modern photo-journalist or a reformer with a camera like Jacob Riis, and so, inevitably, is the result.

How do these 19th-century travel photographs compare with the works of the engravers and lithographers who preceded them? By a lucky accident, the gallery next to ''Americans Abroad'' is occupied by a small group of views of Rome by Piranesi, the best of the 18thcentury engravers of this type of picture, so visitors to the Newark Museum can judge for themselves. Despite the century of social and technological change that separated them, Piranesi and the 19thcentury photographers have a lot in common. Both were mass-producing pictures for the tourist trade, and to do this as cheaply and effectively as possible, both were making use of the most advanced technology for making and reproducing pictures available in their time. They were all equally bound by the conventions of the same artistic genre, and up to a point, they all had to make the same artistic decisions. Like Piranesi, the photographers had to choose their subjects, their point of view, their lighting and so on. And after they had ''taken'' their picture - painters and engravers spoke of ''taking a likeness'' or ''taking a view from nature'' long before the advent of photography - Piranesi and the photographers both had to ''develop'' and print it by chemical and semi-mechanical methods.

At the point of ''taking'' the picture, however, there was a great difference in their methods. Whereas Piranesi had to draw each line himself, the ''drawing'' of the photographers was done by the action of sunlight on chemicals in the camera - ''by nature herself,'' as they proudly said in the early days of photography, ''without any assistance from the artist's pencil.'' And what a difference this made in the results. Piranesi is notorious for the liberties he took with perspective and proportion, and for information about the Coliseum, the large panoramic photograph in the Peabody collection is superior to anything Piranesi ever did. Yet for all his lapses - or perhaps because of them - Piranesi's more personal view of Rome has a fantastic kind of drama that all the photographs lack. Even among contemporary engravers of Roman views, his vision of Rome stands out as uniquely his own, which cannot easily be said of the work of even the most distinguished photographers in this interesting and rewarding show.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Rotterdam, circa 1870's

**End of Document**



[***Cavazos Quits as Education Chief Amid Pressure From White House***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-S450-003Y-K0R5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 13, 1990, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 1308 words

**Byline:** Lauro F. Cavazos

By MAUREEN DOWD, Special to The New York Times

By MAUREEN DOWD, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Dec. 12

**Body**

Lauro F. Cavazos resigned under pressure as Secretary of Education today, even as his department and the Administration were plunged into a storm over a decision to bar Federal aid to colleges that offer scholarships designated solely for minority students.

Mr. Cavazos's resignation followed a White House meeting on Tuesday in which John H. Sununu, the chief of staff, told the Secretary that President Bush wanted him to leave the Cabinet by the end of the month, a White House aide said. Mr. Cavazos, 63 years old and the nation's first Hispanic Cabinet member, said he would leave by the end of this week.

The departure was announced today at a Cabinet meeting that Mr. Cavazos did not attend. He issued a terse resignation letter that omitted the customary thanks to the President for the honor of serving in the Cabinet.

Senior White House officials seemed as surprised as anyone else to hear of the new scholarship policy, disclosed Tuesday by an assistant education secretary, and were careful to note that Mr. Bush had not put his stamp of approval on it.

But they insisted that there was no connection between the policy and the forced resignation.

Some people close to Mr. Cavazos said he was upset by the scholarship policy and by the combative new posture of the Administration on affirmative action programs.

White House officials said Mr. Cavazos was being forced out because a more forceful presence was needed at the helm of the Education Department. They said that as the 1992 elections approached, they needed to buttress Mr. Bush's assertion that he was the "Education President."

Mr. Cavazos, who was president of Texas Tech University for eight years before he became President Ronald Reagan's Education Secretary in 1988, has long been considered by Mr. Bush's advisers to be a weak link in the Bush Cabinet. The President's domestic policy adviser, Roger Porter, has been the Administration's point man on education.

White House officials began looking for a successor, and said possible candidates included Thomas Kean, the former Governor of New Jersey who has been a leader in education reform efforts in the past six years, and Lamar Alexander, the former Tennessee Governor.

The statement that "race-exclusive" scholarships were discriminatory and therefore illegal was made by Michael L. Williams, the head of the civil rights office in the Education Department. Mr. Williams said today that he had not acted under instructions from the White House but had talked with lower level White House staff members who were friends and acquaintances.

Policy Change Surprises Bush

Senior White House officials said the statement was being reviewed.

"The President was not aware of the strategy prior to its undertaking," John Herrick, a White House spokesman, said tonight. "Now that we are aware of it, the White House is reviewing it."

White House officials said they were looking into the decision to see if it was legal, if it was "easily reversible" and if it should be reversed.

Mr. Williams's announcement had a scalding effect in education and civil rights circles. Critics raised questions about its timing, following Mr. Bush's veto of a major civil rights bill and the bellicose comments of William J. Bennett, the former Education Department chief and Mr. Bush's new choice to head the Republican National Committee, that he was ready to challenge Democrats on the issue of racial quotas and affirmative action.

Accusations of 'Race Baiting'

The American Council on Education, which represents over 1,600 higher education institutions, issued a statement advising its colleges and universities "to continue their current practices" on minority scholarships.

"It would represent a giant step backward in efforts to improve educational opportunities for the nation's minority students," said Robert H. Atwell, the President of the American Council on Education.

Ralph Neas, the executive director of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, charged that "the Bush Administration seems determined to compile a worse civil rights record than the Reagan Administration."

Janell Byrd, the assistant counsel with the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, declared the scholarship decision was "race baiting -- there is no other word for it."

Tapping White Resentment

Critics of the scholarship policy said that as the nation entered a recession there was more of a tendency to look for a political scapegoat and lash out at programs designed to redress grievances against minorities.

Christopher Edley Jr., a law professor at Harvard University who was an adviser to Michael S. Dukakis in the 1988 Presidential election, said the shift "comes at a time when many whites feel as though they have been made to sacrifice to create opportunities for others."

"They think they've paid enough, and the Bush people are aware of that feeling out there," he said.

Many Republicans are convinced that an anti-quota position has great appeal to large numbers of white voters, particularly economically pressed ***working class*** Americans who feel resentful about what they perceive as advantages for minorities.

A Dangerous Path

Republican party strategists insisted today that they did not expect a general backlash from people who might consider the Administration action heavy handed. Any backlash that did develop, they said, would be largely concentrated among blacks and liberal whites, who do not support Mr. Bush in large percentages anyway.

Two political dangers face Mr. Bush, strategists from both parties say. The first is that he will undermine his efforts to reach out to minority voters. But more importantly, from an electoral point of view, there is a risk of antagonizing moderate, suburban Republicans for whom any hint of veiled racism is distasteful.

Robert Teeter, a top Bush strategist, said that the Administration's actions should not be seen as an ominous pattern by civil rights groups.

"Anybody who thinks George Bush is turning his back on civil rights is 100 percent wrong," he said.

Leaving Office by 5 P.M.

Mr. Cavazos's resignation came before an investigation into his wife's role at the department, conducted by the Education Department's inspector general's office, was made public.

Peggy Ann Cavazos, a former nurse and the mother of their 10 children, came to the office daily with her husband and kept an office next to his for a period. She also sat in on meetings, edited speeches and policy papers and traveled with him.

Mr. Bush's advisers had worried that Mr. Cavazos, who liked to leave the office by 4:45 P.M., was turning into a political liability and undermining Mr. Bush's attempt to claim education as a strong suit.

Mr. Porter, the domestic policy adviser, had already sluiced away much of Mr. Cavazos's power, moving Charles Kolb, a deputy to Mr. Cavazos, onto his White House staff.

Mr. Cavazos is the third high-ranking Bush official to resign recently. Elizabeth H, Dole, the Labor Secretary and the only woman in the Bush Cabinet, resigned in October. Mr. Bennett also resigned last month as Mr. Bush's drug policy director but then accepted the post as the next chairman of the Republican National Committee.

In his letter of resignation, Mr. Cavazos said he was especially proud of his contributions "promoting the executive order on excellence in education for Hispanic Americans and raising awareness of the growing diversity of America's student population."

White House officials seemed taken aback by Mr. Cavazos's wounded attitude.

The officials said that possible replacements besides Mr. Kean and Mr. Alexander, included Lynn Martin and Patricia Saiki, the defeated Republican Senate candidates in Illinois and Hawaii, would also be thrown into the mix. David Kearns, a business executive, has also been mentioned as a prospect who would infuse education with the principles of the marketplace.

**Graphic**

Photo: Lauro F. Cavazos, who resigned as Education Secretary. (The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 13, 1990

**End of Document**



[***THEATER: SHAW'S 'MISALLIANCE' IN CHELSEA***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F9S0-000B-Y12J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 17, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 3, Column 3; Weekend Desk; review

**Length:** 1181 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

IF we're going to see lots of Shaw revivals in New York - and we can dream, can't we? - let's hope that every one of them comes equipped with Stephen Porter and Philip Bosco. Two seasons ago, you may recall, Mr. Porter directed Mr. Bosco in a ''Major Barbara'' at Circle in the Square that was a few inches away from sublime. Now this duo has applied its skills to ''Misalliance'' at the Roundabout, and the streak, knock wood, continues. Maybe this ''Misalliance'' isn't quite as good as the ''Major Barbara'' - you'll notice scattered dips in Act I - but it's three-quarters of the way to perfection. As Mr. Bosco is better than ever, I wouldn't lose much sleep over that delinquent 25 percent.

Here the actor is playing John Tarleton, an underwear magnate who thinks of himself not as a man of business, but as ''essentially a man of ideas.'' Tarleton is fond of quoting writers - Ibsen, Dickens, Whitman, Mrs. Browning - and he's poured some of his underwear profits into free libraries for the poor. Indeed, Tarleton loves ideas so much that he shouts ''That's an idea!'' every time he spots one lurking in his Surrey sitting room. Never mind that this moment's thought may be the total antithesis of the last. As he explains, ''Paradoxes are the only truth.''

Frank Rich reviews play, "Misalliance," by George Bernard Shaw

The character is a paradox, too - a fact not lost on Mr. Bosco. The actor looks very much the self-made tycoon, with his three-piece suit, his neatly parted gray hair and his jolly paunch. Yet Tarleton also possesses, as he puts it, a ''superabundance of vitality,'' and he is forever running frantically about, like a dog chasing its own tail, to prove the point. ''I can't help that ridiculous old shopkeeper,'' he explains with a moan. ''I have to carry him around with me whether I like it or not.'' Thanks to Mr. Bosco, we always see both Tarletons: the ridiculous old shopkeeper, tied to respectable hearth and home, and the youthful, romantic free thinker, ready to follow a fresh idea even if it disrupts his marriage and business. By resolving the man's contradictions in a wholly coherent performance that is touching and funny but never foolish, the actor finds the heart - which is to say the truth - in the paradox.

By so doing, he has tapped into the essential spirit of this play. The eight other characters in Tarleton's household are also a bit paradoxical and silly as they try to balance their high-flying ideas with earthbound realities. But they are people, not just mouthpieces for the evening's Shavian debates about parents and children, age and youth, socialism and feminism, democracy and aristocracy, marriage and love. Part of what makes them people is their ability to contradict themselves, to argue every side of a question to exhaustion. What makes Shaw a playwright, not merely a polemicist, is his ability to let them all speak their piece - most wittily, to be sure - and to let them follow their unruly minds wherever they may lead. ''Misalliance'' doesn't end, as a polemic would, with its debates all neatly resolved. It ends instead when every argument has at last been burst wide open - thus allowing Tarleton's daughter, Hypatia, to conclude, ''I suppose there's nothing more to be said.''

Mr. Porter has seen to it that the majority of his actors follow Mr. Bosco's example. This is Shaw played for warmth as well as laughs, and the bright words sound both lyrical and biting. More impressive still, the director has given the production a lovingly choreographed farcical design that matches its emotional lilt. He almost convinces us that ''Misalliance'' has a real plot about misallied lovers, about a plane that crashes from nowhere into the Tarleton greenhouse, about a socialist gunman who pops out of a Turkish bath to terrorize (briefly) one and all. While in truth there isn't much of a story here, Mr. Porter provides a most charming illusion.

If there are sluggish moments early on, they're directly traceable to the few casting lapses. Bentley Summerhays, an overbred rich boy prone to temper tantrums, is overplayed to the point of simpering caricature by Keith McDermott; his biggest scene, the play's first, gets the evening off to an arch start. As his father, the retired colonial governor of a Godforsaken place called Jinghiskahn, that excellent actor Fred Stuthman is everything but the one essential: he doesn't seem remotely English.

But the rest are as lithe and Edwardian as Roger Mooney's airy, sunny set. Jeanne Ruskin is a joy as the bored and restless Hypatia, a ''glorious young beast'' who wants ''adventures to drop out of the sky'' and literally gets her wish. A precise comedienne in both movement and language, she makes us feel, as she must, that Tarleton's daughter is far too independent-minded to marry a man for love -until, that is, she goes ga-ga for the aviator (a devilish Peter Coffield) who crashes into the greenhouse. As that even more independent Shavian woman, the visiting Polish acrobat-aviator Lina Szczepanowska, Patricia Elliott is every bit the tornado it takes to turn the Tarleton household upside down. There is also fine work from Patricia O'Connell, the family's dithering but not stupid matriarch, and especially from Rand Bridges as Johnny, the stolid yet appealing Tarleton son. Unlike his father, Johnny prefers the underwear business to ideas, and feels that ''a man with an open mind must be a bit of a scoundrel.''

Anthony Heald makes a major contribution as Gunner, the radical intruder. This young actor, who shined in the slight role of the homosexual client in the Roundabout's recent ''Inadmissible Evidence,'' turns the only slightly larger part of Gunner into a comic tour-de-force. A whiny soapbox radical, he soon falls apart to become, in rapid succession, a clownish loser, a sobbing child and, finally, a disarming (and disarmed) sentimental drunk. We understand why he melts. Though the ***working-class*** Gunner is only looking for justice, not money, when he invades this prosperous household, Tarleton just won't budge. ''You'll get no justice here!'' shouts Mr. Bosco. ''Human nature is what we stock!'' So abundant is that stock at the Roundabout that Gunner, like us, really has no choice but to succumb.

Paradoxical Tycoon

MISALLIANCE, by George Bernard Shaw; di- rected by Stephen Porter; sets by Roger Moo- ney; costumes by Jane Greenwood; lighting by Ronald Wallace; original score by Philip Campanella; production stage manager, M.R. Jacobs. Presented by the Roundabout Theater Company Inc., Gene Feist and Michael Fried. At 333 West 23d Street. John Tarleton Jr. ........................Rand Bridges Bentley Summerhays ....................Keith McDermott Hypatia Tarleton ........................Jeanne Ruskin Mrs. Tarleton ......................Patricia O'Connell Lord Summerhays .........................Fred Stuthman John Tarleton ............................Philip Bosco Joseph Percival ........................Peter Coffield Lina Szczepanowska ...................Patricia Elliott Gunner ..................................Anthony Heald

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott

**End of Document**



[***TAX BILL VOTE TEST ANTICIPATED***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F890-000B-Y2D0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 1981, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Page 1, Column 6; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1186 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD COWAN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, July 26

**Body**

President Reagan invited 15 House Democrats to Camp David to lunch today in an effort to win Democratic votes for the third major test of strength this year on fiscal issues between him and the Speaker of the House, Thomas P. O'Neill Jr.

The test will come on Wednesday when the House is to vote for a tax-relief bill - either a Democratic bill drafted in the Ways and Means Committee that bears Mr. O'Neill's name as a co-sponsor, or the Administration bill.

The President will take his case to the public tomorrow night at 8 P.M. in a television broadcast intended to bring grass-roots pressure to bear on Congressional members from districts in which the President enjoys great popularity. The Democrats are expected to be given reply time by one or more networks tomorrow night.

Test of President Reagan's efforts to win Democratic vote on tax bill will come in July 28 vote; issue reviewedNothing on Social Security

At the request of the Republican leaders in the Senate and House, Mr. Reagan is expected to omit discussion of Social Security from his speech. Senator Howard H. Baker Jr. of Tennessee, the Senate Majority Leader, confirmed today that he and the Minority Leader in the House, Representative Robert H. Michel of Illinois, had made such a request in a letter to the President Friday.

''I told the President that I didn't think the Social Security speech should be intermingled with his tax speech,'' Mr. Baker told a reporter. ''It's too important an issue.''

The Baker-Michel request grew out of the widespread feeling on Capitol Hill that Mr. Reagan's proposal for cutbacks in several aspects of Social Security was the most politically maladroit initiative of his Administration.

Southern Emphasis

Of the 15 Democrats who traveled to the Presidential retreat in the Maryland mountains today for a barbecue lunch, 13 come from border states or the South, including Texas and Oklahoma. Those are the states that have given Mr. Reagan victory in two previous struggles with the House leadership on the budget, although on the first budget vote he picked up Democratic votes from all regions.

The Democrats have said all along that they would be stronger on taxes than they were on the budget. All through last week, the Democrats said they would win on taxes.

Administration strategists said that the outcome would be close and that they might lose. That was regarded as a candid appraisal which was being articulated publicly to impress upon the 190 House Republicans the importance of loyalty to President and party. Republicans from ***working-class*** districts in the Middle West and East have been the object of a special Democratic drive to spotlight the emphasis in the Ways and Means bill on tax relief for people whose annual incomes are less than $50,000.

Heavily Laden Bill

The struggle for victory on taxes has transformed what was originally a relatively simple Administration bill into a conglomeration of tax-relief provisions, some of which embarrass Administration officials. In the open bidding for votes, both parties have loaded their bills with sundry amendments intended to appeal to all regions and all wings of each party.

The Administration, for example, on Friday endorsed the Ways and Means approach to taxing commodities speculators, even though the tougher Senate version had been supported by the Treasury. The calculation was that the tougher provision could win no votes and might lose some. Adding a special twist was the fact that the Ways and Means approach, one that Chicago commodities traders had lobbied intensively for, was supported by Ways and Means Chairman Dan Rostenkowski, a Democrat who represents a Chicago district.

Unexpected Support

Equally improbable has been the Democratic sponsorship of a onestep cut in the maximum tax rate on investment income, from 70 percent to 50 percent.

By April, just such a one-step cut in the top tax rate was recommended publicly by William M. Brodhead of the Ways and Means Committee, a Michigan Democrat who is a leader of the liberal wing. By last week, Ways and Means Democrats were asserting that their bill offered a better break to ordinary workers than did the Republican measure and also that their bill gave generous tax relief to the wealthy.

Both parties have written into their bills a partial phase-out of the ''windfall profits'' tax on crude oil production, with particular attention to the two million landowners who receive oil royalty payments and the 10,000 to 12,000 operators of ''stripper'' wells, those that produce no more than 10 barrels of oil a day.

Estate Tax Provisions

Similarly, members of the House and Senate - Democrats and Republicans - from rural states have insisted on provisions to ease estate taxes. Rarely mentioned in the urban Northeast, this is a vital, widely recognized issue in Southern and Middle Western farm states where the appreciation of land values has caused some family farms to be subject to substantial estate taxes.

In their quest for votes, both sides have adopted many of the same provisions. The Democratic bill has evolved from one round of individual tax-rate cuts to the three rounds initially proposed by Mr. Reagan. However, in the Democratic bill, the third round is subject to a provision that infuriates the White House. It is that the President's economic forecast for 1983 - specifically, for inflation, interest rates and the budget deficit - be realized for the rate reductions to be effective.

Given the perils of forecasting the economy and the budget, and the pressure on any administration to take an optimistic view, the Democratic ''trigger'' poses considerable uncertainty about the third round of tax relief, which would occur on January 1, 1984.

Pressure of 'Trigger'

Worse, from the President's viewpoint, the provision, if adopted by Congress, would amount to an expression of no confidence in a basic Reagan policy - to commit the Congress and the country now to three consecutive years of tax-rate reduction.

Both versions of the tax bill offer a tax subsidy to all savings institutions and to commercial banks that no one in Congress thinks is good law. It is there because some savings and loan associations are losing money and face forced mergers or liquidation, and because the savings and loan industry has done an effective job of grassroots lobbying.

To win on Wednesday, the Administration would have to claim at least 28 of the 244 Democratic votes, assuming all Republicans vote with the President - and that is by no means certain.

Of the 15 Congressmen attending the hot dog and hamburger lunch, 14 flew to Camp David by helicopter. Only Beverly B. Byron, of Maryland, drove. The other congressmen invited by the President were:

Representatives Eugene V. Atkinson of Pennsylvania, Charles E. Bennett of Florida, Glenn English and Dave McCurdy, both of Oklahoma, Billy Lee Evans and Charles Hatcher, both of Georgia, Ralph M. Hall and Kent R. Hance, both of Texas, Bill Hefner of North Carolina, Jerry Huckaby of Louisiana, Romano L. Mazzoli of Kentucky, Ronald M. Mottl of Ohio, Richard C. Shelby of Alabama and Ike Skelton of Missouri.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Democratic Representatives leaving for picnic at Camp David

**End of Document**



[***Recordings;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F9C0-000B-Y055-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***RICKIE LEE JONES--A FINE ENCORE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F9C0-000B-Y055-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 19, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 23, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1160 words

**Byline:** By Robert Palmer

**Body**

Rickie Lee Jones's self-titled first album was one of the most auspicious and intriguing pop debuts of recent years. She was only 24 when Warner Bros. released ''Rickie Lee Jones'' in April 1979, but in the album's cover portrait her flowing blond hair was topped by a jaunty beret and a cigarette was clamped between her teeth. She looked like a 50's hipster who had somehow materialized 20 years later with her beat sensibility miraculously intact, and that was what she sounded like. Her music, and especially ''Chuck E.'s in Love,'' the album's hit single, was rooted in the world of jazz and poetry and espresso joints and the open road that Jack Kerouac and his contemporaries had celebrated. It was a world her friend Tom Waits, a distinctive singer-songwriter with several albums under his belt, seemed intent on reviving and revisiting.

Reviewers tended to stress the connection with Mr. Waits because it was the only connection that seemed to make much sense. He celebrated drifters, winos, and other marginal Americans in his halfgrowled, half-sung lyrics, and Miss Jones celebrated similar characters, including Chuck E. himself, who apparently was working as a dishwasher when she knew him. Mr. Waits's chosen idiom was a kind of updated coffeehouse jazz, laced with scat-singing and smoky saxophone solos, and on her first album Miss Jones explored a similar territory.

Robert Palmer reviews new album by pop singer Rickie Lee Jones

Some of Miss Jones's contemporaries in Los Angeles, where she was living in the late 70's, shared her interest in nonconformist poetry and in the myth of the beautiful loser, but most of them eventually channeled their energies into punk rock. John Doe and Exene, who are now the singers and lyricists for the punk band X, were living in skid row housing, reading Louis-Ferdinand Celine and Charles Bukowski, writing poetry, and staying drunk on cheap wine when Miss Jones was chronicling a similar lifestyle in the songs on her first album. Their sensibility is not that different from hers, but their chosen musical idiom is very different. Miss Jones's blend of jazz, rock and roll, and rhythm-and-blues strains from the 50's with contemporary rock marked her as both an original and a loner, cut off from rock and pop singers and songwriters who were her own age in a way even the most alienated members of the punk subculture could never be.

But ''Rickie Lee Jones'' was special principally because it heralded the arrival of a fresh and remarkably mature talent. Miss Jones's verbal invention was devastatingly rich and varied, and her singing, which involved swallowing syllables, gliding across bar lines, and squeezing out the beginnings of phrases the way a jazz saxophonist might, was utterly compelling. She was an almost immediate success with critics and with the public, and as her album climbed the best seller charts, one began to wonder what she could possibly do for an encore. She did not do anything. A year passed, and then another, and all one heard of Rickie Lee Jones was that she had moved to New York City and was ''working on'' her second album.

The album is called ''Pirates,'' and Warner Bros. is finally releasing it this week. It was worth the wait. In fact, it is such a remarkable piece of work that Miss Jones's first album now sounds like a somewhat tentative rehearsal for it. Traces of the flippant, neo-beat persona she adopted on ''Rickie Lee Jones'' are still in evidence, but on the whole ''Pirates'' is a more personal album. It strikes a convincing balance between streetwise toughness and wrenching vulnerability, and it succeeds in blending Miss Jones's musical influences, from jazz to rhythm-and-blues to the contemporary rock stylings of artists like Van Morrison and Steely Dan, into a coherent individual style.

''Pirates'' is short as albums go, but each of its eight songs is packed with musical and verbal detail. ''Woody and Dutch on the Slow Train to Peking,'' for example, is a capsule history of rhythm-andblues, a Los Angeles travelogue, and a story with a sketchy plot and a cast of characters. It is the closest thing on the new album to the jazzy wordplay of ''Chuck E.'s in Love,'' but while the earlier song found a comfortable groove and stuck to it, ''Woody and Dutch'' is alive with shifts in rhythm, instrumentation, and nuance.

At first it sounds something like Memphis soul music with a jazzy overlay, but then the jazz takes over, briefly, in an atmospheric trumpet solo. The bass pattern moves naturally from a 60's strut into a contemporary funk feel into a 50's-style eight-to-the-bar boogie, and the lyrics artfully mingle musical and geographical references, creating a vivid topography in which the Memphis record labels Sun and Stax are midnight destinations and rhythm-and-blues is a street corner. There's also a story line involving Woody and Dutch, who find a place where they can hide out, for reasons that are never stated and on the condition that they refrain from making too much noise. They proceed to make all the noise they can.

''Traces of the Western Slopes,'' the album's epic, sounds like it might have been influenced by Steely Dan's ''Aja,'' a song that was equally lengthy, equally cinematic, and equally oblique. Miss Jones sings about listening to Edgar Allan Poe and to one of the most poetic of early rock and roll sidemen, Chuck Berry's pianist Johnny Johnson, on her car radio. Again, she creates an imaginary landscape that bristles with color and life, and her singing is so inventively personal that even the most self-conscious lines - ''but who's qualified to retrieve/ the soul's enduring song?'' -sound unerringly appropriate. The music plays spare, lyrical piano off against the epic sweep of massed keyboards, and while one can't avoid the Steely Dan comparison (even the harmonies are similar), one can't accuse Miss Jones of being derivative, either. Her lyrics and her singing are too idiosyncratic, and her instrumental textures are more gauzily transparent.

Like Bruce Springsteen, Miss Jones finds epic resonances in the everyday street life of ***working-class*** America. Several of the songs on ''Pirates,'' including the title tune, ''Living It Up,'' and the lovely ''We Belong Together,'' explore the sort of neighborhoods Mr. Springsteen has staked out as his personal turf, but Miss Jones's songs are so exquisitely crafted, so musically diverse, and so strikingly sung that comparisons are beside the point. On ''Pirates'' she has done something more than stake out a turf of her own. As she sings in the album's last song, ''The Returns,'' she hopes for nothing less than an epiphany that will ''turn your memories back into dreams again.'' And her songs - lyrical, bittersweet, rueful, celebratory, enigmatic, tender, forgiving, defiant - trigger such epiphanies consistently. She has grown from being a very promising artist into being an extraordinary one, and ''Pirates'' is an extraordinary album.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Rickie Lee Jones

**End of Document**



[***The Monster Woman***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YV5-DJB0-00MH-F10B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 19, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

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

**Length:** 1497 words

**Byline:** By Michael Oreskes;

Michael Oreskes is the Washington bureau chief of The New York Times.

By Michael Oreskes;  Michael Oreskes is the Washington bureau chief of The New York Times.

**Body**

The Case Against Hillary Clinton

By Peggy Noonan.

181 pp. New York:

ReganBooks/HarperCollins Publishers. $24.

It is certainly the case, as Peggy Noonan suggests, that the coarsening of our society in general and of our political culture in particular throws a shadow across this otherwise gilded and happy American age. On this, most Americans will more or less agree. But she will find less common ground on her follow-up point. She identifies two central culprits in this decline, Bill and Hillary Rodham Clinton, and argues that since he is beyond our political reach now, the way to fight back is to reject her bid for a Senate seat from New York:

"She stands for what he stands for. Together they stand for one thing: maximum and uninterrupted power for the Clintons. What they want is self-advancement, and what fuels them is a sense of self-importance. . . . America is the platform for the Clintons' ambitions, not the focus of them. If it serves their advancement to take an action that is in the good of the country they will certainly take it. If not, not. This is not for them a difficult choice because it is not a choice. It is now, merely, a reflex."

In the very first pages of "The Case Against Hillary Clinton," Noonan says her book is "a polemic." This is both honest and wise. Offered as history, biography or even public affairs journalism, the book could easily be criticized as tendentious and underreported. But on its own terms this is the most readable short account of all the reasons to have "contempt" (Noonan's word) for Hillary Clinton. She does not pretend to evenhandedness. She sets out to make a case and, as one might expect from Ronald Reagan's speechwriter, she does it with style and passion, as well as with flights of writing that go over the top at times.

There is no shortage of books about Hillary Clinton. The Library of Congress lists more than three dozen, and there are more on the way. Several are sturdy critiques written from a conservative perspective. Joyce Milton's "First Partner" and Barbara Olson's "Hell to Pay" are both very tough on Mrs. Clinton, and Noonan appears to draw heavily from them. I say "appears" because she quotes each of them, as well as other sources ranging from The New York Post to the cable show "Hardball," but the book has no footnotes, no bibliography and no index. So it is not always clear where Noonan has drawn her facts or how she has formed her views. "Nothing that I have written here is new," she writes of her summary of the so-called Travelgate scandal. "All the facts are from articles, books and news reports, many of which have been public for years now."

Noonan makes this point to explain her frustration at the Teflon first lady: "Mrs. Clinton somehow always manages to evade responsibility, and never to pay a serious price. Others do, but not she." But if so much is culled from the public domain why do we need the book at all? The answer is that this is not really a book about Hillary Clinton. It is a book about what Peggy Noonan thinks of Mrs. Clinton and, in some of its most interesting passages, how Mrs. Clinton has affected all of us: "Hillary Clinton really is, as they say, one of those striking modern media figures to whom people seem to . . . bring themselves." (This ellipsis is hers, not mine.) "They bring aspects of their lives, parts of their experience, and they project those aspects and dramas onto her. She comes to symbolize things for people, as if she stands for certain facts in their lives. . . . There's something for almost everyone. Women who have been abused and humiliated by a man are said to see her as a fellow survivor; her victory is their redemption. Feminists see her as a woman operating in the world against the odds; her triumph is theirs. . . . Some middle-aged boomers see in her the last rise of the ethos of the 60's, the ethos of their youth; if she succeeds it means their era, and their investment in it, had meaning."

The meaning of the 60's is a longstanding topic for Noonan. In her first book, "What I Saw at the Revolution," she wrote that she became a conservative because she could not stomach fellow antiwar protesters who looked down their noses at America and the ***working-class*** grunts who had to fight the war. She brings herself to Mrs. Clinton, too. "I look at Mrs. Clinton and see the kneesocked girl in the madras headband, the Key Club president who used to walk into the bathroom in Rutherford High School, wrinkle her nose at the 10th-grade losers leaning against the gray tile walls, leave, go down the hall, and mention to a teacher that they're smoking in the girls' room again. That's my own private Hillary, or at least one aspect of her."

Noonan's goal is to bust up the iconography of Hillary Clinton and get us to judge her as a person. One immediate problem, of course, is defining the line between Mrs. Clinton and her husband. Noonan does not debate the fine points of two career couples. She goes straight to summary judgment: "She was his partner in power; they did it all, together." Well, obviously, not all. But when she gets to particulars, Noonan attempts to lay out Mrs. Clinton's direct role, forcefully summarizing significant if familiar episodes as points of evidence. Mrs. Clinton directed the sacking and smearing of the travel office staff to make way for political appointees, for example, and she was in charge of the health care plan, put together in such ham-handed secrecy that it was politically doomed, whatever its merits.

Assembling her case, Noonan repeatedly uses a technique that increases drama at the price of credibility: invented scenes. She once ridiculed Edmund Morris for inventing scenes in "Dutch," the biography of her president, Ronald Reagan, saying, "The reader never quite understands who is talking and whether he is being given a fact, a joke, a serious opinion, a bit of speculation or a guess." Noonan is more open than Morris was, but she's guilty of the same thing. She begins by imagining Mrs. Clinton's victory night next November, and sets the rest of the book up as an argument against letting that happen. Fair enough, maybe -- except that she uses the scene to speculate on Mrs. Clinton's motives for running, and without evidence or sources introduces the idea that Mrs. Clinton wants to be senator to set up a run for president. She ends the scene with Mrs. Clinton hanging up her cell phone without taking a congratulatory call from her husband at the White House. Delicious! But does it really represent how Mrs. Clinton feels?

Noonan also imagines what Eleanor Roosevelt would have said about Hillary (not kind) and she invents a conversation with a childhood friend from Long Island to make the distinction between that friend's steady, worthy life and Mrs. Clinton's supposed elitism. She invents so much that at one point, as she is describing Massapequa, her hometown on Long Island, she pauses to say, "There will be no surprise at the end of this chapter, I really did grow up there."

The strangest section is the story she tells about tape-recording a meeting in Hollywood where Mrs. Clinton gives the moguls of the entertainment industry an ultimatum to curb sex and violence in movies and on television. She relates verbatim Mrs. Clinton's powerful speech, but then she tells us the speech was a dream she was sorry to wake up from.

But to use a construction Noonan is partial to, who can believe this was a dream? I sure don't. It was a polemicist's trick. The great speechwriter invents the speech she wishes Hillary would give and then says the fact that she never gave it demonstrates Mrs. Clinton's lack of courage to use her political strength for a larger good. Noonan should be proud of that speech, and maybe she can get someone to give it, but it sheds little light on Mrs. Clinton.

Hillary Clinton is a remarkably outsized figure and there are many questions to be answered about her. How does she really feel about Bill? Does she want to be president? Is she a true liberal or just an opportunist with a lust for power? But what Noonan gives us are cleverly polished speculations. She has not done the harder work of digging to truths. It may be unfair to criticize Noonan for not writing the book I wanted to read. But even as a polemicist she has left an important job undone. She never directly takes on the case others are making for the Clintons. Jeffrey Toobin, in "A Vast Conspiracy," for example, argues that even if there wasn't, as Hillary Clinton had put it, a vast right-wing conspiracy, there was certainly a concerted effort by a band of conservatives to get Mr. Clinton no matter what. In Toobin's telling, Bill Clinton, while flawed and foolish, was really a good guy, besieged by overzealous opponents who did far worse things than the president and the first lady. Noonan's case against Hillary Clinton would have been stronger by far if she had confronted this line of thinking and showed New Yorkers why it was wrong.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Andy Rash)

**Load-Date:** March 19, 2000

**End of Document**



[***STAGE: 'A TALE TOLD,' PART 3 OF TALLEY FAMILY STORY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FGS0-000B-Y2WP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 12, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 3, Column 3; Weekend Desk; review

**Length:** 1179 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

THERE are a dozen characters in ''A Tale Told,'' Lanford Wilson's long-awaited third play about the Talley clan of southern Missouri, but I'm afraid only one of them is worth caring about. I'm equally sorry to report that the single exception, Sally Talley, isn't on stage too long. Sally pops up only in the play's waning moments, when she sneaks into her family's mansion to grab a suitcase and skip town.

So why do we care about her? It has nothing to do with her retrieval of that suitcase, but it has everything to do with some other baggage she is carrying. Sally is the one character who has appeared in all three Talley plays. In ''Talley's Folly,'' which is set on the same 1944 Independence Day night as ''A Tale Told,'' she is being courted at the family boathouse by a Jewish accountant named Matt Friedman. In ''Fifth of July,'' which takes place 33 years later, Matt has died and Sally is on hand to scatter his ashes. In both previous works, this woman is firmly and beautifully drawn, and that's why we're so glad to see her again here. When she finally appears in ''A Tale Told'' - once more embodied by Trish Hawkins, who also played her in ''Talley's Folly'' - she inevitably carries with her our fond, weighty memories of fully realized Wilson plays past.

Frank Rich reviews Lanford Wilson's play, "A Tale Told," presented by Circle Repertory

Were it not for those memories, even Sally wouldn't come alive in ''A Tale Told.'' The other 11 characters, having no such ballast, don't stand a chance. While Lanford Wilson is one of our theater's very best writers, his new play, which opened at the Circle Repertory Company last night, seems written out of obligation rather than inspiration. No, his perfect ear for American speech hasn't failed him, and neither has his crack director, Marshall W. Mason. But this time Mr. Wilson's lush language and Mr. Mason's flawless staging have been applied to a theatrical vacuum.

The play is about three generations of Talleys who are squabbling over the family garment business while Sally and Matt (who doesn't reappear) are planning their elopement down at that boathouse. Does the playwright really have anything pressing to say about the often venal business folk he focuses on here? I doubt it. Most of them are superficially defined, at times by a single character trait. Their familial relationships, loving or contentious, are so thinly sketched that we rely on the program's family tree to remember who is who's sibling or spouse. Indeed, one doesn't even believe in the relationships that tie this play to the others. Could the totally abject young couple we meet in ''A Tale Told'' actually be the parents of those strong-willed Berkeley renegades, June and Kenneth Jr., of ''Fifth of July''?

The evening's plot, which involves revelations of sordid business and sexual affairs, appears to be Mr. Wilson's playful but illdesigned homage to such old-time melodramas as ''The Little Foxes,'' ''The Magnificent Ambersons'' and just maybe ''Peyton Place.'' The narrative holes might be tolerable if the story led to any greater revelation. Alas, Mr. Wilson mounts a conventional attack on hypocrisy and greed. Because the Talleys' innocent ***working-class*** prey are also one-note figures, the battle between the amoral haves and saintly have-nots never gathers what little fire it might.

There are some other concerns here, too - including radiation poisoning, no less - but they're often either thrown-in or unconvincing. Mr. Wilson brings on the awkward ghost of a dead Talley (David Ferry), just killed in overseas battle, to deliver some forced-fed voice-of-history monologues debunking the romantic myths of war. As the family is considering selling its company to a big corporation, much is made of the decline of entrepreneurial craft and pride that will come with the growth of conglomerate America. Mr. Wilson's lament for the passing of small business seems disingenuous, to say the least, given his equally low regard for both the self-made Talleys and their out-of-town buyers.

Throughout the play, there are also prophetic comments about the social changes that will sweep the nation once World War II ends; they're not nearly as witty as Matt's related speeches in ''Talley's Folly.'' The unflattering comparisons between ''A Tale Told'' and its predecessors don't end there. Sally's favorite relative here, a rebellious aunt (Elizabeth Sturges), proves to be a flat rewrite of Sally herself. The potential sale of the family business -which parallels the potential sale of the family estate in ''Fifth of July'' - here is milked for melodramatic ends, rather than elliptical, Chekhovian poetry. In keeping with this unfortunate descent into obviousness, there are too many signposting lines that speak portentously of graveyards, the totaling up of lives and the symbolic decline of the Talley house.

The cast, however, is uniformly strong, with the standout performance coming from Fritz Weaver as the stooped and dying family patriarch. This actor is an often startling mixture of pathetic senility and foxy viciousness; it's a shame that his role, potentially the play's lynchpin, peters out to become a plot cog in Act II. Among the other principal players are Michael Higgins as Mr. Weaver's nonentity of a son and Timothy Shelton and Patricia Wettig as the most callow of the clan. Helen Stenborg struggles gamely as Mr. Higgins's drudge of a wife, whose last-minute, vaguely motivated personality transformation is intended to give the evening a climax.

Mr. Mason's staging manages to evoke some chills, however mawkish, at each act's final curtain. His and Mr. Wilson's favorite design team - John Lee Beatty (sets), Laura Crow (costumes), Dennis Parichy (lighting) -are in top form. At last given a chance to show the Talley drawing room, Mr. Beatty unveils a picturesque Victorian salon of dark wood, flowered wall paper, frosted lamps and doily-draped upholstery. It's not his fault that we can't help wishing we were elsewhere - back at the boathouse, tripping through the moonlight with our beloved Sally and Matt.

Fourth of July, 1944

A TALE TOLD, by Lanford Wilson; directed by Marshall W. Mason; set by John Lee Beatty; costumes by Laura Crow; lights by Dennis Parichy; sound by Chuck London; production stage manager, Fred Reinglas. Presented by the Circle Repertory, Mr. Mason, artistic director. At 99 Seventh Avenue South. Viola Platt .............................Nancy Killmer Olive .................................Patricia Wettig Netta ..................................Helen Stenborg Lottie ..............................Elizabeth Sturges Eldon .................................Michael Higgins Buddy .................................Timothy Shelton Emmet Young ............................Lindsey Ginter Harley Campbell ......................Jimmie Ray Weeks Mr. Talley ...............................Fritz Weaver Avalaine Platt ...........................Laura Hughes Timmy .....................................David Ferry Sally ...................................Trish Hawkins

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Fritz Weaver in 'A Tale Told'

**End of Document**



[***A Long Hardwood Journey***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5GGC-D0S1-DXY4-X2ND-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 19, 2015 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section SP; Column 0; Sports Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 5439 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL POWELL

**Body**

You know that we're not running the correct out-of-bounds play, right? That our defensive press is a mess? That we're close to another loss?

Coach Marc Skelton leaned in close, his eyes inches from those of his teenage players, his questions pregnant with expletives. He had paced, implored, tossed his arms in the air, yelled and, for punctuation, whacked his clipboard like a zydeco musician with a washboard. Combustion seemed a real and present danger.

It was December, and Skelton's basketball team, the Fannie Lou Hamer Freedom High School Panthers, had traveled across the South Bronx to a rival team's gym.

''Fellas, you are in the lion's den,'' Skelton yelled into the din, with another flourish of profanity. ''Now you have to kill the lion!''

Skelton directed his players to double-team the top three opposing scorers, who were talented shooters but not great passers. They rely on chaos; respond by playing methodically.

The Fannie Lou defense stiffened. As Skelton forecast, the opposing guards hoisted long, contested shots.

The Panthers won, 76-66.

For a few minutes, the Panthers had played the Fannie Lou way, as preached and codified by Skelton, and secured a victory that had almost slithered out of their grasp.

The boys gathered in a tiny locker room to listen to Skelton's valedictory remarks -- incisive, with a bit of praise and scalding criticism. He never sugarcoats. Then they pulled on coats, scarves, hats and hoodies and filed into the frigid darkness.

Skelton stepped into the night, hauling a duffel filled with jerseys he had bought with money raised from friends and family members. He would wash the uniforms at home.

One of the most successful public school coaches in New York City, he places emphasis less on athleticism than on chesslike analysis, film study and team play. He digs deep into the psyches of his players, to the point that some talk of him -- to his discomfort -- as being akin to a father.

No Fannie Lou player has gone on to play college basketball at a top-tier program. But in this poor and ***working-class*** corner of the South Bronx, Skelton's teams have amassed a 100 percent graduation rate and a formidable winning tradition. Last year, Fannie Lou, a small school of 386 students, came within a missed shot of a city championship. The previous year, Fannie Lou went 29-4 and won the championship.

At this point in the 2014-15 season, Skelton's team was 4-2 and moving sideways, which works for crabs but not basketball teams. His starting lineup had a junior, three sophomores and a freshman, which in high school terms amounted to a team in swaddling cloth.

''This is my most physically gifted team,'' Skelton told me at the time. ''But they are so young and inconsistent.''

He traveled back to the apartment he shares with his wife, Jessica, and their 6-year-old daughter, Nina, in Hudson Heights, perched on the bluffs of northern Manhattan. He read to Nina until she drifted off to sleep.

Then Skelton sat in his living room and studied video, charting passes and shots -- how many 3-pointers the opponent took, and where and when. He examined turnovers, contested shots and broken plays and sent a detailed email, along with a video to each player. He fell asleep after midnight and awakened later to ruminate more.

Skelton harbors a conviction bordering on religious belief that he can sell his teenage boys on the beauty of basketball well played. Just maybe, in the 2014-15 season, they would compete for that championship again in March. He invited me to chronicle their journey.

''One of the thrills of coaching is trying to rebuild the boat while in the middle of the sea with the ballast shifting,'' he said, smiling at his overwrought metaphor. ''The other possibility is the crew gets rickets and we capsize.''

Skelton has turned the corner on 40 years old. A social studies teacher, he learned Russian while with the Peace Corps in Moldova. He adores Dostoyevsky and Gogol and teaches a spring class at Fannie Lou in Russian history: Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great and all that.

He also loves Herman Melville, from whose port his nautical metaphors take sail. To pursue the championships is to ''harpoon the whale,'' Skelton said.

His teenage players don't always understand him. They do drink in his passion and vow to achieve playoff glory.

They are so young. As Melville wrote of such voyages, ''It is not down in any map; true places never are.''

Starting From Scratch

''So who knows who Nick Van Exel was?''

Skelton, in a tie-dye Lithuanian Olympic team T-shirt, was talking to players trying out in early October. The teenagers stole looks. Who? (Van Exel last played in the N.B.A. when these boys were 6 years old.)

''Right -- how could you know him?'' Skelton said, half to the teenagers and half to himself. ''Alonzo Mourning. Any better?''

One player raised his hand tentatively, but Skelton didn't notice. Everyone did sprints and dribbling drills, then more sprints and push-ups and defensive drills.

The Panthers' gym is a closet. High-arching jump shots sometimes hit a heating duct. When players sit on the bench during games, their toes extend onto the court like a row of toy boats.

Skelton explained offensive and defensive sets, which he had collected from around the globe -- the Flying Death Machine, the Lithuania Needle and so on. He has five out-of-bounds plays and three defensive presses. In whispers, juniors and seniors translated for the younger players who, wide-eyed, looked as if they had wandered into a class in advanced Latin.

''This is hard, Charles,'' Skelton said to Charles Davis, a gangling and talented freshman forward. He turned to the rest of the team. ''Charles is not going to understand this until he's a junior.''

''Welcome to Fannie Lou basketball,'' Skelton added.

Varsity basketball tryouts for many successful programs are variations on Hollywood casting calls. A hundred teenage boys try to impress with fancy shots, jukes, one-handed rebounds. At tiny Fannie Lou Hamer, just 26 students tried out, the curious, the overweight and the too eager. All but the core players were new.

Skelton prefers teaching his crew from scratch. ''You're going to see both sides of the mirror, including my own,'' he told the teenagers. ''I'm going to test your commitment to basketball. At some point this season, you're going to hate basketball. I guarantee it.''

Skelton is among a cluster of New York coaches, men and women, who study the game with a Talmudic intensity. They attend conferences, write for websites and have taught at basketball camps. They disdain zombie ball, the mindless up and down, and that ESPN-fed apotheosis known as hero ball, in which star players try to win -- but often lose -- games on their own.

They study the work of Princeton's legendary Pete Carril and the Cleveland Cavaliers' coach, David Blatt (LeBron James's complaints to the contrary, Blatt is revered as an innovator). They steal one another's plays and techniques, and keep a wary eye on new rivals.

There was talk early in the season of a wunderkind female coach at Maspeth High School in Queens, whose senior-heavy squad executed her game plan with precision and savvy, and gorgeous jump shooting. Her team would deal postseason pain to someone in March.

Skelton stresses rigorous preparation. His goal is to impose his considerable will on a game. Teams must play at the Panthers' speed, intense and physical. He seeks to break an opponent, emotionally and physically.

''He is very smart, and his kids are coming at you, and they are fighting to the death,'' said Ben Newman, the coach of the New York City Lab School for Collaborative Studies, who is a successful and friendly rival. (They often exchange notes on other teams.) ''It's a fun, complicated game to coach against him.''

Jorge Jimenez, 17, scampered up the court during tryouts. He had arrived at Fannie Lou as a freshman moppet, a player so slight that the basketball looked like a beach ball in his hands. He could shoot 3-pointers, and to his surprise, Skelton selected him. He is intensely close to his mother, a Dominican immigrant; his sisters; his baby brother; and his girlfriend, Jaileen.

Jorge can play defense with less than full determination. Skelton yelled. Jorge listened and smiled.

''As a freshman, I was like: 'Are you serious? I cannot believe him,' '' Jorge recalled with a smile. ''Then I get used to him. That's what makes him a great coach: He's so intense. I respect him like a father.''

Shateek Myrick, talented with a coltish shyness, was also at the tryouts. The previous season, he brooded until he hit a big shot in the playoffs. Last summer, he and Tim Hariston, the team's hulking center, gathered at midnight, laid down cones on a playground court, and ran dribbling and shooting drills choreographed by Skelton.

A sophomore, Shateek had a chance to be a core player this season. Or not. He can be as emotionally taut as a piano wire.

''I was blue last year; I was hard on myself,'' Shateek said. ''Marc told me to leave. Maybe I wasn't ready for the team. He said I had to put the team first, before girls, before anything.''

Shateek nearly left the team. Skelton knew where he was, and Shateek knew that. In this small school, the ties between staff and student, coach and player, are intense and familial.

''Coach rebuilt me,'' he said. ''Marc understands me, and I think I understand him.''

Struggle and Revival

Decades ago, the horsemen of white flight, abandonment and arson galloped through the South Bronx, and AIDS, smack and crack marched hard on their heels. Residents battled back, city officials rallied, and neighborhoods were resurrected. Once surrounded by rubble, Fannie Lou Hamer High School is a symbol of that regeneration.

Its leaders refuse to install metal detectors, and the security guards know every student by first name. The school has a partnership with the Children's Aid Society, and together they tutor students and counsel families. They help families overrun by poverty construct budgets and assist students in applying for financial aid for college.

Few Fannie Lou students score high on the standardized tests that prematurely define too many lives. Fannie Lou relies on portfolios rather than tests. Teenagers write, edit and rewrite. The school has won national awards for its ability to electrify lives.

Life here is no Hallmark card. Basketball success has not bred a great neighborhood following for the Panthers; few parents and friends attend games. This season, one player's family would become homeless. A father would lose his job. A star player would sustain an injury, grow depressed and academically tumble away.

Days before the season began, Skelton relied on a freshman point guard as his starter, a risky approach. In a system as complicated as Skelton's, a point guard is like a computer modem -- a good one makes everything work.

Then Kobe Boateng walked through the doors at Fannie Lou Hamer in late October, fresh from Florida. Short, lean and quiet as a dormouse, he sat with the assistant principal as she leafed through his transcript and tried to engage him. I love to play basketball, he told her. I'm a point guard.

She led him to Skelton's class.

In Kobe's hands, the basketball is like a yo-yo. He remains crouched and close to the ground, and his feeling for the ball is polished. He loves to pass and plays defense with a bloodhound's intensity.

Kobe also had an awkward line drive of a jump shot and knew not a play of Skelton's offense. He tossed the ball ahead to Jorge, figuring the guard would cut to the hoop. In Skelton's offense, Jorge remains camped at the 3-point line, where he shoots a reliably high percentage. Kobe's pass sailed out of bounds. He dealt the ball to Rory Brown, a talented forward, too far from the hoop. That led to a turnover.

In the cafeteria after practice, I asked Kobe how he had come to live in Florida. His eyes were downcast, his voice barely above a whisper.

''My grades weren't so good,'' he said. ''I went to Florida to live with my basketball coach.''

You dig deeper in that soil.

Kobe lived in a handsome house on 225th Street in the North Bronx, with his older sister and younger brother and his parents, who were Ghanaian immigrants. His mother cooked delicious Ghanaian stews, hugged him before he slept and, when she had parent business to discuss, talked in Twee with his father, who drove a city bus.

She fell ill, and Kobe visited her in the hospital. Even hooked to tubes, she could always make him smile. Then she died of breast cancer. His father began working double shifts to pay the mortgage.

Kobe drifted toward the wrong crowd and started skipping school. His grades, often good, deteriorated.

''I was alone in the world,'' he said.

One day he wandered by the home of his favorite youth basketball coach, Robert Arce. A truck driver, Arce was packing up his family -- his son and Kobe had been close friends since grade school -- and preparing to move to Florida. Can I come with you? Kobe asked.

It was as if Kobe were tossing himself a life preserver.

''I knew Kobe was not himself,'' Arce said. ''He could not bear to knock on the door to his own home.''

Arce talked to Kobe's father, who agreed.

Kobe flew to Orlando. He could not play varsity basketball because of his grades in the Bronx, so he did a lot of homework, and in late afternoon, he walked between rows of palm trees to the local basketball court.

''It was so quiet,'' Kobe recalled. ''I could hear my own thoughts.''

A year passed. One evening last October, Kobe asked Arce to talk. I need to go home, Kobe said. ''He really missed his little brother,'' Arce said. ''He was so emotional.''

Arce put an arm around Kobe's shoulder. You are family. Our door is open to you always.

A few days later, Kobe boarded a flight for New York City.

Perhaps he would be the missing piece for that playoff run.

Learning the Hard Way

A basketball season is a grinding trek, influenced by all of the attendant dramas of teenage life. Skelton talks with guidance counselors and school aides and tries to keep track of his players' quarrels, grades, breakups with girlfriends and family schisms.

Skelton knows his younger players will bridle and buck at his intense and demanding style; he has a thick hide and requires that of his players. The teenagers speak with respect of his teaching, but inevitably some grow furious with him in the gym.

''No one signs up for heartbreak,'' Skelton said, ''but it's all but guaranteed.''

Fannie Lou Hamer Freedom High School opened its season against Truman High, a large AA-division school with players who could compete for major college teams. Fannie Lou is in the B division of the Public Schools Athletic League.

Skelton's teams had beaten A-division behemoths in the past, relying on discipline and sophisticated playmaking to leap the talent gap.

The center for Truman was massive. The young Fannie Lou players drove the lane against him and went airborne, and he blocked one shot after another. It was like watching children hurl themselves against a wall.

The Panthers tossed the ball around like a Frisbee. ''Rory! Rory!'' Skelton yelled. ''Stop the ball!'' Rory did not stop the ball, and there was another turnover. The Panthers made a spirited run but lost by 15 points.

Afterward, the Panthers listened, glum. Skelton spoke of developing a reciprocal trust that would allow them to see open teammates. As it happened, vision presented a literal as well as metaphorical challenge. Truman's gym -- typical of city public schools -- is cavernous and dimly lit, with peeling paint. The feeling is like playing inside a grainy black-and-white television.

At least five Fannie Lou players wear glasses in the classroom, but their families cannot afford to replace broken eyeglasses.

Rory is an inside slasher with deft hands; he leaves his glasses in a jacket during games. ''Honestly,'' he said, ''sometimes I had to look really carefully to see if I was passing to the right guy.''

Typically, a Skelton team mucks about for a month or two and then rounds into shape as players focus their minds on the sprint to the playoffs. Not this year. His team of young colts settled into a maddening and rhythmless pattern of good wins and dispiriting losses. Girls, pot, a hostile crowd, mediocre referees: All were distractions.

The Panthers trailed at halftime of a December game, and the players raged about bad calls. Skelton, impatient, waved his hands at them.

''Fellas!'' he said. ''Blind referees are built in Hunts Point. They wander the streets until the P.S.A.L. hires them. You can't do anything about that.''

The room fell silent as players puzzled that out. ''The coach-player dialectic is like mercury in a thermometer,'' Skelton said later. ''I need to be the most consistent one in the gym.''

Which is not to suggest that Coach is immune to mood swings. After beating a team by 75-31, Skelton sent me an email: ''We're improving faster than microchips.''

Seven days later, the Panthers lost to a rival. Skelton emailed again: ''It was a complete disaster. We are in a malaise and playing without fire.''

The team was tightknit with no rebels. The players exchanged special handshakes in the hallways and gathered on the team's Facebook site at night to gossip and dissect the games. When Jorge's mother traveled to the Dominican Republic to remarry, she begged Jorge to leave school for weeks and accompany her.

He adored her but he refused. He was a starter on a team that valued cohesiveness, and he wanted to be college bound. ''I told my mom, 'I love you, but I have obligations,' '' he said.

Players for some opposing teams sat on the bench and checked their phones, laughed, sulked and ogled girls. The Fannie Lou players locked arms and clapped. ''You peer at a bench, and you can see a team's soul,'' Skelton said.

Managing personalities is a precarious business. The Panthers' two seniors, Ken Duran and Bari Higinio, were college bound and analytic, akin to assistant coaches. They played little. The younger players lacked an alpha dog. Against Douglass Academy, Skelton watched Shateek, his best shooter and a sophomore who commits every play to memory, grow tentative. Each time he made a bad pass or took a bad shot, he glanced over to monitor Skelton's reaction.

Skelton stamped his foot. ''Shateek! What the hell? Take a seat!''

Shateek wandered off the court, past the bench and into the shadowed hallway. He rested his forehead against a brick wall. Five minutes later, he returned to the bench.

Skelton walked to the end of the bench without looking at him.

''You ready?''

Yes, Shateek replied.

Soon Shateek was rebounding and whipping a beauty of a pass. The Panthers scored the best win of the young season. Shateek, what were you thinking out in the hallway?

''I was thinking I better get back into that gym,'' he said.

Did Coach notice you leave?

Shateek shrugged, fatalistic. ''Coach sees everything.''

Weeks later, I asked Skelton if he had noticed Shateek leaving. He smiled. ''Yeah, Teek's coat was behind the bench, so I knew he'd come back.''

'Where a Teacher Is Needed'

Skelton talks of titling his memoir ''Diary of a Mad Coach.'' His path to the Bronx was defiantly nonlinear. Raised in New Hampshire, an all-state high school shooting guard, he planned to complete his Peace Corps tour and apply to medical school.

He boarded his flight to Moldova and sat next to Jessica, a pretty and intelligent woman who was heading to her own Peace Corps posting. They talked intently for hours. She told him of her father and brother, two doctors. She loved them but not the doctor's lifestyle.

What, she asked Skelton, what would you like to do after the Peace Corps? He paused carefully and looked at her.

Oh, he replied, I'd like to be a teacher.

They have been married almost 10 years.

Skelton arrived in New York with no desire to teach upper-middle-class students; he wanted teenagers who would challenge his assumptions. He targeted schools in the Bronx for job interviews and discovered Fannie Lou, where a dynamic principal was committed to a different educational path.

''I wanted to work in the most difficult environment, where a teacher is needed,'' he said. ''I was lucky enough to find a school where the ethos was to allow you to exercise so many aspects of who you are.''

As he has earned master's degrees in Russian studies, science education and political science, he has thought of teaching college. Each September, though, he finds himself walking back through the door at Fannie Lou.

At a mid-January film session, Shateek complained that he did not like the responsibility of tossing in the ball from out of bounds. It made him tense, he said. He preferred to roam the court.

Skelton cut him off. ''I understand,'' he said. ''Sometimes I want to be teaching Russian literature, and that hasn't happened. But we needed a computer teacher to better prepare students for life, and I opened my big mouth.

''I have the ability to teach computers, and we needed it, and I did it. Get it?''

Shateek nodded, warily.

Frustration Boils Over

Winter settled in. During winter vacation, teammates were pressed into babysitting. Family tensions surfaced. Players become distracted. Skelton grew edgy; the Panthers were near the bell lap in their race for the playoffs.

The best teams press the accelerator pedal. In Queens, the Maspeth basketball team opened January by posting winning margins of 25 and 16 points.

Fannie Lou's second game after the break was against South Bronx Prep, which it had beaten in years past. The Panthers led at halftime but collapsed and lost.

Marquis Clark, a sophomore and the star of the early season, shot 1 for 10 from the field. He hurt his knee, and players carried him to the bench. He had begun his tumble. In weeks to come, he would injure his ankle, his grades would slip, and he would lose his eligibility to play.

The Panthers and South Bronx Prep talked trash all game. Afterward, Tim, the Fannie Lou center, followed the opposing team outside. Burly and 6 feet 8 inches, he is a usually good-natured student who leads his teammates in pregame chants.

But he had grown frustrated with his poor play and begun texting late-night apologies to Skelton. Tim and the teenagers from the opposing team exchanged taunts as they climbed the stairway to the elevated subway tracks, alongside the Bronx River. Shateek and Rory tried to hold Tim back.

The police separated the quarreling teenagers before anyone could land a punch.

Skelton learned of the trouble that night. He convened his team the next day. Shateek was almost in tears. ''I told Timmy, 'You're angry because you aren't playing well,' '' Shateek said. '' 'You think Marc's going to play you because you're tough?' ''

Skelton agreed.

''That's the wrong kind of toughness, fellas,'' Skelton said.

Shateek raised his hand. Would the P.S.A.L. suspend Timmy?

Skelton shook his head. ''I have suspended him.''

A couple of years ago, Skelton suspended his leading scorer and the rest of his starting five. He is raising young men, not ballplayers. That team reached the championship game.

Study and Reflection

A century ago, the Fannie Lou building -- on Jennings Street, next to the Sheridan Expressway -- was a factory that employed tuberculosis patients. Today freshmen and sophomores pass their days in the same classrooms, a school within a school. Struggling students are assigned a tutor.

In May, Fannie Lou was awarded a national award for its work.

Nathan Larsen, the assistant principal, gave me a tour. A bearded son of a farmer from Iowa, Larsen, who did graduate work in religion at Oxford University, serves as Skelton's advance scout. He films coming opponents. Skelton slices the videos into bites for his players and prepares scouting reports.

''It connects to the way we teach here,'' Larsen said. ''Marc asks students to study film, before and after games, and to reflect.''

Luis Padilla, an ebullient school aide supervisor, is the other assistant. Years ago, Padilla listened as Skelton excoriated a player for jogging through drills. When the player walked to the bench, head down, Padilla grilled him, too.

''Marc pulled me aside and said, 'I do all the yelling,' '' Padilla recalled. '' 'I want my assistants to be the guys who pick the players up and build their self-esteem.'

''Marc's the law. We give the love.''

Coming Together

All winter, the Panthers climbed Sisyphean hills, playing intelligently for stretches only to fall apart. Jorge, the best shooter, collided with a big defender and bounced across the floor as if tossed out a car. He lost two weeks to a concussion.

By February, their playoff hopes were on life support.

Skelton had trouble sleeping. Jessica, his wife, watched the toll. ''It's not easy; you see it eating at him,'' she said. ''I keep reminding him that this is a really young group.''

The Panthers played Bathgate at a community center. A pool downstairs gave a humid February-in-Manila feel to the seemingly closet-size gym.

The Panthers should have beaten this team. Instead they piled mistake atop mistake. Skelton was irate.

''Honey?''

The mother of a Bathgate player leaned in behind Skelton and spoke into his ear. ''Honey, you need to get your nails done and chill.''

The next day, Skelton gathered his players in a circle at midcourt in the Fannie Lou gym. We're 9-7 in division play, he told them in a voice grown hoarse. You haven't run a good break in weeks. Why don't you just toss your uniforms into the circle, and we can call it a season? You won't have to listen to me, and you'll have more time for your girlfriends.

Players swung their arms, nervous. Slowly, the teenagers spoke up.

''If we quit, my girlfriend might break up with me,'' one said.

Skelton understood. Sort of.

''In the playoffs, we can be a sleeper,'' Travis said quietly. A junior, Travis made the team on the last day of the preseason. He rarely played, but he knew every play. He watched N.B.A. and college basketball with an astute eye.

Skelton smiled faintly.

''We're going to be a sleeper?'' Skelton said. ''We'll be the team no one wants to face?''

The team nodded as one.

''I like it,'' Skelton said. ''The ride isn't over until they kick us out.''

The Panthers demolished their next opponent by 38 points. Was it too late? In Queens, Maspeth and its senior-heavy squad was steamrollering opponents by 40 or more points.

The deadly teams of March are built in January and February.

Peaking for the Playoffs

Fannie Lou earned a playoff berth. The teenage vibrations had shifted. Practices were crisper. Older teenagers corrected the younger ones. Players listened intently.

Skelton dialed down anticipation. ''Shateek, you're too hungry. Breathe.'' To Kobe: ''Your speed is incredible. Sloooow down.''

Wham! Wham!

There was loud banging on the metal door. It was frigid outside, 13 degrees with gusting winds. The big center, Tim, walked in wearing shorts.

''Timmy?'' Skelton looked horrified. ''You didn't wear pants?''

The Panthers' first-round opponent was a team from Queens, Renaissance High School. It featured two swift, high-scoring shooting guards who dominated the ball.

Skelton was fine with that. ''I like coaching against hero ball,'' he said with a touch of pride.

His antidote was straightforward: Allow no one to dribble unimpeded to the hoop. Pressure the two star guards relentlessly and force them to take long shots or pass. Make other players take contested 2-point jump shots, a statistical loser's bet.

The Panthers came out on fire. Kobe dished 10 assists. Shateek drained 3-pointers, leaving the net leaping. The gangling freshman, Charles, vacuumed up rebounds. The defense was stiff.

''Jesus Christ, fellas,'' Skelton shouted. ''That's basketball!''

They celebrated. Then came ominous news. Fannie Lou's next opponent would be Maspeth High School in Queens. Maspeth Coach Anastasia Bitis's team was undefeated. It had not had won by fewer than 10 points.

Give yourself a night to feel great, Skelton advised his players.

A Daunting Task

Skelton scratched away with chalk on the board, putting up a scouting report. He had done his homework in the past 24 hours, scooping up information on Maspeth.

Maspeth is very well coached, another coach told Skelton. Playing against Bitis reminds me of playing you.

Skelton envisioned building a defensive barricade. Don't wander out too far on Maspeth, he told his kids. Keep your hands up and in their face, but let them take those long 3-pointers. Cut off every route to the hoop.

Maspeth had not been in a close game, he told his players. If we stay within 5 points in the fourth quarter, they'll crack. ''We aren't going to change the way we play,'' Skelton said. ''We are going to change the way they play.''

For the first time this season, Fannie Lou scraped together money for a little bus. On the trip to Queens, the Panthers' players were silent, staring out at a frozen postindustrial landscape, the bones of old coat and linen factories visible, steam clouds rising from chimneys.

In Queens, they found a gorgeous new high school with a capacious gym. Sunlight slanted through windows. Speakers blasted Lupe Fiasco's ''Superstar'' as Maspeth players hit practice shot after practice shot.

Skelton motioned his team to huddle up.

''Fellas, I'm going to repeat myself in case you lost something on the highway,'' he said. ''Just keep your heads.''

Maspeth got the opening tap. In a blink, it was 10-2. Then 17-2. ''I could have called a timeout, but what was I supposed to say?'' Skelton said later. ''We were playing tough defense.''

The Panthers made a run -- Shateek swatted a Maspeth shot into the rafters -- but still trailed, 38-23, at halftime.

Skelton entered the locker room holding a stat sheet. ''Guys, those shots of theirs are going to be missed in the fourth quarter,'' he said. ''I'm not burning timeouts, because we're going to win this game.''

With 5:32 left, Fannie Lou had cut the Maspeth lead to 13.

Swish, swish and swish. Maspeth surged far ahead again. Skelton shook his head. ''There can't be a team that doesn't miss, can there?'' he wondered.

Maspeth won by 23.

''I can't be happier,'' Skelton told his players, red-eyed and crying, afterward. ''You played hard to the final second.''

The Next Challenge

What could you have done differently? I asked Skelton. Not much, he said. If he underestimated anything, it was that youth was implacable.

''Maspeth rotated the ball beautifully and did all the little things our guys will do next year.'' He smiled. ''We learn. There are 1,000 ways to lose in the playoffs. I kind of like the way I lost.''

The players trailed into his classroom seeking summer homework. Skelton fashions drills for the summer, which he calls the ''on season.'' (Marc Skelton Dictum No. 1: Games are O.K., if you must, but you can take 10 times as many shots and dribbles in a good 45-minute practice.) Kobe would work on putting arc on his jumper; Rory on passing; Shateek on dribbling.

Skelton took his players to a basketball camp in late June; they had asked about it for months. ''Let's face it,'' Rory said. ''He's kind of like a father to us.''

There was that word again: father. What did Skelton make of it?

Silence.

It's a fraught question, emotionally, psychologically, perhaps racially, although the latter never surfaced directly. Even if his players, who are black and Latino, speak of him as more, Skelton, who is white, resists conceiving of himself as other than their coach. Most times, anyway.

A former player, a favorite, was recently released from jail after six months. ''Guess where he came first?'' Skelton said. ''He's been here every day since.''

He rubbed his head; he is not a gushy sort.

''Look, I understand who I am to these guys, and if I don't, my wife reminds me, and so does my principal,'' he said. ''I love my job. But I've got my hands full with Nina. I'm parenting that little girl.''

Silence again.

''I'm parenting these young men, too. I know that.''

I asked Skelton how he would spend his summer. He would read the Russian writer Vasily Grossman's ''An Armenian Sketchbook,'' and he would obsess a lot about basketball.

''They will be older, more mature, and they could win a city title next year,'' Skelton said. ''We know -- they know -- that chance doesn't come every year.''

For these teenage boys and their coach, the pursuit of the whale is unrelenting.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/07/19/sports/a-long-hardwood-journey.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/07/19/sports/a-long-hardwood-journey.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: From top: Players from Fannie Lou Hamer Freedom High School in the Bronx gathered at midcourt before a game in January

Marc Skelton, the team's coach, reviewed statistics at home after a loss

and Kobe Boateng went up for a shot during a defeat at South Bronx High School. (SP1)

Left, Fannie Lou players cheered from the bench during a game against South Bronx. Above, players walked from the subway before a game. Below, Marquis Clark, a star early in the season, was carried off with a knee injury in January. Later, poor grades made him ineligible to play.

Coach Marc Skelton went over a game plan in February in his classroom, which doubles as a locker room at Fannie Lou Hamer, a school of 386 students. (SP6-SP7)

Top, Coach Marc Skelton during a game in February. ''His kids are coming at you, and they are fighting to the death,'' a rival coach said. Above, the sophomore Shateek Myrick (22) pulled down a rebound against South Bronx High. (SP8)

Above, Kobe Boateng before Fannie Lou's playoff game in February at Maspeth High School in Queens. Below, Jorge Jimenez, left, and Ken Duran after the Panthers' 23- point defeat. It was the final high school game for Ken, one of the team's two seniors. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD HEISLER/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (SP9)

**Load-Date:** July 19, 2015

**End of Document**



[***Dennis Quaid's Second Reel: The Comeback***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4770-HCS0-01CN-H0GR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 14, 2002 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1445 words

**Byline:**  By RICK LYMAN

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Nov. 13

**Body**

Dennis Quaid scooted through the kitchen of his Brentwood house, a bottle of water clasped in one hand, as he tried to corner three yapping border terriers toward the door. "C'mon, you're in the way," he said. "Try to behave."

With that same galvanic grin that made him one of the top movie stars of the 1980's in films like "The Right Stuff" (1983) and "The Big Easy" (1987), Mr. Quaid plopped down on a well-grooved sofa and gestured sheepishly to a basketball-size ink stain on an adjacent love seat. "It's a little messy around here," he said. "We've been busy."

It is a welcome change. He spent a decade in the Hollywood wilderness following a struggle with cocaine addiction and more recently a spate of tabloid misery caused by the slow-motion breakup of his 10-year marriage to the actress Meg Ryan and her brief, gossip-generating romance with the actor Russell Crowe.

"I feel like I am in the best place I've been for 13 or 14 years, really," Mr. Quaid said, taking a pull from the water bottle and pushing aside a silver scooter that his 10-year-old son, Jack, had left on the sofa. "I think there's ebbs and flows and cycles to every career. Back in the late 80's I was the hot guy there for a while. And now I feel like I'm getting back there again."

He is 48 now. The elfin grin and the quick, eye-crinkling laugh are still there. But the lines are carved a little deeper in his chiseled face, the square jaw line is more gaunt with age and the gaze a little more wary. "I don't think I appreciated it as much as I should have back then," Mr. Quaid said. "I don't think I nurtured it. I think I kind of took it for granted."

It is often hard to tell exactly when a comeback began. Perhaps it was his lead role in the critically praised "Frequency" (2000), about a firefighter whose ham radio allows him to converse across time with his grown son. Or perhaps his supporting performance as a sleazy drug lawyer in the Oscar-winning "Traffic" (2000).

Certainly it has all come together this year. First he starred as a middle-aged baseball pitcher in "The Rookie," a well-regarded family film from Disney. More recently his name has been mentioned as a possible Oscar nominee for his supporting role in "Far From Heaven," the director Todd Haynes's critically praised homage to the lush, emotional films of the 1950's director Douglas Sirk. Mr. Quaid plays a middle-class husband struggling to repress his homosexuality.

"I finally think, when I did 'The Rookie' that things really started to bear fruit," Mr. Quaid said. "It's not like I was living in a desert or anything like that. But all of a sudden again the scripts have started arriving at the door."

Julianne Moore, Mr. Quaid's co-star in "Far From Heaven," said she "fell in love with him to a rapturous degree" while recently watching "Everybody's All-American," a 1988 drama in which Mr. Quaid played a college football star who must come to terms with disappointing middle age.

"The thing about Dennis is that he has a period feel to him at times, and a very easy and assured masculinity," Ms. Moore said. "There's a classicness to Dennis that would not be at odds with one of those 1950's type of actors."

When describing why he chose Mr. Quaid for the role, Mr. Haynes also mentioned the actor's effortless masculinity.

"He's getting a lot of great notices for this film, which makes me happy," Mr. Haynes said. "Sometimes I get the sense that this surprises people. But I think the evidence is already there in his earlier films. I think the problem is that he hasn't really positioned himself as first and foremost a serious actor, but he really is one."

Born in Houston, Mr. Quaid spent his first 21 years in the middle-class suburb of Bellaire. He credits his years as a drama student at the University of Houston with inspiring him to take up acting, and when his older brother, Randy Quaid, came to Hollywood to work in the mid-1970's, Dennis followed.

His breakthrough movie was "Breaking Away" in 1979, in which he played the angriest of a group of ***working-class*** townies who take on the university snobs in a bicycle race. And after "The Right Stuff" he found himself in a string of major studio films, including "Innerspace" (1987), "Suspect" (1987) and "Great Balls of Fire!" (1989).

What people did not realize, he said, was that he was also slipping into cocaine addiction at the time. He said he drew on that experience in playing Frank, the repressed homosexual in "Far From Heaven."

"I used it to find a path into this guy's life and what he was feeling," Mr. Quaid said. "I have had gay friends who tried to live a secret life, and that was essentially what I was doing when I was on cocaine. You know, there's this feeling of shame, when you're trying to hide something like that, something that can't be uttered, that you don't want people to know about. It's not a good place to be."

In the film Frank sometimes lashes out angrily at his wife and others, the struggle against shame transforming into rage. Did Mr. Quaid's shame about his addiction also turn into anger?

"Well, I never struck anybody," he said. "No. Mostly, I was mad at God, you know? Why was I in this predicament? I knew it was all my own fault, but at the same time I wasn't thinking straight. I was caught in a place, living a life that I didn't want to live but couldn't escape."

Not until the period just before his marriage to Ms. Ryan and the birth of their son did he decide he had to get a grip on the situation.

"I got into rehab, and I got over it," Mr. Quaid said. "I took a year off to get my life back together. And when it came time to find a movie, it took me another year to find one."

During that two-year hiatus Hollywood had to some extent forgotten him.

"Hollywood has a very short memory," Mr. Quaid said. "If you're not out there in the marketplace, they move on. And so I was surprised to find it really tough going. In a way I had to start over."

There were other disappointments. He managed to land the lead in "Come See the Paradise" (1990), an Alan Parker drama about the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II, which was released on the day that the gulf war started. Movie audiences were in no mood to watch a film about America confessing its sins, Mr. Quaid said. A highly praised turn as Doc Holliday in "Wyatt Earp" (1994) was lost in the movie's box-office failure.

By 1998, though, he was beginning to get a second foothold. He starred in the successful remake of Disney's "Parent Trap" in 1998 and as an aging quarterback in Oliver Stone's "Any Given Sunday" in 1999. Those roles led directly to "Frequency," "Traffic" and this year's twin successes.

"It's been a slow build," he said.

Mr. Quaid said he and Ms. Ryan shared custody of their son and lived not far from each other, eager to keep things as normal as possible for Jack.

That certainly was not the situation a year and a half ago, when the well-publicized split made the couple regulars in gossip columns, celebrity magazines and tabloid television shows.

"This was my first taste of anything like that," Mr. Quaid said. "It was no fun."

One day, he said, he heard a noise outside his house and discovered a van filled with cameras and recording equipment parked at the curb. Often, he said, tag-team cars of paparazzi would follow him around town. Fortunately, he said, the tabloid furor eventually died down, the followers and the vans have moved on.

"They're working on Winona Ryder now," he said.

Mr. Quaid was at home in Brentwood with just a few days between films. He had just finished a thriller called "Cold Creek Manor" outside Toronto and was set to leave for Montreal, where he was to begin work on "Tomorrow," a big-budget summer blockbuster for 20th Century Fox from the director Roland Emmerich about weather chaos caused by global warming.

"It's got hurricanes, flash freezes, tidal waves, tornadoes and hailstones the size of bowling balls," Mr. Quaid said. "It's exactly the kind of movie I want to do now. Just a big, popcorn disaster movie. Just the kind of movie I like to go and see with my 10-year-old son."

Jack came slowly into the room, the yapping of the terriers growing louder through the gap in the kitchen door as he entered. "Have you seen my scooter?" he asked.

"You mean this one?" Mr. Quaid replied, picking it up from the cushion beside him. "I'll be done in a few minutes, and we can go out and do something."

Mr. Quaid said he sometimes wondered why he -- apart from so many of the other young actors who came to Hollywood in the 1970's -- had been able to persevere.

He grinned, a little ruefully.

"You have to have a lot of tenacity," he said. "And a very large capacity for rejection."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: "Now I feel like I'm getting back there again," Dennis Quaid says about his acting career. (Andre Pichette for The New York Times)(pg. E1); Dennis Quaid in two roles that have peaked his revival this year: in "Far From Heaven," above, and in "The Rookie." (Abbot Genser/Focus Features); (Deana Newcomb/Disney Enterprises Inc.)(pg. E4)

**Load-Date:** November 14, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE 1990 CAMPAIGN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SPS0-003Y-K2W7-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Hawaii Race Tests Democratic Hold - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SPS0-003Y-K2W7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section D;; Section D; Page 22; Column 1; National Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1212 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT REINHOLD

By ROBERT REINHOLD

**Body**

Two former schoolteachers are in a tight but polite race to represent Hawaii in the United States Senate, and the results may teach something of a lesson about the future of the politically remote and inbred but fast-changing island state.

From the lush rain forests of the Big Island of Hawaii to the ranches of Niihau 350 miles west across the South Pacific, the biggest political question of the year is whether Representative Patricia Saiki, a popular moderate Republican from Honolulu, can break years of Democratic control of Hawaii politics and beat an equally popular Democrat, Senator Daniel K. Akaka, a Congressman appointed to the Senate last spring when Senator Spark M. Matsunaga died.

A victory for Ms. Saiki, the only Republican ever elected to the House of Representatives from Hawaii, would underscore the growing political influence of Caucasians, many of them retirees who have migrated from the mainland, who now account for a third of the Hawaii vote. Ms. Saiki offers a lively brand of compassionate Republicanism that appeals to them. And, as a Japanese-American woman, she has also made deep inroads into the traditionally Democratic "A.J.A.," local shorthand for Americans of Japanese ancestry, about 30 percent of the vote, and women.

'Very Close Race'

But Senator Akaka is no pushover, with his deep roots in the Democratic machine that has long dominated Hawaii politics and with his strong backing from labor unions and native Hawaiians. His strongholds include the non-urban parts of Oahu, the island that includes Honolulu, and all the rest of the state, the so-called Neighbor Islands of Maui, Kauai, Molokai, Lanai and Hawaii.

Until recently, Ms. Saiki appeared to be headed for victory, but the budget turmoil in Washington seems to have hurt her along with many other Republicans. "It's a very close race," said D. G. (Andy) Anderson, chairman of the Republican Party of Hawaii. "We were riding high two weeks ago with an eight-point lead. That got eroded with the nonsense in Washington, and we fell back to a dead heat. About a week ago, we began to move up again."

The latest public opinion poll, taken early last week for KGMB-TV News in Honolulu, put the race at 45 percent for Ms. Saiki, 43 percent for Mr. Akaka. The poll, of 1,200 voters, had a margin of sampling error of three percentage points.

Two-thirds of the 11 percent undecided were either Caucasian or A.J.A., which was widely taken as good news for the Republican, who was also hoping for a boost from President Bush's visit to Honolulu last weekend.

Candidates Were Away

"There are great demographic changes in Hawaii," said Senator Akaka's campaign manager, Kam Kuwata. "We cannot assume how the new voters will go. The A.J.A. has been the base of the Democratic vote. Both campaigns are figuring out how to get to those voters. The election comes down to a call to arms for Democrats."

For all the interest in the race, it has been run largely without either of the candidates. Stuck 6,000 miles away in Washington to fight the budget wars, both finally returned to the state last weekend and began barnstorming.

Issues aside, the race is so close that the outcome will probably turn on whether the Democratic grass-roots operation can turn out its vote, said Jack M. Seigle, a veteran political strategist who is helping Governor John Waihee 3d, a Democrat, in his re-election campaign.

"Unlike other Republicans, she does cut into the Democratic establishment," said Mr. Seigle, who nonetheless gives the race to Mr. Akaka "by a whisker."

Addressing Island Bombing

Both candidates agree on most of the gut Hawaiian issues, like ending the military bombing of the tiny volcanic island of Kahoolawe, off Maui. For years now, the Marines and even the Japanese and Australian air forces have used the uninhabited tropical island for target practice, regularly shattering nerves in Maui, less than five miles across the choppy Alalakeiki Channel, and providing Hawaii politicians with a sure-fire issue.

Senator Akaka scored first about three weeks ago by writing into the military appropriations bill a measure that would return Kahoolawe to state control and establish a commission to oversee cleaning it up. The island and nearby waters are studded with unexploded bombs and missiles.

Soon after, Ms. Saiki got a quick boost from President Bush, who ordered an immediate halt to the bombing and promised to set up a commission to study the island's eventual fate.

The female vote, meanwhile, is uncertain. In an unusual split, the national office of the National Organization for Women endorsed Ms. Saiki, but the local Hawaii chapter endorsed Mr. Akaka.

In her final television commercials and appearances, Ms. Saiki has tried to differentiate herself from Senator Akaka by stressing that she voted against the recent budget and tax legislation."My recent no vote on the tax bill has been a point of great interest among my constituents," she said in a telephone interview from her car while racing to Honolulu airport to catch a plane to Hilo Wednesday morning.

"They feel very resentful about having their taxes increased," she said. "Our cost of living is 30 percent higher than the rest of the nation. People on fixed income feel the pinch." As the only Republican from Hawaii in Congress, she also stresses her "access" to the Republican Administration.

Emphasizing Ties to Liberals

For his part, Senator Akaka has been stressing his ties to the liberal Democratic establishment and support for ***working-class*** values.By voting for the budget bill, Mr. Akaka says, he was doing his job, biting the bullet and making the hard decisions needed to cut the deficit by increasing the tax burden on wealthier people.

On campaign stops, he has criticized Ms. Saiki, saying she was putting off reckoning with that problem. Although Mr. Akaka could not be reached for comment, Mr. Kuwata, his campaign manager, said, "Saiki has not offered any program on how she would reduce the budget deficit."

Ms. Saiki is strongest in urban Honolulu, and so is spending most of the remainder of the campaign touring the Neighbor Islands, the district Mr. Akaka used to represent in the House. Mr. Akaka is spending the bulk of his time in Hololulu, his weak spot.

The Republican had far more cash on hand, $379,000, compared with Mr. Akaka's $166,000, as of Oct. 21. So the question is whether that cash can overcome the traditional deep-rooted pull of the Democratic Party on the voters of Hawaii and put a Republican in the Senate.

THE 1990 CAMPAIGN

Hawaii

SENATE RACE

Democrate: Daniel K. Akaka, 56

Republican: Patricia Saiki, 60

ANALYSIS

Republicans have a good chance to elect one of their own in heavily Democratic Hawaii. Ms. Saiki, a moderate Republican appealing to Caucasian newcomers and the Japanese-American population, is running neck and neck with Mr. Akaka, a long-time Congressman with ties to the traditional democratic and union political apparatus. Some see this as a battle between the old and the new Hawaii.

REGISTERED VOTERS

Total voters: 453,389 (Hawaii does not register by party).

LATEST POLL RESULTS

A survey of 1,200 voters taken for KGMB-TV News put Ms. Saiki ahead, 45 percent to 43 percent for Mr. Akaka. The margin of error was plus or minus three percentage points.

**Correction**

An article on Nov. 1 about the Senate campaign in Hawaii gave incomplete credit for a public opinion poll. The poll was sponsored by KGMB-TV and The Honolulu Star-Bulletin.  
**Correction-Date:** November 23, 1990, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

**Graphic**

Photos: Representative Patricia Saiki, a Republican candidate for Senate in Hawaii, campaigning in Honolulu.; Senator Daniel K. Akaka, Democratic incumbent, speaking to supporters at his Honolulu campaign headquarters after a trip to Washington. (Photographs by Associated Press for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 1, 1990

**End of Document**



[***Teachers and Principal Begin Sharing Power, but Gingerly***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC9-SK70-003Y-K4F0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 13, 1990, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section A;; Section A; Page 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;; Series

**Length:** 1217 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

By JOSEPH BERGER

**Series:** A New Course: P.S. 192 Tries Self-Management - First visit of a periodic series.

**Body**

At Public School 192 on Harlem's western edge, there are moments when the teachers and the principal are not sure who is in charge.

Like colleagues at 93 other New York City schools, P.S. 192's teachers have been given the privilege of sitting with the principal as virtual equals on a governing committee that decides school policy.

For the most part, everyone is excited, or at least intrigued, about taking part in a power-sharing experiment, known as school-based management, that is the cornerstone of Schools Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez's plan to overhaul the schools. It is being watched by school systems around the country as a way of moving decisions from remote bureaucracy to the teachers and parents who are closest to the children.

Unease at Losing Old Roles

But teachers have been conditioned by their profession to follow orders and principals have been conditioned to give them, and in these early stages everyone is finding it difficult to surrender familiar roles.

The occasional tensions were evident at a meeting of the school's steering committee in mid-October. At 7:30 A.M., an hour before the pupils arrived, the 13 members were seated uneasily around a long classroom table that seemed like a clearing in a forest of upended pupil chairs, and some teacher members were admonishing the principal, Lydia Silva. Why had she not set up a new kindergarten library room that a subcommittee had recommended weeks before?

"We can't tell Miss Bravo that we need a kindergarten library," said Carol Fuster, referring to Daisy Bravo, who coordinates the kindergarten program. "She's going to look at us funny. You're the one who's got to tell her!"

But Ms. Silva shot back with an explanation for inertia that was startlingly simple.

"This is the first time I heard of it," she said.

The library was eventually set up, but the mixup was not an aberration. "We're traveling on the road to changing things, but it's a rocky road," Ms. Silva said in an interview. "You can't go from a top-down system and just declare it to be horizontal. It just doesn't happen."

In part, the tensions also reflect the varying degrees of enthusiasm that greeted school-based management when Mr. Fernandez brought the idea from Miami. The idea has been fervently embraced by his chief ally, the United Federation of Teachers, as a way of giving teachers a stronger investment in their schools and a deeper professional spirit.

Limited Adventuring

But the principals' union, the Council of Supervisors and Administrators, has misgivings about reducing its members' powers, though it has gone along wherever committees have agreed to decide policy by consensus and not by majority vote. Under the Chancellor's rules, the committees' majorities must be teachers. Administrators and parents are also included.

For now, the P.S. 192 committee members seem to be trying to limit their sights as educational adventurers. They are focusing on basics: getting teachers more training, getting parents more immersed in the school's life. Few changes are planned, even in the school's academic program.

"There isn't that much difference just yet," Linda Friedman, a fifth-grade teacher who heads the steering committee, said in mid-October. "In six weeks, you can't turn around a whole large institutional setting."

The accomplishments have been small but significant, the committee thinks. It quickly decided that open school night in November came too late in the year for parents and teachers to get to know one another. It transformed a staff meeting in September into an occasion where teachers met with parents for 45 minutes and explained what kinds of work and discipline were expected.

Fewer Excuses for Parents

"We were able to say to the parents that the child will get homework every night," said Ms. Friedman, a 27-year veteran. "Now parents can't say 'I didn't know.' "

The problems the committee will have to wrestle with are daunting. P.S. 192, at 500 West 138th Street, sits atop a bluff overlooking City College in a neighborhood that is largely Hispanic and ***working-class*** or poor. Most of its 1,325 students in kindergarten through grade 5 are Dominicans, others are Hispanic and black, and most are children of immigrants. Only 30.5 percent of the pupils read at the national average for that grade, placing the school 509th out of the city's 619 elementary schools.

The committee, organized last spring, is made up of the principal, an assistant principal, a parent, Richard W. Wong, who is vice president of the parents association, a school aide, a guidance counselor and seven teachers, including the union chapter chairman, Vincent Gaglione. So far, Mr. Wong has taken a minimal role.

The committee meets every other Wednesday morning in Ms. Friedman's classroom. There is coffee and several canisters of biscuits, but little small talk. There is so much interest in the experiment that even at this early hour many teachers who are not members attend.

Workshops and Suspicions

The committee's most ambitious project is organizing a program of teacher-training workshops in reading, bilingual education, the art of storytelling and other subjects. It is extraordinarily difficult to arrange because teachers have to be found within the existing faculty who can substitute for teachers attending workshops.

In late September, the commitee was trying to whittle down a list of workshops to 30.

By mid-October, the program had run into the expected suspicions that greet most change. One language specialist who was to have been assigned as a substitute complained to the local district office that using her to cover other classrooms violated the Federal rules governing her job.

Ms. Silva was in a quandary. She had initially thought that the committees had carte blanche to bend such rules. Eventually the number of workshops was shaved to roughly 20.

When to Surrender Authority

Ms. Silva is in her first year as the school's acting principal, and that fact, she says, has some pluses and minuses. Because she has not had long experience leading an authoritarian chain of command, she may find it easier to share her powers. But since she does not have a seasoned grasp of her job, it is sometimes hard to know when she can surrender authority.

Mr. Gaglione, who has taught at the school for 23 years, thinks that Ms. Silva should confront the district office harder. "If we had a more assertive principal, we could probably be a more assertive committee," he said.

Ms. Silva, a 39-year-old graduate of Barnard and the Bank Street College of Education who previously ran a school annex, still makes all day-to-day decisions: hiring teachers, juggling schedules, suspending students. But one day, many of her decisions will be shaped by the committee.

Ms. Silva worries that too much of the committee's time has been spent on staff issues and not enough on education. "We're not an institution of employment," she says. "We're here for the sole condition of improving learning."

The union chairman, Mr. Gaglione, is far more confident that school-based management can turn the school around, but he too faults teachers for not moving their plans into action.

"We're the product of a system that always has had someone at the top telling us what to do," he said. "If this is going to work, we have to make it work."

**Graphic**

Photo: A meeting of the governing committee at Public School 192 in Harlem, which runs the school with teachers and principals as virtual equals. "There isn't that much difference just yet," said Linda Friedman, in checkered shirt, a fifth-grade teacher who heads the committee.

(Photograph by John Sotomayor/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 13, 1990

**End of Document**



[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE OVERVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YMC-CDD0-00MH-F55M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***BUSH AND MCCAIN SWAP STRATEGIES FOR NEXT BATTLE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YMC-CDD0-00MH-F55M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 21, 2000, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 1; Column 6; National Desk ; Column 6;

**Length:** 1416 words

**Byline:** By ALISON MITCHELL with FRANK BRUNI

By ALISON MITCHELL with FRANK BRUNI

**Dateline:** EAST LANSING, Mich., Feb. 20

**Body**

As the bitter fight for the Republican presidential nomination shifted to Michigan, Senator John McCain leveled scorching and sustained attacks today on Gov. George W. Bush's reform credentials, while his rival stayed upbeat and campaigned as if he were already in the general election.

Just one day after Mr. Bush's double-digit victory in South Carolina decisively restored his front-runner status, it was as if the two candidates had exchanged the roles they had played in the nearly three-week campaign in the South.

Now it was Mr. Bush who was sunny, once more talking about where he wanted to lead the nation and his vision of "a positive, optimistic, hopeful tomorrow." And it was Mr. McCain who was ferociously trying to tar his opponent as a fraud, much as he did in his caustic concession speech the night before.

At rallies, on his bus and in several television appearances, Mr. McCain sought to reclaim his image as the reform candidate, and he went after Mr. Bush as aggressively as Mr. Bush, of Texas, had targeted him after the New Hampshire primary.

Mr. McCain assailed Mr. Bush across a variety of fronts from campaign finance overhaul to regulation of health maintenance organizations, from his tax cut proposal to state spending in Texas. Several times today the senator said derisively, "If he's a reformer, I'm an astronaut."

On his campaign bus, he heaped even more scorn on Mr. Bush. "We're not letting you get away with that, pal," he said. "You're not a reformer. Anybody who believes you're a reformer believes in the tooth fairy."

Asked later about such comments, Mr. Bush said, "It sounds like Senator McCain spent a lot of time talking about me."

With Michigan and Arizona holding their primaries in just two days, and Mr. Bush and Mr. McCain having spent virtually all of the past two weeks in South Carolina, they have precious little time to make an impression on voters here. Mr. McCain is expected to win Arizona, his home state. But the big unknown here in the critical industrial state of Michigan is whether its voters will ratify Mr. Bush's decisive win in South Carolina or show an independent streak of their own.

A poll taken on the eve of the South Carolina primary showed the two men running neck and neck in Michigan, but there was no time to calculate whether Mr. Bush's 11-point victory Saturday would alter the landscape for Tuesday's primary. The state is now critical for Mr. McCain, who must prove he is something more than a one-state wonder who benefited from New Hampshire's maverick streak.

But clearly, Mr. Bush's aides believe that the victory and the margin allowed him to adopt a new campaign posture. Throughout the day, he mentioned President Clinton and Vice President Al Gore more than he mentioned Mr. McCain, and his references to the senator came mainly in response to reporters' questions.

Asked what he thought of Mr. McCain's concession speech on Saturday, in which he used such words as "pretense" and "an empty slogan of reform" to describe the Bush campaign, the governor said, "All of us have to react to our victories and defeats in our own ways." He added, "I think the American voters, the people of Michigan, are going to have to judge how each of us handles adversity."

The Bush camp was confident that the governor's South Carolina success would go a long way toward propelling him to victory in the approaching round of big state primaries. They were also looking to benefit from the fact that Michigan is the first contest where Mr. Bush has a sitting governor, John Engler, working strenuously for him.

But Michigan is less dominated by religious conservatives than South Carolina, and Mr. McCain's aides argued that its blend of ***working-class*** ethnic voters and regular Republicans would prove more fertile ground for their candidate. They also said that because of the short time they would be able to run about even with Mr. Bush in spending on television commercials, even though outside groups have already weighed in here against Mr. McCain.

On "Meet the Press" on NBC, Mr. McCain reached out to Catholic voters when he was asked about Mr. Bush's appearance at Bob Jones University, a center of the Christian right in South Carolina. He said his rival should have spoken out against "the things you've said in the past about the pope and other religious leaders that are disgraceful."

"Let's get into the 21st century," he added.

On his bus, Mr. McCain placed a thank-you call to Representative Peter T. King, a Long Island Republican who announced today that he was switching his allegiance from Mr. Bush to Mr. McCain. Mr. King, who is Catholic and from a heavily Catholic district, has complained about Mr. Bush's appearance at Bob Jones.

Despite Mr. Bush's new posture, it was clear today that not all of his and his supporters' aggressive tactics had been left in South Carolina.

A harsh ad by the National Smokers Alliance that assailed Mr. McCain for advocating a huge tax increase, without mentioning that it was a tax on tobacco, was being broadcast here as it was in South Carolina. And Mr. Bush himself has at least one ad running in Michigan that mentions Mr. McCain.

Mr. Bush also used the phrase "Kevorkian's lawyer" today to refer to Geoffrey Fieger, a Democrat who ran against Governor Engler in 1988, and who has been running radio ads criticizing Mr. Bush and Mr. Engler as "dumb and dumber." Mr. Bush described Mr. Fieger, who has represented the assisted suicide advocate Dr. Jack Kevorkian in his murder trials, as "the most liberal of liberal Democrats."

As he did in South Carolina, Mr. Bush used a surrogate, in this case Mr. Engler, to help him attack Senator McCain. "McCain has absolutely courted some of our -- he's fraternized with some of the worst people, politically speaking, they're our sworn foes," Mr. Engler said in an appearance on "Face the Nation" on CBS. "He has tried to bring some of them in to influence the result."

Mr. Bush also reached out, briefly, to Christian conservatives, who helped provide his margin of victory in South Carolina, as he worshiped at Central Wesleyan Church near Grand Rapids. That part of western Michigan has perhaps the densest concentration of religious conservatives in a state that is otherwise largely Catholic and not particularly fundamentalist.

Later, in an appearance in Southfield, at Lawrence Technological University, Mr. Bush made one of his most energetic speeches in weeks. "Listen to me now," he told the crowd. "There are 260 days more to no more Clinton-Gore!"

Mr. McCain's aides said that their candidate had made several mistakes in South Carolina, straying from his winning themes of New Hampshire to run a campaign that focused too heavily on political technique as he talked about abandoning negative ads or complained about "push-polls."

Today, appearing at rallies to the theme song of "Star Wars," Mr. McCain let his enthusiastic audiences know that he would not let his loss in South Carolina stop him. He made references across the day to his years as a prisoner of war in North Vietnam, locked away in the infamous "Hanoi Hilton."

"My friends," he said to several hundred cheering supporters at Michigan State University in East Lansing, "I lived in a hotel once where there were no mints on the pillow. I know how to take a punch, and I know how to fight back."

He highlighted his Congressional record of battling against pork-barrel spending. Then, borrowing a line from former candidate Steve Forbes, Mr. McCain repeatedly charged that state spending in Texas had gone up under Mr. Bush, though he used both the figure 34 percent and 36 percent. Under Mr. Clinton, he said, federal spending had gone up 20 percent.

"Now who do you want, a big spender nonreformer or a guy with a record?" he asked the audience at Michigan State University.

He also skewered Mr. Bush on the issue of money in politics. "In five and a half years, as the governor of the state of Texas, he did not propose a single campaign finance reform proposal in a state where anything goes," Mr. McCain said.

Mr. McCain showed no remorse for an attack advertisement that he later removed from television in South Carolina that challenged Mr. Bush's truthfulness and compared him to President Clinton. Mr. McCain has now pledged to run no negative advertising throughout the primary campaign. But he insisted that Mr. Bush had distorted the truth "when he says that I'm not a reformer, when he says that I'm a hypocrite, when he says that I'm in the pocket of lobbyists."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: With Gary L. Bauer, a former rival for the Republican presidential nomination, looking on, Senator John McCain spoke at a rally yesterday at Kent County International Airport outside Grand Rapids, Mich. (Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)(pg. A12)

Chart: "RESULTS -- The Vote"

Unofficial results of the Republican primary in South Carolina.

99 percent of precincts reporting

George W. Bush

301,050

53%

John McCain

237,888

42%

Alan Keyes

25,510

5%

Other

1,256

0%

(Source: Associated Press)(pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** February 21, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Tribute for an Old-Time Bluesman Who Stays New***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M0G0-0038-D1S9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1990, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1183 words

**Byline:** By PETER WATROUS

**Body**

When John Lee Hooker ambles onto the stage at Madison Square Garden tonight to sing, the audience will hear five and a half decades of blues experience. They will also hear the music of the Mississippi Delta, which has become the sound of the international mainstream in the form of rock-and-roll.

Mr. Hooker, a major figure in American popular music, will be on the receiving end of a tribute that will include performances by a slew of stars, including Gregg Allman, Bo Diddley, Bonnie Raitt, Willie Dixon, Joe Cocker, James Cotton, Huey Lewis, Johnny Winter and Little Feat.

The show is also a benefit, with some of the profits going to the Delta Blues Museum, which is based in Clarksdale, Miss., the town outside of which Mr. Hooker was born some 70 years ago. Mr. Hooker's subsequent odyssey, from the poverty and repression of the delta to a life of recognition and reasonable wealth in a suburb of San Francisco, is a specifically American story of race, class and talent.

''Where I came from in Mississippi was like being in hell,'' said Mr. Hooker. ''I was about 14 when I left for Memphis. I knew what was happening.''

'I Wanted to Be a Star'

Like many other black Americans from the South, Mr. Hooker was intent on moving north. His next stop was Cincinnati, where he became a teen-age gospel singer with groups like the Delta Big Four, the Fairfield Four and the Big Six.

''I wanted to be a star,'' said Mr. Hooker. ''I knew I couldn't make it in Mississippi so I was working my way up north. I lived in Cincinnati for two years, and I learned how to play and sing real good there. I knew I was a heck of a gospel singer, and the work taught me how to relate to an audience. 'Oh, that kid can sing!' people used to say. People around me, they'd treat me like I was a kid and they loved me. I'd get lonely for my family, but that was about it. When I started singing blues, the church didn't like it, but I was determined to be a musician and be a blues star, and I didn't much care what they thought.''

Mr. Hooker next moved to Detroit, following the trail of work. When World War II broke out, Detroit was suddenly awash with jobs. As in Chicago and Los Angeles, the black ***working class*** suddenly found itself with money and looking for entertainment.

''During the war I lied about my age to enlist,'' said Mr. Hooker. ''If you were a soldier, all the girls went crazy about you. But I was kicked out for being under-age, so I worked washing dishes and all sorts of things. But the town was booming, and I was playing three and four, sometimes five nights a week in small clubs; I got to be hot stuff, the hottest musician in Detroit.''

Suddenly in Demand

The small independent record companies were scrambling for new talent to fill the new needs of a larger, wealthier and more urbane black audience. Mr. Hooker found himself discovered.

''One night the folks from Modern Records, Saul and Jules Bihari, came into a club I was playing,'' Mr. Hooker recalled. ''They came in with their suits on, and I thought they were the police. I had a long guitar chord and I was walking the floor, and they said, 'Come over here, kid. Who are you?' I said, 'John Lee Hooker. What, are you all the police?' They said, 'No, we're from Modern and we're going to take care of you.' I didn't believe it because everyone is always talking, but they gave me a thousand dollars up front. I said 'Huh?' because it was so much money. I recorded 'Boogie Chillen' ' and I never looked back.''

Mr. Hooker played a big part in modernizing an essentially rural style of music and making it nationally popular, adding jump and jazz rhythms to the mix. His early recordings, from 1948, have him working in the deep Mississippi blues style, where he clangs out harsh metallic guitar lines while his vocals shout and moan. The same year he recorded ''Boogie Chillen' '' in a modern jump style that became rhythm and blues; the record, with a full band, was a hit. When rhythm and blues burned out commercially in the late 1950's, Mr. Hooker reverted to a solo act, cleverly cashing in on the growing folk circuit that was supporting a flock of blues musicians. The audience was looking for authenticity and rustics, and Mr. Hooker was happy to oblige, eventually recording for Riverside Records as an acoustic guitarist.

By the middle 1960's, Mr. Hooker emerged as an electric blues star, recording with the band Canned Heat, and being justly celebrated by legions of rock-and-roll fans. And by that time, his audience was changing from black to white. And the white audience wanted blues.

'They Were Just People'

''I played solo a long time, and I know how to tap my feet so it sounds like a drum,'' said Mr. Hooker. ''It wasn't any problem to start playing the coffeehouses. I can switch to any style, you have to be versatile to be a musician. I knew the white audience was out there but I didn't know how to get it. As the years go by, things change and to me they were just people. I had no thought that British singers would start singing my songs, I had no idea what would come with that. People got more civilized.''

For the tribute tonight, most of the performers are white rock-and-roll stars. ''These are some of the realities when it comes to the blues today,'' said Quint Davis, who is producing the show. ''Many more white musicians are going into it today than are black musicians. Just look at the bands of most black blues musicians - they're all white. And the people on the show have lived the blues life so they're here to pay tribute, to give credit. They feel that they owe a debt for who they are, not just what they play. People are really happy to pay tribute to the influence of the great masters. And when the show was initiated, John Lee was asked who he wanted, and these are people he identified.''

''It's really nice that people realize that all people are the same,'' said Mr. Hooker. ''Human beings can be worse than animals. Cows and horses don't care what color they are. But I never looked at it that way. My band is all white, and I think of them by their talent, not by the color their skin or hair is. So tributes like this make me feel real good.''

Held on to His Rights

Unlike many other blues singers, Mr. Hooker has been lucky in that he now receives royalties for his older recordings. Record labels dealing with blues often shortchanged their artists - and artists often sold their rights - but Mr. Hooker held on to his. A few years ago, he decided to collect what was owed him. His lawyer asked him whether he had all his contracts, and by chance, Mr. Hooker had some 40 years' worth.

''I was lucky,'' he said. ''I gave all my papers to a man in Detroit for safekeeping, and when my lawyer asked me if I had any papers, I wrote to Detroit and got them all. We took the companies to court, and they were in a panic when they found out that I had the papers. And ever since then, I've been getting my royalties.

''It's helped out now because I'm going to be able to retire. I enjoy playing because it's my life. When I'm in bed, I moan and groan it. Without singing the blues I'd go under.''

**Graphic**

Photo: John Lee Hooker, who will be honored with a tribute concert tonight at Madison Square Garden. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***The Producers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4HB0-0005-G3SG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 16, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7;  Page 24;  Column 3;  Book Review Desk ; Column 3; ; Review

**Length:** 1482 words

**Byline:** By Bernard Weinraub;

Bernard Weinraub covers Hollywood for The New York Times.

By Bernard Weinraub;   Bernard Weinraub covers Hollywood for The New York Times.

**Body**

HIT and RUN

How Jon Peters and Peter Guber Took Sony for a Ride in Hollywood.

By Nancy Griffin and Kim Masters.

Illustrated. 479 pp. New York:

Simon & Schuster. $25.

Sony's purchase of Columbia Pictures in 1989 was greeted with howls of alarm by the American press. "Japan Invades Hollywood," said Newsweek in a cover showing the Columbia lady dressed in a kimono. It was as if some dangerous alien force were about to consume the very industry that helps shape the myths and fantasies of the nation and, for that matter, a large chunk of the world.

Six years later, having spent a ludicrous $8 billion in the entertainment business, Sony is no longer seen as a threat to American culture. Far from it. The company seems not only shockingly naive about the movie business, but also a victim of some slick Hollywood and Wall Street operators who ran off with the bank.

"Hit and Run: How Jon Peters and Peter Guber Took Sony for a Ride in Hollywood," by Nancy Griffin and Kim Masters, recounts the sometimes comic and often outrageous tale of two high-flying producers who were inexplicably chosen by Sony to run Columbia Pictures (partly on the terrible advice of a music mogul just out of drug and alcohol rehab). As the authors put it, "Hollywood was flabbergasted by the Sony deal, which was viewed as Peters and Guber's most spectacular seduction job ever."

As depicted by Ms. Griffin and Ms. Masters in their lively, well-reported book, Jon Peters and Peter Guber were a partnership consumed, like a lot of people and partnerships in Hollywood, with an almost pathological hunger for money. During their more than 10 years together, the producing pair made the hugely successful "Batman" and sought to take producing credit for "Rain Man" (they visited the set once) and for "The Color Purple" (Steven Spielberg, the director, barred them from the set). Mr. Peters, a junior-high-school dropout and former hairdresser, was a bully with apparently marginal talents. Mr. Guber, far shrewder, more creative and a dazzling salesman, had previously run a production company financed by Polygram that lost $80 million. Without a shred of experience in running a big studio, the two were hired to run one of Hollywood's great studios, Columbia, and, later, Tri-Star. Hey, it's Hollywood.

Sony's advisers included Mickey Schulhof, the head of the company's American operations, who, the authors say, was "mesmerized" and "thoroughly captivated" by Mr. Guber's charm; Michael Ovitz, then the chairman of Creative Artists Agency, who wanted to prove that he could help broker a multibillion-dollar international deal and considered running the studio himself; Peter G. Peterson, an abrasive former Commerce Secretary and chairman of the Blackstone Group, the investment firm that walked off with a multimillion-dollar fee and was blamed for encouraging Sony to be overly optimistic about the studio's earning power; and Walter Yetnikoff, a talented, substance-abusing music mogul who ran Sony's music division and initially pressed the case for hiring Guber-Peters. "You've got Jon and Peter here," he told Sony executives, "they are going to make you billions."

In the course of their climb, Mr. Guber and Mr. Peters made an extraordinary number of enemies, and Ms. Griffin, the former deputy editor of Premiere, and Ms. Masters, a contributing editor at Time and Vanity Fair, seem to have spoken to all of them. Their book is marred by some spiteful anonymous quotes about the team, and by some overheated writing. Of Jon Peters's affair with Barbra Streisand the authors write: "Together, they would try to heal their psychological scars and nurture their inner children through therapy and dabbling in the self-improvement philosophies that blow through Southern California as regularly as the Santa Ana winds."

Mr. Peters was interviewed by the authors, while Mr. Guber refused to speak to them, a big mistake on his part, because he's treated with a machete -- a lesson to executives who don't speak to journalists. It is both a cliche and unfair for the authors to compare Mr. Guber to Sammy Glick, the archetypal fictional Hollywood hustler. On the other hand, the authors seem almost charmed by Mr. Peters, whom they bizarrely place within "Hollywood's long parade of self-made, uneducated businessmen" like Jack Warner, Harry Cohn and Louis B. Mayer. Those men were brilliant and creative. Jon Peters isn't.

The Guber-Peters team was one of Hollywood's odder couples. Jon Peters prided himself on his tough, ***working-class*** background in the San Fernando Valley and his calculated and volatile charm with women, especially Ms. Streisand, whose self-absorption and selfishness totally matched her boyfriend's. (In one of the book's livelier anecdotes, the furious diva called a Columbia publicist at 7 A.M. on New Year's Day after learning that hedges had obscured her director's credit on a huge "Prince of Tides" billboard on Sunset Boulevard. "Without any New Year's greeting, she let loose: 'It's Barbra! My name is in the bushes!' ")

Mr. Guber, on the other hand, grew up in the upper-middle-class Boston suburbs, married a wealthy woman, earned degrees in law and business administration at New York University and, despite not having much interest in movies, began working as a management trainee at Columbia Pictures in 1968. He was, the authors say, a shrewd executive who turned to producing ("The Deep," "Midnight Express") and running a company, Casablanca Record and Filmworks, with the record executive Neil Bogart. They also say Mr. Guber dumped his friend Bogart, who was spending lavishly and out of control on drugs, just as he dumped Jon Peters years later in 1991. (When a devastated Mr. Peters tried to call his longtime partner from New York, Mr. Guber refused to lift the phone.)

A thoroughly unlikely duo, Mr. Guber and Mr. Peters fed each other's personal needs. "Peter in his heart has always wanted to be Jon, and Jon has always wanted to be Peter," one former Hollywood studio chief says in the book. The two even went to joint therapy sessions together, and their involvement was so consuming that Mr. Guber's wife said she felt left out.

Ms. Griffin and Ms. Masters are most accomplished when they examine the wreckage of the Guber-Peters reign at Columbia. (The book grinds to a halt when the authors discuss the history of Sony and its leadership.) At Columbia, chaos ruled. One of the team's earlier films, "Radio Flyer," was a disaster that lost a staggering $43 million. The Guber-Peters overhead ran $50 million to $75 million more than any competitor's. Mr. Peters gave a former girlfriend a top executive job and a Mercedes-Benz, despite her inexperience. The office of Mr. Guber's wife, an aspiring producer, was one of the most lavishly decorated on the lot, replete with 19th-century antiques purchased by Sony. Executives like Mike Medavoy and Frank Price were hired and then fired several years later with multimillion-dollar compensation packages. Friends like Mark Canton, a former Warner Brothers executive, and other former associates were named to top jobs.

"When I think about Columbia," one insider told the authors, "I think about all those tiny little men in tiny little jeans endlessly high-fiving each other."

The studio's track record was poor. There were big-budget disasters from Columbia and

its sister studio, Tri-Star, like "Last Action Hero" and "I'll Do Anything." Blunders like "My Life." Overpriced movies such as "Hook," "Wolf," "Bugsy" and "The Age of Innocence." And some successes, like "Sleepless in Seattle," "Philadelphia," "A League of Their Own," "Groundhog Day" and "Sense and Sensibility."

By November 1994, when Sony took an enormous $3.2 billion write-off because of its failures in Hollywood, the company tacitly acknowledged that its experience in Hollywood had been a disaster. Mr. Guber had left two months earlier, after five years during which the studio had not produced a runaway hit. Mr. Peters left three years before, with a settlement that the authors say may have run as high as $50 million. Mr. Guber's settlement is unknown, but let's not worry about his financial future. Mr. Schulhof left his job last December, after disagreements with the new Sony leadership.

Ms. Griffin and Ms. Masters seem as amazed as anyone at the Guber-Peters escapade. And it continues. Both men have, separately, gone back to producing. Mr. Peters recently produced his first film in years, "Money Train," an expensive flop. Warner Brothers has nevertheless given him what is in all probability a rich production deal at that studio. Mr. Guber has fared better. To ease the transition, he was given a lavish deal for his own independent production company -- which will probably earn him $5 million to $10 million a year -- by the hapless Mr. Schulhof before the latter left Sony. He's riding high again. Hey, that's Hollywood.

**Load-Date:** June 16, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Driven by Fear, Colombians Leave in Droves***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YR5-CPP0-00MH-F0D2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 5, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 12; Column 3; Foreign Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1484 words

**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER

By LARRY ROHTER

**Dateline:** CALI, Colombia, March 1

**Body**

The long, chaotic line outside the government passport office here begins forming shortly after sunrise. By the end of the day, as has been the case every workday for more than a year, 800 to 900 passports will be issued to a multitude of Colombians eager to leave a country that has become one of the world's most lawless and violent. Many will be headed for the United States.

"Until the end of 1998, the high figure had been about 500 a day, and then only during the peak vacation season in July and August," said Colombia Medina, the passport department's weary director. "But we no longer have a high or slow season anymore, just a constant flow of people wanting to get out."

After four decades of civil conflict and a proliferation of guns and gangs, the forces driving Colombians to abandon their country are perhaps especially acute in this city of two million people, best known for its ruthless drug cartels. But the phenomenon is national, with people of every class leaving from small towns and rural areas as well as large cities.

By government estimates, 800,000 people -- 2 percent of Colombia's total population of 40 million -- have left the country in the last four years. The expectation is that the exodus has not yet reached its peak because the country's problems are no nearer a solution. And the prospect of a $1.6 billion, two-year aid package from the United States has not eased Colombians' anxieties.

Political violence continues to rise and left-wing guerrilla and right-wing paramilitary groups increasingly use kidnapping and extortion to finance their war with each other and the state. Colombia's murder rate is 10 times that of the United States, and last year 2,663 kidnappings were reported. Both rates, experts say, are the world's highest.

Such statistics, abstract as they are, have left the average citizen with a very real feeling that there is no longer a safe haven to be found anywhere on Colombian soil.

The raw numbers of people leaving are alarming enough, but because many of those exiting are highly educated professionals, including engineers, architects and doctors, the accelerating exodus has become a deep source of concern here.

"Colombia in its entirety has been transformed into a giant travel agency," Juan Fernando Cristo complained in a column in El Espectador, a major national daily. "Everyone seems disposed to emigrate, and nothing could be worse for the country than this growing phenomenon and the subsequent loss of human talent, productivity and earnings."

For many Cali residents, a turning point came last spring when a unit of one of the country's leftist guerrilla groups, the People's Liberation Army, raided a church during Sunday Mass and took more than 150 hostages for ransom.

In addition, guerrilla groups now operate at will in the surrounding countryside, setting up roadblocks, halting vehicles to check the identities of passengers, and, in a practice known in Colombian slang as "miraculous fishing," kidnapping those whose names appear in a laptop computer registry of the rich and prominent. Affluent neighborhoods of the city seem no safer: today, three teenagers were kidnapped on their way to an elite private school.

One man waiting in line for a passport this week was Luis Alberto Guevara, 28, a former investigator at the prosecutor's office here. He now works for an airport security company, but has obtained a visa that will allow him to move to Florida and do the same work there. The environment, he said, is certain to be "much calmer and less dangerous."

"The level of insecurity here is growing tremendously, and so our work becomes increasingly dangerous, with constant threats from all sides," he said. "I do not want my children to have to live through what we have lived through."

One prominent family recently began moving to Florida after suffering through three kidnappings of family members by guerrillas, paying a ransom each time. They are trying to liquidate their businesses and properties and shift the rest of their assets to the United States.

"I love this country, but the situation has become unbearable," said a family member who is still here, coordinating the transfer and who spoke on condition of anonymity because of fears that he too could be kidnapped. "Anyone with a decent economic situation is trying to get out because no matter how many ransoms you pay, you are never fully vaccinated against the guerrillas, and the police or even private security can provide no protection."

The affluent are not the only ones giving up. ***Working-class*** Colombians are also leaving in growing numbers. Armando Berenguez, 32, a taxi driver, is going to Spain, leaving his wife and 10-year-old child behind until he can find a job "at a hotel or in construction or anything that is honest" and a place for his family to live.

"You don't dare take a fare out past the city limits here anymore because the guerrillas will stop you at one of their roadblocks and kidnap you and your passenger and take your car," he said when asked why he was leaving. "It happens all the time to people I know, and when you've had your car taken from you like that, there is no way you can make a living."

Some of those leaving are unemployed and would ordinarily be regarded as economic immigrants. But they are quick to reject that label, pointing out that the recession Colombia is currently living through, its worst in 70 years, has its origins in the guerrilla conflict, which has intensified in recent years as efforts to find a settlement have deadlocked.

"The rich are getting themselves and their money out of the country as fast as they can, and the guerrillas keep on bombing power pylons and oil pipelines, which makes the foreign companies afraid to invest here," said Juan Carlos Rios, 28, an electrician about to head for the Netherlands Antilles. "That means there is no work for people like me, and we become victims of a crisis we did not create."

In an effort to curb the drug trafficking profits that allow the guerrillas to buy weapons, recruit fighters and maintain a huge network of informants, the Clinton administration is proposing a $1.6 billion two-year emergency aid package for Colombia. But that plan too seems to be contributing to the jitters that are driving Colombians abroad.

"If things are this bad now, what is going to happen when all the gringo money gets here?" asked Juan Pablo Robles, 34, a technician who is about to go to Spain. "The whole country is going to become a war zone."

According to the United States Embassy in Bogota, Colombians are seeking entry to the United States at a record rate: 366,423 applied for nonimmigrant visas last year, compared with 150,514 in 1997. About three-quarters of the requests for nonimmigrant visas and just over half of the 11,345 applications for immigrant visas were granted last year, embassy records indicate.

The preferred destinations of Colombians fleeing to the United States are said to be Miami, New York City and parts of New England. Large Colombian immigrant communities are already well established there and newcomers can hope to be received warmly.

"Going to the United States remains the dream of most of those who are leaving," said Ms. Medina, the passport official. "But getting an American visa can be a real problem, so a lot of people are also going to Spain" or to nearby countries like Costa Rica, which does not require visas of Colombians.

Applications for political asylum in the United States, while still small in absolute terms, have also begun to rise, as has the approval rate for such claims, according to Immigration and Naturalization Service figures. In the last quarter of 1999, the agency received 396 political asylum requests from Colombians, compared with 334 in the previous 12 months, and the approval rate rose from 19 percent in 1998 to 46 percent by the end of last year.

According to the Colombian agency that oversees immigration matters, at least 565,000 Colombians, or one of every five travelers, who left the country from 1996 to 1998 did not return. Final figures for 1999 are still being compiled, but government officials say everything points to a sharp increase in the rate of departure.

Picking up on the trend, the newspaper El Tiempo recently published what it called "an inventory of reasons not to leave for the United States." These ranged from "You really have to stop completely at stop signs" and "There are not as many holidays," to even more fanciful considerations like "The natives do not know how to dance either salsa or merengue."

Just a decade ago, "the extraditable leaders of the drug cartels said they preferred 'a tomb in Colombia to a jail cell in the United States,' " the newspaper reminded its readers. But "many Colombians today prefer any space whatsoever in the colossus of the north to a moral, physical, psychological, or employment tomb here in our own country."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Colombia has had four decades of civil conflict as well as proliferating guns and violence, causing many people to try to emigrate. A woman cried over her sister's body after a bomb attack on Friday in a Cali market. (Reuters)

**Load-Date:** March 5, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Cigarette Makers Try To Brake a Slide***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M4J0-0038-D46P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 8, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Page 1, Column 4; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1253 words

**Byline:** By ANTHONY RAMIREZ, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOUISVILLE

**Body**

Here in tobacco country, the notion that Washington is almost certain to raise Federal taxes on cigarettes has some people smiling.

Among them are executives of the Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, the nation's third-largest cigarette maker and one of the leading sellers of discount brands like Viceroy, Raleigh and Richland. Smokers tend to buy more of these cheaper brands as the overall prices of cigarettes and other consumer items rise.

Brown & Williamson is even betting that discount brands could so stimulate demand that they could help pull the cigarette industry out of its long sales decline.

A Tax Rise Likely

The Federal excise tax on cigarettes is now 16 cents a pack. As part of a budget compromise that the House defeated on Friday, Congressional and White House negotiators had agreed to raise the tax by 4 cents next year and another 4 cents in 1993. It is not clear what will emerge from new budget negotiations, but a cigarette-tax increase remains highly likely, industry experts say.

As the tobacco company most dependent on sales of discount brands, Brown & Williamson, which is based in Louisville, has less to lose and possibly more to gain than its competitors.

The brands can cost as little as $1.10 a pack, compared with $2.35 or more for full-price cigarettes like Marlboros by Philip Morris Inc., in highly taxed states like New York. The industry refers to the lower-price brands as generic cigarettes because they were sold in black-and-white packages with no-name labels when the Liggett Group first popularized them in in the early 1980's.

'Branded' Generics

But it did not take long for cigarette makers to realize they could increase sales by marketing ''branded'' generics. Now, about 61.5 percent of generic cigarettes are not generic at all.

About one out of six packs of all cigarettes now sold is a low-price brand. Even before the proposed rise in cigarette taxes, analysts were saying that discounts could account for one in four packs in a few years.

Makers of higher-priced cigarettes often say that consumers get what they pay for in low-cost brands. But the costs for tobacco, paper and other raw materials in all cigarettes are modest compared to the enormous profit. Even after deep discounting, for example, cigarette companies can earn 42 cents in gross profit for a pack, compared with 66 cents a pack for the full-price brands, according to Marc I. Cohen, an analyst with Sanford C. Bernstein & Company.

A Rise in Market Share

Selling cheap American cigarettes has helped Brown & Williamson's business substantially. Besides Philip Morris and tiny Liggett, it is the only large cigarette company to have increased its market share, according to John C. Maxwell Jr., an analyst with Wheat First Securities. In the 12 months ended June 30, Brown & Williamson's share rose to 11.2 percent from 10.2 percent, a substantial performance in a declining market.

Brown & Williamson's success is built on turning moribund full-price brands like Viceroy and Raleigh into discount lines, and on introducing new discount brands like Richland.

Brown & Williamson is a unit of the London-based B.A.T Industries, one of the world's largest conglomerates, and the world's second-largest tobacco company, after Philip Morris. The cigarette subsidiary posted a 1989 profit of about $587 million, up 25 percent, on a 19 percent rise in revenue to about $5.2 billion. Much of Brown & Williamson's profit and revenue came from the United States.

Cigarette makers and securities analysts say Brown & Williamson's success is no isolated case. The best-selling, indeed the only, new products in the last two years have been discount cigarettes. They have had uninterrupted growth for the last eight years as the price of cigarettes in general has risen steeply.

Even so, some researchers suggest that steep tax increases will further reduce smoking, as people faced with the higher prices either quit or do not start. Industry experts respond that most of those studies were done four or five years ago, when discount cigarettes were not widely available. Today, generic cigarettes account for more than four billion packs a year, or about 16 percent of the market.

Targeted Populations

Although only 29.1 percent of adults in 1987 smoked, down from 40.4 percent in 1965, it is far from clear whether smoking is on the road to extinction.

In fact, tobacco companies are looking for the industry to pull out of its sales decline, perhaps as soon as the mid-1990's. The availability of discount cigarettes will help. But more important, further population growth in the groups likely to want discount cigarettes will help even more. These groups include retired people on fixed incomes, the poor and ***working class*** in general, and, in particular, poor members of minority groups between 15 and 24 years old, when many people begin smoking.

The general population trend is that there are fewer and fewer young people to start smoking, but the Census Bureau projections say that minority groups will be an exception. The number of blacks age 15 to 24 will rise to 5.5 million in 1995 from 5.4 million in 1990. Similarly, the number of Hispanics in the same age group will rise to 3.8 million from 3.7 million. The trends are expected to continue into the next century.

A Boon to the Industry

Some anti-smoking activists reluctantly agree that discount cigarettes will be a boon to the industry. ''It's the wave of the future,'' said Phillip Wilbur, a director of the Advocacy Institute, a public policy and health advocacy group.

Raymond J. Pritchard, chairman and chief executive of Brown & Williamson, said, ''You don't need to be a genius to see growth in generics if the excise tax goes up.''

''One would expect with more people unemployed and with less disposable income,'' Mr. Pritchard continued, ''one would see people shopping for more discount brands than when everyone is flush with money.''

Discreet Enticements

Like other companies, Brown & Williamson does not heavily advertise its discount line. Instead it spends much of its marketing budget on cents-off coupons, ''buy one get one free'' promotions, and even on trading stamps to be saved and exchanged for free or discount-priced merchandise.

Last year, close to 40 percent of the 58.5 billion cigarettes Brown & Williamson sold were discount brands. By contrast, discount brands were only 11 percent of Philip Morris's sales and 21 percent of RJR Nabisco's, although these larger companies sold a greater number of discount cigarettes over all.

In August, Brown & Williamson won on appeal a lawsuit filed by Liggett, the smallest of the nation's six cigarette makers and one that is intent on diversifying out of tobacco. Liggett accused Brown & Williamson of engaging in ''predatory pricing'' by undercutting its prices on generic cigarettes, a field that Liggett helped pioneer, especially with its Pyramid cigarettes. The victory reversed a $149 million damage claim against Brown & Williamson, and analysts now project even greater price competition among makers of discount cigarettes.

For Brown & Williamson, branded generics like Richland have helped lift sales 12 percent, to more than six million cigarettes in the first half of this year.

The strategy has also helped its old brands, such as Viceroy, introduced in 1936. Once an also-ran, Viceroy jumped from 24th in sales in 1988 to 16th in 1989 on the basis of a price cut.

Earlier this summer, Brown & Willamson cut prices on a version of its Raleigh brand, first introduced in 1928.

**Graphic**

Photo: ''You don't need to be a genius to see growth in generics if the excise tax goes up,'' said Raymond J. Pritchard, chairman and chief executive of Brown & Williamson, the nation's third-largest cigarette maker. (Keith Williams for The New York Times); Graph: Brown & Williamson's 1989 cigarette sales (Source: Maxwell Consumer Report)

**End of Document**



[***'Little Chappies With Breasts'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4MK0-0005-G2JD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;  ; Section 7;   Page 11;   Column 1;   Book Review Desk  ; Column 1;  ; Review

**Length:** 1423 words

**Byline:** By Margaret Atwood;

Margaret Atwood's most recent books are a collection of poems, "Morning in the Burned House," and a novel, "The Robber Bride."

By Margaret Atwood;    Margaret Atwood's most recent books are a collection of poems, "Morning in the Burned House," and a novel, "The Robber Bride."

**Body**

AN EXPERIMENT IN LOVE

By Hilary Mantel.

250 pp. New York:

Henry Holt & Company. $23.

HILARY MANTEL'S seventh novel, "An Experiment in Love," is only the second to be published in the United States. This is a shame, because Ms. Mantel is an exceptionally good writer. Her book's title, however, is somewhat misleading. "Experiment" suggests clinical detachment; but if experiments are going on, they're more like what Dr. Frankenstein got up to with the body parts: intense, unholy and messy. As for "love," the inaccuracy is that it's singular: there are many kinds of love in this book, almost all contaminated. "Enter the Dragoness" might be a more likely title, for this is a story about emotional kung fu, female style -- except that by the end, although all are wounded or worse, there's no clear winner.

The playing field is England, with its bafflingly complex and minutely calibrated systems of class and status, of region and religion; the players are little girls, larger girls, young women and, looming huge over all, mothers. The weapons are clothing, schools, intelligence, friendships, insults, accents, trophy boyfriends, material possessions and food. The battle cry is "Sauve qui peut!"

The narrator is Carmel McBain, who -- having somehow survived to adulthood -- kicks off the action with a Proustian time-warp experience, triggered by a newspaper photograph of her former roommate. Back she goes, sucked through the plug hole of memory into her dire childhood. One of her quirks is that she's dogged by lines from the poems she's learned at school, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" among them. Carmel is both the Mariner, doomed to relate, and the Wedding Guest, doomed to listen; and we too are held enthralled while she unwraps her own personal albatross and tells us how she got sadder but wiser.

"I wanted to separate myself from the common fate of girls who are called Carmel," she tells us, "and identify myself with girls with casual names, names which their parents didn't think about too hard." Carmel is the name of the mountain where the prophet Elijah slaughtered the priests of Baal: it's not quite like being called Linda. Indeed, Carmel is sometimes less a person than a geographic site, where embattled forces play themselves out despite her.

It's her mother who saddled her with this weighty name: a formidable north-of-England ***working-class*** mother, of wrathful temperament and Irish Catholic descent, who covers her daughter with her own elaborate embroidery, crams her with homework and launches her like a missile at the social establishment she both despises and envies. Carmel's mother expects her to climb the heights: "The task in life that she set for me was to build my own mountain, build a step-by-step success: the kind didn't matter as long as it was high and it shone. And as she had told me that it is ruthless people who rise highest in this life, I would slash through the ropes of anyone who tried to climb after me . . . and jump about on the summit alone."

Carmel's forced climb leads from the grim 1950's Catholic primary school of her small, decrepit mill town to the Holy Redeemer, a superior establishment run by sarcastic nuns. There she wears a uniform that includes both a tie and a girdle, and is "stuffed with education," though other nutrients are scarce. The aim is to turn women into "little chappies with breasts." "Women were forced to imitate men, and bound not to succeed at it." Nevertheless, Carmel achieves a meager scholarship and a bed in Tonbridge Hall, a neo-Brontean women's residence at London University. Among other things, this novel is a Bildungsroman, and one of the issues raised is the form of education appropriate for women.

All along the way, Carmel has a fellow climber, her doppelganger and nemesis, the stolid and implacable Karina. Karina's parents are immigrants. They have undergone the war -- cattle cars are mentioned -- although they are not Jewish. Out of compunction, Carmel's mother insists on a friendship between the girls; thereafter Karina is linked to Carmel, and where Carmel goes Karina follows. Like Carmel's mother, she too envies and despises, but the object of these emotions is Carmel herself. Whatever Carmel has, Karina takes or else destroys, though it is not a one-sided war. Carmel gets her licks in too, and may even have started it all in kindergarten by kicking Karina's baby doll: an early recognition, perhaps, that all was not well in the world of mums and tots. Over the years, Karina is Carmel's enemy, but also -- when the girls enter the alien territory of upmarket nuns and middle-class southerners -- her oldest friend and grudging ally. "I never thought she was dangerous, except to me," thinks Carmel, wrongly, as it turns out.

They are a Jack-Spratt-and-his-wife couple: Carmel thin and childish, not even allowed to help burn the sparse family dinner; Karina rotund and prematurely competent, a little housewife at the age of 12. Carmel is cold and hungry and watery, and dreams of drowning; Karina is warm and wool-covered, associated with Catherine wheels and fire. Above all, Karina is the protegee and voice of the mothers, especially Carmel's mother: angry, self-righteous, annihilating.

Although she is acquiescent and browbeaten, Carmel has ways of rebelling. At school she practices "dumb insolence," and her first act on reaching the university is to chop off her hair, which, via the torturing use of curl rags, has been one of the instruments of maternal control. But she also takes over her mother's role. Her mother has deprived her not only of affection and approval but of actual nourishment, and now Carmel begins to deprive herself. Karina, on the other hand, is gorging herself to blimp-like proportions. As one character comments, "More and more of Karina. Less and less of Carmel."

We are warned against considering this a story about anorexia; too middle class. Rather, claims the narrator, it is a story about "appetite." Well, perhaps. This portion of the book is set in 1970, at the precise time when anorexia was becoming common but was not yet common knowledge; any later and Carmel could not have been so un-self-conscious about her plight. In any case, the dwindling of Carmel has complex causes. There is the nuns' connection of eating with sin and their emphasis on self-denial -- but how much self can you do without and still remain alive? There's also Carmel's poverty, and the dreadful food of Tonbridge Hall. But the difficulty for Carmel goes well beyond the pinched pennies and the underdone vegetables: How much of life does she dare to eat? How much enjoy? The pleasure principle has not been exactly fostered.

The pleasures of the novel, however, are many. The women's-residence portions of "An Experiment in Love" are as harshly delicious as those in "The Group"; the childhood sections are immediate and vivid, funny and bleak, and the intricate love and love-hate relationships among the women, which, as the narrator says, have nothing to do with sex, are right on target. This is Carmel's story, but it is that of her generation as well: girls at the end of the 60's, caught between two sets of values, who had the pill but still ironed their boyfriends' shirts.

Moral confusion reigns, and moral questions also: What makes bad people bad? Even more mysteriously, what makes good people good? Why Karina, and why the heartbreakingly kind Lynette, Karina's affluent roommate, rebuffed by her at every turn? Carmel's weak father, who has retreated into jigsaw puzzles, can't find the missing part of Judas, and neither can Carmel.

"Descriptions are your strong point," Carmel is told, and they are Ms. Mantel's as well. Never have dripping tights hung over a radiator or the smell of a child's wooden ruler been so meticulously rendered. The similes and metaphors glint brightly: the sheets in the dormitory are "tucked strap-tight into the bed's frame, as if to harness a lunatic"; the residence soup is "an uncleaned aquarium, where vegetable matter swam." Much of this verbal dexterity is exercised on food, but as a narrator Carmel is like her mother: she does a little embroidery on everything.

If there's any complaint, it's that we want to know more; like Carmel herself, the book could have been a little fatter. What happened to Karina and Carmel after the horrifying denouement? But perhaps that's the point: it's what you'll never know that haunts you; and with all its brilliance, its sharpness and its clear-eyed wit, "An Experiment in Love" is a haunting book.

**Graphic**

Drawing.

**Load-Date:** June 2, 1996

**End of Document**



[***TV Stars Are Rushing To Get Movie Roles, But Few Are Doing Well***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4PY0-0005-G07T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 23, 1996, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C; ; Section C;  Page 15;  Column 4;  Cultural Desk ; Column 4;

**Length:** 1300 words

**Byline:** By BERNARD WEINRAUB

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, May 22

**Body**

In droves, television stars are making the leap into movies. For many of them it's been more like falling off a cliff.

David Schwimmer, Ellen DeGeneres, Kelsey Grammer, Ricki Lake and Pamela Anderson Lee, among others, have tried for movie stardom, only to see their films go out of focus at the box office. Soon to get their chance will be Jennifer Aniston, Matthew Perry and Lisa Kudrow, who like Mr. Schwimmer, are in of NBC's phenomenally successful sitcom "Friends."

"Just because you're on 'Friends,' doesn't make you a movie star," said Bernie Brillstein, a manager who has helped shape the careers of many top television comedians. "We're talking about totally different mediums."

Television stars and their agents have always assumed that transition to the movies could be effortless -- and, of course, lucrative. After all, Clint Eastwood and Steve McQueen did it years ago. And more recently Bruce Willis, Tom Hanks, Michael Douglas, John Travolta, Eddie Murphy, Robin Williams and Jim Carrey have done it. But many more top television stars stumbled on the movie screen, including Roseanne, Bill Cosby, Ted Danson and Don Johnson.

Two years ago David Caruso, amid an avalanche of publicity, left his co-starring role in "N.Y.P.D. Blue" to become a leading man in movies. After two high-profile flops, "Kiss of Death" and "Jade," he's now weighing secondary character roles. Mr. Caruso was replaced on "N.Y.P.D. Blue" by Jimmy Smits, who tried without much success to forge a film career after the series "L.A. Law."

The main reason television stars don't reach movie stardom, many in the industry say, is simply poor choice of material. Because their television commitments allow them a few months a year at best to work on movies, the fevered priority of their agent is to find a film script -- any film script, no matter how threadbare -- that might cash in on the actor's current success. The result? "Mr. Wrong," starring Ms. DeGeneres as a woman pursued by the boyfriend from hell, is one example.

"So much has to do with the choices people make," said Gavin Polone, who manages television and film writers. "Tim Allen made the right choice when he went into 'Santa Claus,' playing a character that was not totally different from the character we see on TV. Michael J. Fox made the right choice when he went from 'Family Ties,' to 'Back to the Future.' "

Mr. Fox's movie career stumbled badly, however, when he moved beyond boyish parts to starring roles in such serious films as "Casualties of War," as well as mishaps like "Doc Hollywood" and "Life With Mikey." Now he is ready to return to television as a New York City Deputy Mayor in an ABC series, "Spin City," a sort of reprise of the secondary part he played in the movie "An American President."

Beyond this are less tangible factors, ranging from the nature of movie stardom to the different expectations by audiences.

"What people want in the comfort of their homes is an ease, someone who's not too threatening, an actor you're comfortable with week after week," said Scott Rudin, one of Hollywood's more prolific producers. "Some of these actors can seem neutral, not very sexual. That's not the experience audiences want from a movie star."

Lee Gabler, the top television agent at the Creative Artists Agency, echoed this view. "When you pay money to see a movie, you expect and accept certain things that you often don't expect on television. TV is in your home. You have to want these performers in your living room. You want characters who are likable, not overtly offensive. Many times I've heard, 'That's not a likable character; you've got to tone it down.' You have to have a redeeming quality on television. It's less forgiving than films."

At the moment two television stars, Helen Hunt and George Clooney, seem to be edging toward significant film careers. Ms. Hunt, co-star of the hit television comedy "Mad About You," plays a top role in "Twister," the tornado epic that has grossed $100 million in only two weeks. The real stars of that movie, of course, are the special effects, but Ms. Hunt will certainly benefit.

Mr. Clooney has a couple of significant films coming up, "One Fine Day," a romantic comedy opposite Michelle Pfeiffer, and the starring role in "Batman and Robin." (He doesn't play Robin.) Mr. Clooney is one of the sexiest male stars on the small screen, yet he is no sure bet for the movies; his first major role was in "From Dusk to Dawn," which faded after a solid start.

But he does seem to have a few distinct advantages, a strong presence on the large screen being one. Another, several studio executives said, is that with the exception of Tom Cruise, Tom Hanks and Harrison Ford, few stars in the leading man category can veer between comedies and dramas. Mr. Clooney may be able to do it.

"In making the transformation from television to movies, some actors just don't look big enough to be blown up 50 feet tall: they don't hold your interest," said Brandon Tartikoff, chairman of New World Entertainment, former head of network programming at NBC and chairman of Paramount Studios.

"There's something about movie stars," he said. "Something special happens when they're transformed into giants on the screen. There's a sense of mystery and complexity about them. You don't know totally what they're thinking or feeling. Something is going on. You can't take your eyes off them. That's what makes them stars."

The film producer Joel Silver says: "It comes down to the chemical connection, the mystical moment that happens with the right casting and the right part. You never know if it'll click. If we knew it beforehand, we'd be living on 500-foot yachts sailing around the Caribbean."

There are perils, too, for movie stars making the switch to the smaller screen. Kathleen Turner, who has been successful in films and on the stage, made a television pilot last year that failed. One person connected with the show said the star didn't translate on television. "Making a television series is a skill that everyone takes for granted," the person said. "They shouldn't."

What is commonly agreed is that television stars who initially succeeded in films tended to play characters that were clearly identifiable to audiences. John Travolta moved from playing a ***working-class*** New Yorker in "Welcome Back, Kotter" to "Saturday Night Fever" and "Grease." When he veered from these roles in such movies as "Perfect," his career stalled. Bruce Willis's career is perhaps the paradigm for television actors. His early movie roles in "Blind Date" and "Die Hard" mirrored his smart-aleck character in the television series "Moonlighting."

"You've got to build on your TV persona, give a movie audience more than they see on TV for free each week, but not too much more," said Erwin Stoff, a partner of Three Arts Entertainment, which manages Ms. Aniston, Keanu Reeves and Winona Ryder. "Then you eventually build on that."

Where television stars flounder is often where movie actors and directors flounder, too, letting their hunger to make piles of money fast cloud their judgment. Few actors and fewer talent agents seem to weigh the long-range costs of a get-rich-quick career.

"Where is it written that you have to jump from stardom to stardom?" said Mr. Brillstein, the manager who has overseen the careers of many "Saturday Night Live" stars. "Someone should say, 'Instead of starring in a summer movie, maybe you should take the second or third lead in a really good movie and build your career.' "

But Mr. Brillstein admitted that he was as guilty as anyone of not doing this, and pointed to his client and close friend Gilda Radner. "Gilda wanted to be a movie star, wanted to play romantic leads," he said. "She should have been the second or third woman. I made the mistake. We all make that mistake."

**Graphic**

Photos: Making the leap, Helen Hunt in "Twister," (David James/Warner Brothers); Ellen DeGeneres in "Mr. Wrong," (Suzanne Tenner/Touchstone Pictures); David Schwimmer in "The Pallbearer," (Barry Wetcher/Miramax Films); George Clooney in "From Dusk to Dawn" (Dimension Films); and Kelsey Grammer in "Down Periscope." (20th Century Fox); Ms. Hunt and Mr. Clooney seem to have landed on their feet, but the others did not.

**Load-Date:** May 23, 1996

**End of Document**



[***DETERMINED NEIGHBORS AND BUSINESSES BRINGING NEW VITALITY TO QUEENS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-FWV0-000B-Y1KC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 5, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 2; Page 42, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1182 words

**Body**

PLAZA Twenty-three years ago, Stan Margolin first entered his red brick liquor store in Queens Plaza and felt happy to be in business in ''the suburbs.'' His customers were people who worked on the railroad - ''the backbone of the neighborhood,'' he said the other day -and the spread of the web of tracks behind his building was, he thought, as predictable as the appearance of lunch boxes on his counter.

He remembers being ''shocked and sad'' when the sprawling Sunnyside yards began to gather rust and the area lost about 7,000 people from its ***working-class*** population - ''young people, the people with ideas,'' he said, ''those same people who are starting to come back.''

Sandy Zuckerbrot, a local realty man, remembers when residential interest was rare in this industrial neighborhood, but he said that now ''not a day goes by that I don't get calls from people who want to move here - you know, live here.''

New interest in Queens Plaza (NY) being stirred by new industry and determined residentsUnnoticed for Years

About 350,000 people pass over or beneath Queens Plaza daily, some on the elevated train that dips under the East River into Grand Central Terminal and others in cars on the Queensboro Bridge. For years, however, it seemed no one ever noticed it.

''People who call about the area always ask how far it is and how much it will cost,'' Mr. Zuckerbrot said. ''I always say about two stops from Bloomingdale's or about three bucks.''

To those who make the trip, the sight is impressive. New industry and determined residents are bringing financial growth and security to a neighborhood that to many may seem no more than a view from a bridge - a pocket of four-story factories and bleak bars extending only the length of the shadows of the El train.

Its brownstones and available loft spaces are being rehabilitated by young professionals who have been forced by rising rents from Manhattan. Proposed Federal funding and active imaginations are remodeling the un-derused area into waterfront property speckled with tennis bubbles and restaurant sites.

''We know we're coming around again,'' said Mr. Zuckerbrot. ''Queens Plaza of the 80's will be what Queens of the 50's was - elegant and fine.''

Industrialization Expected

In 1961 the City Planning Commission conducted a survey of Queens Plaza. There didn't seem to be any hope for the small-business plans of either Mr. Margolin or the residential realty man.

''The study concluded that the dwindling, mostly elderly Italian population would simply die off and that the area would become completely industrial,'' said John Mullins, district manager of Community Planning Board 2.

''But,'' he said with a laugh, ''that's not the way it happened.'' Approximately 7,000 residents live in the combined areas of Long Island City, Queens Plaza and Hunters Point, but the region is zoned solely for industrial use. ''Quite simply,'' Mr. Mullins said, ''the city doesn't recognize that these people exist.''

''So they certainly had reason to leave,'' he said, ''because with that zoning, the city services are at the bottom in terms of everything.''

But many stayed. As a result, the industrial space that in the last decade has remained between 95 and 98 percent occupied by business is now being sought for residential use.

For some, the mix has not been easy. A controversy has developed between the illegal loft residents, the industrial dwellers and those who want to live there with legal protection provided by proper zoning regulations.

Those seeking residences have been turned away by local banks when seeking mortgages, and by city agencies when applying for renovation permits, while the industry owners fear a change in zoning will bring higher rents.

Mr. Mullins is confident, however, that eventually everyone will live in peace.

Mixed Zoning Sought

''These people are not going to leave - not the businesses and not the residents,'' he said. ''What is needed is a mixed zoning policy which will protect everybody, and we'll get it,''

''Queens Plaza may not be known by everybody, but it's the most exciting part of our Community Planning Board,'' Mr. Mullins said. ''Those people are really terrific; they are really changing things.''

Mr. Margolin wanted to change things a few years ago when all around his liquor store there were homeless men slumped in doorways. ''I stopped selling the stuff they liked,'' he said referring to an inexpensive brand of wine, ''I had to. You've got to do what you've got to do to survive.''

Two years ago, William Modell and Joe Traina approached community members with a plan to spend $12 million to build a retail market at the foot of the Queensboro Bridge. Their vision was to use the Sunnyside tracks to pull boxcars of merchandise - grapefruits from Florida, redwood furniture from California - to the warehouse and conduct sales straight from the distributor to the consumer.

They also wanted to purchase three buildings, totaling 300,00 square feet of space, and put 500 merchants in wooden booths for selling their wares inside. They had in mind the old West Chemical building, a large, rough and, at the time, empty block of buildings.

Board Paves the Way

Recalling when he and Mr. Modell had talked in the realty office tucked under a curve in the El, Mr. Zuckerbrot said: ''At first, just about everybody thought he had lost his mind. But I thought it was great.''

The Community Planning Board voted the plan unanimously after one public hearing, and the market opened last November. The Saturday before Christmas 35,000 people showed up.

''That's confidence,'' said Mr. Zuckerbrot, referring to the community board decision, ''They knew the time was right.'' On any weekend the QP Boxcar market is active and loud, with very vocal merchants and quick cash sales, and everything from night lights to kickknacks being handled and haggled over. There are stacks and piles and rows of designer jeans, as well as yards of gold chains being draped over wrists and around waists, amid booths crammed with shellacked pictures of Erroll Flynn, vats of huge dill pickles and tubs of pasta.

But more than any commodity, there are people. On the weekends they line up for buses, and their cars fill the municipal parking lot that was previously deserted.

Area With a View

''It used to be that I wouldn't park my car here in broad daylight on the weekdays,'' said Yvonne Skimelis recently, balancing bags of purchases from the QP market, ''let alone on weekends - and forget it at night.

''Now it's safe. My husband and I park here when we go out in the city. Its cheaper, its convenient, and,'' she said, looking toward Manhattan, ''have you seen the view?''

Many people like the look of Manhattan from across the bridge, where pieces of the city appear like subway stops at every corner and are reflected in loft windows and in the water of the East River.

Mr. Zuckerbrot is no exception. ''You could live in Manhattan and look out at someone else or over at Brooklyn,'' he said, ''or you could live here. From Sutton Place, maybe, we don't look too pretty, but from here, Sutton Place looks teriffic.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of elevated train Photo of Stan Margolin

**End of Document**



[***FOR LAKE PLACID, TORCH STILL GLOWS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G3C0-000B-Y496-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Talk of Lake Placid***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-G3C0-000B-Y496-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 1981, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1131 words

**Byline:** By LENA WILLIAMS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LAKE PLACID, N.Y.

**Body**

A year after the torch was extinguished at the close of the 1980 Winter Olympics, remnants and reminders of the games linger everywhere in this tiny Adirondack village.

Olympic pins, pennants, T-shirts, mugs and posters adorn windows of shops along Main Street. Flags from the 37 competing nations still flutter high above the speed-skating oval at the Lake Placid High School, where Eric Heiden won five gold medals.

Hotels and motels offer customers complimentary postcards from the games, and residents are at a loss when asked what the central business district - a 10-block strip of hotels, restaurants and boutiques - was called before it became known as the Olympic Village.

Article discusses the aftermath of the Olympics at Lake Placid

Many of the 2,700 residents of this mountain resort community cling to the memories of the games, while others are enjoying the good fortune that being host to the 13th Winter Olympiad has brought to the area.

''Business has never been better,'' said Serge Lussi, owner of the Holiday Inn here, who was chairman of the Alpine skiing events during the games. ''We're booked solid through May. Tourism was up last summer. And we've seen an increase in the number of foreign tourists. The skiing facilities at Whiteface Mountain has brought a lot of people into the area, but the Olympics really put us on the map.''

Local residents, a friendly mix of ***working-class*** and professionals of third- and fourth-generation families, are eager to talk to anyone willing to talk about the Olympics. They recall the night thousands poured onto Main Street to celebrate the United States hockey team's victory over the Soviet Union. They remember having brushed elbows with a Vice President, a king, a queen, a lord and several governors.

But the memories are not all fond ones: They also recall thousands of spectators stranded in the cold for hours awaiting bus transportation to and from the events as members of the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee struggled to correct the problem. Traffic in the one-stoplight village was snarled as residents and visitors tried to learn the new routes implemented during the games.

Some residents complained of being displaced from their homes or apartments to make room for visitors, who paid almost double the going rate in rent.

Residents become defensive when questioned about such problems and about news accounts of profiteering during the games. ''The transportation problem was cleared up in two days,'' said Steve Wilson, who was born in Lake Placid 24 years ago and now attends Albany State College, ''but the way it came out in the papers, you would have thought it lasted for the entire duration of the games.''

Nevertheless, nearly everyone here now concedes that the games were ''good for the community.'' Many talk about the ''emotional letdown'' that fell over the village when they ended.

''I went home and cried like a baby,'' said Sheila Jennings, who worked for ABC-TV during the games and now works as a waitress at Lum's restaurant on Main Street. ''Imagine having thousands of people from all over the world living in your community. Then all of a sudden, they leave. It takes a while to get used to.''

The Olympics breathed new life into many of the depressed communities of Essex County, where unemployment was once as high as 21.8 percent. Hundreds of jobs created as a result of the Olympics, have been retained, but the unemployment rate - which dropped to 4 percent before the games - has once again showed signs of increasing.

Jack Shea, the supervisor of the Town of North Elba, which includes the village of Lake Placid, noted that when he became supervisor in 1974, the tax rate was $67 per $1,000 in assessed valuation; it has since decreased to $53.99. During the same period the tax base increase from $9 million to $12.2 million and sales revenues increased by $2 million.

''In 1974, the town's surplus was $600,'' Mr. Shea said in his office in Town Hall, directly opposite the Olympic Arena. ''Now we have a surplus of $170,000. Those figures may have something to do with the Olympics, but not everything. It has a lot to do with management of town government.''

Some residents fear that unless the Federal or state government appropriates additional funds to help the organizing committee pay its debts, they may have to make up its $8.5 million deficit in increased property or sales taxes. Many of the Olympic facilities, including the speed-skating oval, are on property owned by the village or the town of North Elba.

Since the games ended, the facilities -the 90-meter and 70-meter ski jump complex at Intervale, the new fieldhouse arena in Lake Placid Village, the adjacent speed-skating oval, the bobsled run, the luge run and biathlon trails at Mount Van Hoevenberg and ski trails at Whiteface Mountains - have become tourist attractions.

More than 60,000 visitors have paid $1 each for a guided tour of the Olympic facilities. Lift-ticket revenues have increased from $860,000 in 1979-80 to an estimated $1.5 million for the current season, and anticipated revenues from Mount Van Hoevenberg are expected to be some $300,000. More than 3,000 persons have been carried down the bobsled run this season at a nominal fee.

Beginning next Sunday, and running through the following Saturday, Lake Placid will play host to the Junior Nordic Championships, and the Empire State Winter Games are scheduled for March 13. The Junior Luge World Championship will be held here in 1982 and the Luge World Cup and the Bobsled World Championship have been scheduled for 1983.

On Main Street, a group of 10 window-shoppers stood silently in the rain, their eyes glancing over an array of Olympic-inspired souvenirs and then settling on a television screen in the Kehoes' boutique where a videotape of the hockey series was playing.

''Sometimes they'll cheer or sing the national anthem at the end of the tape,'' said Anne-Marie Kehoe, the owner of the boutique, who has been captivating pedestrians with the videotape. ''I've seen some people cry.''

Mrs. Kehoe, a native of Sweden who moved here from Los Angeles a few years ago with her husband, Tyrone, shows a visitor an autographed picture of Jim Craig, the United States goalie, hanging behind the counter. ''He was in here and signed that for me,'' she said with pride. ''Heiden was in here, too.''

She also met the King and Queen of Sweden, but it is the picture of Craig, on a wall with autographed photos of other celebrities, that Mrs. Kehoe will point to first.

''My husband took several pictures of the King and Queen, but someone walked off with the camera and the entire roll of film,'' she said. ''That was the only bad thing that happened during the games. I wish they would have returned the film. They could have kept the camera.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Olympic flags at Whiteface Mountain photo of Anne-Marie Kehoe photo of visitors to Lake Placid

**End of Document**



[***Review/Theater;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M0G0-0038-D1SB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Nightmarish Vision Of Urban America As Assembly Line***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M0G0-0038-D1SB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1990, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 13, Column 1; Cultural Desk; Review

**Length:** 1406 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

When the American theater dusts off forgotten Broadway hits from the 1920's and 30's, it is usually with the hope of finding a charming period piece, like Paul Osborn's ''Morning's at Seven'' or the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur ''Johnny on a Spot,'' that might give hardy perennials like ''The Front Page'' and ''You Can't Take It With You'' a run for the box-office gold. A young director named Michael Greif, making a sensational debut at the New York Shakespeare Festival, has quite another idea in mind in his resuscitation of ''Machinal,'' a 1928 Broadway success by Sophie Treadwell that has languished in oblivion except for one fleeting Off Broadway revival 30 years ago.

Mr. Greif has no interest in nostalgia. He has taken a tough work about an ordinary woman who is destroyed by a world of men, money and machines - ''a tragedy in 10 episodes,'' in its author's conception - and given it an imaginative, unpatronizing production that would befit a play written only yesterday. The result is a startling collision of past and present. Like an archeological treasure preserved in a subterranean air pocket, ''Machinal'' (pronounced mock-en-AHL) is both an authentic artifact of a distant civilization and a piece of living art that seems timeless.

The civilization to which the play belongs is that of the late 20's, on the eve of the crash, when the overweening business of America was business. Treadwell (1885-1970) loosely adapted her play from the scandalous Snyder-Gray murder trial, a suburban love-triangle case that led to the first execution of a woman in an electric chair. ''Machinal'' charts that woman, played by Jodie Markell and known simply as ''young woman,'' as she progresses from anonymous secretary to wife of the boss to young mother, adulterer and, finally, murder defendant. From the first scene, in which office life is presented as a dehumanizing clatter of number-crunching machines and clerks, to the last, in which the power of industry is harnessed to the task of electrocution, ''Machinal'' dramatizes urban America as an unrelenting assembly line, carrying the blank but thrashing heroine from one cruel way station to the next as if she were a lost lamb being led to slaughter.

As the critic Brooks Atkinson noted in The New York Times after attending the 1928 opening at the Plymouth Theater, both the style and content of ''Machinal'' owe something to ''The Adding Machine,'' Elmer Rice's play of 1923, and to Dreiser's ''American Tragedy'' (1925) as well as to ''the whole mad tumble of Expressionist drama.'' One can also see the influences of Henry Adams (in ''The Virgin and the Dynamo''), of early O'Neill, earlier Dreiser (starting with ''Sister Carrie'') and the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Yet even as Atkinson pointed out the play's ''resemblances'' to other works, he found it ''a triumph of individual distinction, gleaming with intangible beauty.'' For once, at least, a drama critic was right.

What makes ''Machinal'' individual and distinct from some similarly themed fiction written by men in the same period is simple enough: Treadwell sees her stifled female protagonist from the inside. More fascinating still, she writes in a deadpan tone that keeps both sentimentality and ideological boilerplate at bay. Her spiky use of language and stylized theatrical technique and her refusal to preach, even when challenging the masculine hierarchies of obstetrics and Christianity, make ''Machinal'' seem far more contemporary than the social-protest plays that would soon be ushered in by the Depression. Treadwell strips everything bare, from dialogue to characterization to narrative, as she pours out her fable in the streamlined cadences of a modernist hallucination. When the nameless people talk about business in ''Machinal,'' it is in the repetitive, staccato shorthand of Babbitt-era salesmanship - ''he signed on the dotted line'' or ''I put it over'' - that today would be labeled Mamet-ese. The characters preying on the heroine are boiled down to their essential animal drives. The boorish vice president who becomes the young woman's husband (John Seitz) is summed up by his repeated, mercantile ambition to one day buy a Swiss watch in Switzerland; her sour ***working-class*** mother (Marge Redmond) is interested only in the handouts her new son-in-law might provide. The murder that drives the plot is presented unmelodramatically offstage, within the blackouts separating the play's ''episodes,'' as simply a naturalistic matter of fact.

Yet there is terror everywhere in this evening. In keeping with Treadwell's original intentions, Mr. Greif folds each scene within the ''purgatory of noise'' that marks the urban jungle: jackhammers and subway trains and grinding manufacturing machinery. With the collaboration of a gifted new design team - David Gallo (sets), Sharon Lynch (costumes) and Kenneth Posner (lighting) - he places the entire action within a skeletal factory that is constantly and subtly reconfigured to serve such settings as a speakeasy, a furnished room, a resort hotel, a maternity ward and a courtroom. The tall green window shades, the chiaroscuro of stark lamplight and shadows, the spooky silhouettes that rise in the smoky glass panel of an office door all conspire to re-create the lonely, sometimes surreal, often macabre American cityscapes found in the contemporaneous paintings of Sheeler, Shahn and Hopper. The stage pictures are completed by the director's shimmering use of extras to suggest a jazz-age ballroom or the buzzing domestic hive of a tenement apartment house. Mr. Greif's relentless theatricality, which rightly leads him to eliminate an intermission, carries ''Machinal'' even when the acting is merely competent or an occasional scene (notably the trial) goes into overdrive. William Fichtner, who plays the heroine's illicit lover (a role originated by the young Clark Gable), does not reveal much personality, for instance, but it hardly matters, given the sweaty darkness, relieved only by a cigarette's solitary glow, with which Mr. Greif evocatively shrouds his mechanical bedroom technique. When the acting is distinguished - as it is in the key roles played by Ms. Markell, Mr. Seitz and Ms. Redmond and in ghoulish cameos contributed by Rocco Sisto - ''Machinal'' becomes nightmarish. Particularly chilling is the honeymoon night in which the sinister Mr. Seitz, a smiling pig with fat hands and a traveling salesman's crude bonhomie, bounces the flinching Ms. Markell on his knee while trying to coax her to a grotesquely pink bed. His bride ends up shivering and sobbing on the floor, begging in vain for ''somebody'' to rescue her.

That scene notably excepted, Ms. Markell sometimes could be a shade less tentative in her portrayal of an Everywoman, however ordinary, swept up in forces beyond her control. Even so, her anguished cries for peace and freedom are so affecting that they never fail to overwhelm the churning mechanical sounds of the hellish city engulfing her. What the audience hears, of course, is not just the passion of a young actress, but the piercing voice of a forgotten writer who, in an act of justice unknown to her tragic heroine, has been miraculously reborn.

Machinal

By Sophie Treadwell; directed by Michael Greif; sets by David Gallo; costumes by Sharon Lynch; lighting by Kenneth Posner; original music and sound by John Gromada; associate producer, Jason Steven Cohen. Presented by Joseph Papp. At the Public Theater, LuEsther Hall, 425 Lafayette Street.

Announcer, Bellboy, Waiter, Defense Attorney and Jailer . . . Timothy Britten Parker

Adding Clerk, Prosecuting Attorney and First Barber . . . Ralph Marrero

Filing Clerk, Neighbor, Boy at Speakeasy Table No. 3 and Reporter . . . Omar Carter

Stenographer, Neighbor, Nurse, Final Speakeasy Woman and Reporter . . . Linda Marie Larson

Telephone Girl, Neighbor and Court Stenographer . . . Kristine Nielsen

Husband . . . John Seitz

Young Woman . . . Jodie Markell

Mother . . . Marge Redmond

Singer and Neighbor . . . Darby Rowe

Doctor, Salesman at Speakeasy Table No. 1, Neighbor, Reporter and Second Barber . . . Christopher Fields

Lover . . . William Fichtner

Man at Speakeasy Table No. 3, Priest and Neighbor . . . Rocco Sisto

Woman at Speakeasy Table No. 2, Neighbor and Matron . . . Regina Taylor

Man at Speakeasy Table No. 2, Neighbor, Bailiff, Reporter and Guard . . . Gareth Williams

Judge, Final Speakeasy Man and Convict . . . Michael Mandell

**Graphic**

Photo: John Seitz and Jodie Markell in Sophie Treadwell's ''Machinal.'' (Martha Swope/''Machinal'')

**End of Document**



[***In Iraqi Divide, Echoes of Bosnia for U.S. Troops***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JRC-4420-TW8F-G27T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 16, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 3; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1; THE STRUGGLE FOR IRAQ: THE MISSION

**Length:** 1784 words

**Byline:** By JEFFREY GETTLEMAN

**Dateline:** JURF AS-SAKHR, Iraq

**Body**

As Lt. Col. Patrick Donahoe scans the horizon through the mud-splattered, inch-thick windows of his armored Humvee, he can almost see Bosnia through the palm trees.

It is not there yet, Colonel Donahoe said, but the communal hatred he has witnessed in this area of Iraq, the blindingly ignorant things people say, the pulling apart of Shiite and Sunni towns that were once tightly intertwined are all reminiscent of what he saw years ago as a young Army captain on a peacekeeping mission in the former Yugoslavia.

''You talk to people here and it's literally the same conversations I heard in Bosnia,'' Colonel Donahoe said. ''I had a police colonel tell me the other day that all the people in Jurf,'' a predominantly Sunni town, ''are evil, including the children.''

Jurf as-Sakhr, also known as Jurf, is 40 miles south of Baghdad. It is a community of crumbly dirt farms and dilapidated weapons factories and boys selling fluffy white chickens alongside the road. It sits right on a sectarian fault line that in the past few months has cracked wide open, and Colonel Donahoe is now back to playing peacekeeper.

The work is emblematic of a new role for the American soldier in Iraq, because as the threat has shifted, so has the mission. Sectarian violence is killing more people and destabilizing Iraq more than the antigovernment insurgency ever did. In response, American commanders, especially those in mixed Sunni-Shiite areas like Jurf, are throwing their armor, troops and money directly into the divide, trying to keep Iraq from violently partitioning the way Bosnia did.

What complicates their new mission is that the insurgency is far from over. It keeps mutating, finding new recruits and even new weapons; one soldier in Jurf was recently shot in the arm by an arrow.

Commanders have to simultaneously wage war and push peace, and Colonel Donahoe, along with other American officials, said the outcome of the entire American enterprise might hinge on how well they pulled off this balancing act.

''This is the critical year,'' Colonel Donahoe said. ''If we don't turn things around, if we don't get the Shiites and Sunnis to stop killing each other, I'm not sure there's much else we can do.''

Colonel Donahoe is experimenting with a number of tactics, like microloans to re-establish trade between Shiite and Sunni merchants; a political program to restore Sunni participation; and joint police patrols -- not joint American-Iraqi, but joint Shiite-Sunni.

He was trained to maneuver tanks, but he spends much of his time parked on carpets, chatting with sheiks, trying to ease suspicions one glass of tea at a time.

His soldiers have an even harder adjustment to make. Many are on their second tour in Iraq, and they have returned to a different war. When they were here before, in 2004, it was all about crushing the Sunni-led insurgency. Now, it is all about checking Shiite power.

Back then, if a lieutenant in his 20's went out to meet with a gray-bearded elder, it was to coax him to cooperate with the Americans, not with his neighbor.

The soldiers' quality of life, if it can be called that, may have improved. During the previous tour, the men cooked chicken in ammunition boxes and showered with hoses, if at all. Now they make Baskin-Robbins ice cream floats in the mess hall and sleep in air-conditioned bliss.

But this does not necessarily translate into higher morale. Peacekeeping, no matter what the stakes, is not war-fighting, many soldiers said. It does not deliver the same sense of adventure or the same sort of bonds.

''I'll never forget those guys I crossed the border with,'' said Command Sgt. Maj. Elijah King Jr., who is on his second tour. ''It's not like that anymore.''

The troops in Jurf are part of the First Battalion, 67th Armor, based at Fort Hood, Tex. The battalion, part of the Fourth Infantry Division, has about 1,000 soldiers and first came to Iraq in 2003 as part of the invasion force before rolling north of Baghdad for counterinsurgency patrols that continued through early 2004.

The battalion returned to Iraq in December 2005 and is now thinly spread over 2,700 square miles between Iskandariya to the north and Karbala to the south. Because of all the insurgent activity, the military includes this area in what it refers to as the Triangle of Death.

One of the hottest spots is Jurf, once home to lush date plantations, a Scud missile testing site and the Medina Division of Saddam Hussein's Republican Guard. After the invasion, Jurf, with its concentration of former officers, Baathists, weapons experts and leaders of the powerful Janabi tribe, predictably festered, becoming a terrorist sanctuary.

Just south of Jurf is Hamiya, a mostly Shiite farming town that never enjoyed Jurf's whiff of privilege. While Jurf farmers drove tractors, Hamiya farmers swung hoes, and in an atmosphere of rising sectarian tensions, these deep-seated class rivalries eventually exploded. South of Hamiya are the almost purely Shiite towns of Musayyib and Sedda.

By the time the battalion arrived in December, insurgents had established an island hideaway near Jurf on a swampy spit of land between the Euphrates River and an irrigation canal. They stashed thousands of artillery shells there and ran a clandestine court, where insurgent judges would try, torture and execute collaborators, the Iraqi police said. Mutilated bodies were often found bobbing in the swamps.

Colonel Donahoe's soldiers soon discovered wires from roadside bombs snaking back to the island. On Jan. 10, they invaded, blowing up homes and unearthing an enormous weapons cache, though the insurgents apparently caught wind of the operation because by the time the tanks rumbled ashore, they had vanished. The bomb attacks continued, and in February, soldiers in a Bradley fighting vehicle fired on two suspects who they said tried to blow up a convoy and took off running, right past a house.

When the soldiers arrived at the house, the colonel said, a woman was screaming in the driveway, waving the severed leg of her daughter. The girl had been hit by an American shell and bled to death in front of the soldiers.

The troops have also been enmeshed in strange local dynamics. A few weeks ago, a schoolgirl came to them with an armload of books that included a chemical weapons training manual. She led the soldiers to her father, a former Iraqi Army colonel suspected of being an insurgent. After the soldiers detained him, they gave the girl a chocolate bar.

They have also gone on raids with local security forces. But this, too, has its risks.

One night last month, American troops helped police officers from Hamiya, the ***working-class*** Shiite town, aggressively round up 10 men, all Sunnis, from Jurf.

''I left thinking, wait a sec, were we just part of some sort of sectarian revenge?'' the colonel said.

As things quieted down with the Sunnis, more problems emerged with the Shiites. Shiite-led police forces began detaining Sunnis and refusing to release them even after American commanders concluded they were innocent.

Yassir Naameh Naoufel, a Sunni elder in Jurf, said Sunnis could no longer visit Musayyib, a Shiite town. ''If we do, we might disappear,'' he said.

Meanwhile, the Mahdi Army, a force of armed men loyal to the Shiite cleric Moktada al-Sadr, has been pushing into Musayyib, introducing a harsh brand of Islamic law.

According to Staff Sgt. Joseph Schicker, a psychological operations soldier, Mahdi militiamen recently threw battery acid on a woman whose ankles were showing and dragged a man accused of being gay through the streets.

Colonel Donahoe draws on the Balkans for an easy metaphor.

''Moktada is like Milosevic,'' he said, referring to the former Serbian leader. ''He'll do anything to stay in power.''

Colonel Donahoe, 38, calls Bosnia his ''formative military experience,'' and it seems that the nine months he spent there in 1996 has been as valuable for him in Iraq as the 15 years he trained as a tank commander.

At a recent meeting he organized between Shiite and Sunni imams, the colonel shared one of his Bosnian lessons. ''Those people were intermarried just like you,'' he said. ''They lived together just like you. But certain leaders trying to grab power ripped that country apart.'' The imams nodded, the Shiites on one side of the room, the Sunnis on the other.

The colonel said he wanted to ''reintegrate'' local politics. The Musayyib district council, which oversees all the towns in an area with a total population of around 200,000, was a mix of Shiites and Sunnis before the war. Now it is run by 17 Shiites, the majority of whom support Mr. Sadr, with two nonvoting Sunni members.

To make matters worse, elders in Hamiya, which is technically part of the Jurf subdistrict but is mostly Shiite, now want to secede from Jurf, even though Hamiya has been part of Jurf for decades. The colonel said what he needed more than anything was a bona fide expert on governing.

''What do I know about running a district council?'' he said.

He is also trying to revive trade links by using some of the battalion's $495,000 in reconstruction money to start a microloan program. The problem is, many merchants in Jurf and Musayyib are too frightened to travel from one area to the other to do the business they used to.

Tip-toeing through these issues is far more delicate than hunting insurgents, and the colonel seems to sense the difficulties of keeping his rank and file engaged. He tells all of his soldiers that they are now diplomats, and he uses them to interview merchants, for example, and protect the construction site of a new police station in Jurf. Insurgents blew up the last one, and the colonel is waiting to rebuild before taking on the delicate task of intermingling police forces.

''The only way this is going to work is if the patrols are 50-50, Shiite-Sunni,'' he said.

Shiite police officials have agreed, in theory, but have hired few Sunnis so far.

The colonel cited signs of progress. Bomb attacks are down. More shops are open. Fewer bodies are found bobbing in the swamp.

But it is not clear how receptive Shiites and Sunnis are to the reconciliation efforts. Often, the only common ground is anti-American anger, or at least disappointment.

Salah al-Shimeri, an Iraqi police official and a Shiite, told American soldiers during a recent meeting, ''I just wish you could put this country back to the way you found it.''

Sometimes, the colonel said, he is unsure whether that can be done. ''How will it end?'' he said one night. ''I don't know.''

''I think it will come down to an attrition of spirit. Either they'll get tired of fighting and quit. Or we will.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Soldiers of the 67th Armored Regiment, in Sedda, Iraq, are spending more time on peacekeeping duties. (Photo by Johan Spanner/Polaris, for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

An American soldier, left, photographed a Sunni imam, with his permission, for an intelligence file on community leaders in Musayyib. At right, people displaced by the fighting in Iraq gathered at the district council building in Musayyib to appeal for help from the United States military.

Lt. Col. Patrick Donahoe, left, in a meeting with police chiefs in Musayyib, south of Baghdad. He is experimenting with joint Shiite-Sunni patrols. (Photographs by Johan Spanner/Polaris, for The New York Times)(pg. 10)Chart/Map: ''Caught in the Middle''American troops have taken on the role of peacekeepers in an area where Sunni and Shiite Iraqis live in close proximity.Map of Iraq highlighting the following locations:Jurf as-Sakhr -- Insurgent stronghold, primarily Sunni.Iraqi girl killed by American troops chasing insurgents.Musayyib -- Shiite stronghold with a Mahdi Army militia presence.Hamiya-- Mostly Shiite farm community. Resentment toward wealthier Sunni neighbors has caused tension.Sedda -- All Shiite. Primarily peaceful market town.IskandariyaHawija IslandU.S. Forward Operating BaseKarbala -- Shiite holy city(pg. 10)

**Load-Date:** April 16, 2006

**End of Document**



[***THE BUDGET BATTLE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M0C0-0038-D1R1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Budget Turmoil Leaves G.O.P. Bereft and Besieged***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M0C0-0038-D1R1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1990, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 8, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1241 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Oct. 15

**Body**

The political turmoil in the Republican Party caused by the Federal budget impasse has left its leaders openly feuding over strategy and struggling to preserve the party's identity just three weeks before the November elections.

Republican leaders admit that the party has taken a beating and that President Bush's wavering on a budget deal and reluctance to impose higher taxes on the rich has only deepened an already pronounced rift between moderate and conservative Republicans.

A party that has long prided itself on putting forth an unmistakable message of lower taxes and less government, reflected for eight years in the steadfast philosophy of Ronald Reagan, is now under siege as the party of the privileged, a party that has been left rudderless by Mr. Bush's failure to convey any clear direction.

The reason for the Republican concern will be amply clear this week, perhaps as early as Tuesday or Wednesday, when the House is to vote on a Democratic deficit reduction plan containing several provisions that would much more heavily tax the rich. Republicans generally do not like the plan, but opposing it would only further paint them as the party of the privileged.

Many Republicans fear an immediate fallout in next month's elections, but they hope the damage will be softened by a public frustration with all incumbents and with the Democratic-controlled Congress.

Loss of Relevance Is Seen

Representative Marge Roukema, a moderate Republican from New Jersey, said: ''We've lost our relevance. Most people rely on Republicans to set forth sound fiscal policy and manage the economy. The whole budget debacle has badly eroded our ability to speak out that way. Our proposal makes it look like we are favoring only the rich and not looking out for our middle-class base.''

Senator John H. Chafee, a Rhode Island Republican, asserted that ''the tarring of the brush of the rich versus poor has probably stuck.'' While he said he did not think that the President had lost his constituency, Senator Chafee conceded that ''their enthusiasm has been dulled so they might not be out there in such force as they might have been in November for our candidates.''

Douglas Bailey, a Republican political consultant, was more blunt about the political danger. ''I've talked to a whole bunch of Republican consultants out there over the last three days,'' he said. ''All of them are jittery and all of them are saying, 'Our numbers don't look good.' ''

Republican candidates are moving quickly to distance themselves from Mr. Bush, even at the advice of party officials. ''I think the Republicans were hurt when Bush's wavering back and forth,'' said Dick Waterfield, a rancher and commodity broker from Amarillo, Tex., running for Congress. ''I'm sorry that the party couldn't get together on 'no new taxes.' It looks to me that the uncertainty has hurt us.''

Long-Term Damage Feared

Beyond the midterm elections, some Republicans are more nervous that there will be long-term damage, both in the party's ability to govern and in erosion of political support as the 1992 Presidential campaign approaches.

''If you're speaking for the party as a group, I think they're flummoxed, in a word,'' said Craig Shirley, a leading conservative political consultant. ''The historical imperative of the party for the last 15 years, 20 years, has been tax cuts, spending restraint and less government. What has developed instead is quite obviously an image of being for higher taxes and not necessarily concern about restraint of government.''

Indeed, to hear some Republicans talk, it is as if they have already suffered devastating losses at the polls.

''We've been incompetent - they've been excellent,'' said Senator Malcolm Wallop, a conservative Republican from Wyoming, comparing his party's handling of the deficit crisis with the Democrats. ''The other side has played it for every political advantage.''

Even Charles Black, the chief spokesman for the Republican National Committee, conceded that the party's public image has been hurt. But he insisted the troubles would be short lived.

''They've done a pretty good propaganda job in the last several weeks to try to get the fairness issue raised again,'' he said of the Democrats. ''But I don't see it sticking very long. Look, if the election were Tuesday, I would say this would be a bad week. But it's not. I don't think there's any long-term party slip in the works. Our disagreement has been more over tactics than anything else.''

Democratic Unity Hailed

Yet, as the breach in Republican ranks deepens, Democrats are reveling in their new-found unity over making the wealthy bear a larger burden in reducing the budget deficit.

''I believe that we are witnessing the disintegration of the Republican Party,'' said Ronald H. Brown, the Democratic national chairman. ''I don't know that I have ever witnessed such internecine warfare. I think they have demonstrated that they are incapable of leading even their own party.''

John W. Kingdon, a professor of political science at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, said he was not so sure the Republican disarray would lead to significant losses in next month's elections, which, particularly in Congressional districts, usually hinge more on local issues.

But he said he expects long-term problems in how Republicans can govern, and said the party could lose conservative, ***working-class*** supporters that it won over from the Democrats.

''In order for a Republican President to accomplish anything on the Hill, he needs a solid Republican majority behind him and to chip away at some Democratic votes,'' Professor Kingdon said. ''And that coalition is really splintered now. This image of disarray will eventually get healed. But this image of protecting the rich - that can have the potential of reconstructiong the old-fashioned Democratic coalition that Reagan so assiduously sought to destroy. They could be wooed right back to the Democratic Party.''

Republicans Look to Bush

More than any other target, Republicans blame Mr. Bush for the party's identity crisis, and therefore say it is up to him to pull the party out of it. It is particularly important for him to restore its economic principles, they say, because the Republican faithful can no longer rally around other core issues like fighting Communism.

The obvious initial test for the President and the party to begin recovering is for Mr. Bush and Congress to finally reach a budget agreement.

''This is not something where you count bodies daily; this is not a war,'' said Senator Ted Stevens, Republican of Alaska. ''The final result is what counts in this political battle.''

Senator Wallop said: ''Republicans need to come under a banner of accountability. The President needs to lay down the markers and get us back on the economic side that brought us to power.''

Still, it is not clear just how Mr. Bush should go about salvaging the party's longtime principles.

Mr. Shirley, for one, said the President must act quickly and dramatically. ''Tomorrow morning,'' the conservative consultant said, ''he should wake up and say, 'I've had it and I'm going to spend the next two years, hopefully the next six years, running against this town, vetoing every bill for every new tax and putting it on the Democratic Congress.' '' Not every Republican is so glum. ''I've seen worse times,'' said Frank J. Fahrenkopf, the Republican national chairman from 1983 to 1989. ''I was around after Watergate.''

**Graphic**

Photos: Rep. Marge Roukema; Republican of New Jersey - ''Most people rely on Republicans to set forth sound fiscal policy and manage the economy. The whole budget debacle has badly eroded our ability to speak out that way.'' (Stan Barouh); Senator Malcolm Wallop; Republican of Wyoming - ''We've been incompetent - they've been excellent. The political handling of it has never been what it should have been. The other side has played it for every political advantage.'' (Paul Conklin)

**End of Document**



[***DNA Tests and a Confession Set Three on the Path to Freedom in 1978 Murders***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4HT0-0005-G4BF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 15, 1996, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 6;  Column 1;  National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1300 words

**Byline:** By DON TERRY

By DON TERRY

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, June 14

**Body**

Early in the morning of May 11, 1978, two sweethearts engaged to be married were abducted at gunpoint from a suburban gas station near here and driven into the darkness to die.

The woman was repeatedly raped in an abandoned townhouse and then shot twice in the back of the head. In her purse, the police found a receipt for a man's wedding band. Her fiance was also shot in the head, and left to die face down along a creek.

The next day, after an anonymous tip, the police picked up four young ***working-class*** black men and quickly charged them with the brutal slayings. The men pleaded not guilty, but a jury convicted them, sending two to death row.

A public outraged by the killings was relieved that justice had been served. There was, however, one problem: It now seems that the men were innocent.

The men, their supporters say, were sent to prison on a railroad of lies and questionable police work. Their cell doors have not been unlocked by scientific advances, old-fashioned leg work, witness recantations, a confession by a convict who said he and three others were the real killers and, most important, the results of DNA testing not available at two earlier trials.

Today, after spending nearly half of their lives in prison for the double murder, three of the men got their first taste of freedom. In a crowded Chicago courtroom, the men, Kenneth Adams, William Rainge and Dennis Williams, were allowed to return to their families, under strict electronic monitoring and home confinement, pending further review of the case. The fourth man, Verneal Jimerson, who, along with Mr. Williams was on death row, was released on bond earlier this year when the Illinois Supreme Court overturned his conviction and ordered a new trial because of witness perjury.

"The DNA is why we are here today," said Jeffrey Urdangen, the lawyer for Mr. Adams. "Without it, it would have taken us much longer."

According to a Justice Department report released today, 28 men convicted of rape have been freed from prison nationwide in the past few years after DNA testing proved their innocence. In addition, a report by the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund says at least 48 people have been released after serving time on death row since 1973 with significant evidence, including DNA, of their innocence.

Just last year, in a celebrated Illinois case, Rolando Cruz walked away from death row when the judge at his third trial directed the jury to return a not-guilty verdict after a police officer admitted lying previously.

But the current case is one of the biggest of its kind in Illinois history.

"I can't conceive of what happened to these men," said Robert L. Byman, the lawyer for Mr. Williams, now 39. "They lost 18 years of their lives, perhaps the best 18 years."

At the courthouse, prosecutors acknowledged that their case was fundamentally changed by the new evidence and the DNA tests, which seem to prove that semen found on the dead woman could not have come from any of the convicted men.

"I do not believe that this issue is resolved," said Andrea Zopp, the First Assistant Cook County State's Attorney. But, Ms. Zopp added, "we are obligated to do what we did today."

The men are not legally exonerated and next appear in court on July 2. Still, their relatives were overjoyed today.

"I never thought I would have a chance to see him free," Joe Hurley, Mr. Adams' stepfather, said after today's hearing. "His mother and me thought we'd be long dead before he ever got out."

A few hours after Mr. Williams walked into the courtroom, shackles rattling from his wrists and legs, he stood in his brother's expansive backyard on the city's far south side and listened to the birds in the trees. He had changed out of the green prison uniform he had worn in court and was dressed in street clothes bought by his lawyer.

As he talked with friends, Mr. Williams tried on a pair of sunglasses but quickly took them off. He said he had not worn dark glasses for 18 years and felt "a little odd."

"Death row does something to your emotions," he said. "When I left death row, I felt like I was leaving a mortuary with a bunch of bodies waiting to be dressed."

A week ago, when he learned his release was imminent, Mr. Williams said, he had trouble feeling anything.

"It's like if you see a ghost," he said then, from his cell. "You believe it, but you don't. I had no doubt the state would murder me for a crime I did not commit. I just didn't think anybody cared."

But a team of lawyers, a teacher, investigators and students cared very much. In court today were three young women, senior journalism majors at Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., who along with their professor, David Protess, and a private investigator, Rene Brown, spent the last six months going through mountains of files and tracking down witnesses in crack houses and prisons. Mr. Brown had been working on the case off and on since 1980, when one of the initial trial lawyers sought his help.

It is a story straight out of Hollywood, which has already been trying to sign the Northwestern students to a movie deal. It was after the students interviewed a convicted prisoner in another case, Ira Johnson, that he signed an affidavit this spring confessing that he, his older brother, Dennis, and at least two other men had killed the couple.

It is also a story straight out of a nightmare.

Besides the deaths of Carol Schmal, 23, and Lawrence Lionberg, 29, at least one other woman is dead because the authorities failed to conduct a thorough investigation and arrested, prosecuted and convicted the wrong men, Mr. Protess said.

Mr. Johnson, who is black, is serving 74 years for the 1990 murder of a woman he dragged into an abandoned building and strangled.

"She would be alive today, if the authorities had done their job in the first place," Mr. Protess said. "But they didn't care. Any four black men would do."

According to Mr. Protess and court records filed by four men's lawyers, the police knew about the Johnson brothers' possible role in the Schmal and Lionberg killings five days after the couple's bodies were discovered. A witness told investigators that he heard the brothers plan a robbery and later saw them selling distinctive vests that had been stolen from the gas station, according to a police file. The police did not pursue the lead.

Sally Daly, a spokeswoman for the Cook County Sheriff's Department, which initially investigated the double murder, said that the department was "reviewing the case" and that "there seems to be no indication of negligence or a cover-up."

"We spoke to hundreds of people at the time," Ms. Daly said, adding that the department could not confirm whether investigators had talked to either Johnson brother. Dennis Johnson, who his brother says shot Ms. Schmal, died of a drug overdose in Minneapolis in 1993.

Mr. Protess said he did not know why Mr. Johnson confessed to him and his students, Laura Sullivan, Stacey Delo and Stephanie Goldstein, all of whom are 22. Maybe, the professor said, his conscience was bothering him or maybe he figured he had nothing to lose because he was already facing a long prison sentence.

Regardless of the reason, Mr. Protess said Mr. Johnson had at least once in his life done the right thing and should not be punished for it. Mr. Protess said he expected the authorities to prosecute Mr. Johnson for the 1978 murders and try to put him on death row.

"I will do whatever is necessary to prevent the execution of Ira Johnson," the professor said.

But Mr. Protess was too happy to do much worrying today. He threw his arms around Mr. Williams, and they hugged in the big backyard with the birds singing and the sun shining.

And on Saturday, Mr. Protess will have another reason to smile. His three students are graduating from the Medill School of Journalism.

**Graphic**

Photos: Professor David Protess of Northwestern University, left, talked with Dennis Williams after a Chicago court set Mr. Williams and two others free in a 1978 murder case because of doubts about the evidence against them. (Lloyd DeGrane for the New York Times); Convicted in the 1978 killings were, from left, Dennis Williams, William Rainge, Verneal Jimerson and Kenneth Adams. Mr. Jimerson went free earlier this year while the other three were released yesterday. (Chicago Tribune via The Associated Press, 1978)

**Load-Date:** June 15, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Can Menendez Count on Black Voters?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JNW-B340-TW8F-G25X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 9, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 3; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1844 words

**Byline:** By JOSH BENSON

**Dateline:** NEWARK

**Body**

THE REV. REGINALD T. JACKSON, the influential executive director of the Black Ministers Council of New Jersey, is a master of the art of vote wrangling, helping assure lopsided victories among black voters for statewide Democratic candidates like Jon S. Corzine and James E. McGreevey.

Yet when asked recently about the prospect of similar support for Senator Robert Menendez in his effort to defeat his Republican rival, State Senator Thomas H. Kean Jr., and win his own four-year term, Mr. Jackson was surprisingly guarded.

''I think Mr. Menendez will face a real challenge,'' Mr. Jackson said, ''and it remains to be seen how he meets it.''

Although the 52-year-old Mr. Menendez is not without allies among black political leaders like Mayor Doug Palmer of Trenton and Assemblywoman Bonnie Watson Coleman, he receives mixed reviews from many others, largely because of a bitter feud with the popular former mayor of Jersey City, Glenn Cunningham, who died in 2004, and his supporters.

As a result, Mr. Menendez's relationship with a constituency that has faithfully supported Democrats in the past is ''probably a little vague and tenuous,'' said Walter Fields, a former political director of the N.A.A.C.P.

''Menendez was certainly a long-serving congressman out of Hudson County, but there have developed real difficulties because of him being oppositional to Glenn Cunningham,'' Mr. Fields said. ''So I think there were definitely some unresolved issues between the congressman and the black community.'' While overwhelmingly Democratic-voting African-Americans are unlikely to defect in large numbers to Mr. Kean, they could sit out the election rather than work to get Mr. Menendez elected.

Having anything less than wholehearted support from black leaders -- particularly in what is expected to be a close race -- could pose a serious threat to Mr. Menendez and mean the difference between returning to Washington and returning home. After all, in recent statewide elections, black voters made up approximately 11 percent of the turnout, and they constitute a vital part of any Democrat's electoral base.

''The Democratic margin does depend on getting out large pluralities in Essex and Hudson and Camden,'' said Peter Woolley, the director of Fairleigh Dickinson University's PublicMind poll, referring to counties with high concentrations of black voters. ''So there's no doubt that the people who physically, mechanically are in charge of making that happen need to be brought on board.''

In most respects, Mr. Menendez -- who was appointed to his current post this year by the man who relinquished it, Gov. Jon S. Corzine -- would seem to be in strong shape heading into his first bid for statewide office this November. He has solid establishment support and has raised millions of dollars in campaign contributions.

Moreover, he faces in the 37-year-old Mr. Kean an inexperienced and gaffe-prone opponent. And most important, voter approval of President Bush has reached an all-time low not only in New Jersey -- a decidedly blue state -- but across the country.

As Mr. Menendez has pointed out, that has all been enough to earn solid pluralities in his own congressional district among black voters.

To Mr. Menendez and his supporters, his party loyalty -- along with a voting record that has been reliably liberal on social issues -- will be enough to bring the base of the state party home to him on Election Day. ''It's not what you say, it's what you do,'' Mr. Menendez said in a telephone interview last week.

He added, ''If you look at, from the N.A.A.C.P. to the Urban League, and talk to them about our votes on key critical issues they score, you'll hear an excellent result.''

For emphasis, Mr. Menendez, the son of Cuban immigrants, noted that he supported Mayor Palmer of Trenton when he first ran, even though his opponent was Hispanic. He also pointed out that under his political leadership the Hudson County clerk, Janey Haynes, was the first black to run for countywide office.

Nor did he stop there. Mr. Menendez pointed to his record in Congress in supporting efforts to expand homeownership for blacks and securing development grants in black neighborhoods.

Indeed, Mr. Menendez received an ''A'' rating from the N.A.A.C.P. for his record last year in the House, voting with the organization's endorsed positions 96 percent of the time -- a tally surpassed in the New Jersey delegation by only Representative Rush Holt.

''The bottom line is, I think that on the issue on our votes, in our advocacy and in our political support, we have consistently been a friend,'' he said.

None of that seems to be any consolation to some of Mr. Menendez's foes from Hudson County, who are embittered by the way the he won control of the county party and, after the mayor died, of Mr. Cunningham's State Senate seat.

The battle between the two men began, appropriately enough, over the long-term successor to the county executive.

Then in 2003, the split widened after Mr. Cunningham spurned the wishes of Mr. Menendez and other county Democratic leaders by running, and winning, in a race for the State Senate.

When the 60-year-old Mr. Cunningham died of a heart attack in May 2004, more than 5,000 people attended his funeral, though Mr. Menendez was not one of them. He had been urged by Cunningham supporters to stay away.

For some, the fight lives on. The name of the mayor's widow, Sandra Cunningham, has repeatedly been floated as a possible independent spoiler candidate for the United States Senate seat, threatening to dilute Mr. Menendez's support among black voters in Jersey City and elsewhere. In March, Ms. Cunningham said that she was ''not ready to talk about that yet,'' and she refused recent requests for comment.

The Urban Times News, a free newspaper operated by former associates of Mr. Cunningham, continues to write about the dispute, and those who supported the mayor are determined to inform black voters beyond Hudson County about what they say was Mr. Menendez's ill treatment of their former political patron.

''I think that we can sensitize the African-American community around this state,'' said the Rev. Edward Allen, pastor of the Philemon Missionary Baptist Church in Newark, who ran unsuccessfully for Congress in 2002. ''I think people have to know how African-Americans in the district he represented feel about him. I think it will make them think twice. I think mayors in places like Trenton and Camden and Newark and East Orange and Irvington need to think twice about supporting him.''

That could prove inconvenient for Mr. Menendez. A PublicMind poll released last week showed Mr. Kean holding a four-percentage-point lead, while other surveys have shown Mr. Menendez with a slight lead.

Some black allies of Mr. Menendez's concede that the picture is mixed. ''I think that reputation varies depending upon what part of the state you're in,'' said the Rev. Perry Simmons of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Newark. ''For example, in his own Hudson County, the black support might not be that strong, whereas in Essex County, Camden and Mercer, it might be stronger. It's probably weaker in his own hometown because of the type of relationship that has developed over the years.''

State Senator Ronald L. Rice, who is running for mayor of Newark, said he thought that black voters would ultimately rally behind Mr. Menendez.

''I think Bob's going to be O.K.,'' Mr. Rice said. ''The one thing you don't want to do is turn Democratic seats over to Republicans. Because regardless of how nice they treat us in terms of leadership roles, they're never going to share the Democratic Party's philosophy in terms of attitude to lower and middle ***working-class*** people.''

Still, Mr. Menendez's road will not be made any easier since his opponent is not a wild-eyed ideologue but the son of former Gov. Thomas H. Kean, one of New Jersey's most popular figures In fact, it counts for a lot, and is largely responsible for the state senator's strong standing in the early polls.

And the Kean name could prove particularly resonant among blacks, who gave the elder Mr. Kean more than 60 percent of their vote in his 1985 campaign for re-election -- an astonishingly high number for a Republican in New Jersey.

While there is no sign that the younger Mr. Kean will enjoy that level of success among black voters, his campaign is clearly not prepared to write them off.

''Tom's visited black churches,'' said Jill Hazelbaker, a spokesman for Mr. Kean. ''He's met with the N.A.A.C.P. The African-American community is extremely important to Tom Kean Jr. just as it was for his dad.''

Deepening the intrigue, the Kean campaign has privately negotiated with Ms. Cunningham and her supporters about their common nemesis. ''Our campaign has had private conversations with Sandy,'' said Ms. Hazelbaker, whose assertion was confirmed by someone close to Ms. Cunningham. ''They're private. But obviously, they're interested in seeing anyone but Menendez being elected.''

But if Mr. Kean has been active in recent months courting black voters and political leaders, so has Mr. Menendez, one of the canniest politicians in the state. Among his first acts after being appointed senator was to convene a meeting with black leaders to discuss their concerns.

And he has made an effort to bury the hatchet in Hudson County. Mr. Menendez said that he tried to entice Ms. Cunningham to run for countywide office with his support, which she declined, but he did score a minor victory last week by recruiting a former aide to Mr. Cunningham to run for Hudson County register with the party's backing.

''I don't take any constituency for granted, so we're working very hard in reaching out,'' Mr. Menendez said.

He dismissed the notion that blacks would vote for his Republican opponent, and as for his expectations of winning large margins in heavily black areas, he said, ''I expect to do very well in that community as we approach the November elections.''

Asked a similar question about turnout among blacks, Mr. Woolley, the pollster, deferred to the Essex County Democratic chairman. ''Ask Phil Thigpen -- seriously,'' he said. ''A lot of this isn't about some organic support welling up for Menendez in the streets. It's about the elites.''

Mr. Thigpen said that Mr. Menendez would probably enjoy a large advantage among black voters, if only because of his party affiliation.

''Black voters have to understand that if you elect a Republican, that Republican will be voting for a Republican for president of the Senate,'' he said. ''And if we elect a Democrat, no matter who the Democrat is, he's going to be voting for leadership that's more in tune with us and more representative of the consensus of the black community. That's the bottom line, as far as I'm concerned.''

And will Mr. Menendez be able to win the black vote overwhelmingly?

''That's up to him,'' Mr. Thigpen said. ''He has to work at it. If he fails, he has to look at himself, not the black community.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Senator Robert Menendez, right, hopes to draw constituents like Dwight A. Wilson. (Photo by Laura Pedrick for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

After the November vote, Robert Menendez, House Minority Leader Nancy Pelosi and Trenton Mayor Doug Palmer looked to future efforts. (Photo by Stephen Crowley/The New York Times)(pg. 9)

**Load-Date:** April 9, 2006

**End of Document**



[***WALESA IS FEELING THE WEIGHT - AND TEMPTATIONS - OF SUCCESS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CRG0-000B-Y3C3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 26, 1980, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 5, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1137 words

**Byline:** By JOHN DARNTON

**Dateline:** WARSAW

**Body**

A well-known Polish journalist was a bit nonplussed by a recent experience in Gdansk. He interviewed Tadeusz Fiszbach, the powerful local Communist Party secretary, who served him coffee. Noting apologetically that there was a shortage of sugar throughout Poland, Mr. Fiszbach had none to offer his guest. A few hours later, the journalist went across town to interview Lech Walesa. Mr. Walesa produced coffee - and a heaping bowl of sugar.

There is an indefinable sense in Poland these days that momentum and the capacity to influence events, like sugar, is slipping away from the Government and flowing into the hands of the insurgent labor movement and the man who is its undisputed sovereign.

AN-A

Mr. Walesa is one of the country's three most powerful men. The others are Stanislaw Kania, new head of the Polish United Workers' (Communist) Party, and Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, the wizened and wise protector and avenging angel of the Roman Catholic Church. Both Mr. Kania and the primate have their respective apparatuses, one 36 years old and the other 1,024 years old. Mr. Walesa's organization is only two months old, but he is building it fast.

Solidarity, as the labor movement is called, has grown beyond most expectations. The figures are vague but its leaders assert it now encompasses eight million people, or well over half the 13 million workers in the socialized sector.

At the same time, Solidarity remains an untrustworthy rebel in the eyes of the beleaguered Government. On Friday a Warsaw court officially registered the organization but only after rewriting its statutes to include a pledge to respect the ''leading role'' of the Communist Party. This stunned the union, which vowed to appeal. Its stalwarts are now looking for a way to prove their muscle and exert some leverage upon the authorities, no longer viewed as potential partners in a reconstructed Poland but as antagonists in the quest for support from the ***working class***.

The struggle is moving into a new, more sophisticated phase in which the union, if it is to succeed, must consolidate its representation on the factory floor and translate its prestige into stark power that can reshape national economic policy and institutions. The degree to which the union measures up the challenge depends, to an uncanny extent, upon the wisdom and instincts of Mr. Walesa.

There are other important leaders. Bogdan Lis is an activist par excellence. Andrzej Gwiazda is a theoretician with a larger vision of a ''humane'' socialism. Anna Walentynowicz is the conscience of the movement. But to millions of Poles, Mr. Walesa is the man who rode in on a white horse and faced down the Government at Gdansk.

The labor leader with the drooping mustache and tired brown eyes appears to have accepted his meteoric rise from unemployed electrician and longtime activist to folk hero and international media celebrity. He professes to be uncomfortable at the adulation he receives and indeed, sometimes it makes him cross. ''I am not your master, I am your servant'' is one of his favorite lines. He told reporters during a court recess last week that ''anyone who turns his head when I walk by isn't doing his job.'' His speeches are not rabble-rousing but low-key, anecdotal, highly personal.

Though Mr. Walesa eschews demagoguery, traces of it have begun to appear. This is inevitable and perhaps even desirable if the movement is to grow strong. His detractors, of whom there are few, say privately that his stardom has gone to his head. When Solidarity leaders hold a factory rally to bolster support and explain the issues, he is the one who does virtually all the talking. In discussions on strategy among the leaders, he expects his views to prevail.

Mr. Walesa is surrounded by the accouterments of power. He often talks of pretty secretaries he has hired. He tells workers that he has moved from a two-room flat to a spacious six-room apartment, that his refrigerator is chockfull of chicken and suckling pig, that his single ill-fitting gray suit has given way to a wardrobe of five suits. Such things, he seems to be saying, are his due but he will go only so far. He mentions continually offers of villas and cars that he claims have come from the authorities to sway him from the path. The workers identify with his success - in his position they would do just the same - and they do not begrudge him his new life style. ''He is one of us; he wants what's good for us and we want what's good fo us,'' said a bus driver in Czestochowa last week.

Lately, Mr. Walesa has been dropping hints that he might not run for the union leadership. He says his health is failing, that his family of six children needs him, that perhaps it is time for an administrator to take over, not an activist. In the great drama, his role as Moses is over. ''I said the gates would be opened and they are,'' he told a crowd last week. ''I wanted to get there even on my knees.'' One has the impression it is Caesar refusing the crown.

Mr. Walesa believes he is a man of destiny. He told a journalist that in weak moments he found offers of luxuries tempting. ''But then I go to church and pray for guidance and I'm able to reject them.'' His wife said ''Leszek has always believed he is destined by God for something big.''

Mr. Walesa's experience comes not from books but from the street lessons of the 1970 and 1976 Polish workers' revolts. He is acutely aware of deficiencies in his education. (He said that a Government communique that had been drawn up for him to read intentionally contained long sentences so that he would stumble.) He has made up for it by hiring brains. His union takes advice from three separate groups of ''experts'' - the church, the intellectuals and the dissident organization called K.O.R.

He is a natural leader, adept at manipulating symbols, like the crucifix that hangs on the wall wherever he goes, able to sway the crowds and to realign his views to correspond with theirs. His leadership abilities may well be tested in the months ahead, because there are signs of a split in the movement between militants and moderates.

Mr. Walesa has come down on the moderate side, seeming to sense just how far and in what way he can push the Government. Last week he argued that a general strike should be used only as a last resort and he visited the gigantic Ursus tractor factory in Warsaw to quell a wildcat strike. Many believe that the church, and especially the Polish primate, with whom he has had private meetings, have played a role in his new attitude.

At the moment, Mr. Walesa so towers over the movement that no one could challenge him. But if he fails to achieve his objectives and show that Solidarity can make a difference in the national life, things could get out of hand, he said last week, and ''someone else will come along.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Lech Walesa

**End of Document**



[***Oldman Onscreen: The Psychopath In Perfect Accent***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-M880-0038-D19C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 1, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1275 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

Meet Jackie Flannery, the barely shaven, greasy-maned psychopathic thug in the black leather jacket. He has rarely been seen without a beer in his hand, and he has a vicious penchant for kicking his victims when they're down. Whether he's sucking the life out of a cigarette, or drawing alcoholic sustenance from a bag of beer, or careening drunkenly through a church, Jackie is John Q. Public's scariest nightmare. And yet Jackie is improbably tender toward his brothers and his buddies, and he's positively vulnerable as he tells his best friend, ''I'm beginning to feel like the last Irishman in the Kitchen.''

The Kitchen, of course, is Hell's Kitchen on the West Side of Manhattan. It's the fast-gentrifying home of the Westies, the Irish gang chronicled in the film ''State of Grace,'' directed by Phil Joanou and starring Sean Penn, Ed Harris and Robin Wright. For his portrayal of Jackie Flannery, the small-change enforcer and volatile hit man, the 32-year-old actor Gary Oldman has won more than just critical praise.

Reviewers have used phrases like ''the phenomenal Gary Oldman'' to describe his performance. It wasn't the first time: Mr. Oldman has long been praised not only for the intensity of his acting, but also for his chameleonlike ability to assume disparate characters and varied dialects.

Psychopaths a Specialty

Mr. Oldman, who was born in London, is best known for three film roles: the self-destructive punk-rocker Sid Vicious in Alex Cox's ''Sid and Nancy'' (1986); the cruelly charming playwright Joe Orton in Stephen Frears's ''Prick Up Your Ears'' (1987) and the menacing prodigal son Martin, the product of the fantasy of a bored and neglected housewife played by Theresa Russell, in Nicolas Roeg's ''Track 29'' (1988) ''I suppose I have created a niche as a player of criminal psychopaths,'' Mr. Oldman said cheerily, speaking by telephone from Venice. ''I don't think you could get any more out there than Jackie Flannery. Well - at least until the next role I'm offered.''

Actually, Mr. Oldman has been offered several new roles, none of them a bit cuddly. The one he is willing to talk about is that of Lee Harvey Oswald in ''Libra,'' the film that Mr. Joanou plans to make from Don DeLillo's novel of the same name. ''I suppose they'll want me to play Hitler someday,'' he said with a laugh, ''though I'll have to get a bit older for that one.''

However, the next role that movie audiences will see Mr. Oldman assume is a film departure for the actor. He plays Rosencrantz, Hamlet's hapless friend, in ''Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,'' the new film Tom Stoppard has directed from his own play. It stars Tim Roth as Guildenstern and Richard Dreyfuss as the Player. The film just won the award for best picture at the Venice Film Festival, which Mr. Oldman attended, and it will have its United States premiere in November.

Visceral Acting

''Gary brings all of the street qualities to his role that you would never expect would work in 'Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,' '' said Emanuel Azenberg, the film's co-producer with Michael Brandman. ''It was Stoppard's idea to do the film as '21 Jump Street'-meets-Shakespeare. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are the two schleppers who wander into this inexplicable situation, and they don't have a clue. And Rosencrantz is the guy who walked into the wrong store.''

''I think Rosencrantz is such a bumbling sweetheart,'' said Mr. Oldman, who is also of the opinion that Jackie Flannery ''is actually sweet, too.'' ''For all Jackie's unpredictable rage, I found him rather touching. When I began to play him, I went to the bravura, volatile, hot-headed Irish side of him - and the other stuff, his vulnerability, just sort of asserted itself. I think Jackie needed a lot of love when he was very much younger. And he never, ever got it.''

In contrast with his months of study for the role of Joe Orton in ''Prick Up Your Ears,'' he said, ''I didn't really do a great deal of preparation for Jackie Flannery. I just made him up - used my imagination. With Joe Orton, I was able to read his works, his diaries; I loved it. But when you do research like that, the danger is that you might become book-bound. That kind of preparation is a very cerebral intellectual exercise, and I think acting should be more visceral.''

The character of Jackie ''was fictional, and I could go any way I wanted to, '' he said. ''But portraying real people, it can be strangely restricting. There is a framework you feel bound to work within.''

Of course, Jackie brought with him a framework all his own: his Westie look, his Westie attitude and his slurred Westie speech. ''Gary can do any accent; he's amazing,'' Mr. Azenberg said. ''I'd do 'The Sunshine Boys' with Gary, 'The Odd Couple' or even Ophelia. Gary could even do Elizabethan Yiddish!''

A Gift for Dialect

Mr. Oldman's vowels, formed in South London, could not be more different from Standard Hell's Kitchen English. ''But there are many misconceptions about how hard it is to do dialects,'' Mr. Oldman said. ''I'm English, and so people think that I have farther to travel than American actors in mastering a particular pattern of speech. But if I have a good ear - and I do - I might do Irish Manhattan better than an American. Sean Penn doesn't hail from Hell's Kitchen, and neither does Ed Harris. It was just as hard for them. The only thing that helps is to have that knack. Well, it's just a gift.''

Mr. Oldman relied upon more than inspiration to capture Jackie's speech. ''I listened to tapes for about six weeks to get the dialect right, and I worked with Tim Monich, a dialect coach,'' he said. ''I also was driven around the neighborhood a lot by Irish teamsters, and I was around them enough so that - unconsciously - the language seemed to kick in.''

The lower-class origins of Jackie Flannery, Sid Vicious and Joe Orton aren't so dissimilar to Mr. Oldman's. He was born in Bermondsey, ''and I came from a modest ***working-class*** family,'' he said. ''My father was a welder and pipe fitter, and my sisters, quite innocently, married into crime. It was a long time ago. They're divorced now.''

Saved From Hooliganism

Mr. Oldman's neighborhood is famous to this day for producing some of Britain's ultraviolent sports fans, ''and I think it was the theater that saved me from hooliganism,'' he said. Mr. Oldman graduated from the Rose Bruford College of Speech and Drama in London in 1979 and began working in British repertory theater. After spending seasons at York, Colchester and the Glasgow Citizens Theater in Glasgow, he began to play lead roles at the Royal Court Theater in London. Subsequently he performed with the Royal Shakespeare Company and on British television before taking his first screen role as Sid Vicious.

''I was six years on stage before I made 'Sid and Nancy,' and I did a lot of comic roles, something people aren't familiar with in my screen work,'' he said.

Mr. Azenberg said: ''Gary is spectacular as a comic. You don't expect that from him, and so it makes the comedy in 'Rosencrantz' that much more gratifying.''

Mr. Oldman elaborated: ''I play this buffoonish Stan Laurel to Tim Roth's Oliver Hardy. What's nice about 'Rosencrantz' is that although it's set in Elizabethan England, it's really like a modern-day road movie - you know, Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, on the road to Morocco. And Rosencrantz tags along and repeats everthing that Guildenstern says.''

''I do love some of my characters,'' he said after a pause. ''Rosencrantz is such a bumbler. And Jackie! I miss Jackie, you know? He was a wonderfully touching character. Of course, I may be just a bit daft. Considering he's a stone killer.''

**Graphic**

Photos: ''I do love some of my characters,'' said Gary Oldman, who has played the roles of Rosencrantz, top, and Jackie Flannery, above. (Cinecom; Orion Pictures)

**End of Document**



[***Dance;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YFP-5P20-00MH-F3BT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***To Found a Troupe, It Took a Real Trouper***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YFP-5P20-00MH-F3BT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 30, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 8; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1427 words

**Byline:** By TERRY TEACHOUT;

Terry Teachout, the music critic of Commentary, is a contributor to Time magazine.

By TERRY TEACHOUT; Terry Teachout, the music critic of Commentary, is a contributor to Time magazine.

**Dateline:** RALEIGH, N.C.

**Body**

HOW long does it take to start a professional ballet company from scratch? Don't try this at home, but Robert Weiss, the founding artistic director of Carolina Ballet, did it in just under two years. He answered an ad published in Dance magazine in November 1996; 23 months later, his new company, 21 dancers strong, made its debut here, accompanied by the 67-piece North Carolina Symphony. The company opened with a demanding all-Balanchine program, and since then it has presented works by noted choreographers like William Forsythe, Lynne Taylor-Corbett and Christopher Wheeldon, as well as two new full-evening ballets by Mr. Weiss himself.

It takes a driven man to carry off a high-wire act like that, and Mr. Weiss, a New York City Ballet alumnus known to all as Ricky, is nothing if not driven. A quarter-century ago, one dance writer compared him to Jimmy Porter, the seething young ***working-class*** antihero of John Osborne's play "Look Back in Anger"; at 50, he is still an in-your-face lapel-grabber, more polished but just as tough. He has had to be tough. After running Pennsylvania Ballet for eight years, Mr. Weiss ran afoul of the board and was fired in 1990. He spent the next six years looking for a job. "I got a raw deal, and I had a very hard time," he says. "I sent out resumes and auditioned for every post that opened up -- there were 13 of them. Sometimes I'd come in second, but never first."

You'd think a ballet company situated well below the Mason-Dixon line would have preferred someone more genteel. But the South has changed, and though the board chairman, J. Ward Purrington, a Raleigh native, has a magnolia-sweet accent that any Hollywood casting director would covet, he is also a no-nonsense lawyer who speaks of Carolina Ballet as if it were a new Internet company: "What this is, is a venture start-up. You have to be lean and agile, and very, very good, and you have to grow as fast as you can."

In fact, Mr. Purrington is not quite as hard-headed as he sounds. He fell in love with dance when his daughter, Lindsay (who is now a promising member of the Carolina Ballet corps), took him to a Boston Ballet performance of "Sleeping Beauty." "It was the first real ballet I'd ever seen," he says, "and I was bowled over by the grandeur and elegance of it." But he promptly dusted himself off and started thinking in terms of civic pride. "This area is probably one of the fastest-growing, most prosperous areas in the country," he says. "We have a symphony, we have decent theater -- but to be a whole community culturally, we had to have ballet."

After an abortive attempt to use a local dance school as the basis for a professional troupe, Mr. Purrington realized that he would have to build from the ground up, so he advertised for an artistic director; he received 98 applications, all but one with fulsome cover letters and inch-thick resumes. The exception was Mr. Weiss, who sent a four-sentence letter and a one-page vita. "I'd had it up to there with looking for a job," he says. "What did I know about North Carolina? Who was Ward Purrington?" But his bluntness impressed Mr. Purrington, and the two men started talking. Four months later, Mr. Weiss finally came in first.

"Ward said he wanted to start a ballet company on the highest level," Mr. Weiss recalls. "I told him that every little city in America has a little company with a million-dollar budget, and they're all trying to pander to what they think the public wants. You can't do that if you want to do something real. You have to go for quality and seriousness, right from the start -- good dancers, good ballets, good decor -- and that takes money. A million and a half is the least you can start with. So I said we'd have to spend a year and a half raising money and community awareness before I could even think of hiring dancers or giving a performance."

According to Debra Austin, the ballet mistress, who danced with Mr. Weiss at City Ballet and for him at Pennsylvania Ballet, that was exactly what happened: "Ricky insisted that they raise enough money up front to pay the dancers for a full year, so that it wouldn't be a fly-by-night thing. We actually had subscribers before anyone had seen a single dancer onstage."

Ms. Austin is not exaggerating: Carolina Ballet sold 2,600 subscriptions and raised $1.2 million in advance of its inaugural season. While Mr. Purrington and the board were busy shaking down local contributors, Mr. Weiss was off looking for talented dancers willing to move to Raleigh. One is part of the family -- Melissa Podcasy, Mr. Weiss's wife, who is the company's striking prima ballerina. Some, including Ms. Austin and her husband, the ballet master Marin Boieru, had worked with him in Philadelphia; others were drawn by the opportunity to be present at the creation of a new company.

Among the latter was Daphne Falcone, a bold, eye-catchingly vivid performer who created the small but choice role of a saucy street dancer in Mr. Weiss's "Romeo and Juliet," which had its premiere last May. Ms. Falcone, 23, is a Manhattan-born graduate of the School of American Ballet who came to Raleigh after four years with Miami City Ballet. "I felt stalled in Miami and wanted a change," she says. "My mother read an article in Dance magazine about Carolina Ballet. I didn't know anything about Ricky, but I asked around and heard he was a totally great guy, so I auditioned for him. I wanted to be doing really good roles, and when he told me I wouldn't be doing any corps roles, that I'd be a featured dancer, I decided to say yes."

Much to Mr. Weiss's surprise, Ms. Falcone turned down an offer from the well-established San Francisco Ballet to join his fledgling company. "He was, like, 'You're turning down San Francisco?' " she says. "I knew it was a steady thing, and the pay actually would have been a lot better, but that's not as important as being out there and dancing challenging roles. It was a little scary at first: you hear a lot about companies that pop up and then fold. But everybody clicked, and everybody was excited about being here right from the start. We're a very silly company -- nobody here is afraid to laugh. And you can be yourself. You don't have to act like a total bunhead around Ricky."

Mr. Weiss clearly knows how to get the best out of his dancers: Carolina Ballet is already a characterful, well-disciplined and exciting company. All these traits are displayed in his taut, compact staging of "Romeo and Juliet," whose speed and dramatic clarity are reminiscent of George Balanchine's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Nobody stands around and strikes poses in this fast-moving "Romeo," which is performed on a simple but handsome set designed by Thomas Mauney and built for the laughably low cost of $22,000. Like Balanchine, Mr. Weiss tells Shakespeare's story through lively dancing; the fight scenes, choreographed by Jeff A. R. Jones, a specialist in stage combat, are full of loud and believable swordplay; and the pas de deux swell with intense emotion. The result is a "Romeo" that can easily stand comparison with any of the better-known ballet versions.

MIDWAY through Carolina Ballet's second season, Mr. Weiss appears to have found the seasonal cash cow without which no regional ballet company can hope to pay its bills -- his staged version of Handel's "Messiah" drew enthusiastic crowds in December -- and his "Romeo" was recently taped for broadcast by UNC-TV, North Carolina's public television network. The company has hired five additional dancers and will be working 36 weeks this year (up four from last season) on a $2.5 million budget. Even at this early stage, comparisons with Edward Villella's start-up of Miami City Ballet in 1986, though still premature, are beginning to sound increasingly plausible. "Ricky has made me realize," says Mr. Purrington, "that we really can have a company of national significance, right here in Raleigh."

For that to happen, of course, the citizens of North Carolina must first be persuaded that Carolina Ballet is worth supporting. Mr. Weiss says, "Ward tells people that whether you like it or not, ballet is important for the community -- but if you give it a try, you just might like it."

You don't have to do much eavesdropping at intermission to learn that a great many people in and around Raleigh are finding that they like it a lot. One man who came to "Romeo" announced with gusto, "This sure beats all that wherefore-art-thou stuff!" Told of the remark, Mr. Weiss laughed loudly and said, "A few more like that guy and we're home free."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Timour Bourtesenkov as Romeo and Melissa Podcasy as Juliet in Carolina Ballet's "Romeo and Juliet," choreographed by Robert Weiss, the company's artistic director. (Photographs by Barbour Photography/Carolina Ballet)

**Load-Date:** January 30, 2000

**End of Document**



[***In Free-Market Slump, Brazil's Voters Look for Change***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46XF-KJF0-01CN-H3R1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 5, 2002 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1577 words

**Byline:**  By LARRY ROHTER

**Dateline:** GOIANIA, Brazil, Oct. 4

**Body**

In each of Brazil's last two presidential elections, Ana Paula Borges voted for the government's candidate, swayed by promises of growth and stability. But after an eight-year experiment with free-market capitalism, the Brazilian economy has stalled, unemployment is climbing, the value of the national currency is sliding, and she is fed up.

As a schoolteacher, mother of two and wife of a rancher, Mrs. Borges, 32, is the kind of middle-of-the-road voter whose support Jose Serra, candidate of the ruling coalition, must have if he is to win. But on Sunday, she said, she intends to cast her ballot for Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva of the left-wing Workers' Party.

"Enough is enough," she said as she waited to have her hair done at a salon in this tidy city of one million deep in Brazil's vast heartland. "Serra has the same vision as the crew running things now. We need a change, not four more years of the same thing, and Lula is the only one who can deliver that."

In fact, Mr. da Silva, a 56-year-old labor leader, has modified his Socialist rhetoric for this election. Largely because he casts the last decade of market reform into question, however, and because he is now the front-runner, the vote on Sunday is regarded as a bellwether, and not just for Brazil's 175 million people.

All over Latin America, candidates critical of the Washington Consensus, the name often used to describe the American-backed free-market model common in the region since the 1990's, are watching from the wings as governments committed to such reforms flounder. That sentiment has been fed by the collapse of the Argentine economy and by similar crises in countries ranging from Uruguay to Venezuela.

"There is a deeply sour mood and sensibility in the region right now, a real unhappiness about international financial institutions and the United States, and a Lula victory would both epitomize and encourage that," said Michael Shifter, vice president of Inter-American Dialogue, a Washington-based policy group. "It would give people a sense that there are different ways of doing politics and economic policies."

Mr. da Silva has never won more than a quarter of the first-round vote in three previous tries for the presidency of Latin America's largest country. But final opinion polls show him with 48 percent of the vote, just short of the majority he needs if he is to avoid a runoff on Oct. 27, most likely with Mr. Serra.

Mr. da Silva's surge from also-ran to odds-on favorite appears to be the result of a delicate and canny balancing act. His Socialist credentials enable him to capitalize on widespread resentment of the sacrifice and lack of economic growth that have accompanied the free-market reforms so warmly encouraged by the United States. But he has also moved to calm longstanding fears that he is too radical by nudging his party's program toward the center.

"This year's Lula has rejected the leftism that was totally impregnated in the Workers Party's earlier platforms in favor of a program that is not that different from Serra's," said Edmar Bacha, a leading economic consultant. Instead of talking about "a rupture or a new model," Mr. Bacha said, he has changed his terminology and has become palatable to the more conservative voter.

Brazilians have ample reason to be distressed with the market model. Between 1900 and 1980, the Brazilian economy expanded by 6 percent a year, regardless of whether the government was civilian or military, leftist or right-wing, or whether inflation was high or low.

Growth flagged in the 1980's, however, so when Fernando Henrique Cardoso ran for president in 1994 and argued that opening up Brazil's closed economy would bring investment and progress, Brazilians handed him a first round victory. The promise seemed credible because Mr. Cardoso was the author of the Real Plan, which had reduced Brazil's annual inflation rate from four digits to one. During his first term, the percentage of Brazilians living in poverty dropped from more than one-third to about one-quarter, infant mortality rates declined sharply, and school enrollments zoomed.

Amado Soares is a 35-year-old parking lot attendant who, like Mr. da Silva, was born in Pernambuco State, in the northeast, and migrated southward as a child. Mr. Soares was one of the millions of ***working class*** Brazilians who benefited from that new-found stability: he bought a television set and refrigerator, and after a decade paying rent, was even able to make a down payment on a small plot of land on which he built a house.

"I thought we really were entering a new era and I feared that if Lula were ever elected, we would surely go back to the days of high inflation," Mr. Soares said.

In the last four years, though, crises in East Asia, Russia and neighboring Argentina have eroded the value of the currency, the real, and led to a sharp drop in foreign investment, forcing the government to seek help from the International Monetary Fund and other lenders, who have demanded austerity.

"This is the first time in Brazilian history that a government has spent an entire term under an I.M.F. program," noted Gustavo Franco, a former Central Bank president who now writes a column on the economy and is an investment adviser. The reaction of the man on the street, he added, is that "we did everything right, and the compensation from the outside world is a crisis."

Particularly outraged are the millions of civil servants, most of whom have not received a raise in eight years. They now form a pillar of support for Mr. da Silva, who has promised to ease their plight.

A recent study published by the Brazilian Economic Institute of the Getulio Vargas Foundation, the country's principal research institution, shows most other urban residents have also been hurt, with incomes plunging 3 percent a year in real terms since the late 1990's.

Pressed for funds for popular social programs, Mr. Cardoso's government has chosen to invest in food plans for children and in extending the social welfare system to the countryside. While that benefits long-term development, it has proven politically costly.

"Children don't vote and rural areas don't have big concentrations of voters like the cities do," said Marcelo Neri, author of the study.

Despite the discontent, a substantial constituency still favors the free-market approach. Recent polls show that about 40 percent of Brazilians believe that Mr. Cardoso is doing a good or acceptable job.

"People say the population is tired of reforms," said Bolivar Lamounier, of the Institute of Economic, Social and Political Studies in Sao Paulo. "Which reforms? Is there anyone who wants to go back to the days when a telephone cost $3,000 and you had to wait two years for it to be installed?"

Apparently recognizing that, Mr. da Silva has toned down his criticisms of Brazil's $100 billion privatization program. Instead, he has promised that "if we win, we will fight tirelessly from Day 1 to fight to increase production" to create 10 million jobs, an argument that, with unemployment having risen to 8 percent, resonates strongly with voters.

"People still want economic stability, but they also want the job situation to improve, and if they are forced to choose between one and the other, they would rather have a job with a bit of inflation because that is their more immediate need," said Marcia Cavallari, executive director of the Brazilian Institute of Public Opinion.

Mr. da Silva has also been strengthened by the weak field running against him. Mr. Serra in particular has been criticized, even by many within his own party, as a stiff figure who has alienated voters.

"What you are seeing in the vote for Lula is not so much an outright preference for him so much as a rejection of everyone else," said Albert Fishlow, director of the Brazilian Studies program at Columbia University.

In fact, Mr. Serra is the governing coalition's candidate only because the charismatic politician who was viewed as Mr. Cardoso's natural successor died of cancer two years ago, and Roseana Sarney, governor of Maranhao, was forced to withdraw because of a corruption scandal.

Hoping to make up ground, Mr. Serra this week accused Mr. da Silva and the Workers' Party of fomenting invasions of private property and political violence. The accusations do not seem to have convinced voters.

"We've got a Constitution and a Congress in this country, and I don't believe that anything is going to change in 24 hours even if Lula wanted to do something like that," said Edu Farias, a 62-year-old teacher and evangelical Protestant minister.

A generation ago, the prospect of a Socialist admirer of Fidel Castro coming to power here would have provoked American support for a military coup. But the current American ambassador here, Donna Hrinak, the daughter of a Pittsburgh steelworker, has called Mr. da Silva the personification of the American dream.

For their part, the Brazilian Armed Forces, which left power in 1985, have shown no appetite for a coup. The military has suffered along with the rest of the population, and has responded sympathetically to Mr. da Silva's nationalistic call for incentives to Brazilian industry and a more protective state role.

"Lula and the Workers' Party are shrewd, and they have gotten the message," Dr. Neri said. "They know that while Brazilians worry about inequality and unemployment, they do not want radical change. The result that we are seeing is Lula Lite."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: In Sao Paulo, Brazil, Samantha Joyce Pereira checks job postings. Employment is a major issue as Brazilians get ready to choose a new president. (Associated Press); Luiz Inacio Lula da Silva, the Brazilian presidential front-runner. (Agence France-Presse)

**Load-Date:** October 5, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Searching Margaritaville For the Perfect Key Lime Pie***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JMS-R780-TW8F-G34G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 31, 2006 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Escapes; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1814 words

**Byline:** By CHARLES PASSY

**Body**

TRAVELERS come to the Florida Keys for the sun, the sand and the scenery of America gone Caribbean. They come for bone-fishing in the morning, margaritas at midday and sunset celebrations at dusk. And before it's time to depart, everybody wants a piece of Key lime pie.

Never mind that most Key limes -- golf-ball-size and yellowish, in contrast to the larger, greener Persian lime -- are grown these days in Mexico. Or that first-rate Key lime pie can now be had in places like Brooklyn. A theme still hums through this island chain, audible to every tourist: ''I eat Key lime pie, therefore I am vacationing in the Keys.''

The pie can be found in places from roadside diners to swank hotel restaurants. And if you drive out along the Key lime pie trail -- U.S. 1 from Key Largo to Key West -- you'll find no two pies are quite alike. The variety reflects a certain rugged individualism that's part and parcel of the way of life in the Keys, which have a sun-splashed beauty that often belies a rough-around-the-edges, weatherbeaten quality.

Although the pie's origins remain a little fuzzy, there's a theory that without a supply of fresh milk -- cows weren't around -- settlers on the Keys took to making a pie with lime juice, eggs and condensed milk.

Modern pastry chefs often twist and tweak a basic recipe: four egg yolks, a can of condensed milk and half a cup of bottled Key lime juice. The crust may be graham-cracker or pastry; the topping meringue or whipped cream.

Nellie & Joe's is the most popular brand of lime juice, though some note that the label says the product is ''Key West lime juice,'' leading to suspicion that Persian limes are part of the mix. The company, which no longer does its bottling in the Keys, having moved near Fort Lauderdale, will say only that the juice is based on a secret formula.

My Key lime pie odyssey began in Homestead, the mostly rural city that's a gateway to both the Keys and the Everglades, at Robert Is Here, a homey stand about a mile west of U.S. 1 that specializes in tropical fruits long cultivated in the area. The owner, Robert Moehling, is indeed usually there, ready to explain his stock of fruits, which you'll never see in your neighborhood supermarket, from hard-to-find varieties of mangoes to the monstera deliciosa, which tastes like a cross between a banana and pineapple. He'll sell you Key limes, too -- and Key lime pies, tarts and assorted products. But he's perhaps most renowned for his Key lime milkshake, which is thick, frosty and intensely flavorful.

BUT where are the limes from? The amiable Mr. Moehling, who started the stand when he was a child, said there were local sources and pointed to a distant patch of Key lime trees, squat and thorny, on a neighboring farm. But he admitted that in fact, his supply comes from abroad. Homestead was the last place in Florida where Key limes were grown commercially, but the groves have been lost to hurricanes, citrus disease and encroaching development. When I asked Mr. Moehling what Homestead grows these days, he replied matter-of-factly, ''Houses.''

From Homestead, I took Route 1 to Key Largo and into the Keys' most commercial and least scenic stretch, a place where tourists too lazy to drive farther south can pretend they have still gotten a taste of the islands. Signs called out ''Yes, we have Key lime pie!'' with what struck me as an air of desperation. Not the place to stop, I decided.

Islamorada, where the pace becomes decidedly slower, and where you can actually see the water from the road (Florida Bay to your right; the Atlantic Ocean to your left), held more promise. At the Cheeca Lodge, a famed 60-year-old luxury resort that emphasizes what might be called tropical elegance -- with hammocks along a beach lined with palm trees and plasma televisions in the well-appointed rooms -- I enjoyed my Key lime pie in an airy courtyard setting that seemed to speak of the privileged essence of idleness.

The pie was first-class and traditional, with a graham-cracker crust and a hint of whipped cream. The filling was sweet, but the squirt of lime juice on top balanced the taste with the necessary zing, and the result was like summer in a mouthful. I also found an actual Key lime tree on the property, but it was stripped bare; hotel employees had harvested all the limes last fall before a hurricane could do the job.

On to Marathon, another commercialized stretch, where big-box stores and fast-food restaurants are everywhere. But the vibe is not so much touristy as ***working-class***: although trailer homes can easily run to a half-million dollars in these parts, there's a contingent of Keys old-timers still hanging on. I found a good many of them at the Wooden Spoon, a half-century-old diner that looks like the sort of place you'd go for an early breakfast before a big day of fishing. The cooking was honest and homespun, and the pie was a throwback to the 1950's -- an icebox pie, with a filling more like Key lime-flavored frozen whipped cream than custard. It was beyond delicious.

Porky's Bayside Restaurant, an open-air barbecue place that's also on Marathon, had another variation: fried Key lime pie. It sounds stranger than it tasted -- the crunchiness of the coating worked as a nice contrast to the creamy middle. But it was still not your normal pie. Then again, this wasn't your normal 'cue joint, as evidenced by the aging vocalist who commanded the restaurant's small stage, singing a fractured version of Jimmy Buffett's ''Margaritaville'' -- the Keys' unofficial anthem -- and dressed as if ready to play Johnny Depp's co-conspirator in the next ''Pirates of the Caribbean'' movie.

Heading farther southwest, I drove across the landmark Seven Mile Bridge. At one point, the span was so high I could fantasize that I had traded my Honda Civic for a small airplane. But I eventually came down to earth, and what terra firma it is. The Lower Keys have held on to that sense of unspoiled isolation that traditionally defined the chain. At Bahia Honda State Park, shorebirds seem more eager than sunbathers to claim the pristine beach. At Big Pine Key, the speed limit slows to 30 miles an hour at nightfall so that motorists can brake in time in case pint-sized Key deer wander across the road.

The deer may be endangered, but the pie abounds. Yet it was here that I came to a revelation of a different sort: Key lime pie in the Keys can be bad. At a drab Cuban restaurant in the nowheresville of Cudjoe Key, I picked at a flat piece of pie, topped by collapsed meringue, that tasted as if it had sat in the refrigerator since last summer.

FINALLY I was in Key West, the island city that manages to feel historic and modern, gay and straight, residential and tourist-friendly, bustling and relaxed, with a sense that pretty much anything goes.

Anything goes with the pies, too. At Pepe's Cafe and Steak House, a ramshackle restaurant that dates all the way back to 1909 (and bills itself as ''a fairly good place for quite a long while''), the artwork was funky and Tabasco-sauce bottles served as toothpick holders. The Key lime pie was outstanding, with a cinnamon-accented graham-cracker crust and a plentiful topping of whipped cream, and arrived in a bowl, as if masquerading as a pudding. Before I could declare it one of the finest I'd had, the pastry chef, Charlie Christensen, a 17-year Pepe's veteran, told me about the verdict of a group of tourists who had devised an elaborate 80-point rating system for Key lime pies. ''Pepe's got an 80,'' she said with pride.

But I'd be hard pressed to give a lesser rating to the pie I had at the elegant Pier House, where you can sit outsideat night and watch the passing boats. Appropriately, it was a work of art, served on a plate decorated with raspberry and mango sauces and a chocolate-covered strawberry. I followed it with a Key lime martini, the perfect nightcap.

It was also in Key West that I found evidence of just how much a commercial enterprise Key lime pie has become. When a cruise ship docks for a half-day layover, passengers pour onto the streets, and bakers stand ready to provide them with the requisite slice. The visitors often end up at either the Blond Giraffe, a small bakery chain, or Kermit's Key West Lime Shoppe.

The Blond Giraffe's flagship store near the cruise dock had the feel of a Key lime pie fantasia: workers prepared pies at a large, colorful kitchen in full view of customers. Yet the pie didn't taste mass-produced, thanks to its one-of-a-kind cookie crust.

At Kermit's, Key lime overload was the theme, down to the green chef's hat on the proprietor, Kermit Carpenter. I bought a Key lime cookbook, Key lime shampoo and Key lime cookies. And, yes, I tried a slice of Kermit's pie -- a classic with a graham-cracker crust. I spotted a group of cruise passengers doing the same. ''It's a law,'' joked one of them, a Dallas meeting planner named Joyce Meyer. ''You have to show proof you ate Key lime pie to get off the island.''

There were other Key lime pies in Key West: one with a near-towering meringue at the Blue Heaven, where some of the island's infamous roosters share space with patrons in the outdoor seating area; and one with a chocolate-lined graham-cracker crust and a curd-like filling at Alice's, the home of Alice Weingarten, perhaps the most inventive of Keys chefs. I even found a surprisingly edible pie at the Publix supermarket.

Looking for a last tip or two about pies to try, I stepped into L. Valladares & Son, a bookstore that's been a Key West institution for decades. The woman behind the counter considered my query and volunteered this suggestion: ''You know you can make your own?''

Then she showed me a postcard with the classic recipe. ''That will be 25 cents,'' she said.

Seconds, Anyone?

Finding Your Piece of Pie

KEY lime pie, like ''Margaritaville,'' is emblematic of Florida's southernmost extremity. It can be found in establishments, both high-end and low-end, from Homestead, on the outskirts of Miami, to Key West. And it seems no two pies are alike.

Robert Is Here, 19200 SW 344th Street, Homestead; 305-246-1592.

Cheeca Lodge, 81801 Overseas Highway (near Mile Marker 82), Islamorada; 800-327-2888.

Wooden Spoon, 7007 Overseas Highway, Marathon; 305-743-8383.

Porky's Bayside Restaurant, 1400 Overseas Highway, Marathon; 305-289-2065.

Pepe's Cafe and Steakhouse, 806 Caroline Street, Key West; 305-294-7192.

Blond Giraffe, 107 Simonton Street, Key West; 305-296-9174.

Kermit's Key West Lime Shoppe, 200-A Elizabeth Street, Key West; 305-296-0806.

Pier House, 1 Duval Street, Key West; 305-296-4600.

Blue Heaven, 729 Thomas Street, Key West; 305-296-8666.

Alice's, 1114 Duval Street, Key West; 305-292-5733.

Nellie & Joe's lime juice can be ordered in 12-pack samplers at www.keylimejuice.com; a list of retail outlets is also on the site.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: AT THE END OF THE TRAIL -- Alice Weingarten, chef at Alice's in Key West. (Photo by Cindy Karp for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

(Photo by Cindy Karp for The New York Times)(pg. F9)Map of Florida highlighting the Florida Keys. (pg. F9)

**Load-Date:** April 4, 2006

**End of Document**



[***New School Aid in '91? Toms River Isn't Cheering***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-MH50-0038-D0J7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 17, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 4, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1194 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT HANLEY, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** TOMS RIVER, N.J., Sept. 13

**Body**

Come September 1991, and the public school district here will get its first installment of a five-year, $53 million increase in state education aid. But that first installment, nearly $28 million, has generated little sense of ecstasy in the district.

School officials say they have no plans for a spending spree. Cuts in state aid the last two years have left them cautious about prospects for new funds, they say.

And since few residents here seem aware that the money is coming, it has done little to ease deep voter hostility toward Gov. Jim Florio and the $1.3 billion income-tax increase he ushered in last spring to finance the biggest redistribution of state school aid in New Jersey history.

A Reshuffling of Funds

The biggest winners under the new school formula will be school systems in cities like Newark, Camden, Paterson and Jersey City, along with scores of small districts in the rural southern half of the state. Hundreds of millions in school aid, much of it stripped from the state's more prosperous suburban districts, will be transferred to the cities and rural areas by mid-decade.

But millions more in new aid is marked for Toms River and scores of other growing middle-income school districts through 1995, primarily in the adjacent central New Jersey counties of Ocean and Monmouth. Their schools will get $167 million in new money next fall. The $28 million for Toms River, the government seat of Ocean County, is one of the biggest.

Mr. Florio argues that increased school aid means property-tax relief. The higher income taxes will affect only the richest 17 percent of state residents, he says.

But for now, at least, that message seems lost amid the anti-tax sentiment here and elsewhere in Ocean and Monmouth.

''People coming through here all say 'Impeach Florio,' '' said Larry Amato, an owner of Sal & Larry's Place, a barber shop here. ''He's very unpopular. Personally I believe in giving him a chance. He walked into a big deficit.''

Broken Promise Cited

''He promised not to raise taxes, and then he shoved it right down people's necks,'' Pasquale J. Salerno said from a barber's chair.

The anti-tax mood poses political risks for the Governor in an important battleground. Different from the Democratic strongholds in the state's cities and the Republican grip on its wealthiest suburbs, Ocean and Monmouth have emerged in recent statewide elections as sharply contested and critically needed swing counties.

In last fall's gubernatorial election, both voted for Mr. Florio. Both now are hotbeds of resentment.

An anti-tax group rooted in Ocean and Monmouth, Hands Across New Jersey, is trying to mobilize a statewide campaign for repeal of the $1.3 billion income-tax increase and a companion $1.5 billion increase in sales taxes that Mr. Florio pushed through the Legislature in June to offset deficits in last year's and this year's state budgets.

Merchants in the Toms Rivers downtown commercial district along Washington and Main Streets say customers are angry.

Negative Reactions Reported

''It's all negative in here,'' said Jim Carroll, owner of a newstand and candy store at Washington and Robbins Street in Toms River. ''It's all 'Florio did this' and 'Florio did that.' It's like he's the kid in school that everybody always picked on.''

Sal Berardesco, the other owner of Sal & Larry's, said Mr. Florio made ''a big mistake'' raising taxes so quickly after taking office. ''He raised more than he needed,'' Mr. Berardesco said. ''People hate the way the state's being run - higher car insurance, higher property taxes and now higher income taxes and higher sales taxes. It's killing the people.''

But asked about the $53 million more in aid for schools in Toms River, many people became silent or displayed quizzical looks.

''People haven't heard of that,'' Mr. Amato said.

After a moment's thought, Charles Totaro, a customer at Sal & Larry's, said he was unaware of the new aid. Then he said: ''Ways will be found to spend it. I don't think people will see how it benefits them.''

Mr. Carroll, at the newstand, said he was unaware of the $53 million.

''No one's ever mentioned it in here,'' he said. ''I don't think people are aware of it.''

Out on Washington Street, Harry Fletcher, a retired banker, said the public had no grasp that the Governor's plan was long range. ''It was just too sudden,'' he said. ''Politically it was very poorly done. It was like saying we're at war. But there's no guns going off. There wasn't enough P.R. beforehand. The public wasn't indoctrinated. He should have explained the benefits.''

Fifth Biggest School District

With 16,000 students and 17 schools, including three high schools, the Toms River district, which is 100 years old this year, is the fifth largest in New Jersey, behind Newark, Jersey City, Paterson and Camden. It includes 50 square miles and the municipalities of Dover Township, Beachwood, Pine Beach and South Toms River. Their population, once largely ***working class***, grew by nearly 11,000, to about 88,000, in the 1980's, primarily through an influx of young professionals seeking affordable homes.

Superintendent Albert J. Dietrich says the district's three high schools have traditionally produced the highest Scholastic Aptitude Test scores in Ocean County. Only two school budgets have been defeated in the last 30 years, a measure, he said, of strong community support of the system.

But Mr. Dietrich has no lavish plans for the $28 million in new state aid next year.

''When you talk about the history of state aid, everybody in the educational family is a little leery,'' he said. ''We're going to take each year as it comes.''

Since 1988, he said, the administration of the last Governor, Thomas H. Kean, and now the Florio administration have cut the district's state aid by $11 million to $29 million. Consequently, he said, school taxes on an average $80,000 home increased $400 to $936 and led to a crushing 8-to-l defeat of the 1989-90 budget. This year's budget of $115.6 million called for no new taxes and a reduction of 50 staff positions, nearly all through attrition.

Partial Tax Cut Expected

Although budgeting for 1991-92 is just starting, Mr. Dietrich says the $28 million in new aid should allow a deep enough cut in local spending to reduce school taxes on the average $80,000 house by $120, but not enough to fully offset the recent $400 increase.

For now, he is thinking about $5 million in new spending - $3 million for new science laboratories for two of the three high schools; $1.5 million for computer labs for all 11 elementary schools, and about $500,000 for renovations.

Of the remaining $23 million, Toms River must give nearly $12 million back to the state to pay for teachers' pension and Social Security costs. A total of $7 million more will be set aside for tentative 8 percent increases in teachers' salaries, utility costs and health benefit premiums, Mr. Dietrich said. The remaining $4 million has not yet been earmarked.

''It's catch-up time for Toms River schools to get back and do some of the things we've wanted to do for the last two years and couldn't,'' said Michael J. Ritacco, an assistant superintendent and school board secretary.

**Graphic**

Photos: Jim Carroll at his Toms River, N.J., store. He said of the hostility in town: ''It's all negative in here. It's all 'Florio did this' and 'Florio did that.' It's like he's the kid in school that everybody always picked on.''; Sal Berardesco, the owner of a barbershop in Toms River, N.J., said of the tax increase: ''People hate the way the state's being run - higher car insurance, higher property taxes and now higher income taxes and higher sales taxes. It's killing the people.'' (Photographs by F. N. Kinney for The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***WINE TALK***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N3S0-0038-D0G4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 15, 1990, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 9, Column 1; Living Desk

**Length:** 1309 words

**Byline:** By Frank J. Prial

**Dateline:** PARIS, Aug. 14

**Body**

There is a water shortage in much of France this summer thanks to a three-year drought, but in Paris it seems that only Badoit is affected. Badoit is a popular mineral water and since the recent spell of record-breaking heat here, there just has not been enough of it to go around.

This news cannot come as any surprise to the French wine industry. A new study shows that the French people are turning away from wine and that their favorite replacement is water. In fact, the study showed that for the first time anyone can recall, a majority of French adults say they never drink wine.

The countrywide survey was undertaken last spring by the National Interprofessional Office of Wine, a promotional arm of the industry. The group reported that 51 percent of the adult population drinks no wine at all. In a 1980 survey by the same office, 39 percent of the respondents said they never drank wine. By 1985, that figure had climbed to 45 percent.

Some 4,000 people were queried about the drinking habits of all the adults in their households, a total of 12,400 people, the wine office said.

Still, 28 percent of the men interviewed said they were daily wine drinkers. Only 11 percent of the women drank wine daily. The principal reason for abstaining: 73 percent of those who said they do not drink wine said they don't like the taste. About 25 percent spoke of health concerns.

While the 51 percent figure is noteworthy, it is only another landmark in the longterm decline of wine drinking in France. And, for that matter, in Italy and Spain. In all three countries wine consumption today is considerably less than it was at the end of World War II. It is probably safe to say that the term ''wine drinking nation'' may be obsolete early in the next century.

In 1930, per capita consumption of wine in France was about 130 liters - almost 35 gallons - a year. By 1950 that had dropped to 109 liters and by 1986, according to figures compiled by the European Economic Community, to about 78 liters. Spain and Italy saw increases in consumption during the late 1960's and 1970's, but in both countries consumption has declined considerably in the last decade, in both cases to levels below those of 1930 and 1950.

In the E.E.C., wine is the fourth most popular drink after tea, coffee and beer, in that order. Wine and soft drinks are about even and mineral waters are sixth.

In ''Wine in the European Community,'' a 1988 study, the E.E.C. listed five general factors as possible causes for the decline in wine consumption in traditional wine-producing nations, in addition to ''excessively high taxation and serious economic depression.''

These are the factors:

\* The drop in rural population as people move to the towns.

\* Changes in dietary habits resulting mainly from changes in the pattern of working life.

\* Increased consumption of other beverages, as a result of extensive advertising.

\* Misleading information regarding the authenticity of wine or its effect on health.

\* A greater propensity of consumers to spend their money on other things.

Some of the E.E.C.'s reasoning is questionable. Europeans have been moving off the land in large numbers for almost a century. Even so, as late as the 1950's, cities like Rennes in France reported that in some neighborhoods fewer than 20 percent of the domiciles had running water. Those people continued to drink wine. Certainly changing work patterns played a role. In the early part of this century it was not uncommon for laboring men - factory workers, farmhands - to drink 10 liters of wine a day. And they consumed enormous meals; the legendary ''trou normand'' was a ''hole'' made by consuming a glass of fiery Calvados after the first five courses of a meal. The hole made space for the next five courses.

Needless to say, enormous amounts of wine were consumed with such meals.

Just as food has lightened up - nouvelle cuisine was a response to new eating habits - wine has become less alcoholic, lighter-bodied, easier to drink.

While advertising certainly plays a role in influencing consumer purchases, it is likely that drinking habits would have changed in any case. More than anything else, the availability of clean running water in even the poorest cities and towns lessened the need for wine as a safe beverage. So did the ever-growing availabilty of wholesome food - in the absence of anything better, wine had been drunk for its nutritive value, too.

The coming of electricity to the smallest hamlets made refrigeration a reality. With it came soft drinks, bottled juices and, of course, beer. Invariably, the new products tasted better than the cheap wine that had been the staple of the French ***working class***.

The gradual decline in wine consumption in the Common Market has imposed severe economic burdens on the countries involved. At present, more than 20 percent of the wine produced in France each year is turned into pure alcohol. The Government, prodded by a powerful agricultural lobby, buys surplus wine from the producers, distills it and stores the alcohol. According to E.E.C. figures, France's stocks of wine alcohol rose from some 250 million gallons in the early 1970's to almost half a billion gallons in 1986. Storage costs alone run into the millions of dollars each year.

In France, as in the United States, the trend has been to drink less wine but much better wine. To that end, the Government has for 20 years been encouraging growers in the Midi, the hot shore of the Mediterranean, to pull up their cheap, heavy-producing vines to plant vines that yield fewer but better-respected grapes, like cabernet sauvignon and chardonnay.

The number of new French wineries producing top-quality wines in what were once enological backwaters is remarkable. The Government has responded by upgrading such grape-growing areas, like Minervois or Cotes de Provence, by awarding them the coveted Appellation d'Origine Controlee. This top rating assures the consumer that certain quality standards will be maintained, and virtually guarantees the grower and wine maker a much higher return on his investment.

The proof is in any French supermarket. Once the shelves were lined with plastic bottles of anonymous cheap red wine, sold by alcoholic content. A liter at 11.5 percent alcohol cost a few centimes more than a bottle at 11 percent, and so on.

Now the displays feature famous Bordeaux chateaus, the best Burgundies and Champagnes and, more often than not, a modest display of what are called here Vins de Californie. And if that is not a change in French drinking habits, then what is?

TASTINGS

Silver Oak Cellars Cabernet Sauvignon Alexander Valley 1986, California; about $25.

Justin Meyer makes three wines at his modest-sized winery in the Napa Valley: cabernet, cabernet and cabernet. This one is from the Alexander Valley, about 20 miles north of the Napa Valley. The other two are from grapes grown in the Napa Valley, one from the Silver Oak Vineyard and one from Bonny's Vineyard, a patch of vines named for Mr. Meyer's wife. The Alexander Valley wine is singled out here because there is more of it, perhaps 20,000 cases in a good year as against 2,000 from the Silver Oak Vineyard and less than 1,000 from Bonny's Vineyard. But they are all fine wines; it's just going to be easier to find the Alexander Valley selection. The 1986 samplings, just now being released, are dark, intense wines with impressive concentrations of fruit. When a bottle was left open for an hour recently, it filled the room with a bouquet reminiscent of a great Chateau Latour. The 1986 vintage of the other two wines probably shouldn't be opened for another two or three years. By putting all his grapes in one basket, Mr. Meyer, who started at Christian Brothers and later worked at Franciscan Vineyards, took a calculated risk. Judging by this and other recent vintages, his calculations were correct.

**End of Document**



[***A PRAGMATIST TO TACKLE THE BUDGET***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CDS0-000B-Y0YY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 28, 1980, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 3; Page 4, Column 3; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1104 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN V. ROBERTS

**Body**

WASHINGTON J IM JONES labors under few illusions. As the new chairman of the House Budget Committee, he knows that there are no quick or painless fixes for inflation. But the task of the 97th Congress that convenes next month, he says, is to convince the American people that Washington means business in the battle against rising prices.

''We have to send clear signals,'' he said in an interview, ''that over an extended period of time, the Government is serious about fighting inflation.''

AN-A

The Democrat lawmaker from Tulsa, Okla., added: ''I'm one who puts a higher premium on national attitudes and psychology with regards to the economy than most economists. I believe people react to what they perceive conditions to be, and those reactions become self-fulfilling prophecies. The perception for the last decade has been that inflation is here, there's nothing we can do about it, so let's live with it. And people react accordingly.''

To counteract this inflation psychology, Mr. Jones is planning a slew of new proposals for the next Congress: proposals to increase depreciation on capital assets, place an overall cap on Federal spending, and reduce income and capital-gains taxes. Most of his ideas represent a compromise between extremes.

''Everybody has to give a little and get a little,'' the Congressman explains. ''No one will be fully satisfied, but in times of restraint, that's the only way a consensus can be built.''

His own pragmatism and ability to organize a winning position out of a collection of potential losers showed clearly in his climb to the top spot on the Budget Committee.

Most Congressional chairmen are chosen on the basis of seniority and serve indefinitely. But the Budget Committee chief serves for only four years and is chosen by a vote of the majority caucus. Mr. Jones ranked only 10th in seniority during the last Congress, and he was up against two respected and more-experienced Democratic liberals in the committee election, David R. Obey of Wisconsin and Paul Simon of Illinois.

In the first vote of House Democrats, Mr. Jones and Mr. Obey tied, and Mr. Simon was dropped. In the second vote, the two survivors tied again, and their supporters dashed madly around the Capitol, trying to round up stray votes. The Jones forces won the race and the Oklahoman edged the Wisconsinite by five votes on the third ballot.

The battle left some bruised feelings, and Mr. Jones's critics see him as a Republican in Democrat clothing, a slick wheeler-dealer who seems much too prepared to appease big business and jettison traditional social welfare programs. As one House veteran put it, ''The liberals are furious, they think the conservatives are taking over and getting everything.''

But to his supporters, Mr. Jones is a specialist at grasping the new dynamics of American politics, a shrewd strategist who understands how power is shifting from the Frost Belt to the Sun Belt, from the unionized ***working class*** to the suburbanized middle class, from the old New Deal coalition to a fresh and more moderate alignment that believes big government is not always the best, that profit is not always a dirty word and that big business is not necessarily the enemy.

''My victory,'' Mr. Jones explained, ''represents a recognition and a response by Democrats to some of the election mandates of 1980. Primarily, that is to take a fresh look at the budget and be willing to make decisions that will make government work more effectively.''

James R. Jones started his political career as a protege of President Johnson, and served as White House chief of staff during Mr. Johnson's last year in office. He absorbed many of the ideals that animated the Great Society programs, but he also learned a lot about practical politics.

''The Democrats lost in 1980,'' Mr. Jones said, who won his fifth term in November, ''because we lost the base of our party, the broad middle class of working people. We lost them because we were perceived as unwilling or unable to make these Federal programs work effectively, and they felt that they were footing the bill.''

A slender man of 41 with thinning hair, Mr. Jones is hardly a commanding figure in public. But he is emerging as a major figure in the corridors of the Capitol. Along with his chairmanship of the Budget Committee, he also holds a seat on the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee, and that gives him unusual influence over the way Congress raises money as well as spends it.

O N the budget side of his legislative agenda, the Oklahoman will again be pushing his plan to put a limit on total Federal spending, based on a percentage of the gross national product. Not only would such a cap impose some measure of discipline on Congressional spending, he believes, but it would forestall proposals for more drastic measures, such as a Constitutional amendment to balance the budget.

Even with a spending cap, Mr. Jones believes that it would be impossible to adopt a balanced budget for at least two years, and adds that President-elect Reagan's advisers now acknowledge that they will not be able to carry out their campaign pledge to eliminate deficit spending.

But sharp spending cuts are inevitable, and all sides are gearing up for what promises to be a furious fight. Mr. Jones is ready to take on liberal Democrats and trim such programs as food stamps by tightening eligibility requirements. ''At some point, you have to draw the line,'' he said. At the same time, the budget chairman is headed for a pitched battle with conservative Republicans who are contemplating major increases in military spending.

On the tax side of the ledger, Mr. Jones is eager to push his proposal for accelerated depreciation for business investment, the so-called 10-5-3 plan, which gives a 10-year writeoff for new plants, five years for equipment and three years for vehicles. In the last Congress, the plan won wide support but never came to a vote. Now it has the backing of President-elect Reagan.

Still, Mr. Jones objects to the Kemp-Roth tax plan (cutting income taxes 10 percent across the board for three years) on the ground that it gives too much benefit to the rich. He would prefer a plan, he says, that gives more relief to families earning less than $50,000 and comparatively less to wealthier taxpayers. But he also favors another reduction in capital-gains taxes, a change that would only help those who have money to invest.

That is the Jones style: getting a little here, giving a little there, always looking for the compromise. In a year when many lawmakers do not appear to be in a very conciliatory mood, he will need every bit of that style.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of James R. Jones

**End of Document**



[***Booze, Babes and Introspection***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DBY-PN40-TW8F-G2JC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 19, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 9; Column 1; Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1748 words

**Byline:** By ALEX KUCZYNSKI

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

LOTS of people who give up a nasty crack cocaine habit and then almost die do something predictable, like find Jesus, buy a minivan, take up yoga. Not Felix Dennis, the wealthy British founder of the raunchy men's magazine Maxim. Mr. Dennis -- who still lives a pretty close approximation of the Maxim ideal, complete with booze and babes and expensive diesel-fueled toys -- has become a poet.

Last Tuesday night, at a stop on his first American poetry tour, Mr. Dennis seated himself on a bar stool on stage at Green Dolphin Street, a jazz club on the edge of Lincoln Park, and recited from his work before an audience of about 200.

The first poem he would perform, he said, was called ''Never Go Back.''

''Never go back, never go back,'' he said solemnly into the microphone. Video clips of nature scenes and country houses and young boys hugging dogs flashed on the monitors behind him. Moody electronic music filtered through the speakers. Mr. Dennis, bathed in blue and white lights, sipped from a glass of wine he kept on the lectern, which was decorated with a portrait of -- guess who? -- Mr. Dennis, holding his hands to his head in a modified ''Scream'' pose.

He continued: ''Never return to the haunts of your youth.'' The music, and his voice, got stormier. It is safe to say that in Mr. Dennis's most intense moments there is some accidental expectoration. ''Keep to the track, to the beaten track, memory holds all you need of the truth.''

At intermission reactions were mixed. After all, with all the special effects and Mr. Dennis's accent, its ***working-class*** edges blunted by the polished tones of wealth, the performance was at times eerily evocative of the scene in the 1984 film ''This is Spinal Tap,'' in which Nigel, the self-serious English rock star, recites a poem (''And, oh, how they danced, the little children of Stonehenge, beneath the haunted moon, for fear that daybreak might come too soon'') as a comically miniature model of Stonehenge is lowered onto the stage behind him.

One young woman walked directly out of the performance room, stuck her hand into the street and shouted for a taxi. But another woman, in a rhinestone-studded tank top, was preparing to ask Mr. Dennis to autograph her body; she had not yet decided which part.

To be sure, Mr. Dennis is not your average poet. He travels by private jet and his entourage includes three girlfriends (he said). But he is evangelical about his work, paying about $500,000 of his own money for a cross-country tour so he can share his ouevre at 17 performances with whomever will listen. Clearly he is not expecting to earn that money back through sales of his $12.95 volume. He is that rarity, a multimillionaire who can forfeit the commercial principles that made him wealthy in the first place in order to show off his work to audiences.

The trip is called the ''Did I Mention the Free Wine? Felix Dennis U.S. Poetry Tour 2004,'' and Mr. Dennis, a passionate wine drinker, is providing bottomless supplies of good French Bordeaux and Burgundies, with hors d'ouevres, to anyone who will sit still for his 90-minute performance.

''Oh, the wine,'' he said earlier on Tuesday over lunch in his 45th-floor suite at the Four Seasons. ''That's really nothing more than a gimmick to ensure that we all have a good time.''

At 57, Mr. Dennis is a stylish, if not slender, man. A personal shopper buys his clothes, along with the household items in his residences in Connecticut, Warwickshire, London, Manhattan and on Mustique, the private island in the Caribbean known as a playground for the rich. On Tuesday he was wearing a pair of green pants and a cream-colored button-down shirt with a pair of Armani loafers in pristine, creamy nubuck leather. His hair sproinged around his head and face in bushy gray curls, and a pair of custom-made tortoiseshell bifocals reflected the blue light from Lake Michigan.

He is not modest when asked to characterize his work. ''I'm a damned good poet,'' Mr. Dennis said.

The muse visited him for the first time a little less than four years ago, he said, after he had shaken off an expensive crack cocaine addiction. ''It was a bit more than $2,000 a day,'' Mr. Dennis said. ''You can't get much for $2,000 a day if you've got three bimbos sitting around with you, you know.''

Once he kicked the habit, he became seriously, mysteriously ill, and spent weeks in a hospital undergoing tests. ''They wouldn't let you do anything, no phone calls, no visitors, but the one thing they couldn't stop me from doing was writing,'' he said. Eventually, doctors discovered that his thyroid gland had ceased functioning.

Seven hundred poems later, he has not stopped. His daily schedule includes four hours for writing. And his work bears all the hallmarks of success: Miramax Books published his collection, ''A Glass Half Full,'' last week. On the cover of the new edition, there are blurbs from Mick Jagger (''I enjoy his poetry immensely'') and Tom Wolfe, who calls him ''a 21st-century Kipling.''

The book was published in Britain in 2002, to scant reviews, though Time Out London wrote that ''half full is more than half empty here.'' The book, however, did sell out its 10,000-copy press run.

''I'm religious about my writing habits,'' Mr. Dennis said. ''I take Mark Twain's advice on writing, which is first comes the inspiration, then the application of the seat to the chair.''

(Unfortunately Twain never dispensed such advice. An early 20th-century writer named Mary Heaton Vorse coined the phrase, ''The art of writing is the art of applying the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair.'')

His new line of work is pretty far out of step with the Maxim party line, which celebrates booze, babes and a confident bluster. Now, it appears that Mr. Dennis is showing off his soft inner girlie-man.

The poem ''Love Came to Visit Me,'' for example, begins: ''Love came to visit me/Shy as a fawn,/But finding me busy/She fled with the dawn.'' Another reads in its entirety: ''True coin -- the finest armour ever wrought!/With such as this I smote love in the dust,/And conquered worlds, but now that time grows short/No smithies' art can free my heart of rust.''

Is it possible that Mr. Dennis is over the whole Maxim gestalt, over all the jokes about beer and flatulence and Nazis, and this poetry thing signals a new era for him? Was his heart wounded so badly when he was young that something broke inside of him, and a hard carapace formed over his injured soul?

''No, nothing broke inside of me,'' Mr. Dennis said. ''But I did grow some armor.'' He admitted that the editor in chief of Miramax Books, Jonathan Burnham, insisted he add some poems to the American edition that reflected ''that carapace thing you're talking about.''

The son of a single mother, Mr. Dennis grew up poor and dropped out of school at 15 to sell magazines. While he is most often associated with the hugely successful Maxim, he built his empire with less racy staples like Kung-Fu Monthly and TV Sci-Fi Monthly. Today, Dennis Publishing owns 19 magazines in Britain, most of them car and computer titles. The company publishes four magazine in the United States: Maxim, Stuff, Blender and The Week. Mr. Dennis estimates his personal worth at anywhere from $300 million to $700 million.

He has never been married.

''What, who would marry a selfish, self-centered person like me?'' he said, with a snorting laugh. He has never had children, although two women did claim in the past that he was the father of their offspring.

''My attitude is, 'Fine, darling, straight down to the blood clinic with you,' '' he said. ''And both of them turned out not to be mine.'' He does not plan to have children at this point in his life. ''You cannot properly bring up children when you are 69 or 70 and they are 12 and at the height of their madness,'' he said. ''You can physically do it, but I don't think it's morally justified.''

His tour started in Minneapolis, and ends in Miami on Oct. 5. A performance scheduled for Friday night in New York City aroused such interest that a second performance on Thursday night was tacked on at the last minute. Tomorrow he and several members of the Royal Shakespeare Company will perform his work for the benefit of the Shakespeare troupe at a cost of $200 a ticket.

If the tour seems long by the standards of most contemporary poets, it is. Last year Franz Wright, the winner of the 2003 Pulitzer Prize for poetry, was sent on a four-city tour by his publisher, Alfred A. Knopf.

At Green Dolphin Street, some listeners compared the performance to a poetry slam. ''Yeah, without the irony,'' said Heather Gordon, 28, who wore a T-shirt that spelled ''SEXIE.'' She shot a glance around the group. ''Um, I have a master's degree in literature.''

Joan Prims, who drove an hour from a northern suburb to attend the performance, said she was disappointed. Ms. Prims said she had discovered Mr. Dennis's poetry on the Internet and was intrigued by the sound of his voice. But his theatrics got to her. ''It just seemed'' -- Ms. Prims paused and used a word that would make Mr. Dennis cringe -- ''needy.'' She and a companion left.

David Frank, an entrepreneur who said he is starting up a casino and gaming television network, enjoyed the reading. ''I have not been a big fan of poetry readings,'' he said. But seeing Mr. Dennis's ''passionate, poignant delivery changed all that.''

Professional poets asked to critique a sample of Mr. Dennis's work were critical but encouraging. Nicholas Christopher, a poet whose most recent book is ''Crossing the Equator: New and Selected Poems 1972-2004'' (Harcourt, 2004), wrote in an e-mail message that it was to Mr. Dennis's credit that he finds artistic nourishment in the writing of poetry. But he suggested that Mr. Dennis lay off the cliches and added that a little humility was in order.

''Poetry is not a particularly democratic art,'' Mr. Christopher wrote. ''One can no more wake up and begin writing poetry on a high order than can perform cardiac surgery or compete at professional tennis.''

Ouch. Billy Collins, the former poet laureate of the United States, put Mr. Dennis's work at the intersection of Dorothy Parker and Ogden Nash. ''Unfortunately he lacks her bite and his endearing whimsy, so he opens himself to getting run over by any number of speeding critics,'' Mr. Collins wrote by e-mail. ''But what harm? Surely far less than if a poet attempted to launch a men's magazine.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: PASSIONATE -- Felix Dennis reading his poems. (Photo by Katrina Wittkamp for The New York Times)(pg. 12)

THE TRAPPINGS OF FAME -- Felix Dennis signs his book for Mary Kay Staten-Long. (Photo by Katrina Wittkamp for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** September 19, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Music; Walton, at 100, Is Winning the Race***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46S6-1BB0-01CN-H0N2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 15, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 29

**Length:** 1599 words

**Byline:**  By MICHAEL WHITE; Michael White is a columnist for BBC Music Magazine and writes for The Sunday Telegraph in London.

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

THE tourists on Ischia, a small volcanic island northwest of Capri in the Bay of Naples, tend to be elderly Germans, there for mud-bath treatments. The Austrian maestro Herbert von Karajan was a devotee. And that would exhaust the island's claim to musical fame but for the existence of a fabulous exotic garden -- "domain" might be a better word -- that runs in terraces along a valley. Densely planted, and cooled by rock pools, waterfalls and fountains, it offers panoramic views that stretch from the extinct volcano (or so everyone hopes) out to the sea.

The garden is called La Mortella (the Place of Myrtles), and it's open to the public: predominantly Germans, who, knowing nothing of the history of the place, are undoubtedly dumbfounded by the English coronation music they hear filtering through the trees from a building called the Tea House. Trudging on through sweltering heat, they find a small but beautifully appointed concert room, cut deep into a cliff face, and a small museum to the memory of the English composer William Walton, whose remains are buried in the summit of the cliff above them.

Walton's legacy has been slow to penetrate the consciousness of mainland Europe. But English-speaking cultures are another matter, and any doubts about his enduring significance in British musical life have been swept aside by the interest in his 100th birthday, which fell in March.

There have been big centenary events at the South Bank Center, the Barbican, the National Film Theater and Westminster Abbey here and on BBC radio (a daylong tribute on Easter Sunday). He was the most prominently featured composer in the BBC Proms concerts, with major works presented in the first concert, in July, and the last, yesterday. Walton Comes Home, a festival throughout the north of England, begins on Sept. 28 and runs to mid-December. And four Walton-related books have appeared in quick succession: a biography, a volume of letters, a life-in-pictures and a handsome coffee-table tome about the garden.

In America -- the source of some of Walton's larger-scale orchestral commissions, like the Violin Concerto (written for Cleveland) and the Cello Concerto (for Boston) -- there has been no shortage of activity either; and it continues on Oct. 18 and 19 with events at Yale University, including a performance of "Facade," narrated by Susana, Walton's widow. Most of his manuscripts are now housed there at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library.

Centenaries, though, are times for reappraisal. And in Britain, some have inevitably asked, "Why the fuss?"

This was, they say, a minor master working on a local scale and overwhelmed by the greater genius of the younger Benjamin Britten, with which he couldn't compete; hence his retreat from England to a lazy exile in the Bay of Naples. He was, they say, a conservative, a bygone, writing in a late-Romantic language that was dead and buried long before he followed it to the grave in 1983. His work failed to develop, and how could it do so? For he was not much more than a relic of the gentleman-amateur tradition in English music, largely self-taught and writing by the sweat of his brow without the technical facility, the sheer professionalism, of Britten and the generations next in line.

There is a grain of truth in these complaints. Walton himself admitted in an interview that, by comparison with Britten, "the trouble is, I wasn't properly trained." It made the process of composition laborious, leaving him with a lifelong sense of insecurity.

Walton's output might be described with the favorite English real estate broker's phrase, "deceptively large." Though in fact rather small, it was given an appearance of size by the composer's habit of adapting and recycling his original ideas. Scarcely a major score escaped revision. In the case of his most celebrated work, "Facade," which appeared in 1922, he tampered with the content and instrumentation until the 1950's and added one final tweak in 1977.

Some of these rewritings were simply for financial gain. "Facade" was popular, a money spinner, and it spun more money in its secondary lives as ballet score, orchestral suite, piano solo and duet. Other revisions were products of a self-doubt that grew to crisis level halfway through Walton's life. The pattern of his creativity through more than 60 years suggests a forced flower: blooming early, with most of his best-loved work completed before he was 33, and fading fast.

To critics it suggests the less attractive image of a light that failed. But even if it did fail (and the odd late work of stature argues otherwise), it shone brilliantly enough to generate at least a half-dozen scores of genius, which were recognized as such almost immediately. In the 1920's and 30's, Walton was mentioned alongside Bartok and Stravinsky, commissioned by Jascha Heifetz, championed by George Szell. This was not a local talent.

To achieve such fame so early was the more remarkable given Walton's background. He was born in Oldham, an industrial town near Manchester that was famous for cotton mills and is now famous for race riots. Solid, northern, ***working-class*** and none too lovely, it is the sort of town that these days would lend credibility to a composer; Harrison Birtwistle and Peter Maxwell Davies have made good use of their gritty northern origins. But for someone born in 1902 into a more socially prescriptive world, it was less productive. When people asked Walton why he became a composer, he liked to say that it was to get away from Oldham, and his wry smile hid a desperate truth that ruled his life.

This was a life spent on the run. His escape from his origins was swift, and its details are legendary.

He says goodbye to Oldham at 10, winning a scholarship to the choir school of Christ Church, Oxford, where he writes his first piece: an exquisite miniature for voices that, with falling phrases draped across acidic harmonies, looks forward to Walton's fully formed creative personality. At 16, when his voice changes, he is given early entry to the university, only to be seized on by the grandly maverick Sitwell siblings (Osbert, Edith and Sacheverell) as their young, tame genius and carried off to London.

Deposited in a back bedroom of the Sitwell house in Chelsea, he sets a batch of Edith's spikily inscrutable nonsense poems to music. At a private concert in the house in 1922, with Edith reading through a megaphone, "Facade" is born. And Willie Walton, not quite able to disguise his Oldham accent, finds himself the toast of London's bright young things: pilloried in newspapers, parodied by Noel Coward but otherwise acclaimed as the hope for English music after Vaughan Williams, with only Constant Lambert as an obvious rival and no sign yet of Britten.

From then on, groomed by the alluring Sitwells to the lifestyle of an amiable scrounger, he passes through the salons, patronage and beds of wealthy women who, in one way or another, look after him as he delivers the scores on which his reputation will always hang: the viola and violin concertos, "Belshazzar's Feast," the First Symphony, "Crown Imperial" and the music for Laurence Olivier's wartime blockbuster "Henry V."

After the war he meets Susana, a dark-eyed beauty from Buenos Aires half his age but with a feisty personality and (inevitably) money. They marry, and he takes her off to Ischia, where they cultivate their garden until Walton dies, leaving her to the German tourists and the role of glamorous widow. No one in her 70's could be more glamorous or more devoted to the task of widowhood.

Oldham to Ischia is quite a journey; and that Walton was compelled to make it by some lingering sense of insecurity about his origins or his lack of technical finesse may or may not be true. But La Mortella, which he built from nothing, to his own design, irresistibly suggests a refuge: hidden, womblike and inward looking. And it reflects his musical style, which inclines toward concealment and evasion; not for nothing was his coming-out piece called "Facade."

By the time he arrived on Ischia he was known chiefly for three things: the astringent, jazz-inflected harmonies of his enfant-terrible youth ("Facade"); the rhythmic impulse of "Belshazzar" and the First Symphony; and the more measured tread of his English ceremonial mode (the coronation march "Crown Imperial").

Collectively, they made a musical portfolio of defiance, or perhaps bravado. But behind it lay a more beguiling, pliant lyricism that took precedence in Italy. And to hear the spangled beauty of the opening bars of Walton's Cello Concerto, from 1956, is to hear a music saturated in the scents, sounds and enveloping serenity of La Mortella on a sultry, summer night.

With this supremely Mediterranean music, Walton's long haul from the back streets of Oldham to the balm of Ischia finally touched down. The pity is that Walton then settled into the belief that his moment had passed, that the musical world had moved on and that he would die forgotten. He was wrong. The German tourists may not know whose garden they have wandered into; but in Britain, thanks to the centenary, Walton's standing has revived to a degree that bears comparison with the jubilee-driven revival of interest in the monarchy. Perhaps the two occasions are related; perhaps both are products of a sudden national desire for the stability of past times.

For this year, at least, there seems to be scarcely a choral society not performing "Belshazzar's Feast" and scarcely a movie theater not reshowing "Henry V." It will be interesting to see what happens next year.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: William Walton in 1982, a year before his death on the Italian island where he had found refuge. (Camera Press)

**Load-Date:** September 15, 2002

**End of Document**



[***RECORDINGS VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5FN0-0005-G323-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Too British for Yankee Ears?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5FN0-0005-G323-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 3, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2;  Page 32;  Column 1;  Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1289 words

**Byline:** By NEIL STRAUSS

By NEIL STRAUSS

**Body**

WHEN PULP appeared on the British music show "Top of the Pops" last fall to promote "Different Class," its No. 1 album there, the host asked the band's frontman, Jarvis Cocker, what he liked most about success. "The birds," Mr. Cocker replied with a seductive smile. It was a pithy and very English answer ("birds," of course, being the British equivalent of the word "chicks").

Last week, "Different Class" was released in the United States by Island Records. In his comment on "Top of the Pops," Mr. Cocker struck at the core of the issue surrounding the album's American release: will it follow the music of fellow British rockers Oasis to success in America? Or is it, like the expression "birds," too British?

The issue of Britishness is an important one. The movie "Wayne's World," praised in the United States as a witty parody of suburban youth, bombed in England as humorless drivel. Even within America, cultural differences prevent pop music from catching on. Most rap, for example, has become so coded to the language of the streets that the white suburban audience that once made up the majority of its consumers has largely disappeared.

Sometimes, however, an album can be so good that even though record buyers don't speak its language, they want to understand it, to get inside it, to see -- in Pulp's case -- what Jarvis Cocker really means when he sings that he's "sorted out for E's and wizz." (That means he has his ecstasy and speed, and, for you concerned parents, it's part of an anti-drug song.)

In the last year, England has been experiencing a renaissance of homegrown pop music. Proudly shunning Yankee singers, the British have been giving Oasis, Blur and Pulp the star treatment, with front-page newspaper stories reporting their every faux pas. All three bands released strong records last year.

The chief gift of Oasis, whose second album, "What's the Story (Morning Glory)," has been in the American top 10 for the past month, is its infectious melodies, reminiscent of the Beatles. Blur's talents on its fourth album, "The Great Escape," lie in its ambitious pop arrangements and instrumentation and its caustic lyrics about Britain's leisure class, calling to mind the Kinks. Pulp's asset is Mr. Cocker's self-assured songwriting, his idiosyncratic delivery and his willingness to adapt the structure of a song to the drama of his words. Though influenced by new wave, punk, glam-rock and cabaret music, "Different Class" stands in a realm of its own as an album that manages to be both pretentious and irresistible.

Some music-trend spotters are already saying that these bands are leading a Britpop invasion. Broadly defined, Britpop is any English band that makes guitar- or synthesizer-based rock and (unlike Bush, England's Seattle-style grunge band) sings in a British accent or about British issues. As such, Oasis is the only recent Britpop band to have made a significant impact. But the American audience for these and other English bands is growing, perhaps because of the increasing homogeneity of alternative rock.

Though Britpop has not yet invaded American pop culture, a declaration of war has been made. This occurred late last month when Mr. Cocker (no relation to the rock singer Joe Cocker) disrupted a performance by Michael Jackson at the Brit Awards (the English equivalent of the Grammys); he was charged with punching one boy who was performing with Mr. Jackson, knocking another to the ground and stepping on a toe of a third.

Mr. Cocker, who denies even touching the children, has said that his actions were to protest what he described as Mr. Jackson's pompousness. The incident has turned into a symbol of clashing mind-sets: the impulsive, iconoclastic British way of making music and what is perceived as the artificial, narcissistic American style. In a statement in support of Mr. Cocker, the innovative English musician and producer Brian Eno said of the awards show: "The contrast between the ironic, bright, self-aware and radical musicians present -- who included Tricky, Pulp, David Bowie, Oasis, Radiohead and Massive Attack -- and Jackson's self-serving, sentimental, wide-eyed ego-gloop was excruciating. Jarvis, here seen as the voice of the people, pricked the balloon."

The balloon that Mr. Eno refers to is self-important American pop music. And pricking it is what Mr. Cocker does on "Different Class," an album made without an American audience in mind. With the first line of the first song, Mr. Cocker roots the album in British-speak, referring to "biscuits," or cookies. He then cheers, "We're making a move; we're making it now; we're coming out on the sidelines." The line could be read as the rallying cry of ***working-class*** Britpop musicians, and in some ways it is, since it is spoken on behalf of the freakish, geekish or impoverished against Britain's moneyed conservatives.

In most of the songs that follow, Mr. Cocker exacts revenge on his tormentors by singing about sleeping with their wives, their mothers and one person's father. "You should take me seriously, very seriously indeed," Mr. Cocker hisses in "I Spy," "because I've been sleeping with your wife for the past 16 weeks, smoking your cigarettes, drinking your brandy, messing up the bed that you chose together."

Pulp has worked harder than almost any other Britpop band for the right to be cruel and arrogant. It has existed in various incarnations since the late 70's, with Mr. Cocker's musings on the affairs of the bedroom increasing in sophistication and maturity with each album. On "Different Class," all of his pent-up feelings, ambitions and talents collide in a disdainful and frustrated burst of creativity. If David Bowie is chameleonic because he is always changing his image, Jarvis Cocker is chameleonic because he is sneaky and insidious, always lurking camouflaged in the background of ordinary Londoners' lives.

MR. COCKER'S SONGS are often litanies of affectations, full of sniffs, sighs and spoken asides. Over the chugging synthesizers of "Common People," he sings about being picked up by a wealthy art-school student who wants to experience what life is like for the disadvantaged. In one verse, he takes her to a supermarket. "I said, 'Pretend you've got no money,' " he croons. "And she just laughed and said, 'You're so funny.' I said, 'Yeah.' " Mr. Cocker then stops singing, breaks the mood with a casual "huh" and says, as deeply and drily as possible, "I can't see anyone else smiling in here." With a single spoken phrase, he lays bare every pretension inherent in the notion of slumming it.

Despite all of Mr. Cocker's quips, come-ons and revenge tactics, "Different Class" is at heart a pop album, full of concise, catchy choruses. Small orchestras swell in the backgrounds of some songs; in others, keyboards and guitars coalesce to form a bright, chirpy melody. And in "Something Changed," Mr. Cocker even sings of finding true love, and it is brought about through destiny, not trickery or deceit.

Is "Different Class" too British? In 1967, the Beatles had a No. 1 song in America about a Liverpool neighborhood ("Penny Lane"); a decade later, Pink Floyd topped the charts with a song that caricatured a British schoolteacher and a choir of London schoolchildren ("Another Brick in the Wall, Part 2"), and in 1986 the Pet Shop Boys reached No. 1 by singing about London's "West End Girls."

Though America is a notoriously closed society when it comes to accepting pop culture rooted in other countries, the odds can be overcome. If Pulp's birds and biscuits don't make it into the top 10 here (and, deserving as they are, they probably will not), it is not because the songs are too British. It will be because they are too clever for their own commercial good.

**Graphic**

Photos: Oasis, above (standing from left, Paul Arthurs and Alan White; seated from left, Paul McGuigan, Liam Gallagher and his brother, Noel) and Blur, below (from left, Dave Rountree, Graham Coxon, Damon Albarn and Alex James)--Part of a renaissance of homegrown British bands. (Jill Furmanovsky/Epic Records); Pulp (from left, Candida Doyle, Mark Webber, Jarvis Cocker, Steve Mackey, Russell Senior and Nick Banks) -- Its songs are often litanies of affections. (Rankin/Island Records)

**Load-Date:** March 3, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Yes, New York Messed With Texans***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D7R-N480-TW8F-G38D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 4, 2004 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; AFTER THE CONVENTION: ROAD TRIP

**Length:** 1674 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL BRICK

**Body**

The travelers climbed into the rented Chevrolet van with the tinted windows and the big, big gas tank yesterday afternoon, their clothing unwashed, their money spent, their number depleted. Five wild days in New York City had taken a toll.

The oldest and the youngest had been robbed, the van was already late, at an added cost of $100 a day, and on its windshield was a $45 ticket related to something called alternate side of the street parking. Things were only getting worse: five of the riders were not making the return trip, but those who were picked up one guy, leaving seven to share the driving and pay for the $45 tanks of gas.

It was time to go home, to Austin, Tex., and points along the road, after a week spent protesting at the Republican National Convention. The travelers had begun as strangers, sharing vague political affinity and little else. They came together for a 35-hour, 1,800-mile semi-transcontinental cannonball run that brought them to New York just in time for the huge march last Sunday.

''We were a pretty motley crew,'' said Michael Schuwerk, 26. ''It's safe to say that everybody was worried that four more years of Bush could be fairly destructive. There were a fair amount of radicals in the van. I personally don't expect ideological homogeneity, and wouldn't want it.''

On TV this week, New York showed the world a choreographed convention punctuated with images of blurry mobs of protesters filling the streets. Somewhere in those crowds, these road-trippers were taking it all in, some lying low, some making trouble. In between rallies they were scattered around Manhattan and Brooklyn, learning the hard way -- the way everybody does -- about New York City, playground of the unforeseen.

The Leader

The leader of the trip was no leader at all. He was John Alan Gibson, 24, a professed anarchist with a nest of snakes tattooed on his left arm, a part-time college student and pharmaceutical test subject who rejects the very concept of leadership.

Mr. Gibson lives in a seven-bedroom house with six roommates. He holds parties so often that he never bothers to take down the sign on the refrigerator that points the way to the bathroom. His princes are rebels if not companions of thieves. He assumed the role of leader for the trip solely by virtue of turning over his credit card to rent the van.

Leadership brought responsibilities, and Mr. Gibson faced up to them sporadically. He slept in the van the first night, then left it in Windsor Terrace, Brooklyn, near the home of one Charles Prewitt, a cellist. Mr. Prewitt was providing housing for Tommy, a van passenger who would not give his last name because he had lied to his boss about his whereabouts. Mr. Prewitt quickly sized up Mr. Gibson as something of a wild man, and offered him a place to stay, with certain conditions.

''I just told Alan to get Tommy's attention through the window; he can't ring the buzzer at 6 a.m.,'' Mr. Prewitt said. ''And I told Alan how long his van was safe until he had to move it.''

Mr. Gibson declined the hospitality, opting for a room at a hostel on the Upper West Side. It cost $40 a night.

''It's kind of a pain, but there's lots of chicks,'' he said. ''No luck yet. Every time I get back there, I'm sweaty.''

On Tuesday, Mr. Gibson went to a rally in front of Sotheby's, dressed in a newly acquired black T-shirt that said ''New York City,'' only with a very bad word inserted between the words York and City. He expressed little concern for the van, which he never did go move.

''It's in Brooklyn, theoretically,'' Mr. Gibson said. ''It could be in several states by now.''

He watched the protesters sing Johnny Cash songs for a while, but he stayed outside the area where they were penned in.

''I don't believe in singing country songs sober,'' Mr. Gibson said. ''Where I come from, it's just not done.''

After the protest, Mr. Gibson looked for the headquarters of Fox News, where he had heard there was another rally, but he never found it. Instead, he made his way to the East Village, where he stood on the sidewalk for an hour, transfixed by a street musician. Then he asked for the name of a good bar. Doc Holliday's was suggested.

The Teenagers

The teenagers boarded the van outside a Waffle House in South Dallas. They said they were veterans of protests in Crawford, Tex., and they said their parents knew where they were going.

One was 19-year-old Will Schnack, dressed in black with a nose tack and a backpack. The other was Ben Scionka, 18, similarly attired. These were not the anarchists depicted on TV. They displayed an embrace of social upheaval, as well as bathing, respect for others, nature and avoidance of waste.

Mr. Scionka said he was searching for something to care about in life, and for companions of like mind. He sounded like a normal teenager, albeit perhaps an exceedingly thoughtful one.

The teenagers had arranged no place to stay, so they sought refuge at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery after midnight last Sunday. They were turned away, but they were also repulsed by the condition of the teenagers they met there, others who dressed in black and called themselves anarchists.

''We're associated with the same group as them, and it's unfortunate,'' Mr. Scionka said. ''They think it's revolutionary to dig out of trash cans for food and ask ***working-class*** people for money.''

Wandering the streets that night, they found a friend who gave them a floor to sleep on. The next day, they became separated when a fire scattered the crowd during the big protest march.

Mr. Scionka got lost. Night fell. Three men on the street told him to empty his pockets. He turned over his eyeglasses case, his glasses (he is nearsighted), a MetroCard and $12 of his $52. The muggers threw something at him. He walked away.

''It's a little intimidating,'' he said, ''your first night in the city, getting robbed.''

Things got better. Mr. Scionka and Mr. Schnack found each other, and then they found friends from Dallas. They were introduced to Jason Nicholas, 34, a jailhouse lawyer turned paralegal and political agitator who was housing young protesters on the roof of his apartment near Washington Square Park.

Mr. Nicholas served as something of a pied piper during the protests, leading his teenage charges from rally to rally. On Wednesday night, he took them to Queens, where they were arrested shouting slogans in protest of President Bush's arrival in New York. They said they were detained for 19 hours.

Spending nights on Mr. Nicholas's roof was not perfect, but the teenagers found it preferable to St. Mark's. All week, the artificial green turf on the roof was covered with sleeping bags and strewn with backpacks and gas masks. Mr. Scionka and Mr. Schnack shared quarters with a kid named Fitch, another called Doofus, who played folk guitar, and a couple of girls referred to as the supermodels.

Helicopters buzzed the roof at night. On Tuesday morning, a tarpaulin hung to block the rain gave way. A wave cascaded over Mr. Scionka, soaking his clothes.

''That was one way to wake up,'' he said.

Mr. Scionka and Mr. Schnack were fairly tireless protesters, but they did some sightseeing too. They went to the site of the World Trade Center, which was destroyed when Mr. Scionka was in the 10th grade, and they tried Cuban food for the first time. After burning his tongue on chili powder, Mr. Scionka learned that New York City restaurants are a bit reluctant to serve water.

''They weren't very happy about it,'' he told Mr. Schnack. A little indignantly, he added: ''It was their pepper that burned my mouth.''

The Scattered Riders

The rest of the travelers proved themselves better planners than Mr. Gibson and the teenagers, small accomplishment though that was.

Carl Barnwell, 57, a soft-spoken onetime bluegrass musician from Colcord, Okla., boarded the van in Little Rock with well-laid plans, but the city was cruel to him anyhow. Unlike his younger companions, Mr. Barnwell was not impoverished. He had planned to ride in the van and sleep on a stranger's floor to have what he called ''the full activist experience.''

The first night, Mr. Barnwell got lost in Bushwick, Brooklyn. Wandering in the dark, he was attacked by preadolescent girls on bicycles who gave him a scare and a barrage of kicking.

''I got assaulted by kids,'' Mr. Barnwell said. ''It really unnerved me.''

He tried St. Mark's, where the teenagers had been turned away, then eventually settled for a room at a Holiday Inn in Manhattan.

The other travelers stayed with friends or politically sympathetic strangers. By the end of the week, mindful that return trips are never as much fun, several of the riders had alternate means of conveyance or plans to remain in New York.

''I'm taking the train back,'' said Thomas Graves, 23, an actor who lives in Austin. ''It's good scenery. You don't have to worry about driving. You don't have to worry about dying. You don't have to worry about people passing out or peeing in the back.''

Going Home

The plan for the return trip, as it was originally hatched a week ago, was to hook up at noon yesterday at Madison Square Garden. One of the travelers, a reporter for The New York Times who was documenting the trip and trying his best not to interfere, suggested that Madison Square Garden was a bit too expansive to qualify as an ideal meeting place. The travelers settled on a restaurant nearby.

There the remaining riders gathered in the early afternoon yesterday, and they took the subway together to Brooklyn. They found the van, and the parking ticket.

Mr. Gibson sprayed Right Guard all over his body, then slid in behind the wheel.

Tommy, the teenagers and Roger Donley, a lawyer from Houston, climbed into the familiar benches in the back.

Fewer riders meant fewer drivers and a smaller divisor for calculating expenses, but it also meant more room to spread out.

''In a few years, when I look back, I might realize I saw the republic dead on the streets of New York,'' Mr. Gibson said. He steered the van toward Texas and whatever came next.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: From left, Ben Scionka, Tommy, Will Schnack, Roger Donley and John Alan Gibson before setting off for home.. (Photo by Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Ben Scionka, 18, at a protest on Tuesday outside Sotheby's. (Photo by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)(pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** September 4, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Where Men's Wear Strikes a Fearless Pose***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4XM0-0005-G1S8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 30, 1996, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Style Desk;

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 9;  Column 1;  Style Desk;  Fashion Page; Column 1; ; Fashion Page

**Length:** 1247 words

**Byline:** By AMY M. SPINDLER

By AMY M. SPINDLER

**Body**

A regular ritual at men's fashion magazines is the tense moment when the editorial director tells the staff he dislikes a hyper-edgy fashion shoot.

But when Nick Logan, the editorial director and founder of Arena, The Face and Arena Homme Plus, faulted a men's-wear shoot for Arena recently, there was a singular twist: he just didn't find it edgy enough.

"He felt like he'd seen it before," said Peter Howarth, the magazine's new editor and formerly the fashion editor of British GQ.

In the strange world of men's fashion, if skittish editors haven't seen a look before on the Duke of Windsor, Clark Gable or (in the wildest case imaginable) Mick Jagger, it will probably not appear in the typical men's fashion shoot.

Of course, Arena, with its roots in the British pop music scene, has made its mark by not being typical. At the end of last year, just when Conde Nast Publications shuttered Vogue Homme, France's flagship men's magazine, Arena doubled its annual output, going monthly. There is also a new editor for Arena Homme Plus, a twice-a-year fashion supplement, in Ashley Heath, 26, who doubles as fashion editor of The Face (Mr. Logan is not one to waste resources). And The Face, which lost circulation during London's rave years, is now back on top as the primary chronicle of youth culture.

The loftlike London offices of the dozen employees of Mr. Logan's Wagadon Publishing House have the feel of an open news room rather than the sort of stables for stars that line corporate magazine headquarters; the informing principle is more Fleet Street than anything else.

"We think our readers are sophisticated enough to understand news regardless of how extreme directional fashion is," Mr. Howarth said. "Readers will understand, just as they'll understand an article about Gulf War syndrome."

That philosophy leaves room for men's fashion that breaks the boundaries set by Arena's overly suited, overly straight competitors. Two years after Arena was on newsstands with no marketing research behind it, British GQ was started. British Esquire followed.

"The straight-guy phenomenon is all linked to Conde Nast and Hearst," Mr. Howarth said. "They are so scared in their fashion coverage, and this is where I think they've got it wrong. Over here there is a tradition of British men dressing up, usually related to music culture. Punk wasn't a gay scene, even if there were some gay punks."

There is a very simple general operating principle for mainstream fashion magazines for men: exploit fears. And a fear of forward fashion is chief among them. So after creating so many crises of confidence for readers, the crisis of confidence being faced by dull men's magazines seems justified. If the notable exception is Details, there is a good reason: James Truman, the British editor who reshaped it six years ago and is now the editorial director of Conde Nast, is a close friend of Mr. Logan and worked with him at The Face. When S. I. Newhouse briefly toyed with the idea of bringing The Face to America, Mr. Logan said Mr. Truman should be the editor.

Instead, Mr. Truman eventually became the editor of Details, and he would be the first to admit a debt to The Face in its redesign. That was paid in effect in 1989, when Conde Nast bought 40 percent of Wagadon.

"Honestly, I think Nick has been the most influential person in this area of youth and fashion publishing in the past 25 years, without a doubt," Mr. Truman said.

"Under the influence" is a good way to describe Loaded, voted England's 1995 International Magazine of the Year; its creator, James Brown, is also a former employee of Mr. Logan. Loaded borrows heavily from one sliver of the Arena man's psyche, the part devoted to what's known as "ladspeak," the language of the pub: "broads, beer, bands."

"The Face was two things," Mr. Truman said of its beginnings in 1980. "It was a magazine that insisted art direction be not merely a vehicle for its content, is a nice way of putting it. The other was, it was the first magazine that really used style as a prism through which you could shine everything to make a statement."

The mark of the British editor in American journalism is the trick of treating lowbrow culture as highbrow, i.e. Roseanne in The New Yorker. It is how Mr. Logan, 48, defined The Face, sussing out the style behind everything.

"What The Face always did was treat popular culture with the intelligence and production values traditionally associated with high culture and youth fashion in an intelligent, positive and quality way," said Richard Benson, 30, the editor.

Before The Face, fashion magazines in London mostly embraced blue-blood aristocrats. Mr. Logan had the populist notion that style was an equalizer. A mod as a teen, he realized that ***working-class*** movements -- mods, punks, Teddy boys and two-tones -- weren't just music used as a weapon against the establishment; fashion was a weapo', too.

"I started recognizing that a picture of the Jam posing naturally was a fashion image," Mr. Logan said. "There were all these messages."

The tribes that formed around such musical movements had their own language, films, clubs, restaurants -- and look. He gave it all glossy treatment previously reserved for Ascot, altering the approach of every publication thereafter (try to avoid reading about such edgy fare as the film "Trainspotting," the musician Tricky or the band Oasis in the mainstream press next month).

Wagadon's magazine covers are hot by necessity; almost all sales are from newsstands, while American magazines depend on subscriptions (it is one theory of why British editors are such scrappy successes here). So while Tricky graces the newest issue of The Face, tongue lewdly extended, American GQ has the bland Julia Ormond on its May issue; Esquire has a picture of a rope knot.

Mr. Logan may have been a mod, but punk shaped his magazines. At 25, he was the editor of New Music Express, known as NME, where he had the uncomfortable task of covering the anti-establishment punk movement while working for what he saw as an uptight bureaucracy, IPC. A sign of how much he changed things is that IPC is now the owner of Loaded.

"At a very young age, I had a really maverick staff, at a very conservative company, and I tried to protect the staff from the suits," he said.

Mr. Logan published the first cover of the Sex Pistols, but as a journalist what he found most exciting was the way punk, out of the cloistered world of the music trade papers, was changing the entire culture.

"There were news stories touching on real life," he said. Even the conceptual al'um cover art on "God Save the Queen" was reflected in NME, and that influence is still felt in the ever-shifting contructivist design of The Face.

"It opened up everything with graphics," he said. "You have all the technology to produce a slick magazine, and you tried to make it look like a fanzine. We did muck around with the ransom-note headlines. It was really good fun."

Still, trying to make the corporate moneymen understand the punk social movement was rough. Once he quit, he vowed never to work for a big company again, or to depend on the sort of tactics big companies use to make decisions, like marketing instead of gut instincts.

"I want the freedom to make a decision based on logic or -- what's the opposite? -- illogic," he said. "It's like when I decided to call the magazine The Face. A company like IPC would say: 'Well it's out monthly, and it's about music. Why isn't it called Music Monthly?' "

**Graphic**

Photos: The actor Kevin Spacey in an issue of The Face magazine; Mekhi Phifer, the star of "Clockers," in last month's Arena; In Arena Homme Plus, a model looks cool in Gianfranco Ferre; Vincent Gallo, an actor, wearing Paul Smith and Prada in Arena; Actors from "Small Faces" in The Face, the next "hot" movie, it says; Nick Logan's three youth-oriented and fashion-conscious magazines, above right, and, from left, the

key players on his staff in London: Peter Howarth, Lee Swillingham, Richard Benson, Ashley Heath, Kelly

Worts, Boris Bencic, Sam Chick, Dylan Jones, Rodd Sopp, Julie Logan, and Mr. Logan, the editorial director. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times, Donald Milne, Jean-Baptiste Mondino, Miles Aldridge, Glen Luchford, Robert Erdman)

**Load-Date:** April 30, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Fraud Case Underscores Debate on Paying for Infertility Care***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YD6-7050-00MH-F0N4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 23, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 25; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Column 2;; Second Front

**Length:** 1604 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

By JENNIFER STEINHAUER

**Body**

As insurance fraud cases go, the federal government's case against Dr. Niels H. Lauersen is far from typical.

Dr. Lauersen, a well-known Manhattan gynecologist and fertility expert, did not deal with Medicare or Medicaid, the government insurance programs that often attract fraudulent billing schemes. And prosecutors acknowledge that unlike doctors in most medical fraud cases, who bill for procedures that never took place or for patients who do not exist, Dr. Lauersen treated real patients for real conditions, treatments they were desperately seeking.

In what legal experts say is new territory for health care fraud cases, Dr. Lauersen is accused of billing insurance companies for routine gynecological procedures to cover for what he was really doing: fertility surgeries for women who could not otherwise get pregnant. Over the course of 10 years, law enforcement officials say, the doctor submitted hundreds of false bills amounting to roughly $4 million.

Fertility experts and gynecologists, as well as their patients, say that false billing is common among doctors who specialize in exacting and costly fertility procedures because insurance companies often do not pay for them. But legal experts say they know of no other case in which a doctor was criminally prosecuted over such practices.

"Everyone is paying attention to this case," said Pamela Madsen, the executive director of the American Infertility Association. "It is very upsetting to many patients when a doctor is, through their eyes, being persecuted for trying to help them."

But federal law enforcement officials, their power broadened by recent legislation governing health care fraud, are sending the message to doctors that efforts to dodge rules set by insurance companies will not be tolerated. The Clinton administration has made the prosecution of health care fraud a priority, as a cost-saving measure. Since 1995, health care fraud convictions have increased nearly 40 percent.

"The government has invested huge amounts of resources in health care fraud in the last four years," said Thomas W. Mayo, an associate professor of law at Southern Methodist University in Dallas. "Congress has clearly moved to lump all health care fraud together and is increasingly giving prosecutors tools to convict."

The trial, which begins tomorrow in Federal District Court in Manhattan, brings together several health care issues that have been hotly debated in the last few years. They include ethical and financial quandaries over who should pay for fertility treatments and conflicts over the types of health care issues that merit government intervention.

The case also illuminates the quiet but common practice by doctors in many areas of medicine who tweak their bills to get approval or payment for treatments they believe patients need but insurance companies do not reimburse. A recent study in the Archives of Internal Medicine showed that 57 percent of 169 doctors who were polled said they would use deception to secure approval for certain treatments.

Dr. Lauersen, who was indicted more than a year ago with his anesthesiologist, Magda Binion, is accused of billing insurers for procedures like cyst removals and treatments of fibroids, in place of the in vitro fertilization therapies that he was actually performing. According to the indictment, Dr. Lauersen told patients to lie about their care to investigators.

The patients in question were not among the wealthy or high-profile women who came through his office, who almost certainly paid cash for these fertility procedures, but rather middle- and ***working-class*** women who generally were insured by managed care companies.

Few states have laws that require insurance companies to pay for infertility treatments, and many lawyers and policy professionals concerned with women's health say the lack of such coverage is discriminatory. Dr. Lauersen's lawyers are almost certainly counting on a jury that is sympathetic to that point of view, whether or not he actually committed fraud.

"For over 30 years I have dedicated my life to helping women have healthy babies and to fighting those insurance companies that discriminate against women by refusing to pay for their health care," Dr. Lauersen said through his lawyer, Ted Wells. "It is ridiculous that insurance companies will pay for a man to have Viagra but refuse to pay for a woman to have fertility treatments. I am completely innocent, I have never committed insurance fraud and I am confident the jury will acquit me."

As a rule, gynecologists who are the subject of civil and even criminal cases tend to attract support from a wide range of patients, who often feel an emotional connection because the doctors helped bring their children into the world. This feeling is often magnified when a doctor has helped conceive a one-chance-only baby.

Dr. Lauersen was certainly this kind of hero to many of his patients, but his clinical history is not spotless. Last year, he resigned under pressure from Lenox Hill Hospital on the Upper East Side after a difficult delivery. He tried to deliver the baby with forceps, but the delivery ultimately ended with a Caesarean section, and Lenox Hill administrators found that he had not followed hospital procedures.

Dr. Lauersen, whose practice is on Park Avenue on the Upper East Side, now admits patients through St. Vincents Hospital and Medical Center in Greenwich Village.

A spokesman for the United States attorney would not comment on why the government chose to prosecute Dr. Lauersen. But in 1996, Congress enacted tough statutes intended to curtail health care fraud. In 1995, the federal government pursued 1,247 health care fraud cases and obtained 158 convictions, according to Department of Justice reports. In 1998, those numbers increased to 1,866 investigations and 219 convictions.

At the same time, there has been a flurry of legal activity around infertility procedures. In 1998, the Supreme Court ruled that reproduction was a "major life activity" and that when a person's ability to reproduce is medically hampered, she is protected under the Americans With Disabilities Act.

Although the case actually had little to do with infertility -- it was a complex legal strategy employed by a woman with AIDS who was denied dental treatment -- advocates of fertility coverage have tried to use that ruling to support their long-held contention that infertility is a disabling medical condition that should be covered by health insurance.

Earlier that year, the City of Chicago was ordered to cover $1.5 million in claims for fertility treatments for its employees after a case was filed by a police officer who had spent thousands of dollars to conceive her two children, none of it covered by the city.

Dr. Lauersen's lawyers have latched on to those cases as part of their defense. In documents submitted to the judge, the defense wrote: "The insurance companies allegedly victimized by this scheme were unlawfully discriminating against Dr. Lauersen's female patients by refusing to provide coverage for a 'disability' affecting a 'major life activity -- reproduction.' In so doing, these insurance companies violated fundamental civil rights protected by" the disabilities act.

Insurance companies say that they do not mean to discriminate against women, but that covering fertility treatments is too expensive.

Of the 13 states that mandate coverage of fertility procedures, only 6 have strong laws that force insurance companies to pay for them. Even in those states, there are limits, like restrictions on how many times a woman can undergo the therapies, or exclusions for health maintenance organizations. In New Jersey, Gov. Christine Todd Whitman vetoed such a law last week. In New York, insurance companies are required to pay for all gynecological problems deemed medically correctable, but not for procedures that are strictly used to get people pregnant, like in vitro fertilization.

Further complicating matters are the insurance companies that refuse to pay for therapies and surgeries that relate to fertility but are perhaps sought by women for other reasons. Fibroid tumors, for example, are often painful and debilitating, but insurers frequently reject claims for their removal if they see that treatment as related to fertility.

Dr. Lauersen's lawyers are likely to put his patients on the stand to try to sway the jury.

"This case is problematic for the government," said Leonard J. Nelson III, a professor at the Cumberland School of Law of Samford University in Birmingham, Ala., "because if you are dealing with middle-class people who really want children, it is compelling. It is still fraud. But there is a good chance that the jury will respond positively when they see real people up there."

If the government's goal is to set an example with Dr. Lauersen, however, a conviction, which almost surely carries prison time, may well have the desired impact, several legal experts said. "If you take out a high-profile person and nail them, that has a deterrent effect," Professor Nelson said.

Medical and legal experts on infertility will be watching the case closely; the number of infertility clinics has more than doubled in the last 10 years, as technology has improved and more older women have sought to have children.

"The government seems to be sending a message to physicians and patients in states without clear legal protections," said Susan Crockin, a lawyer in Boston who specializes in reproductive technology issues. "But it is interesting, because if infertility were treated as a medical condition, it wouldn't be the subject of criminal indictments."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Dr. Niels H. Lauersen, at his Park Avenue gynecology practice, is accused of falsely billing insurance companies to cover fertility surgeries. (Nancy Siesel/The New York Times)(pg. 29)

**Load-Date:** January 23, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Losing a Muse and Moving On***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3YH5-TVD0-00MH-F24G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 6, 2000, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 18; Column 4; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 4;

**Length:** 1457 words

**Byline:** By HOWARD FEINSTEIN;

Howard Feinstein is a film critic who writes for Detour magazine and Time Out New York.

By HOWARD FEINSTEIN;  Howard Feinstein is a film critic who writes for Detour magazine and Time Out New York.

**Body**

THE first six films by the Chinese director Zhang Yimou had a strong structuring device in the stunning form of Gong Li, China's best-known actress. From their debut feature, "Red Sorghum" (1988), through the international hits "Ju Dou" (1990) and "Raise the Red Lantern" (1991), to "The Story of Qiu Jiu" (1992) and "To Live" (1994), Mr. Zhang was involved personally and professionally with Ms. Gong. But during the production of "Shanghai Triad" (1995), she terminated the relationship, and, within a year, married a wealthy Singaporean businessman. Filmmaker and performer have not collaborated since.

Something lost is something gained, according to the 49-year-old director. "I gained a new freedom," he says now, speaking through a translator during a visit to New York. Slim, handsome, and with an engaging smile, he speaks softly in a deep voice. "Gong Li and I were together for eight years. Right after our very first film, she became a movie star. We became a star combination. I was always thinking about the actress.

"Whenever I had an idea, I would wonder: 'Can she do it? Would it be good for her?' We would fight. Working with her implied a certain shape of the film."

His first two post-Gong Li efforts, the urban comedy "Keep Cool" (1996) and the rural drama "Not One Less" (1999), are indeed departures for Mr. Zhang. That "Not One Less," which opens here on Feb. 18, took the Golden Lion for best film at the 1999 Venice Film Festival supports the old adage about clouds and silver linings.

"After Gong Li, I wanted to do something different," Mr. Zhang says. "Almost all of her parts were bigger-than-life women, symbols living under the oppression of feudalism and patriarchy. They were characters close to life, but not close to everyday people. Sometimes you miss what you have not been eating. I decided to make films about little people: ordinary, common people."

And so the characters in "Keep Cool," which never found an American distributor, are ***working-class*** city folk who spend their time chasing prosperity under the critical scrutiny of Mr. Zhang's jumpy handheld camera.

And almost everyone in "Not One Less" is a peasant. Here, Mr. Zhang tackles the enormous problem of rural poverty in China. He focuses on underfinanced education, especially in the desperate villages that lack the resources to adequately maintain and supply their tumbledown schools. Many of the young students drop out to work at home or in a nearby city, often on their own. "Chinese people are so busy pursuing material goods that they are not concerned that their kids are not getting an education," says Mr. Zhang.

Wang Wei, who produced both "Keep Cool" and "Shanghai Triad," says Mr. Zhang is intrigued by the impact of prosperity: "Yimou wants to show that, with everybody in China making money, relationships between people are changing." In fact, Mr. Zhang has been forced to become more astute about the financial end of production and marketing.

"If a film does not recoup its costs in China, you're not going to make another one," he says. "And you're not going to make a film without attracting investors." He says that some of his fellow Fifth Generation filmmakers -- the 1982 graduates of the Beijing Film Academy, the first trained after the Cultural Revolution -- must now work in television, largely because they are unable to attract foreign investment.

"Not One Less" is set far away from the investment worries of the Beijing film community, although the village of Shuiquan is only a three-and-a-half-hour drive from the capital. "You wouldn't think that so close to Beijing you would have this level of poverty, this remoteness," Mr. Zhang says. "But that's really China."

MR. ZHANG cast all nonprofessionals, most of them children. They portray characters much like themselves, and even use their own names in the film, the story of a class left in the hands of a substitute when the regular teacher leaves to tend his ailing mother. The production team looked at thousands of youngsters before choosing Wei Minzhi to play the film's underqualified, 13-year-old substitute teacher, and Zhang Huike to play her most troublesome -- and most endearing -- student.

Mr. Zhang felt that filming in a documentary style, occasionally with hidden cameras, would best serve his subject, as it had seven years earlier in "The Story of Qiu Jiu." (A former cinematographer, Mr. Zhang is equally capable of arrestingly beautiful imagery when his films demand it: "Ju Dou," for example, with its freshly dyed bolts of fabric waving in the wind, and "Raise the Red Lantern," with its symmetrical framing of props and people.) Wei Minzhi's character, who can barely read and write herself, is stubborn. Her main, indeed only, concern is to keep the class intact, for she has been promised a bonus upon the regular teacher's return only if there is "not one less" pupil in the class than when he departed. After Zhang Huike's invalid mother sends him to the city of Jiangjiakou to help pay off the family's debts, Wei Minzhi boldly heads into town to find the boy.

She hunts blindly; officials dismiss her. "Coming up against these bureaucrats is a fact of everyday life in China," says Mr. Zhang, who has a long history of tangling with the Chinese authorities over historical and political references in his films. Before they would approve production of "Not One Less," they demanded changes in the script. "Censorship is worse than ever before," Mr. Zhang says. But he makes concessions in order to keep his work from being banned. (The authorities have always held against him the fact that his late father was a military man under the pre-Communist Kuomintang, and that his father's brother was a general who fought against the Communists and fled to Taiwan.)

"They kept reminding me not to show China as too backward and too poor," he says. In the final version of the film, he added explanatory title cards as a postscript to soften the impact. "I had to be very careful with what we used for the numbers of kids who are not able to return to school in China," he explains. "I used the number 1,000,000 on the cards. In fact, the number is triple that. If I didn't do it that way, I wouldn't pass the censors."

The film's relatively "happy" ending, in which Wei Minzhi and Zhang Huike are reunited, has stirred controversy, both within and outside China. Marco Muller, director of the Locarno Film Festival and a champion of Chinese cinema, says that some Chinese critics see the film as "a public service announcement, propaganda, like those big ads that tell you how to behave in the street." Alberto Barbera, director of the Venice Film Festival, offers a more generous appraisal. "The end of the film can be seen as a surrender to propaganda, but what comes before it is a strong denunciation of a regime that is unable to assure proper education for the country children and better life conditions in the remote peasant villages."

"I agree," says Mr. Zhang, who was sent from his native Xian to labor in villages like Shuiquan during the Cultural Revolution. "The girl's spirit is so overpowering that the end doesn't matter. And even though the story is a fiction, all of the everyday details in the film are from real life. Less pleasant things do happen to children, but I wouldn't have been able to make that story. I wouldn't have been able to make a film in which the child wasn't found."

If "Keep Cool" and "Not One Less" indicate that Mr. Zhang may be able to tackle a broader range of subjects without Ms. Gong, his newest film, "The Road Home," suggests another possibility. A romantic, lyrical -- and much more conventional -- film, "The Road Home" features a 20-year-old actress named Zhang Ziyi, who plays a beautiful, illiterate village girl enamored of the new village schoolteacher. Mr. Zhang's camera frequently -- very frequently -- lingers on Ms. Zhang (no relation), often in slow motion. Like "Red Sorghum," "The Road Home" (which will compete at this month's Berlin Film Festival and will open in the United States later this year) tells a passionate tale of courtship.

"It's possible that Ziyi can become another Gong Li," says Mr. Zhang, carefully avoiding any mention of the personal relationship that has developed between them. "I selected both of them in their second year at the Beijing Drama Academy. It's like a repeat 10 years later. When I started working with Gong Li, she was 22. When I started with Ziyi, she was not yet 19. I am the one who discovered her and groomed her."

He says he plans to work with her again, but he makes it clear that she can be no more than a part-time muse. "I don't think I can repeat what I did with Gong Li," he says with a laugh. "I just can't work exclusively with her."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Zhang Yimou, director of "Not One Less," in Beverly Hills last month. (Steve Goldstein for The New York Times); Students of the Shuiquan primary school in China played themselves in "Not One Less," opening Feb. 18. (Bai Xiaotian/Sony Pictures Classics)

**Load-Date:** February 6, 2000

**End of Document**



[***Debating The Language Of Signs;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5430-0005-G2SR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***New Jersey Towns Tell Asian-Owned Stores: Advertise in English, Too***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5430-0005-G2SR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 9, 1996, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1423 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT HANLEY

By ROBERT HANLEY

**Dateline:** PALISADES PARK, N.J., April 8

**Body**

Hong Gol Kim, owner of Nadri Tour and Travel, says 95 percent of his agency's business comes from Korean customers. So why, he asks, should he have to comply with a local law that requires him to put up a promotional sign with equal-sized letters in both Korean and English?

"The American people in the neighborhood don't come to my office," he said. "If my customers are 50-50 -- English and Korean -- then I'll do a 50-50 sign."

For all his misgivings on the language required in commercial signs in this town not far from the Hudson River, he said he will follow the law, but only after he goes to court on May 22 to answer a summons. He said he wants the judge to explain the logic of the law to him.

Palisades Park is one of seven towns clustered near the George Washington Bridge that have responded to a growing Asian presence in their downtowns by imposing regulations on the Asian merchants. Since 1992, all seven towns have enacted laws requiring that half of any foreign-language commercial sign be in English. But the impact has been most noticeable here, where Asian-American merchants now own most of the 144 stores on the milelong commercial strip, Broad Avenue.

Longtime residents grumble that the younger Korean merchants cater only to the growing number of Asian residents despite admonitions from their elders to accept the new sign law and to try to serve everyone in town. Older residents seem wary, resentful and suspicious. Often, they flood the town's building inspector, John Candelmo, with calls complaining about perceived violations of the sign law.

"We have a lot of people in town who police the signs," he said.

The Mayor, Susan Spohn, said there was a need for more tolerance and cultural understanding. "The whole issue for many is -- this is America, and signs should be in English," she said. "For a portion of the people -- if they had their druthers -- they'd have completely English signs. But we don't have a national language."

Mr. Candelmo's trouble with the Nadri travel agency is the latest skirmish between City Hall and some of the new Korean merchants. In the last six years, they have bought or leased aging stores, revitalized them and, seemingly overnight, recast the avenue's look. Gone are the fixtures that served Italian, German, eastern European and other immigrant groups that for much of this century shaped the insular, ***working-class*** texture of this 1.3-square-mile town of nearly 15,000.

The old ethnic mix has been changed by an influx of Asians since 1980. In 1990, they made up 20 percent of Palisades Park's population, up from about 6 percent in 1980. And more Asians have moved in since the last census. Over half the newcomers are Korean.

What they are finding on Broad Avenue are new Korean-owned restaurants and specialty food stores, art galleries and beauty salons, and stores for pianos and violins, golf equipment and pet supplies, books and artwork, dresses, carpets and furniture, office supplies and electronics.

The old Chamber of Commerce has disbanded, and Broad Avenue has only a few stores left with all-English signs. Paul's Fish Market, a fixture for 68 years, is one. "I have zero Korean customers," the owner, Jerry Nolan, said. "The Korean people prefer to do business with their own, which makes it very difficult."

Visidor DeCarlo, owner of Palisades Pizza, said his shop attracts Asian-American teen-agers. But he estimated that he has lost about $50 in nightly pizza sales since a bar next door was replaced by a Korean restaurant. Mr. DeCarlo said he thought briefly about adding Korean symbols to his sign.

"But it wouldn't be authentic," he said. "It wouldn't be an Italian restaurant. I wouldn't want them to come here because I have Korean writing. I'd want them because I have good pizza."

Soon after the influx quickened in the late 1980's, the town enacted a sign law that required English lettering but did not set any size specifications. That produced signs dominated by Asian symbols. In September 1994, an amendment was passed mandating equal-sized lettering. At the same time, the town banned flashy neon tubes framing windows and doors and more than two colors on a sign, saying the lighting was too garish.

"We were starting to get the rainbow effect, with bright, bright, clashing colors -- hot pink, red orange, and orange, black and yellow," Mr. Candelmo, the inspector, said.

Older Korean merchants on Broad like Andy W. Nam, the owner of Grand Furniture, endorsed the new law. Mr. Nam came to America in 1967 and opened his furniture store in 1989 in a former A.&P. store. English dominates the big awning above his front window, and he said he has always told younger merchants that use of two languages is the best way to entice American and Asian customers.

Not all abide. In recent months, six merchants have been fined from $150 to $250 each for violations, Mr. Candelmo said. "They usually plead ignorance," he said.

Since taking office last October, Mayor Spohn said she has started work on easing tensions and cultural divisions. She goes to functions of the Korean-American Chamber of Commerce. The Town Council has appointed a new liaison to the Asian community -- Peter Suh, a real estate agent who teaches citizenship classes to Koreans and, like Mr. Nam, believes the 50-50 sign law is a key to economic success and acceptance.

There are other cross-cultural overtures. The Korea-American Chamber of Commerce now donates money from its annual golf outing to the Police and Fire Departments and the ambulance corps. And Benjamin Joo, the chamber president, who is a pharmacist, is pleased that the Democratic Party invited him and some other merchants to a victory party after last fall's elections.

But frictions persist. Recently, a Korean church donated $10,000 to the town's $2 million fund for a new library. "When I accepted the check," Mayor Spohn said, "I heard criticism that 'she's catering to them.' "

City Hall must, she said, promote better cultural understanding. Zoning laws and building regulations are alien notions in Korea, she said, and officials must take greater pains to teach newcomers to abide by them. Longtime residents who object to Korean stores staying open nights and on Sundays must understand that Koreans are hard-working and industrious, she said. And, she added, residents must also understand Koreans' love for singing and abandon suspicions that the karaoke recording studios behind the blackened windows in one building on Broad Avenue are not dens of drinking and prostitution.

On the other hand, she said, the Korean merchants have to make the old-time residents feel more welcome. Mr. Nam, the owner of Grand Furniture, denies intentional slights. "Some store owners can't speak English well and are shy -- they just step back and smile," he said.

Officials in the other six towns with sign laws say they do not have Palisades Park's enforcement problems or cultural divisions. Fort Lee, Englewood, Leonia and Cliffside have all adopted 50-50 sign laws since the early 1990's. Officials in Fort Lee say it has less friction because the population is more transient and its Asian stores are not as clustered as Palisades Park's. Englewood, Leonia and Cliffside Park have fewer Asian merchants. Two other towns, Ridgefield and Englewood Cliffs, which adopted their laws in the last few months, have the fewest Asian merchants. But officials say they want laws in place should Asians start to move in in greater numbers.

Ridgefield's law is directed only at new merchants, and several longtime Italian restaurants, among them Ristorante Focacceria Italiana, are exempted from the 50-50 rule.

The towns justify the laws on safety grounds. English lettering, officials said, helps police officers, firefighters and ambulance attendants locate the businesses in emergencies. But a similar law in Pomona, Calif., was ruled unconstitutional by a Federal judge in 1989 on the ground that it limited free speech and discriminated against merchants' national origin. Pomona's Asian-owned businesses had filed the lawsuit.

But the ruling is not legally binding outside that judge's district. Here, the older Korean merchants seem to want the 50-50 signs.

"This is the United States of America," said Mr. Suh, the new liaison. "We have to follow the rules and regulations and must include the English name in signs. If I go to Germany and put in a sign in the Korean language, do they like that? I don't think so. We've got to live in peace -- everybody together. That's what I'm trying to teach the Korean community."

**Graphic**

Photos: A number of signs along Broad Avenue in Palisades Park, N.J., do not comply with a rule requiring that half of any foreign-language commercial sign be in English. (Don Hogan Charles/The New York Times; Librado Romero/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 9, 1996

**End of Document**



[***A PARISH TESTED; From Haiti, Looking to Family 1,500 Miles North for Help***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:804F-4060-Y8TC-S4X0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 9, 2010 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2010 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 13

**Length:** 2329 words

**Byline:** By ANNE BARNARD

**Body**

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti -- As Alourds Grandoit hitches her chair across the yard, following the spots of shade, her thoughts linger mostly on the dead: 10 relatives lost in the Jan. 12 earthquake. But sometimes they turn to a plastic barrel that is wending its way toward her, from her cousin's two-family house in Queens to a ship moving down the Atlantic coast to -- someday soon -- a truck rumbling up the road to her brother's cinderblock bungalow, where she moved when the cataclysm wrecked her home.

Inside the barrel are dresses from Marshalls, soap from the Far Rockaway flea market, evaporated milk from the grocery store. Since the earthquake, her cousin, Gislaine Vieux, who left Haiti 41 years ago, has made weekly expeditions to her favorite shops looking for bargains. She piles them carefully in a barrel until it is full. She has sent two so far.

These simple offerings cannot salve the pain that Ms. Grandoit, 70, feels for the family crushed in the ruins of her cozy, humming house -- among them her husband, three of her five children and a grandson.

But as the barrel bobs toward her, it carries something like a message in a bottle from ''lot bo dlo,'' Creole for ''the other side of the water'': the relatives who slipped away over the years into a mysterious new life abroad have not forgotten her. No government official or relief worker has visited her. No one has even counted her dead. Yet money and moral support are flowing south from New York, and however dwarfed they might seem by her catastrophe, they are the only outside help she has.

Fifteen hundred miles north on Hollis Court Boulevard, lined with the pointy roofs and small square lawns typical of middle-class Queens, Ms. Vieux can no longer imagine moving back to Haiti -- ''No electricity, no security; I'm not used to those things anymore,'' she confesses -- and the earthquake has made the homeland seem even farther away. Yet it has also strengthened the tendrils of love and compassion, of guilt and generosity and dependence that tie her to family back home.

Stories like these reveal how Haiti's disaster is remaking relationships already complicated by the strains of immigration and exile. Haiti's chaotic history has spawned a diaspora that sends more than $1 billion in annual remittances from places like the United States, Canada and France. Now the earthquake is magnifying the connections -- and the gaps -- between those who left and those who stayed behind.

At Ms. Vieux's Roman Catholic church in Queens, which she and her husband helped reinvent from an emptying parish of European immigrants into a hub of New York's Haitian community, the quake stunned the successful and the struggling alike. When the church, SS. Joachim and Anne, began registering missing friends and relatives in a notebook, it filled quickly with hundreds of names.

Six months later, parishioners are still taking in relatives from Haiti, joining relief missions and wiring enough money south to cause a worrying drop at the collection basket. Their compassion seems tinged with a new homesickness, a sense of inadequacy, even a strange envy -- a longing to be part of a monumental experience in Haiti's history.

Here in Haiti, their relatives wait for help from a comparatively comfortable world some can only vaguely imagine, from loved ones toward whom they feel by turns admiring and abandoned.

And even for the most solicitous Haitians in the United States, the disaster remains somewhat abstract. Few Queens parishioners have returned and witnessed the texture of post-quake life for their relatives, details like these:

Gertrude Beni's feverish 14-year-old daughter lies mosquito-bitten on the concrete foundation of their fallen house, pressing her cheek to the only surface that is slightly cooler than the air.

Gisele Prinvil's 1-year-old clambers over rubble in an immaculate white dress.

Ms. Grandoit's grandson Boris, 11, sits in a room stuffed with mattresses rescued from the house that entombed his mother and little brother. He is doing his homework.

Gifts Across the Water

Ms. Grandoit's house was a gift from ''lot bo dlo.'' Her brother Fritz did well enough in Brooklyn -- doing what, she never knew -- to fulfill a staple immigrant dream: In 1988, he bought his sister a house that transformed her life.

It stood off Rue Bourgelat, in a ***working-class*** section of Port-au-Prince where pigs bathe in sewage canals. It had two stories, balconies, room for 15 people. It was a hive of warmth and activity; Ms. Grandoit always had extra food for visitors.

The earthquake destroyed it in 25 seconds. Those who were upstairs lived. Those who were downstairs died -- except one. A grandson lay flat in a bathtub until relatives dug him out.

Ms. Grandoit, tiny and elegant, now lives with her brother Roland. He never asked the survivors to move in; they just knew they were invited. Clattering traffic throws dust into the yard, the well water teems with insects, electricity is intermittent. But Ms. Grandoit spends afternoons in the spangled shade of a grape arbor -- luxury compared to the stifling tents of many survivors.

She has no words to describe her loss. She refuses to visit the remains of the house, which like most of the city's ruins lie untouched. ''It's over,'' she says.

But she lists the dead as if saying a rosary. She digs their photographs out of a worn leather pocketbook: Her grandson Kevens, 5, and her daughter Eunide, 44, both in Santa Claus hats. Her daughter Judith, 41, and son Franklin, 36 -- both accountants, the family's only breadwinners -- grinning last year in New York on a visit to Ms. Vieux, her cousin.

In Queens, Ms. Vieux's house has silk flowers and matching towels in the bathroom, framed Bible verses and gleaming china cabinets along the walls. She still remembers the date she left Haiti: Aug. 9, 1969. Searingly homesick, she forced herself to stay; her family back home needed her income. She worked 30 years in a hospital operating room, restocking the instruments the surgeons needed.

Ms. Vieux, 66, used to visit Haiti often, but the trips tapered off as the country grew more chaotic. When disaster struck, she was planning her first visit in a decade.

In the earthquake, her sister lost a leg. But the one who needed her most was Ms. Grandoit. Ms. Vieux wired money. It did not feel like enough; she wanted to send gifts she had touched.

Ms. Grandoit, an orphan, had lived as a young woman with Ms. Vieux's parents. She was washing clothes at a neighbor's water tap when a shoemaker, Emilius Jean Vernet, remarked on her beautiful legs. They married in 1965.

Ms. Grandoit's house became ''a center for the family'' that ''projected warmth,'' said her son Patrick Jean Vernet, 39, an unemployed computer technician.

The day of ''the event,'' their shorthand for the quake, they had just finished dinner when Franklin, married three days earlier, came home.

Judith ran downstairs to greet him; Patrick, heading upstairs to iron clothes, heard them laugh. He grabbed his mother as ceilings and walls fell. They called into what remained of the ground floor. Silence.

With neighbors, Ms. Grandoit's sons-in-law tunneled under the wobbly wreckage. They found nine bodies. They loaded them into a pickup truck and sedan and drove to a relative's land. They sprinkled holy water on the corpses, buried them, and scratched their names in the hard, sand-colored earth.

These days, Jean Vilvet Charles, a son-in-law who buried his wife and a son, reminds his surviving son, Boris, that ''life is not over.''

''It's a blessing if we're still alive, if we can keep going,'' he said.

In Queens, Ms. Vieux peered at new photos from Port-au-Prince. They allayed some worries -- Ms. Grandoit looked healthy -- but inspired others. Mr. Charles had lost weight, and Ms. Vieux wondered, ''Do they have enough to eat every day?''

Jobless in Haiti, and Queens

''You see, I'm living in a place like this,'' Venante Elize Vertus said, apologizing. ''I cannot say, please, sit down, have a cup of coffee.''

''This'' is a chain of makeshift shelters -- a canvas tent and huts made of scrap wood, metal, tarps and tree branches, where she lives with her daughter, Gertrude Beni, and Ms. Beni's seven children in the muddy, buggy lot where their house once stood. Waiting for a lifeline that may never come, they imagine living this way forever.

They live in La Colline, 90 minutes west of Port-au-Prince. The main road is flanked by concrete houses that sank when landfill turned to jelly. A dirt trail leads suddenly to leafy countryside. Children bathe in a cloudy runoff canal. Men here say they have never had jobs besides cultivating small patches of land, and they imagine working for a boss and a salary.

Ms. Beni has no job either, but she is always busy. One evening, she loaded handfuls of popcorn into small bags, to sell for pennies. She has gathered a chest-high pile of stones for rebuilding when she has the money -- whenever that is.

''We depend on one person and this person is not working,'' she said.

She meant her brother Jean.

Eleven years ago, he went on tour to New York with Septan Trional, an old-school jazz band famous enough to be painted on one of Port-au-Prince's colorful buses. When the band left, he stayed. He sings in the choir at the church in Queens, SS. Joachim and Anne.

But Jean Beni's version of the immigrant narrative has yet to find a happy ending -- and proves that a relative overseas is no surefire solution.

Because he stayed illegally, he was unable to find reliable work. He gets the occasional paid gig, but sings mainly ''for God,'' as his mother puts it.

''We wish one day that God is going to change his life, and change our life,'' Ms. Vertus said.

Mr. Beni, 45, has not seen his family since he left. He knows they are alive and living outdoors. That is about all he knows.

His mother keeps the details from him. She is afraid of putting pressure on him.

''I couldn't tell him a lot of things'' -- for instance, sometimes their only food is fruit they find on trees -- ''because I know he's not working,'' she said.

So she never calls.

His sister is less sympathetic. ''If I was in Jean Beni's place I would have sent for my mom a long time ago,'' Ms. Beni said.

If she could go abroad, she says, she would do anything -- baby-sitting, cleaning. She shows where she hurt her wrists washing other people's clothes.

Ms. Vertus dug out pictures of her son looking like a disco star in an open shirt, crooning into a microphone. ''Sometimes I just take them out and take a look,'' she said out of her daughter's earshot.

Singing at a New York wedding three years ago, Mr. Beni met a Haitian-American medical technician. They married. He got a green card last December, the first step toward getting visas for his mother and someday his sister. But first, he needs a job. He recently got a license to work as a lab technician, but he has not told his mother. He is afraid of letting her down.

Discouraging a Dream

Gisele Prinvil is an entrepreneurial sort. That may be why her aunt once urged her to move to Brooklyn, and why she imagined doing it, or joining a cousin, the Rev. Jean Moise Delva, one of the priests at the church in Queens.

Before the earthquake, she was a fritay seller, cooking griot (fried spiced pork) over charcoal on the street. Each Saturday, she bought a pig and butchered it. Each week she made enough for basic needs and the next pig. She thought of saving for a plane ticket and a visa.

But as she searched for her four children after the quake, someone made off with her capital -- meat, money, pots, the tin stand that sheltered it all from the sun.

Her misfortune, relatively small by earthquake standards, may well prevent her from becoming the newest arrival to her cousin's Queens parish. Convinced the disaster has made immigration harder, Father Delva -- who grew up with her but moved to New York as a teenager -- finds himself discouraging that dream.

Ms. Prinvil's husband gets occasional work dismantling rubble. With her father, sister and children, they share a homemade shack with three small beds. Some sleep on the dirt; in the rain, it turns to mud.

In her neighborhood in Leogane, two hours west of the capital, many houses collapsed. Neighbors share undamaged bathrooms, cook together, light their way at night with cellphone screens. But the air smells of excrement and trash. Ms. Prinvil's toddler, Chamaelle, constantly has diarrhea.

Ms. Prinvil, 34, has organized neighbors to clear rubble, and has lobbied aid groups for water and was promised a better shelter, but is frustrated by delays.

So in June she phoned the priest she calls Jean-Jean with some modest requests: money for sheet metal to replace her shack's leaky tarp. And less than $200 to restart her business.

Father Delva, 35, promised to send cash. From the day of the earthquake, he has felt compelled to witness it, and to take action.

In May, he visited and saw the sights he had craved and dreaded: his cousin in a shack, his childhood haunts in ruins. He will spend August on a diocesan mission to Haiti, ministering to people in tent cities.

But he sighs when his cousin talks of emigration. ''It's not easy nowadays,'' he said.

He has seen the consequences in the parish. He counsels people who arrived after the earthquake on emergency visas but now struggle because they cannot work. Getting tourist visas is harder since the quake, and if she got one, what then -- stay illegally?

''It's better to stay back home and take care of her kids,'' he said. ''And whatever we can do we will send to her.''

Meanwhile, Ms. Prinvil has no mental picture of her cousin's world. Asked what she sees herself doing in New York, she admits with a shy smile that she has no idea; maybe set up a fritay grill on the street.

''The first thing is to know about the life there,'' she said. ''Maybe I can't do fritay.''

A Parish Tested: Articles in this series are examining the reverberations of the Haiti earthquake on a Roman Catholic congregation in Queens.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: HOPE FROM ABROAD: Alourds Grandoit, 70, lost 10 relatives, including her husband, in the Jan. 12 quake in Haiti. No relief worker has visited her, but money and moral support have flowed from New York.

A BROTHER'S GENEROSITY: Ms. Grandoit with, from left, Roland Grandoit, 73, a brother who took in surviving members of their family

Frankie Jean-Baptiste, 25

Jean Vilvet Charles, 50

Patrick Jean Vernet, 39

Donald Phanord, 9

Boris Charles, 11

and Darwing Phanord, 13. At far left, the ruins of Ms. Grandoit's house in Port-au-Prince. (A13)

LOST IN THE QUAKE: In her pocketbook, Alourds Grandoit keeps photos of relatives who died in the rubble, including her daughter Eunide and grandson Kevens, 5, in Santa Claus hats

and her son Franklin and daughter Judith, both accountants.

REMEMBRANCE: Jean Vilvet Charles, Ms. Grandoit's son-in-law, at the graves of his wife, Judith, and son Kevens. He reminds his surviving son, Boris, that ''life is not over.'' He says, ''It's a blessing if we're still alive, if we can keep going.''

MAKESHIFT HOME: Gertrude Beni and her mother, Venante Elize Vertus, live with Ms. Beni's seven children in a canvas tent in a muddy lot where their house once stood in La Colline, 90 minutes west of Port-au-Prince. Their lifeline in Queens is a brother, Jean Beni, but he is unemployed. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A16)

**Load-Date:** August 9, 2010

**End of Document**



[***The Changing City; Woodside, Queens;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N4C0-0038-D0X3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***New Accents and Old Brogue Quietly Reshape Woodside***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-N4C0-0038-D0X3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 13, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1277 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH P. FRIED

**Series:** A periodic look at New York's neighborhoods in transition.

**Body**

Madge O'Boyle stood in front of the apartment building in Woodside, Queens, where she has lived for three decades, since shortly after the Irish native arrived in the United States, and chatted with neighbors on the sun-baked steps.

Across 52d Street, Mike Lin, a native of Taiwan who came to Woodside five years ago, whacked a tennis ball on a handball court in Windmuller Park.

On nearby Roosevelt Avenue, Matilde Ramirez, once of Ecuador, prepared for the day's first patrons at the Colombian restaurant that she and her husband, a Colombian native, have operated for five years.

It was a typical summer day in the streets and parks and shops of Woodside, a largely ***working-class*** area of western Queens that has undergone sharp ethnic and cultural changes in recent years. And it has weathered the transformation, New York City officials and area residents say, with little of the trauma, tension or bias-based bellicosity that have too often accompanied such shifts in other areas of the city.

Two miles long and about a mile and a half wide, Woodside extends from about 48th Street on the west to the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway and Conrail tracks on the east, and from about 30th Avenue on the north to a winding southern line formed by the Long Island Expressway and Maurice and Calamus Avenues. The woods and swamps that dotted the area in the 19th century gave it its name.

From a district once known as ''Irishtown,'' Woodside has evolved into a polyglot of tongues and traditions in which immigrants from Latin America and Asia are now estimated to make up nearly half of the 40,000 residents.

''It's one of the more integrated areas of the city, and in a really positive way,'' said Ted Finkelstein, director of the west-central Queens office of the city's Neighborhood Stabilization Program.

But despite the extensive changes, the Irish seem in no danger of disappearing from the blocks of well-kept private homes and solid apartment buildings that house mechanics, transit workers and office clerks, laboratory technicians, shopkeepers, accountants and lawyers. True, many Irish-Americans did move from Woodside as the newcomers flowed in over the last 15 years.

And, true, some of the Irish did vocally complain a dozen years ago about the many illegal aliens among the Hispanic newcomers - contending that the ''illegals'' were an unfair burden on the community's schools and hospitals, and being accused, in turn, of resenting people from a different culture.

But many other Irish, like 54-year-old Mrs. O'Boyle, saw no reason to pack up and leave.

''I love the neighborhood and I can find no problem with them,'' said Mrs. O'Boyle, the wife of an elevator mechanic.

Many of the newcomers are from Ireland, whose troubled economy has helped spur many young people to head for the cities of America. The result for Woodside has been several thousand ''new Irish'' who, longtime Woodsiders say, are different enough from the ''old Irish'' to add their own distinct flavoring to today's ethnic brew.

''You go into a diner and it doesn't take 10 seconds before you hear the brogue, which you wouldn't have heard around here 10 years ago except occasionally,'' said one of Woodside's old Irish, City Councilman Walter L. McCaffrey. The 41-year-old Democrat, whose parents arrived in the neighborhood in the 1930's, observed that most of the area's old Irish are at least second- or third-generation Americans.

Sean Benson, one of the new Irish, who came to Woodside from County Kildare five years ago, said the latest generation of his countrymen were contributing more than Hibernian tones. With their youth and vigor, he said, they are bringing ''a new freshness, a dynamism, into the neighborhood - into the pubs, the restaurants, opening new businesses themselves.''

For the most part, though, ''the guys work in construction, the women as waitresses or nannies,'' he said. The 29-year-old Mr. Benson, who heads an advice center for Irish newcomers maintained by the Irish Immigration Reform Movement on Roosevelt Avenue, said most of the new Irish are in this country illegally, often having entered on limited tourist visas and staying on when they expired.

Paradox Over New 'Illegals'

There is more than a little paradox in this, some Woodsiders acknowledge, considering the resentment by some local Irish in the 70's, when ''illegals'' were all from south of the border.

But paradoxes and legalities apart, Woodside has come through its transmutation pretty smoothly, officials say.

Yet there have been rough moments. In what the police termed a bias-related incident in 1988, a group of Hispanic men, some wielding baseball bats and iron rods, beat several worshipers outside an Islamic mosque, which was then at Queens Boulevard and 50th Street. Congregants said there had been months of harassment.

Last year, two Korean men were assaulted by whites voicing racial slurs in a doughnut shop on Roosevelt Avenue, the area's main commercial strip, said Capt. Ryan Thomas, commander of the 108th Precinct, which covers most of Woodside.

'People Are Mostly Friendly'

But such incidents are exceptions, he said. Mostly, Woodside is a solid area of people who ''go to work and come home and seem to have their own place in the community,'' he said.

Residents of various backgrounds agreed.

Pausing from her summer job at a summer school for Korean children, near her 51st Street home, Jung Yoon Choi, 18, who came from South Korea with her family eight years ago, said: ''Sometimes when I'm passing in the street a person might yell out, 'Chink!' But, really, hardly ever. The people are mostly friendly. Those who do it may not even live here.''

The Rev. Sang Il Park, a Woodsider who is pastor of the Korean Presbyterian Church of Southern New York, said that Woodside has ''not at all'' been like the Flatbush section of Brooklyn, where some blacks have been waging a long and venomous boycott against two Korean-owned groceries.

''There will never be an A plus neighborhood, but I give Woodside an A minus,'' he said.

Woodside is ''definitely not a high-crime area,'' Captain Thomas, the precinct commander, said. He acknowledged, however, that many of its residents, like people all over the city, are increasingly concerned with crime.

One anonymous group of citizens, disturbed by prostitution along stretches of Queens Boulevard, recently put up signs on utility poles warning that the license-plate numbers of the prostitutes' customers would be recorded and their families notified.

A major reason for its generally peaceful transformation in recent years, said Mr. Finkelstein, the Neighborhood Stabilization official, is that local leaders and institutions have developed ''programs that service all the groups.'' Residents say two groups have been especially important: Woodside on the Move, which dates from the 1970's and sponsors job-placement, business-aid and youth programs, and St. Sebastian's Roman Catholic Church, which runs English-language classes and conducts one of its Sunday Masses, celebrated by more than 1,600 people, in Spanish.

Despite this, many Hispanic people in Woodside ''don't feel welcome'' at St. Sebastian's, said Jorge Aleman, a Woodsider of Honduran origin who works with a Hispanic-aid group called Hispanos Unidos. ''At the end of Mass, Spanish people like to stay around at their church and get to talk to the priest,'' he said.

The Rev. James Frost, the church's parochial vicar, said that a tight schedule of crowded Masses and limited space restricted such socializing.

For his part, Mr. Aleman was quick to say that that was his only complaint about life in Woodside. ''Otherwise,'' he said, ''it's a beautiful neighborhood.''

**Graphic**

Photo: Woodside, Queens, which was once mostly Irish, has recently emerged as one of the most integrated areas in the city. The Rev. Sang Il Park, the pastor of the Korean Presbyterian Church of Southern New York in Woodside, led a group of children in songs recently. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times); map of Queens showing location of Woodside. (pg. B3)

**End of Document**



[***Bringing Down the House In Fairfield County***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DBY-PN40-TW8F-G2TR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 19, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14CN; Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1792 words

**Byline:** By C.J. HUGHES

**Body**

IT'S a milestone, yes, but not one that Fairfield County residents, preservationists, even some home builders are particularly proud of.

Homeowners and developers are ripping down homes at a faster rate than anyone can remember. With more than three months to go in 2004, many of the communities in Fairfield County are about to surpass the number of tear-downs for all of 2003 and some, including Fairfield, Stamford and Westport, already have.

Indeed, the tear-down blitz has caused such alarm all over the state that more municipalities are beginning to pass laws to slow it, adding to the dozens of towns that already have such laws. Hamden, for example, recently passed a law to delay demolitions, while New Canaan, Ridgefield, and Guilford are debating similar restrictions.

''This is extremely unusual, never happened before that I know of,'' said Marian Castell, Darien's town historian, about the level of tear-downs. ''There is no doubt we are at historic levels.''

Tear-downs occur all over the state, but in many of the towns around Hartford, in Litchfield County, and from New Haven to New London, they are more of a trickle. Essex, for example, has had one this year; Litchfield none. But Fairfield County is a virtual deconstruction site, fueled by, developers and real estate experts said, increased demand for housing and, especially, larger housing.

In Darien, 26 demolition permits for single-family homes were issued by late last week, just one shy of the 27 for all of last year. Ridgefield issued 27 permits in its fiscal year ending in June, compared with 24 last fiscal year. In Norwalk, the pace is a bit slower, with 24 permits issued as of late last week, compared with 34 last year. New Canaan issued 37 permits through June, the latest numbers available, compared with 57 last year.

By the middle of this month, Stamford had already surpassed its 2003 tear-downs, with 28 permits, compared with 24 last year. So has Fairfield, with 41 permits, passing the 38 from last year, and Westport, with 74, up from 71.

All of those communities were quiet by the standards of Greenwich, which issued 138 demolition permits in its fiscal year ending in June, compared with 82 the previous year.

While the racket of tear-downs may be annoying to neighbors or a tacky McMansion replacing an old Greek Revival may wrinkle some noses, preservationists are concerned that some significant old homes are being destroyed. A group of Victorian homes in a neighborhood that was once an Irish and African-American ***working-class*** enclave in Greenwich is scheduled to be torn down, angering preservationists. Some Madison residents are trying to save a home built in the late 1600's from demolition, and in Ellington, a home built in 1776 was headed for the Dumpster until the developer had second thoughts after pleas from residents.

''This is a widespread problem, because the pace of it is faster than the ability to get hold of it,'' said Helen Higgins, the executive director of the Connecticut Trust for Historic Preservation, which urges people to think twice before tearing down houses. ''The character of the community is clearly at risk when you rip apart its fabric.''

Of course, old doesn't always mean historic. Some people involved in tear-downs said the new homes they planned to build would be much better than what was there.

''There isn't anything that remarkable about these homes,'' said Judy Larson, the architect on the Greenwich project, who described herself as a preservationist. ''But sometimes you have to make a call, and in the end, I want to make beautiful buildings.''

In all cases, housing officials said a shortage of empty lots is driving the trend. And developers are ripping down one house and putting two or more in its place. That's happening in Westport, for example, where what land is left is either on a rocky ledge or in a wetland, said Don Miro, a builder who is also chairman of the town's Historic District Commission.

''There just isn't the land available, and there still seems to be huge demand,'' Mr. Miro said. Low interest rates are also having an effect by helping create increased demand for housing.

''When interest rates are low like they are now, the best return on people's money is in real estate,'' Mr. Miro said. ''The bottom line is, low rates are also good for spec builders.''

In many cases, it has become cheaper to buy an old house, rip it down, and put up a new one, than it would be to, say, shore up crumbling foundations and strengthen supporting frames in a drooping two-centuries-old farmhouse.

Still, the cost of this approach can seem staggeringly high. In Westport, according to housing experts, a lot with a home eyed for tear-down can start at about $700,000. In Greenwich, it's even higher, around $800,000. Builders said it can typically cost $15,000 for demolition and, in Fairfield County, about $250 a square foot, or $600,000 for a 2,400 square-foot home, to build a nicer house.

Yet another, less tangible, factor is taste.

People tend to want to live in historic neighborhoods, but not in old buildings, said Ms. Higgins of the Connecticut Trust for Historic Preservation.

''Families today feel like they have to have a million different rooms, even though they really just spend time in one main room,'' she said.

Tastes might be tough to change overnight, but one tool that is proving helpful against the tear-down epidemic are demolition delay laws, usually coordinated through a town's historic district commission.

Typically, a delay of 90 days can be activated if a house that's scheduled to be torn down is located in a historic district; if it's more than 50 years old (60 in Greenwich); or if it's included on a special town list of noteworthy buildings (like in New Haven).

During the delay period, any resident can come forward and make their case why the proposed demolition shouldn't take place. The idea is, the owner will hear the arguments, change their minds, and revise their plans.

''We're concerned just as all communities in Fairfield County about the ability to be notified once these permits are filed,'' said Gary Singer of the Ridgefield Historical Society, who is helping draft the delay law in that town. ''Once these resources are lost they are irreplaceable.''

Although these laws can stall demolitions, they can't stop them, and town officials said it is rare when owners reverse course.

That hasn't stopped a group of neighbors in Greenwich from trying to save three adjacent Victorian homes on Sherwood Place inside a 159-building National Register of Historic Places district.

Local builders want to demolish the somewhat tatty turn-of-the-century structures to make way for new multifamily homes. In fact, the new buildings, with their planned wraparound porches and wood fish-scale shingles, may even improve on the originals' vinyl siding and aluminum trim.

Yet neighbors said that the houses should be renovated, not razed.

''We recognize you can't save every single house,'' said Bill Schneider, who has galvanized support by handing out pamphlets and writing letters to local, state and national politicians. ''But when you see something coming in that looks like Levittown,'' he said, referring to the Long Island suburb, ''it will only encourage other developers.''

Appealing to the state, Mr. Schneider has asked the Connecticut Historical Commission to delay demolition on the Sherwood Place homes for an additional 90 days, after the first 90-day delay ends this fall. Susan Chandler, the commission's historical architect, said she is discussing the matter with the builders.

Meanwhile, the building industry in Connecticut is trying to cope with demolition delay laws while still faced with a seemingly insatiable appetite for larger and more luxurious houses.

''The demand for housing in Fairfield County is still very strong,'' said Greg Ugalde, a builder who also serves as president of the 1,100-member Homebuilders Association of Connecticut. ''It has required purchasers of homes to get creative to fulfill the need,'' which sometimes means having to tear homes down.

Some battles over old homes, however, are igniting debates about how aggressive towns need to pre-empt the problem.

In Madison, where tear-downs have almost doubled this year from last, going from four to seven, the most recent spat was over a clapboard saltbox on 10 acres known as the David Field House, whose oldest section dates to the late 1600's.

Because there are no local demolition delay laws on the books, the town's zoning board easily approved Michael Montanaro, the builder, to put four new homes on the property.

Even though preservationists are hopeful they can find a buyer for the Field House and move it before construction starts, they said they were hindered in their efforts to save it.

''I would like to see the town fathers do more to protect houses like this,'' said Jane Kuhl, former president of the Madison Historical Society. ''Our town is in the bull's-eye right now.''

In Ellington, the Pinney House, a gable-roofed colonial completed in 1776 that is next to dozens of new, attached apartments, may be saved.

Eric Santini, a developer who originally planned on demolishing the home, is working with the Friends of the Pinney House, a preservation group, to spare it by moving the house across the street.

Still, many residents were caught unawares by the town's swift approval of the project.

''I was shocked that our zoning board approved this development site near this historic structure,'' said Dale Roberson, a lawyer and chairman of Friends of the Pinney House. ''This is the second-oldest house in our town.''

Clifford Aucter, vice chairman of Ellington's Planning and Zoning Board, said the developer had at first thought the house could not be saved.

''The house wasn't even taken into consideration, not out of callousness, it just wasn't taken into consideration,'' he said. ''The developer found it wasn't economically feasible to save it.''

Some homeowners who changed their minds during the demolition-delay process are outspoken about their conversions.

Emily Laux bought her 1896 Westport farmhouse on two acres in June 1997 and after some frustrating attempts to renovate the place, decided to start from scratch. Yet a local architect intervened, convincing her the original structures were worth saving.

Since then, Ms. Laux has become a strong advocate of the preservation approach, frustrated by the ''over-the-top'' McMansions with high fences, wide driveways, and treeless lawns that now line her Cross Highway neighborhood.

''I have developed a visual fondness for old properties when I pass by them,'' Ms. Laux said. ''I can only hope that what we did encourages others to do the same.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bill Schneider has been trying to save a group of Victorian homes in Greenwich from demolition. Above, Emily Laux renovated her Westport house instead of razing it. (Photographs by Douglas Healey for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

In Ellington, residents are trying to save the Pinney House, right, that is now a neighbor of new apartments.

Dale Roberson, chairman of Friends of the Pinney House, said he was surprised when the town approved a development close to the old house. (Photographs by George Ruhe for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** September 19, 2004

**End of Document**



[***A Dose of French Film, Civil and Sane***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JFF-P970-TW8F-G2C4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 10, 2006 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; PT1; Column 1; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 1; CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

**Length:** 1894 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

THE image of that ageless free spirit Charlotte Rampling cuddling an 18-year-old Haitian youth on a Caribbean beach in the film ''Heading South'' is charged with so many erotic, political and cultural connotations, they are almost too much for one movie to handle. The self-appointed queen bee among the middle-aged white women who go to an out-of-the-way Haitian resort to enjoy the sexual favors of handsome black beach boys, Ms. Rampling's Ellen imagines herself a master of this game until her favorite lover, Legba (Menothy Cesar), lands in serious trouble. When she discovers how truly cheap life is for the impoverished citizens in a third world dictatorship (the story is set during the Duvalier era in the late 1970's), her self-assurance crumbles.

The shattering film, directed by Laurent Cantet (''Human Resources,'' ''Time Out''), is the gem of this year's Rendez-Vous With French Cinema series, the annual anthology of recent movies presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and Unifrance and the French Film Office/Unifrance USA. The 10-day, 15-film series has become so popular that this year it expands from the Walter Reade Theater and Alice Tully Hall to include 28 screenings at the IFC Center in Greenwich Village.

''Heading South,'' adapted from three stories by Dany Laferriere, strips away the melodrama and mysticism that writers like Paul Bowles and Tennessee Williams have attached to stories of sexual and cultural imperialism. It is far from a glib condemnation of sex tourism: the relations between the women and their dirt-poor lovers may be commercial, involving rewards of cash and lavish gifts, but they are also tender, and the young men lap up the women's adoration without becoming sneaky, avaricious leeches. Weighing the value of erotic pleasure and the emotional risks involved in its pursuit, two of the women bluntly address questions of sex, love, aging, loneliness and desire in the most probing and personal terms.

As usual in French films, the women in this year's series either rule or hold their own with men. This sexual equality, long a hallmark of French films, lends them a balance and civility, one might even say sanity, that is absent in most American films with their surfeit of violence, cruelty and misogyny. Several films in the series were written and directed by women, and the parade of magnificent female stars, including Ms. Rampling, Nathalie Baye, Catherine Deneuve, Emmanuelle Devos, Carole Bouquet and Emmanuelle Beart, should be the envy of world cinema.

If none of the other films this year touch the depths of ''Heading South,'' there is much to enjoy in the series, which tilts more toward the lighter side than usual. Some of these meringues are so airy you can barely taste them.

In ''Palais Royal!,'' the opening-night film this evening at Alice Tully Hall, Ms. Deneuve portrays a regal hybrid of Princess Grace and Queen Elizabeth. Her troubles begin when her daughter-in-law (Valerie Lemercier), a commoner, strikes back at the unfaithful polo-playing Crown Prince by remaking herself as a Diana-like people's princess. To her mother-in-law's chagrin, she deliberately sabotages royal traditions. Although Ms. Deneuve is perfectly cast, this ramshackle comedy is neither as funny nor as glittering as it should be. And Ms. Lemercier, who directed, has miscast herself as the defiant princess.

The best of the lighter fare is Daniele Thompson's ''Orchestra Seats,'' a delicious Robert Altman-like mosaic built around three characters -- a world-class classical pianist, an art collector about to auction his priceless collection and a neurotic actress in a Feydeau farce -- whose lives converge in a Parisian cafe. The elegant, worldly movie leaves you with the satisfied glow of sharing a healthful nouvelle repast with stimulating company and topping it off with the best Champagne.

Similarly frothy but more disorganized, and with only a dash of seriousness, Cedric Klapisch's ''Russian Dolls'' revisits the characters who frolicked through his popular film ''L'Auberge Espagnole'' five years later. Romain Duris, a bigger star now thanks to ''The Beat That My Heart Skipped,'' which won this year's Cesar (the French Oscar) for best picture, returns as Xavier, a student in the earlier film and now a well-paid freelance writer of television soaps and as-told-to biographies. The comedy, which jumps from Paris to London to Barcelona to St. Petersburg and back, is a pan-European idyll whose bitter undertone comes from Xavier's knowledge that his comfortable job and erotic wanderlust have no real substance.

In Brigitte Rouan's ''Housewarming,'' Ms. Bouquet is a crusading, overstressed left-wing immigration lawyer and the mother of two raucous teenagers. Her politics are challenged when a team of illegal immigrants renovating her apartment nearly destroys it. As her ceiling literally caves in, she must fend off the advances of a besotted client and placate her exasperated former husband. The movie, which doesn't take itself too seriously, likes to slip over the line into semi-musical comedy; in one number, Ms. Bouquet break dances on her office desk.

A similar antic spirit infuses Pierre Jolivet's ''Zim and Company,'' whose 20-year-old protagonist (Adrien Jolivet) is a footloose youth living with his financially strapped family in an ethnically mixed ***working-class*** suburb of Paris. After a motorbike accident leads to his third small brush with the law, the only way he can avoid jail is to find steady employment, and with the help of his friends he commits more serious crimes toward that goal.

The weakest comedies are either fey, one-joke smirks or overworked cliches. The title character of Sophie Fillieres's romantic comedy ''The Good Girl,'' played by Ms. Devos, enlivens her straight-and-narrow existence by going on mildly zany behavioral tangents. ''You Are So Handsome,'' a contemporary variation on the mail-order-bride formula, is enlivened by Michel Blanc's endearing portrayal of a hard-bitten farmer whose heart is defrosted by a candidate from Romania, but the movie is still minuscule.

Besides its meringues and fluffy omelets, the series also offers several serious dishes. For American audiences, the one inexplicable entree, Serge Le Peron's fictionalized, noir-flavored exploration of the unsolved disappearance of the Moroccan independence leader Mehdi Ben Barka in 1965 (''I Saw Ben Barka Get Killed''), will only interest students of modern French history.

The most artistically high-reaching film, Danis Tanovic's ''Hell,'' is the realization of an idea by the master Polish filmmaker Krzysztof Kieslowski, who died 10 years ago. With a screenplay by Kieslowski's longtime writing partner, Krzysztof Piesiewicz, it is the second part of a projected Heaven-Hell-Purgatory trilogy.

This complicated, schematic film pulses with symbols, such as the image of a newly hatched baby bird pushing the other eggs out of the nest and a bee trying to save itself from drowning in a glass of water. Ms. Beart, Karin Viard and Marie Gillain play sisters living in Paris who have grown apart. Each dwells in a personal hell of jealousy or loneliness that is disturbed by the appearance of a mysterious young man who holds an emotional key to a trauma that devastated the family years earlier, leaving their mother (Ms. Bouquet) mute and in a wheelchair.

The story reiterates Kieslowski's exploration of his favorite themes: chance, destiny and the hidden connections between events. Mr. Tanovic, who made his name with the masterly antiwar satire ''No Man's Land,'' efficiently handles the complicated plot mechanics. But the film's frustrating denouement leaves the puzzle unsolved.

Emmanuel Carrere's film ''La Moustache'' is mystifying in a cannier, more Hitchcockian way. A husband (Vincent Lindon) becomes obsessed with his invisibility when neither his wife (Ms. Devos) nor their friends notice that he has shaved off his mustache. What at first seems to be a joke steadily deepens into a circuitous reflection on marriage and assumed intimacy in which the increasingly desperate husband flies to Hong Kong in search of his identity.

Modest in its scope but even more satisfying, Xavier Beauvois's ''Petit Lieutenant'' is an impeccably wrought contemporary police story that follows the chief inspector of a Parisian crime unit and recovering alcoholic (Ms. Baye, who won the Cesar for best actress for her performance) through a grueling murder case. Working with her is a naively enthusiastic new addition to the force (Jalil Lespert). ''Le Petit Lieutenant'' resembles the British television series ''Prime Suspect'' in its portrayal of police work as a race to accumulate and piece together details inside a pressure cooker. Ms. Baye's inspector is as convincing and complicated a character as Helen Mirren's police inspector Jane Tennison.

In ''Cold Showers,'' the promising first film of Antony Cordier, sports and teenage sex overlap in the story of Mickael (Johan Libereau), the ferociously trained captain of a judo team, and his girlfriend (Salome Stevenin), who almost accidentally fall into a threesome with one of Mickael's teammates. The movie, which goes on seriocomic tangents, has the attention span of a hyperactive teenager, but when it remains focused on the central couple, it hits hard.

The dourest films, Stephane Brize's ''Not Here to Be Loved'' and Yves Angelo's ''Grey Souls,'' focus on mature men whose spirits are either in the process of curdling or have turned rotten. The grim, world-weary protagonist of ''Not Here to Be Loved'' is a divorced court processor who hand-delivers eviction notices to hapless tenants. A glimmer of hope lightens up his dreary existence when he attends a tango class and cautiously begins dating a much younger fellow student.

But for unrelieved grimness, nothing matches ''Grey Souls,'' a World War I drama, adapted from a novel by Philippe Claudel, portraying the corruption and depravity in a small town within earshot of the front. This austere, misanthropic groan of a film suggests that war infects almost everyone in its vicinity with a poisonous nihilism.

Films like ''Grey Souls'' and the recent ''Joyeux Noel'' show that France has never fully recovered from World War I. In the wake of 9/11, perhaps Americans can begin to relate to the lingering strain of despair left behind by the war that was supposed to end all wars.

Meringues And More

Rendez-Vous With French Cinema 2006, the annual series presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center, will run through March 19 at two locations: the Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Manhattan, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.com; and the IFC Center, 323 Avenue of the Americas, at West Third Street, West Village, (212) 924-7771, ifccenter.com. Screenings begin today at 1 p.m. at the Walter Reade Theater and today at noon at the IFC Center; directors are scheduled to appear at many of the screenings. Tickets at both locations are $12. At the Walter Reade Theater, tickets are also $8 for Film Society members, $7 for students and $6 for 65+ at weekday screenings; at the IFC Center, $8 for 62+.

Tonight at 7 at Alice Tully Hall, the opening night screening of ''Palais Royal!'' (2005), directed by Valerie Lemercier, will be followed by a reception; tickets: $30; Film Society members, $25.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Charlotte Rampling and Menothy Cesar in Laurent Cantet's ''Heading South.'' (Photo by Film Society of Lincoln Center)(pg. E1)

Carole Bouquet in ''Housewarming,'' a comedy by Brigitte Rouan. (Photo by Film Society of Lincoln Center)(pg. E5)

**Load-Date:** March 10, 2006

**End of Document**



[***In Fair Haven, Moving On***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JJW-WTR0-TW8F-G2YX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 26, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14NJ; Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1772 words

**Byline:** By BILL FINLEY

**Dateline:** FAIR HAVEN

**Body**

WINIFRED ROBARDS has lived in a modest house on the banks of the Navesink River here for 87 years. Her family has been here since 1855, the year her great- grandfather, a free black man named Charles Williams, built the home.

But these days, Mrs. Robards says she is not sure how much longer she can stay. She is 90 now and might need to move into an assisted-living facility. Then there is the problem of her property taxes -- $24,000 a year -- not easy to come up with, especially on a fixed income.

Some day, probably in the not-too-distant future, Mrs. Robards or her two sons will sell the light blue wood-shingled Colonial that looks out on one of the borough's many boat launches. Then it is likely to be torn down and replaced by a home easily twice its size. In 2005 alone, according to town records, 10 houses were torn down and 13 new ones went up.

A new home, sitting on one of the most desirable spots in Monmouth County, directly across the Navesink from Jon Bon Jovi's mansion, will be worth millions. An affluent family -- in all likelihood a white one -- will move in and another important piece of the long and rich history of one of the most important black enclaves in New Jersey will have fallen.

In 1960, when Fair Haven had a population of 5,678, there were 448 black people living here, most of them middle class and many of them descendants of freed slaves who helped settle Fair Haven. By 2000, according to the United States Census Bureau, the borough, which had grown slightly, to 5,937, had just 243 black residents.

Over the last six years, the black population has probably shrunk even more.

''The town has become less diverse,'' said Mayor Joseph J. Szostak, who noted that sharply rising property taxes ''are a real problem.''

'' I wish I knew what to say to the black folks who are moving away,'' Mr. Szostak added. ''I am on a fixed income myself, and I don't know how much longer I can afford to live here.''

Indeed, black Fair Haven is fading away, as an aging population, whose offspring have largely moved away, wrestles with high property taxes and the increasing affluence of a town where few people, black or white, can afford to live.

''It would make me very sad to no longer have this family live here,'' said Mrs. Robards, who moved into the Williams house, then inhabited by her grandparents, when she was 3 years old. ''The lawyer told me someone would come in and tear the house down and build a house more suited to the river. You feel so connected to a house when you've lived in it for so long.''

There was a time, more than a decade ago, when Mrs. Robards's house would have sold for a reasonable price to a family that would have been happy to live in it. But Fair Haven has changed drastically in recent years.

In 1992, direct ferry service from nearby Highlands and Atlantic Highlands to Lower Manhattan was initiated, making this obscure town an attractive place for wealthy Wall Street people to buy their sprawling slice of the American dream. Once a ***working-class*** town, Fair Haven has become a prototypical affluent white suburb, filled with S.U.V.'s and million-dollar homes.

Relics of a Bygone Era

''This is the perfect gentrification storm,'' said James W. Hughes, dean of the Edward Bloustein School of Planning and Public Policy at Rutgers, who is an expert on the changing demographics of the state. ''Fair Haven is between Rumson, historically a powerful home of elite, and Red Bank. Red Bank had been a fading manufacturing market center that has, all of a sudden, been reborn as a hot place. With Fair Haven sitting between those two towns, it was almost foreordained that it would gentrify.''

Sitting in her home -- a relic of Fair Haven's bygone era -- Mrs. Robards said she believed that Charles Williams had worked on an estate in Rumson, but she was not sure why he had settled in Fair Haven. It might have been that he felt comfortable in what was one of the centers of black life in 19th-century New Jersey.

Although not nearly as much a part of the economy or culture as it was in Southern states, slavery was visible throughout much of New Jersey before it was abolished in 1846. According to the educational Web site slaveryinamerica.org, the earliest written record of enslaved Africans in New Jersey was in the mid-1600's, when 60 to 70 slaves worked on a plantation in Shrewsbury, a town that then encompassed the existing borough of Fair Haven.

One of the first ironworks in the New World was built nearby in 1665 on the Pine Brook River in what is now Tinton Falls, according to the Historic Preservation Commission of Tinton Falls, and 70 to 80 slaves were brought in as laborers. A mix of slaves and freemen continued to produce the iron until 1844, when technological advances rendered the ironworks obsolete.

It is believed that blacks first settled in Fair Haven because land was available there at reasonable prices and was near Rumson, where many of them worked on the estates of some of New Jersey's wealthiest families. One such estate was owned by Gen. Clinton Bowen Fisk, who, after the Emancipation Proclamation, was Abraham Lincoln's choice to run the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands.

''They had to live somewhere,'' Mr. Hughes said, ''and they probably weren't welcome in Rumson.''

Separate Churches and Schools

According to research by Timothy McMahon, a Fair Haven town historian who died last year, the first black church in Fair Haven opened in 1833, 28 years before the start of the Civil War. By 1858, Fair Haven had a second black church and a ''Free African School.'' Fair Haven's second black church, renamed the Fisk Chapel when it was rebuilt in 1882, was paid for by General Fisk and is still open today.

These days, on most Sundays there are no more than 35 people attending services at Fisk Chapel, though it was not always that way. ''It's sad to see,'' said 99-year-old Ethel Armstrong. ''Even in 1974, when the new church was built, we had a large congregation. There are so few people coming now.''

The school attended by the town's black students from kindergarten through eighth grade, eventually known as the Fisk School, was still in operation until the mid-1940's, and many of the borough's remaining black residents studied there.

''We were resigned to it, going to our own school,'' said 74-year-old Arthur Berry, a lifelong Fair Haven resident. ''As far as education goes, we had no problems when we moved on and went to the integrated high school in Rumson. We were ahead of the white kids. That's because our teachers were better than theirs.''

Raymond Taylor, 83, who also attended Fisk, and other longtime residents said that although blacks and whites went their separate ways in the past, there was never any racial tension or any reason for the blacks to feel uncomfortable.

''Blacks have a habit of sticking together in their community, whether they look poor or what,'' Mr. Taylor said. ''They carry their history with them. There are very few whites in this town who can track their history back in the town like the blacks can.''

Mr. Taylor came to Fair Haven at the age of 2 to be raised by his aunt, Ella Bailey, who he said was the first black graduate from Red Bank High School, in 1882. He said his ancestors were former slaves from Manalapan who bought land in Fair Haven in the 1800's.

Today, Mr. Taylor and his wife are the last African-Americans living on a street that used to be predominantly black. With his children no longer living in town, his house, which has been in his family for more than 115 years, is another that may eventually be torn down.

Jesse Harris, 70, and his wife, Marcelline, 65, live on Browns Lane, a one-block-long street toward the east side of town. Mrs. Harris is a direct descendant of the Brown family, for whom the street is named. The Browns settled on the street in the 1830's and took up virtually the entire block for nearly 130 years. Now, just two homes on the block are occupied by black families.

Members of the Brown family and other black residents of Fair Haven clashed with the forces of change in 1999 when a white family was permitted to build over what many believed was once a black cemetery.

''There was quite a bit of outrage over this and a number of heated discussions with the zoning commission down at town hall,'' Mr. Harris said. ''We couldn't stop the steamrollers from rolling in. It's done now. There's nothing we can do about it.''

A Vanishing Culture

The Historical Association of Fair Haven was determined to prevent a similar fate from befalling the original Fisk Chapel, which opened in 1882 and was the primary black church in town and the center of black social life. In 1974, the church became too small for its sizable congregation, and a new Fisk Chapel was built.

The borough took over the old chapel, renamed it Bicentennial Hall and used it for about 25 years as a community center before closing it. With the building vacant and in disrepair, the Borough Council was prepared to demolish it despite its place on the state and national registers of historic places.

''I'm not sure how much the commission cared about its historical significance,'' said Pat Drummond, president of the Historical Association. ''They just saw this as on opportunity to make a quick buck for the town.''

But members of the Historical Society successfully fought the move, and have raised $400,000 for the building's renovation, which could begin this year.

It was a significant victory, but not something that can reverse an inexorable trend. Fair Haven is moving on, and its black residents, though disappointed, are largely resigned to the situation. Among those who remain, there is little anger or finger-pointing.

Harold Albert was born in Fair Haven 77 years ago and has lived here his entire life, with the exception of the 10 years he spent in Tinton Falls. His house was built in 1865 by his great uncle Nathan Williams, the son of Charles Williams, and descendants of the Williams family have lived in it ever since.

Because the house is not on the river it is worth less than Mrs. Robards's house, and the property taxes are not quite as exorbitant. Still, they are enough that Mr. Albert and his wife, Jeanette, say they will eventually have to move.

''Yes, it's upsetting to me that our black culture is disappearing,'' Mr. Albert said. ''There's nothing that can be done about it now. I pay $8,000 a year in property taxes, and I'm retired and on a fixed income. That's hard to afford. I've always wanted to die in this house. I don't think that's going to happen.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The home of Winifred Robards was built by her great-grandfather in 1855. Julia Albert, above, her grandmother, raised her in it. (Photo by Jill C. Becker for The New York Times)(pg. 7)

Winifred Robards, 90, of Fair Haven, fears that she or her two sons may have to sell the home where she has lived since the age of 3, when her mother died. (Photo by Jill C. Becker for The New York Times)(pg. 1)Map of New Jersey shows the location of Fair Haven. (pg. 7)

**Load-Date:** March 26, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Phone Plan Is Attracting Immigrants In New York***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-59S0-0005-G3Y9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 18, 1996, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1428 words

**Byline:** By RANDY KENNEDY

By RANDY KENNEDY

**Body**

Danny Coronel, a bartender from Elmhurst, Queens, lost his telephone when a former friend used it for calls to Hong Kong -- $1,900 worth. Jose Ramos, a livery-cab driver, and his wife, Jackie, never had a phone, even though they moved to Washington Heights in Manhattan from the Dominican Republic more than two years ago. "We didn't have anything in our name in this country," Mr. Ramos said. "It was just too hard."

They are by no means alone in New York, where the percentage of homes without phones is higher than in any other metropolitan area in the country. Tens of thousands of New Yorkers, most of them recent immigrants, go for long periods without a home phone, an appliance as common in American households as a refrigerator or a front door. The experts cite a variety of reasons -- credit problems, language barriers, lack of identification or simple fear of the system. Some people get phones only to lose them quickly to homesickness as unpaid bills for international calls mount.

Instead, in many neighborhoods like Washington Heights and the Lower East Side, Flushing in Queens and Sunset Park in Brooklyn, thousands of people have cobbled together a kind of alternative telephone existence. They carry beepers and cut-rate international calling cards, forage for working pay phones and, for the last several years, have flocked to a growing number of phone parlors, storefront businesses that let customers call overseas from private booths.

But now a tiny midtown telephone company that operates more than 150 phone parlors believes it has found an innovative way to begin changing that and at the same time build itself into a minor player in the local telephone market in New York.

In early January, the four-year-old company, Microtel Communications, began installing special phone lines in the homes of customers who have lost Nynex service or cannot get it. Working something like long-distance pay phones, the line allows users to make local calls and reach directory assistance and 911 for $23 a month. When customers want to make calls outside the New York area, however, they must pay in advance at one of the centers the company has set up throughout the city, particularly in Queens, the Bronx and Washington Heights. They can talk until their time runs out, and then the call is cut off.

"Because there's no risk, we don't need to protect ourselves -- no questions, no credit applications," said Robert A. Manghir, the company's president. "It's a great marriage. We're giving people service who couldn't get it, and that's wonderful -- and play the violins -- and we're making money at it, too." Telecommunications experts say they believe it is the first service of its kind in the country.

In the shadows of the recent deregulation of the telecommunications industry, with long-distance giants now racing into local markets, Microtel has quietly seized a head start on a sizable share of potential customers long ignored, largely because "Baby Bell" companies formed by the breakup of the AT&T monopoly, like Nynex, have not had a cost-effective way of providing service while also controlling risk. While some Baby Bells, like Bell Atlantic, have provided services like Microtel's, they have done so only on a limited basis. Microtel intends to make the service the heart of its business.

Using leased Nynex lines, the company sets up a switching system that connects customers to a central hub. Even though the phones are scattered in different locations, they are essentially extensions of the same system, much like the phones in a business office. Microtel then provides the long-distance service by buying millions of minutes of long-distance time from other carriers at wholesale prices and reselling the time to their phone parlors and home-phone customers.

The potential for the business is huge. As of November 1995, the Federal Communications Commission and the Census Bureau estimated that more than 350,000 homes in the New York metropolitan area, or nearly 12 percent, lacked telephone service. That is the highest percentage of any large metropolitan area in the country, the agencies found.

Nynex has a program called Life Line that allows elderly and welfare recipients to get phone service for almost no money, but many of the customers Microtel hopes to reach miss that safety net. They are largely ***working-class*** immigrant families from the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Pakistan, Bangladesh and India who are not on public assistance but who also cannot afford to pay deposits or erase a debt left on a phone by a previous user.

While their jobs are often tenuous and their income fluctuates, they also tend to spend much more on long-distance because many of their loved ones are in the countries they left behind.

"It's a nice, lucrative little niche if they can convince the people out there in this situation that they are reliable," said David J. Roddy, chief telecommunications economist for the accounting and consulting firm of Deloitte & Touche.

He added that the company was anticipating strategies that other local providers would probably take under deregulation, such as aiming at specific pockets of customers and offering nontraditional service and payment plans. "I think they're going to have plenty of competition before long," he said.

The company has signed up a little more than 1,000 customers since it began advertising the service late last year on radio, in Spanish-language newspapers and in fliers and banners proclaiming, "Todos Califican" or "Everybody Qualifies."

Microtel relies on small neighborhood businesses, like its own phone parlors or video stores or bodegas, to serve as agents, who enroll customers, collect their long-distance money and at the same time use the service as a magnet to draw more customers into their stores. On Sherman Avenue in Washington Heights, for example, Jose Caba, who has owned a clothing boutique for 17 years, runs the service out of his basement and has signed up several dozen longtime customers.

The company's sales strategy so far has been a mixture of brash car-lot hucksterism and carefully planned ethnic marketing -- Pakistani salesmen knocking on doors in heavily Pakistani Flushing, print ads tailored for Ecuadorean weeklies. In a move to solidify its credibility in Washington Heights, its most promising neighborhood, the company hired a businessman well respected in the Dominican community, Nelson Acosta, and recently promoted him to a vice presidency.

Mr. Manghir, whose mother, Faye, owns the company, dwells little on the social or cultural aspects, however. "You want dial tone?" he asked in a recent interview, going into one of his stock sales speeches. "We'll give it to you no questions asked, in the basement, the bathroom, the attic, one room, two rooms, three rooms, wherever you want it. Pay up front and call wherever you want. Pay your bills, or we'll shut it off. Simple as that."

Some consumer advocates are wary that the company will end up exploiting those it purports to help. "While it's good that at least someone is willing to come in to give them something, we think this is basically second-class service," said Robert Ceisler, executive director of the New York Citizens Utility Board. "And there's danger that profiteering companies are going to come in and try to take advantage of people just because they have trouble getting a phone."

But the company appears to be gaining popularity in the neighborhoods it serves. Its long-distance rates are sometimes better than those of bigger carriers -- 65 cents a minute to Colombia, compared with 74 cents with MCI or about 81 cents from AT&T, for example. "I'm telling everybody to sign up," said Mr. Ramos, the 29-year-old livery driver from Washington Heights, who added that he does not mind that he has to hand over the money before he calls his mother in Santo Domingo.

"It's a good idea for people with only so much money: I can only talk what I can pay," he said. "My sister has had her phone cut off twice because she talks too much and then she can't pay. She gets on and just can't hang up."

Agustin Garcia, president of the Dominican Chamber of Commerce of New York, had a line installed in his headquarters in Washington Heights in January and his staff uses it frequently to call Santo Domingo, he said.

"There has been a vacuum in phone service in this community for a long time," Mr. Garcia said. "Anyone who comes here and provides an alternative to New York Telephone and speaks to us in our own language is going to be welcomed with open arms."

**Load-Date:** March 18, 1996

**End of Document**



[***As Plant Closing Looms, an Enclave Splinters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-56N0-0005-G0BK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 31, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 36;  Column 1;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1403 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

By JOSEPH BERGER

**Dateline:** LIVINGSTON MANOR, N.Y.

**Body**

In the mid-1980's, Mirta DeJesus and her two sisters traveled up from Puerto Rico to find work in this Catskills village's chief industry: a plant that processes 40,000 kosher chickens a day.

They became part of an enclave of Puerto Ricans, Salvadorans and Hondurans that is conspicuous in this trout-fishing countryside streaked with craggy hills and swift, silvery streams and populated largely by poor and ***working-class*** white people. The Hispanic enclave is so settled that the local market, Peck's, carries yucca root, frozen platanos, or fried bananas, and frozen arroz con pollo, or rice and chicken.

But the colony's days are numbered and the three DeJesus sisters, their husbands and children are reconciling themselves to the likelihood that their family circle will soon splinter, its members dispersing as far as Puerto Rico and Indianapolis with no certain prospects for work.

The reason they and almost every Hispanic family here are being uprooted is the closing of the chicken plant.

More than 250 workers who pluck feathers and gut, wash and salt chickens and turkeys as 70 birds a minute speed along an assembly line will lose their jobs at the end of April after the plant has met the demand for Passover seders. While the plant employs Jewish slaughterers and ritual supervisors who ensure that the work complies with Jewish dietary laws, the bulk of the workers are Hispanic, including former migrant workers who had given up the nomadic life of following harvests from Texas to New York.

"Some of them will go home, some of them will fall into the welfare system, some will find other jobs," said Jo Diescher, vice chairman of the Community Action Coalition to Help the Economy, based in nearby Liberty.

But finding jobs in a depressed region will not be easy, she says. And migration will hurt children who in many cases have thrived in English-speaking schools and grown fond of mainland mores and their friends. Of Livingston Manor's 4,096 residents, 186 are Hispanic. Other workers are bused in from Hispanic enclaves in Liberty and South Fallsburg.

The factory is being closed by Conagra Inc., the Omaha-based food giant which had 1995 sales of $24 billion. Conagra, which markets Armour bacon and Wesson oil, has in recent years seized on the kosher food business for growth, acquiring the Mogen David, Zion and Isaac Gellis brands as well as the chicken plant's owner, National Foods, the company best known for Hebrew National hot dogs but also the nation's second largest producer of kosher chicken, after Empire Kosher Poultry.

A Conagra spokesman, K.T. Miller, said the company does not see a profit in sustaining the 57-year-old plant, a maze of connected shed-like buildings. Workers say the plant's roof is leaking and a Federal inspector gave the owner 60 days to put in a new one.

Elton Harris, Supervisor of the town of Rockland, which embraces Livingston Manor, thinks the decline of Sullivan County's chicken farms is another factor. National Foods' chickens are raised five hours away in Pennsylvania and the expense of trucking them adds to the already steep price of kosher chickens. The chickens packed here carry Falls and Galil labels and go out to supermarket counters from Baltimore to Buffalo.

There is a local effort to find a replacement chicken processor, but it will not be easy, said Gerald Skoda, executive director of the Cornell Cooperative Extension Service of Sullivan County.

"Kosher is a different world," he said. "You could run a Frank Perdue plant successfully and go bust here. The first thing you've got to do is keep the rabbis happy, and they're as demanding as Federal meat inspectors."

The three DeJesus sisters stopped working at the plant years ago to raise children, but two of their husbands still work there and will be displaced.

"They work hard, they work long hours, but they got the money to pay the rent," says Mirta DeJesus, 36.

She will probably return to Puerto Rico because her husband, Angel Rodriguez, shop steward at the unionized plant, thinks family members in his native village near Ponce can find him a job. Her sister, Haydee, 32, must contemplate a new life for herself, her husband, Juan Reyes, and their two children in Indianapolis, where there is a Conagra chicken plant to which workers like Mr. Reyes have been invited to transfer.

Iris, 50, the oldest sister, would like to return to Puerto Rico to live with her mother. But her husband, Abraham Rodriguez, who worked nine years at the plant, was disabled last year with diabetes and high blood pressure. Her bull-shouldered 16-year-old son, Angel, does not want to go, having spent practically his whole life among English speakers and cultivating the mainland passion for football. He is an offensive guard on the Livingston Manor high school team.

Mirta DeJesus has liked Livingston Manor, a pleasingly ramshackle village set in a bowl of hills.

"It's peaceful," she said. "You don't see people fighting."

Her five-room, $219-a-month subsidized apartment has the hard-won touches of permanence: a video recorder, a microwave, a coffee table packed with porcelain figurines, pots of trailing philodendron. The walls are studded with the earnest faces of her children in school photographs. On one wall are three soccer medals her daughters won in the league the county set up because of the Hispanic presence.

Mrs. DeJesus likes the school across the road, where her daughter, Keyla, 10, got "excellents" in mathematics and social studies on her last report card.

Her husband, Angel, a brawny man with thick workman's fingers whom she met while working at the plant in 1983, hates the biting Catskills winters, but loves the crisp summers and the chance for barbecues at nearby state parks.

No doubt, the 12 years at the factory have been hard. When he worked the assembly line, dressed in a heavy apron and thick blue rubber boots, he would stand on a cold, wet floor and work with machines that have been known to slice off a finger. There was only a 10-minute bathroom break every two hours. The bustling Passover season requires 12-hour days and work on Sundays, which means missing Mass.

With pay starting at $4.45 an hour, these are jobs that few people even in the depressed Catskills seem to crave, even if management gives out two chickens a week as a bonus.

But now Mr. Rodriguez is loading chickens onto trucks, a slower-paced job, and he would have liked to stay on.

Not that his family's stay has been trouble-free. Although most people have been friendly, Mrs. DeJesus says she has occasionally felt the sting of discrimination. "It's ignorance,' she said. "People don't understand. We went to the library. One lady said, 'You jerk.' I said, 'I don't say nothing to you.' "

"The people were very prejudiced," says Sister Grace Therese Murray, a Bronx nun who teaches English classes to the Hispanic community in Livingston Manor. "They didn't want all these Hispanics here. But now they realize, 'Who's going to shop in the supermarket?' "

While Dr. Kenneth F. Gray, Superintendent of the Livingston Manor Central School District, says the Hispanic children, who make up 12 percent of the 775 students, do well, Ms. Diescher, a sociologist, says a third of the district's Hispanic students fail to graduate. She blames the district's refusal to establish a bilingual program.

"The children start to fail and that eats away at self-esteem and they start making friends with people who are failing," she said.

Not all the displaced people are Hispanic. Daniele Edwards, 36, may also be uprooted from the area where she has spent most of her life because her boyfriend is losing his plant job.

"We got families too, the whites and the blacks," said Ms. Edwards, who is white. "The work may be hard but the money is clean. I don't have to sell drugs to put food on the table. I haven't been on welfare for over two years."

But her leaving will not change the area's character much. The Hispanic workers' leaving will.

Richard Robinson, manager of Peck's Market, figures he will lose up to $5,000 a week in business and trim back what he calls his "Goya section," the shelves stocking Hispanic products. He hopes some laid-off workers will stay on because, he says, their enclave makes Livingston Manor different from, say, neighboring Roscoe, the trout-fishing haven that Mr. Robinson calls "all American, Marine, short-hair country."

"It adds a lot of flavor to our community," he said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Mirta DeJesus, with her daughters, Maria, Keyla and Franchesca, will probably return to Puerto Rico when the plant closes. Haydee DeJesus and her daughter, Jessenia, plan to move to Indianapolis, where her husband has been asked to work at another chicken plant. (Photographs by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 31, 1996

**End of Document**



[***TRADITIONAL DEMOCRATIC COALITION IS SLOW TO REBUILD***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-CRB0-000B-Y2X0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 1980, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 7, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1123 words

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

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 24

**Body**

Traditional Democrats are starting to come home to their party as the Presidential election approaches, according to political analysts and public opinion surveys. But the support for President Carter is so unenthusiastic that the mood of this family in-gathering is more like a wake than a wedding. Moreover, long-range social and economic changes have loosened the bonds of party loyalty for many.

Therefore, political analysts of both parties agree that whether enough Democrats will return to the fold to re-elect the President on Nov. 4 remains highly uncertain. As one Democrat official here put it: ''I think the coalition is still there, but it's dissipating. There's much lower intensity than before.''

AN-A

Mr. Reagan has campaigned vigorously for traditional Democratic votes, and the latest New York Times/CBS poll shows Mr. Carter lagging behind his 1976 performance among every group of the old Democratic coalition except blacks.

Among party members generally, Mr. Carter received support from 62 percent, as against 80 percent four years ago. Only 46 percent of the liberals backed the President, according to the poll, down from 74 percent; among Roman Catholics, Mr. Carter was running 18 percentage points behind; among blue-collar workers, he was off 17 points, and among union members, there was a 12-point decline.

First Assembled in 1932

The wide-ranging Democratic coalition was first assembled by Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932 ,but currents of change run deep throughout the electorate, and Philadelphia is a good place to study their effects. This city includes every key element in the coalition and has historically provided the margin of victory for successful Democratic candidates in the state.

Richard Scammon, the noted election analyst, said that tradition was still the most important factor in American politics. He called October ''return of the natives month,'' and that return is clearly visible here in such neighborhoods as South Philadelpia, the heart of the city's Italian community. But the motivation is seen as anti-Reagan, not pro-Carter.

One returning native is Al DiFelice, a 40-year-old pipe fitter, a union man born in Italy. ''Early in the race I was for Reagan,'' said Mr. DiFelice, who was eating his lunch from a brown paper bag on a downtown street corner. ''And I still like some of his conserative views on government spending and abortion. But I switched over when the situation in the Middle East became explosive. I felt this wasn't a time to make a change.''

Change Desired, Disruption Feared

One of the paradoxes of this political year is that while many Americans say they want drastic change in Washington, they also fear disruptions, and that works to the advantage of the incumbent. ''We know what we have, but we don't know what't coming, and I'm not a gambler,'' said Florence Michaels, a bank teller, who is reluctantly leaning toward Mr. Carter. ''I have a son and wouldn't want him to go to war. That's a mother speaking.''

Another group that is rapidly returning to the Democratic family comprises liberals who supported Representative John B. Anderson, the independent candidate. ''I heard on the radio all thse things about how a vote for Anderson was a vote for Reagan,'' said Andrea Marks, an art student, who now backs Mr. Carter. ''Anderson's not going to win, and I'd be nervous if Reagan got in there.''

Some Jewish voters cite deep disillusionment with the President, but say they fear Mr. Reagan's alliance with fundamentalist Christian groups such as the Moral Majority. ''Most of my Jewish friends are reluctantly going back to Carter,'' said Steven Kitty, a lawyer. ''Anyone who comes along and says, there's only one way, and everybody else will go to hell, scares me as a Jew.''

Loyalty of Black Voters

The most loyal Democrats are black voters, in part because of a greater feeling of dependence on government services. ''I think Carter stands for the things that will benefit the ***working class*** and the poor class of people,'' said Leona Redding, a retired civil servant. ''Reagan seems to have the idea that government has nothing to do with the good of the people.''

Nevertheless, the Democrats face enormous problems in recreating their old power base, and one of the main threats to Mr. Carter is resentment of his economic policies among blacks who therefore might not vote.

Mr. Carter's policies seem to have aroused anger among almost every group: among unionists who don't like the unemployment rate, among Jews who don't like his friendships with Arab countries, among Catholics who want him to be more strongly against abortion. But the most serious threat to the traditional Democratic coalition comes from the changing nature of the voters themselves.

A generation ago, the Democratic organization in such cities as Philadelphia was rooted in ethnic neighborhoods and family ties, but growing mobility has shattered that network for good. ''I registered Democratic because a friend of mine was the committeeman,'' recalled Greg Mastro, a painter who grew up in South Phildelphia. ''But you move out of the ward, you get 10 years older, and you grow out of that.''

More importantly, these workers no longer think of themselves as poor, and no longer believe the Democrats always serve their interests.

'Not If You're a Working Man'

One Democrat who feels he cannot go home again is Albert Moretti, a carpenter, who said: ''The Democrats are better only if you're getting something for nothing, not if you're a working man. I have to make it on my own, regardless of who's in.''

The feelings behind these Democratic defections are best symbolized by Whitman Park, a low-income housing development now being built in an Italian neighborhood.

''You're talking about people who often work two jobs to pay their own mortgage,'' noted Ronald Donatucci, a party ward leader. ''Everyone would love to have a new house with no interest payments, like at Whitman Park. And when Reagan says he's going to limit the Federal Government, to support states rights, that's a green light to some people.''

Many of these blue-collar members of ethnic groups also feel that Mr. Carter has allowed the United States to lose its place in the world. ''The big thing on my mind is what Carter's doing with the hostages, which is nothing,'' said Adam Michaels, a teamster who is defecting from the Democrats. ''These two-bit countries are telling us what they want.''

So, as they go to the polls next week, many Democrats here will be asking the question posed by Fran Ambrose, who drives a moving truck. ''I usually voted Democratic,'' he said. ''I was raised in a lowerclass family, you might say, and it seems that the Democrats were more on our side. But now, who knows?''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: Photo of Philadelphia's Democrats

**End of Document**



[***A FOE OF BUCKLEY IS CONFIDENT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D620-000B-Y48V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 22, 1980, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1184 words

**Byline:** By MATTHEW L. WALD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WATERBURY, Conn.

**Body**

At the time State Senator Richard C. Bozzuto decided to chose a party, a political fever was sweeping his native Waterbury. The fever was to culminate in November 1960, when 20,000 people stood in the cold until 2 A.M. to hear John F. Kennedy speak.

''My brother Jimmy ran that,'' recalled Mr. Bozzuto recently, with a touch of pride. But it didn't sway him; Mr. Bozzuto enrolled as a Republican.

AN-A

A streak of independence is often obvious in Mr. Bozzuto, who has defied back-room warnings and predictions and now appears the likely victor in the battle for the United States Senate nomination at Saturday's Republican State Convention.

This is in spite of serious problems with money and name recognition that his rival, James L. Buckley, the former Conservative-Republican Senator from New York, does not face.

But Republican observers, some of whom wrote off the Bozzuto campaign when Mr. Buckley entered the race, now give the three-term State Senator a good chance in the primary that is likely to follow in September, even though Mr. Bozzuto has been outspent by Mr. Buckley by 7 to 1.

'You Have to Be an Optimist'

Under state law, a candidate winning 20 percent of the delegates at a convention may demand a primary. ''In this business you have to be an optimist,'' said Mr. Bozzuto, who leads the spirited and usually futile opposition of the 10 Republican State Senators against the Democratic majority of 26. He has been working hard for more than a year at what he jokingly calls ''the Lord's work,'' gaining a majority of the 934 delegates to the convention, a task he claimed this week to have completed.

''I've got convention,'' said Mr. Bozzuto, whose speech follows the common Connecticut practice of dropping the definite article. Diction is one of the most obvious characteristics that sets apart Mr. Bozzuto - a blunt speaker who is known in the state Capitol as a political slasher - from Mr. Buckley, whose pronouncements are equally forceful, but anglophilic in their refinement.

A deeper difference distinguishes Mr. Bozzuto from both Mr. Buckley, and Representative Christopher J. Dodd, who was unopposed for the Democratic nomination. The difference is a shoestring campaign that pictures him as a ***working-class*** candidate. Mr. Bozzuto has spent $100,000 on his campaign, compared to Mr. Buckley's $750,00 expenditure.

'I'm an Old Grocer'

And while the other contenders have substantial budgets for sophisticated direct mailings and will buy television and radio time, Mr. Bozzuto's campaign slogan appears most often on the sides of the delivery trucks of his brother's food distributorship.

''I'm an old grocer,'' said Mr. Bozzuto, describing at once his qualifications for negotiating political issues in the Senate and for understanding his constituency. ''I want to be one voice in that millionaire's club that says you don't have to be a millionaire,'' he tells an audience of factory workers.

Mr. Bozzuto, who declared in a financial statement that he earned $48,800 last year and owns a summer home in Maine, stressed in an interview that what the state needed to represent it in the United States Senate was ''one individual that just has an understanding of ordinary people, and individual who has to pay a mortgage, an individual who has to pay his kids' way through school and worry about where he's going to get the next monthly payment.''

Now the president of a small insurance company over a dentist's office on a Waterbury side street, Mr. Bozzuto freely describes the rigors of his Depression childhood working in the family food business. ''My father believed in the child labor laws, and he only had us work half a day - 12 hours,'' he said.

Stress on the Paycheck

Mr. Bozzuto tells audiences that while they may expect a Senate candidate to bombard them with his position on distant world events, what he wants to talk about is ''what's happening to your paycheck.''

According to Lewis B. Rome, Mr. Bozzuto's predecessor as head of the Senate Republicans, ''They're not thinking about what he would do on the Iranian issue. They're thinking, 'If we called him to talk about the Iranian issue, he'd talk to us. He's one of us.' ''

Mr. Bozzuto has other advantages in winning delegates; he is the beneficiary of some backlash against Mr. Buckley for claiming Sharon, Conn., as his home, after six years of representing New York.

That resentment was strong enough at the end of the last legislative session - a traditional time for humor in the State Senate - for Mr. Bozzuto's colleagues to present him with a T-shirt that said on the front: ''Buckley for Senate,'' but on the back ''in New York.''

''He's been involved in state politics for years,'' said Gerald R. Stevens, former leader of the Republicans in the state's House of Representatives, who endorsed Mr. Bozzuto a month ago. Mr. Bozzuto has known many of the delegates ''since they were running for first selectman or judge of probate. He's been speaking at their chicken dinners. People remember that.''

A Taste for Combat

In fact, Mr. Bozzuto entered politics in the late 1950's as a nonpartisan member of a commission to study local government in Watertown, a suburb of Waterbury where he lives with his wife, Angela. He later served as Republican town chairman and a member of the Watertown town council, and was first elected to the State Senate in 1972. His name has been mentioned as a candidate for other offices, most recently state chairman.

Another help in this campaign is being a member of the politically dominant ethnic group. Turning down a formal lectern at a recent appearance, he told the audience, ''I'm Italian, and I need to use my hands and feet to be able to talk.''

But all the approachability and understanding overlie a taste for political combat, usually with the opposing party, occasionally with his own.

''You can't count on him being a party vote on all issues,'' said Mr. Rome, adding that for reasons of conscience, ''Dick goes his own way.''

Support for Equal Rights

In the current campaign, Mr. Bozzuto, although an early Reagan backer, has repeatedly stressed his support for the Equal Rights Amendment. While a conservative on many issues, he has said that the state should not forbid abortion.

A supporter of the free market, he assailed his opponent for precluding a Chrysler-type bailout if a Connecticut company were to need help, and has called for temporary Federal aid for the auto industry.

''Sometimes we have to hold our own economic philosophy in abeyance to right the Americaan economy,'' he said As in the State Senate, on this campaign he has not shied from political attacks on those he disagrees with, whether or not their positions are immediately germane. For example, in a recent speech in Waterbury, which is in the Fifth Congressional District, Mr. Bozzuto castigated Toby Moffett, a Democratic Representative from the Sixth District. Why?

''He is one of the big phonies in the Congress, and that's got to be exposed,'' he said. Then, noting that the Waterbury newspapers circulate into the Sixth District, he added, ''Besides, it's good for press coverage.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Sen. Bozzuto

**End of Document**



[***WEEKENDER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NY80-0038-D102-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 22, 1990, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 3; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1330 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD F. SHEPARD

**Body**

Friday

ALL ABOARD

The fleet's in! Fifteen Navy and Coast Guard ships have come to New York Harbor to celebrate of the third annual Fleet Week and the bicentennial of the United States Coast Guard. There will be shipboard open house for landlubbers from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. today through Sunday. The Eagle, the handsome Coast Guard training ship, will be at the South Street Seaport, and the aircraft carrier John F. Kennedy and other vessels will be at the Manhattan Passenger Ship Terminal, 12th Avenue between 46th and 52d Streets. Other visiting berths are Pier 7 in Brooklyn Heights; the Naval Station at Stapleton, S.I., and - tomorrow and Sunday - Governors Island, which may be reached by ferry from Whitehall Street. At 10 A.M. all three days, Navy divers will demonstrate their skills at Pier 86 (West 46th Street), alongside the Intrepid Museum. All events are free. Complete information: 912-0813.

STANWYCK AND ROBINSON

Barbara Stanwyck was no glamour queen and Edward G. Robinson no matinee idol, and neither won an Academy Award (although Stanwyck was given an honorary Oscar in 1982). Hollywood royalty nonetheless, they appeared in 80 movies between them, including three together. This is the stuff that retrospectives are made on, which is exactly what is under way at the Biograph Cinema, 225 West 57th Street (582-4582), through Aug. 11. The bill today and tomorrow exemplifies the sort of tensions they often enacted. In ''Sorry, Wrong Number''(1948), with Burt Lancaster and Wendell Corey, Stanwyck played an invalid who intercepts a plot for her own murder; Anatole Litvak directed this screen version of a radio play that starred Agnes Moorehead. Screenings are at 12:45, 4:20 and 7:55 P.M. Under Fritz Lang's direction, Robinson portrayed a college professor whose flirtation leads to murder in ''The Woman in the Window'' (1945), at 2:25, 6 and 9:35 P.M. Admission is $6.50 for each show, or $25 for five shows; admission for the elderly is $4 Monday through Friday until 5 P.M.

THE ART OF CRAFTS

It helps, of course, if you admire crafts, but even if you want just scenery, a visit to Crafts at Rhinebeck, today through Sunday, would make pleasant viewing. The event, returning for its seventh year at the Dutchess County Fairgrounds, on Route 9 in scenic Rhinebeck, is in a region dotted with historic homes and walking trails. But crafts are foremost, represented by more than 300 artisans whose handiwork appears in ceramics, stained glass, wood, jewelry, leather, weaving, fine art and photography that will fill the fairground's five large halls. For the first time, a full-service restaurant is available, in addition to snacking stops for those on the run. Open today from noon to 6 P.M., tomorrow and Sunday, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Admission: $4 ($3 today only); under 6, free. Free parking. Information: (914) 876-4001.

Saturday

NEPTUNE AND MERMAIDS

Coney Island, the city's summer resort by the sea, celebrates the official advent of its season with the eighth annual Mermaid Parade and associated hoopla, tomorrow at 2 P.M. Coney may not be what it used to be, but the Atlantic Ocean is still there, the pitchmen and the rides are still there, and so are echoes of a raffish past. Coney Island U.S.A., a theater and museum, is organizing the procession, which in an access of eccentricity plans to put in line of march the Shriners Pyramid Oriental Band, golf carts, the Antique Auto Association of Brooklyn, an Army band and a 25-foot-long, 14-foot-high mermaid puppet. Activities include a sand castle contest and, at 4 P.M., a greeting to the summer solstice by King Neptune, attended by musicians, the Queen Mermaid, politicians and fruit-bearers. The parade starts at 2 P.M. from Steeplechase Park, today a grassy plain at Surf Avenue and West 17th Street, with only the Parachute Jump tower as a reminder of livelier days, and will cover three miles to West Fifth Street, circling the Aquarium and returning along the Boardwalk. Information: (718) 372-5159.

THE FAR EAST SIDE

The East 70's of Manhattan cannot be called a melting pot because there wealth and poverty mix almost not at all. But it is a treat for the architectural explorer, and one expert guide, Gerard R. Wolfe, will lead a trek through the far East 70's tomorrow, starting at 1 P.M. from the southeast corner of 79th Street and York Avenue. During a two-and-a-half-hour walk, participants will see the City & Suburban Homes Company's York Avenue Estate, a model tenement experiment of the early 1900's that tried to provide decent ***working-class*** housing with 1,300 apartments in 14 buildings. The tour will also visit John Jay Park along the East River, the 19th-century Public School 158 at York Avenue and 77th Street, the Webster Branch of the New York Public Library and the Shively Sanitary Tenements - also known as the Cherokee Apartments - built for families of tuberculosis victims. Admission to the tour, which goes rain or shine, is $12, a tax-deductible contribution for the Friends of the Upper East Side Historic Districts. Information: 744-3958.

MUSIC AT DAMROSCH PARK

Summer in New York means music al fresco - concerts on the sidewalks, in the parks, on the square and on the run. One harbinger of the season is the Naumburg Orchestra, which has been making summertime music for 84 years and returns for an 85th tomorrow at 8 P.M. The venue is, appropriately, the Damrosch Park Band Shell at Lincoln Center, between 63d Street and the south wall of the Metropolitan Opera House. Under the direction of Jens Nygaard, the orchestra will perform Baroque and Classical works, with the hornist Phil Myers as soloist in Mozart's Concerto No. 4. This is one of two concerts the Naumburg will offer this season; the second will be on Sept. 1. Admission is free. Information: 799-1259.

URBI ET ORBI

Most of New York's traditions came from elsewhere, and tomorrow from 1 to 7 P.M., City Lore, which delights in preserving and demonstrating the city's cultural heritage, camps out in Central Park in the tradition of recently arrived New Yorkers. In the Rumsey Playfield, near the park's East 72nd Street entrance, will be Korean drum dancing and farmers' music, dance and music from North India, Andean melodies, Russian balalaikas, Dominican merengue and the Immigrant Theater Project. In a crafts tent may be seen experts making Cambodian crowns and masks; tie-dye styles of Gambia and Senegal; Afghan rugs; Bolivian pan-pipes; ritual floor decoration from India and Korean calligraphy. All free. Information: 529-1955.

Sunday

FERRIES FOR THE FUTURE

Most of Manhattan's ferries disappeared long ago, but James Kaplan, a lawyer and aficionado of New York's power, past and present, believes that ferries are the future of transportation. On Sunday, Mr. Kaplan opens a five-piece Ferry Renaissance Series sponsored by the 92d Street Y. The first tour (three of the others will be led by John Tauranac, an urban and architectural historian) assembles at 1 P.M. at the southwest corner of Fulton and Water Streets, near the entrance to South Street Seaport. From there it will work its way to a voyage on the Staten Island ferry. Admission to this tour is $12. Information: 996-1100.

THE BLOOMS OF SUMMER

Old Westbury Gardens on Long Island is not only an official historic place; it is also a pretty place, especially at this time of year, when it glows with roses, peonies, geraniums, rhododendrons, poppies, foxgloves and other colorful breeds. There is a picnic area, and snacks are available for flora sniffers. On Sunday at 2:30 P.M. there will be a concert of music by Beethoven, Paganini, Grieg and Corelli-Kreisler, performed by Eleanore T. Kim, a 13-year-old violinist, and Mary Ann Brown, a pianist. Seating in the house's Red Ballroom is on a first-come-first-served basis. Open Wednesdays through Sundays from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. The $7.50 admission to Old Westbury Gardens ($3.50 for those over 65; $2.50 for those under 12) includes the concert. Information: (516) 333-0048.

**End of Document**



[***Fame Finds Him***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:803K-8X20-Y8TC-S1T3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 5, 2010 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2010 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Column 0; House & Home/Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2296 words

**Byline:** By KIM SEVERSON

**Body**

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.

FEW people here would argue that Arkansas has a fancier resident than P. Allen Smith.

Sure, former President Bill Clinton has the name recognition, but is he a fellow in the Royal Horticultural Society?

Does he own a 650-acre estate punctuated with 175,000 daffodils and a spectacular, three-story camera-ready Greek Revival retreat?

Does he have the highlighted blond hair, a growing middle America fan base and an upcoming line of branded holiday wreaths and spice rubs?

No, Mr. Clinton does not.

Still, Mr. Smith might well be the most famous tastemaker you've never heard of. The son of a ***working-class*** widow, he grew up with 4-H chickens and a job in the family shrub shop, then managed to turn himself into the Martha Stewart of the South.

Here, everyone in town seems to know him. People say hello with an easy familiarity. Sure, there are those who will tell you his fame has gone to his head, but his fans don't agree.

''He comes across as someone we could relate to,'' said Yingling Dewitt, who along with his wife, Debbie, watches Mr. Smith's national public television series, ''P. Allen Smith's Garden Home.'' ''It's kind of like talking to your neighbor who can tell you what's working for him and what isn't.''

Yet despite the quarter-million gardening books in print, two TV shows and 100,000 e-newsletter subscribers, the name P. Allen Smith can draw a blank among a certain slice of the garden and design crowd.

''Don't you think if he had moved to the Hamptons or Napa he would have had a different career path?'' asked Lauren Shakely, senior vice president and publisher at Clarkson Potter, who signed the self-described hillbilly boy to a contract that has now run to six books and made him the company's star gardening author.

But Mr. Smith, nearing 50 and about to introduce a line of products and his first cookbook, will never leave Arkansas. Although his brand is carefully designed to be universal and accessible no matter where his customers might live, Arkansas is the well from which he draws his inspiration and his power.

''I think sometimes the best perspective is from the periphery,'' he said during a walk through his Moss Mountain Farm, a stunning estate overlooking the Arkansas River a half-hour drive from Little Rock. He bought the land five years ago and has since built an environmentally friendly homestead surrounded by acres of gardens and livestock whose main structure was built to mimic an 1840s farmhouse. ''Here we are in the middle of nowhere Arkansas and we're doing something remarkable because we embrace the local vibe and we're connected to the land and the people around us,'' he said.

Even when he was shopping for a New York publisher a decade ago, he refused to do business with anyone who didn't first visit him in Little Rock. Still, the publishers came. They were seduced as much by the charmer who made sure their hotel rooms were filled with peonies as with the erudite designer who could articulate what was a new concept at the time: a garden filled with distinct areas, or outdoor rooms.

Mr. Smith believes a house is an archetype for the soul, and should have a balanced living environment with inner and outer aesthetics connected by a seamless transition.

Of course, that may not translate to the average gardener in Columbus, Ohio. So he simplifies the message, offering beauty with instant accessibility. The garden home can be yours with a few simple principles and techniques, the centerpiece of which is creative use of containers.

Off camera, Mr. Smith's world is a tightly orchestrated one, with smooth lines and little room for improvisation. Not even a few dead flies or a poorly parked car escape his attention.

Most of his staff, which he said numbers about 45, wear the uniform: navy P. Allen Smith logo shirts and khakis. They are spread over three arms of the empire. Hortus Ltd., his media company, produces his Web site, books and his two TV shows, which collectively are broadcast in 180 markets.

He also owns a design company. His real estate company handles the Moss Mountain Farm, which his brother, Christopher Smith, runs.

Sponsorships, partnerships and endorsements pay a lot of the bills.

Everywhere are brand-name materials provided by a plethora of companies. Tomatoes are grown from Ferry-Morse Seed Company seeds. Shows about fabrics for the garden are sponsored by Sunbrella, whose fabrics cover the furniture in the screened sleeping porch upstairs. He has been a paid spokesman for Flower Fields and now is a partner with Proven Winners, the largest plant company in North America.

He swears he would not use a product he doesn't love.

''This is my home,'' he said, incredulous that someone might suggest that his love for a product might grow with the size of a check. His home may be a business, but it is also a cocoon for the country boy in madras shorts who has always been more taken with painting watercolors than watching Razorback football.

That's not to say he doesn't know his way around hard, dirty work. He spent his earliest years on a farm in the Cumberland Plateau in Tennessee, where his father was raised. He was an enthusiastic 4-H kid from the start, and those memories are among his most profound, he said.

When he was 12, he moved with his parents and three younger siblings to Little Rock. His father had new work, and his mother's family lived there.

Young Allen had to leave behind his horses and cows, but he was allowed to take his 100-egg Sears incubator. To battle the homesickness, he started raising a few chickens and planted a garden.

During the move, his father hurt his back and needed surgery. On a cold March day not a full week after Mr. Smith's 13th birthday, his father was recovering on the couch when a blood clot worked its way into his lungs. The boy came home from school to learn his father was dead.

Mr. Smith's mother, who was considered as much of a bargain-hunter and go-getter as her son would turn out to be, was left with four children under 14 and an insurance policy that proved worthless.

''We grew up poor as Job's turkey,'' he said, ''though we didn't know we didn't have any money.''

He dug even deeper into his garden, expanding the plot and raising old-fashioned breeds of poultry.

''That was my little world,'' he said. ''That was what I could understand.''

He still has a special place in his heart for the old breeds of turkeys and chickens. ''They saved me,'' he said.

That's why in late July, Mr. Smith hosted a sit-down dinner for 175 on a newly poured outdoor patio at the estate to benefit The Oxford American, a Southern literary magazine based in Conway, Ark., but also a fledgling group called the Heritage Poultry Conservancy, which is working to preserve slow-growing breeds like Plymouth Rocks and Silver Laced Wyandottes.

''I'm helping them because they helped me,'' he said. Like almost everything Mr. Smith does now, the benefit was staged, filmed and photographed and will be rolled into a new show he is producing to support his forthcoming cookbook, ''P. Allen Smith's Seasonal Recipes From the Garden,'' of which 40,000 copies are being printed.

Still, he professes to be an introvert and not at all interested in being on television.

''I've never been one to try to make a splash,'' he said. ''We just do what we do and carry on. Our mission is to help people live better. Being on top doesn't mean anything.''

Yet, he has methodically pursued fame as a way to build his garden empire. The path to his stardom began soon after he secured his bachelor's degree from Hendrix College in Conway, Ark., and took off for England to study garden design at the University of Manchester. His mix of Southern charm, intelligence and the ability to tell a great story endeared him to gardening royalty.

''Cornbread goes to England,'' he said.

He met the 10th Viscount Desmond Ashbrook while he was wandering around the family's garden estate in Cheshire. He became fast friends with Lady Elizabeth Ashbrook, who would later write a foreword to his first book, ''P. Allen Smith's Garden Home.''

Back home in Little Rock, he started designing gardens and giving workshops at a nursery and garden center his mother had bought. That led to a regular appearance on a local radio show, which led him to pitch a series of free, short gardening tips to a local television station in 1989.

Dale Nicholson, chairman of Little Rock television station KATV and the man who approved the project, didn't think the public would be interested in watching a show about plants and gardens. Still, he let them on the air.

''I thought it would go away,'' he said. ''I was wrong. He got a break and he ran with it.''

A wealthy Little Rock couple, Gloria and Gaston Gibson, helped Mr. Smith start a production company, and soon he had his 90-second gardening segments on the Weather Channel. That led to a syndicated show in 2000, ''P. Allen Smith's Gardens,'' largely shot at his historic Little Rock home, the first property he bought and embellished with a series of garden rooms. He still owns it and divides his time between the two places.

That show led to a public television show, ''P. Allen Smith's Garden Home,'' named after his first book. He is also a regular on the ''Today'' show.

Mr. Smith's brand has always been based on an appealing aesthetic that is oddly placeless. His new home, whose construction television viewers followed board by board over the last couple of years, has an unchallenging Pottery Barn appeal mixed with the sensibility of a thoughtful curator who knows good art and quality materials.

Stone steps are cut from an Arkansas quarry, the kitchen marble from Vermont. Upholstered modern furniture and chrome lights share space with a towering corner cabinet with original glazing that was built a couple of years before George Washington died and a bed that was once owned by Arkansas's first United States senator.

''It was designed to look very much like Every Home,'' said Ward Lile, a longtime friend who joined the business in 2000 and is now creative director of the design company. ''Everything has to be very American, except Allen's accent.''

His appeal is broad enough to welcome a range of customers, from urban gay men to married suburban women.

''I used to say: 'Honey, come watch. My boyfriend's on TV,' '' said Liz Rowan, who paid $300 to attend the fund-raising dinner with her husband, Zack, and credits her container garden and herbs to Mr. Smith.

''I love them all,'' said Mr. Smith, who lives alone and prefers to take the opposite tack of Ellen DeGeneres when it comes to talking about his personal life.

Although he can be goofy enough to leave voice messages approximating cartoon characters, Mr. Smith has a deep well of spirituality. It is based on readings by authors like Joseph Campbell and began in the late 1990s with a series of deaths. First he lost his grandmother, then his beloved benefactor Gloria Gaston, and then his mother.

''Rather than fold my hands and say I can't go on and fall into a depression, it ushered in a new period of clarity,'' he said.

It helped articulate what Mr. Smith said he has always known about himself: he is guided by something greater than himself. Like a garden, it just needed to be cultivated.

That cultivation had led to an expansion of the brand that includes a new product line. First up, a holiday collection with wreaths and centerpieces to be sold online and at garden centers, then bags of 50 bulbs. In August, there will be blueberry bushes.

''Blueberries are hot,'' said Mimi San Pedro, the intense chief operating and marketing officer who joined the entourage a year ago when Mr. Smith realized he needed a strong corporate hand to run things.

And, because he wants to expand his domain to the kitchen, he is developing a line of rubs and other food products based on produce from the garden.

Mr. Smith's pace is nearly intolerable, although he doesn't make it seem that way at all. He bounds out of bed like a golden retriever puppy at 5 a.m. He likes to pad out to his studio to paint (his drawings of American vegetables will be at Sotheby's later this fall) and to think.

The rest of the day, which usually ends with wine and an early bedtime, is crammed with meetings and media shoots and the relentless noting of things around the empire that need to be fixed.

''I want them out of the ground today,'' he said into the cellphone during a stroll through a carrot patch.

''Is this your can?'' he asked, pointing to a crushed Dr Pepper receptacle left by a thirsty local teenage boy whose summer job involved vacuuming the art studio.

But Mr. Smith does not see himself as the Martha Stewart of the South, Moss Mountain his Turkey Hill. He knows Ms. Stewart and admires her, but his approach is different.

''I'm like, 'Here's your crayons, go pick your colors and you probably have something else laying around you could use, too,' '' he said. ''She's already picked out your colors for you and that's it.''

Still, they share a perfectionism that will not be denied.

Consider the fund-raising dinner, which promised to feature dishes from heritage poultry raised at the farm and more than 50 heirloom tomato varieties grown there.

But in the weeks before the party, hundreds of new birds had to be shipped in to replace the original flock, which had to be killed after the birds were threatened by a fast-spreading disease. The chicken meat for dinner was brought in from the same Kansas ranchers who sent him the live birds.

And it was clear the farm was not going to be able to produce enough tomatoes for the dinner, which was billed as an heirloom tomato festival. He bought them from surrounding farms.

But that night, as the last of the fireworks faded, it all looked perfect. As perfect as the TV show Mr. Smith was still shooting in the studio.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: IN HIS ELEMENT: P. Allen Smith, author of gardening and home-entertaining books and host of his own public television series, lives on a 650-acre estate called Moss Mountain Farm, a half-hour from Little Rock, Ark. ''He comes across as someone we could relate to,'' a neighbor says. (D1)

HOME SOIL: The porch on the main house of P. Allen Smith's estate. ''Here we are in the middle of nowhere Arkansas and we're doing something remarkable because we embrace the local vibe and we're connected to the land and the people around us,'' he said. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT RAUSCH FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

HELPING HENS: Mr. Smith hosted a sit-down dinner for 175 on a newly poured patio at the estate to benefit a literary magazine and a group working to preserve poultry breeds like Plymouth Rocks. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DONNA EVANS/HORTUS LTD.) (D4)

BOUNTIFUL: The grounds of the Smith estate include more than 175,000 daffodils and 50 varieties of heirloom tomatoes.

ARTFUL: A garden at Moss Mountain. Mr. Smith believes a house is an archetype for the soul.

SEEDS SOWN EARLY: Mr. Smith's environmentally friendly homestead is surrounded by acres of gardens and livestock. When he was 12 his family moved to Little Rock and he started raising a few chickens and planted a garden.

PROVENANCE: The kitchen countertops are made out of marble from Vermont.

FOUR POSTER WITH A PAST: The bed in the master bedroom was owned at one time by Arkansas's first United States senator. ''Everything has to be very American,'' says the creative director of Mr. Smith's design company.

CRAYON COLORS: A guest room, above, ready for relatives or friends. Right, a hat gives a statue a quirky touch. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT RAUSCH FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (D5)

**Load-Date:** August 5, 2010

**End of Document**



[***Pastor Is Under Fire for Work on Sex Abuse Cases - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D6G-DMN0-TW8F-G1VP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 29, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 29; Fissures in a Grand Church

**Length:** 1746 words

**Byline:** By PATRICK HEALY

**Dateline:** OYSTER BAY, N.Y.

**Body**

St. Dominic's Roman Catholic Church sits like a crown on a steep hill overlooking this old Gold Coast hamlet. Perched at the highest point in town, its chapel is a century-old edifice of granite and stained glass where billionaire moguls and Wall Street financiers worship alongside hairdressers and immigrant cooks.

But right now, many members of the 3,000-family congregation say St. Dominic's is a church divided. Different factions attend different Masses. Old friendships are strained. When the service pauses for parishioners to embrace one another as a sign of peace, some avoid shaking certain hands, said Rich Cieciuch, a longtime parishioner and cantor at the 9 a.m. Sunday Mass.

The question that has split the church, already scarred and scandalized by allegations of abuse against five parish priests, is whether or not the pastor, Msgr. John A. Alesandro, who has been at St. Dominic's for two years, should continue to serve.

There is broad agreement that on one side are more than 300 parishioners who are critical of Monsignor Alesandro, 63, especially of his past tenure as a member of a three-person team that reviewed and dealt with allegations of sexual abuse by priests within the Diocese of Rockville Centre, which oversees Long Island's Roman Catholic churches. In interviews, more than a dozen of the monsignor's critics said the team had not dealt forcefully enough with abusive priests during the time the monsignor served on it, during much of the 1990's, and had not been supportive enough of those who complained of abuse. They want him to leave the parish.

Diocesan officials and hundreds of other parishioners support the monsignor, who has not been accused of any wrongdoing. Monsignor Alesandro himself said he would not resign under pressure from what he called ''an organized opposition group.''

One church member, Frank Ingrassia, described the situation by saying, ''This is a badly divided parish.''

Experts in American Catholicism say the dispute is a microcosm of a larger power struggle that has grown out of the sex-abuse scandals that have rocked the Catholic Church. Lay Catholics across the country are trying to take more control in their parishes while church officials, citing tradition and hierarchy, often refuse to yield it.

It is a young movement with few successes, and Paul F. Lakeland, a professor at Fairfield University in Connecticut who studies Catholic laity, said he knew of no other church like St. Dominic's where the laity are rising up to oust a pastor. ''The bishops and pastors are not used to dealing with this,'' Mr. Lakeland said. ''The laity are realizing their responsibility as adults.''

The move to remove Monsignor Alesandro has adopted a populist tinge. Some parishioners say the pastor should attend an open meeting to explain his work on the abuse panel.

Others, like Robert Quinn, would like to vote on whether to keep the monsignor; Mr. Quinn would like to see him leave. ''Why should we just be dumb sheep?'' he said. ''This isn't their church. It's our church. It's everybody's church. Why shouldn't we have a say in who our pastor is?''

Several parishioners said Monsignor Alesandro could leave quietly and honorably if he sought a promotion and moved elsewhere in the diocese, but he dismissed that suggestion as ''highly inappropriate.''

Monsignor Alesandro has met with groups of parishioners, but he said a churchwide meeting would be angry, emotional and counterproductive. He defended himself in a homily, and in an open letter to the parish, and, he said, he is tired of the issue.

''It's distracting,'' he said. ''It diverts energy and time from conversations that are building up the parish. My focus is not on this group. This is not the future of my parish. I refuse to fight back at them.''

For all its current troubles, this storied church has a flawless veneer.

It sits on six tree-dappled acres on the crest of Burtis Hill overlooking Oyster Bay. Its neo-Gothic granite chapel sits across the street from a sleeker, more modern church building, and historic homes have been converted to its offices and rectory.

Though the church draws ***working-class*** worshipers and recent immigrants, many members are boldface names in New York business. There's Charles Dolan, the Cablevision mogul; Charles B. Wang, the founder of Computer Associates and owner of the Islanders hockey team; Peter Quick, president of the American Stock Exchange; and the Sbarro family, of pizza-chain fame.

Partners at major Manhattan law firms, Goldman-Sachs bankers and Wall Street executives also attend.

''I looked at St. Dominic's as being the cornerstone of the community,'' said Chris Gallagher, a parishioner for seven years. ''This is the straw that stirred the drink around here.''

When Monsignor Alesandro arrived in June 2002, he was no longer on the team that dealt with sexual abuse cases by priests. He had also spent years as a canon lawyer and administrator in the diocese, and briefly served as acting bishop. Rumors abounded that he would one day be named bishop, and a common view among Long Island Catholics and priests is that he was sent to St. Dominic's to round out his resume.

But the parish itself was buried in crisis. Msgr. Charles A. Ribaudo, the beloved, avuncular pastor known as Father Bud, had recently retired, citing health problems, but soon parishioners learned that Monsignor Ribaudo had actually been removed from his priestly duties after being accused of sexual abuse.

No criminal charges have been filed, and Monsignor Ribaudo has denied any wrongdoing.

Many older members of the church stood by Monsignor Ribaudo while others demanded explanations from the diocese. Other accusations of abuse by parish priests soon followed, and the pain at St. Dominic's deepened, church members said.

In February 2003, a Suffolk County grand jury that had been investigating sexual abuse by priests in Long Island churches dating back some three decades issued a 180-page report describing its findings in often graphic and painful detail as well as terse, and seemingly perfunctory responses from the diocese. Without mentioning Monsignor Alesandro or the two other members of the intervention team, the report lacerated all three.

''They failed to notify pastors of problems with priests in their parishes, and they never told parishioners of a priest's abusive past,'' it said. ''The intervention team had one purpose, protecting the diocese.''

Monsignor Alesandro waited a year before speaking in front of the congregation about the report. Last February he delivered a surprising homily rebuking his critics and asking the parish for its trust.

''I want people to trust me, be with me and talk with me, even if you don't agree with me,'' he told the congregation, according to an article in The Oyster Bay Guardian, a weekly newspaper. ''I'm very upset that there's all this talk around me, about me and behind my back.''

Monsignor Alesandro has said his role on the team was mainly to give advice on how canon law applied to abuse claims. He said priests accused of abuse were watched carefully and faced no additional abuse claims after they were re-assigned by the team. In a letter last April to parishioners, Monsignor Alesandro said he had also petitioned the Vatican to make it easier for abusive priests to be removed from their duties

Still, many parishioners said they were not satisfied. Since late 2003 small groups have been forming and meeting at members' homes after the 9 a.m. family Mass on Sundays, or outside the room where the children's choir practiced.

Mr. Quinn, who helped organize several meetings, said people complained that Monsignor Alesandro had not guided the parish past the pain of Monsignor Ribaudo's resignation and that he was less than forthright about discussing his role on the intervention team. Some said his preaching style was too academic and aloof.

About 350 parishioners attended each of two public meetings this spring in which a few people said they had been sexually abused by priests and had received little support when they approached Monsignor Alesandro. (He later denied the accusations.)

Some stood to defend the pastor, accusing his critics of heresy, while others said their loyalty had drifted.

''He may be a very good litigator, he may know the scripture well,'' Mr. Gallagher said, ''but in two years, I don't think he's done a good job running the church. If he really cares about the parish, I would hope he would step down.''

Monsignor Alesandro's supporters say he has restored stability to the parish. Jon Santemma, one of two parish trustees, both appointed by the monsignor, said he has pushed people to concentrate on positive projects, like renovating the cafeteria of St. Dominic's High School and building new soccer fields.

''The majority of people are sick of this,'' the other trustee, Gene Souther said. ''They want the parish to get back and move on. He's not going to voluntarily leave, nor should he. The bishop is not going to remove him, nor should he.''

Yet disagreements have flared up over how well St. Dominic's has weathered the stalemate. Monsignor Alesandro and the trustees say the church is healing, but more than a dozen parishioners -- some who support the pastor, and some who do not -- said in interviews that the parish was still suffering.

Mr. Gallagher said he scrapped his plans to run a casino fund-raiser at the summer festival. One woman who spoke on the condition of anonymity said that she stopped going to St. Dominic's.

Several parishioners said that attendance at Sunday Mass was down as much as 20 percent. Some said they have cut back on their donations, or are withholding them until Monsignor Alesandro leaves. Mr. Quinn said he bought $400 in lacrosse sticks for the high-school team to compensate for his refusal to give money during Sunday collections. Others said they now give directly to church-supported charities .

But Monsignor Alesandro said that Sunday collections have remained steady, and that any decline in attendance mirrors nationwide trends.

Still, Rich Nicklas, a parishioner, said some families switched from St. Dominic's to St. Edward's nearby, while others had stopped going altogether. ''We've lost people all over the place,'' Mr. Nicklas said, adding that he hoped to stay neutral in the polarized parish. ''On both sides there's a degree of intolerance, which is unacceptable. How do we bridge that chasm that exists right now?''

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

**Correction**

An article on Sunday about a movement to oust Msgr. John A. Alesandro as pastor of a Roman Catholic church on Long Island over his performance as a member of a diocesan team that reviewed accusations of sexually abuse by priests misstated the decade of that tenure in some copies. He served in the 1990's, not the 1980's.

**Correction-Date:** August 31, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Parishioners at St. Dominic's are divided about Msgr. John A. Alesandro. When it is time to extend a sign of peace, some avoid shaking certain hands. (Photo by Kirk Condyles for The New York Times)(pg. 29)

Jon Santemma, left, and Eugene Souther are appointed trustees at St. Dominic's. ''The majority of people are sick of this,'' Mr. Souther said. (Photo by Ed Betz for The New York Times)(pg. 33)

**Load-Date:** August 29, 2004

**End of Document**



[***In the Soulful 70's, Real Men Played Tennis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46PP-B320-01CN-H380-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 8, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 9; Column 1; Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1516 words

**Byline:**  By JAMES KAPLAN; James Kaplan is a co-author of "You Cannot Be Serious," the autobiography of John McEnroe.

**Body**

DRESSED all in black, his Hugo Boss jacket slung jauntily over one shoulder, a tight short-sleeve shirt showing off a trim but burly torso, Guillermo Vilas strolled along the boardwalk toward the National Tennis Center, approaching a United States Open as he has never done before -- walking with the thousands of ordinary tennis fans who braved the traffic and parked their cars in the huge lots or wedged themselves into the No. 7 train to Queens.

With his shoulder-length chestnut locks, Vilas, the 1977 Open champion, was out of place on the boardwalk, and strangely out of time, too, like a Kaypro icon on an iMac desktop. A demigod at home in Argentina, he went almost unrecognized until a woman asked him to sign a giant tennis ball for her young daughter, who clearly didn't have the foggiest idea who he was. Vilas politely obliged, then proceeded without further interruption nearly to the gate, when a man placed himself squarely in the former star's path.

"Tickets?" the man said.

Twenty-five years ago Guillermo Vilas won the United States Open final by beating Jimmy Connors 6-0 in the fourth set. It was Vilas's annus mirabilis, a year when he beat everyone in sight, winning 17 of 33 tournaments he entered and setting a record for most matches won in a row (52). "That year," he said, "everything was just perfect." The crowd at the Open "invaded the court, put me on their shoulders and carried me around," he recalled. "It was unbelievable."

Today, after the men's final of the 2002 Open is won, fans are unlikely to hoist the victor on their shoulders. The stars of the modern men's game haven't even begun to arouse the kind of passion tennis players generated a quarter-century ago, when Bjorn Borg, at Wimbledon, attracted mobs of squealing girls the likes of which hadn't been seen since the Beatles.

In those days, men's tennis was at its commercial and cultural zenith, and poised to stay there through the 80's. In the gathering twilight of the wood-racquet era, Vilas, Borg, Connors, John McEnroe and Vitas Gerulaitis dominated the sport not only with their abilities but with their personalities. The head-to-head rivalries brimmed with style, with athletic and psychological contrast. It all made for great television and had a huge impact in the world at large.

It was a time when everybody was playing the game, or trying to, a time when businessmen were giving up golf for tennis. It was hard to get on a court. People seemed to wear tennis clothing everywhere.

I can testify personally about the powerful appeal Guillermo Vilas had on me and on other players at the public courts in my hometown in New Jersey. The courts were concrete, across from a Shell station and hard by ***working-class*** row houses, but it wasn't Connors, with his blue-collar pedigree, who compelled us. I still remember a lantern-jawed guy named Ozzie, who yelled "Vi-las!" every time he crushed a putaway.

It's hard to imagine a 2002 version of Ozzie yelling "Roddick!" after crushing a serve. Men's tennis no longer seems to compel our imagination. With buffed pros wielding rackets made from space-age materials (some even bearing computer chips to regulate vibration) and smiting 130-mile-an-hour serves, artistry has yielded to velocity. The thrill is gone.

And the corporate types have largely returned to golf, thanks to the overwhelming popularity of Tiger Woods, who, in a single-handed feat of cultural legerdemain, has obliterated that game's aura of country-club stodginess and made golf cool. What cool tennis has these days, of course, resides primarily in the women's tour, and mainly in the overarching figures of Venus and Serena Williams. NBC Sports' audience for the Williamses' doubles final at Wimbledon in July -- doubles! -- easily surpassed that of the men's singles final between Lleyton Hewitt and David Nalbandian.

The Williamses aside, Wimbledon's television ratings in America this year were the lowest in a decade. And while ratings for the United States Open are climbing, and recreational tennis has rebounded a bit since the mid-90's -- when the game was all but declared finished -- the sport's impact has largely sputtered. When I moved to Hastings-on-Hudson in the early 80's, I witnessed altercations between people waiting to get on the public tennis courts, courts that today often stand eerily empty on weekends.

"The men's game just doesn't have the sizzle it had during the boom years," said Bud Collins, the longtime tennis journalist and commentator. "I interviewed Jimmy Connors a little while ago, and he said: 'I lived in a lucky time. I had great rivals -- Borg, McEnroe and Lendl.' "

"And Vilas," Mr. Collins added. "He should have said Vilas."

"Power has been poison to the game," he continued. "It's the uglification of topspin. Vilas used topspin, but with a wooden racquet that wasn't a mile wide. And he could come to net and hit a touch volley, the way he did against Connors in the '77 Open."

Guillermo Vilas turned 50 in August. Years of playing in the sun have etched lines around his eyes, turned his ruggedness even more rugged. But his eyes are still poetic, his smile boyish and incandescent. And unlike many former stars, he hasn't gone to seed. At a charity event in South Orange, N.J., last week, he played tennis for nine hours, and while much of it was hit-and-giggle doubles, he moved around the court with the same transcendent, slim-hipped grace of yesteryear.

After that event, a middle-aged woman approached him, blushing. "I had such a crush on you when I was a teenager," she said.

"Me? I'm not worth it," Vilas said, grinning. "You had the wrong idea."

"Sure, there were groupies," Vilas recalled of his glory days, when they called the Argentinian left-hander the Young Bull of the Pampas. But if he was a bull, there was something of Ferdinand about him: with his sad, soulful eyes, and his guitar playing and poetry writing (he read Eliot and Rimbaud), he had the beauty and mystery of a movie star.

"I enjoyed the adoration," he said, "but I kept a very good contact with reality. I never believed I was the one. Because the gift, you can get it and you can lose it, too. I knew that once my craft was gone, I would become like a regular person. I always had that in mind. Any strong dog will lose his teeth, and then he will not be so strong, but he will be a dog his whole life."

Vilas has developed useful strategies for living in the present. "There is a great emptiness when you stop playing," he said. "That's why it was so fantastic when Jimmy Connors created the senior circuit. I think tennis players have to leave tennis slowly. The senior tour is like psychoanalysis, like group therapy -- a way of accepting the changes. If I can't make a shot anymore, neither can the other guy."

But if the senior circuit is their psychoanalysis, the older players are in trouble. While the Seniors tour continues in Europe, in January it ceased operations in the United States -- a ripple effect from Sept. 11, the American public's apathy about men's tennis and the failure of tennis authorities to embrace the sport's history. At Wimbledon and at the French Open, past champions are seated in a special section at courtside during the finals. Here, there is no such welcome.

"They just don't get it," said Eugene L. Scott, a former top amateur and Davis Cup player and the current editor of Tennis Week. "If you win Wimbledon, you're in great seats right next to the royal box, and selected former champions are in the royal box."

The United States Tennis Association, which runs the Open, seems to want to go to some effort to honor Vilas in his silver-jubilee year, however informally, introducing him during a match on Wednesday with a loudspeaker announcement and an appearance on the giant Jumbotron screen. Vilas, for his part, is philosophical. "We are players while we play," he said. "After that, we are what we push for. If you want people to recognize your career, you have to work and work for it."

He plays about 15 events a year. At the Open this year, he played doubles in the Men's 45's with the 1975 singles champion, Manuel Orantes, as his partner.

In the players' lounge, the one place where he is still uncontestably a hero, he was constantly greeted by new players and old hands alike. Pausing at a television monitor to watch a match in progress, he casually asked a viewer the score. The viewer was last year's champion, Lleyton Hewitt, who was watching the screen with the same ferocious intensity he brings to the court. But when he saw Vilas, Hewitt's face softened. The two clasped hands.

Strolling around the grounds, Vilas was stopped regularly by fans, many of a certain age, most carrying Instamatics. That idolatrous gleam was still in their eyes. The champion greeted every one like an old friend, posed for every picture. A 40-ish, athletic guy with very white teeth called out, "Guillermo!" Vilas stopped. "Thank you very much for all the years," the guy said. "My backhand is your backhand, man."

Vilas walked on, nodding. "I like that," he said. " 'My backhand is your backhand.' I like that."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: REMEMBER WHEN -- Guillermo Vilas, a superstar on the courts 25 years ago, retains his class act and killer serve. (Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times)(pg. 1); ROCKING -- Guillermo Vilas at the United States Open in 1977. He also played guitar and wrote poetry. (Associated Press); THE SALAD DAYS -- Jimmy Connors scores at Wimbledon in 1975. (United Press International); YES -- Bjorn Borg defeats John McEnroe at Wimbledon in 1980. (Associated Press)(pg. 11)

**Load-Date:** September 8, 2002

**End of Document**



[***A Quiet Slice of New York Waterfront***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JFX-96Y0-TW8F-G2CG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 12, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 11; LIVING IN/Rosebank, Staten Island

**Length:** 1753 words

**Byline:** By CLAIRE WILSON

**Body**

GLORIA KEK was only beginning to think about buying something on Staten Island when she came upon an ad in the local newspaper for an open house in the borough's Rosebank section. She went right over after her church service that Sunday morning, but was too early. When she returned to the waterfront town house later in the day, she was almost too late. There were barely 10 minutes to go before the doors closed on the lavishly furnished model home, but in the end that was more than she needed.

''I walked out on that first-floor terrace and that was it,'' said Mrs. Kek, who bought a $500,000 four-story corner unit with balconies on each level and a second-floor rental unit, both with sweeping views of Manhattan and the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. ''It was a clear, beautiful day in October; there were little boats in the water. I just loved it.''

Seven years later, she particularly loves the balcony off the top-floor master bedroom. ''You have the privacy of the water,'' said Mrs. Kek, a native of the island of Jamaica who owns an Allstate insurance brokerage firm in Brooklyn. ''And with no neighbors to peep at you, you can put out your little steamer chair, get under a blanket and read until you fall asleep under the stars.''

What You'll Find

The steeples of two churches, the remains of an old fort, the green of Von Briesen Park and the even rhythm of cables on the great, gray bridge line one side of the triangular Rosebank tableau, which is bordered on the other two sides by the tracks of the Staten Island Railway and the Staten Island Expressway. Marked by low hills and short, uneven streets, it's an enclave of mostly older homes, many of them dating back more than a century, with new construction and a few condominium and co-op buildings sprinkled in the mix. It is considered a highly stable area, populated by mostly ***working-class*** families, many of whose parents and grandparents were born there or arrived as immigrants.

''I was born at 217 Chestnut Avenue and I live at 212, but in between, we rented an apartment at 221,'' said Joseph Gagliardi, whose parents were from a small town near Naples, Italy, and whose wife, Theresa, grew up in a house less than a block away.

Storefronts on Bay Street, the villagelike main commercial drag, tell of its history as a largely Italian-American community -- DeLuca's General Store, Angelo's Legacy, a barbershop, Pronto Pizza, the deli Montalbano's Salumeria and a newcomer, an upscale gift and flower shop called Adagio -- but the town is increasingly diverse.

''We have a lot of new Polish families, African families, Asian families and an influx of Mexican families,'' said Janice Font, a legal secretary and mother of three girls who attend her alma mater, St. Mary's School, which is Roman Catholic. ''My husband is Puerto Rican, and I want my children to learn diversity.''

What You'll Pay

The part of Rosebank known as Shore Acres is a separate enclave between Bay Street and the water where the parcels are larger and leafier than others in the town. The charming older houses have water and bridge views, and the prices are as high as $1.95 million, according to Scott O'Brien, owner of Our Island Real Estate.

These high-priced large homes are limited to that area. Elsewhere in Rosebank, where about 60 units are listed for sale, lots are small and houses are considerably less expensive. ''The typical house is a detached colonial older home on a 25-foot-by-75-foot lot, going between $450,000 and $550,000,'' Mr. O'Brien said.

Mary Lou Palladino, a sales agent with Century 21 Safari Realty, said: ''There is a big spread. You can get a one-family attached for between $300,000 to $450,000, then you have detached that currently go from $200,000 to $1 million. You could pay as little as $450,000 for a big Victorian that needs to be fixed up.''

Condo and co-op prices are catching up with the other boroughs, according to Marianne Batiancela, a sales agent with Weichert Realtors, Vitale Sunshine. ''There is a one-bedroom, one-bath 614-square-foot co-op under contract for $209,000, and a two-bedroom, two-bath with a balcony, a health club, new kitchen and a pool for $599,000,'' she said.

Plans have been announced for a seven-story, 102-unit waterfront loft conversion, in what locals call the Wrigley Building, because that's where chicle was processed for the chewing gum by the L. A. Dreyfus Company. Upon completion about 18 months from now, two-bedroom units are expected to sell for $650,000, according to Joseph Margolis, a project manager.

Rentals don't stay on the market long, Mr. O'Brien said. A one-bedroom costs $850 to $950 a month, while a two-bedroom costs about $1,100, he said.

Ms. Palladino rents out her grandfather's 1,638-square-foot three-bedroom house. ''It's $1,400 a month; that's a very reasonable rent,'' she said.

There are housing complexes in Rosebank for residents 62 and older: the 10-story, 276-unit New Lane, operated by the New York City Housing Authority, and the six-story, 84-unit privately operated Canterbury House, a joint venture between St. John's Episcopal Church and the Sheldrake Organization.

What to Do

Clubs like the 60-year-old Rosebank Boys and Ragazzi di Rosebank, an offshoot group started in 1997, keep local men busy with charity and social events.

Activities from three churches -- St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, both Roman Catholic, and St. John's, which is Episcopal -- dominate a busy social calendar, which includes feasts like the Festival of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, a figure of veneration in southern Italy, which takes place in July. A procession through Rosebank culminates in a shrine constructed by locals from cement studded with cockle shells, cat's eye marbles, insulator caps and stones, and populated by plaster saints.

Every October, a group called the Friends From Rosebank (whose members have to prove they were born there) sponsors a three-mile race, the Mark Langone Columbus Day Run for the Roses. The proceeds go to a different local charity each year. In July, the same group holds a picnic and concert with an 18-piece band on the grounds of Clear Comfort, the former home, now a museum, of Alice Austen, a native Staten Islander who was a pioneering female photographer.

The Victorian Gothic house at 2 Hylan Boulevard, part of whose foundation is said to date to 1690, is open to visitors Thursday to Sunday.

The town's second museum is the Garibaldi Meucci Museum at 420 Tompkins Avenue. This 1840 Gothic Revival house was the rented home of Antonio Meucci, an inventor whom many say was the real inventor of the telephone. The Italian patriot Giuseppe Garibaldi lived in the house from 1850 to 1854, after fleeing a war-torn Italy. The museum is open Tuesday to Sunday.

Residents take full advantage of Von Briesen Park, where children go sledding, and Fort Wadsworth, a decommissioned military base, now a park, from whose bluffs you can see the cruise ships coming and going through the Narrows.

Mrs. Kek enjoys long walks along the water. ''You can lose yourself in Von Briesen Park -- just walk to the top and sit there and you really get a chance to think,'' she said. ''I have that whole waterfront to walk up and down. It's a wonderful spot to be.''

The Schools

Some young Rosebank residents, ones in prekindergarten through Grade 5, attend Public School 13, on Vermont Avenue, where 54.5 percent of fourth graders read at or above grade level and 77.8 percent of fourth graders perform at or above grade level in math.

Many of those students go on to Intermediate School 49 on Warren Street, where 33.5 percent of eighth graders read at or above grade level and 32.2 percent of eighth graders perform at or above grade level in math, or I.S. 61 on Castleton Avenue, where 36.6 percent of eighth graders read at or above grade level and 36.2 percent of eighth graders perform at or above grade level in math.

One of two high schools serving the area is Curtis High School on Hamilton Avenue in St. George, where students taking the 2004 SAT reasoning test scored an average of 459 on the verbal section, compared with 497 statewide, and 459 on the math section, compared with 511 statewide. Other students go to New Dorp High School on New Dorp Lane, where students taking the SAT's scored an average of 438 on the verbal section and 443 on the math.

The two Roman Catholic schools in Rosebank are St. Mary's School on Bay Street, which teaches children age 3 through Grade 8 and where tuition is $2,300 a year, according to Dr. Virginia Savarese, the principal; and St. Joseph's School, which teaches kindergarten through Grade 8. According to Monsignor John Servodidio, the rector of St. Joseph's Church, tuition is $2,500 per year, or $600 a year per student if parents do volunteer work.

The Commute

Commuters from Rosebank have many transportation options. The S51, S52, S78 and S81 buses get rush-hour commuters to the Staten Island Ferry terminal in 15 minutes, but passengers can also catch the Staten Island Railway at Clifton, the adjacent town, from which the train ride to the terminal is six minutes. The 22-minute boat ride, which is free, connects passengers with the 1, 4, 5, R and W trains to Midtown. Other commuters drive five minutes to a park-and-ride where they catch the X5 express bus to Midtown. The ride takes about one hour and 10 minutes at rush hour and costs $5. The drive to Midtown via the bridge also takes about an hour. The one-way toll is $8.

The History

According to local lore, Rosebank takes its name from a bank of roses that once thrived on St. Mary's Avenue. The Dutch settled the town in the mid-17th century and farmed the land until the 1840's when German immigrants arrived and established breweries. Irish immigrants escaping the potato famine came into the mix from 1845 to 1849, and the Southern Italians arrived in great numbers in the 1870's and 1880's and still represent the majority in what continues to be a predominantly Italian-American community.

What We Like

Rosebank has a real small-town feel. Its breezy location on the Narrows gives spectacular views of the Manhattan skyline, Upper New York Bay and the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and provides beaches and waterfront parks.

What We'd Change

Despite recent zoning changes, builders are still able to knock down some of the older homes that give the town its character and replace them with the kinds of anonymous new ones that can be found in many other towns around the borough.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: ON THE NARROWS -- The Verrazano-Narrows Bridge rises above the Rosebank section of Staten Island, and the views stretch to Brooklyn and Manhattan. (Photographs by Mary DiBiase Blaich for The New York Times)

On the Market: 19 SHORE ACRES ROAD -- This three-bedroom, three-bath, 2,100-square-foot brick house is listed at $949,900. (718) 979-3333, ext. 108.

25 HOPE AVENUE -- This four-bedroom, three-bath, 2,800-square-foot house is listed at $674,900. (718) 227-4700.

1330 BAY STREET -- This four-bedroom, two-bath, 2,020-square-foot house is listed at $460,000. (718) 442-5200.Map of Staten Island highlighting Rosebank.

**Load-Date:** March 12, 2006

**End of Document**



[***The Literature of Resistance***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5B10-0005-G45J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 17, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7;  Page 6;  Column 1;  Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1481 words

**Byline:** By Thomas Flanagan;

Thomas Flanagan holds an appointment this spring as Regents' Lecturer at the University of California, Berkeley.

By Thomas Flanagan;   Thomas Flanagan holds an appointment this spring as Regents' Lecturer at the University of California, Berkeley.

**Body**

INVENTING IRELAND

By Declan Kiberd.

719 pp. Cambridge, Mass.:

Harvard University Press. $35.

The program note at the opening night of Sean O'Casey's play "The Shadow of a Gunman" in 1923 informed the audience: "Any gunshots heard during the performance are part of the script." It was a sensible precaution. As Declan Kiberd reminds us in "Inventing Ireland," a critical study laced with wit, energy and an unrelenting adroitness of discourse, on that April night the civil war between the Free State and the Republic -- between the "moderates" who had signed a treaty with the British and the "die-hards" who rejected the compromise -- had another week to run, and sporadic rifle fire peppered the streets outside the Abbey Theater.

The second play in O'Casey's Dublin trilogy, "Juno and the Paycock" (1924), is concerned with the civil war itself, as though his art fed on history as it was being enacted in the streets. But with the third play, "The Plough and the Stars," in 1926, history moved into the aisles and onto the stage. It dramatized the Easter Rebellion of 1916, which had ignited a decade of revolutionary violence, bloodshed and, in the end, fratricide. Now it earned for itself an outburst that far surpassed the celebrated "riots" caused by J. M. Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" in 1907. In the audience were veterans of that rebellion, mothers and widows of others, and a new generation of rebels. They came prepared to battle O'Casey's brutal yet hilarious demythologizing of what had become sacred -- the blood sacrifice by Patrick Pearse and the other martyrs of Easter Week.

The only wonder is that the reaction was so slow in coming. Seamas Shields, the disillusioned and far from heroic former patriot in "The Shadow of a Gunman," had clearly been speaking for O'Casey himself: "I believe in the freedom of Ireland and that England has no right to be here, but I draw the line when I hear the gunmen blowin' about dyin' for the people, when it's the people that are dyin' for the gunmen! With all due respects for the gunmen, I don't want them to die for me!" "With all due respects" is authentic O'Casey, at once droll and deadly.

To O'Casey, a militant socialist, the Rising was suicidal and befuddled, and a betrayal of the ***working class***. But in Ireland, as the matter is put by Mr. Kiberd, who has a weakness for aphorism, " 'socialism' never stood for much more than a fundamental goodness of heart," and O'Casey was a cardinal case in point. He thought with his heart rather than his head, and thinking with the more conventional organ, Mr. Kiberd suggests with delicacy, was not his forte. The powers of his art were of a different order.

Mr. Kiberd, a lecturer in English at University College, Dublin, and a distinguished critic, possesses a special gift for patient exploration of works of art in relationship to their surroundings. For example, he locates with precision the source of a powerful feeling we experience when we watch O'Casey plays. They are set in the Dublin slums, where in the early 20th century the death rate was higher than in Calcutta, and where the poor were crowded to overbursting in rotting slum houses that had once been the mansions of a vanished aristocracy. "Such a setting dictated the controlling mood of the Dublin plays, each of which is a study in claustrophobia, in the helpless availability of persons, denied any right to privacy and doomed to live in one another's pockets," Mr. Kiberd writes. "Many of O'Casey's poetic speeches are attempts by characters to create a more spacious world in the imagination than the drab, constricted place in which they are expected to live. In that respect, O'Casey is an heir to Synge, who had found in the rich idiom of the peasantry an implicit critique of a monochromatic world."

A joining of O'Casey's boisterously vulgar imagination with that of the oblique, private and often enigmatic Synge is made possible by one of Mr. Kiberd's unifying themes -- the variousness with which Irish writers have used language, including the particularities of dialect, to explore cultural identities. Through language, every Irish writer has conducted a dialogue between the often warring parts of his own being, and other dialogues with other Irishmen separated from him by class or religion, and above all else he has maintained a dialogue with that enormous colonizing empire that hovers, as fact or memory, over every Irishman's shoulder.

For Mr. Kiberd, the generating energy in Irish culture in recent centuries has been British imperialism (at first military, political and economic, but ultimately cultural) and the protean native resistance to that process. He is concerned with Ireland's literature as that of a post-colonial culture, but he gives that term a most elastic definition. A literature does not become post-colonial only after the occupier has withdrawn: "Rather it is initiated at that very moment when a native writer formulates a text committed to cultural resistance."

Thus Edmund Burke, writing in the 18th century, is a post-colonial, a defender of Ireland's necessary connection with England who was at the same time a mordant critic of Ireland's Protestant rulers as little better than "a junto of robbers," brutal and craven. This works well enough with Burke, but in its more universal application by Mr. Kiberd, it may best be described as highly convenient. He delights in paradox, and to speak of the Gaelic historian Seathrun Ceitinn (in English, Geoffrey Keating) as post-colonial, although he wrote at the very height of England's military triumph, must surely appeal to that delight, setting at defiance as it does the common meanings of words.

At times he stretches too thin his all-embracing formula, as with overly ingenious discussions of Wilde and Shaw. Wilde was very conscious of his Irishness, which afforded him occasions for wit. As when he declared that he had no religion: he was an Irish Protestant. Nevertheless the adroit attempt to make of him a kind of stylistic freedom fighter is one that not even the broad shoulders of his genius can support.

But the mention of Wilde and Shaw reminds us that wit, paradox and an almost indecent delight in verbal jugglery place Mr. Kiberd himself in a central Irish literary tradition, a tradition that also includes Swift, Joyce and Beckett. He resembles that stereotype of the Irish writer "invented" by Ireland's imperial masters -- impudent, eloquent, full of jokes and irreverence, by turns sardonic and conciliatory, blithely subversive but, without warning, turning to display wide and serious reading, generosity of spirit, a fierce and authentic concern for social and political justice. Rather like Wilde and Shaw.

In so headlong and many-branched a discourse, there are the inevitable slips, some of which the solemn and pedantic reviewer sets forth as his revenge upon wit. Of the two Government officials murdered by extremists in Dublin's Phoenix Park in 1882, Lord Frederick Cavendish was the Chief Secretary and Thomas Burke the Under Secretary -- not, as Mr. Kiberd has it, the other way round. And no allegations of homosexuality were made at the trial for treason of Sir Roger Casement in 1916. The British Government circulated such stories, supported by entries from his diaries, outside the courtroom and surreptitiously, with the intention of blackening his reputation.

In both instances, the facts could have served Mr. Kiberd's elaborate anti-imperial design. Lord Frederick Cavendish, an amiable and mild-mannered Englishman, was recently arrived with a mission of conciliation. But the actual tough work of evictions and political repression had been entrusted years before to Burke, his subordinate, who of course was a native Irishman serving the empire. And the whispering campaign against Casement, conducted with Cabinet knowledge, seemed almost to imply that transgression of the Victorian moral code was an offense more grievous than high treason.

Mr. Kiberd's remarkable achievement may seem to fall within the modish academic enterprise "cultural studies," which too often seems a kind of safe house where theorists with tin ears can give solace to one another. But his own ear is splendid, and he is careful to place a distance between himself and fashionable cultural theorists in words that a few years ago would have been unnecessary, but in the present climate are almost flamboyant: "It is wise to recognize -- despite current critical fashions -- that certain masterpieces do float free of their enabling conditions to make their home in the world. Ireland, precisely because its writers have been fiercely loyal to their own localities, has produced a large number of these masterpieces, and in an extraordinarily concentrated phase of expression."

It is heartening to find an academic critic talking about masterpieces and writing in celebration of them.

**Graphic**

Drawing.

**Load-Date:** March 18, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Water and Woe For the Czechs' Cultural Gems; Assessing the Damage Wrought by Historic Flood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46K2-NJR0-01CN-H21R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 22, 2002 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 4; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1650 words

**Byline:**  By PETER S. GREEN

**Dateline:** PRAGUE, Aug. 21

**Body**

His full white beard and flowing hair shining bright in the dim cellar, Jaroslav Krejci lifted his arms like an Old Testament prophet as he surveyed his sodden, mud-smeared, foul-smelling art studio.

"This atelier was my genius loci, it felt like a small country mill," he said. "Now my whole life is lost."

A shaft of sunlight poured in through a windowless frame, illuminating a wooden chair with a single rubber glove on it, a small curtained alcove and row upon endless row of once-carefully sorted black-and-white negatives.

They represented 36 years of work documenting the modern history of Czech theater, whose small companies, at a galvanic moment in the 1960's, spawned Czech new-wave cinema and were entwined with the anti-Communist dissident movement.

All those negatives are now ruined, victims of the raging floods that tore through the Czech Republic last week, inundating parts of the old Mala Strana district, with its winding narrow passages and Baroque buildings in the shadow of Prague Castle. The floods submerged large swaths of the Czech Republic, leaving broad ribbons of destruction, including hundreds of millions of dollars in damage to the country's cultural fabric, though a formidable number of artworks were saved during the pandemonium.

Much of the damage is hidden: undermined foundations, devastated castle gardens, soaked cellars and damaged heating and alarm systems in castles, museums, galleries and archives. On a smaller scale, there was damage to irreplacable cultural artifacts, like Mr. Krejci's photographs, and on the personal effects and creations of artists who have flourished since they won back their freedom with the fall of communism in 1989.

The damage is still being quantified and evaluated, but fund-raising for recovery has already begun, including pop and classical music benefit concerts around the republic. Unesco has promised aid, but no amounts have been determined.

None of this country's major art collections were harmed, although a number of archives and the rare-book collection of the Prague Municipal Library were badly damaged.

At a half-dozen of the scores of delicately preserved castles and chateaus that cover the Bohemian and Moravian countryside, gardens nurtured for centuries were ravaged in days, foundations were washed out and freshly painted and plastered walls were soaked.

At the Baroque Chateau of Veltrusy, in Melnik, north of Prague, the Vltava River meets the Elbe, and at this convergence a vast lake formed, devastating the 18th-century English gardens, which themselves had replaced French-style gardens destroyed by a great flood in 1764.

In Pisek, a medieval gold-mining town 60 miles south of Prague, where the 14th-century stone Old Bridge is the oldest in the Czech Republic, the flooded Otava River knocked a Baroque stone sculpture off its balustrade before throwing much of the balustrade into the water. "Thankfully, we had repaired the bridge two years ago, so the bridge itself stayed up," said Zdenek Novak, the deputy minister of culture.

Near the head of the Vltava, the once exquisitely preserved Renaissance castle town of Cesky Krumlov, a tiny jewel box of period architecture, was clobbered. Its aristocratic pink-and-white castle tower was untouched, but the town center, wrapped in a bend in the Vltava, was under more than six feet of water at the flood's peak.

"The scene was apocalyptic," said Robin Schinko, an architect and member of the county council. "We can fix the houses, but the reason why this town was made a historical monument can never be restored." To much original fabric has been lost to the river.

But in Cesky Krumlov as elsewhere, a resolve to rebuild and continue is evident. By Wednesday, a week after the floods had peaked, tourists were back picking their way through waterlogged streets and the town's annual August musical festival was back on schedule.

Here in Prague, floodwaters backed through storm sewers to fill the sanctuary of the 13th-century Old-New Synagogue with almost five feet of reeking river water. In the 16th-century Pinkas Synagogue, where the names of nearly 78,000 Jewish Czechs killed during the Holocaust were carefully painted in tiny letters on the plaster walls, five feet of water filled the sanctuary and curators fear that the plaster may soon start to flake. The Old Jewish Cemetery was untouched and all the artifacts from the Jewish Museum's several buildings were removed days before floodwaters arrived for safe-keeping.

Leo Pavlat, the director of the Jewish Museum here, said he feared that the damage to the synagogues and other buildings that make up the Jewish Museum could cost up to $4 million to repair. The museum will be closed until the end of September as cellars are pumped dry and equipment is replaced.

A wall of interlocking aluminum slats hurriedly erected along parts of the Vltava to hold back flood waters protected Old Town and its museums, galleries and two opera houses. But city officials never authorized building foundations for such a wall elsewhere in the city, leaving Mala Strana and the ***working-class*** districts of Karlin and Liben vulnerable. Instead, a half-dozen theaters, including the Karlin Musical Theater and the avant-garde Archa Theater were below water, their stages and sets ruined.

Just a few yards from Mr. Krejci's atelier, damage in the low-lying parts of Mala Strana was horrendous. Workers used crowbars and hammers to dismantle 23 grand pianos in the courtyard of the Jan Deyl Conservatory and Piano-Tuning School, where floods destroyed all the workshops and nearly all the instruments. The school, which trains students who are blind or have other disabilities, lost about $1.6 million in equipment, estimated the school's director, Miroslav Dvorak.

"There is no way we will get it all together to start school in September," he said.

Across town from the Mala Strana, at the Prague Municipal Library, Pavla Pursova, one of the librarians, was near tears as she recounted how hundreds of rare books were soaked despite being moved for safekeeping. Among those ruined were an edition of the rare 1488 Prague Bible, the first in the vernacular Czech (the New York Public Library has another copy), and the 1836 first edition of "Maj," or "May," a poem by the Czech Romantic Karel Hynek Macha.

"This is a terrible blow. I want to believe that these books can be at least partly saved, but when I look at them I doubt it," she said. The municipal library and several archives have been carting their damaged collections to a frozen-food processing plant, where they will be frozen to halt further deterioration until they can be vacuum-dried. Meanwhile, the books are being stored in freezer trucks.

The waters in Terezin also damaged archives in the Small Fortress, which served as a Nazi camp. Nearly all of the camp's records were inundated. "It's all been digitalized, but nothing can replace the originals," said Mr. Novak, the deputy minister of culture.

By the Vltava's edge, Marcela Flasarova, a museum administrator, was wiping mud from the second floor of the Muzeum Kampa, a new gallery intended to present the extensive collection of 20th-century Czech art amassed by Jan Mladek and Meda Mladkova. More than 200 works by the early 20th-century Czech painter Frantisek Kupka, and over 100 more by Jiri Kolar, the poet and collagist who died last week, were moved to an attic depository just hours before the floods hit.

River mud poured through the museum's ground floor, shattering windows and doors and destroying heating and cooling systems. But the collection emerged virtually unscathed. A stone statue of a woman by Miloslav Chlupac was dismembered by the floodwaters, and river mud filled the museum's courtyard and basement. An oversize wooden chair by the contemporary artist Magdalena Jetelova was washed away.

That brought an outburst of black humor from the painter Antonin Strizek, a member of Tvrdohlavi (the Stubborn Ones), a loose circle of prominent artists in their 40's.

"The problem with modern art is that when it is not in a gallery, no one knows what it is," Mr. Strizek said and then made a wry grin. "It could end up in a garden in Dresden, and the Germans will think the Czechs use strange chairs."

The biggest tragedies of the flooding were personal.

Mr. Strizek's ground-floor atelier, where he worked for the last 15 years, was flooded to the ceiling when waters inundated the the Karlin district of Prague. He had only a few minutes to evacuate his workshop before dawn one morning last week.

"I was able to take a few drawings, but I left behind paintings and a cabinet of family photographs," he said. Some 30 canvases had to stay behind, but he hopes they can be salvaged. But gone are the pictures of his children growing up, the slides that documented his career and the record of where he has sold his work.

The floods may create a new, creative impulse for some artists, Mr. Strizek said, but overwhelmingly, the feeling is one of immense frustration.

In the basement belonging to Mr. Krejci, the theatrical photographer, the waters also swept away memorabilia, like the chair from which the dissident philosopher Jan Patocka (a student of Edmund Husserl) gave lectures to human rights activists in the 1970's, when the Communist secret police had banned him from public life.

Among the two-thirds of Mr. Krejci's ruined negatives was a chronicle of every significant moment in small theaters such as Vaclav Havel's Theater of the Balustrade and Jiri Grossmann's eponymous theater. About 4,000 images of Mr. Havel and the Civic Forum movement as the velvet revolution unfolded and brought down communism in 1989 were also gone.

Former students of Mr. Krejci's picked up negatives to try to save them, but Mr. Krejci was inconsolable. His work space had turned into something sadly surreal. "It's like a theater here," he said. "Like a stage set."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Books soaked by floods in Prague, left, and Jaroslav Krejci, who lost photographs. (Petr Josek/Reuters, for The New York Times); (Associated Press)(pg. E1); Floods left water five feet deep in some synagogues and other Jewish Museum buildings in Prague, where a volunteer threw out ruined publications. (Getty Images)(pg. E5)

**Load-Date:** August 22, 2002

**End of Document**



[***POOR AND ELDERLY PEOPLE IN SUN BELT CITIES SUFFER AN UNREMITTING MISERY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D640-000B-Y4DW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 21, 1980, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 2; National Desk

**Length:** 1129 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM K. STEVENS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** HOUSTON, July 20

**Body**

The Galleria, a spectacular four-tiered shopping mall on Houston's West Side, is like one of those self-contained, hermetically sealed, climate-controlled domed cities that sciencefiction writers invent to protect their fictional civilizations from the hostile environments of alien planets. Outside the sealed minicity, Houston's environment has most assuredly been hostile the last four weeks, the weeks of the heat wave of 1980, in some ways the worst in the Southwest's memory.

The all-encompassing, 100-degree heat, now spreading across the country's midsection to the East Coast, has killed nearly 1,100 people in the last month - 23 in Kansas City today alone. And it has subjected millions more of those without air conditioning to misery that never seems to end.

AN-A

In St. Louis today, National Guardsmen were going door to door, looking for elderly residents suffering from the inescapable heat. In Kansas City the temperature topped 100 degrees for the 17th consecutive day, passing a record set in August 1936. National Guardsmen continued to deliver fans to residents there.

75,000 Without Fans in Houston

In the Houston area alone, it is estimated that 75,000 of the poor and elderly don't even have fans. But inside the Galleria, as the temperature outside rose to 104 one afternoon late last week, skaters flocked to the ice rink that dominates the main floor, gliding and pirouetting and sometimes falling, having a wonderful time, as if it were Rockefeller Center at Christmastime.

That's the way life is lived these days by the middle class of Houston, the city's dominant group, the group that more than any other is associated with the town's image as the rising capital of the Sun Belt. For many of these hundreds of thousands, and millions of others in other cities, the heat wave is, at worst, an inconvenience. They simply stay inside, where the air conditioning banishes discomfort.

Just as there are two Americas, so there are two Sun Belts - one white-collar and affluent, the other ***working-class*** and poor. And the heat wave accentuates their differences once again.

On Houston's East Side, far across town from the Galleria and the sleek suburban precincts it mostly serves, blocks here and there are lined by rows of virtually identical one-story white frame dwellings. In these neighborhoods live the poor and struggling of Houston. Few can afford air conditioning, and misery prevails.

Looking for a Cool Breeze

Gray-haired Mary Lyons (''I don't tell that,'' she said when asked her age) sat on the front porch of one of these houses the other afternoon. The fan inside, she said, was just moving the hot air around. So she was outside to ''catch this cool breeze'' stirring, if only faintly.

The days are bad enough, she said, but the early part of the night is worse. Lying in bed is ''just like you took the sheet out of the dryer and put it on the bed and got right on it.'' Things cool off pretty well by about 1 A.M., she said, but then there's the next torrid day to face.

All across the East Side, people like Mrs. Lyons, young and old, in groups of one or two or five or six, sit on the front porches or the curbs or congregate on the corners. As the heat drives West Siders inside, to cool comfort, it drives East Siders outside. And as the sometimes ramshackle streets of the East Side are consequently jumping with life, those of the West Side are often deserted during the day, as if a sudden pestilence had wiped out the population.

Without air conditioning, it has been argued, the growth of the Sun Belt as an urban region that is beginning to rival the North would not have been possible. In Houston, where the climate is perhaps not quite so hot as in other parts of the Southwest, but where the humidity makes it seem much hotter, the air conditioner is an inseparable part of life for the middle class.

The West Side Houstonian leaves his centrally air-conditioned house in the morning, after a cool night's sleep. He gets in his car, turns the air conditioner to ''Hi Max'' and drives to his air-conditioned office. Then he repeats the process in the afternoon. As Northerners live indoors in January, so does he in July.

Not all necessarily goes smoothly for him. Electric bills, for example, have typically doubled during the heat wave. And because the West Sider usually has so much money and time tied up in his lawn, plants and trees - it costs an estimated $1,500 to replace the average lawn in Houston - he finds himself in a constant struggle to keep growing things from turning brown, as many already have. Because pumping facilities cannot handle the load, watering of lawns is banned except from midnight to 5 A.M., and more than one suburbanite has gotten newly acquainted with his neighbors at such hours.

At an outdoor pool in the northwest suburbs yesterday afternoon, 100 children were treated for heat exhaustion, heat cramps and shock before a swimming meet was called to an end at 4 P.M. ''We had a minidisaster out there,'' said Joe Mason, one of 20 emergency medical workers at an aid station.

Still, the West Sider's lot is easy compared with that of the East Sider or residents of other areas in the heat wave of 1980. They are still living in that bygone era when there was no air conditioning at all, when there was no choice but to suffer and endure.

Some 500,000 people, maybe more, are in such straits in the Houston area, including an estimated 250,000 elderly and handicapped people. Across the drought region, there are millions.

''It's getting extremely serious,'' said Marshall Harrison, acting director of the Gulf Coast Community Services Association, which channels some Federal relief funds into the community. ''It's getting to the point where we will have some very sick people.''

The White House this week ordered that nearly $7 million in emergency funds be spent to help such people cope with the heat in the states affected by the drought. The money is for such things as fans and air conditioners, and for the establishment of airconditioned heat-relief centers.

Howard and Rachelle Marine and their daughters, 4-year-old Cozette and 13-month-old Jeanna, live on Houston's East Side in a neatly kept house where the afternoon temperature inside is about the same as outside. Mr. Marine, a longshoreman who receives workmen's compensation for a leg injury suffered on the job five months ago, cannot afford air conditioning. Jeanna's heat rash, he said, is ''about to kill her,'' despite the cooling baths and powderings she gets.

How do they cope with the heat? ''We stay gone, mostly,'' said Mrs. Marine - to Galveston, to a nearby game room to play air hockey, or just riding around. No end to the heat wave is in sight. ''We've got to just trust in God, and we'll make it,'' Mary Lyons said.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photos of coping with the heat wave(A8)

**End of Document**



[***Grass-Roots Fight Emerges on Hospital Plan***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5C30-0005-G030-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 14, 1996, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1400 words

**Byline:** By LYNETTE HOLLOWAY

By LYNETTE HOLLOWAY

**Body**

When Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani selected the first city-run hospitals to be put up for sale, he chose three that were considered the most marketable. Because they were in neighborhoods with medical alternatives, they were also considered the least likely to generate community opposition, or so his advisers told him.

What the officials did not anticipate was that advocates for the hospitals -- Coney Island Hospital, Queens Hospital Center and Elmhurst Hospital Center -- would rise up to fight the sales.

The Community Advisory Board of the Queens Hospital Center in Jamaica, the most vociferous of the opponents, has filed a lawsuit to prevent the sale. Twenty-five Brooklyn groups have formed a coalition that has held half a dozen rallies as well as monthly meetings in an effort to keep Coney Island Hospital in public hands. The Elmhurst Hospital Community Advisory Board in Queens has developed a proposal calling for it to become independent.

The effectiveness of the grass-roots protests is difficult to gauge, but by most accounts they have proved to be one more stumbling block to the Mayor's troubled attempts to sell or lease to private operators some or all of the city's 11 municipal hospitals. With Mount Sinai withdrawing from the bidding process on Tuesday, and a suit filed last week by the City Council over the sales, neighborhood groups have redoubled their effort to lobby elected officials to oppose privatization of the Health and Hospitals Corporation, which operates the city hospitals.

"It was a morale booster," said Peg Graham, executive director of the Campaign to Save Our Hospitals, a Manhattan-based group of clergy and civic and union leaders formed two years ago to help communities organize against hospital privatization. "It gives us reason to do more lobbying and targeting of our City Council members so that when they do win their lawsuit and vote on privatization, they will stop the Mayor."

She added that Mount Sinai's withdrawal underscores the group's concerns about the lack of a comprehensive plan, including the economics of privatization and how to provide care.

Assemblyman William Scarborough, coordinator of Friends of Queens Hospital Center, the advisory board's fund-raising arm, summed up opponents' prevailing view.

"There is no guarantee that the poor will not be refused hospital care," Mr. Scarborough said. "They will be out in the streets. The scary thing is what's happening to the economy with downsizing and privatization, you have the potential for a crisis that could hurt every segment of society."

The fight at Queens Hospital, a deteriorating 20-acre complex whose future is the most threatened by a change of hand, began as soon as the Mayor announced his proposal in February 1995. Rory I. Lancman, chairman of the hospital's advisory board, was then a 25-year-old student at the Columbia University School of Law. He bowed out of his statutory interpretation class after hearing word, dashed to the computer lab, fired off a press release and headed to City Hall to attend the Mayor's news conference.

Vowing to fight the proposal "with every fiber of our being," Mr. Lancman filed a suit last September charging that the Giuliani administration failed to comply with the law by not consulting with advisory board members. The suit, now under appeal, was dismissed on the ground that such boards have no policy-making power. About 100 supporters showed up at a January dinner dance in St. Albans, raising $6,000 for the court battle.

All 11 of the city's hospital advisory boards, whose purpose is to safeguard the interests of their communities, have joined the appeals effort, contending that they have a right to inclusion and information in the privatization process.

For its part, the City Council suit charges that the administration has declined to provide specifics about how the city would care for indigent and uninsured patients. It also addresses a larger issue. The Giuliani administration, which says the hospitals would be managed more effectively if removed from city government, argues that the Mayor has the power to sell the hospitals; the Council disagrees.

"This definitely bolsters our case," Mr. Lancman, now a lawyer at a Wall Street firm, said of the City Council suit. "There has been a lot of secrecy surrounding this, and we are entitled to know the answer to numerous questions, which City Hall has so far failed to answer."

Speaking for the administration, Jeffrey D. Friedlander, first assistant Corporation Counsel, which represents the city in the suit, said that "consulting will be done at the right time" and noted that the administration is just as concerned with providing good health care as the City Council and the Queens Hospital advisory board.

Queens Hospital treats 325,000 patients each year, nearly 40 percent of them uninsured. Most patients come from the largely middle-class southeast part of Queens, which has pockets of poverty and a large Caribbean and South Asian immigrant population. An imposing hodge-podge of brick buildings straddling the border of Flushing and Jamaica, it has been scheduled for renovation for 20 years, but plans were scrapped last summer because of the fiscal crisis.

Many health analysts believe that, because of its proximity to Elmhurst Hospital, which is newly renovated and duplicates some services, Queens Hospital would be better downsized or even eliminated. The advisory board's virulent opposition can be partly attributed to the specter of lost jobs and a threat to the very existence of the hospital. A hard-nosed private hospital, considering the Elmhurst-Queens package, might just decide to do away with much of Queens.

Last year, Elmhurst Hospital, which is in the final phase of a three-year, $250 million renovation, treated 534,000 patients, only 7 percent of them uninsured. Its board has proposed to city officials that the hospital become a not-for-profit, self-governing facility, independent of the city as well as any other hospital.

It is Coney Island Hospital, widely considered well run and well maintained, that is thought to be the most marketable of the three. Last year, it treated 412,000 patients, 36 percent of them uninsured, in a primarily ***working-class*** population.

But opposition has been strong in Coney Island, where the hospital is seen as a centerpiece to the neighborhood, with its elderly patrons and burgeoning population of Russian Jews and people from Caribbean nations. Both the Coney Island Hospital Advisory Board and the area's community board have passed resolutions opposing privatization.

A coalition of community groups, ranging from Jewish organizations to senior centers, have been actively campaigning against the proposed sale, holding demonstrations, distributing fliers, shooting off letters to public officials.

Georganna Deas, 47, president of Coney Island Pride, a seven-year-old community organization, has been using the hospital's services for 25 years. An unemployed maintenance worker with no health insurance, she is fearful about the hospital's future not only for herself but for others like her. As reinforcement for her case, she pointed to the area's sprawling housing projects.

"We are the working poor, and I'm concerned that we won't have this type of ongoing care," said Ms. Deas. "Emergency care is not enough for people with AIDS. We feel like we are in a precarious situation and we are afraid."

The city has encountered such community resistance before: In 1980, the closing of Sydenham Hospital in Harlem led to sit-ins and clashes with the police, although it was long thought to be the most costly, inefficient and unnecessary hospital in the municipal system.

To many residents, hospitals are valued just as places where the bones of their children have been reset after a fall on a bicycle, and where sick relatives have been nursed back to health.

Audrey Orr, 69, of Hollis, has been a member of the Queens Hospital Advisory board for 21 years. She had a severe asthmatic attack in 1963 and was pronounced dead. But a tracheotomy in the emergency room allowed air to flow into her lungs.

"This hospital has a lot of memories for me," Mrs. Orr, a retired I.B.M. data processor said. "Privatization is not going to do anything whatsoever. No one has indicated who will take care of the indigents. They are trying to play Russian roulette with the lives of the people of our community."

**Graphic**

Photo: The Giuliani administration would like to privatize hospitals including Queens Hospital Center. Rory I. Lancman, a lawyer, is among those in the community who sued the city last September over the proposal. (John Sotomayor/The New York Times) (pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** March 14, 1996

**End of Document**



[***EVANGELICAL GROUP QUIETLY AND ANGRILY UPSETS ALABAMA PRIMARY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D050-000B-Y064-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 8, 1980, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 10, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1180 words

**Byline:** Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 7

**Body**

''It was the Moral Majority movement that very quietly, but very effectively, covered my district like a tent,'' said Representative John H. Buchanan Jr., a 16-year veteran of Congress who was defeated in the Republican primary last Tuesday.

''It was a quiet thing,'' Stuart Gaines, executive director of the Moral Majority of Alabama, agreed. ''But it's always an angry thing.''

Mr. Buchanan, a Baptist minister, lost to Albert Lee Smith Jr., a Birmingham insurance agent, 55 percent to 45 percent. Moral Majority, a fundamentalist religious group that is seeking to rewrite the political bible in this stronghold of Southern Baptists, is also given credit for increasing the margin of victory for Adm. Jeremiah Denton of the Navy, retired, who won the Republican nomination in the United States Senate race in Alabama. Admiral Denton, who had been a a prisoner of war in North Vietnam, overwhelmed Armistead Selden, a former Democratic Congressman, by a margin of 2 to 1.

AN-AMany Politicians Are Concerned

''Other members of Congress may not be feeling their strength yet,'' Mr. Buchanan said, but added that already his loss ''has shaken up a great many people here and in the Congress.''

Moral Majority, founded by the Rev. Jerry Falwell, is a national organization whose Alabama branch took root only six months ago. Now, said Mr. Gaines, it prints publications ''in batches of 40,000'' and counts among its supporters Gov. Fob James of Alabama, a Democrat.

By the time officials of the Buchanan campaign recognized the alliance between Mr. Smith and Moral Majority, they were powerless to stop it.

''Especially in a fundamentalist church, what the preacher says is gospel,'' said George Seaborne, Mr. Buchanan's campaign manager. ''If the preacher says John Buchanan has an immoral record, not many are going to get hold of a copy of the Congressional Record to see what the vote was.''

Public opinion polls also failed to detect the groundswell. Natalie Davis, Mr. Buchanan's poll-taker, said her surveys showed that Mr. Buchanan was ''in trouble,'' but ''we were unable to measure the intensity, the numbers involved. The turnout far exceeded any of our predictions.''

Churches Transported Voters

Church buses brought some voters to the polls. ''Rural areas which had been polling eight to 10 Republican votes came through with 150 votes for Smith,'' Mr. Seaborne said. ''One church can turn out that number with no trouble.''

''We knew they were out there,'' Mrs. Davis recalled, ''but no one came in and said, 'Oh my God, they're out there!' '' Since the primary, Mrs. Davis says, poll-takers in other regions of the country have called her to tell of their difficulties in finding the pulse of the movement and to ask her what she had learned.

Moral Majority draws many of its members from Presbyterian and Baptist churches and from the fundamentalist Church of Christ and the Church of God. Mr. Gaines said that two beliefs united its members: all were ''basic Bible-believing Christians,'' and all were ''sick of the really asinine legislation coming out of Washington.''

Some of that legislation bore Mr. Buchanan's stamp, the group contends. He angered members of the group by voting to extend the deadline for ratification of the proposed equal rights amendment and for putting into effect the Panama Canal treaties. The group also judged him to be too soft on military matters and welfare.

Likened to John Birch Society

George Lewis Bailes, chairman of the Alabama Democratic Party, has described Moral Majority as ''the John Birch Society wrapped in the flag of the church.'' He added, ''The general election is going to be a real cliffhanger because of this thing.''

The clearest evidence of the tactics and power of Moral Majority came in the race for Mr. Buchanan's seat. By Mr. Smith's account, more than 2,000 volunteers stumped the hills of Birmingham's six districts, visiting some homes three times, passing out campaign literature and sometimes offering to pray with the residents. Since Mr. Smith's own campaign was organized partly through the churches, his volunteers and Moral Majority often overlapped.

Combining persistence and old-fashioned grass roots organization with evangelical fervor Mr. Smith brought down Buchanan strongholds as Democratic voters crossed over in large numbers to vote for him in the Republican primary.

Mr. Smith ran strongly in Birmingham's wealthiest suburb, Mountain Brook, where he was expected to do well, and showed surprising strength in white ***working-class*** areas of the district. Black voters, making up about 35 percent of the district, remained loyal to the Democratic Party and were not an important factor in the race.

Endorsement Wasn't Permitted

Because of laws relating to its nonprofit status, Moral Majority does not make conventional political endorsements, Mr. Gaines said. ''The Moral Majority made no endorsement of Albert Lee Smith, but it's one that can hardly be missed,'' he said.

Mr. Seaborne, the Buchanan campaign manager, noted that Mr. Smith had appeared on television with a leader of Moral Majority, and that Mr. Falwell, the founder of the group, ''took a couple shots'' at Mr. Buchanan at a Birmingham rally. He also recalled that a Christianformat radio station reported that Mr. Buchanan opposed school prayer. ''They broadcast that for the whole day and never called us once to confirm it,'' Mr. Seaborne said.

In fact, Mr. Buchanan once supported a school prayer amendment in Congress. Questioned about that, Mr. Gaines replied that he looked for ''a general attitude, not just votes.'' He said, ''John Buchanan may have voted for it somewhere, but basically he was against it.''

Mr. Smith, whose Democratic opponent in the general election will be Pete Clifford, a Birmingham city councilman, minimized the role that Moral Majority played in his victory. Instead, he stressed the effectiveness of his campaign organization and the popular appeal of his loyalty to Ronald Reagan, the Republican Presidential nominee.

'No Way to Attack Churches'

Mr. Seaborne contended that Moral Majority regularly distorted Mr. Buchanan's votes and his positions. Describing how difficult it was to oppose the group, he said, ''There's no way to attack churches.''

Mr. Gaines, the leader of Moral Majority in Alabama, sees a bright future for the group in Alabama and around the nation. He said that success in the primary election had already boosted the group's membership in Alabama. ''We're going to broaden our base, be spectacularly large,'' he predicted. ''We're going to have full-time lobbyists in Montgomery. We will have people in Washington who know the dog trails as far as Congress is concerned, know the path of legislation. We intend to have an effect on government.''

Mr. Bailes, the Democratic chairman, agreed that Moral Majority was not going to fade away. ''We are going to have them to contend with from here on,'' he said. ''They have much more going for them than any other group. They are very dedicated people who really believe that government should only guard the coast and carry the mail.''

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of Representative John Buchanan Jr.

**End of Document**



[***After Big Bet, Hedge Fund Pulls the Levers of Power***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5BPJ-5771-JBG3-602H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 10, 2014 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 4279 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL S. SCHMIDT, ERIC LIPTON and ALEXANDRA STEVENSON

**Body**

WASHINGTON -- At a Midtown Manhattan steakhouse last June, William A. Ackman, the activist hedge fund manager who had bet a billion dollars on the collapse of the nutritional supplement company Herbalife, offered his latest evidence to a handful of other hedge fund managers about why the company's stock could soon plummet.

Mr. Ackman told his dinner companions that Representative Linda T. Sánchez, Democrat of California, had sent a letter to the Federal Trade Commission the previous day calling for an investigation of the company.

The commission had not yet stamped the letter as received, nor had it been made public. But Mr. Ackman, who had personally lobbied Ms. Sánchez and stood to profit if the company's stock dropped as a result of the call for an inquiry, already knew what it said, and read from a copy of it that he had on his cellphone.

When Ms. Sánchez's office ultimately issued a news release a month later, it was backdated as though it had been made public the day before Mr. Ackman's dinner talk.

The letter was a small hint of Mr. Ackman's extraordinary attempt to leverage the corridors of power -- in Washington, state capitols and city halls -- for his hedge fund's profit after taking a $1 billion financial position called a short, a bet that will pay off only if Herbalife's stock drops.

Corporate money is forever finding new ways to influence government. But Mr. Ackman's campaign to take this fight ''to the end of the earth,'' using every weapon in the arsenal that Washington offers in an attempt to bring ruin to one company, is a novel one, fusing the financial markets with the political system.

Others have criticized the business practices of Herbalife, a company that sells vitamins and other health supplements through independent distributors, many of whom are lower-income Latinos or African-Americans. But Mr. Ackman's attack is unprecedented in its scale, and Herbalife officials strongly deny his accusations that the company is a pyramid scheme that stays afloat by constantly recruiting new distributors.

To pressure state and federal regulators to investigate Herbalife, an act that alone could cause its stock to dive, his team has helped organize protests, news conferences and letter-writing campaigns in California, Nevada, Connecticut, New York and Illinois, although several of the people who signed the letters to state and federal officials say they do not remember sending them, an investigation by The New York Times has found.

His team has also paid civil rights organizations at least $130,000 to join his effort by helping him collect the names of people who claimed they were victimized by Herbalife in order to send the leads to regulators, the investigation found. Mr. Ackman's team also provided the money used by some of these individuals to travel to Washington to participate in a rally against Herbalife last month.

Herbalife has mobilized its own army of lobbyists to defend itself against Mr. Ackman's charges. ''These accusations are provably false,'' said Herbalife's chief financial officer, John G. DeSimone. ''And they can all be traced back to the same source: hedge fund billionaire Bill Ackman, who is motivated by one thing -- getting even richer by winning a billion-dollar bet he made against our company, by any means possible, no matter how unscrupulous.''

The feud has touched off a bidding war of sorts, emails obtained by The Times show, as the advocacy groups have in some cases pressed Mr. Ackman's team and Herbalife to contribute more money in exchange for their allegiance.

Mr. Ackman is not new to playing chess on a billionaire's scale. The brash 47-year-old, a graduate of Harvard Business School, built his $12 billion, New York City-based hedge fund, Pershing Square Capital Management, on enormous, risky bets on companies like Jim Beam and Canadian Pacific Rail that earned billions for him and his clients. He has had some big losses too, including an estimated $473 million last August on an investment in J. C. Penney, the struggling retailer.

Regulators frequently get entreaties from financiers urging action for their own financial gain, like the hedge fund executives who in 2010 tried to secretly push Obama administration officials to investigate for-profit colleges, again citing fraudulent industry practices, after betting that their stocks would decline.

But Mr. Ackman's efforts illustrate how Washington is increasingly becoming a battleground of Wall Street's financial titans, whose interest in influencing public policy is driven primarily by a desire for profit -- part of an expanding practice in the nation's capital, with corporations, law firms and lobbying practices establishing political intelligence units to gather news they can trade on.

So far, Mr. Ackman has persuaded four members of Congress, a New York State senator, a City Council member in Boston, the majority leader of the Nevada Senate and other elected officials in California to join the cause. Prominent consumer advocates in Washington, as well as leaders of well-respected Hispanic and African-American community groups who have been lobbied by Mr. Ackman's team, have also written regulators demanding action.

Mr. Ackman has trumpeted the news conferences and protests to create the image that the walls were closing in on Herbalife, a company no stranger to controversy, whose sales reached a record $4.8 billion last year.

He has argued that he is trying to protect Hispanics, who he says are most frequently recruited by Herbalife as distributors, only to find out that there is little money to be made.

Yet Mr. Ackman's staff acknowledges that this crusade is really rooted in one goal: finding a way to undermine public confidence in Herbalife so that his $1 billion bet will produce an equally enormous return. Mr. Ackman has said he will donate any profits he personally earns to charity, calling it ''blood money.'' The clients who invest in his hedge fund, however, would still benefit enormously.

Brent A. Wilkes, the national executive director of the Washington-based League of United Latin American Citizens, or Lulac, rejected any suggestion that he had become Mr. Ackman's tool -- even though his organization accepted a $10,000 contribution early last year, and since then has taken a position at the forefront of the anti-Herbalife campaign.

Instead, Mr. Ackman's bet is just helping draw attention to longstanding abusive practices by Herbalife, said Mr. Wilkes, who acknowledged that he had never previously focused on the issue.

''It's not the Latino groups that are helping Bill Ackman,'' Mr. Wilkes said. ''Bill Ackman is helping the Latino groups. He has elevated this battle.'' On Sunday evening, after questions from The Times, Mr. Wilkes said he had decided to return the donation, so there was no chance anyone could suspect he had undertaken the effort ''for a mere $10,000 table purchase'' at one of his fund-raising events.

Harvey L. Pitt, a former chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, said that Mr. Ackman's campaign was starting ''to look like an effort to move the price rather than spread the truth.''

''If you are trying to spread the truth, that is O.K.,'' Mr. Pitt said. ''If you are trying to move the price of a stock to vindicate your investment philosophy, that's not O.K.''

Mr. Ackman rejected the assertions that he had done anything wrong.

''Our goal here is to shine a spotlight on Herbalife and let the government know all the facts and motivate them to do something,'' Mr. Ackman said in an interview on Sunday.

So far, Mr. Ackman has little to show for his efforts. Herbalife's stock has climbed higher, in part because the billionaire investor Carl C. Icahn decided to buy a large stake in the company, and the regulators lobbied by Mr. Ackman have not taken any formal action against the company.

That has not deterred Mr. Ackman, who is not known to retreat from a risky investment without a fight, even if it takes years.

In February, 14 months after he announced he had wagered big money on the collapse of Herbalife, and with around $500 million in paper losses so far, he announced that instead of backing down, he had made his bet even bigger.

If Herbalife ''were to disappear tomorrow, we'd make a lot more than had it just blown up the day after I gave my last presentation -- although life would be a little easier,'' he told an audience of Wall Street investors and media attending an investor conference last month.

Pitches to Regulators

One of Mr. Ackman's first stops in his crusade to bring Herbalife down was a meeting at the regional field headquarters of the S.E.C. in Lower Manhattan, where more than 400 enforcement lawyers, accountants, investigators and other staff members work to police some of the nation's biggest corporate players.

He presented investigators in New York with a year's worth of financial research that he said showed that Herbalife was misleading investors by failing to properly disclose that most of its sales were generated by simply recruiting more distributors, rather than by selling large amounts of its product to consumers.

Mr. Ackman, according to people who were present at the briefing, pointed to internal company records that showed a large share of these distributors, recruited to join the sales teams based on extravagant predictions, quickly gave up.

He made other presentations, to investigators from the F.T.C. and state authorities, because he knew regulatory action would be among the quickest ways to make good on his prediction that the company's stock was going to crash.

''So the risk we took in making this investment was could we get the world to focus on a company, could it get enough of a spotlight so that the S.E.C., the F.T.C., the 50 attorney generals around the country, the equivalent regulators in 87 countries, if any one of them, or at least any powerful member of that group, could we get them interested?'' Mr. Ackman explained at the investors conference in February, 14 months after he made his bet on Herbalife public. ''And I think that was the biggest risk we took in going short'' on Herbalife.

Mr. Ackman once made a similar bet against the bond insurer MBIA, one that reaped him and his investors a $1.1 billion return. In a book about his MBIA wager called ''Confidence Game,'' the reporter-turned-financial analyst Christine S. Richard chronicled how he fought with regulators for seven years before his prediction that MBIA stock would ''spiral downward'' came true. In a twist, it was Ms. Richard, who left Bloomberg News to work at the Wall Street research shop Indago Group, who gave Mr. Ackman the idea to short Herbalife.

After listening to Mr. Ackman's pitch, S.E.C. investigators moved almost immediately last January to begin an inquiry into Herbalife -- which newspapers reported, creating the coverage that Mr. Ackman needed to fuel his strategy.

From there, his team worked to create outside pressure, assigning lobbying, public relations and so-called grass-roots advocacy teams to attempt to build support across the country.

The team includes lobbying firms run by two former members of Congress: Toby Moffett, a Democrat who once represented Connecticut, and Robert S. Walker, a Republican from Pennsylvania. Mr. Ackman also hired firms run by former top White House aides for President Obama and President Clinton. Jim Papa, who handled legislative affairs for the Obama White House, also joined the effort, with his firm, Global Strategy Group, a longtime consultant to Mr. Ackman.

In some cases, the hiring was even more strategic. In Massachusetts, Mr. Ackman's firm hired the lobbyist Larry Rasky, who was an aide to Senator Edward J. Markey, Democrat of Massachusetts, when Mr. Markey was a member of the House. Another lobbyist, Malcolm Grace, is a former aide to Ms. Sánchez. Both Mr. Markey and Ms. Sánchez would ultimately play critical roles in the effort.

Mr. Ackman also retained the Dewey Square Group, a Washington-based firm that specializes in ''grass-roots advocacy,'' to influence officials by recruiting surrogates to speak out against Herbalife in emails, tweets, letters or rallies.

He employed Dewey Square to focus on Hispanic and black community leaders and politicians based on a belief that because many of the individuals who are recruited as distributors by Herbalife are minorities, taking on the company might in some way help the Latino community. Separately, the lobbyists and grass-roots organizers set up meetings with major consumer groups.

Enlisting Allies

A wave of additional letters started to be sent to federal regulators by groups like the Hispanic Federation and the National Consumers League. Each person contacted by The Times acknowledged in interviews that they wrote the letters after being lobbied by representatives from Pershing Square, or said they did not remember writing the letters at all. Mr. Ackman's team also then started to make payments totaling about $130,000 to some of these groups, including the Hispanic Federation -- money he said was being used to help find victims of Herbalife. The pitch by Mr. Ackman peaked in early February, when nearly 30 people affiliated with Latino advocacy and church groups, several of whom had joined the cause after being briefed by consultants hired by Mr. Ackman, flew to Washington to meet with members of Congress and the head of the F.T.C., again pressing for investigators to take action against the company.

Three of the nonprofit group leaders who participated in the event, from Massachusetts, Illinois and Washington, said they took part because they also believed that Herbalife was taking advantage of the ***working class*** and poor.

''At the end of the day, these people are becoming millionaires off the back of the people in the shadows,'' said Julie Contreras, the president of the Lulac chapter in Waukegan, Ill., who traveled to Washington for the event, adding that she had not taken any money from Mr. Ackman or anyone on his team.

Mr. Ackman did not publicize his role in helping generate these letters or rallies, or the fact that his consultants in many cases wrote the language that is used in these letters, but his team still issued news releases noting that yet another group had called for an investigation.

In Washington, Mr. Ackman's efforts bore fruit on Jan. 23, when Mr. Markey's office, which Mr. Ackman had lobbied himself and which had been provided with detailed information about Herbalife by Mr. Ackman's team, sent letters to the S.E.C. and F.T.C., calling for investigations of the company. A little more than a half-hour after the stock began trading that day its value fell by 14 percent.

The letter sent by Ms. Sánchez in June, which Mr. Ackman discussed at the dinner, did not move the stock. Ms. Sánchez's office acknowledges that it sent a copy of this letter to Mr. Ackman's team a month before it issued its news release on the matter, and says that it backdated the letter when making it public because The New York Post reported its existence a week after the dinner. The dinner itself was reported in August by The Wall Street Journal.A spokeswoman for Ms. Sánchez said backdating the news release was not inappropriate, as the office considered the document public when it was sent to the F.T.C.

Despite his efforts, Herbalife's stock over the last 14 months has actually gone up. But Mr. Ackman, at least publicly, has tried to maintain the confidence of his investors, telling them last summer that he was confident he had made ''material progress'' in his attempts to persuade regulators to crack down on the company -- an act that would be certain to hurt its stock price.

''We believe that the probability of timely, aggressive regulatory intervention has increased materially,'' he said in the letter.

A Lack of Victims

The Nevada attorney general, Catherine Cortez Masto, was among the many officials who found herself enmeshed in the debate. But as the fight unfolded, with Latino groups holding a news conference in East Las Vegas demanding that she investigate Herbalife, she had some questions.

She says she was struck by the appeals for an investigation of Herbalife, at first directly from representatives for Mr. Ackman's firm and then from others: All three of the letters from nonprofit groups demanding an investigation were identical -- except they were signed by three different Hispanic community leaders, each on a different letterhead.

When Ms. Masto invited the Hispanic leaders to meet with her individually, none of them could identify a victim of abusive practices.

''We are not going to move forward unless we have victims,'' she told the community leaders.

In Nevada, the Ramirez Group, a political consulting firm run by a former aide to the Senate majority leader, Harry Reid of Nevada, helped line up Hispanic groups and then contacted local reporters to attend a news conference, emails obtained by The New York Times show.

The attorney general in Connecticut, George Jepsen, said he had a similar experience. He received five letters with almost identical text. ''Herbalife is a complex and abusive pyramid scheme,'' the letters each said. ''Herbalife unfairly targets minority groups and falsely markets itself as an easy business opportunity.''

One came from the mayor of the city of Waterbury, another from a former state legislator that Mr. Ackman had hired as a lobbyist, and a third from Israel Alvarez, a Puerto Rican-born hairstylist in Hartford.

In a telephone interview, Mr. Alvarez said he did not recall writing the letter. Asked if he had ever heard of the company named Herbalife, he said it was ''a vitamin thing, and food thing.''

None of the letters cited any specific victims of Herbalife's business practices. In fact, only one person had filled out a formal complaint form with the Connecticut attorney general's office. State investigators were ultimately unable to substantiate the person's claim that he lost $1,500 through the company five years ago.

The effort reached the West Coast as well. In California, Mr. Ackman's team sent Minyon Moore, a former senior Clinton White House aide, to host a meeting in October at the landmark West Angeles Church of God in Christ in the city's predominantly black South Central neighborhood. Ms. Moore detailed what she said were Herbalife's deceptive sales techniques, participants in the meeting said.

Within a matter of weeks, Mr. Ackman's consultants had helped organize a demonstration outside an Herbalife conference in Los Angeles and helped persuade nearly two dozen prominent Latin American and black community leaders to send letters to state and federal officials demanding action -- letters that are now posted on an anti-Herbalife website that Mr. Ackman's consultants control.

Najee Ali, a longtime activist in Los Angeles who attended the meeting at the church and then wrote one of the letters to California's attorney general, said he was moved by Ms. Moore's appeal.

''Her remarks were very touching and compelling, and her credibility across black America -- it is unquestioned, so I really took to heart her argument,'' Mr. Ali said.

But he had no idea that Ms. Moore was working on behalf of a hedge fund manager who had made a bet on Herbalife's stock -- and that his letter had become part of a lobbying strategy.

''Have I become an instrument in some billionaire's investment campaign?'' he said, adding that he now regrets sending the letter. ''I don't want to be an unwitting pawn, and that is how I am feeling right now.''

Pershing Square and its lobbyists argue that many of Herbalife's victims are afraid to come forward because they are undocumented. ''It's a problem that we haven't been able to find victims to come out,'' said Maria Cardona at Dewey Square, who specializes in appeals to Hispanic Americans.

But Mr. Ackman once again had a solution: Pay nonprofit groups across the United States to find the victims Mr. Ackman knew he needed to compel the regulators to act.

So Global Strategy Group, a consulting firm helping Mr. Ackman conduct the campaign, began to make such payments, including about $120,000 to the Hispanic Federation and another $10,000 to Make the Road New York.

Other leaders of prominent Hispanic nonprofit groups said that a New York-based lobbyist hired by Mr. Ackman, Luis A. Miranda Jr., had also been holding a series of meetings offering payments at the same time that he was asking for their help in the anti-Herbalife campaign. Mr. Miranda denied these allegations, but emails obtained by The Times include discussions of possible support for programs run by groups whose leaders he had just approached for help on the Herbalife campaign.

The effort to find Herbalife victims now also includes toll-free numbers set up in at least four states, with recordings in English and Spanish urging people to report wrongdoing by the company.

''If you, a loved one or a friend have fallen for Herbalife's deceptive marketing practices, we need you to share your story,'' the recording says. ''Every story can make a difference.''

A Global Powerhouse

Herbalife, according to the company's official history, was born out of the trunk of a car in 1980, when a 24-year-old California man, Mark R. Hughes, began selling a protein shake that he had concocted, he said, after his mother had died of an accidental overdose of diet pills.

The company has grown into a global powerhouse, with a worldwide team of more than three million so-called members and distributors who operate as independent contractors through a system that rewards many of them not only based on actual sales, but also on their ability to recruit more distributors.

The sales tactic, popular with many nutritional supplement companies, has frequently been the target of criticism. In 1986, California authorities issued an order prohibiting Herbalife from making false claims about the weight-loss powers of its nutritional drinks.

But never before has the company met an opponent quite like Mr. Ackman. In fact, company executives acknowledge that they underestimated just how far-reaching his effort would be.

Herbalife's opinion changed on Jan. 23, when Mr. Ackman's campaign scored its biggest hit yet: a United States senator, Mr. Markey, sent letters to the S.E.C. and the F.T.C., and Herbalife's stock fell.

Mr. Ackman's anti-Herbalife website originally posted copies of the letters dated Jan. 22, while Mr. Markey's office sent them out to the public dated Jan. 23. Mr. Markey's office attributed this to a clerical mistake and added that Mr. Ackman's office had merely obtained early versions of their letters from Mr. Markey's website.

Herbalife, after Mr. Ackman announced his bet, had already expanded its own lobbying team, hiring, among others, the Glover Park Group, founded by former top Clinton administration aides, and the Podesta Group, run by Tony Podesta, who is known for his close ties to the Obama White House. With help from this team, last month the company held a private briefing for more than 30 Capitol Hill aides, defending itself against Mr. Ackman's charges -- and the echo chamber they argue he has manufactured.

They also retained the law firm Dickstein Shapiro, which has a large practice that specializes in lobbying attorneys general around the United States. Herbalife was so determined to force Mr. Ackman to back down it asked an investment adviser it retains, Moelis & Company, to approach some of the investors in Mr. Ackman's fund, suggesting that his bet was dangerous and could cost them dearly.

To counteract the appeals Mr. Ackman had made to Latino groups, it also decided to significantly boost its spending on donations to such nonprofits, such as a $25,000 payment to the National Puerto Rican Coalition. Its president, Rafael A. Fantauzzi, was among the signers of a letter sent in February from a group that called itself Friends of Herbalife, which defended the company's business practices.

Dueling Donations

In recent weeks, the back-and-forth donations by the two sides have generated something of a bidding war.

For example, a top executive at the United States Hispanic Leadership Institute informed a member of Mr. Ackman's consulting team in late February that he had already received a $30,000 donation from Herbalife. He then solicited payment of the same amount from Pershing Square in exchange for the group remaining ''neutral.''

''Are you able to match the $30K we have received from Herbalife?'' Juan Andrade Jr., the president of the Institute, wrote to the consultant. ''If Herbalife says neutrality is unacceptable and wants their money back, are you able to replace it?''

One of Mr. Ackman's consultants at Dewey Square suggested in a note to Mr. Ackman's lawyer that ''I think it would be worthwhile to keep them neutral.'' But a spokesman for Mr. Ackman said that the company refused to pay Mr. Andrade's group, arguing that he is paying groups to help find victims, not for their allegiance to his cause.

For now Mr. Ackman shows no sign of backing down. In fact, he has just agreed to increase the payments for the victim identification effort.

Mr. Ackman said that even if he decides at some point in the future to shift his investments and financially back out of the fight with Herbalife, he is not going to give up on the campaign.

''I am going to personally pursue the Herbalife matter to the end of the earth -- meaning I think this company is a criminal operation, I think they are harming people,'' Mr. Ackman said. ''This is something that angers me. I am going to pursue that.''

CIA Director Brennan discusses challenges and opportunities for the American intelligence community and reflects on his first year as CIA director.11 a.m.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/10/business/staking-1-billion-that-herbalife-will-fail-then-ackman-lobbying-to-bring-it-down.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/03/10/business/staking-1-billion-that-herbalife-will-fail-then-ackman-lobbying-to-bring-it-down.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: William A. Ackman (A1)

GOING SHORT: Mr. Ackman has made a $1 billion bet on Herbalife's collapse, and lobbied aggressively for it. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT EELLS/BLOOMBERG VIA GETTY IMAGES)

LINDA T. SÁNCHEZ, Democratic representative of California.

EDWARD J. MARKEY, Democratic senator of Massachusetts.

TOBY MOFFETT, a former Democratic representative from Connecticut.

FABIAN NÚÑEZ, a politician in California, has joined Mr. Ackman's cause.

LUIS A. MIRANDA JR., a New York-based lobbyist hired by Mr. Ackman.

MINYON MOORE, a former Clinton White House aide. (A14)

STOCKING UP: Kiosks are used to place orders of Herbalife products, below left, at a distribution center, below right, in Carson, Calif. The company has repeatedly denied the claims that it is a pyramid scheme. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK T. FALLON/BLOOMBERG VIA GETTY IMAGES)

TURNED BACK: Brent Wilkes of the League of United Latin American Citizens, which said it would return a $10,000 contribution. (PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED PROUSER/REUTERS) (A15) GRAPHICS: Five Nearly Identical Letters: Five people in Connecticut sent letters with very similar language urging the Federal Trade Commission to open an investigation into Herbalife. (A14)

A Senator's Letter, and a Stock's Fall: On Jan. 23, Senator Edward J. Markey of Massachusetts sent letters asking the F.T.C. and S.E.C. to look into Herbalife. The letters were based at least in part on research that William A. Ackman's firm provided. Herbalife stock fell by 14 percent. (Source: Bloomberg) (A15)

**Load-Date:** March 12, 2014

**End of Document**



[***POLITICS: THE TRAIL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5F90-0005-G2NP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Buchanan Is Slugging Away, Seeking a Georgia Comeback***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5F90-0005-G2NP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 5, 1996, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 1288 words

**Byline:** By R. W. APPLE Jr.

By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** LAGRANGE, Ga., March

**Body**

Patrick J. Buchanan was talking about the might-have-beens.

"If we'd have won Arizona," he said, "Click, click, click, everything would have fallen into place. But the absentee ballots saved Bob Dole, and Steve Forbes spent $4 million. If we had more time, I could beat all these guys. If I had more money, I'd kill them. If they didn't have the Governor and the former Governor and Strom Thurmond in South Carolina, we'd have won there."

But he cannot match Mr. Dole's or Mr. Forbes's money, and time is running out. Georgia votes on Tuesday, and it is Pat Buchanan's best remaining chance for a comeback. If not Georgia, where, people ask. He has no ready answer. The eight primaries on Tuesday could make such questions more pointed for him and the others chasing Mr. Dole. And looking ahead, Lamar Alexander said he would drop out if he did not win in Florida next week. [Page B9.]

Of course, the old pugnacity is still there. Pat Buchanan has spent a lifetime fighting his way out of corners, and he is not about to stop now. He is a kind of professional underdog, who wrote editorials for the underfinanced, underdog St. Louis Globe-Democrat in the glory days of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, an Irish Catholic who worked for Richard M. Nixon, the hated rival of John F. Kennedy, a hero in every Irish Catholic home in America. He was for the war in Vietnam and against the war in the Persian Gulf. Twice he has taken on the entire Republican establishment, challenging a President and then a Senate majority leader.

"Energy level gets a little low sometimes," Mr. Buchanan said this morning, bleary-eyed. But no one who heard him whipping up the crowd at a carpet factory here in LaGrange, near the Alabama border, would have believed it.

Standing on a flatbed truck wrapped in bunting, he tore into members of Congress and their pensions, into Boeing, the airplane manufacturer, for opening a plant in China and into AT&T, whose officers, he said, "get their big mugs on magazine covers for chopping jobs."

He had only praise, however, for Roger Milliken, the chairman of Milliken & Company, which has just rebuilt the Live Oak carpet plant in a record six months after a disastrous fire, "instead of taking the insurance money and rebuilding it in Mexico or somewhere else where people have to work for 25 cents an hour."

Mr. Milliken, a tall, benign-looking man with white steel-wool hair, is one of the leaders of the Buchanan campaign. He gave $1.8 million to the political arm of Mr. Buchanan's foundation, American Cause. Plutocrat he may be, but he did not blink when the conservative commentator told the assembled hard-hats:

"We're going to go up to that big Republican country club and demand admission. We're going to use the swimming pool and everything else."

To that sort of rabble-rousing populism, Mr. Buchanan has added some new gambits in the wake of his resounding defeat in South Carolina on Saturday, where Senator Dole beat him on the trade issue, according to exit polls, and held him almost even among social conservatives identified with the religious right.

The first is to portray his old friend Bob Dole -- "Beltway Bob," as he often calls him, when he is not calling him "the bellhop of the Business Round Table" -- as a liberal.

In radio commercials now playing on Christian radio stations across the state, Mr. Buchanan is banging away at Mr. Dole on abortion -- for voting to confirm two Supreme Court Justices nominated by President Clinton, Stephen A. Breyer and Ruth Bader Ginsburg, who support the Roe v. Wade decision legalizing abortion, for "openly discussing" the possibility of choosing retired Gen. Colin L. Powell as a running-mate though General Powell has defended abortion in some cases, and for refusing himself to "take the pledge" to oppose all abortions.

Gov. David M. Beasley of South Carolina, a born-again Christian, carried Mr. Dole on his shoulders in Saturday's primary, Mr. Buchanan insisted today, "took him to the goal line and pitched him over." With no such support in Georgia, Mr. Buchanan hopes, Mr. Dole will be weaker among Christian conservatives.

Mr. Buchanan has also begun making a pitch to Democrats to crossover and vote for him in the Republican primary, which is permitted in Georgia.

At a wan little event in a parking lot in Roswell, in the suburbs north of Atlanta, where the traveling journalists and technicians outnumbered the locals, Mr. Buchanan noted (correctly) that he had run much more strongly among Democrats and independents in South Carolina than among Republicans.

"Got to do something about that," he commented, laughing, when he realized what he had said, but he plowed on, asking for the votes of "all you ***working-class*** folks."

A great believer in momentum, Mr. Buchanan readily acknowledges that he needs some, pronto.

"If tomorrow night they say on TV that it's a close race, my campaign will ignite," he said. "If Dole has another easy win, like South Carolina, then I have to start from scratch in the upcoming states like Florida and Texas. That's hard to do, maybe impossible, when there's so little time to campaign."

From here, he decided this afternoon, conferring by cellular phone with aides in Washington between events, he will head to Buffalo, then to Florida for a day, to Tennessee for a day, into Louisiana for an appearance in Baton Rouge, the old stomping grounds of Huey P. Long, one of his insurgent heroes, and on to Texas for a three-day swing.

By the day after that, March 12, he should know his fate.

"The Pitchfork Express is going to roll through Dixie," he proclaimed optimistically at one point, but in truth Mr. Buchanan's bus caravan meandered as aimlessly as a lazy Southern river through Georgia today. A veteran of Nixon and Reagan campaigns, he is as canny as any professional politician, but there are limits to what clever tactics, stirring speeches and appearances on call-in radio can accomplish. The schedule was slack and the advance work in some spots all but nonexistent.

Gary Wright, the nonpareil trip manager who was dismissed along with other members of the White House travel office by Mr. Clinton, joined the Buchanan campaign on Saturday. Today, as the caravan hove to beside a dumpster behind a Shoney's in Union City, Ga., while the candidate debated whether or not to go in for coffee, Mr. Wright said mildly, "In the White House you have people to work with, food on the bus, drinks, hotel rooms booked."

Not on the Buchanan campaign.

That is fine with the candidate. "Polls are irrelevant," he said. "Focus groups are irrelevant, consultants, advance men, too. Just a lot of additional baggage to drag around."

Mr. Buchanan is not having the fun he had in New Hampshire and Arizona before his bubble burst, temporarily or permanently. But there are still moments that bring forth the grin, eyes squeezed closed in delight, and the quick cackle of laughter. There was one this morning. Someone wanted a comment about an article in The Washington Post on a memorandum Mr. Buchanan had written in the Nixon days advocating a campaign of dirty tricks.

"This is the Washington Post's in-kind contribution to the Dole campaign," he said, scowling into the sun and telling how Bob Dole had "rammed through" in the dark of legislative night a $200 million tax break for The Washington Post as part of the new General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

"Katharine Graham and The Washington Post are paying him back now by dredging up 20-year-old memos. I wrote a lot of them. I did a lot of writing in those days. We didn't know that they'd ever be out here in public."

It was the only time all day that he seemed really pleased with himself. "It was a free throw," the old ideological warrior said with a smile.

**Graphic**

Photo: Supporters of Patrick J. Buchanan cheering him at a rally yesterday in LaGrange, Ga., as he tried to fashion a comeback in Georgia's primary today. (Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times)(pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** March 5, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Fashion/Review;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5F50-0005-G2HV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In London, Blueblood Meets Hot Blood***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5F50-0005-G2HV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 5, 1996, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Style Desk;

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 12;  Column 1;  Style Desk;  Fashion Page; Column 1; ; Fashion Page; Review

**Length:** 1237 words

**Byline:** By AMY M. SPINDLER

By AMY M. SPINDLER

**Dateline:** LONDON, March 2

**Body**

The Gothic church that was the site for the Alexander McQueen show on Friday night, the close of the London fashion collections, has a vaulted foyer. Yet, it almost seemed that Isabella Blow, the stylist, would have to bend her head to get her far-ranging feathered Philip Treacy hat through it.

Ms. Blow was the only one dashing out of Christchurch Spitalfields, while every fashion rat in London was pushing in out of the rain. She had met with Mr. McQueen before his collection, which was dedicated to her somewhat Victorian English eccentric style, and her fluty voice called back to the tenders of Mr. McQueen's door: "I'm going out to have a drink. Bryan Ferry is waiting for me."

Ms. Blow has reason to celebrate. She is not a designer, but she certainly was the key to the two strongest shows in London this season, Mr. McQueen's and Mr. Treacy's collections. "I discovered Alexander and Philip, and I styled Philip's show," Ms. Blow said. "The mixture of those two things means it was very much my style."

Her relationship of muse to Mr. McQueen is not unlike that of Amanda Harlech to John Galliano, aristocracy firing the embers of artistic ***working-class*** hearts.

Of all the stories on London runways, there is none so fascinating as the symbolic courtship between class and commoner. If the return-to-glamour movement made women look like tramps, and the conservative backlash that followed made them look upper crust, this season brought the two together.

The look is of a blueblood girl trying to break some rules, with English classic tailoring given a tarty twist: fishnet hose, a tattered lace top, a sheer skirt with underwear showing through.

The movement has much to do with the influential Mr. McQueen and is a little like experiencing Vivienne Westwood's fashion history all at once, punk and Victorianism combined.

If there is any doubt that lewd is in the air, Joseph Corre, the son of Ms. Westwood and Malcolm Maclaren, is proof, running the most successful shop in London, a bordello-tinged lingerie store called Agent Provocateur. He provided the sparkly spandex underwear seen through the ornate lace dresses by Antonio Berardi and Mr. McQueen at Mr. Treacy's hat show.

Mr. Berardi's dresses, in keeping with the season's peculiar juxtapositions, were handmade on a loom by Julian Macdonald, a Welsh miner's son still in school, who has just been hired by Chanel to make knits.

Blueblood and hot blood mingled on the runways. It is no coincidence that the star models of these shows were two aristocrats, whose carriage gave credibility to some pretty sleazy clothes: Honor Fraser, and Iris Palmer (who has been described as a cross between the model Stella Tennant, her cousin, and Guinevere).

Mr. McQueen, who will show a collection in New York at a disused synagogue on Norfolk Street at the end of the month, brought the excitement, edge and theatrics he is known for but added a wonderful fourth element for the first time: maturity.

With candles perched along the pillars of the weathered church where his ancestors were christened, and a skeleton seated in the front row, there was a macabre mood, even for Mr. McQueen. His staff spun tales about Christchurch for the audience as it was being seated: victims of the Black Death were buried beneath it, and their ghosts wander the catacombs; the architect was a Satan worshiper.

Then, Mr. McQueen added his own story line. Choral music turned into a menacing pulse. The stained-glass window at the back of the church blazed brightly, then went black.

Male models dressed as gang youths skulked out and stood at the ends of the cross-shape runway to leer at the women as they emerged from an archway of roses, some wearing bird claws as earrings, metal thorns seeming to protrude from their faces, others in masks decorated with crucifixes, or antlers or single horns for hats, hair in a long mottled knot.

The clothes were as fantastical: gray wool dresses with jagged pieces of nude chiffon, skirts that unbuttoned in a spiral, lean trousers slit up the back or with wide buttoned cuffs, torn lace shirts beneath perfectly tailored jackets, military jackets with ornate brocade, cut velvet skirts with long trains and Victorian jackets, a sheer top with spattered beading and brocade trousers.

The collection was spiked with soft lavender colors, and everything was worn with sedate Victorian shoes. When Mr. McQueen received his ovation and two bouquets, he gave one to Mum and one to Ms. Blow. In the past, the lewdness of Mr. McQueen's fantasies has limited the appeal of his inventive designs. This collection could be enjoyed by all.

What is most astounding about Mr. Treacy's hats is that they aren't quite hats at all, which is what earned him a standing ovation for a show rife with Victorian hauteur.

"He's like a cosmetic surgeon for your face," said Ms. Blow, who in cowboy fashion seems to remove her hat only while sleeping. "Your face has a different personality for each one you're wearing."

Mr. Treacy's work astonished: a hat that closed like an oyster with the face as a pearl, an entire pheasant perched on a head, a python that writhed around the neck, a citron mask of feathers, a hat that swathed the head and unzipped at the eye.

Mr. Berardi's dresses were stars of Mr. Treacy's show, and his own collection was as winning and sweet. An Italian (he took his bow in a "Sicilians Are Sensational" shirt), he dedicated his show to "the English rose seen through the eye of an immigrant."

He played out the theme well: green melton suits with bright piping emphasizing the cut; tiny Victorian buttoned-up dresses, some with a swag of chiffon across the chest; bright yellow dresses with sweet flowers. Best were soft tweed jackets with bowed pockets over boys' cropped trousers and cropped shirts.

It was also a season when many of the young London designers who have struggled for international recognition proved their mettle.

Owen Gaster offered a whimsical take on the English eccentric, with colors that looked plucked from a ragbag, and the pretty pieced jackets and shirts he has been perfecting. Hussein Chalayan's techno prints became graphic Art Deco patterns on slip dresses and shirts.

Bella Freud's teases vamped in the best example of traditional English dress gone tarty, like a prim gray wool suit with a saucy ruffle around the skirt, worn with fishnet tights. Clements Ribeiro, the design team of Suzanne Clements and Inacio Ribeiro, is emerging as the best pairing in London, with jewel-tone paisley jackets with Tibetan lamb trim, striped cashmere sweaters in candy colors and cool kaleidoscopic graphic ones.

If Mr. McQueen's show closed the season with the danger and drama London is known for, another young designer, Roland Mouret, provided the right opener last Tuesday night in his collection called People Corporation. Mr. Mouret staged his show in an underground club he owns, called Freedom, rife with the stench of cigarettes and bad beer.

His show was dedicated to the punk band Agent Provocateur, which capitalizes on the Westwood-Maclaren connection in the name of the hip lingerie store, and it was the cool cheap-chic version of what was seen everywhere: lace tops printed in turquoise on teal, lace stockings matching sexy lace skirts, lean fake-leather jackets to give edge.

It seems when designers graduate from England to more rarefied places, edge is what they lose. It is worth coming to London to find it.

**Graphic**

Photos: People Corporation opened the week showing lace tights and skirt with a lean fake-leather jacket; Owen Gaster's whimsical union of a blue lace top, tailored jacket and deep-pink corduroy pants; A silk dress and paisley jacket with collar from Clements Ribeiro; At a Gothic church in London, Alexander McQueen showed a cut velvet shirt with trousers; His military jacket with a torn lace dress; Kate Moss in a Philip Treacy hat and Antonio Berardi hand-knit dress; Antonio Berardi's tweed jacket over cropped pants and turtleneck; Hussein Chalayan's pin-stripe jacket, sexy skirt and fishnet hose; Bella Freud's tailored gray flannel suit, also with fishnet stockings.

**Load-Date:** March 5, 1996

**End of Document**



[***POLITICS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D1D0-000B-Y2YP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***HOW HOUSE DELEGATION SEES RACE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D1D0-000B-Y2YP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 31, 1980, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Connecticut; Page 18, Column 3; Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1117 words

**Byline:** By MATTHEW L. WALD

**Dateline:** HARTFORD

**Body**

BEFORE the Democratic National Convention, one of the main arguments of the short-lived ''Anybody-but-Carter'' movement was the number of Democratic members of the House of Representatives who didn't think the President could carry their districts in the fall. Since then, the nationally televised convention has given Jimmy Carter a boost in the opinion polls, but Connecticut's Congressmen, while they generally think that his stock will continue to rise, are still not optimistic.

Several of them, who were polled by telephone, cautioned that the election was still weeks away in this unsettled year, but they agreed to test their ability to read their constituents' feelings. Each, it should be remembered, would benefit from a heavy vote for the nominee of his party. A good showing by John B. Anderson, the independent candidate, probably would indicate a voter disenchantment with party politics, which cannot help a Republican or Democrat.

AN-A

Here is what they said: FIRST DISTRICT (Hartford and vicinity) - ''From talking with people, getting around the district, I would say Carter's running a poor third,'' said Representative William R. Cotter, who put Ronald Reagan first and John Anderson second. But Mr. Carter will close most of the gap by Election Day, he added, and ''if he does lose the district, it will not be a substantial amount.'' As for an Anderson victory in his district, ''I don't see any possibility,'' Mr. Cotter said.

SECOND DISTRICT (New London, Middletown, and the eastern third of the state) - ''If the election were today, the President would be in trouble in my district,'' said Christopher J. Dodd, who is leaving the House to run for the Senate. Mr. Carter will gain ground in coming weeks, he added, ''but I don't want to predict today that Carter will win the state. At best for Carter, it's a dead heat.''

''My district's pretty independent,'' Mr. Dodd went on, recalling that his seat in Congress had alternated between Republicans and Democrats. But Gerald R. Ford, who beat Jimmy Carter here four years ago, had one advantage that Mr. Reagan does not, according to Mr. Dodd. Four years ago, Mr. Ford ran with three popular Republican incumbents - Senator Lowell P. Weicker Jr., Representative Ronald Sarasin and Representative Stewart B. McKinney. Only Mr. McKinney is running this year. ''It will be a closer race in Connecticut than '76,'' Mr. Dodd said.

THIRD DISTRICT (New Haven and vicinity) - The incumbent Congressman, Robert N. Giaimo, is retiring this year after 11 terms, and did not respond to repeated phone calls to his office. In the past, however, he has predicted a poor showing for the Democrats unless the party is united.

Three candidates want his seat. Joseph I. Lieberman, State Senate majority leader, is the Democratic nominee. ''Right now, it's a tossup between the three of them,'' said Mr. Lieberman, who added, however, that President Carter might win if the voters chose him by ''the process of elimination.''

Larry DeNardis, who won the Republican district convention but faces a primary, predicted that Mr. Reagan would win more than 55 percent of the votes in the Third District, followed by Mr. Carter, with Mr. Anderson far behind. The Republican Presidential nominee will do very well in ''those inner-ring communities, those immediately ringing New Haven,'' said Mr. DeNardis, a former State Senator. Those towns, including West Haven and East Haven, ''have contributed to Bob Giaimo's pluralities in the past. Reagan will make very strong cuts into that traditional Democratic ***working-class*** base,'' Mr. DeNardis predicted.

Henry A. Povinelli, the Mayor of Milford, and Mr. DeNardis's challenger in the Sept. 9 primary, also predicted a Reagan win, with strength in Milford, Stratford and the other shoreline towns. ''If I become the victor in the primary, it will add an awful lot of input for Ronald Reagan,'' he said. ''Anderson is going to be a very, very poor third, not enough to make any kind of a difference.''

FOURTH DISTRICT (the ''gold coast'' of Fairfield County, Norwalk and Bridgeport) - ''I think Reagan will do pretty well,'' said Mr. McKinney, the only Republican member of the House from Connecticut. ''With the added impetus of George Bush on the ticket, there will be a strong vote in the western part of the district,'' since Mr. Bush was raised in Greenwich. The Fairfield Republican also predicted a strong turnout for Mr. Reagan in Bridgeport, as that city turned out for Richard M. Nixon eight years ago. ''Anderson, that's the wild card,'' he said. ''My political instincts tell me John will fade off, but we've never had a wild card like that.''

FIFTH DISTRICT (the Naugatuck Valley, plus Wilton and the northern tier of Fairfield County) - William R. Ratchford, a freshman in the House, said that he thought Mr. Carter would win ''even though he's trailing now.'' The Representative, who stayed home from the convention to get in some extra campaigning in his district, said that he was confident of re-election except in a Reagan landslide. ''Labor now realizes that it has the possibility of a Ronald Reagan Presidency. That's enough to cause them to go to work; from their perspective, a Reagan Presidency would be devastating. Anderson is just dropping. I don't hear nearly as much Anderson talk any more.''

SIXTH DISTRICT (Bristol, Torrington and the northwestern corner of the state) - ''In 1976, Carter lost it pretty badly,'' said Representative Anthony Toby Moffett. ''I had to run some 30-odd thousand ahead of Carter. I anticipate, as things are going now, that the same thing will happen, by the same kind of margin, but you never know. He could do better than that.'' The Litchfield Democrat added: ''Right now, it's Reagan, Anderson, Carter, but I emphasize 'right now.' ''

None of the Congressmen put the independent candidate, Mr. Anderson, in front, although a statewide poll a few weeks ago put him ahead of his rivals. The Anderson campaign is confident of winning Connecticut, according to Peter Gold, Mr. Anderson's state co-ordinator, who said that he thought Mr. Anderson would carry the First and the Third. Both center on cities with major campuses, which are important sources of volunteers for Mr. Anderson.

The Second and the Sixth have ''tremendous potential,'' said Mr. Gold, ''because of the Congressmen they elect,'' Mr. Dodd and Mr. Moffett, respectively, who are both liberals.

Of the Fourth District, which is probably a Reagan stronghold by anyone's definition, ''we're not giving it away,'' said Mr. Gold. Anderson backers, he added, will also ''keep our fingers crossed'' that they can carry the Fifth District.

By the evening of Nov. 5, all should know for sure.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: map of Connecticut photo of Toby Moffett photo of William R. Cotter/photo of Christopher J. Dodd/photo of William R. Ratchford/photo of Stewart B. McKinney

**End of Document**



[***HERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D2H0-000B-Y0HJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***by Susan Jacoby***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D2H0-000B-Y0HJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 1980, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page Z, Column 1; Home Desk

**Length:** 1183 words

**Body**

ON Nov. 22, 1909, 20,000 shirtwaist makers -most of them Jewish and Italian immigrant women in their teens and 20's - walked out of their sweatshops on the Lower East Side. Because there was little outside financial support for the women who were in such desperate need, the strike ended three months later with no real improvement in wages or working conditions. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union had not obtained recognition from the factory owners. The famous Triangle Shirtwaist Company fire, which took the lives of 146 workers, was still in the future.

In spite of its lack of immediate practical results, the shirtwaist makers' strike was a great success in one crucial area: It gave form and direction to the developing ***working-class*** consciousness of both men and women on the Lower East Side. It laid the foundation for a much more successful strike by cloakmakers in the summer of 1910 - a strike that led to the unionization of the garment industry. In his book, ''World of Our Fathers,'' Irving Howe observes, ''What the girls began, the men completed.''

AN-A

There were several critical differences between the men's strike and the women's strike. The most important of these was the fact that the American Federation of Labor made an all-out effort to support the men and raised $250,000 - most of it to be paid in benefits to the striking workers. In September, the strike was settled with substantial gains for the workers. What the men had accomplished was the translation of the emotional outrage engendered by the women's strike into effective economic power.

Seventy years later, American women are still struggling with the same task. It is time to face the fact that we have not yet managed to translate the feminist consciousness that emerged in the early 1970's into genuine economic and political power:

- Although women have entered the work force in unprecedented numbers during the past decade, the gap in earnings between men and women who work full-time has actually increased. On an average, male high school dropouts earn $1,600 more a year than female college graduates. The overwhelming majority of women are still crowded into poorly paid clerical and service jobs.

- More than 40 percent of women with preschool-age children have jobs (compared with only 10 percent in 1960), but government, business and labor have been almost totally unresponsive to the need for child care facilities.

- The outlook for passage of the equal rights amendment is - speaking optimistically - dim. The extended deadline is June 1982, and no progress has been made in gaining ratification from the three additional states needed for the amendment to become law. If Ronald Reagan is elected to the Presidency, the amendment is surely doomed. It may be doomed regardless of which candidate is elected. Illinois, a crucual state, voted down the proposal once again this year.

I believe there are several related explanations for the stalled position of the women's rights movement. In politics, women who are committed to equal rights have not been able to defeat their enemies and reward their friends at the polls. The right wing's success, in spite of public opinion polls showing that a large majority of men and women favor the equal rights amendment, is attributable at least in part to its willingness to play one-issue politics when the issue is of sufficient importance. Women who favor the amendment have not yet displayed a willingness to abandon party ranks and traditional class loyalties to penalize politicians who have double-crossed them.

I suspect that the fate of women's issues during the next decade will be strongly influenced by the effect of Mr. Reagan's stance against the amendment on the Republican campaign. There are many Republican women who favor the amendment. Will they decide that electing a Republican - any Republican -is more important than the setback to the cause of women's rights? If Mr. Reagan receives the same percentage of women's votes as Republicans normally do, the message will not be lost on Democrats: You can ignore women's rights and get elected anyway.

Part of the problem with feminist political organizaton has been the concentration of so much energy on issues and events that are more symbolic than real. The Houston Women's Conference and the recent White House Conference on Families are examples of this misdirected energy. At both conferences, the delegates endorsed a variety of wonderful feminist causes, from government-financed day care to pension reform.

The development of these praiseworthy positions was a waste of time, money and energy, because the recommendations of such conferences have no real impact on Congress or the occupant of the White House. While the White House Conference on Families was busy endorsing government day care programs, Carter Administration aides were busy discouraging a modest proposal in the House to provide tax incentives for corporations that set up their own day care centers.

All the energy expended on these conferences would have been better spent on raising the money to hire one or two tough, effective lobbyists in Washington. Or on a few seasoned union organizers to work among the file clerks, saleswomen and waitresses who make up the majority of working women in the United States.

The situation of ordinary working women has received too little attention from feminist leaders, who are themselves representatives of an economic and professional elite. The situation of professional women, in contrast to that of less educated and affluent women, has improved dramatically during the past 10 years. But women - like men - do not consist primarily of doctors, lawyers and Indian chiefs.

There is little difference between sanitation workers and waitresses in education or training. There are, however, at least three significant differences between the two groups: Sanitation workers make much more money than waitresses; sanitation workers are men and waitresses are women; most sanitation workers are represented by a union and most waitresses are not.

For years, American labor ignored most occupations dominated by women on the premise that women were working for ''pin money'' and would not fight for higher wages or better working conditions. No sensible working man or woman believes that anymore (although less sensible government officials are still making policies based on that assumption) and the time is ripe for the organization of working women.

The potential importance of the labor movement to all women cannot be overestimated. Breakthroughs in day care, for example, are much more likely to be achieved through collective bargaining between companies and unions representing large numbers of women than through the legislative process.

It would be unrealistic to suggest that women should have won their struggle for justice in only one decade. But an effective feminist movement in the 1980's will require better organization, more money and a sharper focus on the attainment of real power. This time around, women must complete what women have begun.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: drawing

**End of Document**



[***Backward Runs French. Reels the Mind. - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:46J0-Y9T0-01CN-H04T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 17, 2002 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 1; Arts & Ideas/Cultural Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1634 words

**Byline:**  By ALEXANDER STILLE

**Body**

Those who have studied French but haven't been in France for a while may find themselves confused when they overhear conversations that sound familiar but remain largely incomprehensible. Gradually they may realize, or some kind soul may explain, that what they are hearing is a popular slang called Verlan in which standard French spellings or syllables are reversed or recombined, or both.

Thus the standard greeting "Bonjour, ca va?" or "Good day, how are you?" becomes "Jourbon, ca av?" "Une fete" (a party) has become "une teuf"; the word for woman or wife, femme, has become meuf; a cafe has become feca; and so on. The word Verlan itself is a Verlanization of the term l'envers, meaning "the reverse."

Within a couple of decades, Verlan has spread from the peripheral housing projects of France's poorest immigrants, heavily populated with Africans and North African Arabs, and gained widespread popularity among young people across France. It has seeped into film dialogue, advertising campaigns, French rap and hip-hop music, the mainstream media. It has even made it into some of the country's leading dictionaries.

A language of alienation that has, paradoxically, also become a means of integration, Verlan expresses France's love-hate relationship with its immigrant community and has begun to attract a number of scholarly studies.

"Speaking backwards becomes a metaphor of opposition, of talking back," writes Natalie Lefkowitz, a professor of French applied linguistics at Central Washington University in Ellensburg, Wash., and the author of "Talking Backwards, Looking Forwards: The French Language Game Verlan" (Gunter Narr, 1991), which, when it was published, was one of the first major studies of Verlan.

But along with its subversive element, Ms. Lefkowitz explained in an interview, "for the young urban professional, Verlan is a form of political correctness expressing solidarity with and awareness of the immigrant community at a time of anti-immigrant politics."

The first documented uses of Verlan date to the 19th century, when it was used as a code language among criminals, said the French scholar Louis-Jean Calvet. But the current and most widespread use of Verlan has its origins in the growth of France's banlieus, the peripheral areas outside major cities, where the government built high-rise housing for its immigrant worker population after World War II. In the 1960's and 70's, many North African workers were joined there by their wives and families.

"This housing that was supposed to be temporary, and was built intentionally apart from the mainstream society, became permanent," said Meredith Doran, an assistant professor of French applied linguistics at Penn State University, who recently finished a dissertation on the culture and language of the French banlieus. Their inhabitants also call a banlieu la Cite, which has been Verlanized into "la Teci."

Verlan caught on among the second generation of immigrants who were living between cultures. "They were born in France and often did not speak Arabic," Ms. Lefkowitz said, "but they did not feel integrated into France."

Ms. Doran explained, "Verlan was a way of their establishing their language and their own distinct identity." The term beur, which is a Verlanization of the French word Arabe, refers specifically to the second- and third-generation North Africans. Until recently, there was even a radio station of French North Africans called Radio Beur.

"Verlan has many functions," writes Vivienne Mela, an anthropologist who teaches at the University of Paris VIII, in a recent article called "Verlan 2000." "Initially, it was a secret language that allowed people to speak about illicit activities without being understood. And while Verlan conserves this function, its principal function is for young people to express both their difference and their attachment to a French identity. They have invented a culture that is in between the culture of their parents, which they no longer possess, and the French culture to which they don't have complete access."

Verlan, however, is also widely spoken by the other immigrant groups of the banlieus, mainly sub-Saharan Africans and Caribbean blacks. And Verlan, along with reversing syllables and words, has also incorporated terms from Creole, Arabic, Rom (the language of the Gypsies) and American slang to create a kind of speech of the disenfranchised.

"Verlan serves as an interface between these different groups who do not have a common language," said Alain Rey, one of the editors of the Petit Robert dictionary, the first of the standard dictionaries to incorporate a number of Verlan terms.

More than just reversing words, scholars say, Verlan reverses what have traditionally been regarded as negative qualities in France -- ethnic and religious differences, non-French identity, nonstandard speech -- and turns them into positive attributes that are consciously cultivated.

"In a country obsessed with linguistic purity, it turns a stigma into a positive emblem, a form of covert prestige," Ms. Lefkowitz said. Verlanizing words, she and others say, changes their tone and meaning. "When you say teci for cite, it is a way of expressing affection, like saying homeland," she added.

Verlan, in the views of Mr. Rey and others, is also a playful way for the French to forge a language for dealing with ethnic, racial and religious differences. The Verlanized words for Arab, black or Jew "allow you to mark racial and culture differences without insulting people," Ms. Lefkowitz said.

But Leyla Habane, a Moroccan-French university student who provided research assistance when Ms. Doran was working on her dissertation, is leary of that interpretation. "I think these terms can be pejorative in any form," she said, although she admitted that they could also be used playfully. Perhaps because it has been so widely adopted by most French, she finds the term beur offensive.

But there is no question that Verlan is used to discuss race, ethnicity and other taboo subjects. In one recent study, the French scholars Jean-Luc Azra and Veronique Cheneau, both of the University of Paris VIII, documented about 350 Verlan terms, which tended to be clustered around a handful of subjects: illegal activities like theft and drugs; race, ethnicity and national origin; and taboo topics like sex, as well as everyday objects on the street and in the subway.

Verlan was discovered by mainstream French in the 1980's after a series of major riots and confrontations with police brought the problems of la Cite to the attention of most French. "These riots put a spotlight on the youth subculture of the banlieus, and that's when everybody noticed that these youths had this language of their own," Ms. Doran said.

A series of books and films about life in the banlieus followed, bringing Verlan to the attention of a wider public. The 1995 movie "La Haine" ("Hate"), about the lives of three housing-project friends, with much of its dialogue in Verlan, was a revelation to many French, though some found parts of it incomprehensible. Also very popular was a film thriller called "Les Ripoux," which is a Verlanization of the French word pourri, meaning rotten. Ripoux has become a common term for corrupt police officers.

Verlan became so popular that even former French President Francois Mitterrand showed off his knowledge of it during a television interview several years ago. When he was asked whether he knew the word chebran (Verlan for branche, which means hip), he answered, of course, but added, "That's already passe; you should say cable," which literally means "wired for cable," but means "plugged in" or with-it in current slang.

Ms. Lefkowitz explained: "There are now different kinds of Verlan. There is the Verlan of the original group, the ***working class*** immigrants from the banlieus. Then there is the Verlan of the urban professionals, bourgeois Verlan or 'Verlan geoisbour.' There is also the Verlan of the teenagers who use it to distinguish themselves from the adult word as a game and a form of amusement."

The appropriation of Verlan by mainstream French culture is viewed with some uneasiness by those in the banlieus. "They find it annoying," Ms. Habane said. "They feel it is their language, and now they want to take this from us, too."

As a result, Verlan keeps renewing so that the speech of la Cite stays a step ahead of geoisbour Verlan. Many terms have also been "reverlanized." Beur, Ms. Habane said, now that it has been widely adopted by the French, is sometimes seen as pejorative, with many North African speakers using the term reub, which is beur itself turned inside out.

As a Frenchwoman of Moroccan descent pursuing a university degree, Ms. Habane expressed mixed feelings about Verlan. "I worry that it creates a kind of linguistic gap between these young people and the rest of the world that can become a trap," she said. "When I speak to some kids in my neighborhood, they often don't understand me."

And while the emulation of Verlan and banlieu culture might be flattering, she worries about recent polls showing that a majority of French feel that there are too many Arabs in the country.

Whatever the case, Verlan has made its mark on the language, said Mr. Rey, the lexicographer. "Many of them have become so common, they are not even thought of as Verlan," he said, and their proliferation in newspapers and novels has forced Le Petit Robert to include many Verlan terms in its most recent editions, to the annoyance of purists at the Academie Francaise, whose dictionary has resisted.

"We feel that a dictionary should reflect the language that is actually spoken," Mr. Rey said. "Besides, I think, on balance, there is much creativity in Verlan, and it shows that the French language is very much alive."

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

**Correction**

An article in Arts & Ideas on Saturday about the French slang known as Verlan misspelled the term for the areas in which it developed among immigrants, and characterized those areas incorrectly. The term is banlieue, not banlieu. It refers to any suburb, not just to a suburb in which the government built high-rise housing after World War II.

The article also misstated the meaning of "la Cite," as used by suburban residents. It refers to local housing projects, not to the whole suburbs enclosing them.

**Correction-Date:** August 22, 2002

**Graphic**

Photo (Andrzej Dudzinski)

**Load-Date:** August 17, 2002

**End of Document**



[***The Politics of Layoffs: In Search of a Message - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-5DN0-0005-G1Y2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;  ; Section A;   Page 1;   Column 4;   National Desk  ; Column 4;  ; Series

**Length:** 4500 words

**Byline:** By ELIZABETH KOLBERT and ADAM CLYMER

By ELIZABETH KOLBERT and ADAM CLYMER

**Series:** THE DOWNSIZING OF AMERICA: The Issue of Jobs Rises at the Polls -- Sixth of seven articles

**Body**

Last fall, Senator Christopher J. Dodd, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, convened a meeting of about a dozen of the party's top political consultants to get some advice. Polls showed increasing disillusionment with the Republican Congress, but little evidence of increased support for Democrats. What positive message, Mr. Dodd wanted to know, could the party use to win over the growing numbers of disgruntled Americans?

On one side was a group of strategists in favor of appealing to middle-class voters by openly taking on corporate America, demanding to know why in a time of rising profits workers were being laid off and wages were flat. Such a message "gets the Democrats back home," said Carter Eskew, one of those who argued in its favor.

Others worried, however, that the appeal of the message was precisely what was wrong with it: it sounded too much like the voice of "old Democrats." It would, they warned, invite charges that the party was inciting class warfare, and could ultimately end up alienating important constituencies, not to mention some of the party's major contributors.

This difference of opinion reflects a continuing debate among Democratic office holders, and one of the central conflicts inside the Clinton re-election effort. Indeed, it illustrates the challenge both parties confront as they look to the November election: how to offer what one prominent Democratic pollster calls a "narrative" that would allow voters to make sense of a new, and often alarming, economic reality.

Even more contentiously, and certainly more publicly than the Democrats, the Republicans have been battling over what message to send to increasingly edgy voters.

Until the last few weeks, most party leaders believed the Republican Presidential primary campaign would be fought over more abstract issues like balancing the budget and cutting the Federal bureaucracy. But that expectation changed when Patrick J. Buchanan, who had been advocating steep tariffs and stiff curbs on immigration to protect American jobs, won the New Hampshire primary. Suddenly, issues like layoffs and the impact of foreign trade began to dominate the discussion. Mr. Buchanan's rivals found themselves scrambling for an alternative economic message, all the while denouncing his.

In the 15 years since Ronald Reagan was elected -- in times of recovery as well as deep recession -- millions of Americans have lost their jobs and begun to slide, some slowly, others rapidly, down the economic ladder. So commonplace has the news of corporate downsizing become that the notion of lifetime employment has come to seem as dated as soda jerks, or tail fins. And a growing number of Americans have come to doubt one of the basic precepts of the national faith: that their children will have a higher standard of living than they did.

"You can't really depend on your job any more," said Jay Lyons, general manager of Ridge Chevy Olds in Basking Ridge, N.J., just down the road from the headquarters of AT&T, which recently announced 40,000 layoffs. "I just heard about another company laying people off. This is almost daily now."

Both parties do have legislative proposals that their members argue would help dull the economic pain, from a middle-class tax cut to changes in the corporate tax code. But, by and large, the political system has been slow to respond, at least in part because there are no easy or politically palatable solutions to the two parallel and interrelated economic problems behind that pain: layoffs and stagnant middle-class wages.

Even Mr. Buchanan, who has made fighting the loss of American jobs one of the central themes of his campaign, acknowledged recently that he did not know how, if he were elected President, he would respond to an announcement of more layoffs by a company like I.B.M. or AT&T. "That's a very tough question, because I don't have the answer to it," he said last Sunday on NBC's "Meet the Press."

At the same time, there are many politicians, especially on the right but also on the left, who argue that the middle class is disillusioned not only because of economic change, but also because of social and political decline. And there are many in both parties who argue that their party's electoral prospects would best be served by focusing on these broad issues.

At this point, eight months from the election, it is too early to say if economic issues will be the central focus of the campaign. Still, as they gear up for November, people in both parties say it will be impossible for candidates to ignore them.

"The core issue in '96 is there is a large chunk of the electorate that is very uneasy," said Bill McInturff, a Republican pollster who until recently worked on Senator Bob Dole's Presidential campaign. "All these major corporations are shedding workers. All around them people see their friends getting laid off. And the first question for any politician is what can you say to these people that can convince them the political system can even deal with the issue?"

The Republicans: Unified No More

The day after the House passed a balanced-budget plan last November, Speaker Newt Gingrich called it "the first blueprint to give our children lower interest rates, lower taxes and more freedom and more prosperity." As it turned out, this was a high-water mark for Republican unity.

At that point, key Republicans were speaking with near-unanimity about the nation's economic problems. What ailed America, they said, was that economic growth in recent years had been too slow, and interest rates too high. They also agreed on the cause: a bloated and growing Federal bureaucracy. This bureaucracy, they argued, was taking the hard-earned wages of middle-class taxpayers and giving them to others, be they welfare mothers or foreign investors clipping coupons on government bonds.

The solution was to balance the budget and give middle-class Americans a $500-per-child tax credit. This would not only give families more money in their pockets, they argued, but also encourage job-producing investments. Before long, the economy would be growing fast enough to insure a rising standard of living for everyone.

Even heading into the primaries, all but one candidate seemed to agree that these were the key issues. But that one, Mr. Buchanan, won the first primary, in New Hampshire, and almost at once the Republican unanimity showed signs of stress.

Mr. Buchanan has consistently -- and directly -- tried to appeal to workers displaced by economic change. In his speeches, he links middle-class anxieties to the rise of a global economy and trade deals like the North American Free Trade Agreement.

"I was not discomfited by the shutdown of the government," Mr. Buchanan said a few weeks ago in Iowa, "but I was discomfited when I read that AT&T is laying off 40,000 workers just like that, and the fellow that did it makes $5 million a year, and AT&T stock soared as a consequence and his stock went up $5 million."

It is not even clear if Mr. Buchanan's economic message was the moving force behind his early success. In fact, a recent New York Times/CBS Poll suggested that it was his views on social issues, at least as much as economic ones, that attracted voters. But his message, which injected an unfamiliar note of economic populism into the primaries and led him to an awkward rapport with some lunch-bucket Democrats, forced layoffs and wage stagnation to the forefront of the Republican campaign.

In New Hampshire, Mr. Dole belatedly tried to respond to Mr. Buchanan, offering anxious American workers what he called the "four freedoms of economic security." But the list, which included the "freedom from deficits," failed to generate much interest, and a few days later Mr. Dole acknowledged he had not expected jobs to be such a big issue.

Even as Mr. Buchanan appears to be turning into a protest candidate in the wake of Mr. Dole's eight-primary sweep on Tuesday and his victory yesterday in New York, the rifts he has exposed in the Republican Party are potentially lasting, and potentially even more profound than those between "old" and "new" Democrats. Where Mr. Buchanan advocates high tariffs to protect American industries, for example, many Republicans see no role at all for the government in securing private jobs.

Representative John Linder of Atlanta, who is faced with major AT&T layoffs in his district, told a reporter not long ago that his inquiry was the first he had received about the job losses. "The good news to me, as one who doesn't think the government has a solution for everything, is that people aren't running to their government and saying 'fix this,' " he said.

Many conservatives also maintain that Mr. Buchanan is misguided when he says middle-class workers have got a raw deal. They make several counter-arguments, all of them vigorously disputed by many economists, who say the conservatives are basing their claims on a highly selective use of economic statistics.

One argument is that when fringe benefits are taken into account, middle-class wage growth has kept up with the growth of the economy as a whole. A second argument rebuts the existence of a "middle class squeeze" by insisting that Americans on the top and bottom are constantly trading places. And yet another argument is that while income disparities grew under Jimmy Carter, they shrank under Ronald Reagan, only to expand again under Bill Clinton.

"The disparities in incomes were worse in the 1970's; we had real stagnation," Steve Forbes, the publisher and Republican Presidential candidate, said in an interview.

Yet even before the recent successes of Mr. Buchanan, there were some prominent Republican strategists who wondered if the party was vulnerable to just the sort of appeal he has voiced. Although they all agreed with the party's economic prescription of cutting taxes and balancing the budget, they said they were worried that the rhetoric was inadequate, too disconnected from the frustrated lives of real voters.

In an interview back in November, Mr. McInturff, the former Dole pollster, said he was concerned that Republicans were not communicating the party's economic agenda in terms that made sense of voters' everyday experience. "As a party," he said, "we haven't connected the dots yet."

Democrats: An Awkward Position

The question of how to address the nation's growing economic anxiety is a particularly awkward one for a President who won election in 1992 by appealing to middle-class voters who were, in his words, "working harder for less."

Mr. Clinton has presided over a steady economic recovery, for which he would obviously like credit. Yet even as the recovery has produced rising profits for many corporations and their shareholders, it has produced only pink slips and falling wages for many of the voters who supported him.

Mr. Clinton tried to embrace both of these competing realities in his State of the Union Message in January. The economy, he said at the outset, "is the healthiest it's been in three decades." But just a few sentences later, he acknowledged the underside of that same economy. "While more Americans are living better," he said, "too many of our fellow citizens are working harder just to keep up, and they are rightly concerned about the security of their families."

For Mr. Clinton and for Democrats in general, one of the central challenges is to come up with a convincing "narrative" that explains why Americans are feeling so insecure in the first place. It was just such a explanation, many Democrats maintain, that allowed the Republicans to succeed so spectacularly two years ago.

"Part of the problem on our side," said Geoffrey Garin, a Democratic pollster, "is that the only coherent explanation that is out there is the Republican explanation" -- that so many Americans feel hard pressed because Washington is taking their money.

On factual grounds, Democrats dispute this explanation -- and many economists agree with them -- because Federal tax receipts as a proportion of the overall economy have actually remained steady in recent decades. Moreover, the Republican account does not address the widening disparity between the incomes of middle-class and wealthy Americans: middle-class incomes, Democrats point out, have been flat even on a pretax basis, even as the incomes of the wealthy have grown dramatically.

Politics being a visceral business, though, Democrats are not enthusiastic about engaging in a debate over economic statistics. Instead, they see their task as answering the Republicans' "narrative" with a better one. The difficulty, says Stan Greenberg, the Democratic pollster who uses the term narrative, is that there are too many competing explanations for what has happened to the American economy.

"The problem is there are many narratives, and they are complicated narratives," he said. "There's a trade narrative about the role of foreign competition and unfair trade barriers. There's a narrative about skills. There's a narrative about rising productivity, and that in the long run people will see increasing gains."

Each of these narratives also suggests a different set of policy solutions.

If the problem is unfair trade, then the answer, increasingly advocated by House Democrats, might be to adopt a tougher stance with America's trading partners.

If the problem is corporations passing on the profits from increased productivity to shareholders but not to workers, then a possible answer might be incentives to change corporate behavior. This is an approach that has been proposed by such prominent Democrats as Richard A. Gephardt, the House minority leader; Senator Edward M. Kennedy of Massachusetts, and, perhaps most vociferously, Labor Secretary Robert B. Reich.

Mr. Kennedy is drafting legislation that would set a lower corporate tax rate for companies that have what he calls above-average records in areas like creating jobs, avoiding layoffs "simply to maximize profits," paying adequate wages and providing training for their workers.

Finally, if the problem is skills, then the obvious answer would be to improve educational opportunities. There is in fact widespread and even bipartisan agreement that American workers would be better off if they were better educated. But the consensus breaks down once the discussion turns to how to do this.

What approach Mr. Clinton should take has been a matter of intense debate among his advisers. On one side are those who argue that to win back the blue-collar white men who abandoned the Democrats in 1994, the President needs a strong populist appeal. This group includes Mr. Clinton's top advisers from 1992, like Mr. Greenberg and James Carville.

"If the Democratic Party can't talk about stagnating wages in a time of rising prosperity, why have one?" Mr. Carville said.

On the other side are those who argue that an economic populist appeal is too divisive, and that the Democrats can only forge a majority coalition by emphasizing broad, unifying issues like Medicare and education. This group, which includes most of the members of Mr. Clinton's new campaign team led by Dick Morris, also argues that economic growth is an accomplishment the President should boast about, not undermine.

From his recent speeches, Mr. Clinton seems to be trying to fuse these two messages, acknowledging voters' anxieties but rejecting a populist appeal.

Speaking at a public-works garage outside Detroit this week, the President called on the Federal Government to do more "to create jobs and raise incomes and give these people who are being downsized a chance to go right with their lives." He reiterated his calls for an increased minimum wage, tax deductions for college tuition and Federal vouchers for worker retraining.

But he pointedly avoided mention of the kind of redistributive tax changes his own Labor Secretary is advocating.

"We are not a people who object to others being successful," he said. "We do not resent people amassing their own wealth fairly won in a free enterprise system."

The Old Rules Fail

The bipartisan groping for a message to connect with economic discontent comes at a time of fundamental political uncertainty. Just as factory and middle-management jobs have become more insecure, so, too, have elected officials', and many politicians argue the two developments are related.

For years -- though political scientists constantly recalculated their formulas -- it was a simple truth that if the economy was good, the party in power won re-election. An ailing economy in 1976 and 1980 was a critical factor in those elections, and Congressional seats have regularly been won and lost over unemployment and inflation. One has to go back to 1968 -- in the middle of the Vietnam War -- to find an exception.

But in 1992, the rules failed. The country was at peace, the economy was in a recovery, and yet George Bush was badly defeated.

Two years later, the old rules performed no better. Once again the country was at peace and the economy was expanding. The models could not account for the devastating defeats that cost the Democrats control of both the House and Senate.

There are undoubtedly other factors at work besides changing economics. Innumerable polls suggest that voter volatility is a product not just of economic trends, but also of social trends, like concern over moral decline and a loss of confidence in government. But increasingly, politicians of both parties argue there is a profound connection between what is happening in the voting booth and what is happening at corporate headquarters and on factory floors.

The old models of voter behavior no longer work, these politicians argue, because they were fashioned at a time when economic growth translated directly into increased wages and job security. Yet for many middle- and lower-income workers, this is no longer the case. A low unemployment rate means little when a factory worker loses a $15-an-hour job and has to settle for one paying half as much.

"The people who have seen their wages and benefits erode and their job security vanish, they are politically up for grabs," Mr. Reich said. "They're not liberal, they're not conservative, they're anti-establishment. They blame whoever's in power."

But they have not turned off on government. The New York Times poll showed that 10 percent of the public had gone through a "major crisis" in their lives because of a layoff, either their own or a family member's. That group, as big as the flock of 19 million who voted for Ross Perot for President in 1992, is hostile to the economic system, to immigrants and to both political parties. But its members are dramatically more likely than other Americans to say that government can and should do something about the layoff problem. In these days of disgust with Capitol Hill, 78 percent of them said they believed that Congress could do something about the loss of jobs.

Those who have experienced a major crisis as a result of a layoff are also politically available. They are only slightly more Democratic than the rest of America, and a bit more educated. Bob Teeter, a Republican pollster, said the data suggested that the experience of layoffs had heightened their attention to government, and that they were a reasonable target for all politicians just because "they weren't overly anything."

Looking back, economists now say that the roots of today's economic insecurity can be traced back to the early 1970's. That is when the growth that had followed World War II began a 20-year slowdown, and when middle-class incomes began to lag.

Similarly, political analysts now go back to the early 1970's in an effort to understand today's uncertain environment. One of the defining traits of American politics over the past 25 years has been the defection of ***working-class***, white voters, especially men, from the Democratic Party. These voters, who had been drawn into the party with the New Deal, left it for largely social reasons. But some of those reasons had an economic undertone; many saw their party as too concerned about blacks and the poor, ignoring the struggles of other working families.

Repeatedly Republicans have defined their success with this group as the prelude to an emerging political realignment, only to see their gains wash away in harder times, like 1982 and 1992.

One of the lingering -- and central -- questions about the 1994 election is: Was this the portent, finally, of a permanent realignment or will the coalition once again fragment under economic stress? The group that swung most dramatically in 1994 was white males, or "angry white males" as they were quickly dubbed -- particularly white men without college degrees. Exit polls showed their support of Democrats dropped in two years from 59 to 40 percent.

It is no coincidence, some analysts argue, that this is the group that has fared the worst recently. According to Lawrence Mishel, research director of the Economic Policy Institute, a liberal think tank, wages of white men with only a high-school education have dropped 17 percent since 1979.

In an article last fall in the liberal journal The American Prospect, Ruy Teixeira, the Economic Policy Institute's director of political science and Joel Rogers, a professor of law, sociology and political science at the University of Wisconsin, argued that the Democrats lost control of Congress because these voters had embraced the theory that wasteful government spending and high taxes were responsible for their declining standard of living. To win ***working-class*** white men back, the two said, the Democrats must offer "an alternative story that shifts the blame to other targets."

By some accounts, at least, this is precisely what Mr. Buchanan has done. And notably, Mr. Buchanan's support is highest among ***working-class*** white men. In the New Hampshire primary, about a third of his votes came from white men without college educations, and among this group he was far more popular than any of his rivals.

The View From the Ground

The politics of economic anxiety, of course, is not only being played out in the war rooms and on the hustings of Presidential politics. The story is also beginning to unfold in Congressional districts around the country, in places as diverse and far-flung as Houston and Erie, Pa. What emerges from conversations with voters and candidates in both cities is a sense that the debate could favor either party in the fall.

In the 25th District in Houston, which has had a growing number of white-collar layoffs, voters are doubtful that either party is even in touch with their anxieties. Many also say they doubt the government can do much except get out of the way.

Cliff Fehr was laid off a few years ago from his job as a sales manager at Tenneco Inc., and, after struggling, found a new sales and marketing job that paid about $30,000 less in annual wages and benefits.

"Politically, it changed me a little bit," Mr. Fehr, 51, said of his layoff experience. "I've always been on the conservative side anyway, but now I'm probably more conservative. I'm very concerned about jobs leaving the United States and going overseas, more so than I was before." Mr. Fehr said he was more inclined to vote for Republicans because he felt the party was more sympathetic to business.

Still, many people who have had job problems credit the government -- and, more specifically, Democratic policies -- with helping them get back on their feet.

One is Sergio Garcia, a former oil-production analyst who was laid off from Chevron when his entire division was eliminated three years ago. A government-financed retraining program allowed Mr. Garcia to acquire a degree in occupational technology and industrial studies; he is now a training coordinator for a consulting company.

"At this point, the whole issue of retraining is at least being addressed by the Democrats," Mr. Garcia, 44, said. "I retrained myself, but I got some help -- and that's the kind of thing this country needs."

The Democratic incumbent, Ken Bentsen, believes that he can seize the economic upper hand by emphasizing that he voted against several Republican proposals to cut funds for education and job training.

At this stage of the campaign, the two Republican hopefuls -- Brent Perry and Bill Brock -- are emphasizing conservative policies such as a balanced Federal budget, which they say are most likely to prime the economy and create jobs.

In Erie, the incumbent Congressman, Phil English, is part of the freshman Republican class that swept Newt Gingrich to power. Enough of his constituents have been voting Republican to keep the seat out of Democratic hands for 18 years. But Mr. English, who won the 21st District with only 49 percent of the vote in a three-way race two years ago, is himself performing a delicate balancing act as he fights to hold on in a district both parties see as a battleground.

General Electric is in the process of laying off 1,400 workers at its big locomotive plant in Erie, and both General Electric and the United Electrical Workers local acknowledge that Mr. English has worked hard to insure continued financing for Amtrak and the extension of the Export-Import Bank so that the company had an opportunity for more domestic and foreign sales. And he has also worked, against many of his Republican colleagues, to preserve strands of the safety net, like assistance for people who lose their jobs due to trade agreements and extended unemployment benefits.

Mr. English contends he is a moderating force on the Gingrich revolution who explains to his Sun Belt colleagues what life is like in the Rust Belt, and gets concessions. He seems comfortable with this role, and he argues that even though jobs are the issue his constituents most often raise, "most people recognize that the role of the Federal Government is necessarily limited."

Labor leaders like Jim Nelson, who followed his father into the presidency of the union local after about 15 years as a stockkeeper in the locomotive plant's steel yard, say that will not wash. They argue that the ultimate votes by Mr. English for the Republican budget and its cuts showed that his allegiance was to Speaker Gingrich, not to "the guy that carries a lunch box going through the gate of this plant."

Mr. English's Democratic opponent, Ron DiNicola, has told the union that, if elected, he would work to restore unemployment compensation and training subsidies to their old nontaxable status. But he has generally steered clear of offering policy prescriptions. Recently, he wondered out loud how the government could encourage General Electric to weigh a responsibility to its workers and the community with its duties to its "obligation to the bottom line."

As the General Electric workers look to the Presidential race, many of them do so with concern.

"The only candidate on the macro level who is talking about real world economic issues, unfortunately, is Pat Buchanan," Mr. Nelson said. "Bill Clinton is going to have to start talking about the things Pat Buchanan is talking about."

**Correction**

A front-page article and headline yesterday about the Clinton Adminstration's policy regarding Federal programs that set aside some contracts for companies owned by women or members of minorities misstated the extent of the policy change in some editions . The Administration is imposing a three-year moratorium on any new set-aside programs, not on existing programs.

**Correction-Date:** March 9, 1996, Saturday

**Graphic**

Photo: FIGHTING WORDS Republican presidential candidate Patrick J. Buchanan, above, and Labor Secretary Robert Reich, a Democrat, below, on downsizing. (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)

Graphs: "The New York Times Poll" show responses on what to blame job dislocation and insecurity.; "Upbeat Economy, Downcast Voters" show inflation, unemployment, family income, Dow Jones, and income disparity figures in the 1990's. (Sources: Department of Labor, Department of Commerce, Datastream) (pg. A22); "The New York Times Poll" show responses to who should be addressing the problems of layoffs and job dislocation. (pg. A23)

**Load-Date:** March 8, 1996

**End of Document**



[***UPHEAVAL IN THE EAST: Soviet Union;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PYK0-0038-D4CR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Soviet Union Opposition Hits Democracy Circuit for Votes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PYK0-0038-D4CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 4, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 1, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1282 words

**Byline:** By BILL KELLER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MOSCOW, March 3

**Body**

At 2 A.M. today, Ilya I. Zaslavsky, political kingpin, was on the phone with his pollster. A last-minute survey of the Oktobr district of Moscow showed the tide running against the Communist establishment and in favor of Mr. Zaslavsky's slate in Sunday's local elections.

''He's smelling victory already,'' smiled the pollster, Aleksei G. Levinson, who urged his client to take aim at a few ***working-class*** high-rise apartment buildings for a final wall-poster assault.

Mr. Zaslavsky, a 30-year-old member of the Soviet Parliament, is at the center of a new and increasingly sophisticated network of pro-democracy insurgents from within and outside the Communist Party who believe that they have a real chance on Sunday to wrest control of Moscow and other cities from the party regulars.

More than a million seats are at stake in the electoral sweepstakes that American diplomats have dubbed Slavic Super Sunday, elections to local councils and republic parliaments in Russia, the Ukraine and Byelorussia.

Hampered by voter confusion, the Communist Party's domination of the electoral laws, and their own inexperience, groups advocating greater democracy are doubtful of winning control of the Slavic heartland as a whole.

But with the help of campaign techniques borrowed from the West, they have mounted their most formidable challenges in Moscow, Leningrad and other big cities. True Democracy? If they succeed, they have audacious plans to turn these urban governments into strongholds of real democracy and free enterprise, and to step up pressure on President Mikhail S. Gorbachev for bolder changes.

''In the districts and cities where we take power, we will register new parties,'' Mr. Zaslavsky explained over tea late the other night, following a day of barnstorming. ''We'll publish newspapers, create free radio stations, support democrats in other districts. We'll begin recall campaigns against conservative deputies to the national Parliament.

'''What we have now is a permanent revolution, and not the kind Lenin or Trotsky had in mind.''

Yuri A. Prokofiev, the Moscow Communist Party chief, conceded in an interview this week that the insurgents stand a fair chance of winning a majority in the 498-member Moscow City Council, and naming one of their own -possibly a radical economist, Gavriil K. Popov, or a political scientist, Sergei B. Stankevich - as the city's chief executive.

''Well, I see no harm in it, and if it happens we will cooperate with them,'' Mr. Prokofiev said, although he regards most of the opposition as political dilettantes who do not really want to take responsibility for the city's cratered streets and empty stores.

The Communists have not yet delivered on their promise to legalize rival parties, but in each of the republics preparing for Sunday's balloting, the opposition has stitched together a campaign coalition to take on the Communist monopoly.

In the Russian Republic, the eclectic umbrella group Democratic Russia includes the anti-Stalinist group Memorial, the Moscow Voters Association, the Association of Social Democrats, and a patchwork of local Popular Fronts and Communist clubs impatient with the mainstream party.

At least half of their candidates are Communist Party members, most of them disgruntled with the party leadership.

No Admirers of Gorbachev

The candidates differ on specific planks, but they share a commitment to unfettered, multiparty democracy and more Western-style market economics, and a general sense that Mr. Gorbachev has frittered away his credibility in making compromises.

''Personally, I'm against perestroika and glasnost,'' Mr. Zaslavsky said wryly, dismissing the Gorbachev emphases on economic and politics restructuring and on openness. ''I'm for democracy and freedom of speech.''

Political independents who won seats in the Soviet Parliament last year are now spreading their coattails.

Boris N. Yeltsin, one of the leaders of the opposition faction in the Soviet Parliament, is now campaigning for the Russian Republic's legislature and is trying to take enough like-minded candidates with him to be chosen the President of the republic. Soviet law allows a politician to hold elected positions at any two levels.

Others like Mr. Zaslavsky are focusing on local councils, hoping to create little islands of power.

Mr. Zaslavsky is a deceptively frail-looking man, crippled by a childhood illness and elected to the Soviet Parliament last year as the nominee of the Society for Invalids.

In the Oktobr district of Moscow, a region of about 200,000 voters, one of them Mikhail S. Gorbachev, Mr. Zaslavsky has built an impressive non-Communist political machine.

He has endorsed a slate of about 150 candidates to represent that district on its regional council, the Moscow City Council and the Russian republic's parliament. He has also worked in close league with the Democratic Russia group to help candidates in other districts.

Mr. Zaslavsky has organized seminars for candidates, consulted psychologists on preparing election materials, and enlisted writers with connections to printing presses. He has tapped a nonpartisan civic fund to get around campaign spending limits.

Voter Meetings

He often speaks to three voter meetings a day on behalf of his slate, taking questions from the audience for two hours at each stop while the candidate basks in his reflected popularity.

''It's a kind of papal blessing,'' said Mr. Levinson, whose polls give Mr. Zaslavsky a local approval rating that Mr. Gorbachev would envy.

Mr. Zaslavsky's team has used political polling more extensively than any independent political group in the past.

He first commissioned an extensive poll in late December by Mr. Levinson, a sociologist. It provided a detailed picture of voter attitudes that was valuable for orienting candidates.

In precincts where several progressive candidates had been nominated, small opinion surveys were used to identify those with little chance and to persuade them to withdraw.

By all accounts, the toughest battle for independent candidates has been getting the attention of voters dazed by the new profusion of politics.

Most voters on Sunday will be confronted with at least four ballots containing the names of 30 or more candidates in all. The six-week election sprint has allowed little time for individual candidates to distinguish themselves.

''Where there is a clear choice between a party-apparatus candidate and a progressive candidate, it is nine to one the democrat wins,'' Mr. Levinson said. ''So the party strategy has been to hide who is who.''

Propaganda Aplenty

Although the election law banned advertising and required that all material be printed by supposedly neutral election commissions, it is clear from the papered walls of any Moscow housing complex that both the party and its challengers have circumvented that rule with abandon.

Supporters of the democracy slate have stuffed mailboxes with lists of candidates - the Soviet equivalent of palm cards - and finagled enough paper to print thousands of wall posters boasting of their independence from the Communist machine.

''We're having a lot of difficulties making copies of the list because practically all typesetting shops are controlled,'' said Vladimir O. Bokser, a campaign coordinator for the Moscow Voters Association. ''You make an agreement with one place where there's a xerox machine, it turns out today there's no paper, tomorrow there's no copying powder, the day after tomorrow the machine breaks down, and on the fourth day, the party secretary comes and stops the whole process.

''The only thing that will work now are these lists. If we manage to spread them, I have no doubts about the outcome of the elections.''

**Graphic**

Photos: Ilya I. Zaslavsky, one of a group of reform candidates who hope to wrest control of major Soviet cities from Communist Party regulars in elections today (The New York Times/Bill Keller); Members of the Russian People's Front, a pro-democracy group, handing out campaign leaflets yesterday. (Associated Press) (pg. 18)

**End of Document**



[***Screen Writer Turns to the Novel To Tell of Race and Class in London***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-P7G0-0038-D4T7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 24, 1990, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 17, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1287 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

''The real problem when I was growing up was that racism just wasn't a topic of understanding in England,'' Hanif Kureishi was saying on a recent afternoon. ''If I'd been a black growing up in Detroit, say, there would have been a structure for me to comprehend: the institution of slavery and the history of segregation. But in England, there was no wider understanding of racism. You felt it was your own personal psychological problem.''

Mr. Kureishi, who lives in London, is best known in America as the screenwriter of the Stephen Frears-directed films ''My Beautiful Laundrette'' and ''Sammy and Rosie Get Laid,'' vivid servings of British Asian life that opened the surprising, and hitherto obscure, world of London's Indian and Pakistani immigrant cultures to public scrutiny. The films seemed to offend not only those in England who dislike immigrants, but also some members of England's Asian communities.

Now Mr. Kureishi has returned to the themes of race and class in contemporary London in his first novel, ''The Buddha of Suburbia'' (Viking, $18.95), which has been on best-seller lists in England since it was published there six weeks ago. Since its American debut this month, the book has been critically praised in many newspapers and magazines.

The writer has skewered practically every target in sight in ''Buddha,'' including suburban social climbers, artistic poseurs, upper-class intellectual twits, Rolls-Royce liberals, scabrous ***working-class*** heroes and, once again, England's Asian and black immigrants.

A Proto-Punk Romp

''Buddha'' is the oft-raunchy tale of Karim Amir, child of an Indian father and an English mother, who comes of age in Orpington, a London suburb, during the cultural aftershocks of the seismic 60's. Karim moves to London to romp through the proto-punk scene of the 70's - and, not insignificantly, through many a bedroom - until he makes his fortune as an actor.

Mr. Kureishi's screenplays brought him attention, and bought him enough time to work on ''Buddha,'' but ''writing a novel, you really expose yourself,'' Mr. Kureishi said.

''You can't hang back,'' he said. ''It's all there to see. A novel is much more internal, and certainly, writing a first-person novel -it's an act of exposure.''

The 35-year-old Mr. Kureishi was passing through New York on his two-week book tour, traveling light, wearing jeans, black shirt, and a vest emblazoned with a cheerfully lurid icon of Elvis Presley. Lithe and laid-back, Mr. Kureishi spoke quietly and was slow to smile. When he did, his enigmatic eyes and long dark hair gave his expression a startling Mona Lisa quality.

Mr. Kureishi has something of a reputation in London as a scene-maker and dedicated hanger-outer, but, he said, ''you need to live a boring life to be a writer.''

''An idea takes a long time to grow and develop,'' he added. ''You need such discipline and concentration to do a book.'' It took him nearly two years to complete ''Buddha.''

'Autobiographical in Some Ways'

Like his fictional protagonist, Mr. Kureishi is the child of an Indian father and an English mother - he grew up in suburban Bromley - and began his own assault on cultural London in the 1970's. In consequence, he is spending much of his time these days fielding questions about just how much of his life is in ''Buddha.''

''Certainly the book is autobiographical in some ways,'' he said. ''That's so obvious. But the relationship between your own life and your writing is very complex. It's hard to realize, yourself, how you've transformed part of yourself into the characters you create.''

His book has occasioned something of a guessing game back home: pin-the-Londoner on the fictional ''Buddha'' character. ''There are two basic reactions,'' Mr. Kureishi said. ''There are those who hate you because they think you put them in the book, and there are those who hate you because they think you didn't put them in the book.''

At least one character has a real-life counterpart: one of Mr. Kureishi's grade-school mates, Bill Broad, became the punk-rocker Billy Idol. A character in ''Buddha,'' Charlie Hero, is partly based on the rocker, ''although I haven't seen him since I was 16,'' Mr. Kureishi said. ''But with all these characters, you create them by taking one person's nose and adding it to another person's hands and another one's feet, and you mix them all up.''

The book's portrait of English racism is autobiographical enough. Young Hanif was the only Asian in his school at the time when ''Paki bashing'' became a vicious pastime for some alienated punks and skinheads.

Target of Spitting and Kicking

''One teacher called me 'Pakistani Pete,' something that no teacher would get away with today,'' Mr. Kureishi said. ''Kids I'd known since the age of 5 began spitting at me and kicking me around.''

Unlike his schoolmates, most of whom grew up to be mechanics or laborers, Mr. Kureishi attended King's College in London, began an apprenticeship in London theaters and became a playwright. He won acceptance in theatrical England ''because they liked me,'' Mr. Kureishi said. ''They liked me because I was Indian, and lower-middle-class. That was chic. And I was pretty - then.''

Although he feels that racism is less virulent in England these days, Mr. Kureishi maintained that ''Britain doesn't yet have a vision of itself as a mixed place.'' He explained: ''The feeling is that blacks and Asians were invited to Britain to work, but maybe they'll somehow go back again. Britain still hasn't re-cast itself as a multi-racial, multi-cultural society.''

These days, does Mr. Kureishi think of himself as Indian, English or neither? ''I think of myself as a British writer,'' he said, adding that this is not, perhaps, the way Britain thinks of him.

''Literature there is still in the hand of the old boys,'' he said. ''There are all of these new immigrant experiences in Britain that haven't been touched yet.''

After ''Laundrette'' and ''Sammy and Rosie'' appeared, he received hate mail and threats from Asians in England who objected to his characterizations of immigrant culture.

Anger Over Sexual Content

The motivation for some of this anger involved the sexual content of his work, Mr. Kureishi said. In ''Laundrette'' the central characters, Omar and Johnny, were gay. Two of Mr. Kureishi's characters in ''Sammy and Rosie'' had an open marriage, and in ''Buddha,'' the protagonist, Karim Amir, is happily, even energetically, bisexual.

Mr. Kureishi said the biggest protests against ''Laundrette'' occurred not in England but in New York City, in 1986, when the film was picketed by the Pakistan Action Committee. ''People think you're supposed to show them exclusively as strong, truthful and beautiful,'' he said. ''It's just exactly what Philip Roth went through.''

''Looking back on it, I can see in it the seeds of the Rushdie situation,'' he said. Mr. Kureishi was one of the first English writers to speak in support of Salman Rushdie after Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini of Iran denounced his novel ''The Satanic Verses'' as blasphemous and called for the author's death. Mr. Kureishi said he had known Mr. Rushdie ''for a very long time, since his family was an old friend of our family in India.''

''It was devastating for him, for all of us,'' said Mr. Kureishi. ''We thought that the community would be proud of Rushdie as someone who has used his position as a famous writer to talk about racism, colonialism and unemployment. But to see them turn round on him, to see 16-year-olds say they want to murder him with their own hands - it was appalling.''

Mr. Kureishi said that Mr. Rushdie had come to terms with his situation, and was ''writing quite a lot.'' Has he seen him recently? ''I can't answer that question,'' he said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Hanif Kureishi, whose first novel is ''The Buddha of Suburbia.'' (Neal Boenzi/The New York Times)

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK LOS ANGELES PUTTING FOCUS ON MODERN ART***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-D5S0-000B-Y3D2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 25, 1980, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1980 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 20, Column 4; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1206 words

**Byline:** By HILTON KRAMER

**Body**

LOS ANGELES ALTHOUGH it is not scheduled to open until 1983, the new ''modern'' museum being planned for this city's downtown Bunker Hill section now has a permanent name as well as a permanent site. It will be called the Museum of Contemporary Art. It will not be called the Los Angeles Museum of Modern Art - the working title formerly used to describe the new institution. Dropping Los Angeles from the name was felt by the founding trustees to be more in keeping with the national and international character that they envision for the new museum.

The shift from ''modern'' to ''contemporary'' signifies something else -a determination to achieve ''primacy'' (a word much insisted on) in collecting and exhibiting post-World War II art. The current plan calls for only a small, representative collection of earlier 20th-century masterworks as background material. ''We know we can't compete with the Museum of Modern Art in New York in that area,'' one collector close to the operation remarked recently. The principal drive will therefore be concentrated on establishing what the trustees hope will be the most comprehensive collection of post-World War II art in the world.

AN-A

Meanwhile the search is on for a director to carry out these large ambitions. One obvious candidate is K.G. Pontus Hulton, the Swedish museum official who will be leaving his post as director of the Museum of Modern Art at the Georges Pompidou Center in Paris in 1981. Mr. Hulton, who has many friends and admirers among American artists and collectors, is in Los Angeles at the moment as a consultant to the new project. Other names being talked about are Martin Friedman, the director of the prestigious Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, and - among candidates from a younger generation - Richard Koshalek, now director of the Hudson River Museum in Yonkers and formerly director of the Fort Worth Art Museum.

With the planned expansion of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art promising to add significant new space for 20th-century art in the next few years, it looks as if the 1980's may see Los Angeles emerge as a major city for the showing of modern art - something it certainly was not in the 70's. The only question in some minds is whether Los Angeles, which in the past has had a kind of on-again-offagain record in its support of modern art, is really prepared to support two major modern-art facilities on a permanent basis.

We've all heard of radical chic, but is the fashion world ready for revolutionary chic? It rather looked that way at the sensational fashion show organized at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art as one of the special events accompanying its current exhibition of ''The Avant-Garde in Russia, 1910-1930.''

A number of the leading artists in this avant-garde group were women -among them, Liubov Popova, Alexandra Exter and Varvara Stepanova -and it has long been known that in the 1920's, in addition to their work as painters and stage designers, they created radical new fashions for women's clothes in the aftermath of the Russian Revolution. Some of their designs have now been produced by the Van Laack Company in West Germany, and the results were shown for the first time at a preview of the exhibition.

The original idea was to produce very plain, very functional and easily made garments appropriate to the proletarian tastes and tasks of the new Soviet ***working class***. They were intended to be loosefitting and simply cut. Color was limited to red, white, blue and black in the same geometric patterns favored by these artists in their paintings and drawings, and the garments - sack dresses, overalls, bulky coats, and the like - were to be made of the cheapest, most durable materials. No attempt was to be made to flatter the figure or otherwise employ any ''bourgeois'' embellishments.

What was shown in the Russian collection recreated for the Van Laack Company by Ericka Hoffmann Koenige and Rolf Hoffmann was something else, however - elegant, 1920's-revival Art Deco clothes in exquisitely sewn silk, linen and wool jersey. Modeled by women who, to say the least, could not easily be mistaken for the proletarian workers of the Soviet 20's, the recreated designs of these Russian revolutionaries have been altered to appeal to the very latest standards of bourgeois taste, (for example) slit skirts worn without underclothes). Exactly what all this had to do with the antibourgeois ethos of the Russian avant-garde in the 20's was something of a mystery, but the audience at the museum loved it.

It isn't often that a painting commissioned by a Hollywood studio for promotional purposes ends up in the permanent collection of a respected art museum. But this, unlikely as it seems, is what has happened to a painting that Norma Productions commissioned the late Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975) to paint in 1955 for its film ''The Kentuckian.'' Perhaps the proximity of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art to the movie industry accounts for it, for this painting - never used for its intended purpose, by the way - was recently acquired by the museum for its permanent collection of American art. It was a gift from Burt Lancaster, who produced and starred in the movie.

The painting, executed in Benton's well-known folksy vulgarization of the sweeping forms and dramatic light of Baroque painting, shows Mr. Lancaster in his movie role. He carries a rifle on his shoulder as he strides over a mountain ridge accompanied by a boy and a dog - the perfect picture of a wholesome hero. The light in the painting is pure movie light, and the decor is as phony as anything ever produced on a Hollywood set. The whole production is, in fact, the purest kitsch. But we are now in a period when art museums -and not just those in close touch with the movie business - no longer balk at showing such kitsch as serious art. So here ''The Kentuckian'' reposes as an American masterwork of the 1950's.

Even so, there are people who think the Los Angeles County Museum places too much emphasis on art. When the ''Avant-Garde in Russia'' show opened recently, a columnist in The Los Angeles Herald-Examiner - Ben Stein -wrote that because Los Angeles is, as he put it, the ''center of the earthly media empire,'' the museum should really be devoting its attention to such matters as ''telling the public how television works, how a television show moves from a gleam in a writer's eye to Mr. and Mrs. America's living room.'' Mr. Stein thought that the movies and rock music ought to be the museum's concern, too. ''I would like to know how a 32-track recording studio works,'' Mr. Stein wrote, and he thought the museum ought to devote itself to repairing this gap in his knowledge instead of showing us a lot of abstract art from Russia.

When Mr. Stein questioned Earl Powell, the museum's new director, about these matters, Mr. Powell - according to Mr. Stein - ''said that in his opinion the making of movies, television and recorded music is simply industrial technology. It has nothing to do with art.'' So it looks as if the poor, neglected television, movie and rock-music recording industries will remain - even in the ''center of the earthly media empire'' - friendless, or at least museumless, for the present time.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: photo of 'The Kentuckian'

**End of Document**



[***AT THE MOVIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XYT-WKX0-00RP-K3CT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 26, 1999, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 1; Page 14; Column 5; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk ; Part 1; ; Column 5;

**Length:** 1428 words

**Byline:** By Rick Lyman

By Rick Lyman

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 25

**Body**

Feast Time For Filmmakers

As Americans were celebrating their bounty in family feasts from Ronkonkoma to Rancho Cucamonga today, a certain very sizable goose was also about to be carved by those in the business of making and selling motion-picture entertainment -- a golden one.

The four-day Thanksgiving weekend is not only one of the year's busiest periods for family moviegoing, but it is also a launching pad for the entire holiday movie season, a six-week period that accounts for about 16 percent of Hollywood's annual ticket sales, second only to the summer season in concentrated box-office energy.

And most expect this year's Thanksgiving weekend to be particularly lucrative.

On Wednesday, two major studio films were released nationally -- "Toy Story 2," the further computer-animated adventures of Woody and Buzz Lightyear (above), and "End of Days," an action film with a millennium theme starring Arnold Schwarzenegger. This will also be the second weekend for "The World Is Not Enough," the new James Bond adventure, and "Sleepy Hollow," a Tim Burton horror-mystery, both of which earned more than $30 million in their opening weekends and were continuing to perform strongly through the week.

"For a period of time this short, a lot of box office is made during those weeks," said Paul Dergarabedian, chairman of Exhibitor Relations, which monitors box-office performance. "It is a very key time to release a picture. And this year, we believe we have a strong chance to have a record-breaking weekend, with total box office of around $200 million, maybe even a bit more."

"Toy Story 2," which is widely expected to finish on top for the weekend, should bring in more than $50 million alone, Mr. Dergarabedian said. "The box-office list is going to be real top-heavy with those four films," he said.

The record for Thanksgiving weekend, $182 million, was set last year, driven by the release of "A Bug's Life," "Rugrats: The Movie" and "Enemy of the State."

Chuck Viane, president of distribution for Disney, said that "for movies, it's the best family holiday, the one weekend when all families are together."

"It's just a terrific launching pad," he continued. "So many films have opened near or on Thanksgiving and have gone on to be blockbusters."

And a rather astonishing number of the recent ones have come from Disney. Beginning in 1994, when the Tim Allen comedy "The Santa Clause" came in first over the Thanksgiving holiday, Disney has been in first place every year, with "Toy Story" in 1995 (edging out "Goldeneye," another 007 movie), the live-action "101 Dalmatians" in 1996 (beating "Star Trek: First Contact"), "Flubber" in 1997 (against "Alien: Resurrection") and "A Bug's Life" last year. "Toy Story 2" is likely to make it six in a row.

As Mr. Dergarabedian put it, " 'Toy Story' is kind of a can't-lose proposition."

Life After Nora

Janet McTeer wandered through the lounge, past the garden and into the breakfast cafe at the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills, extraordinarily tall and poised, fresh from a morning swim to clear out the jet-lag cobwebs left by a flight from London.

Cast your mind back about three years, to when Ms. McTeer (above), an accomplished British stage actress, rapidly became the toast of Broadway for her Tony-winning turn as Nora in a highly praised adaptation of "A Doll's House."

Ms. McTeer, 37, remembers it as a heady but ultimately exhausting time, exciting for the number of people who came backstage to shower her with praise and flowers and for the enthusiasm of the Broadway audiences, but draining for the demands of the role, night after night. Many wondered during that play's run what Ms. McTeer would do for an encore. The first thing she did, she said, was take some time off.

"I had never been to New York before I did that play, never lived there, and I found that I really liked it and thought, well, why not stay around and see what happens," Ms. McTeer said. "I was offered one or two things immediately, but after doing Nora for so long I decided I really didn't want to work any more that year."

And after a few months' rest, and as 1997 turned into 1998, she also found that a lot of the film roles she was being offered were not as interesting as she might have hoped. "It might have been different if I'd been a 22-year-old ingenue, but there you are," Ms. McTeer said.

So she moved back to London and found herself attracted to a series of roles, large and small, in several independent films of modest budget. Now the first of them, "Tumbleweeds," is being released in the United States, and those who saw Ms. McTeer on the stage will not be surprised to learn that it is causing her name to be mentioned as a possible Oscar nominee.

She plays Mary Jo Walker, a ***working-class*** woman from North Carolina who drags her teenage daughter on a cross-country flit from bad relationship to bad relationship, finally trying to settle down and sort out her life in a small seaside town in California. The film, directed by Gavin O'Connor, is loosely based on the real relationship between the screenwriter Angela Shelton and her mother.

Ms. McTeer said she went to North Carolina last year to spend some time with Ms. Shelton and her mother and to soak up the local accent.

"I just had a good feeling about the script and about the character," she said, "and it gave me a chance to do something I had never done before, which is always something you look for."

"Tumbleweeds" opened in New York and Los Angeles on Wednesday and will expand to more cities on Dec. 10.

Now, Ms. McTeer said, she'll probably head back to London and spend time around the house -- "just in time for the worst weather of the year, ridiculous timing" -- while she begins searching for a new play. She wants to return to the stage next year, preferably with something new. After that, maybe more films, if something catches her fancy.

"Really, I just make it up as I go along," Ms. McTeer said. "I mean, if something came along for a lot of money and it was interesting, then yes, absolutely, like a shot. But otherwise, I'd rather do stuff I like to do. I figure, as long as I can pay the rent."

An Emotional Roll

Sigourney Weaver made her way through the lounge and into the breakfast cafe at the Four Seasons Hotel, this one in Toronto. Like Ms. McTeer, she is tall and poised. (For those keeping score, the two actresses once appeared in the same film, "Half Moon Street" (1986), in which Ms. Weaver had top billing and Ms. McTeer was listed 38th in the cast credits, playing "Van Arkady's Secretary," sandwiched between actors playing "TV Newscaster" and "Second Lady.")

And also like Ms. McTeer, Ms. Weaver (above) is on the receiving end of some whispers about a possible Oscar nomination, for the lead role in "A Map of the World," an adaptation of Jane Hamilton's wrenching family drama directed by Scott Elliott, the New York stage director.

When Mr. Elliott offered her the role of Alice Goodwin without even meeting her, Ms. Weaver said, she was surprised and immediately eager to do it. Only later did she begin to fret about the emotional trek she would have to take during the filming.

"I found I had a real resistance to going through all that I needed to go through with Alice," she said.

In one sense, though, she was helped by the rapid pace of shooting necessitated by the film's relatively small budget. It forced her through some of the difficult passages.

"You know, it was a tumble of events," Ms. Weaver said. "You hardly come up for air."

"A Map of the World" is a fairly dark story about a school nurse who is, at least to some degree, responsible for the accidental death of a friend's child. As if that is not enough, she is also charged with sexually abusing a schoolchild and chucked into the local jail. The film is being released for one week in New York and Los Angeles beginning on Dec. 3 to qualify for the Academy Awards, with a wider release sometime early next year.

Ms. Weaver said she visited Ms. Hamilton and a Wisconsin jail near the Hamilton home, where she was allowed to spend time among the prisoners.

"What struck me was the total lack of privacy," she said. "There was no escape from the television. You were with these people day and night. It was something."

It was certainly different from her other coming role, in the big-budget comedy "Galaxy Quest," in which she plays a somewhat dim actress on a science-fiction show whom aliens mistake for a real starship trooper.

"I have been waiting for years to be offered the role of the mother," said Ms. Weaver, 50. "For some reason, I never was."

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

**Graphic**

Photos

**Load-Date:** November 26, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Electronics Notebook;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PJ50-0038-D4XV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Adventures in Never-Never Land***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PJ50-0038-D4XV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Revenge of Shinobi. Ninja without the turtles. Magic powers involving floating and fire help in duels over waterfalls, a Detroit junkyard and New York Harbor.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PJ50-0038-D4XV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Phantasy Star 2. An epic puzzle game that can take 150 hours to solve. Players collect weapons and clues and negotiate mazes.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PJ50-0038-D4XV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***NEC TURBOGRAFX-16 The system's list price is $199, and it comes with the game Keith Courage. Other individual games sell for $39 to $67.50, including these:***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PJ50-0038-D4XV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***World Class Baseball. Index-finger batting and pitching aided by strategic planning and statistics.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PJ50-0038-D4XV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Blazing Lazers. Breathless arcade battles in space. A suitable companion to Alien Crush, pinball amid alien body parts.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PJ50-0038-D4XV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 26, 1990, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 1; Home Desk; Series

**Length:** 1155 words

**Byline:** By EDWARD ROTHSTEIN

**Series:** First column of a series that will appear monthly.

**Body**

FOR the last month I have been the envy of every 8-year-old on my block. I have played pinball inside an alien's skull, my ball ricocheting against bones and eyeballs. I have changed from a muscle-bound weightlifter into a werewolf that can throw fire. And I have found myself, at long last, as a mustachioed Italian plumber in overalls who can break bricks with his head, jump over canyons and climb through pipes into strange other worlds.

I have in other words become a video-game player, joining millions who, in the comfort of hearth and home, race cars, fight mutants and practice martial arts with index fingers.

Home video games supported a $3.4 billion industry last year; more than 20 percent of American households now have a video-game system hooked up to televisions. More than 80 percent of those are made by the Japanese company Nintendo, which projects it will have sold 26 million systems in the United States, at $80 and up, by the end of 1990.

The primary market for these games is 8- to 15-year-old boys. They build friendships around games and buy most of the 1.8 million subscriptions to Nintendo Power, the manufacturer's bimonthly collection of tips for players.

But this is not just boy stuff. Females account for a third of the players, Nintendo says. And 39 percent of the primary users of its games are older than 18. More than a quarter are over 25.

But the kids are the masters. They move about the television screen as if it were their exclusive territory, experimenting, discovering secrets, controlling the terrain. They make it a point not to read instructions, surviving on wits and coordination.

Two higher-tech systems, the Sega Genesis ($189) and the NEC Turbografx-16 ($199), both introduced last summer, are now raising the stakes. The latter can even accommodate video games stored on compact disks through the use of an optional $400 player (which also plays standard CD's). Sega reports sales of 400,000 systems in just six months, and NEC 300,000. Their systems have better graphics and faster response than Nintendo's; the action is more exotic, and the music is in stereo. Their goals are to sizzle, bop or disable their regnant competitor.

Almost all games are designed in Japan, where all three companies are based. And almost all are based on simple narrative forms from myth and legend: there is an evil force at large in the universe and the player alone has the courage and the skill to overcome this force, by rescuing the princess or finding the grail.

So the player fights from level to level, skills and powers growing with the danger. There's always a risk of death - being sent back to the game's beginning. The farther one gets, the more there is to lose, and the more fraught with anxiety is each passing event. The horrors pictured (tombs and monsters are rampant) are mere adjuncts to the suspense of game survival itself.

The goal of the manufacturers has generally been to make the games more vivid, to bring the arcade experience home. Sega, for example, is in the arcade business, and many of its games were simply translated for the new home system. They retain the spirit of the arcades - the muscular jolts, the quick successes and quicker defeats familiar from those eerie arcade pillars that hum and screech and talk in the semi-darkness.

In Golden Axe, one of the largest grossing arcade games of 1989, the player is one of three fighting figures, clothed in revealing briefs, swinging axes and jumping at muscular creatures wearing armored underwear and bearing horrific weapons. This game, like many by Sega and NEC, has a frenetic pace. At times the killing is all too vivid: NEC's Keith Courage falls to his death on curved spikes; Sega's Altered Beast lets out a piercing cry when he is killed by headless zombies. These are the fantasies of boys' comic books; even when played at home they reproduce the anxious, almost sexual atmosphere of the arcades.

But Nintendo has focused less on reproducing the arcade experience than on creating a new video-game style for the home. Nintendo's biggest home hit, Super Mario Brothers, is nearly five years old. Nearly 19 million copies - and 3.5 million copies of its sequel, Super Mario Brothers 2 - have been sold. A third Mario game has just been released.

When compared with NEC and Sega games, it is clear that Mario is from an earlier technological generation: the sound is mono and the graphics hardly sophisticated. But the games are gracious, even-tempered; the villains are bulbous creatures, some resembling ostrich-like turtles with red and blue shells.

There is no sexual or horrific edge to the Mario games. They are witty and intricate: there are hidden objects and unknown passageways and puzzles; players trade secrets. It is no accident that they appeal to girls as well as boys, adults as well as children, and it's as much fun to watch as to play. The Mario Brothers even have their own television show and will soon star in their own movie.

NEC and Sega have yet to match Nintendo's charming and compelling style. But Sega has announced games keyed to forthcoming movies like ''Dick Tracy,'' and built around celebrities like Michael Jackson, featuring some of his hit songs.

Both Sega and NEC have created sophisticated sports games - baseball, golf, tennis and soccer - involving strategic planning along with detailed graphics. Both companies, for example, offer baseball games in which a player can choose a team, change the lineup and control the pitching. NEC is also about to release an intricate military strategy game.

Sophisticated simulations may well be the future in video games. NEC is promising the imminent release of games on compact disks to be called Cinemaware. They will feature actors and voices and computer-generated animation. The player will become part of the film and affect the characters' fates.

Someday this may lead to truly interactive movies - simulations of alternate lives. Video games will thus come closer to the impact of dreams, hints of which can be seen in the passions and addictions they already inspire. The only risk is familiar to anyone who has ever played: the dreamer, having mastered the video world, might prefer not to awaken.

Who's Who and What's What in the Zappers' World

THESE are some of the most unusual and interesting recent video games. Demand seems to be just ahead of supply, so there is little discounting.

NINTENDO: A game system, including Super Mario Brothers and a ''zapper gun,'' has a list price of $99.95. Other individual games sell for $25 to $50, these among them:

Super Mario Brothers 3. Unmistakably Mario; raccoons, frogs and turtles join the fray in piquant variations on a classic theme.

Tetris. A game of geometrical drama created in the Soviet Union; quickly fit falling bricks into place; addictive and constructive.

SEGA GENESIS The system comes with the game Altered Beast for $189. Individual games like these sell for $40 to

**Graphic**

Photo: Not all video games have a horrific edge. NEC's baseball game, left, involves strategic planning, like choosing the team. Nintendo's Mario, above, is a witty ***working-class*** hero.

**End of Document**



[***Work vs. Family, Complicated by Race - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4J78-HYT0-TW8F-G2YW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 9, 2006 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section G; Column 2; Thursday Styles; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1775 words

**Byline:** By LYNETTE CLEMETSON

**Dateline:** Mitchellville, Md.

**Body**

THE subject, yet again, was motherhood and work. Over tea and hors d'oeuvres in this affluent Washington suburb, a cluster of well-educated women gathered to discuss the work-life debate. Most in the roomful of lawyers, technology experts, corporate managers and entrepreneurs had read dispatches from the so-called ''mommy wars,'' the books and articles grounded in the gulch between working and stay-at-home mothers.

But for the women in attendance -- all of them black -- those discussions inevitably fell short. ''They don't speak to my reality,'' said Robin Rucker Gaillard, 41, a lawyer and mother of two. ''We don't generally have the time or luxury for the guilt and competition that some white mothers engage in.''

Around the country black women are opting out of the ''opt-out'' debate, the often-heated exchange about the compatibility of motherhood and work. Steeped in issues like working versus staying at home, nannies versus day care, and the benefits or garish excess of $800 strollers, the discussion has become a hot topic online, in newspapers and in book publishing.

It is not that black mothers do not wrestle with some of the same considerations as white mothers. But interviews with more than two dozen women suggest that the discussions as portrayed in books and the news media often lack the nuances and complexities particular to their experience.

For professional black women, debates about self-fulfillment can seem incomprehensibly narrow against the need to build sustainable wealth and security for their families. The discussions also pale in comparison to worries about shielding sons and daughters from the perils that black children face growing up, and overlook the practical pull of extended families in need of financial support.

Ms. Gaillard and others had gathered to broaden the working-mother debate by discussing a new book, ''I'm Every Woman: Remixed Stories of Marriage, Motherhood and Work.''

Equal parts memoir, history lesson and cultural critique, the book, by Lonnae O'Neal Parker, a reporter for The Washington Post and a mother of three, celebrates the balancing act practiced by black women. Published in November by Amistad, an imprint of HarperCollins, it takes a sometimes wrenching, sometimes joyful look at black motherhood from slavery and the great migration to suburbia, the corporate workplace and the ascendancy of hip-hop. And since it came out, Ms. O'Neal Parker has been invited to gatherings around the country by black women eager to talk about motherhood on their own terms.

''It was a breath of fresh air to have a conversation that resonated with me,'' said Pamela Walker, 41, a professor at Northwestern Business College in Chicago. A married mother of six, she attended a reading of ''I'm Every Woman'' at Sensual Steps, a shoe boutique in the predominantly black Bronzeville section on the South Side of Chicago. ''My family can afford expensive things, but why would I think about spending hundreds on a stroller when I could help a cousin buy textbooks for college? That is not my world.''

Black mothers have traditionally worked in higher percentages than white women. And educated black mothers are still more likely to work than their white counterparts. According to census data from March 2005, 83.7 percent of college-educated black women with children under 18 are in the labor force, compared to 74 percent of college-educated white mothers.

Census figures from 2005 also show that college-educated black women earn slightly more than their white counterparts, largely because they are more likely to stay in the work force and work longer hours than white women after having children.

The commitment of black women to work is in large part economically driven. They have lower marriage rates than white women, meaning they are more likely to be single parents. Those who are married are more likely than their white counterparts to earn more than their husbands, census figures show.

But for black middle-class women from Mary Church Terrell, a charter member of the N.A.A.C.P., to Coretta Scott King, working has also been a matter of choice. For generations black women have viewed work as a means for elevating not only their own status as women, but also as a crucial force in elevating their family, extended family and their entire race.

Black women are not the only women feeling airbrushed out of today's images of motherhood as represented in the literature of the opt-out debate, which includes articles like one in The New York Times last year reporting that many women at Ivy League colleges plan to drop their careers, at least temporarily, once they start having children.

Another article, by Linda R. Hirshman in the December issue of The American Prospect, a magazine devoted to liberal ideas, provoked sharp debate by arguing that women who stay home with children are in for a letdown, and that the workplace is the only realm where women find true fulfillment. This is, Ms. Hirshman acknowledged, not a new idea. It was the theme of ''The Feminist Mystique'' written more than 40 years ago by Betty Friedan.

Some white ***working-class*** and middle- class women have complained that both sides of the opt-out debate have an elitist tone. Recently members of a group called Latina Mami in Austin, Tex., vented about the lack of perspective in many of the motherhood books in bookstores.

Some insiders in the battles have acknowledged the narrowness of public discourse. ''The conflict seems to be pretty much driven by white upper-middle-class angst, and the debate has been taken over by that,'' said Leslie Morgan Steiner, a white mother of three and the editor of ''Mommy Wars,'' an anthology of essays to be published by Random House next month.

Ms. Steiner's book includes essays from Ms. O'Neal Parker and two other black writers, as well as a Pakistani mother who writes of her struggles with child care, and a Latina who was introduced to stay-at-home mothering through a bout with cancer.

Tension between working and stay-at-home black mothers -- friction that seems less prevalent and intense than among their white peers, many women said -- is often driven by a pressure for persistent racial striving. Smiling at the circle of friends gathered in her Mitchellville living room, Frances Luckett, the principal at a private, predominantly black elementary school, welcomed her guests with an exhortation. ''Your journey is not just about you,'' Ms. Luckett said to the two dozen women, aged 19 to 85. ''It's about adding to the journey of those who came before you and paving a way for the journeys after yours.''

There were knowing groans as Ms. O'Neal Parker read aloud from ''I'm Every Woman'' about ''bone memory'' and the specter of a weary but resolute slave woman, who ''sticks a knee in my back and squares up my shoulders'' when life feels unfair.

There was empathetic laughter when she lovingly discussed the ''kink coefficient,'' a term she coined to describe the extra hours black mothers build into their packed schedules to groom daughters whose kinky hair ''grows out instead of down.''

The personal motherhood struggles that black women face are often complicated variations on more broadly voiced themes. Some professional women have mixed emotions about hiring nannies when they can recall women in their own families who cared for other women's children and cleaned their homes.

Some of those who consider leaving jobs to raise children worry that it will be more difficult for them to resume their careers than for white peers. ''As black women who still have a hard time moving up, there is a fear that opting out will be one more strike against you,'' said Linda Burke, the owner of an executive search firm and a founder of a Washington group called Sistermoms that invited Ms. O'Neal Parker for a book reading last month.

Linda McGhee, a lawyer and member of Sistermoms, got her son into a private elementary school in Northwest Washington but decided against sending him, in part because she wanted to help her parents, who raised 12 children on meager resources, with health care.

Her neighborhood public school did not meet her standards, so Ms. McGhee and her husband, a computer specialist for the federal government, pushed to get him into a high-performing public school in the same neighborhood as the private school they turned down.

''I grew up in a housing project, and without my parents always pushing I wouldn't have three degrees,'' said Ms. McGhee, 44, who just completed a Ph.D. in clinical psychology. ''We just decided that, in the scheme of things, we didn't want to spend $20,000 on kindergarten.''

Some concerns are more social than personal. Cheryl Roberts, a college administrator in Seattle, was the host at a private reading featuring Ms. O'Neal Parker on Martin Luther King Day. The guests at the catered affair included several federal judges and banking and aerospace executives whose successes eased worries about outcomes for their children. But as the discussion opened up, the women engaged in a passionate exchange on the lingering effects of a ballot initiative that ended the state's affirmative action programs.

''Our discussions have to move to a socially conscious place,'' said Ms. Roberts, 48. ''It is part of the ethos of being an African-American woman. We understand there but for the grace of God go I.''

Like their white counterparts, black mothers who leave careers to raise their children do sometimes face disapproval from working mothers. But even that judgment is driven less by gender politics than racial sensibilities, some women say.

Tracie Miller-Mitchell, the daughter of Frances Luckett, was the only stay-at-home mother at her mother's afternoon function. Ms. Miller-Mitchell, who belongs to Mocha Moms, a national support group for black at-home mothers, said her mother was the person who most disapproved of her choice.

''A lot of financial sacrifice went into helping her get two degrees,'' said Ms. Luckett, recalling her struggles as a divorced single parent. ''There are no guarantees in life, and I worry that if she just gives up her career, is just a wife and a mother, she will have nothing to fall back on.''

Ms. Miller-Mitchell, 39, replied: ''I have my degrees to fall back on. Isn't what all that sacrifice was for? So I could have a choice?''

Differences aside, the women gathered at Ms. Luckett's home said they felt refreshed by the discussion.

''I understand and respect the issues of white mothers, I truly do,'' Ms. Gaillard said. ''But I also need for them to understand and respect mine.''

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

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article in Thursday Styles yesterday about the response of black professional women to questions of family vs. career misstated the title of the 1963 book by Betty Friedan that considered the issue. It is ''The Feminine Mystique,'' not ''The Feminist Mystique.''

Because of an editing error, an article in Thursday Styles yesterday about the response of black professional women to questions of family vs. career misstated the title of the 1963 book by Betty Friedan that considered the issue. It is ''The Feminine Mystique,'' not ''The Feminist Mystique.''

**Correction-Date:** February 10, 2006

**Graphic**

Photos: HITTING HOME -- Lonnae O'Neal Parker, right, speaks to women in Mitchellville, Md., about her book on marriage, motherhood and work. (Photo by Steve Ruark for The New York Times)(pg. G1)

MEANWHILE -- Rayna Barnes of Woodbine, Md., plays with her daughter, Brooke Barnes, 2, who could not sit still during the women's discussion in Mitchellville. So outside they went. (Photo by Steve Ruark for The New York Times)(pg. G2)

**Load-Date:** February 9, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Seniority***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D0H-7FD0-TW8F-G253-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 1, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4A; Column 1; Education Life Supplement; Pg. 31

**Length:** 1748 words

**Byline:** By Naomi Schaefer Riley

Naomi Schaefer Riley is an adjunct fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center, a research institution in Washington. She is writing a book on religious colleges, to be published by St. Martin's Press in January.

**Body**

THE administrative offices of Touro College on West 23rd Street in Manhattan could generously be called unassuming. The elevator is a jerky conveyance that does not inspire confidence. The reception area's walls are bare and unevenly painted; the carpet is stained. New technology is scarce: even the bulky two-tone phones seem from another era. The president of Touro, Bernard Lander, often answers them himself, if only to tell people he can't talk right now.

In fact, many of Touro's more than 29 campuses, from Manhattan to California to Israel to Moscow, are in need of refreshment. Slowly, Touro is accomplishing this -- it opened a $15 million campus in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn in 1997, and the school of education moved into a new building in Manhattan in early spring. But administrative offices are at the bottom of the list, which speaks as much about Dr. Lander as it does about capital budgets.

Having founded Touro in 1970, Bernard Lander is one of the longest-serving college presidents in the country. (Norman C. Francis, president of Xavier University of Louisiana, has been in office since 1968.) But at 89, Dr. Lander is clearly the oldest, and continues to guide the curriculum, budget, hiring decisions and building projects.

Dr. Lander pioneered no-frills education when adult education for the ***working class*** was in its infancy. He opened his first ''campus'' in an office building on West 44th Street (now a private club of the University of Pennsylvania), with 35 students and the idea that education should be individualized and classes personal. It would be, he said, ''a college which serves the Jewish people and strengthens Jewish heritage, and because of its commitment to Judeo-Christian heritage serves everyone.''

The going was bumpy, but today, Touro has 16,000 students. The college of liberal arts and sciences, with campuses in Brooklyn, Queens and Manhattan, offers gender-separated classes for Orthodox students. But less than half the enrollment is Jewish, and the curriculum is primarily secular. Other divisions provide job-oriented education like physical therapy certification and computer-technician training, mostly serving minority communities in Harlem, Brooklyn and Korean- and Chinese-speaking neighborhoods of Queens. Some 6,000 students are pursuing graduate degrees, including M.B.A.'s, doctorates of osteopathic medicine and juris doctorates. Touro's law school has a well-regarded public service program. As for its more vocational offerings, undergraduates consistently score third in the country on C.P.A. exams.

Last fall, Touro opened a campus in the Berlin villa of a Jewish family forced to flee the Nazis, offering American baccalaureate degrees in business management with the option of taking classes in Hebrew and Jewish studies. Of the 35 students, 75 percent are Jewish. ''I want to help rebuild Jewish life in Berlin,'' said Dr. Lander, noting that the city's 100,000 Jews, many of them Russian immigrants, have little knowledge of their religion. He also sees the college helping young Eastern Europeans become more ''economically and culturally integrated into Europe.''

It's a quixotic notion worthy of Dr. Lander, who was a participant in the early days of the civil rights movement and took on the ultra-Orthodox community of Brooklyn in the 1970's to promote secular education.

A small, hunched man with a full head of white hair, Dr. Lander sat for an interview with nothing on the table in front of him. He sat in an empty conference area with his executive assistant, Rabbi Elihu Marcus, as other administrators used his office for meetings. For an hour he barely shifted in his seat, and only occasionally lifted a hand to his chin. Most of his movement was facial, especially as he talked about a new project (of which there are always several in the works).

If there is some unifying mission, Dr. Lander articulates it through his own long life of diverse interests. ''Touro as it exists today,'' he said, ''reflects my background and my intellectual growth.'' He clearly enjoys reciting his biography. Interrupt him and he'll talk over you or give a brief answer and pick up where he left off.

A graduate of Yeshiva College, Dr. Lander was ordained at age 21 and became a rabbi for a congregation in Baltimore. He simultaneously pursued a Ph.D. at Columbia in sociology and wrote his dissertation on how the schools, police and courts deal with juvenile delinquency. The governor of Maryland then tapped him to help remake the state's juvenile delinquency system.

In 1944, Dr. Lander returned to New York to serve on one of the nation's first civil rights commissions, the Mayor's Committee on Unity, formed amid citywide concerns about race relations. Fiorello H. La Guardia had appointed him, and the committee, which had no enforcement power, issued reports supporting Jackie Robinson in his bid to play Major League baseball and opposing the segregation of trains to and from the South.

But the actions Dr. Lander talks about most today regard education. The commission worked to overturn quotas on the number of Jewish students at colleges and pushed for the creation of a state university system to allow minorities greater access to higher education. ''I am a strong proponent of integration and of being thoroughly part of the larger society,'' said Dr. Lander, who also served on commissions to address poverty for Presidents Lyndon B. Johnson and John F. Kennedy.

While teaching sociology at Hunter College and serving as dean of Yeshiva University's graduate schools, Dr. Lander was conducting research on poverty for the Center for the Study of Man at Notre Dame University. From 1961 to 1969, he said, ''I spent a large part of my time in what was known as El Barrio, 100th Street between First and Second Avenues. A block is a social microcosm. We studied every aspect of life on that block, and discovered the war against poverty did not work.

His educational epiphany evolved out of research into the campus riots of the late 1960's. He found, he said, ''a direct correlation between size of school and the extent of the rioting.

''My conclusion,'' he said, ''was that the rioting was a reflection of how students were being treated as automatons. There was no relationship between students and university anymore. They were rioting against the depersonalization of American education.''

He decided his college would take an individualized approach to education to bring people on the cultural and economic fringes of society into the mainstream. As a result, the student-teacher ratio is 9 to 1 (compared with 15 to 1 at Pace University and 19 to 1 at St. John's University), scheduling is flexible (including evening and Sunday classes), and locations are central. Tuition is $5,000 a semester -- about $1,000 more than the senior colleges of the City University of New York and almost twice as much as the junior ones. But it is less than some comparable private colleges, like St. Francis in Brooklyn and Marymount Manhattan. Admission is fairly open for many of the branches, and some don't even require SAT scores. Tutoring and mentoring programs help the less prepared catch up.

Faculty members joke that Dr. Lander dotes on new programs like a child with a new toy, leaving older programs to fend for themselves, but they appreciate the lack of bureaucracy in an administration that is so minimal as to raise comment. In 1998, the accreditation team reviewing the college cited its skeletal infrastructure -- too lean an administration, too few support staff members, too small a library and too little technology. Touro has addressed some of the concerns, and its accreditation was never threatened. The institution is, as the team put it, ''doing what it says it is doing.

But that wasn't the first time the college has faced problems. The first chairman of the school's board was convicted of Medicaid fraud. In the late 1970's, Touro was fined $500,000 because its adult education program was getting state tuition aid for elderly students who knew little English or who were too incapacitated to attend classes. The fine was dropped when the state decided the regulations were unclear.

Dr. Lander called the incident isolated. He is accustomed to rolling a rock uphill. In 1988, he took on the ultra-Orthodox community of Brooklyn. In the 1980's, as Orthodox Judaism turned increasingly insular, it became more common for men to study the Torah all day and receive public assistance for their large families instead of working. Dr. Lander refers to it as ''this separation from the world.

''I feel it is proper to study, to live a life of piety and decency but to be thoroughly open to the world outside, contributing to a better world for everybody,'' Dr. Lander said.

He decided to establish a college in the heart of Flatbush. ''I was attacked vehemently, with signs throughout the city including in my own neighborhood, saying, 'It's a mitzvah to kill Dr. Lander and whoever does it has a special reward.''' The campaign still riles this elder statesman, though hostilities ceased long ago and the college has gained neighborhood support.

Rabbi Marcus, sitting silently by Dr. Lander during the interview, volunteered the story of the Flatbush campus's first graduation ceremony. ''The valedictorian stood up with his black garb and peos and he said, 'This is the first time in my life instead of going around on the dole that I'm going to earn a living.' He pulled out a check and showed it to everyone. It was for $70 or so. And he said, 'I'm 40 years old with six children and this is the first honest money I ever earned and I got it thanks to Touro.'

Dr. Lander smiled widely at the recounting of the story, which he had no doubt heard many times. His own son, who was in Touro's first graduating class, bucked his father's politics regarding Jewish orthodoxy. ''An A student,'' Dr. Lander said, ''six months from a Ph.D. at N.Y.U., he comes and says, 'Daddy, I don't want to complete my Ph.D. I want to devote myself to Jewish studies.'

Then he dived into his plans for the future, listing several programs he is putting together for next year. ''Am I shocking you that I'm past 80 and dreaming like this?'' he asked.

Without waiting for an answer, he explained, ''To live is to create. If you stop creating you become a vegetable. As long as the Almighty gives you the strength and the mind, you should make use of them.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: About half of Touro's students are Jewish, but its curriculum is largely secular. Offerings range from law to acupuncture. (Photographs by Carrie Boretz for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 1, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Food;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XS9-9Y30-00RP-K2SV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Salem's Lot***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XS9-9Y30-00RP-K2SV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 31, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Magazine Desk

**Section:** Section 6; ; Section 6; Page 91; Column 1; Magazine Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1529 words

**Byline:** By Molly O'Neill

By Molly O'Neill

**Body**

Halloween may be the most celebrated black sabbath of the year. But unless you're living in Salem, Mass., you probably would not think to link the hawk-nosed, broomstick-flying variety of witch with the poor put-upon locals who were accused of being possessed and forced to stand trial during that long hot summer of 1692.

As with Europe's witch trials, which lasted throughout the Middle Ages, the Salem ordeal demonstrated a deep-seated fear of women and whatever little power they could amass for themselves. It began with several young girls giving "spectral evidence" that they could actually see spirits attacking various neighbors and ended only after ***working-class*** fingers began pointing to the upper class. In fact, an accusation against the wife of Massachusetts' patrician Governor, William Phips, abruptly brought inquisitors to their senses. By the time they abandoned their proceedings and released all "witches" awaiting execution, 19 people, mostly women, mostly poor, had already been convicted of occult practices and hung on Gallows Hill.

There are many theories to explain why such mass hysteria swept through Salem. Most touch on greed, sexual repression and revenge of the town's dirt-poor against the moneyed class.

One of the more novel hypotheses, and my own particular favorite, revolves around food. No, not today's trick-or-treat fodder, nor the more exotic eye-of-newt, toe-of-frog dishes that empowered the harpies in "Macbeth." The theory holds that a crop of contaminated barley may have been ground into bread or beer, causing illness and acting as a hallucinogen to those who partook. "The agricultural blight is as feasible as any other explanation," suggests David Olson, director of Salem's House of the Seven Gables Museum.

What could be more frightening than an infected life source? More terrifying than nourishment taken for granted that turns out to pervert both our health and the very fabric of our daily life? Forget about witches and goblins. Is this not the stuff of real horror?

Culinary historians may forgive a compromised crop here and there, but they generally blame our Puritan forefathers for the bland British-based conservatism that informed mainstream American food. Salem's early settlers, for instance, brought with them a godly, restrained lifestyle, which was designed to simultaneously lull the senses and elevate the spirit. What's more, these folks, arriving on our shores with their stodgy British recipes, had to face the fact that barley, wheat and rye -- staples back home -- failed to flourish in the harsh New England soil. It was left to the wives to show ingenuity by substituting cornmeal or Indian corn for more familiar grains as a means of adapting cherished Old World recipes.

A strange taste in a strange land can be salvation. It can also do peculiar things to people, if they are so inclined. Although no tales of heady potions containing lizard's legs, howlet's wing or other tinctures of the Devil survived the Salem trials, it is easy to imagine that the pots routinely simmering in the town's fireplaces might have incited suspicion. I shudder to consider the possible fate of an adventurous or impetuous cook infusing her porridges with sharp, intense aromatics. Is it no wonder that, studying the food ways of Salem, historians find that most recipes remained faithful to the safe British palate of the time? That is, they relied heavily on sweeteners and used herbs and other seasonings modestly.

There is no question that recipes like those of old Salem established a template for cuisine in the New World. Dipping into those dishes today is as consoling as celebrating Halloween in Salem, which, by the way, is one bang-up, feel-good annual event. The monthlong party, attracting about 250,000 visitors in all, kicks off with a parade and culminates with a Halloween costume ball at the Hawthorne Hotel.

The theatricality, gaiety and controlled horror of Halloween in Salem also marks our safe distance from the real terror that occurred three centuries ago. Likewise, the recipes exude comfort and warmth. They scarcely seem dated at all.

Even so, as a sybaritic yet diet-conscious friend of mine once said, food, especially the kind haunted by calories, is the constant measure of the fear in every soul. Boo.

Peas Porridge With Ham

2 cups whole dried green peas

1 onion, chopped

1 large hambone from smoked ham or a smoked ham shank

1/4 cup barley

Salt and pepper to taste.

1. Rinse the peas and pick through them, discarding any bad ones. Place in a large bowl, cover with water by about 2 inches and soak overnight.

2. Drain the peas and rinse under cold, running water. Place them in a large pot. Add 8 cups water, the onion, hambone and barley. Hang the pot from a trammel close to the fire for good heat, but make sure the peas don't scorch; raise the pot higher if necessary. (On a stove top, bring to a boil, lower to a simmer.) Cook, stirring occasionally, until the peas are tender and just becoming mushy, 2 to 2 1/2 hours, adding more water if necessary.

3. Remove the hambone from the pot. Cut off pieces of ham and add to the porridge. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve with journey cakes, below.

Yield: 6 servings.

Journey Cakes

2 cups cornmeal

1 cup wheat flour

1/2 cup raisins

5 tablespoons dark-brown sugar

1/2 teaspoon cinnamon

3/4 teaspoon salt

Unsalted butter.

In a large bowl, combine the cornmeal, flour, raisins, sugar, cinnamon and salt and stir until combined. Stir in 2 3/4 cups water. Heat a large skillet over medium heat and melt 1 tablespoon butter. Working in batches, drop the batter by heaping tablespoons into the pan and cook the cakes, turning once, until light brown, about 2 minutes per side. Continue until all the batter is used, adding more butter as needed. Serve warm or at room temperature.

Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

Goodman Bob's Onion Stew

4 strips bacon, diced

4 tablespoons butter

6 medium onions, coarsely chopped

1 tablespoon flour

2 large eggs

2 tablespoons white vinegar

3 slices wheat bread, cut into cubes

3/4 teaspoon dried sage

Salt and pepper to taste.

1. In a large pot set over medium heat, cook the bacon, stirring occasionally, until it is lightly browned. Add the butter and heat until melted. Add the onions and cook, stirring frequently, until the onions are translucent. Stir in the flour and 2 cups boiling water. Simmer for 10 minutes.

2. In a cup, whisk the eggs lightly with the vinegar. Slowly whisk in a ladleful of the hot onion mixture to the eggs. Stir the egg mixture back into the pot. Add the bread and sage. Lower the heat and continue to cook the stew for 5 minutes more (do not allow it to boil). Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve with cornmeal pudding (recipe below).

Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

Samp (Cornmeal Pudding)

2 cups cornmeal

1 teaspoon salt

2 tablespoons unsalted butter plus more for greasing a pan.

1. Bring 4 cups of water to a boil. Meanwhile, in a large saucepan, combine the cornmeal and 1 cup of cold water. Stir in 4 cups of boiling water and the salt. Place over medium-low heat and cook, stirring frequently, until it is very thick, about 10 minutes.

2. Remove from the heat. Scrape pudding into a well-buttered loaf pan, even the top and allow to cool to room temperature. Refrigerate until very firm, at least 3 hours.

3. Run a knife around the pan's edge and unmold. Slice into 1/2-inch-thick slices. Heat butter in a skillet over medium heat. Add the slices and fry, turning once, until golden brown. Serve with Goodman Bob's onion stew (recipe above).

Yield: 8 servings.

Pottage of Pompion (Pumpkin Soup)

1 medium pumpkin (about 4 pounds), peeled, seeded and cut into 1-inch cubes

1 large onion, chopped

5 cups chicken stock

1/2 teaspoon dried thyme

1/2 teaspoon dried rosemary, crumbled

1 bay leaf

1 cup heavy cream

Salt and pepper to taste

2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley or chives.

In a large pot, combine the pumpkin, onion, stock, thyme, rosemary and bay leaf. Bring it to a boil, lower to a simmer and cook, uncovered, until the pumpkin is very tender and the cubes are beginning to fall apart, about 50 minutes. Stir the cream into the soup, remove from the heat and season to taste with salt and pepper. Garnish with parsley and serve.

Yield: 6 servings.

Boiled Bread Pudding

11-pound loaf whole-wheat bread, torn into small shreds

4 large eggs, lightly beaten

3/4 cup sugar

1 cup raisins

3/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1/4 teaspoon ground nutmeg

1/8 teaspoon ground ginger

1/8 teaspoon ground cloves

Pinch salt

3 tablespoons softened butter

Heavy cream for serving.

1. Bring a large pot 2/3 full of water to a boil. Meanwhile, combine the bread, eggs, sugar, raisins, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, cloves and salt in a bowl. Mix well.

2. Rub the butter all over a tightly woven tea towel. Scrape the bread mixture into the middle of the towel and draw up its corners to form a bag around the mixture. Tie the top closed with kitchen string and place bag in the boiling water. Cover and boil for 1 hour.

3. Remove the bag from the water and let the pudding cool slightly. Unwrap the cloth, slice the pudding and serve it warm, drizzled with heavy cream.

Yield: 8 servings.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Heavy cream adds richness to this comforting autumn favorite: pumpkin soup. (Dana Gallagher)

**Load-Date:** October 31, 1999

**End of Document**



[***AT THE MOVIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XXB-3NY0-00RP-K0CJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 19, 1999, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 1; Page 20; Column 5; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk ; Part 1; ; Column 5;

**Length:** 1485 words

**Byline:** By Bernard Weinraub

By Bernard Weinraub

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 18

**Body**

Mutual Admiration

They are two of Hollywood's more idiosyncratic figures. So it's not especially odd that Tim Burton, the inventive, offbeat director of "Beetlejuice," "Batman" and "Edward Scissorhands," should team up once more with Johnny Depp in "Sleepy Hollow." The film opens on Friday (review, Weekend Page 1).

"Johnny is like a chameleon," said Mr. Burton, who has worked with him in "Scissorhands" and "Ed Wood." "He likes to change. He becomes different people. He doesn't care how he looks."

Mr. Burton added with a laugh: "In fact, he usually wants to look worse. Like me, he likes to make something believable out of absurd things."

Mr. Depp (below) said: "For an actor Tim Burton is a dream because he's so open to ideas. He trusts me, and I trust him. He explores all the possibilities. I did this film for one reason: Tim. If he called me and said, 'I want to make a five-hour documentary in a deli,' I'd do it."

The new film, with some strong advance reviews, is hardly a five-hour film in a deli. Based on Washington Irving's classic fantasy "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," it has humor, and that is one of its surprises.

"It's important to find humor in any and every situation," said Mr. Depp, who plays a prissy, neurotic and not very courageous Ichabod Crane. "Ichabod is a wreck. He's fragile. He's about to explode. He's very much in touch with his feminine side."

In the film, set in 1799, Ichabod is a constable with a contemporary approach to police work who comes to the small town of Sleepy Hollow to investigate a string of murders attributed to a headless horseman. Adapted by Andrew Kevin Walker and produced by Scott Rudin, the film also stars Christina Ricci, Miranda Richardson and Michael Gambon. Tom Stoppard, the playwright, was an uncredited screenwriter.

Mr. Burton grew up in a ***working-class*** home in Burbank, Calif., and spent his childhood watching the "Frankenstein" movies of James Whale as well as films by Roger Corman, Vincent Price and German Expressionists.

"I loved the lurid beauty of these monster movies," he said. "They spoke to me. I was never afraid of them. I didn't understand the world, and these films were somehow symbolic of the way I felt."

Mr. Burton's vision is uniformly dark. "His world is constitutionally warped and explosive," wrote David Thomson in A Biographical Dictionary of Film.

Mr. Burton said the image of the headless horseman in "Sleepy Hollow" had gripped him since childhood, when he saw the Disney animated version.

"It's such a powerful folk tale image," he said. "It ultimately represents the power of the subconscious. It's something you can't put your finger on or even verbalize. And it's an image whose power you can't categorize in a world where the imagination wants to categorize everything."

Mr. Burton added, "And I loved the juxtaposition of Ichabod, always thinking in his head, versus the guy without a head."

Mr. Depp said he patterned his performance after several actors he admires: his longtime friend Roddy McDowell, Basil Rathbone in the Sherlock Holmes films and even Angela Lansbury in "Death on the Nile." "The way she spoke, she had a beautiful energy in that film," he said.

Mr. Depp, a busy actor with several films coming up, said he was awaiting another call from Mr. Burton. "Working with him is like coming home," Mr. Depp said. "It's one of the most comfortable places I've been in. I hope he continues to call me."

The Same but Different

Bruce Feirstein does not know how to make the perfect martini, as James Bond does. ("I drink them though.") He doesn't drive an Aston Martin. ("A Jeep Cherokee.") He doesn't know much about guns. ("I am not one of those geeks who can tell you about the right gun.") And quite unlike Agent 007, this New Jersey-born writer hardly sees himself as a suave lady-killer who periodically saves the world from an international terrorist.

But James Bond is certainly part of Mr. Feirstein's unusual writing career, which veers from journalism and humor books ("Real Men Don't Eat Quiche," "Nice Guys Don't Sleep Alone") to screenplays. Mr. Feirstein is now returning for his third James Bond script. He was co-writer of "Goldeneye" in 1995, writer of "Tomorrow Never Dies" in 1997 and co-writer of "The World Is Not Enough," which opens on Friday (review, Page 20). It's the 19th installment of the longest-running and most successful film franchise in history.

Mr. Feirstein, 45, joined the Bond bandwagon in an unusual way. He has earned much of his living over the last 20 years writing romantic comedies that have been optioned by studios but never made. His humor has also appeared in numerous magazines and newspapers, including The New York Times, where he also was a contributor to the editorial page.

Several years ago Mr. Feirstein (left) was working on a comedy for the producer Fred Zollo. Mr. Zollo's wife, Barbara Broccoli, who is one of the producers of the recent Bond films, read some of Mr. Feirstein's scripts and called to ask him to contribute some jokes for "Goldeneye."

Mr. Feirstein said: "I went in to do five jokes for the movie. I was supposed to give Bond some wit. But I wound up rewriting a lot of it."

One of his creations was the character M (played by Dame Judi Dench), the cunning head of British intelligence whose language is often full of double entendres.

Mr. Feirstein, interviewed in a Santa Monica cafe the other afternoon as he ate an un-Bondian luncheon of fruit salad and decaf coffee, said he was flattered and a little awe-struck to be part of the Bond franchise.

"It's daunting to look at those early ones, like 'Thunderball' and 'Goldfinger' and 'Dr. No,' and realize how wonderful the writing was; that's the challenge," said Mr. Feirstein, who lives with his wife, the producer Madeline Warren, in Greenwich Village as well as in Santa Monica.

"These things are really like ritualistic Greek drama," Mr. Feirstein said. "People go to the movies expecting to see certain things in a Bond film. But they want them just a little bit different each time.

"They want to see M say, 'I want you to take care of this little problem, James.' They want to see him go to the casino and say, 'The name is Bond, James Bond.' They want to see the scene where the guy says, 'I've been expecting you, Mr. Bond.'

"And there are one or two lines that usually follow. One of them is: 'I can kill you now, but only you can understand the evil genius of my plan.' And the other is: 'It's not about this cup of coffee, Mr. Bond. It's about global domination.'

"And the girl has to say at one point, 'Oh, James!' "

Mr. Feirstein said he was convinced that one of the reasons the films were so successful was that Bond was British.

"It's a lone man from a vanquished power saving the world," he said. "If he was an American, it wouldn't work."

Moreover, the films are total fantasies. "The Bond films are set five minutes in the future," he said. "He lives in a world where anything is possible and can be accomplished with an unlimited amount of money."

Although the Bond films are sometimes written in almost committee style, and Mr. Feirstein has no real control over the final version, he said he allowed his own fantasies to run rampant.

"I always wanted to see a motorcycle jump over a flying helicopter; that was in the last one," he said. "In 'Goldeneye' we needed a way to get information to Bond. So I sat down and typed out this idea of a full-color fax coming out of a CD player. Three days later on a sound stage it happened."

Mr. Feirstein acknowledged that despite the fantasy element of James Bond, he tried to slip a serious issue or two into the script. In an early scene in the new film, Bond, played by Pierce Brosnan, goes to the office of a Swiss banker.

The banker says, "I'm only trying to do the right thing, Mr. Bond, in returning the money to its rightful owner."

And Bond replies: "Yes. And we both know how difficult it can be for the Swiss."

Mr. Feirstein said with a laugh: "Can you imagine being a Swiss banker in Zurich watching this film when Bond says that line? The Bond films can have so much more impact than editorials."

Mr. Feirstein, who is now writing a comedy for Will Smith, said he was unsure if Ms. Broccoli and Michael G. Wilson, her producing partner, would call him back. A Bond film rolls out every two years. The current film, which was directed by Michael Apted, also features Sophie Marceau, Robert Carlyle and Denise Richards.

"I serve at the pleasure of the producers," said Mr. Feirstein, who shared writing credit on the latest film with Neal Purvis and Robert Wade.

The Bond experience has been memorable, Mr. Feirstein said. During the making of the current film, he said, the armorer who handles the movie's weapons called Mr. Feirstein in one day to show him the Walter PPK revolver that had been used by Sean Connery and other Bonds in all the films until recently.

"It was like touching the Holy Grail," Mr. Feirstein said.

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

**Graphic**

Photos

**Load-Date:** November 19, 1999

**End of Document**



[***FEDERAL OFFICIALS REPORT THE CENSUS LAGS SIGNIFICANTLY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-PNS0-0038-D03V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 12, 1990, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1298 words

**Byline:** By FELICITY BARRINGER, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, April 11

**Body**

With hundreds of thousands of census forms not delivered to the proper addresses and with millions of people not returning the completed forms, Federal officials said today that the 1990 count of the United States population is lagging significantly.

Congressional researchers estimated that in the end, as few as 60 percent of the forms may be returned to the Census Bureau. The bureau's director, Barbara Everitt Bryant, who notified Congress today of the sluggish rate of return, said in an interview that 55 percent of the forms had been returned and that the final return rate would be ''solidly in the mid-60's.''

Even that figure is below the bureau's original goal of a 70 percent return rate. A decline of each percentage point in the return rate means that 950,000 additional households must be visited in person by enumerators.

Urgent Need Reinforced

Census officials have argued for months that they would make up for those who did not mail back the forms by dispatching census-takers to track them down, starting April 26. The officials brushed aside any speculation that so many people now needed to be counted by census-takers going door to door that the job was impossible.

But the Congressman who heads the House subcommittee that oversees the census, Thomas C. Sawyer, said today that he had discussed with Dr. Bryant the urgent need to reinforce the bureau's efforts. Representative Sawyer, an the Ohio Democrat, said more census-takers would have to be hired at an additional cost of $50 million to $150 million.

The budget provides for about 300,000 enumerators, a figure that would have to be increased by 25,000 to 75,000 to compensate for the lag in the mail returns, Congressional auditors said.

Bureau Beset With Criticism

''I am distressed - that's not too strong a word,'' said Mr. Sawyer, the chairman of the Census and Population Subcommittee of the House Committee on Post Office and Civil Service. ''It's fair to suggest that the integrity of the census could be in jeopardy if Congress doesn't work in concert with the bureau.''

The final count becomes the basis for Congressional and legislative reapportionment and for the annual distribution of at least $50 billion in Federal funds and millions of dollars more in state and local money.

The low return rate of census forms come to light as the Census Bureau has been beset with criticism and as reports abound about people who never received forms and who could not get through to the bureau's toll-free information number (800 999-1990) or who received no help when they did get through.

In some cases, entire neighborhoods or apartment buildings have received no forms. On occasion, even whole towns, like Ross, Calif., have received none.

Census officials said that some of the overall problem lay with the Postal Service's failure to deliver some forms and with the failure of independent contractors to correctly address others.

But the officials, as well as independent monitors, said a big part of the problem, and a potentially more difficult one to grapple with, is that people are simply not mailing in their census forms.

Response rates as of today were as low as 34 percent in central Brooklyn, 43 percent on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, 41 percent in Boston's high-rent Beacon Hill neighborhood and 49 percent in Hollywood, Calif.

Regional and local Census Bureau officials said that low rates of return cut across the socio-economic lines. That surprised them because they had thought residents of well-to-do neighborhoods would mail back their forms at higher rates than residents of poor or ***working-class*** neighborhoods.

''The thing that would help us most is if everyone who hasn't returned a questionnaire got them in fast,'' Dr. Bryant said.

Some Cities Responding Well

In some cities, the census count is going well. In Orlando, Fla., 59 percent of the census forms were being returned, and the district office manager, Mary Shepherd, said she expected no problem in reaching the 70 percent goal.

There were also optimistic reports from San Diego, and Dr. Bryant said Cleveland was well ahead of the national rate on the returns.

It is not clear why Americans are not returning the forms. Although regional census officials believe the return rate to be lower than a decades ago and believe the census to be more troubled than earlier efforts, they cannot cite figures. The bureau says it did not keep figures for midway points in past census counts, only for final tallies.

The final count of forms that have been mailed back will begin in about 10 days, and not until it is complete will the bureau be able to match this year's performance with those of previous decades.

Officials of both the Census Bureau and Congress held out hope that more forms than currently expected would come in.

A Test in 1988

But in 1988, during a dry-run test of the census in St. Louis, about 88 percent of all the forms eventually returned had been returned at this stage of the census process, said William Hunt, a Congressional auditor.

Dr. Bryant said an off-year test was a bad comparison because there is far less publicity about the census in an off year and no sense of what she called ''a national event.''

Some officials privately raised the possibility that, if it becomes increasingly difficult to get census returns, the bureau may have to push back its constitutionally mandated Dec. 31 deadline for providing national totals. The total count is scheduled to go to President Bush on that day, while the state-by-state counts used for reapportionment are to scheduled be out by April 1, 1991.

Difficulty in Recruiting

Both Representative Sawyer and Mr. Hunt expressed concern about whether enough census-takers could be recruited, particularly in some of the white-collar areas, like Boston's Beacon Hill and Manhattan's Upper West Side.

''The underreturn seems to be occurring in the same areas where they are experiencing recruitment problems,'' Mr. Sawyer said today. In New York City, at a news conference at City Hall, Hulburt James, coordinator of the city's census outreach efforts, said that city officials had been distressed that what they estimate as close to 10 percent of the households in the city have not yet received census forms. He said they were also concerned that the Census Bureau is planning to close its assistance centers for citizens on April 15, instead of keeping them open longer.

Dinkins Upset With Raids

Mayor David N. Dinkins was particularly upset that the Immigration and Naturalization Service had recently conducted raids in Washington Heights, where many Dominican and other Latin American immigrants live, in violation of what he thought was an understanding that such raids would not be conducted during the census, since the might inhibit participation.

Sheila H. Grimm, the regional director of the census for the New York City area, said that as of Tuesday morning, its rate for forms logged in so far was 46.2 percent.

''That rate is basically a very volatile, changing rate,'' she said. ''There is a huge backlog of forms to be checked in and we are still hand-delivering others.''

She said the preliminary figures did not mean the bureau had missed huge swaths of the city, but that it was still working and would continue hand-delivering forms through April 20. At the end of the month, she said, enumerators would go out in person to addresses that had not responded.

In Brooklyn today, a coalition of big cities, states and groups like the N.A.A.C.P. went into Federal District Court seeking to force the Commerce Department to change its guidelines for adjusting the census to make sure minorities and the poor are accurately counted.

A primary issue is over a follow-up survey the department agreed to undertake after the census to compensate for any undercounting.

**Graphic**

Photo: Americans have been slow to be counted. Researchers expect that only 60 percent of the mailed forms will be returned. In the Towson, Md., census office, a worker stacked formes that had been sent in. (The New York Times/Marty Katz) (pg. A20)

**End of Document**



[***A Hispanic Electorate With Many Variations***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CWY-0S90-TW8F-G1T9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 20, 2004 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 16; THE 2004 CAMPAIGN: NEW MEXICO

**Length:** 1630 words

**Byline:** By RICK LYMAN

**Series:** STATE BY STATE: New Mexico -- A Series exploring the presidential race in swing states

**Dateline:** ALBUQUERQUE

**Body**

The crowd was cheering wildly as John Kerry, John Edwards and their spouses danced around one another on the open-air stage at the National Hispanic Cultural Center. Then Teresa Heinz Kerry took her turn at the microphone and said, ''I am an immigrant, too,'' clearly making a bid for the many Hispanics in the audience.

This time the applause was lukewarm and there was some head-shaking; many Hispanic families have been in New Mexico for generations and some take a dim view of immigrants.

''You know what the problem is with this state?'' said Erlindo Castillo, a librarian in Santa Fe, in an interview afterward. ''Too many Mexicans.''

''They come here for the free services and to take our jobs, and then they send all the money back across the border,'' said Ms. Castillo, an American flag in one hand, a Kerry poster in the other.

With a population of just 1.8 million people spread across 121,666 square miles, New Mexico has the largest percentage of Hispanic residents -- 42 percent -- of any state. And at a time when both major political parties are struggling to attract Hispanics, who make up the country's fastest-growing voter demographic, New Mexico is prized as a laboratory for how to get that done.

Indeed, that experiment may well hold the key to this year's presidential election in this swing state.

So despite its mere five electoral votes, New Mexico has become a focus of both parties. President Bush and Senator Kerry have both been here several times this year, and Mr. Kerry and Mr. Edwards included the state in their first joint campaign swing.

The commercials on New Mexico television started almost as soon as the primaries wound down. Between March 13 and early June, the Bush campaign spent $883,538 on them, compared with $829,224 for the Kerry campaign and about a half-million dollars more for Democratic-leaning political groups.

Recently, both the Kerry and Bush campaigns announced a round of Spanish-language advertising to run in key states, including New Mexico.

But courting Hispanics is complicated and nuanced in a state where some families of Spanish heritage trace their lineage back to the 17th and 18 centuries and others are more recent arrivals from Mexico and other Latin American nations.

Issues like immigration or bilingual education, which candidates can use to appeal broadly to Hispanic voters in other states, do not always hit the mark so neatly here. Voters in New Mexico from old-line Hispanic families can share a cultural identification with newcomers, but have very different views on such touchstone issues.

The Hispanic vote here has gone solidly Democratic in recent decades, and is expected to do so again. But Republicans hope that a strategy of appealing to more conservative old-liners with a message of traditional family values and to bedrock Roman Catholics by stressing opposition to abortion will peel away enough votes to make the difference.

When he was governor in neighboring Texas, Mr. Bush embraced his state's growing Mexican-American population and ran better among Hispanics than Republicans usually do.

Republicans say their hope is not to win the Hispanic vote here, but to woo enough from the Democrats to supplement the party's white conservative base. In 2000, Al Gore carried New Mexico by a slim 366 votes, making it a blue island in a sea of Rocky Mountain red.

''I think about that number all the time,'' said Sheriff Darren White of Bernalillo County, who is running President Bush's campaign in the state's most populous county. ''We don't intend to let it happen again.''

Of course, many Hispanic voters here are firmly Democratic, like John P. Sanchez. Recently retired after 25 years as a law enforcement officer in the impoverished Rio Grande Valley, Mr. Sanchez had his medal-studded Vietnam Veterans cap pulled tight across his forehead as he watched Mr. Kerry address the crowd in Albuquerque.

''For me, this is about us having kids over there in Iraq, dying for no good reason,'' Mr. Sanchez said. ''Republicans are crazy if they think they're going to get the Hispanic vote in New Mexico this year. They come here and say a couple of words of Spanish? What is that to me, you know what I mean?''

But there are pitfalls for the unwary, involving questions of identity and self-perception.

To many Hispanic families in New Mexico, especially in the northern mountains, the English speakers who trickled down the Santa Fe Trail in the 19th century were using the new highway. Their ancestors had come up the Camino Real, from Spanish colonies to the south.

''What makes us most unique is that we have this very old group of Hispanics whose ancestors came here starting in the 1600's,'' said F. Chris Garcia, formerly president of the University of New Mexico and now a political scientist there.

''The old-line families, even those who are still living in poverty, have very ambivalent views about these newcomers, and it shows in views about border issues and other things,'' Professor Garcia said.

Until the New Deal, the predominantly Roman Catholic, Hispanic community here voted solidly Republican. Since then, Hispanics have been steadfast Democrats, voting 62 percent for Mr. Gore in 2000. But Hispanic turnout, in all age groups, has consistently been significantly lower than turnout for whites, blunting the impact they might otherwise have.

For Republicans, the strategy here is to appeal to the conservatism of the Hispanics by speaking of traditional family values and abortion.

Nazarena Martinez and her husband own a 132-acre horse ranch called Cielito Lindo, or Beautiful Sky, on the eastern slopes of the Manzano Mountains. Her family has been in New Mexico for three centuries.

''My grandpa was a Republican, and when a lot of other families turned Democrat under Franklin Roosevelt, we stayed Republican,'' she said. ''In their heart, I believe, the Spanish people in New Mexico share with Republicans the values of faith, family and property rights. We believe that you do what you want with your own land. And I think once this is made clear to people, there will be many more Hispanics for President Bush.''

Elsewhere, one hears a different story. Christine Trujillo lives in Albuquerque but was born and raised in Taos County on land granted to her family in the late 1600's. ''We're pretty typical,'' she said. ''Land rich and dirt poor.''

Now, she is the president of the New Mexico Federation of Education Employees, and a strong supporter of Mr. Kerry. ''Only in the last 10 years have the party people begun to realize that we are a huge voting bloc,'' Ms. Trujillo said. ''But the truth is that the Republican Party here has never had a place at the table for us. And now they want to attract us with single-issue appeals like abortion? That is such garbage.''

New Mexico is the nation's fifth-largest state, in terms of area, but 36th by population. This translates into vast stretches of nothing, a high and dry landscape of parched scrublands and mesas covered with mesquite, sagebrush and ponderosa pine.

A third of the state's population is in Bernalillo County, home to the state's largest city, Albuquerque, and its nearest suburbs. And Albuquerque's political influence is even greater when fast-growing suburbs in neighboring counties are included.

Albuquerque's politics are fluid; the richer neighborhoods of the Northeast Heights tend to go Republican, while the ***working-class*** South Valley, predominantly Hispanic, goes heavily Democratic. In 2000, the metropolitan area went to Mr. Gore, but also elected a Republican to Congress, Heather A. Wilson.

The Democratic stronghold in New Mexico is in the north, along both sides of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, from Santa Fe to Taos to the Colorado line, an area of liberal activism and vacation homes that one local historian called the ''movie star and mysticism belt.'' But Democrats, buoyed by a growing Hispanic vote along the Mexican border, have also done well in recent elections in Dona Ana County, home to Las Cruces, the state's second-largest city.

For Republicans, the stronghold is in the east, the ranchlands called Little Texas whose landscape, population and voting patterns are barely distinguishable from those of neighboring West Texas. Republicans also see hope in growing suburban areas like Rio Rancho, northwest of Albuquerque, and more distant exurbs in adjacent Sandoval County.

The question is, who are the people who have moved into Rio Rancho and Las Cruces and Santa Fe since the last election? Are they the same conservative retirees from elsewhere in the Sun Belt who have been moving here for decades, or are they, as Democrats hope, part of a new wave of more liberal refugees from the Northeast and the West Coast?

At a recent Republican barbeque, Barbara Longeway, chairwoman of the Sandoval County Bush campaign, wore a T-shirt reading, ''Friends Don't Let Friends Vote Democrat.''

''I see a few bumper stickers around here for Kerry, but not too many,'' she said. ''So I'm pretty confident.''

The Democrats also feel confident. Recent voter registration data shows a rise in the proportion of Democrats since 2000, said Moses Mercado, Mr. Kerry's state campaign director, now 52 percent, up from 47 percent. And while an April poll by the American Research Group found Mr. Bush's and Mr. Kerry's popularity tied at 47 percent, a June poll taken by the group just prior to Mr. Kerry's selection of Mr. Edwards as his running mate saw some movement in Mr. Kerry's direction.

The key, leaders from both parties say, will be how well the Democrats turn out the Hispanic vote. ''It's absolutely pivotal for us,'' said John Wertheim, the state Democratic chairman.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: John Sanchez, left, a Democrat, exemplifies just one point on the state's Hispanic political spectrum. (Photo by Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times)Chart: ''A Close Race in a Bellwether State''Of all the swing states, none may be harder to call than New Mexico, whose five electoral votes Al Gore won in 2000 by a mere 366 votes.HOW THE COUNTIES VOTED IN 2000In each county, squares are sized according to the total number who voted and shaded by the winning candidate.Chart shows total votes casted for Gore and Bush in each county.MARGIN OF VICTORYIn percentage points in past presidential elections.2000DEMOCRATIC: 0.1 VICTORY1996DEMOCRATIC: 71988REPUBLICAN: 51984REPUBLICAN: 201980REPUBLICAN: 18NEW MEXICO'S ECONOMYGraphs track New Mexico's economy in the following areas since 1999:Change in real household income versus year earlier.Change in median home price versus year earlier.Unemployment rate.Percentage without health insurance. (tracked since 1997)ELECTED OFFICIALSGOV.REPUBLICAN: 0DEMOCRAT: 1SENATORSREPUBLICAN: 1DEMOCRAT: 1REPS.REPUBLICAN: 2DEMOCRAT: 1DEMOGRAPHICSBLACKN.M.: 2%U.S.: 12HISPANIC:N.M.: 42%U.S.: 13INDIANN.M.: 9%U.S.: 1MEDIAN HOUSEHOLD INCOMEN.M.: $35,251U.S.: $43,052(Sources by Dave Leips Atlas of U.S. Presidential Elections

Economy.com

Bureau of Labor Statistics

National Association of Realtors

Census Bureau)Map of New Mexico highlighting the following counties:AlbuquerqueRio RanchoSanta FeFarmingtonLas CrucesAlamogordoRoswellClovis

**Load-Date:** July 20, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Who Wears the Pants in This Economy?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:56GH-09C1-DXY4-X3GX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 2, 2012 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2012 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 22

**Length:** 6457 words

**Byline:** By HANNA ROSIN

**Body**

Patsy Prater's office looks like something between an executive's and a teacher's, her large desk crowded with neat piles of grant applications and daily logs but also with dishes of candy and other freebies for the young and old who pass through. On the bulletin board behind her head are big, colorful signs designed to remind her public-housing clients of what they are eligible for: cellphones, computer classes or prescriptions that she makes sure they have even if she has to drive them to the pharmacy herself. At the front of her desk is a photo of her ''grandbaby,'' who lives in Madison, Ala., three hours away. She wishes she could be there, taking care of the infant now that her daughter is back at work. ''I love this job,'' she said. ''I know it's where I'm supposed to be. But I am not a women's-rights-type person. My place is in the home, and I'm fine with that, so long as my husband is earning the bacon. 'Course, that hasn't been happening so much lately.''

Patsy, who is 50 and works as a family-services director, and her husband, Reuben, 52, met on a blind date in 1979, and that very night he asked her to marry him -- the first line of what he calls their ''Cinderella'' story. ''What would you have done if I were a terrible kisser?'' she likes to ask him, and he always answers, ''I would have taught you how.'' In 1981, Reuben was ready for a wedding, but Patsy was in her first year of college. Reuben told her he was madly in love, and if she did not quit school and marry him, he wouldn't wait, ''and I was stupid enough to believe him,'' she says.

For the greater part of her marriage, the setup worked just fine for Patsy. Because Reuben stopped her from going to college, she could do what she wanted, which was to raise their three daughters without feeling guilty about not working. Reuben, who had a bachelor's of science degree from Auburn University, was one of the longest-running service contractors for the Russell Corporation, the maker of athletic wear and the town's largest employer. He ran a lucrative business cleaning the special pine floors at some of the mills and also had private clients in town. He made enough money for a very comfortable life: a house on a quiet, rural road here in Alexander City, Ala., four cars and multiple church missionary trips for his family to places like Africa and Brazil. Because he owned the business, Patsy could help him out with payroll and accounting on her own time and always be free to pick up the girls from school.

The mills supplied enough steady employment to keep most people in Alexander City out of poverty -- until the mid-'90s less than a quarter of schoolchildren qualified for free or reduced-price lunch -- and allow many families in town to live well. Here, a man with a degree in textiles or engineering could make $70,000 or even $100,000, enough to afford a house on the lake and a motorboat. He could drive a Lexus S.U.V. and take his family on a vacation to Disneyland and go to church, where, if he needed it, he would be prayed for by name.

In 1996, at the height of its success, Russell employed 7,000 of the town's 15,000 residents. But the company soon faced competitors that undercut its prices. Like many textile companies in the area, Russell began shifting its plants to Mexico and Honduras, where clothes could be made cheaply. A decade later, only 3,200 people were still working for Russell in Alexander City, and the company was bought by Berkshire Hathaway. Now, at the facilities that remain open, that number is down to about 900, leaving many families in town in financial straits. The percentage of students at the high school receiving free lunches rose to 50 percent.

Reuben tried shifting his business focus to private homes, but ''people don't spend money on carpet and floor cleaning when they need it to buy groceries.'' Within a few years the Praters went from comfortable to shaky. They relied on revolving accounts: refinancing the house to pay the credit-card bill, using the credit card to pay the electricity bill before the power went out. The phone frequently rang, and the person on the other end would ask, ''Can you make that payment today?'' The family stopped answering the phone.

Reuben said he realized that he would never have his old work life back and tried to remake himself. He found a job as director of mall operations in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and then one at a conference-call company in West Point, Ga., and next at a tire plant in Dothan, Ala. None lasted long. One ''crazy thing or another,'' as Patsy puts it, always doomed him: his long commutes, his health, family obligations, constant reminders that he was no longer his own boss. Over time, he became discouraged. He wasn't ''making the money I need to be making.''

As Reuben's paychecks became less dependable, Patsy began ''stressing'' and wondered what she could do to help. Over the years she taught music at day-care centers, sometimes taking their youngest daughter, Jordan, with her. She had been ''scared to death'' to go back to college, but she studied at night with the aim of becoming a special-education teacher. Around 2006, a friend cornered her in a hallway at church and said she knew of a job that sounded perfect for her. Patsy was known as a helper by nature, driving seniors to church, assisting the youth choir, organizing mission trips. The friend recommended an opening at the city housing authority as a family self-sufficiency coordinator, which meant helping families in public housing become independent by connecting them with services.

Being a self-sufficiency coordinator involved a maternal touch, like encouraging single mothers to continue their education, obtain prenatal care and find reliable child care. Patsy had little experience in the work force and did not think of herself as a professional or a manager, but the friend told her she could possibly make as much as $20 an hour, which sounded better than the $5.50 she made at day care. It might not have been enough for Reuben, but to Patsy, who never had a steady paycheck, it sounded incredible. In three years she was promoted twice and is now director of family services. ''I can only say it was God's hand that did it,'' she says. ''I wasn't searching for a job like that, not with my skills.''

In the last decade, men, especially ***working-class*** and middle-class men, have had very different experiences in this economy from the women around them. The manufacturing sector has lost almost six million jobs, nearly a third of its total work force, and has taken in few young workers. Across eastern Alabama, the old textile mills closed one after another, badly shaking up the economy. In Tallapoosa County, which contains Alexander City, the unemployment rate at the time I first visited last year was 13.3 percent -- pretty standard for the region during the height of the recession. The housing bubble masked this new reality for a while, creating work in construction and related industries. But then that market crashed as well. Some jobs are trickling back now that Alabama is shifting its focus to ''advanced manufacturing,'' meaning jobs in industries like automobiles and aeronautics that require a higher degree of skills and training, says Joe Sumners, director of the Economic and Community Development Institute at Auburn University. But traditional manufacturing is unlikely to play the same role in the economy it once did.

While millions of manufacturing jobs have been lost over the last decade, jobs in health, education and services have been added in about the same numbers. The job categories projected to grow over the next decade include nursing, home health care and child care. Of the 15 categories projected to grow the fastest by 2016 -- among them sales, teaching, accounting, custodial services and customer service -- 12 are dominated by women. These are not necessarily the most desirable or highest-paying jobs. But they do provide a reliable source of employment and a ladder up to the middle class. It used to be that in ***working-class*** America, men earned significantly more than women. Now in that segment of the population, the gap between men and women is shrinking faster than in any other, according to June Carbone, an author of ''Red Families v. Blue Families.''

In Alexander City, while the men were struggling, women either continued on with their work or found new jobs as teachers, secretaries or nurses or in the service industry. Like many states, Alabama has cut government services over the last few years, but the jobs that remain are relatively stable, Sumners said. More important than the particular jobs available, which are always in flux, is a person's willingness to adapt to a changing economy. These days that usually requires going to college or getting some job retraining, which women are generally more willing to do. Two-thirds of the students at the local community college are women, which is fairly typical of the gender breakdown in community colleges throughout the country.

''An important long-term issue is that men are not doing as well as women in keeping up with the demands of the global economy,'' says Michael Greenstone, an economist at M.I.T. and director of the Hamilton Project, which has done some of the most significant research on men and unemployment. ''It's a first-order mystery for social scientists, why women have more clearly heard the message that the economy has changed and men have such a hard time hearing it or responding.''

As the usual path to the middle class disappears, what's emerging in its place is a nascent middle-class matriarchy, in which women like Patsy pay the mortgage and the cable bills while the men try to find their place.

The former Russell men are sometimes categorized by people in town as one of three types: the ''transients,'' who drive about an hour to Montgomery for work and never make it home for dinner; the ''domestics,'' who idle at the house during the day, looking for work; and the ''gophers,'' who drive their wives to and from work, spending the hours in between hunting or fishing.

In the years since his business declined, Reuben Prater seems to have played all three of these roles. Last fall, Reuben finally landed a good job in town as an information-technology specialist at a bank. But this year the bank was bought by another, and dozens of local employees, including Reuben, were laid off, and he was looking for a job again. Most mornings Reuben still wakes up at 5:30, goes to the gym and is back by 7:15 to have a quick breakfast with Patsy and their 18-year-old daughter, Jordan, who just graduated from high school. He sometimes receives texts from Patsy during the day, asking him to do one thing or another. Reuben does the laundry and runs the dishwasher and vacuums, but he doesn't really make dinner. He goes to Walmart to buy groceries or pick up something for Jordan if he has to, but shopping is his least favorite chore. ''I'm the househusband,'' he says, half-joking. Sometimes he helps Patsy with work, doing research or helping set up an event for clients, just as she used to help him. Or he does volunteer work at church. In between these tasks, he trolls monster.com and other job sites, although some days he is so busy with the housework that he doesn't get to the job search until 10 at night, when it's peaceful in the house and no one is texting and asking him to run errands. In the last two months, he sent out 252 résumés to as far away as Toronto and Sacramento, but hasn't heard anything. ''My wheel's just not rolling right now,'' he says. ''I got to find a new wheel or a new way to inflate the old one.''

One Wednesday morning this summer, after saying goodbye to Patsy, Reuben went to Burger King to have breakfast with his best friend, Tim, his ''twin brother by a different mother'' as he calls him. (They have the same birthday.) They usually meet every Saturday morning, but Tim, who had been working at Russell Medical Center, a large hospital, lost his job when his position in the marketing department was eliminated, and the previous day was his last at work. Tim's wife is among the remaining employees at Russell, largely because she's ''willing to do anything -- payroll, balance the books, do shipping,'' he says. But Tim, like Reuben, has had trouble finding steady work and found himself idling at what Reuben called their ''pity party.''

There were only men at the Burger King that morning: men in baseball hats talking. A candidate for mayor dropped by, as did a few men they knew from church.

''Hey, Reuben, what you up to?''

''Not doing anything, just playing. If you find anything for me to do, call me.''

Reuben has a college degree and doesn't seem especially preoccupied with machismo, so I asked him why, given how many different kinds of jobs he has held, he couldn't train for one of the jobs that he knew was available: something related to schools, nursing or retail, for example. One reason was obvious -- those jobs don't pay as much as he was accustomed to making -- but he said there was another. ''We're in the South,'' he told me. ''A man needs a strong, macho job. He's not going to be a schoolteacher or a legal secretary or some beauty-shop queen. He's got to be a man.'' I asked several businesswomen in Alexander City if they would hire a man to be a secretary or a receptionist or a nurse, and many of them just laughed. It's not hard to imagine a time when the prevailing dynamic in town might be female bosses shutting men out of the only open jobs.

Downtown Alexander City still sustains a wine store, a couple of restaurants, a quaint soda-fountain pharmacy, a real-estate office that looks like a SoHo loft and a trendy jeans-and-dress store that expanded this spring, among other businesses. But as with other once-prosperous towns, Alex City, as it is called, is straining to keep up appearances. A few storefronts are empty, and a few more look as if they're barely hanging on. Cecil's Public House, the one fancy restaurant, burned down in March and hasn't been replaced, and a new gourmet bakery closed. People worry that one day the downtown might go the way of Goodwater, a city with a string of abandoned gray buildings 15 miles to the northwest.

The center of Alexander City is dominated by the steeple of the First Baptist Church, a thriving evangelical community, with packed pews every Wednesday and Sunday and events nearly every day of the week. There are several other churches in town, but First Baptist has always been the destination for much of the Alex City establishment, including some members of the Russell family, plant managers, doctors, lawyers and prominent couples like Charles and Sarah Beth Gettys. I met the couple, who are in their mid-50s, at a Wednesday-evening church supper last year -- I noticed them because Sarah Beth was one of the few people at church wearing a suit. She is an executive at Russell Medical Center and, as I would learn over several visits, often the only person at Wednesday supper who so obviously raced over straight from the office and still had pressing business on her iPhone. Charles has more time on his hands but not necessarily fewer worries. ''Probably no one has had their wife move up the ladder as far as I've moved down,'' he told me the first night we talked, in his blunt and wry way. ''For years I was the major breadwinner, and this has flipped the family around. Now she is the major breadwinner.''

Charles started out at Avondale Mills, in Pell City, Ala., hauling 80-pound rolls of cotton as a teenager; Avondale paid for him to attend nearby Auburn University to study textiles and engineering. He eventually moved to Russell, and for 23 years, Charles rose up the ranks at the plant, becoming a manager in the dyeing-and-finishing department and later head of national sales for the fabrics division. He sent three children to college and built a much-admired house on the lake. Even now, he carries the air of a comfortable patriarch; he is trim, with white hair and clear blue eyes. At church he looks as if he is about to go golfing, in khakis and a button-down shirt. He is usually self-deprecating, so he doesn't quite put it this way, but it's clear that he experienced his time at Russell as his glory days, when as the head of sales, he took trips to New York and stayed at the company's Midtown apartment and saw Broadway plays and ate delicious rolls that don't quite compare with the crumbly corn bread served at church suppers.

About 10 years ago Charles said he began to feel as if ''I was on a horse that wasn't going to make it. So do you just push the horse and hope for the best or get off?'' Russell was no longer the place he had known. The company was hiring more women in managerial jobs, and while he had no problem with that in general, he said that some of these women hadn't started out hauling cotton as he had and didn't know the business from the ground up. But the company felt pressure to hire them, Charles told me, ''to keep up with the times.'' Russell was also shutting down plants, and Charles knew his position couldn't last much longer. At one point he was offered a job running one of Russell's local plants, but he declined. He was 45 at the time, young enough, he thought, to start over.

Unlike Patsy Prater, Sarah Beth has always worked. ''If I had to sit at home, I would lose my mind,'' she told me one morning as we talked in her office. Sarah Beth started as a nurse on the third shift at what was then just a small-town hospital. To the family, her salary was ''fun money.'' She would use it to shop for herself and, if the children complained about her working overtime, she would give them a choice: she could work less or pay for a family ski vacation.

As the hospital grew, Sarah Beth rose steadily up the ranks. In 2003, when Charles finally decided to quit, Sarah Beth had already been promoted into management, so he thought she could support them until he found his footing. Charles was always pretty handy, so he considered starting a construction company, even though he had never run a business. Working with trucks and piles of wood was a ''humbling experience,'' especially after having been a head of national sales. He said that he knew he would be competing with men who were in the business a long time or with younger men who once worked for him. When he had his broody moments, Sarah Beth said she would tell him: ''Build a bridge and get over it. Don't just sit and whine and carry on.'' He finally started the business in 2004 and for a time it was ''mildly successful,'' but then the housing crisis hit in 2008 and construction work largely dried up.

Sarah Beth, meanwhile, was moving up the institutional ladder the way Charles once had, advancing from nurse manager of the medical-surgical unit to vice president in charge of patient services. She now spends her days in an office sandwiched between the chief executive and the chief financial officer of the hospital. She has a secretary and an endless series of meetings and conferences across the country. Her salary is now the money that the family relies on to pay the mortgage and the basic household expenses. One Wednesday evening I was tiptoeing my way toward asking Charles how he felt about his wife's achievements -- nervous that I might wound his pride -- when he said: ''I know what you're asking. How does it feel to go from being the major breadwinner to the secondary breadwinner?''

He told me: ''It used to bug me, but now I've gotten used to it.'' What helped was realizing that he wasn't alone in this upside down world he was living in. Shortly after he left Russell, Charles called the unemployment office in Montgomery to ask a question. The voice on the phone sounded familiar, and after a few minutes he realized he was talking to a woman who had worked with him at Russell. She transferred him to her supervisor, who turned out to be another woman who had worked with him. ''You're gonna laugh at this,'' Charles told me, ''but it was harder on the men than the women. It seems like their skills were more, what's the word, transferable? I was born in the South, where the men take care of their women. Suddenly, it's us who are relying on the women. Suddenly, we got the women in control.''

Often at the Wednesday-evening church suppers, the men would talk to me about their new situations, and after a few such conversations, I realized one reason the men were having such a hard time finding that new wheel. For the entirety of their adult lives, Russell, a 110-year-old company, played the role of dominant father: kind, generous and protective, but also overbearing, sometimes bullying and just capricious enough to keep them fighting for its affection. Even without a union, Russell made its men loyal for life by embracing the operational philosophy of the American manufacturing age: becoming a textile man was the same as becoming a man. Russell taught men how to work hard, how to support a family, how to live a good life, how to have the American dream their way.

When that structure disappeared, ''there was no place for us to go,'' Charles says. But more than that, there was no way for them to be. The town so revolved around Russell that when the company left, the men were virtually stripped of their identities. And there was barely anyplace left in America where being an expert on textiles could elevate you in that same way. When Charles first left Russell, all those words that used to mark his status -- ''dyeing,'' ''finishing,'' ''textile training'' -- suddenly seemed part of an ancient world, like speaking Shakespearean English, saying ''thou'' or ''thee'' out loud at the family dinner table, he said. And he thought, ''Here I am, out in the world, trying to be a typewriter salesman.''

Many women worked at Russell -- as seamstresses and occasionally as managers -- but they were never allowed to be part of its ruling fraternity. For most women, Russell was never a way of life; it was just a job, and jobs are, as Charles says, transferable. Once it all started to fall apart, some women in town took out loans or used savings to go to school to become nurses, human-resources managers and legal secretaries. Many were willing to take low-paying jobs because they hadn't spent their lives expecting to be the primary breadwinner. They did not find the available jobs humiliating or beneath them; they found it thrilling to be making steady money. After years of receiving promotions while their husbands looked for work, many women ended up in Patsy Prater's or Sarah Beth Gettys's position as the main source of support for their families. ''Without Patsy's job,'' Reuben says, ''we'd be sunk puppies.''

About two years ago, Gerald Hallmark, then the pastor of First Baptist, saw a man, who had been a plant manager, selling shirts at J. C. Penney. The man tried to avoid him, but Hallmark did his best to make him feel comfortable, by walking up and asking him how the new job was working out. After that, Hallmark had to make slight adjustments in what he had preached for nearly 20 years. Instead of reminding the men that the Bible instructs them to be the head of the household, he tells them, ''Your manhood shows in your reaction to hard times.''

The changes in gender dynamics are forcing a rethinking of a basic philosophy in Alex City, and in the broader evangelical community. As R. Albert Mohler Jr., president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky., wrote in a blog a few years ago: ''Christians committed to a biblical model of marriage and gender relations must look to this social revolution with a deeper level of concern.'' What Christians should worry about, he argues, is ''the long-term consequences of a new matriarchal world order.''

Like everyone of their generation I spoke to, Charles and Sarah Beth Gettys both insisted that Charles was still the ''head of the household.'' I often asked couples why the men got to retain the title if they weren't fulfilling most of the attending duties. Sometimes they answered by redefining ''head'' as ''spiritual head,'' meaning biblically ordained as the leader. Often it came down to the man as the ultimate protector, the domestic superhero: if someone broke into the house, if the children were in trouble or out of control, if the roof caved in, if there was a tornado, if we needed him, he would rescue us. One man I met, Rob Pridgen, even discussed this in vaguely apocalyptic terms. If the country was self-destructing, and if we could no longer import food or rely on our government to protect us, then we would all remember what men were for.

The women never credit their newfound dominance to feminism (''bra burning'' is still the shorthand definition for that social movement among women I met of all ages). Instead they see the changes in women's roles as ''social evolution,'' the polite, neutral term I heard from Barbara Young, the town's first female mayor, elected in 2004. ''It's just the way things have moved along,'' she said.

But you can sense among the women some impatience under the surface, some capitulation to the obviously shifting reality. ''I'm very headstrong,'' Patsy Prater says. ''I probably don't give in to him like I should'' -- which may have always been true as a private joke between them but is now uncomfortably magnified by the single paycheck. When I talked with Patsy in the family room at their house, she forbade Reuben to come downstairs, because he can sometimes dominate conversations. She quarantined him on the second floor, and I caught glimpses of him carrying a basket of laundry. Sarah Beth told me that she now asks her Sunday-school group of high-school girls to reflect on what being ''submissive'' means in today's world. Theoretically, as head of the household, Charles could decide that he and Sarah Beth should move somewhere else, and Sarah Beth would follow. They both insist that's how it would unfold. But given Sarah Beth's success at her work, that scenario seems very theoretical.

Rob Pridgen's wife, Connie, sometimes used the word ''submissive'' but usually put it in air quotes. Rob and Connie started dating in November 2009. A couple of months after that, Rob found out that his position at Russell as a network analyst would be phased out. They were in their 40s and each was divorced, and Rob said he knew right away that he wanted to marry Connie, but without a job, he could not bring himself to ask. Connie was in her second decade teaching English at Benjamin Russell High School, making a dependable salary, and Rob was struggling week to week, trying to start a network-consulting business. The situation was becoming awkward, they said, with neither of them knowing how to introduce the other to friends at church. Connie said she would sometimes just say, ''This is my . . . Rob.''

When I first met them in the spring of last year, they had been married but were still working out their roles. Connie told me: ''He is absolutely the guy who says: 'I provide for my family. I'm the man of the house.' ''

Rob said then: ''You're saying that as if I'm the dictator. It's not the whole sit-in-the-kitchen-with-your-apron thing. But the way I was brought up, it's a man's responsibility to take care of his family.'' Rob turned to me and added, ''I don't want to make the queen analogy, but my job is to make her the queen.''

''Honey, you know I would teach anyway.''

''But the point is, you shouldn't have to,'' he said.

''It bothers him a lot,'' Connie said to me.

''I pretty much internalize it. It's like, if I can't take care of her, then I'm not a man.''

At that point, Connie's daughter from her first marriage, Abby, who was then 19, piped up with her own perspective on this Southern code of chivalry, which she said sounded like nonsense to her, given how the boys she knew actually behaved -- hanging out in the parking lot, doing God knows what, or going home and playing video games instead of bothering to apply for college. Abby turned to Rob, who had just proclaimed his ideas about marriage, and said, ''That's so cute, it's gross.''

One Saturday afternoon a few months later, the Pridgens gave me a tour of Lake Martin, which is a source of pride in Alex City. Rob was still trying to get his network-consulting business going. From Rob's boat we saw million-dollar houses on the lake and a gourmet market nearby. Afterward we hung out in the living room of the much smaller house that Connie and Rob were then renting on the lake.

Abby had finished a year at a community college in Alex City and transferred to another community college outside Auburn, where she was now living with friends. She spent the day with Rob and Connie before she had to go to her evening shift at a local restaurant. Abby is striking, with long blond hair and full, frowny lips. She is reserved and prefers the company of intimates to the usual teenage crowds. As an English teacher, Connie likes to closely dissect all kinds of texts -- Shakespeare's plays, Bible verses, classic feminist essays. Each year Connie draws out fresh meaning from them, depending on what's going on in her own life. That afternoon, while Rob sat nearby, Connie and Abby were mulling over a passage from Proverbs that is sometimes read at church for Mother's Day and that had come up in a Bible-study group.

The passage describes the ''wife of noble character,'' who works with the wool and flax, brings the food from afar, who ''gets up while it is still dark,'' buys a field, plants a vineyard, turns a profit, and ''her lamp does not go out at night'' because she's still sewing clothes for the poor and generally being industrious while everyone else sleeps. Her husband, meanwhile, ''is respected at the city gate, where he takes his seat among the elders of the land.''

Traditionally the passage has been viewed as an elaboration of the proper roles of husband and wife. The husband sits in the dominant, protective role, watching his wife's efforts on behalf of the family and taking pride. But in a town in which many men aren't working steadily anymore, the words have taken on new meaning. There are people who have noticed that the passage never mentions what the husband is doing or what role he's playing in providing food for his family, tilling the fields or turning a profit. What was dawning on Connie these last few months became obvious to Abby and Rob as she read the passage out loud. That noble wife is working from dawn to dusk. And the husband?

''Sounds like he's sitting around with his buddies shooting the breeze, talking about the ballgame and eating potato chips,'' Rob said.

Abby wasn't surprised. Around Alex City, she said it seemed that it was the girls who were full of energy and eager to see the world. Her own brother, Alex, who was 17, seemed to want to stay in town forever and raise his family here. But Abby was enrolled in Southern Union State Community College, attending on a show-choir scholarship. Her plan was to go there for a year, as many girls in Alex City do, to save money, and then head to Auburn University.

Ambitious teenagers in the area, who want a life that is not defined by hot, noisy factories, often think the first stop is Auburn, about a 45-minute drive southeast on U.S. 280. This is the way it has always been, even before Russell closed, because in the limited geography of a teenager's mind, Auburn is the closest place with a multiplex and a mall, not to mention a university with an excellent football team.

Across eastern Alabama, Auburn is considered the one city that got it right, a lucky college town that avoided the pitfalls of the rest of the region, a place that took advantage of its strengths to survive in the modern economy. Surrounding counties had unemployment rates in the double digits during the recession, and one had gone as high as 19.3 percent. Lee County, which contains Auburn and its sister city, Opelika, had spells of high unemployment but weathered the recession and now has an unemployment rate of 8.1 percent, close to the national average. Auburn University has anchored the economy for more than 150 years. City officials scrupulously avoided becoming dependent on a single large manufacturer like Russell. Instead, the city courted many smaller manufacturing companies. Auburn has become a reflection of the modern, feminized economy: a combination of university, service and government jobs.

Auburn has enough stately mansions lining the main streets to signal prosperity and enough untamed wildness -- a herd of cattle graze near the latest research park -- not to tip over into suburbia. In 2009, the town was on U.S. News & World Report's list of Top 10 best places in the United States to live.

Auburn is also an especially good place for young women. James Chung, a market researcher for Reach Advisors, analyzed census data showing that in most of the United States, young, single, childless women in their 20s working full time have a higher median income than equivalent young men. A handful of regions in the Southeast stand out as having a particularly big disparity, including Auburn, where the median income of these women is estimated at 129 percent of the median income of similar men.

In July, when I visited Connie and Rob again, Abby was home for the summer. She had been accepted to Auburn and was making plans to transfer to her new school. She was dressed in a maxiskirt and a tube top and was sunk down in a chair, trying to wake herself up so she wouldn't be late for her shift at an Auburn restaurant. Compared with her high-school friends, the Auburn kids are ''more focused,'' she told me. ''They are much more goal-­oriented, more careful.''

Abby was interested in being an actress or singer, she said. We watched a DVD of her performing an impressive version of ''Don't Rain on My Parade'' at the community college. She had been dating a guy who moved to New York to look for acting jobs and was thinking about moving there herself someday soon. Since going to college, Abby was starting to come up with her own ideas about courtship. ''Personally I don't like a guy paying for everything,'' she said. ''I'll buy the popcorn, you pay for the movies.'' Her future excluded the conventional aspiration of the Southern belle: ''I've heard other girls say, 'I want to stay home,' and I'm thinking, Why? What would you do? Vacuum four times a day?''

Abby is not the only one questioning the old rules. At a Sunday Bible-study group I attended for teenage girls, the mother who was teaching had the girls hold hands, march in a circle and say: ''My husband will treat me like the princess that I am. He will be the head of my household.'' But the girls' own ambitions seemed at odds with that vision. One girl earlier confessed that her biggest earthly temptation during her college years was likely to be ''pursuing too many higher degrees.'' Another was known to her friends in the group as the ''future president.'' I got the sense that relying on a man was not what they considered their best option.

Connie said she really wants Abby to settle down and find a nice man -- not necessarily to completely take care of her but to keep her safe in a strange city. She said she hoped that Abby's desire to go to New York was just a phase, that maybe she would end up in Atlanta, working at a theater and married with children. But there was her daughter on TV, singing back an urgent, defiant answer: ''Don't tell me not to fly./I've simply got to./If someone takes a spill/it's me and not you./Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade?''

A few months ago Rob Pridgen finally found a full-time job as the information-technology director for Alex City. Still, the family decided that it couldn't afford to send Abby to Auburn after all, and instead she is attending the University of South Alabama in Mobile. Reuben Prater continues to send out about 10 résumés a night. Charles Gettys started a new company, with a friend, that builds docks and customizes structures for jet skis or boats for vacationers at the lake. He has become part of what economists call the ''artisan economy,'' an option for men who have been abandoned by the manufacturing sector. They use their skills and knowledge of the local landscape and materials to do work that can't be easily ordered from China or executed by machine. Charles says he's doing O.K. In a good year he now makes a quarter of what he once did, and Sarah Beth makes significantly more than he did in his best days at Russell.

As the economy fails to fully recover, it's unclear what will happen to traditionally male or female jobs generally. Some sectors seem undeniably strong: health care, for example, and technology, although there aren't many tech jobs in places like Alexander City. Manufacturing survives mainly in new and highly specialized forms. Local government jobs, especially ones in low-tax states like Alabama, have gone through severe cuts in the last decade and are unlikely to be cut much further. Jobs like Patsy's, which rely on federal financing, could be vulnerable given the current political fixation on budget cuts. An important quality for anyone trying to survive in this economy is one that Reuben, in his own limited way, is trying to embody -- the one that seems to come more easily to his wife -- the capacity to ''remake myself again, find my new niche.''

In the meantime, new legends are starting to take hold in Alex City. One morning when I was talking to Reuben and his friend Tim, they were overtaken by a wave of nostalgia. They traded stories of the legendary Russell patriarchs: the engineer so brilliant that people followed him around at trade shows; the chief executive held in such awe that the ''waves parted'' when he walked into a room. But those were the ''bygone days,'' they agreed. Now, there is a fresh cast of characters who can draw an admiring crowd. These local luminaries are no longer the patriarchs but the wives. When they go to dinner, Reuben says, so many people come up to Patsy to thank her or praise her for things she has done for them that the Praters sometimes have to move to a back table for privacy. ''I've looked at her so many times and thought, She's just this amazing woman,'' Reuben says. ''She's a miracle within herself.''

This article is adapted from ''The End of Men: And the Rise of Women,'' to be published by Riverhead Books this month.

PHOTOS: Sarah Beth and Charles Gettys (MM23); Reuben and Patsy Prater (MM24); Rob and Connie Pridgen (MM26); Connie Pridgen's daughter, Abby Culberson (MM27); The First Baptist Church in Alexander City (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANN WEATHERSBY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM29)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2012/09/02/magazine/who-wears-the-pants-in-this-economy.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2012/09/02/magazine/who-wears-the-pants-in-this-economy.html)

**Load-Date:** September 16, 2012

**End of Document**



[***Transcending Boundaries - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5392-M231-DXY4-X48J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 11, 2011 Monday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2011 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Column 0; Sports Desk; Pg. 1; BRITISH OPEN: ROYAL ST. GEORGES

**Length:** 2485 words

**Byline:** By NIALL STANAGE

Niall Stanage is a staff writer for The Hill newspaper in Washington.

**Body**

CORRECTION APPENDED

Rory McIlroy's religion was, until a few days ago, a mystery to Barry McGuigan.

''Is he Catholic? Really?'' McGuigan said. ''I didn't know that. I thought he was a Protestant young guy.''

McGuigan was a precursor of a kind to McIlroy, the young golfer who has become Northern Ireland's latest sporting hero in the wake of his United States Open triumph last month.

But the differences in the stories of the two men are as illuminating as the similarities, especially when it comes to the changing nature of their homeland.

McGuigan, a charismatic boxer, rose to become a world featherweight champion in the mid-1980s. A Roman Catholic born and raised in a small town just over the border in the Republic of Ireland, he threaded his way through the political and cultural minefield of the time to become beloved by almost everyone.

Back then, the three-decade violent struggle that tore Northern Ireland apart -- known euphemistically as the Troubles -- had settled into a dismal pattern.

Pro-British paramilitary groups, who labeled themselves loyalists, and their Irish republican opponents, most notably the Irish Republican Army, engaged in killings that were as savage as they were futile. Bodies were found in city back alleys and on damp country roads with numbing regularity. The gloom was all-encompassing and, it seemed at the time, endless.

McGuigan's broad popularity was a sizable achievement, pulled off only through repeated and ostentatious displays of neutrality. He refused to have national flags accompany his entrance into the ring. In place of a national anthem, he would have his father sing ''Danny Boy'' before his bouts. Even his shorts were adorned with a dove of peace.

McIlroy enjoys a similar cross-community appeal. But, tellingly, he has acquired it without advertising his impartiality in blazing neon. He has, so far, dodged questions of political affiliation with a shoulder-shrugging casualness that no one from McGuigan's era could have gotten away with.

In the 2009 World Cup of Golf, he represented Ireland. When the sport returns to the Olympic Games in 2016, after more than a century of absence, he has said he ''probably'' will play for Britain. Asked in an interview with the PGA Tour Web site last year whether he considered himself more British or Irish, McIlroy answered, ''Pass.''

In the 2009 interview with London's Daily Telegraph in which he said he would choose to play for Britain in the Olympics, McIlroy noted that he held a British passport and acknowledged that all of this was ''a bit of an awkward question, still.''

At one time, that would have been putting it mildly. To many Northern Irish Catholics, such an approach would have seemed traitorous; a siding with the enemy. They chose an Irish passport as a point of principle. Representing Britain would have seemed tantamount to backing a state that they regarded as oppressive.

Now, only a very few seem to object to the golfer's approach. McIlroy himself seems to look wryly, and fleetingly, at the questions that took his country to the edge of the abyss and say: No big deal.

Which, given Northern Ireland's history, is a very big deal.

Identified by Religion

I grew up in Belfast during the Troubles. I was on the cusp of high school when Barry McGuigan defeated the great Panamanian Eusebio Pedroza to become a world champion in 1985.

As I was the product of a family that identified primarily as Irish rather than British -- and that was nominally Protestant, yet in reality secular -- McGuigan's Catholic background carried no negative connotation for me. But I was still aware of it. So was everyone else.

At that time, in that place, everyone I knew could identify in an instant the religious affiliation of even the most apolitical people who had propelled themselves from Northern Ireland onto a bigger stage. Van Morrison was Protestant. Liam Neeson was Catholic. George Best, perhaps the finest soccer player of his generation: Protestant. Dennis Taylor, a snooker world champion: Catholic. And on and on.

McIlroy isn't like that. The only reason I was able to inform McGuigan of the golfer's religion was because I had made a deliberate effort to discover it.

Of course, McIlroy's United States Open win was the second in a row for Northern Ireland. The year before, Graeme McDowell had claimed the title at Pebble Beach. McDowell was raised as a Protestant, a religious identity that he wears with just as little ostentation as McIlroy's Catholicism. But McIlroy is on his way to becoming a global superstar, which makes his case all the more intriguing.

''Isn't it funny?'' McGuigan said, reflecting upon the focus on religion. ''People our age always want to find that out. It's the same way that there used to be all that stuff about 'How do you spell your surname?' or 'What newspaper do you read?' That is going to take time to eradicate.''

He's right -- for our generation. For those who are younger, the change is already under way. John Stevenson was McIlroy's principal at his high school, Sullivan Upper, just outside Belfast. There, as well as witnessing the teenage golf prodigy demolishing much older, bigger boys in inter-school games, he also saw what he terms ''the first post-Troubles generation'' come to maturity.

''They seem much more interested in their economic future than anything else,'' he said. ''You could press them as to whether they want to live in an all-Ireland state, and some of them would have different views. But it doesn't seem to be locked into their identity, as it maybe was for a previous generation. There is an energy about the place, and Rory is leading that, to a certain extent.''

Eamonn McCann, a veteran civil rights activist and journalist, agreed, and he, too, seems struck by the lack of clarity regarding McIlroy's identity.

''It is very, very unusual that someone comes to prominence in Northern Ireland without it being clear from the outset what religion they are,'' McCann said in a telephone interview. ''The fact that Rory McIlroy is not seen as part of either camp reflects something that is far deeper in this society.

''He certainly challenges the notion that you had throughout the Troubles -- even though I would argue that it was never entirely true -- that religion in Northern Ireland dictates politics, dictates identity. He has come to the fore at a very interesting time.''

After a Victory, Violence

In Northern Ireland, the old enmities have a habit of bursting back into awful, vigorous life, just when serenity seems to have been secured.

Last month, the very day after McIlroy's United States Open victory, sectarian violence broke out in the Short Strand neighborhood of East Belfast, five miles from his childhood home. Bricks and Molotov cocktails flew for two nights. At least three people sustained gunshot injuries. Police estimated that 400 to 500 people were involved in the disorder.

On Tuesday, as McIlroy fine-tunes his game for the British Open, which begins Thursday at Royal St. George's in England, swaths of his homeland will shut down for the celebrations held every July 12, led by the exclusively Protestant Orange Order organization. Defended as an outpouring of cultural expression by some, ''The Twelfth'' looks more like a festival of bigotry to others, McIlroy's fellow Catholics in particular.

McIlroy's apparent lack of interest in the North's old squabbles is surprising in at least one respect. The Troubles touched his family -- once, but deeply.

A pro-British paramilitary group, the Ulster Volunteer Force, murdered the golfer's great-uncle in 1972. According to previously published reports, the great-uncle, Joseph McIlroy, moved into a Protestant area of East Belfast when the Troubles were at their height. Presumably, he had faith in the essential reasonableness of his neighbors. It was misplaced. He was shot dead in his kitchen. No one was convicted.

I could find no evidence that Rory McIlroy has ever publicly commented on his great-uncle's murder. His agent declined to make McIlroy or his father, Gerry, available for this article.

A much milder reminder of the treacherous currents that swirl just beneath the surface of Northern Irish life came at the moment of McIlroy's greatest glory.

As he walked, victorious, off the 18th green at Congressional Country Club last month, a spectator tossed a green, white and orange tricolor in his direction. The tricolor is the national flag of the Irish Republic and, as such, has a deeply contentious status in the North. From the television footage, it was not clear exactly what happened to the flag, but it disappeared swiftly.

Many people in Northern Ireland, perhaps most, did not care. Some did.

The debate took on a feverish air, especially on Internet discussion forums. Had the flag been thrown for McIlroy, in support, or at him, as if to claim him as Irish property? Had it merely fallen by the wayside, or had McIlroy consciously spurned it? If he did, was this a signal of neutrality on his part or an expression of de facto pro-British sentiment?

A Facebook page was swiftly erected. Its title, ''Rory McIlroy Turning Down the Tricolour,'' seems to have chiefly attracted pro-British fans celebrating what they saw as a slap in the face to Irish nationalists. Almost 7,000 people have expressed their liking for the page -- not a big number by Facebook standards, but not negligible, either. Look at the vicious back-and-forth comments, mostly from Northern Irish teens and 20-somethings, and it is as if the peace process never happened.

Integration of Golf

There is, of course, another, more optimistic way to look at the incident with the flag. At one level, the new sporting star was successfully escaping attempts to define and confine him.

As McIlroy continues to navigate all this, he has one considerable advantage: his chosen sport.

The mere fact that golf is an individual sport inures it, to some degree, from the displays of communal passion and tribalism that are commonplace in soccer, in which Northern Ireland's sectarian divisions are more clearly and deeply reflected.

Golf, at least by Northern Irish standards, is reasonably well integrated in religious terms. It was traditionally seen as a ''respectable'' pursuit of affluent Protestants -- something which may partly account for the doubts about McIlroy's religious identity -- but this has dissipated over time. McIlroy's home club, Holywood, is in a prosperous, majority-Protestant area. Its membership, locals say, is mixed.

The economic stratification of golf in Northern Ireland has proven more enduring than the religious brand. Clubs and public courses exist in ***working-class*** areas, but the sport's dominant image remains one of relative gentility. Generally speaking, the higher up the North's social scale one goes, the more frowned upon are full-throated expressions of militant politics or naked prejudice.

Other sports have had to make much more concrete, and sometimes painful, accommodations with Northern Ireland's new political reality than has golf. The all-Ireland Gaelic Athletic Association, set up decades before the 26 southern counties of Ireland won their freedom from Britain, has always had a clear political component. Its purpose from its conception has been, in essence, to promote distinctively Irish games as a way to roll back the colonial influence of the English.

In recent years, however, the G.A.A. authorities have ended the ban on Croke Park, their gleaming stadium headquarters in Dublin, being used for ''foreign games.'' The Irish rugby and soccer teams have played there. Back in 2001, the G.A.A. ended another ban, on members of the Northern Ireland security forces becoming members.

Progress has sometimes been halting. Trevor Ringland is a former Irish rugby international who ran unsuccessfully as a pro-British Ulster Unionist Party candidate in the last election for the House of Commons in London.

Sport, and the patina of celebrity it leant to Ringland, provided him with an entree into the political world. But it also led the way to the exit. He ultimately resigned from the U.U.P. when its leader, Tom Elliott, held fast to his refusal to attend G.A.A. matches.

Ringland argues that the G.A.A.'s efforts to be more inclusive demand reciprocation.

''To have a leader who was actively promoting not going to a game was just a step too far,'' he said in an interview. ''Tom Elliott is a good guy, and I think he will eventually come around to that direction. But it was a step backward.''

This brings us back to Rory McIlroy.

The neatest, most potent encapsulation of his significance in the land of his birth concerns a flag, but not the tricolor thrown his way at the United States Open.

Atop McIlroy's official Web site sits the flag of Northern Ireland. It was for many years considered an exclusively loyalist symbol, an emblem of raw hostility to Catholics.

At its center is the Red Hand of Ulster. The same logo was once seen as sufficiently bellicose to form the focal point of another crest -- that of the Ulster Volunteer Force, the organization that murdered McIlroy's great-uncle.

For a Catholic to endorse the Northern Ireland flag would once have marked him out as a quisling in the eyes of many. It would have amounted to an endorsement of an entity where religious discrimination was commonplace.

Some still don't like McIlroy's choices. But the grumbles are mostly confined to the shrinking band of irredentist Irish republicans. For the first time, a Northern Irish identity that can be embraced by almost all the residents of that patch of earth may be arriving.

''You can be different things at different times,'' Trevor Ringland insisted. ''Here, there is sometimes the pressure to be just one thing. In fact, most of us are mongrels. You can be both Irish and British. It is not one thing or the other.''

The issues of politics and religion have mattered for a very long time in Ireland, north and south. They have served as badges of pride or belonging for some. But they have felt like traps or prison cages to others.

''When the soul of a man is born in this country, there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight,'' James Joyce had his hero Stephen Dedalus say in ''A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.''

No individual, least of all a 22-year-old golfer, can dissolve those nets single-handedly. But Rory McIlroy and his generation are making them looser and less suffocating than ever before.

It's no mean feat, and for many of us, it's good enough for now.

Correction: July 19, 2011, Tuesday

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: An article on July 11 about the golfer Rory McIlroy of Northern Ireland and his cross-community appeal in his home country misidentified one of the colors in the Republic of Ireland flag. Besides green and white, it also has a stripe of orange -- not gold. (The flag's colors are sometimes referred to as green, white and gold.)

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

**Correction**

An article on July 11 about the golfer Rory McIlroy of Northern Ireland and his cross-community appeal in his home country misidentified one of the colors in the Republic of Ireland flag. Besides green and white, it also has a stripe of orange -- not gold. (The flag's colors are sometimes referred to as green, white and gold.)

**Correction-Date:** July 19, 2011 Tuesday

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Top, a mural in a Protestant area of Belfast. Above, not long after Rory McIlroy's Open victory, clashes took place in East Belfast, not far from his childhood home. Far left, Graeme McDowell and McIlroy, right, with the unofficial flag of Northern Ireland after Europe defeated the United States in the 2010 Ryder Cup. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW TESTA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

FAR LEFT, DAVID CANNON/GETTY IMAGES

PETER MORRISON/ASSOCIATED PRESS)

Holywood Golf Club, home club of the United States Open champion Rory McIlroy, overlooks Belfast. It is in a prosperous area with a Protestant majority but has a membership said to be mixed. (D1)

Orangemen paraded toward Drumcree church on Sunday, two days before the annual July 12 celebrations led by the Protestant Orange Order that are defended by some and criticized by others.

Above, cheering at a Gaelic football match in a Catholic area of Belfast. Left, Barry McGuigan, a world featherweight boxing champion in the mid-1980s, went to great pains to display his neutrality in the country's struggles. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW TESTA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (D7)

**Load-Date:** July 19, 2011

**End of Document**



[***Clinton Showing Strength Among Michigan's Voters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-68S0-0005-G3PH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 4, 1995, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 1;  Column 4;  National Desk ; Column 4;

**Length:** 1436 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE

By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Dateline:** LINCOLN PARK, Mich., Dec. 2

**Body**

This state may be known for automobiles, soul music and Big Ten football, but it also has an impressive record as a political mirror: For decades, the vote for President in Michigan has been nearly identical to that of the entire nation.

That is why politicians are taking special note of a small renaissance for President Clinton here. After two years of slipping and sliding, Mr. Clinton is enjoying newfound popularity in the state, according to interviews with politicians, academics and voters as well as the latest opinion polls. In a whimsical sign of the President's rising acceptability, a bumper sticker spotted near here proclaimed, "Clinton! At Least He Cares," instead of the more familiar, "Impeach Clinton."

Mr. Clinton's standing in Michigan, a racially mixed microcosm with heavy industry and substantial agriculture, is important not only as an indication of how he is doing elsewhere. Michigan, which the President won, with 44 percent of the vote in the 1992 election, is also one of a handful of pivotal states where White House officials say he must prevail if he is to be returned to office.

"For the first time since December of 1992, the majority of Michigan voters say Clinton is doing a good job -- that is a major shift to go from a negative job rating," said Ed Sarpolus, a leading Michigan pollster based in Lansing.

In the latest poll by Mr. Sarpolus's organization, EPIC/MRA, released this week, respondents in Michigan who described themselves as likely to vote gave the President a 52 percent positive rating, while giving the Republican Congress only a 34 percent positive rating. Much of the growth in support for Mr. Clinton, Mr. Sarpolus said, has been among moderates, women and the elderly -- voters who might find the Republicans' budget proposals threatening.

These findings are all the more significant because this is a state where Gov. John M. Engler, a conservative Republican, swept to re-election last year and helped elect Spencer Abraham, the state's first Republican Senator in 16 years.

Nowhere is the increased comfort with Mr. Clinton better demonstrated than in this ***working-class*** enclave in what is called the "downriver" area south of Detroit, which was established as home to automobile workers in the 1930's and 1940's. Once overwhelmingly Democratic, and still home to many conservative Democrats, the residents have tended to split their votes more in recent years and, in 1992, helped Ross Perot win a respectable showing.

In interview after interview here in Wayne County, people approached at random were so full of praise for Mr. Clinton that they sounded like they were actors paid by the Democratic Party. Many said that six months ago or so they were not as effusive.

"It seems to me right now that the Democrats are for senior citizens and Medicare," said Dominic Mazzola, 72, a retired steam engineer for the local school system, who added that while he "could go either way" he expected to back Mr. Clinton next year. "The way I read it, the Republicans want to do away with everything that helps the little person."

Understanding of the President's earlier missteps, Mr. Mazzola said: "He's been serving an apprenticeship. Whoever we put in there is going to have to start from the bottom and work his way up. He's going to get himself in a mess also."

More than anything else, the increased support for Mr. Clinton seems to stem from the Democrats' public relations offensive to convince voters that he would protect them from what he depicts as Draconian budget cuts proposed by Republicans. It is also a big help to Mr. Clinton that the automobile industry has bounced back. Unlike last year when the President seemed to get no credit for the economic recovery, voters here now seem willing to give him at least a grudging pat on the back for it.

But the President's support is all the more striking because of the enormous popularity of Governor Engler, whose programs are widely credited as an inspiration for Speaker Newt Gingrich's economic and welfare proposals. Many people were disdainful of Mr. Gingrich and the Republicans in Washington, but had no criticism for the Governor.

Fresh from the day shift, Chuck Inman, an electrician from Ford, put on his bowling shoes at the Fort Park Bar & Bowling here and explained that he backed Mr. Perot but may well vote for Mr. Clinton this time. "He's starting to look better," Mr. Inman said. "He's looking more like a President. I'm glad he's standing up to the Republicans on the budget."

While voters' feelings were mixed about Mr. Clinton's plan to send troops to Bosnia, Mr. Inman, 41, said, "I'm all for that if it helps keeping the peace. But if people get hurt, the opinions about Clinton might change."

Bruno Bucca, 49, the owner of a hairdressing salon who also voted for Mr. Perot in 1992, has recently become a booster of Mr. Clinton. "He's the most underrated President we've had in years," he said. Using words that in the past have not been commonly associated with the President, except among hard-core Democrats, Mr. Bucca added, "I like that he stands for what he believes in -- like with the budget. It took a lot of guts."

One sign of the Republicans' growing concern about Michigan is that the Republican National Committee last week bought additional advertising time on television in the state to run a commercial that ridicules Mr. Clinton as only offering what the announcer describes as "double talk" about balancing the budget.

"They've decided that Clinton is just doing too well in the polls compared to where they thought they had him a year or two ago," said William S. Ballenger, editor of Inside Michigan Politics, a nonpartisan newsletter. "Republicans are nervous -- and they should be."

Republicans acknowledge that they have suffered here, but dismiss Mr. Clinton's rise as fleeting. "We know in the short run you may suffer negative ratings," said Suzy Heintz, the Michigan Republican chairwoman. "But once people see the good that comes out of the balanced budget, and interest rates going down, they're going to be extremely happy with what's going on in Congress and in Washington." Noting that Governor Engler recovered from rock bottom approval ratings after making hefty budget cuts, she added, "We've been through this before. The Governor bounced back."

Michael W. Traugott, a professor of communication at the University of Michigan who specializes in media and politics, noted that even with Mr. Clinton's strength, he faced a hard fight given that the Governor and the Republican majority in the Legislature are against him. "John Engler is not going to ease up and be complacent," he said.

But for now, Mr. Clinton's rise is of concern to candidates like Representative Dick Chrysler, a freshman from central Michigan who was the only Republican in the state to pick up a House seat last year. He faces a strong challenge from a former Democratic state Senator, Debbie Stabenow. Recent polls show that Mr. Chrysler, a former automobile manfacturing executive, could be in trouble, and analysts say he is not helped by his association with Speaker Newt Gingrich.

"Dick Chrysler is trying to establish an independent persona," said David W. Rohde, a political science professor at Michigan State University. "But if somehow the Republican difficulties went away, Chrysler would be in better shape."

Things do not look any better for the top of the ticket. The EPIC/MRA poll of 600 likely voters, conducted Nov. 15 to Nov. 21, found that if the election were held today, 53 percent of Michigan voters would lean toward Mr. Clinton and only 40 percent toward the leading Republican candidate, Senator Bob Dole of Kansas. The poll has a margin of error of plus or minus four percentage points.

But it is a long, and no doubt rocky, path to next year's elections, and Democrats are well aware that their improved fortunes may be short-lived. Much depends, of course, on the resolution of the budget machinations on Capitol Hill and events that no one can predict.

Whatever unfolds, some voters here say they are sticking to Mr. Clinton not out of great admiration but because of their dislike of Mr. Gingrich. Jackie Milot, who works at Mr. Bucca's hair salon, rated Mr. Clinton "a fair President" but said she will probably vote for him.

Referring to Mr. Gingrich's complaint that Mr. Clinton ignored him on Air Force One during a trip back from Israel after the funeral of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, she said: "What sticks in my mind is this thing of Gingrich coming out of the back door of the plane. He's a man in a good position. He doesn't have to act like a child."

**Graphic**

Photos: Chuck Inman; Jackie Milot; Dominic Mazzola (Photographs by Peter Yates for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 4, 1995

**End of Document**



[***ELECTION IN NICARAGUA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R0W0-0038-D1MV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***NICARAGUA IS CALM IN HEAVY TURNOUT FOR CRITICAL VOTE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R0W0-0038-D1MV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 26, 1990, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1295 words

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

**Dateline:** MANAGUA, Nicaragua, Feb. 25

**Body**

Under intense international scrutiny, this war-battered country voted today in the first free and broadly contested elections in its history. There were few reports of violence and strong signs of an overwhelming voter turnout.

Exit polls and unofficial projections were prohibited by the election authorities, underscoring the uncertainty that has surrounded the contest, which pits President Daniel Ortega Saavedra of the governing Sandinista National Liberation Front against Violeta Barrios de Chamorro, leader of the 14-party National Opposition Union.

Anticipation was heightened further late tonight when election officials failed to make a scheduled announcement of official returns amid signs of a close race. They offered no explanation for the slowness of the count.

'It's Very Solemn'

Hundreds of thousands of Nicaraguans streamed to the polls in what all sides view as a decisive referendum on 10 years of Sandinista rule. In contrast to the festive air of the recent election in neighboring Costa Rica, the mood at most voting tables was one of purpose and privacy.

''It's very solemn, like a Mass,'' said former President Jimmy Carter, who is leading one of the major delegations of observers here.

Asked for his impression of the balloting. Mr. Carter said, ''So far, very good.'' But in at least one rebel stronghold in the mountainous countryside, the voting went forward under a cloud of fear. [Page A6.] The election, in which Nicaraguans are voting for President and Vice President, a National Assembly and municipal councils, comes after more than 10 years of turbulence and war in Nicaragua. Since 1979, the country has seen the fall and assassination of a dictator, the rise of a revolutionary Government, a civil war in which Washington armed and trained a rebel army, and an economy staggered by a United States-imposed trade embargo and mismanagement. #30,000 Dead in War The opposition of the Reagan Administration to the Sandinista Government, which it accused of aiding leftist rebels in El Salvador, led it to arm and train the contra rebels. The civil war left an estimated 30,000 Nicaraguans dead. President Ortega said on Friday that if he won re-election, he would end support to the Salvadoran rebels and seek better ties with Washington. [In Washington, the Bush Administration indicated that it would look to improve relations with Managua if Mr. Ortega won a fair vote and the Sandinistas abided by the promise not to arm the Salvadoran rebels.

Page A6.]

As early as three hours before the scheduled 7 A.M. start of the balloting, long lines formed at the 4,391 voting stations set up in schools, banks and public offices across the country. Officials from the Government and the opposition parties said they expected the final turnout to reach as high as 90 percent of the country's 1.7 million registered voters. The voting age is 16 in this nation of 3.5 million.

Some Stations Fail to Open

The care put into the elections was evident in the balloting. Nicaraguan voters moved through a set of special procedures intended to prevent fraud or repeat voting. In interviews, many refused to comment on their views, pointedly repeating official assurances that their vote was secret.

''The people know how important this moment is,'' said Mario Jose Gonzalez Lopez, a 23-year-old Managua repair-shop worker who would not reveal his preference as he waited to vote. ''They're taking it very seriously.''

Electoral officials announced that a total of 9 voting stations did not open and 12 others were relocated for security reasons because of the threat of contra rebel activity. But the changes, affecting only a fraction of the electorate, were not expected to have a serious effect on the vote.

Teams Find Compliance

Throughout the rugged Nicaraguan countryside, coordinated teams of 700 trained foreign observers from the United Nations, the Organization of American States and a delegation led by Mr. Carter carefully monitored voting stations, traveling by jeep, boat, horseback, helicopter and plane.

An additional 1,300 foreign observers and invited delegations from places as diverse as Gdansk, Poland, and McFarland, Wis., also fanned out across the country to guarantee the integrity of the vote. And as many as 1,000 journalists received credentials to report on the election process.

There were no immediate reports of serious violence or irregularities, and the security forces remained well away from most voting areas.

President Carter and other observers said this evening that a problem had developed with a lack of permanence in the ink used to stain voters' thumbs to prevent them from voting more than once. But he said that it would not affect the overall vote.

Instead of finding disruptions or fraud, observers in most places said they found almost universal compliance with the smallest details of the electoral law.

The country has been filled in the last few weeks with campaign clothing, headbands, hats and other giveaways, particularly from the Sandinista Front, and thousands of Nicaraguans have become accustomed to wearing campaign T-shirts. But such clothing is forbidden near polling areas by rules that ban partisan publicity, and throughout Managua today the items vanished in a striking display of obedience.

''I think it shows a maturity and democratic spirit,'' said Oscar Melendez, who presided over the electoral preparations for the region.

The Critical Issues

In voting lines around the country, those willing to express their views provided a portrait of an election that has revolved around the critical issues of the long contra war and the country's deep economic decline.

In Masaya, a city 15 miles southeast of Managua that was the object of intense campaigning by Sandinista leaders and their opponents, Ivan Cordoba Zuniga, a 23-year-old law student, said he had voted for the Sandinistas to protect Nicaragua's sovereignty.

''We have to determine the dignity of our people,'' said Mr. Cordoba, who said he served in the army for two years at the height of the contra war. ''We won't be like Panama, Grenada, or the Dominican Republic.''

But Marlon Blanco Jimenez, a 17-year-old student, emerged from the voting booth to say that he and other draft-age friends had put their faith in the main opposition coalition, known by its Spanish acronym as UNO.

''I am very conscious of what I just did,'' he said. ''The vote is secret but it's easy to know who I want because I'm young. We don't want the military service, we want to go to school.''

For and Against

Voters in Monsenor Lezcano, an older ***working-class*** neighborhood on the west side of Managua, predicted that their block, which includes large numbers of military families, would vote almost unanimously for the Sandinistas. ''This neighborhood is completely revolutionary,'' said Maritza Pena, who is 40 years old.

The Sandinista platform has centered on promises to end the eight-year contra war and to begin rebuilding the economy through new foreign aid and a lifting of American trade restrictions imposed at the height of the contra conflict, in 1985. United States officials have acknowledged that the contra war and the restrictions would lose much if not all their rationale if the Sandinistas were to win fairly.

The opposition coalition, headed by Mrs. Chamorro, the 60-year-old widow of a crusading newspaper editor whose assassination in 1978 helped set off the Sandinista revolution, has built its campaign around popular unhappiness over years of inflation, deteriorating wages and shortages of basic goods.

It has gained important support for its promise to end the military draft. It has also capitalized on the discontent of the private business sector, whose confidence, it asserts, will never be regained by the Sandinista Government.

**Graphic**

photos: President Daniel Ortega Saavedra of Nicaragua receiving his ballot yesterday in Managua. (Reuters) (pg. A1); Violeta Barrios de Chamorro, presidential candidate of the 14-party National Opposition Union, waving to supporters before voting yesterday in Managua. (Agence France-Presse); Nicaraguans lining up to vote yesterday in Managua (Associated Press) (pg. A6)

**End of Document**



[***SUNDAY VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-68Y0-0005-G3XR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Perhaps 'Racing Demon' Is Too Comfortable***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-68Y0-0005-G3XR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 3, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;  ; Section 2;   Page 4;   Column 1;   Arts and Leisure Desk  ; Column 1;  ; Review

**Length:** 1404 words

**Byline:** By Margo Jefferson

By Margo Jefferson

**Body**

YOU WILL BE COMFORTABLE watching David Hare's "Racing Demon"; comfortably alert, comfortably stimulated -- intellectually and dramatically; comfortably concerned with an Important Issue of the Day: the role of the church and of Christianity in society; the ruthless political maneuvers and machinations and the battles for power and domination that go on inside the church.

Of course, it's the Church of England. "Racing Demon," set in Britain, is one of three plays that David Hare has written that analyze, criticize and dramatize social and political institutions. I wish there were a market for plays that take this approach to American institutions. Here, "Racing Demon" would most likely be an extended piece of new journalism or an HBO movie linked to some kind of page one sexual scandal. If we were as willing to dramatize the workings of religion as we are those of law, crime and medicine, it might even be a weekly television drama.

So be comfortable with your high seriousness as you watch the handsomely done-up production at the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, first staged by Richard Eyre at Britain's National Theater in 1990 and restaged in New York by him with a mostly American cast.

There is suspense. What happens when a principled clergyman (played by Josef Sommer), a man of conscience but also a man who is depressed and spiritually depleted, comes up against a passionate and ruthless young evangelical (Michael Cumpsty) who believes that he and he alone can snare and save souls in a struggling and impoverished South London neighborhood?

What happens when the older clergyman is a member of the church's upper-middle-class-old-boy network, while the young evangelical is a ***working-class*** upstart? What will happen to the long-neglected wife of one (Kathleen Chalfant) and the recently cast-off lover of the other (Kathryn Meisle)?

Mr. Hare does not miss an issue: homosexuality, wife-beating, abortion and the ordination of women all fuel the plot. As well they should, though the latter two subjects are tossed into the exposition pretty hastily. And there is a lot of exposition here. Mr. Hare conducts strong, even gripping arguments, but he is like a journalist who has done so much solid reporting and research that he cannot bear to edit himself. He depends on brief soliloquies in the form of prayers to give us a glimpse of each man's inner life. He gives the women poetic declarations, usually at the end of a scene.

Mr. Eyre keeps the drama moving with visual devices -- screen projections designed by Wendall K. Harrington -- that turn the stage into a series of filmlike locations, and he keeps his actors moving at a high, audience-friendly speed. All of them work efficiently; Brian Murray as a homosexual priest and George N. Martin as the Bishop of Southwark work powerfully. (When they are on stage, you even begin to get uncomfortable.)

For the most part, though, Mr. Eyre might agree with the Bishop of Southwark, who says that priests have one duty: to put on a good show. As a director, he has done that. But I wish I felt that real lives and beliefs were at stake, not just the words and deeds of well-wrought characters in a well-made play.

'I Ain't Yo' Uncle' And 'Dangerous Corner'

You won't be comfortable at "I Ain't Yo' Uncle" or "Dangerous Corner": you will be stimulated, then disappointed, provoked and entertained, promised more than you are given, but curious, even eager about the directions these works could have or could still go in.

"I Ain't Yo' Uncle," subtitled "The New Jack Revisionist Uncle Tom's Cabin," playing at Hartford Stage in Connecticut, is written (really adapted, revised and supplemented) by Robert Alexander, and takes as its text Harriet Beecher Stowe's 1852 novel and the play that George Aiken based on it in the same year. (In London alone that year, there were six productions of "Uncle Tom.")

"Dangerous Corner" is David Mamet's adaptation (really a combination of excision and interpolation) of a 1932 English comedy-tinged drama of manners -- or is it a drama-tinged comedy of manners? -- by the British writer J. B. Priestley.

Old texts are being taken apart and realigned, remastered if you will, before our eyes. (The link to the technological alterations that can take place in a record or film studio or on a computer is deliberate.) The play co-exists with the writer's questions about it (Mr. Alexander's are explicit, Mr. Mamet's are implicit): questions about its content and form, about what it once meant to audiences (what they brought to it and took away from it) and about what it can mean to us, given the way we live now.

We have lived with the questions "Uncle Tom's Cabin" asked about race, religion and morality and with the answers it provided for close to 150 years. We have lived with its images -- the archetype of that noble black Christian slave, Uncle Tom, and the stereotype of that groveling black Christian toady, Uncle Tom; the harrowingly good Little Eva and the harrowingly bad Topsy, and the demonic villainy of Simon Legree -- as they moved from melodrama to minstrelsy to stylistic infamy.

That history is visible and palpable in Mr. Alexander's script and in Reggie Montgomery's production of "I Ain't Yo' Uncle." All these characters are before us on stage, insisting, in a rowdy American version of what Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" insist, that their author, Harriet Beecher Stowe, has done them wrong.

Led by Tom and Topsy, they want to tell their own stories: put in facts, thoughts and feelings that she left out; present themselves to us with all the benefits of historical hindsight.

And so they do, and as they do, a century of theater genres and performance styles passes before us: 19th-century melodrama, with its tragic poses and pieties; 19th-century minstrel shows, with their comic poses and blasphemies; black-inflected or -invented music, from spirituals to rap. (Topsy is a rapper, and Tom, especially when he sings a soulful ballad of uplift with Eva, is an extremely savvy gospel crooner and showman.)

The music and the minstrelsy work best, because Mr. Montgomery and his actors (especially Byron Utley as the canny Uncle Tom and Michele Morgan as the vengeful Topsy) strike a perfect balance between the comic relief that parody supplies and the emotional force that parody mocks. They don't do as well by the melodrama; they know how to make fun of it, but they don't get inside it and thus lay claim to the power it still has over us. When and if they do, "I Ain't Yo' Uncle" will be a remarkable piece of theater, not just a smart and shrewd one.

Does "Dangerous Corner" want to be anything more than smart and shrewd? On the surface no, and why should it? It is a drawing-room tale of marital manners and adulteries joined to a trompe l'oeil mystery. But there is something more lurking here. Normally, this kind of play would be done with lots of stylistic flourishes; the kind you still see in Noel Coward revivals and in those 1930's movies that leaven romantic comedy with plots taken from family melodramas and urban thrillers; movies like "Holiday" or "The Mad Miss Manton" or the "Thin Man" series.

MR. MAMET'S ADAPTAtion has dispensed with certain old-hat dramatic and linguistic mannerisms -- exclamations, explanations and stilted little phrases meant to signal that an important plot twist is under way. The language is more modern in rhythm now, more brusque, more tense and more American. It is more elliptical too; Mr. Mamet's additions, like his excisions, point up what goes on between and despite words. (In my favorite textual change, a pivotal exclamation of Mr. Priestley's, a fussy "Oh -- horrible -- horrible," is pared down to the stage direction "Pause" and thereby left to the actor's resources.)

In the end, it was the actors who let me down. Mr. Mamet's direction is as spare and brusque as his prose, and for it to work, the mostly bare stage must become a force field of energy. The movement should feel as severe and inevitable as good choreography. Bodies and voices must be alive, and alert, whether an actor is still and silent or moving and talking vehemently. Repression and expression must be twin poles with equal power. That didn't happen here, though Felicity Huffman came nearest to making it happen. And so, on stage, "Dangerous Corner" became a trying-on of styles, not the haunting entertainment its text promised.

**Graphic**

Photos: Brian Murray, left, Josef Sommer (on floor), Paul Giamatti and Michael Cumpsty in David Hare's "Racing Demon" at Lincoln Center. (pg. 4); Rebecca Pidgeon, left, and Felicity Huffman in "Dangerous Corner." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times) (pg. 18)

**Load-Date:** December 3, 1995

**End of Document**



[***ABOUT NEW JERSEY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-R1C0-0038-D2DY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 25, 1990, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1990 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 12NJ; Page 15, Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1216 words

**Byline:** By Anthony DePalma

**Body**

IN the asphalt potluck called Hoboken, people like Angela Servello say that when the wind blows down from the river carrying the musky smell of coffee from the Maxwell House plant, it's going to rain for sure.

Sixty-five miles away in Camden - poor, weary Camden - Mangaliso Davis and others who grew up in the shadow of Campbell Soup's Market Street plant say that whenever they stick their heads out the window for some night air, they know what's cooking down at Campbell's.

Such shared experiences, say planners and policy makers, are what make cities communities and tie people to them. City people say it simply is the way things have always been.

But probably not the way they always will be. Campbell's, now going through internal reorganization as it fights off a corporate takeover, is moving its last jars of Prego spaghetti sauce off the line of its old brick plant in Camden. At the end of next month, it will close. More than 900 workers will be laid off. For the first time in almost 100 years, Campbell's will not make any food in Camden.

Things are almost as bleak in Hoboken. Rumors that the Maxwell House plant on the city's waterfront is shutting down float through Hoboken every couple of years. But last month the General Foods Corporation, which owns Maxwell House, scared the heck out of its 640 workers there when it confirmed that because coffee consumption had dropped sharply, it was reviewing its operations and would decide by the end of this year to close either the Hoboken plant or the other Maxwell House production site, in Jacksonville, Fla.

New Jersey is no stranger to factory closings, but these two will stand apart from the others. For one thing, the fact that they could come so early in the new decade of the 1990's is viewed by some economists as a signal that New Jersey has not yet stanched the hemorrhaging of factory jobs. The state lost about 90,000 blue-collar jobs in the 1970's and thought the worst was over. Then in the 1980's more than 133,000 manufacturing jobs disappeared.

''In the 80's, the impact of these losses was masked because the substanial growth in office jobs offset the declines,'' said Samuel M. Ehrenhalt, regional commissioner of labor statistics for the United States Department of Labor. ''Now this hemorrhaging becomes a more serious focus of concern in New Jersey because there isn't the other growth we had before in the office sector.''

Mr. Ehrenhalt said he was worried that the loss of Campbell's, and perhaps of Maxwell House, could mean that the 90's would not be kind to New Jersey's industries, which still represent 650,000 jobs, about 20 percent of all jobs.

Of course, both Camden and Hoboken will survive the closing of one more factory, even if, as is the case in both communities, it is the last major blue-collar employer in town. But again these two represent significant social shifts because of what they mean to the cities in which they have operated for so long.

Campbell Soup was not just another company in Camden. For many people it was Camden, its red and white label a symbol of how much this city by the river could do if it had a mind to.

Until the late 70's, the city's rhythm was determined by the plant's production schedule. Workers were not allowed to take vacations in August or September because that was tomato harvest season. Hundreds of trucks from the southern New Jersey flatlands snaked through city streets, spilling tomatoes near potholes until the streets ran red.

Youngsters, Mr. Davis says, would grab some of those loose tomatoes, keep the good ones and use the rest as ammunition for fights with the truck drivers. The drivers, who were weary of waiting to get into the plant, would try to splat a ripe one on the head of a streetwise kid.

In Hoboken, Maxwell House once employed whole families, many of whom lived in the city and walked to work. Traffic used to come to a standstill on Hudson Street when Maxwell House changed shifts. Most walked home, stopping at stores or bars on the way.

A tavern on 11th Street, a block down from the plant, is still called Maxwell's, although rock bands now play there. The ''Good to the Last Drop'' sign on top of the factory is what many New Yorkers think of when they think of Hoboken.

Officials in both cities try to make the best of the situation whenever they talk about the threat of a plant closing. Mayor Aaron A. Thompson says that Camden ''is not going to roll over and play dead'' when Campbell shuts the plant. He points out that the company will still keep its headquarters and 1,800 office workers in the city, although there are rumors about those jobs leaving too.

Patrick Pasculli, the Mayor of Hoboken, thinks Maxwell House can be persuaded to stay, and he wants it to because the company diversifies the city's shaky tax base. But if General Foods does decide to ride with Jacksonville and shut down Hoboken, it will probably be because it believes that the 24 acres of waterfront property will be worth more for real-estate development than for making coffee.

As it is, the Maxwell House plant is about the only part of Hoboken's once brawny waterfront that still works with its hands. It reminds everyone that gentrified Hoboken was once a ***working-class*** town. But the Port Authority piers shut down in the 1970's, the shipyard in the 80's. Most of the waterfront now is either vacant or being cleared to make way for new office buildings and apartment complexes that could be built as soon as the real-estate market gets stronger.

In that sense, Hoboken is in better shape to absorb the loss than is Camden. But both cities will forfeit some intangible part of what makes them communities, just as they did when the local theater went dark and the neighborhood soda fountain junked its red leather stools.

''It's another thread in the fabric of our community that we could lose,'' said Peggy E. Thomas, director of Hoboken's Department of Planning and Community Development. ''It cannot be replaced.''

Data processing doesn't smell like anything. You can't take a whiff outside an office building and figure out what is going on inside. The smells of old factories like these, and like Colgate-Palmolive in Jersey City or the Pabst brewery in Newark, tended to connect the neighborhoods of a city, pulling them together in a way that years later can exert a strong pull over people who have long since moved away.

Eventually, it could be that all such operations are removed from New Jersey cities and that when they're replaced by office buildings the neighborhoods will look and smell more and more like suburbs.

''It's hard to add up all the little individual losses, but collectively the effect of such things on a community is very great,'' said Lawrence O. Houstoun Jr., a planner in Cranbury who admits to having a soft spot for the past and its symbols. Though his profession involves laying out new communities - be they an office park, a downtown shopping district or a whole new town - he says that such strong community totems as Campbell's or Maxwell House are almost impossible to replicate and that their absence ''subtracts something from people's lives.''

''I look at my daughter, who's 10,'' Mr. Houstoun said, ''and I just don't know what her identifications with community will be when she's my age. I really don't.''

**Graphic**

drawing

**End of Document**



[***Top Colleges Take More Blacks, but Which Ones?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CPC-1SV0-TW8F-G2NF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 24, 2004 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1904 words

**Byline:** By SARA RIMER and KAREN W. ARENSON

**Dateline:** CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

**Body**

At the most recent reunion of Harvard University's black alumni, there was lots of pleased talk about the increase in the number of black students at Harvard.

But the celebratory mood was broken in one forum, when some speakers brought up the thorny issue of exactly who those black students were.

While about 8 percent, or about 530, of Harvard's undergraduates were black, Lani Guinier, a Harvard law professor, and Henry Louis Gates Jr., the chairman of Harvard's African and African-American studies department, pointed out that the majority of them -- perhaps as many as two-thirds -- were West Indian and African immigrants or their children, or to a lesser extent, children of biracial couples.

They said that only about a third of the students were from families in which all four grandparents were born in this country, descendants of slaves. Many argue that it was students like these, disadvantaged by the legacy of Jim Crow laws, segregation and decades of racism, poverty and inferior schools, who were intended as principal beneficiaries of affirmative action in university admissions.

What concerned the two professors, they said, was that in the high-stakes world of admissions to the most selective colleges -- and with it, entry into the country's inner circles of power, wealth and influence -- African-American students whose families have been in America for generations were being left behind.

''I just want people to be honest enough to talk about it,'' Professor Gates, the Yale-educated son of a West Virginia paper-mill worker, said recently, reiterating the questions he has been raising since the black alumni weekend last fall. ''What are the implications of this?''

Both Professor Gates and Professor Guinier emphasize that this is not about excluding immigrants, whom sociologists describe as a highly motivated, self-selected group. Blacks, who make up 13 percent of the United States population, are still underrepresented at Harvard and other selective colleges, they said.

The conversation that bubbled up that weekend has continued across campus here and beyond as these professors and others publicly raise painful and complicated questions about race and class and how they play out in elite university admissions, issues that some educators and black admissions officers have privately talked about for some time.

There is no consensus on the answers, and since most institutions say they do not look into the origins of their black students, the absence of hard data makes the discussion even more difficult.

Some educators, including the president of Harvard, Lawrence H. Summers, declined to comment on the issue; others are divided.

The president of Amherst College, Anthony W. Marx, says that colleges should care about the ethnicity of black students because in overlooking those with predominantly American roots, colleges are missing an ''opportunity to correct a past injustice'' and depriving their campuses ''of voices that are particular to being African-American, with all the historical disadvantages that that entails.''

But others say there is no reason to take the ancestry of black students into account.

''I don't think it should matter for purposes of admissions in higher education,'' said Lee C. Bollinger, the president of Columbia University, who as president of the University of Michigan fiercely defended its use of affirmative action. ''The issue is not origin, but social practices. It matters in American society whether you grow up black or white. It's that differential effect that really is the basis for affirmative action.''

Professors Gates and Guinier cite various sources for their figures about Harvard's black students, including conversations with administrators and students, a recent Harvard undergraduate honors thesis based on extensive student interviews, and the ''Black Guide to Life at Harvard,'' which surveyed 70 percent of the black undergraduates and was published last year by the Harvard Black Students Association.

Researchers at Princeton University and the University of Pennsylvania who have been studying the achievement of minority students at 28 selective colleges and universities (including theirs, as well as Yale, Columbia, Duke and the University of California at Berkeley), found that 41 percent of the black students identified themselves as immigrants, as children of immigrants or as mixed race.

Douglas S. Massey, a Princeton sociology professor who was one of the researchers, said the black students from immigrant families and the mixed-race students represented a larger proportion of the black students than that in the black population in the United States generally. Andrew A. Beveridge, a sociologist at Queens College, says that among 18- to 25-year-old blacks nationwide, about 9 percent describe themselves as of African or West Indian ancestry. Like the Gates and Guinier numbers, these tallies do not include foreign students.

In the 40 or so years since affirmative action began in higher education, the focus has been on increasing the numbers of black students at selective colleges, not on their family background. Professor Massey said that the admissions officials he talked to at these colleges seemed surprised by the findings about the black students. ''They really didn't have a good idea of what they're getting,'' he said.

But few black students are surprised. Sheila Adams, a Harvard senior, was born in the South Bronx to a school security officer and a subway token seller, and her family has been in this country for generations. Ms. Adams said there were so few black students like her at Harvard that they had taken to referring to themselves as ''the descendants.''

The subject, however, remains taboo among some college administrators. Anthony Carnevale, a former vice president at the Educational Testing Service, which develops SAT tests, said colleges were happy to the take high-performing black students from immigrant families.

''They've found an easy way out,'' Mr. Carnevale said. ''The truth is, the higher-education community is no longer connected to the civil rights movement. These immigrants represent Horatio Alger, not Brown v. Board of Education and America's race history.''

Almost from its inception, following the civil rights struggles of the 1960's, affirmative action has been attacked and redefined. In its 1978 Bakke decision, the Supreme Court shifted the rationale away from issues of social justice to the educational value of diversity.

One black admissions official at a highly selective college said the reluctance of college officials to discuss these issues has helped obscure the scarcity of black students whose families have been in this country for generations.

''If somebody does not start paying attention to those who are not able to make it in, they're going to start drifting farther and farther behind,'' said the official, who declined to be identified because the subject is so charged. ''You've got to say that the long-term blacks were either dealt a crooked hand, or something is innately wrong with them. And I simply won't accept that there is something wrong with them.''

Mary C. Waters, the chairman of the sociology department at Harvard, who has studied West Indian immigrants, says they are initially more successful than many African-Americans for a number of reasons. Since they come from majority-black countries, they are less psychologically handicapped by the stigma of race. In addition, many arrive with higher levels of education and professional experience. And at first, they encounter less discrimination.

''You need a philosophical discussion about what are the aims of affirmative action,'' Professor Waters said. ''If it's about getting black faces at Harvard, then you're doing fine. If it's about making up for 200 to 500 years of slavery in this country and its aftermath, then you're not doing well. And if it's about having diversity that includes African-Americans from the South or from inner-city high schools, then you're not doing well, either.''

Even among black scholars there is disagreement on whether a discussion about the origins of black students is helpful. Orlando Patterson, a Harvard sociologist and West Indian native, said he wished others would ''let sleeping dogs lie.''

''The doors are wide open -- as wide open as they ever will be -- for native-born black middle-class kids to enter elite colleges,'' he wrote in an e-mail message.

There is also wide disagreement about what, if anything, should be done about the underrepresentation of African-American students whose families have been here for generations. Even Professor Gates, who can trace his ancestry back to slaves, and Professor Guinier, whose mother is white and whose father immigrated from Jamaica, emphasize different ideas.

''This is about the kids of recent arrivals beating out the black indigenous middle-class kids,'' said Professor Gates, who plans to assemble a study group on the subject. ''We need to learn what the immigrants' kids have so we can bottle it and sell it, because many members of the African-American community, particularly among the chronically poor, have lost that sense of purpose and values which produced our generation.''

In Professor Guinier's view, there are plenty of other blacks who could also succeed at elite colleges, but the institutions are not doing enough to find them. She said they were overly reliant on measures like SAT scores, which correlate strongly with family wealth and parental education.

''Colleges and universities are defaulting on their obligation to train and educate a representative group of future leaders,'' said Professor Guinier, a Harvard graduate herself who has been studying college admissions practices for more than a decade. ''And they are excluding poor and ***working-class*** whites, not just descendants of slaves.''

Harvard admissions officials say that they, too, are concerned about attracting more lower-income students of all races. They plan to spend an additional $300,000 to $375,000 a year to recruit more low-income students and provide more financial aid to these students.

''This increases the chances that we will be able to reach into the communities that have not been reached,'' said William R. Fitzsimmons, dean of admissions and financial aid.

While Harvard officials ignore the ethnic distinctions among their black students, Harvard's black undergraduates are developing a body of literature in the form of student research papers.

Aisha Haynie, the undergraduate whose senior thesis Professor Guinier cited, said her research was prompted by the reaction from her black classmates when she told them that she was not from the West Indies or Africa, but from the Carolinas. ''They would say, 'No, where are you really from?''' said Ms. Haynie, 26, who earned a master's degree in public policy at Princeton and is now in medical school.

Marques J. Redd, a 20-year-old from Macon, Ga., who graduated in June and was one of the editors of Harvard's black student guide, said that Harvard officials had discouraged them from collecting the data on who the black students were.

''But we thought it was one aspect of the black experience at Harvard that should be documented,'' he said. ''The knowledge had power. It was something that needed to be out in the open instead of something that people whispered about.''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Marques J. Redd of Macon, Ga., a new Harvard graduate. (Photo by Jodi Hilton for The New York Times)(pg. A18)

**Load-Date:** June 24, 2004

**End of Document**



[***AT THE MOVIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XMV-XCS0-00RP-K15H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 15, 1999, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 1; Page 14; Column 1; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk ; Part 1; ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1514 words

**Byline:** By Rick Lyman

By Rick Lyman

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 14

**Body**

Better Get Lots Of Popcorn

The trend vultures, those of us sitting in the trees trying to spot pop-cultural confluences in the movies about to be released during the crowded holiday season, have already pinpointed a few.

As noted in this space in recent weeks, we've had a spate of independent-flavored films released by big studios: "Three Kings" from Warner Brothers, "American Beauty" from Dreamworks and, on Friday, "Fight Club" from Fox (review, page 14). And there seem to be a significant number of films coming up that will clock in at two and a half hours or longer, including "The Insider," Michael Mann's tobacco thriller with Al Pacino and Russell Crowe; "Magnolia," Paul T. Anderson's character-filled drama about odd coincidences and dysfunctional families in the San Fernando Valley, and now "The Green Mile," the director Frank Darabont's eagerly awaited follow-up to "The Shawshank Redemption," which is also set in a prison and is also based on a Stephen King story.

"Green Mile," just beginning its first round of screenings, is three hours long and strikingly similar in look and flavor to Mr. Darabont's earlier film, which drew seven Oscar nominations. The story, set on death row in the 1930's and book-ended with modern-day sequences, involves more of the supernatural elements that Mr. King's readers might expect, but -- except for one blood-curdling execution sequence -- it could not be described as anything like a horror film. Tom Hanks stars as a kind-hearted prison guard, but much of the early industry buzz has surrounded two of the film's supporting players: Michael Clarke Duncan, who plays a condemned man with odd powers, and Doug Hutchinson, who plays the villain, a guard who is a sniveling sadist.

To this, let us add another trend: directors taking on projects that are different, and in some cases extremely different, from the work they have done in the past.

Already in release are "For Love of the Game," in which Sam Raimi, a director who cut his teeth in campy horror films, directs Kevin Costner in a romance about a baseball pitcher, and "Double Jeopardy," the fall's first break-out hit, in which the Australian director Bruce Beresford, probably best known for the elegiac "Driving Miss Daisy" and "Breaker Morant," directs Tommy Lee Jones and Ashley Judd in a big-action thriller about murder and revenge.

Still to come are David Lynch, famed for such eerie-in-the-extreme pieces as "Blue Velvet" and "Eraserhead," with "The Straight Story," a very sweet and gentle character study starring Richard Farnsworth as a man who drives his lawn mower across the country (review, page 1 of Weekend); Michael Apted, the British director best known for "Coal Miner's Daughter" and "Gorillas in the Mist," with "The World Is Not Enough," the latest mega-installment in the James Bond series, and Ang Lee, who has made a career out of high-minded family dramas like "The Ice Storm" and "Sense and Sensibility," with "Race With the Devil," an epic-scale Civil War movie with battle scenes.

But perhaps the most dramatic departure of all is "Music of the Heart," a drama about a violin teacher in East Harlem (played by Meryl Streep, after Madonna dropped out of the project), who so inspires her poverty-stricken students that they end up playing Carnegie Hall. The director? Wes Craven (above) known for his inventive horror movies in the "Scream" and "Nightmare on Elm Street" series.

"For me, the significant thing was getting a nongenre project," Mr. Craven said during a break in the work on "Scream 3," which he describes as the final installment in that teen-slasher series. (Originally set for release later this year, it has been moved to early next year.)

The "Music of the Heart" project came about, Mr. Craven said, because he extracted a promise from Miramax back in the flush of euphoria over the success of the first "Scream" movie in 1996. "They promised me right after that movie came out that I'd be able to do a nongenre project for them, and they kept their promise," he said.

Mr. Craven said he had always struggled to keep down the cost of his films. "We always operated much lower than the typical Hollywood project," he said. "For us, anything approaching $20 million is really significant." And he has tried to keep to that goal, even when working on a project like "Music of the Heart" with a star like Ms. Streep. "Even then, it was still under $30 million," Mr. Craven said. "I think that's the key to making successful movies, to keep the bell curve in your favor."

Just the Facts

Speaking of trends, we can list "Music of the Heart" in another one: movies based on true stories that have already had documentaries made about them. (It was based on a short film called "Small Wonders.")

Alongside it is "Boys Don't Cry," which was a major critical success at both the Toronto and New York film festivals. The film follows the 1998 documentary "The Brandon Teena Story" in telling the tale of a young Nebraska woman who tried to live as a man until the ruse was uncovered and she was raped and eventually murdered. (Of course, we could also list this one as a trend in "movies based on true stories," which would also include "The Insider" and Norman Jewison's "Hurricane," based on the story of Ruben Carter, the wrongly imprisoned professional boxer.)

Kimberly Peirce (left), the director of "Boys," was nibbling a bowl of mixed fruit one morning this week at the Four Seasons Hotel in Beverly Hills, preparing for a news conference with the Hollywood Foreign Press Association, which hands out the Golden Globe awards. "Boys Don't Cry" was released in New York last Friday and is to go into wider release on Oct. 22.

"The trick for me was, how do I not make Brandon into a victim," she said. "I didn't want the movie to veer into gratuitous violence and melodrama."

Ms. Peirce was still a graduate student when she heard about Brandon Teena and began researching the story. Eventually, she made several trips to rural Nebraska to talk to many of the people who were involved in the case, to attend the murder trial and to get to know the townspeople. Her concern, she said, was to make sure the character of Brandon Teena (played in the film by Hilary Swank) was fully rounded, that audiences understand why she acted as she did, without simplifying the character too much.

"I ended up recutting the film seven times," Ms. Peirce said. "I would have a screening and then do a questionnaire about what they thought. And I'd watch from the back of the theater. It's amazing what you can sense just from watching a film with an audience, where it's sagging, how much they understand. You can feel it. It's so beautiful."

The problem, she said, and the reason she recut the film so often, was that "there is an awful lot of information to get across, and I wanted to make sure the audience was understanding everything at every point."

Dressed in a dark suit, her pale face framed by crescents of jet-black hair punctuated with subtle streaks of electric blue, Ms. Peirce quotes from John Ford, Howard Hawks, Roberto Rossellini and the Japanese directors she loves (she lived and worked in Japan for a while) in discussing her storytelling strategies.

Though she was born in Harrisburg, Pa., and brought up in New York, Miami and Puerto Rico, Ms. Peirce's film has a very rich sense of the nuances of ***working-class*** life in the American rural Midwest, something she said she picked up during her extended trips to the region.

"The people in that town were really great," she said. "They were actually open and curious about this tragedy that had happened to them."

Epic Waters

John Waters called from the set of his latest film -- in Baltimore, of course -- to discuss what he calls "not my biggest budgeted movie but definitely the hardest movie I've ever made." The film, "Cecil B. Demented," is "my version of an epic, with many, many characters, lots of crowd scenes," Mr. Waters said. "I used to call it my 'Die Hard' for the Hollywood-impaired."

The story is about a group of "guerrilla filmmakers" who kidnap a famous movie star, played by Melanie Griffith, and force her to act in their underground film; at the same time they undertake acts of mischief and vandalism to punish the movie industry for making too many sequels, movies based on video games and poor English-language remakes of European comedies. The title comes from a name that a critic once used to describe Mr. Waters (above). "I read it and thought, I'd like to make a movie with that title, so I tried to write one," he said.

"Today, we're shooting a scene where Cecil and his gang are raiding a luncheon given by the Maryland Film Commission, because they're opposed to an attempt to film more Hollywood epics in Baltimore," Mr. Waters said. "As you can see, the film's cinema morals are fine. It's cinematically correct."

The plan is to finish shooting the film before Thanksgiving and have it ready in time for next year's Cannes International Film Festival.

"After lunch, Melanie is going to jump off a roof," Mr. Waters said. "It's a great way to spend a day."

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

**Graphic**

Photos

**Load-Date:** October 15, 1999

**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6CF0-0005-G1SW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Some British Moderns Seeking to Shock***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6CF0-0005-G1SW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 23, 1995, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 11; Column 3; Cultural Desk; Column 3;; Review

**Length:** 1418 words

**Byline:** By ROBERTA SMITH

By ROBERTA SMITH

**Dateline:** MINNEAPOLIS

**Body**

"Brilliant!: New Art from London" at the Walker Art Center here is the first American museum exhibition to celebrate the reinvigorated London art scene. As is well known by now, this scene began to be the envy of the contemporary art world in the late 1980's. It was then that a new generation of artists, led by a promotionally savvy sculptor, Damien Hirst, took matters into its own hands.

Starting with a 1988 show called "Freeze," they staged a series of impromptu exhibitions in the run-down Docklands area of London, and were soon demonstrating a taste for the startling in materials, subjects and techniques that often verged on the sensational. Their overall aim, if one could be identified, seemed to be to connect art directly to life without passing Go, and to epater the bourgeoisie as much as possible.

By the early 1990's, for example, Mr. Hirst had floated a dead 14-foot shark in a tank of formaldehyde; Marc Quinn had made a portrait bust of himself in frozen blood (his own); Rachel Whiteread had cast the room of a Victorian house in plaster, titling it "Ghost," and Charles Saatchi, the advertising mogul and omnivorous collector of new art, had acquired all three works for his collection.

The rest is history, albeit recent. A new generation of collectors and dealers and an exceptional art magazine named Frieze emerged. Mr. Hirst and several colleagues became accustomed to having the merits of their work argued vehemently in London's several daily newspapers, and a second wave of artists appeared hot in pursuit. Most startling among these were the brothers Jake and Dinos Chapman, who specialize in grafting extra genitals onto meticulously reworked mannequins and who have also recreated life-size sculptures based on the violent depictions of death and torture in Goya's "Disasters of War." London entered its own version of the 1980's, about a decade behind schedule.

The Walker show, which has been organized by the curator Richard Flood, gets credit for tackling a large and lively subject at a time when many museums and international exhibitions have less and less time for new art. The Carnegie International that is now on view in Pittsburgh barely acknowledges 90's art; last summer's Venice Biennale was rendered all but comatose when its commissioner eliminated the sprawling Aperto section, the inevitably uneven free-for-all that has no equal as a showcase for emerging artists from around the world. (The Young Brits, as they are often called, mounted one of the better off-site shows in Venice, but it wasn't the same: the Biennale without Aperto was like a fish without fins.)

On the surface, Mr. Flood's survey is a bit Aperto-like itself, ecumenical and inclusive rather than selective and focused. It captures some of the camaraderie and certainly much of the diversity of the new English scene, but only a dozen or so of the 22 artists here seem genuinely worthy of sustained attention. In addition, there are strange omissions, as well as a certain clique-ishness beneath the surface. Three-quarters of the participants are graduates of Goldsmiths (Mr. Hirst's alma mater), and Marc Quinn, whose work helped fan the original spark, is nowhere in sight. Beyond that, Mr. Flood may have been constrained by budget and the decorum required in a public museum.

It's hard to get a sense of Ms. Whiteread's work (which is at its best on a large scale) from the quiet, easily transportable rubber and resin casts of a mattress and a desk's interior. Similarly, it's difficult to appreciate fully the renegade instincts of the Chapman brothers from "Ubermensch," their rather maudlin if anti-heroic sculptural portrait of the scientist Stephen Hawking in his wheelchair.

It's hardly surprising that none of Mr. Hirst's dead-animal sculptures made it to the Walker, but he may benefit from their absence, considering the brouhaha surrounding those pieces. On view instead are two restrained and strikingly beautiful sculptures that involve, in one case, a bank of hygienic shelving dotted with hundreds of cigarette butts and, in the other, an inverted secretarial chair and glass table, also equipped with the accouterments of smoking, shown upside down in a huge glass vitrine. Clearly, he has more than one way to insinuate life and death into his art.

The work of these artists is more or less of a piece with the patchwork of concerns pursued by younger artists elsewhere, veering from Neo-Pop to Neo-Conceptualism to Neo Post-Minimalism (Bruce Nauman is a big influence) to performance, while paying scant heed to the vise of theoretical or political correctness that gripped so much art in the 80's and early 90's. But the British contingent embraces with particular enthusiasm the belief that art can be about and made out of anything, that it has a responsibility to be disturbing and adversarial, or at least unpredictable.

Sometimes the results, at least as displayed here, are merely slight: in particular, Anya Gallaccio's chain of drying daisies, Sam Taylor-Wood's monotonous video installation of people listening to and occasionally lip-synching to opera music, and Abigail Lane's sophomoric wallpaper, printed with blood-red splatters and handprints. Adam Chodzko runs an ad in the newspaper asking for people who think they look like God to send him their photographs, which he exhibits as his work.

Yet there are exceptions, instances in which Conceptual strategies in particular are restated in more personal or visually engaging terms, or pushed toward an accessibility that is almost populist. In one of the show's standouts, Georgina Starr creates an encyclopedic diagram and photo spread cataloguing every object acquired during a three-week stay in The Hague, a work that comes with its own CD-Rom and appeals to the pack rat in us all. Gillian Wearing achieves an unusually touching collaboration when she takes to the streets of London and asks strangers to write whatever they want on a sign and then be photographed holding it like an impromptu sandwich board. And Tracey Emin continues her amusing autobiographical exercises in narcissism with "Everyone I've Ever Slept With: 1963-1993," a small tent whose interior is lovingly appliqued with the names of past loves and bedmates.

In the minority are artists who build directly on the strategies of 80's Neo-Expressionism and appropriation art, but they are two of the best. Chris Ofili, a London artist of African descent, disrupts beautiful stippled surfaces surely indebted to the dreamline painters of Australia with balls of elephant dung, a device that echoes Julian Schnabel's broken crockery but also seems intended to remove painting from a completely Western context. Glenn Brown fuses Photo Realism and Sherrie Levine's copy-cat instincts by translating the impassioned surfaces of paintings by de Kooning, Auerbach, Fragonard and Appel into chillingly meticulous but still handmade surfaces.

There are also a few quintessentially British moments. One is provided by the utterly quiet, self-effacing art of Steven Pippin, who turns appliances, vehicles and rooms into cameras. In this instance, a truck's trailer, having functioned as a camera obscura with which to photograph the Walker's lobby, also becomes the gallery in which the giant images are displayed. At the other extreme is the irreverent, ***working-class*** feminism of Sarah Lucas, who remakes a jaunty Calder mobile with self-portaits in which she looks like an androgynous street tough or, with a nod to Warhol, turns images of bosomy women from English tabloids into hilariously matter-of-fact screeds against sexism. Absent are even more ribald expressions of Ms. Lucas's sensibility, including her updates on the tired modernist strategy of assemblage in which combinations of furniture, fruits, vegetables and the occasional dead fish cooperate to suggest sexually aroused bodies.

Ms. Lucas, like Mr. Hirst and a number of other artists here, seems intent on art that, to paraphase Claes Oldenburg, refuses to sit on its backside in a museum. Their work has been called nihilistic, but they embrace as much as they deny. They operate from a romantic, nearly nostalgic faith in the avant-garde assertion that art should entertain and disturb and question its own rituals while probing life's. Whether the best artists in this uneven exhibition are instigating a genuine avant-garde or merely perpetuating a reasonable facsimile remains to be seen. But it is exciting to watch them dusting off the idea and trying it on for size.

**Graphic**

Photos: Detail from "The Nine Collections of the Seventh Museum," an installation by Georgina Starr in the "New Art From London" show. (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis)(pg. C14); "The Acquired Inability to Escape, Inverted," a 1993 work in glass and steel by Damien Hirst, in the "Brilliant!" show in Minneapolis. (Walker Art Center, Minneapolis)(pg. C11)

**Load-Date:** November 23, 1995

**End of Document**



[***SALVADOR REBELS TAKE OVER PARTS OF LUXURY HOTEL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-17D0-002S-X35F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 22, 1989, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 1, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1335 words

**Byline:** By LINDSEY GRUSON, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SAN SALVADOR, Nov. 21

**Body**

A group of rebels seized parts of a luxury hotel here today, trapping dozens of foreigners inside for most of the day, including some American military advisers and Green Berets who barricaded themselves at the end of a hallway with their weapons.

The siege at the Hotel El Salvador appeared to be ending tonight. Red Cross officials said all civilians inside were evacuated after talks involving the rebels, the Red Cross and Roman Catholic Church officials.

United States and Salvadoran officials said it appeared that most of the rebels had retreated from the hotel, but they said the American soldiers remained inside because of concern that the surrounding area may have been mined by the rebels or that snipers might be nearby.

State Department Cautious

It was unclear whether departing guerrillas had managed to slip through a military cordon around the complex or had withdrawn under an arrangement with the authorities.

Tonight in Washington, a State Department spokesman reported that some American civilians had been released by the rebels. But he said, ''We cannot confirm that everybody is out of the hotel.''

The incident began when the annex of the hotel - known here as the Sheraton because of its former affiliation with that chain - was seized by about 15 insurgents who apparently fled into the building after an army patrol spotted and attacked them just before dawn. The clash was part of a new phase of the 11-day rebel offensive in the capital. In the operation, rebel forces seized a 30-block area around the hotel.

The Secretary General of the Organization of American States, Joao Baena Soares, and other members of his mission were staying at the hotel but escaped unharmed and were taken from the scene earlier in an armored convoy.

A Red Cross spokeswoman, Marie Aude Lude, said 17 foreigners were safely evacuated in the evening as a result of the negotiations.

Rebels Appear to Redeploy

The rebels apparently redeployed forces from other sections of the city to revive an offensive that had apparently been winding down. Some rebels in the area of the hotel said they had marched all night across town from the ***working-class*** neighborhood of Mejicanos, and there were reports that the insurgents had also evacuated other pockets around the capital.

At nightfall, the hotel was the scene of a complex standoff, with Americans besieged by rebels above and below them on floors of the hotel annex as well as on the same floor; the guerrillas were in turn faced by Government troops in the main building. Larger forces of rebels held much of the surrounding neighborhood.

Late this afternoon, rebels threatened to attack and kill the besieged Americans if they did not surrender their arms. The guerrillas gave the Americans ''some hours'' to give up, but did not set a specific time limit.

'We're Not Hostages'

The standoff was on the floor of the annex where the swimming pool is situated. Eight American soldiers, dressed in pajamas and bulletproof vests and armed with M-16's and pistols, built a barricade at one end of the hall outside their rooms with a table and cushions. Rebels were only yards away, as well as on the floors above and below.

''We have an agreement: we don't mess with them and they don't mess with us,'' an American officer guarding the barricade told reporters who entered the complex. The officer, who asked not to be identified, said none of the eight men in the group had fired a shot. They appeared calm and cracked jokes.

''We're not hostages,'' he said. ''Do we look like hostages?'' ''We're doing fine,'' one said. ''We just have our liberty restricted.''

In launching their first attack on a fashionable neighborhood in the city, the rebels indicated that they were trying to bring the war home to the rich.

''I've never been in San Salvador and didn't know that people were so rich,'' a guerrilla at the hotel said.

Two senior Catholic bishops and the head of the Salvadoran chapter of the Red Cross entered the hotel just before the 6 P.M.-to-dawn curfew went into effect. More than a dozen ambulances also pulled up outside, raising immediate speculation that a deal was in the works to free hostages.

Most Guests Are Evacuated

A communique issued by the Farabundo Marti National Liberation Front, the umbrella group uniting several rebel factions, asked for a one-hour truce to allow the evacuation of civilians, including United States citizens. It proposed that American military advisers be evacuated afterward.

There were conflicting reports on how many people remained in the hotel, their nationality, how they were faring and where they were. In addition to the American soldiers, at least 12 other Americans were thought to be staying at the hotel. But most guests, who were staying in the main building, were evacuated this afternoon.

The senior guerrilla at the scene, who identified himself only as Commander Choco, said this morning that the rebels did not want to fight the American soldiers, who were here on temporary duty as part of a training mission. They had been scheduled to return to their station at Fort Bragg, N.C., today.

''If they put down their arms, we'll discuss if they can leave,'' he said. His men were armed with AK-47 automatic rifles and at least one Soviet-made sniper's rifle.

U.S. Soldiers Decline to Talk

But the American military officers declined to negotiate. They said they would only talk to an accredited diplomat from the United States Embassy.

In a strong reaction, the White House immediately accused the guerrillas of embarking ''on a despicable road of violence,'' and warned of possible United States intervention.

The hotel manager, Robert Nieuwveld, said the guerrillas tried to negotiate a solution to the situation this morning. He said he received a telephone call from Facundo Guardado, the senior rebel commander, offering to exchange all the guests for a safe pass with Mr. Soares to the Mexican Embassy.

But Mr. Soares, who was lodged in the main tower and was never a hostage, vetoed the proposed deal in a telephone conversation, the manager said.

The rebel attack on the neighborhood came as their offensive appeared to be winding down. They withdrew their troops Monday from the city of San Miguel, where they had controlled as much as half the city, and also seemed to be pulling out of most of their pockets around the northern periphery of the city.

But in a telephone interview from Mexico, senior rebels said the withdrawal did not mean they were defeated. They said that they had more than replaced their casualties with new recruits and that they had many more such attacks planned.

The Salvadoran armed forces surrounded the hotel with tanks and armored troop carriers, but by late this afternoon had not tried to rescue the people in the annex. The hotel manager said the rebels had mined the building's emergency stairway and its elevators.

But there was heavy fighting in the surrounding neighborhood of luxury houses and terraced gardens.

Helicopters buzzed above the area. But the army was apparently unwilling to use its air power in the wealthy neighborhood, forcing it to rely on ground troops advancing behind armored vehicles.

The rebels, apparently reinforced by guerrillas crossing a nearby ravine, repulsed several attempts by the army to penetrate their strongholds. Snipers on the roofs of houses around the area pinned down Government troops, causing several casualties. The air force late this afternoon strafed a nearby ravine with rockets and machine-gun fire. Explosions reverberated through the city while gunfire crackled across rooftops.

Among the wounded was Paul Iredale, the chief correspondent for Reuters in Mexico and Central America. He was hit in the back by shrapnel, but was reported in stable condition at a local hospital.

Two children, ages 6 and 8, and their mother suffered serious wounds when a grenade fell through the roof of their house, just east of Hotel El Salvador and exploded. But the heavy fighting prevented rescue workers from evacuating them for six hours.

**Graphic**

Map of El Salvador showing location of Hotel El Salvador (NYT) (pg. A10)

**End of Document**



[***SOFTWARE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6HV0-0005-G1JD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Serious On-Screen Fun For Children Young and Old***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6HV0-0005-G1JD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 5, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Education Life Supplement

**Section:** Section 4A; ; Section 4A;  Page 13;  Column 1;  Education Life Supplement ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1391 words

**Byline:** By Josh Barbanel

By Josh Barbanel

**Body**

What do the software people know about teaching and learning?

Well for one thing, they know, and have long known, that software can be an ideal tool for practice and drill. After all, even many schools use software packages to drill students for standardized math tests. And software marketers -- like the door-to-door salesmen of old -- have used the fears and insecurities of parents to sell software that is good for you.

But more and more, thoughtful and technologically advanced products are appearing that tune into a second movement in education: learning by doing. Such products mobilize the curiosity of children and adults to almost imperceptibly immerse themselves in a learning experience.

Here are some examples of the good, the bad and the silly.

Imagine a room full of someone else's kids with, oh, the cutest voices you've ever heard, spelling out words in an endlessly cheerful cacophony of sing-song letters.

That's the centerpiece of "A to Zap," a program that is both chirpy and ploddingly didactic at the same time. After a musical opening, you are in a room with a toy chest and a shelf full of alphabet blocks. Pass the mouse over a block and an oh-so-adorable voice names the letter. Pass the mouse over a row of blocks and you get a roomful of children babbling at you at once.

Click on each letter of the alphabet, and you can play a game. But in software, as in life, there is no pleasure without pain: before you can play you have to have your lesson. When you press on a letter, a word -- always the same word -- is spelled out by the adorable children. And before you can play, the letters flash on the side of the toy box.

Once you get to the games, you'll find that some are engaging, some witty, some a bit meager, even for the 3- to 6-year-olds who are the target audience.

And you wish the best ones were more fully realized. There are several matching games, as well as a counting game and a phone game, among others. There are also several musical activities.

But how many 3-year-olds do you know who really need spelling lessons?

"A to Zap": $34.95, Sunburst Communications, 101 Castleton Street, Pleasantville, N.Y., 10570, (800) 786-3155, Windows 3.1 or later, 8 megabytes of memory, 486 processor or Macintosh system 7.0 or later, 68040 processor, multimedia CD-ROM , 13-inch color monitor, CD-ROM.

Science tests should only be this much fun.

You are the accident investigator. Your mission: establish who is at fault in an accident. You are the medical researcher. Your mission: determine the cause of a mysterious malady at the Biogene company picnic.

Your tools: an encyclopedia, a calculator, newspaper clippings, charts and tables, thermometers, rulers and other scientific instruments, interviews, maps, and of course, your notebook, where you assemble the important evidence.

"Science Sleuths," recommended for players age 9 and older, is both a game and a powerful interactive learning experience. By the time you pass through all six levels of each problem, you will have been exposed to dozens of scientific concepts, from earth science, to the physics of braking, to nuclear radiation, to microbiology.

But even more important, the things you learn will help solve a practical problem and be immediately relevant to life beyond the schoolhouse door.

You enter Sleuth headquarters and are met by an earnest receptionist who shows you the ropes and sends you into the lab on a mission: to carry out scientific experiments to solve the mystery. You head into the lab, look at the videos, use the tools and charts and develop a hypothesis.

You take your answers out to the receptionist and are quizzed on them. If you are wrong, you are sent back into the lab for more work. And when you are done, you can choose a higher level, where you get additional clues that force you to reopen your inquiry.

"Science Sleuths," Volume 2: $59.95, Videodiscovery Digital, 1700 Westlake Avenue North, Suite 600, Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 285-5400, Windows 3.1 or later, 386 25-megahertz or faster processor, 4 megabytes of memory, double-speed CD-ROM drive, SVGA. Macintosh System 7.1 or later, 8 megabytes of RAM, 256-color display, double-speed CD-ROM drive.

You get to run the bulldozer, the wrecking ball, the excavator and the steamroller. You fill up a truck, knock down a building, bowl with a wrecking ball, even break a water main, scoop up one of the guys on a coffee break and make grape juice with a steamroller.

"Kids on Site" may be every 5-year-old's dream; for everybody else who wants to be a kid again, it is Bulldozer 101. It is an interactive introduction to construction work, ***working-class*** mores and slapstick comedy rolled into one slender CD-ROM.

"Welcome to the pit, kiddo" our cheery hostess in a hard hat says in the opening scene. For once, you are not watching yet another cartoonlike computer simulation. There are no lovable animal characters. Instead you see a full-motion video of a construction site, with

that grainy, digitized video-verite look of real computer video.

At the bottom of the screen are the controls, simple enough for any preschooler who can use a mouse. Three buttons to click, left arrow, right arrow and straight. As you work the controls, the video moves with you. You can dump your load of dirt in the back of a truck, or onto someone's head. Or as the narrator says, "It digs, it dumps, it does everything but eat your spinach."

You are trained for each job by two hard-hatted instructors, Dizzy and his straight man, Nuts, and a greasy chorus of construction workers known as the Coffee Break Gang. If the action gets slow or you get tired of pressing Nuts's boxer shorts with a steamroller, or crushing ices for the coffee slushes, the shtick between Dizzy and Nuts keeps the action going.

Here are some notable lines. On the wrecking ball: "Don't you wish you had one of those babies on the playground?" On the bulldozer: "More fun than watching TV. Just don't stand in front of one. Get behind one and dig yourself a sandbox -- or just fill your parents' shoes with mud."

As for the educational value of this experience: It teaches hand-eye coordination, basic skills in using the computer and imaginative thinking. Or as Dizzy says, "Don't worry if you mess up, just have fun."

"Kids on Site": $24.95, Digital Pictures, 1825 South Grant Street, Suite 900, San Mateo, Calif. 94402, (415) 345-0445, double-speed CD-ROM, 486 25-megahertz processor or better, sound card, 4 megabytes of memory, or Macintosh system with 25-megahertz processor and 2.5 megabytes of available RAM.

"P.B. Bear's Birthday Party" is an elegant CD-ROM that adds witty but modest animation to a well-known children's book and manages to enrich the book without overwhelming it.

The screen, with a shadowy off-white background, has the look of a printed page with large type and a large illustration. About 150 words in the story are replaced by pictures.

Click on each large illustration on each of the story's 18 pages and it comes to life in an animation that tells a small sliver of the story. Click on the small pictures and they all jump or do something. The word appears and the narrator pronounces it. (Though this is supposed to build vocabulary, words like "shirt" and "shorts" are likely to be in most children's vocabularies already.)

Click on an icon at the beginning of each page and the page is read aloud, either by an adult-sounding narrator or by a character in the story, one of P. B. Bear's friends. There are also 10 very modest matching games.

Of course, "P. B. Bear's Birthday," the book, is a quiet story about a stuffed bear who wakes up, gets some birthday presents, including a toy train, and takes his friends on a train ride into the country. He returns home, and goes to bed. (I hope I'm not giving too much away.) This will probably not be of much intrinsic interest to early readers. But they will enjoy the animation.

The trouble is that, like most children's software marketed these days, "P. B. Bear's Birthday Party" has to be marketed as something more. It has to be a "valuable learning tool" as the note to parents says.

"P. B. Bear's Birthday Party": $29.95, Dorling Kindersley Multimedia, 95 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. (800) 356-6575. Windows 3.1 or later, 386 25-megahertz processor, SVGA monitor, CD-ROM, sound card. Macintosh version due out this month.

**Load-Date:** November 5, 1995

**End of Document**



[***The Chroming Of the Front Yard***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4624-WBS0-01CN-H1K1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 13, 2002 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 4; House & Home/Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1674 words

**Byline:**  By PATRICIA LEIGH BROWN

**Dateline:** SAN FRANCISCO

**Body**

WHEN Lillie Simms peers out at her neighbors' yards, the word "concrete" instantly becomes a verb. "They concreted that one," she said, referring to the latest trend to hit this densely packed, parking-crazed city: the paving of front yards for parking. "See that BMW and Ford over there? That used to be shrubbery. They concreted it."

That wasn't supposed to happen in San Francisco, which has long considered itself a bastion of civility. The worship of the automobile and the supplanting of green space by concrete was supposed to be a Southern California phenomenon, not a trend taking root among trowel-wielding homeowners in this city's famously precious neighborhoods.

But the "pave over," as some call it, in which the tiny swaths of green that once characterized urban front yards are being sacrificed for the almighty auto, has become a fixture here, so much so that politicians and editorial writers are calling for a crackdown on the illegal destruction of urban greenery.

San Francisco is not the only place to experience concreting. The transformation of the American front lawn from verdant bucolic ideal to personal parking lot has become an issue in an increasing number of cities and towns, particularly where a high cost of living prompts people to double up on housing.

Last week, an inside-the-Beltway love affair with asphalt prompted Fairfax County, Va., a suburb of Washington, to prohibit homeowners from paving over their front lawns.

Two years ago, the city of Holland, Mich., prohibited parking on the property in front of any house, except directly in front of the garage. Disappearing front lawns have also plagued Boston, especially in older neighborhoods filled with students; the city has now approved standards drafted by the landmarks commission to prevent gracious lawns from becoming pave-overs.

Pave-overs are on the rise because of an increase in car ownership coupled with a rise in "large households with extended families where everyone is working and needs a car," said Adrienne Schmitz, the director of residential development at the Urban Land Institute, a real estate research organization in Washington. Nationally, the number of households with three cars or more increased 10.3 percent from 1990 to 2000, according to the federal census.

The desire to vanquish nature is a longstanding aspect of the American character, said John Stilgoe, a professor of environmental studies at the Harvard Design School. "People don't control anything else in their environment," he said of renegade concreters. "So they asphalt their property."

Historically, the lawn has always been a "polite space representing our citizenship where we've put things we've considered important, from election placards to armed security signs," said Paul Groth, an urban geographer at the University of California at Berkeley. The substitution of paving for grass reflects a shift in American values and the ascendancy of the car over the lawn as a middle-class ideal, he said. "It's a natural evolution," he said. "There's nothing unholy about asphalt."

San Francisco has more vehicles to the square mile than any other American city (6,916, to be exact, as against 5,500 in New York City, said Jerry Robbins, a transportation planner in the department of parking and traffic here). Perhaps only in San Francisco, where the median house price has now topped $400,000, would a real estate agent consider the pave-over a big come-on. "A front yard is not something that's attractive or noticeable," said Tom Harris, a sales associate at Century 21. "In most areas, being able to squeeze in one more car far outweighs a tree or a little plot of grass."

The pave-overs, which are more pronounced here in ***working-class*** neighborhoods of small yards and one-car garages, are a do-it-yourself response to the excruciating parking shortage. "We're becoming an asphalt jungle," said Gerardo Sandoval, a member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors who is leading the anti-paving movement. Mr. Sandoval has introduced legislation to require the landscaping of front yards with something more visually appealing than a Toyota. "Two hundred years ago, San Francisco was covered with sand dunes, and there was an intensive effort to landscape the city," he said. "Now, much of that is being undone, slowly but surely, by property owners."

The scarcity of parking, which sets up a daily competition among some 500,000 vehicles for what is estimated as 320,000 street spaces, is so acute that the novelist Danielle Steel, who lives in the affluent Pacific Heights section, made front-page news for holding 26 parking permits for her flotilla of vehicles, more than any other San Franciscan. The permits, which cost $27 a year, allow drivers to ignore parking restrictions posted on the streets.

San Franciscans are obsessed with parking for good reason: the San Francisco Planning and Urban Research Association (SPUR), a research and advocacy organization, calculates that the number of cars here increased by nearly 13 percent from 1990 to 2000, with each vehicle taking up a minimum of 150 square feet. That equals 6.2 million square feet of new demand, about 12 Transamerica Pyramids worth of space. But Bruce Williams, the group's project director, said that frustrated homeowners trying to guarantee themselves parking were squandering a precious community resource: greenery. "It's the classic tragedy of the commons," he said.

Technically, the city does not allow pave-overs. The planning code, in effect since 1978, says that when houses have a front yard, at least 20 percent of the space "shall be appropriately landscaped." Mr. Sandoval's proposal would go further in requiring homeowners to maintain their landscaping continually, possibly under threat of fines.

Mrs. Simms, 77, has lived on her block of tidy row houses and little one-car garages in the Ingleside neighborhood for 40 years. It is an area of transition, as Asian and Latino families, many of them first generation, buy homes from white and African-American retirees and widows.

Her own yard is a pave-over, as a result of a disability that left her husband, Marion, unable to care for it. But she embedded ornamental marbles in the concrete and decorated the paved borders with planters of juniper and Irish yew. "I can understand some not wanting to keep up their lawn," she said. "What I object to is picking up every piece of shrubbery, so that up and down the line it's nothing but cars."

Her neighbor Lorraine, who did not want her last named used, paved over her lawn three years ago, leaving a small bed of roses. Her family of five, including two grown sons who live at home, have six cars, including an Acura and two Hondas, which form a shining triumvirate in the driveway.

Lorraine's garage, as in many families that are pressed for space but cannot afford to move, gave way to storage long ago. "There is no room," she said. "There is enough green already."

The pro-paving movement has been driven by San Francisco's chronic housing shortage, which has allowed homeowners to gain income from their property by taking in renters. Unknown numbers have illegally converted garage space into rooms, said Gerald G. Green, the city's planning director. In 1996, the city estimated that there were more than 25,000 illegal secondary rental units. With three or more cars to a household, "there's a lot of pressure to pave over your yard," Mr. Sandoval said.

Unlike New York's public transportation system, San Francisco's does not extend to the city's outer reaches, and shopping is not within walking distance in many areas. The semiarid climate makes it hard to grow grass. "People are unwilling to give up cars, even though this is supposed to be a 'transit first' city," said Dee Dee Workman, the executive director of San Francisco Beautiful, a civic group. "So they take the path of least resistance: pave over the damn thing."

Concreting has serious environmental consequences, causing flooding and the unwanted runoff of water, said Randy Hester, a professor of landscape architecture at the University of California at Berkeley. "It seems like a 'Well, so what?' sort of issue," he said. "But it's the cumulative impact."

Rebecca Silverberg, the president of the local improvement association in the Excelsior section, which has a preponderance of paving, looks out on a neighbor with eight vehicles. "Yes, it does look awful," she said. "My question is, Where are people supposed to put their cars?"

The nearby city of San Jose is weighing a prohibition on front-yard paving. But Lance Uyeda, a code enforcement supervisor, is concerned that the neighborhoods most likely to be affected are among the city's poorest, with one-car garages. "The model driveway is an obscure American concept," Mr. Uyeda said. "Are we talking Frank Lloyd Wright or the real world?"

Boston has approved standards drafted by the landmarks commission that prohibit the paving of front yards. Front lawns have been disappearing in former streetcar suburbs like the Aberdeen neighborhood, where rambling Queen Anne houses have been subdivided.

"If a formerly suburban neighborhood gets urbanized beyond its capacity to accommodate vehicles, the green space is the first to go," said Eva Webster, the chairwoman of the Aberdeen-Brighton Residents Association. "Lawns are in constant jeopardy. It's an aesthetic disaster."

The new law in Fairfax County, Va., was inspired by a preponderance of paving that "nibbled away" at the suburban image, said Penelope A. Gross, a member of the county board of supervisors whose inside-the-Beltway district was particularly hard hit. "The American dream is a house and a yard, not concrete and pavement," she said.

In San Francisco, the desperate desire for a parking place of one's own continues to attract concreters liberated from lawn mowers. Mr. Harris, the real estate agent, said that a pave-over can add 1 to 2 percent to the sale price of a house. "A client recently had a front yard full of dead grass," he said. "I said, 'Pour concrete.' "

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

**Graphic**

Photos: LOOK, MA, NO METER -- In San Francisco, yards are for parking. (Paolo Vescia for The New York Times)(pg. F1); WHO TOOK THE GREEN SPACE? -- Lillie Simms, left, among patches of lawn turned into parking spaces in her San Francisco neighborhood. In Boston, above, the paving of yards became so common that the city adopted rules to curb it. (Paolo Vescia for The New York Times; right, Rick Friedman for The New York Times)(pg. F6)

**Load-Date:** June 13, 2002

**End of Document**



[***VIEWS OF SPORT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0N60-002S-X2FC-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Nation Divided by a Common Passion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0N60-002S-X2FC-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 24, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 8; Page 5, Column 2; Sports Desk

**Length:** 1350 words

**Byline:** By BRIAN GLANVILLE; Brian Glanville is a novelisst and the football columnist for The Sunday Times of London.

**Body**

ITALY, you might say, is a country where everyone likes football, but doesn't like one another. In terms of soccer towns (which means almost all of them) and soccer teams, it remains essentially a collection of city states, which have only in name been welded into a single nation. The longstanding notion in the north is that from Rome on down, it's no longer Italy, it's Africa. Still more bigoted northerners insist that Africa begins just north of Rome. SPQR, insist such detractors, does not stand for the Latin words, Senate and people of Rome but for sono porici questi Romani: these Romans are pigs.

The Romans, for their part, despise the money-making Milanese, secure in their own identity as denizens of a great imperial and papal city, one of the most beautiful in the world, with no need to prove anything at all. The quick, bright, caustic, sophisticated Florentines are seen elsewhere as cliquish and sarcastic. Of Piedmont and its elegant capital, Turin, the saying goes, Piemontesi, falsi e cortesi: Piedmontese, courteous and phoney. The quick-witted, quick-fingered Neapolitans, whose 90,000 capacity stadium, the Fuorigtolla, is already too small for them, are seen as clever, plausible scallywags. And teeming Palermo, where several poor workmen died when the stand-supports collapsed in the renovated stadium, is a city still dominated by the Mafia. A few years ago, the very president of the local soccer club, a building contractor, was shot to death.

Not for nothing do the Italians call their soccer fans tifosi, bearers of typhus, a severe disease. It sometimes seems that no one is free from it. Not Gianni Agnelli, the potentate of Fiat, patron of the mighty Juventus football club in Turin, at whose feet reverential journalists sit whenever he watches a game, collecting his every quote. Not Franco Zeffirelli, film, theater and opera director, a Florentine, impassioned follower of the city's team, Fiorentina, scourge of Juventus, which took him to court and had him fined some 40 million lire for daring to suggest the team had coerced referees and that its president, Giampiero Boniperti, munched peanuts during games ''like a Mafioso.''

All Italian fans are fiercely impatient with their favorite teams, but the Florentines are more impatient than most; and more verbally inventive. Many years ago, during a game in the Stadio Comunale between Fiorentina and Naples, the Naples left wing, an Argentine called Pesaola, was hurt, and hobbled along, holding his side. ''Esaggerato!'' cried a Florentine fan. ''Non e ferito, e vecchio!' ''Exaggerated! He's not hurt, he's old!'' And soon there was a general chant, with the curious Tuscan lilt, ''Vecchio, vecchio!''

In the Borgo San Frediano, a ***working-class*** quarter of the city, I once heard a big, fat bartender in a black tunic say of the Fiorentina team that their football ''isn't esthetically pleasing.''

The United States will open play in the World Cup finals against the Czechoslovaks in Florence on the afternoon of June 10. The Florentines probably won't be very interested. Fiorentina itself has recently acquired a Czechoslovak player named Lubos Kubik, who hasn't done very much, while the United States as a world power and the United States as a soccer parvenu are two very different phenomena. If anything, this may induce those Florentines who attend the stadium, so prettily situated in the lee of Fiesole's high hill, to cheer for the Americans.

In Rome, four days later, when the United States takes on Italy, it will be another matter. The splendid Olympic Stadium, in the lee of green Monte Mario with its inclining trees, will be packed and partisan. The Roman appetite for football is immense, but American supporters will be safe. In May 1984, after their team had beaten Roma on penalty kicks to win the European Cup final, Liverpool's supporters were brutally attacked in the streets around the stadium by young Roma toughs with chains, iron bars and knives.

The Roman press expressed its deep disgust. The attacks had certainly been planned, and a year later bore bitter fruit when the Liverpool supporters - for whom, in their ignorance, one Italian is very much like another - ran riot on the terraces of Heysel Stadium in Brussels, and 39 Juventus supporters died.

Roma has by far the preponderance of fans in the city. Lazio, very much the second club, had patrician beginnings which have never really been forgiven. Fans from both clubs attend training sessions of their teams in the hundreds, and furiously ''contest,'' as the Italians say, any player who has displeased them. Not long ago, the butt of the Roma fans was Lionello Manfredonia, because he had begun his career with hated Lazio. Huge banners were unfurled on the terraces of the stadium abusing him. It took a year or more for the trouble to die down.

But Italian fans can also behave with marvelous generosity. Never shall I forget being in the massive San Siro stadium, Milan, last April, four days after the disaster of Hillsborough, the Sheffield Wednesday stadium, where 95 Liverpool fans had been crushed to death, before a cup semifinal. Milan was playing Real Madrid in a vital European Cup semifinal. The game began, then the referee blew his whistle for a minute's silence.

High, high on the terracing where the so called ultras, the most passionate fans, the Black and Red Brigades and the rest, take their stand, where giant Milan banners had been unfurled and wreaths of purple smoke had been released, the tifosi began to applaud. Then, in a gesture I have never seen in any soccer stadium, they sang the ''anthem'' of the Liverpool fans, ''You'll Never Walk Alone.''

In Naples, football and history can be indivisible. The consciousness of both is ever present. When, the previous season, I went down to Naples to see the Neapolitans play Real Madrid, in a European Cup first-round tie, I was introduced, outside the club's offices, to a dapper little lawyer. Blue three-piece suit, tightly buttoned, red handkerchief in his breast pocket. He deeply disapproved, he said, of the maneuvers of the club's president, Ferlaino; it was getting the city a bad name. But then, he continued, Naples had been ruined anyway, by Garibaldi; Garibaldi and his Thousand Red Shirts, who had crossed from Messina to the mainland 130 years before.

Argentina, the World Cup champion, plays its qualifying group in Naples. What joy and what ambivalence! How will the impassioned Naples fans react to their idol, the squat, brilliant Argentine, Diego Maradona, that inspired Dead End Kid, when he puts on the blue and white jersey not of Naples but of Argentina? Already this season his popularity has waned. Returning to Buenos Aires to play for his country last summer, he at first refused to come back, keeping his club and its supporters in endless suspense. And then last Thursday, playing in Cagliari for Argentina against Italy Maradona was booed by a crowd displeased by his accusations that the World Cup draw had been rigged against the Argentines.

His physical condition, everyone knew, was parlous. He now has lumbago and Achilles' tendon trouble. But above all, he said, he wanted peace, somewhere where he could go out in the streets with his family and not be mobbed. That could scarcely happen in any Italian city, let alone in Naples, where demigods are demigods; to be worshipped when they excel, abused when they disappoint.

Up in the northeast, how will Verona, that beautiful but abrasive city, receive the exotic South Koreans, who open the World Cup ball with Belgium on June 10. Strange, sour banners appear when the Naples team plays in Bentegodi Stadium: Welcome to Italy. Southern supporters are dismissed with the contemptuous word torrone, which is a sweet, white candy.

So to Cagliari, on the south coast of Sardinia, where the grave, hospitable Sardinians are proud to welcome England, the Masters of Football, or at least its inventors. But how will they receive the notorious English football hooligans, with their Nazi salutes, their drunken, violent cavortings? Well, Sardinia is used to invading barbarians.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**End of Document**



[***There but for Fortune***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3XCV-5JJ0-00RP-K3JB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 12, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7; Page 10; Column 1; Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1443 words

**Byline:** By Caleb Crain;

Caleb Crain is a contributing writer for Lingua Franca. "American Sympathy," his book on men's friendships in early American literature, will be published next year.

By Caleb Crain;  Caleb Crain is a contributing writer for Lingua Franca. "American Sympathy," his book on men's friendships in early American literature, will be published next year.

**Body**

Hearts in Atlantis

By Stephen King.

523 pp. New York:

Scribner. $28.

EVERY horror plot hinges on at least one moment of grand imprudence. You really shouldn't buy that 1958 Plymouth Fury. You really shouldn't take that job as the hotel's winter caretaker. And you really shouldn't dig up your dead son and reinter him in the enchanted Indian burial ground. But of course the hero acts unwisely, because in some dark cellar of his personality he wants the bad thing. And the reader, with a lesser, merely voyeuristic rashness, wants to see him do it. In the efficient economy of the horror novel -- too efficient for the psychologically fastidious -- the resulting nightmare delivers both a thrill surreptitiously longed for and a punishment for having indulged.

We now know what Stephen King, the master of horror, is afraid of. In "Hearts in Atlantis," King takes up the Vietnam War, and it scares him so bad he won't let his hero act imprudently. Only the book's minor characters enlist and serve. At the last minute, and with a touch of regret, the book's central figure thinks better of flunking out of college in 1966. He stays enrolled, and he stays civilian. This time, instead of horror, King has written something with an emotional strategy much slower and much more diffuse. "Hearts in Atlantis" is a book about survivor guilt.

This may not be immediately clear to the reader. In fact, the reader may be forgiven for suspecting that King has done nothing more artful than bite off more than he can chew. On its surface, as in its depths, this book is messy. For one thing, it's broken into five pieces, incommensurate in size and genre: two novellas, two short stories and a hasty epilogue.

The first novella, "Low Men in Yellow Coats," harks back to the world of Ray Bradbury's "Dandelion Wine." It's 1960, which still feels like the 1950's. Eleven-year-old Bobby Garfield lives with his widowed, penny-pinching mother in a pretty Connecticut suburb. An odd new lodger named Ted moves in upstairs, and Ted turns Bobby on to "Lord of the Flies" and "Village of the Damned." Bobby becomes a little infatuated with his new adult friend, and Mom worries that the lodger might be "touching" her son. If only it were so simple. Ted thinks he's being hunted; he won't say by whom. He hires young Bobby to keep an eye peeled for lost-pet notices, stray kite tails, stars and moons chalked beside hopscotch patterns and upside-down supermarket notices -- the foretokens, Ted believes, of his mysterious persecutors.

"Low Men in Yellow Coats" shows off King's traditional strengths: his empathy with children's crushes and fears, his insight into the telepathic-seeming emotional hothouse of a small, isolated family and his ability to summon dread out of plain and familiar things. For most of this novella -- roughly half the book -- readers get what they expect from the King brand name.

But then something confusing happens. At the end of "Low Men in Yellow Coats," King does genre-reassignment surgery. He abruptly grafts fantasy onto small-town Gothic. Universes clash, in a Marvel-meets-DC-Comics kind of way, and the reader glimpses the world of King's Dark Tower series, his Tolkien-like tetralogy of fantasy novels. The reader's bewilderment is compounded by Bobby's self-discovery: he turns out not to be the kind of person he thought he was. Although King opens the door to another world, Bobby doesn't step into it. The hero of a horror novel would find new reservoirs of courage, and the hero of a fantasy novel would accept the adventure, but Bobby discovers that he isn't the hero of his own life by the laws of either genre.

It's risky to disappoint so many of a reader's expectations at once, and surprising from a writer who enjoys his reputation for satisfying customers -- who has called his work "the literary equivalent of a Big Mac and a large fries." In the book's second novella, "Hearts in Atlantis," King gambles even further.

He writes another tale about being sensible rather than heroic. In 1966, war is chewing up American boys in Vietnam. Pete Riley, a freshman at the University of Maine in Orono, is tempted. (Pete is a continuation of Bobby by other means: they fall for the same girl, they're never on stage at the same time and Bobby's copy of "Lord of the Flies" ends up in Pete's hands.) Pete is tempted by cards, in particular the game of hearts. The deck is haunted not by demons or ghosts but by the queen of spades, who weighs down whoever takes her with 13 unlucky points.

"You have to work hard at your studies," Pete's mother warns him. "Boys who don't work hard at them have been dying." But the appeal of hearts, for Pete, is more murderous than suicidal. Pete's chief opponent is a "creepy, small-minded, bad-complexioned gnome" named Ronnie Malenfant. Pete may be flirting with academic failure, but he plays hearts to win. He loves to stick Ronnie with the queen of spades. "I wanted to wipe the smirk off his hollow, pimply face and silence his grating blare of a laugh," Pete reports. "It was mean but it was true."

Everyone on campus, in fact, is carrying a queen of spades, of one sort or another. The card-playing delinquents are frank about their hostility; they know they're flunking themselves into war. But the nerdy students who eschew hearts are marshaled into antiwar activism by a force just as uncanny. Peace, after all, is what the dead rest in. The protest movement's leader is Stokely Jones 3d, a "New England Heathcliff" on crutches. He envies the health and pleasures of his peers, and, like an animated corpse, he stinks of decay: "The only smell like it is an electric-train transformer that's been run too hard for too long." It's Stokely's near suicide that sparks the campus into unified protest. And we learn that Pete's girlfriend, Carol Gerber, later joins a group resembling the Weather Underground; she helps to blow up six students who are interviewing for jobs with a chemical manufacturer. But although King has written these corners of darkness into his novella, he doesn't explore them. Carol remains saintly despite her crimes, and Stokely's death wish is embalmed in the narrator's nostalgia.

King also fails to say what Pete's decision to save himself might have cost him, other than a few years spent in political protest. He does note, however, that Phil Ochs, the composer of "Draft Dodger Rag," hanged himself. "The suicide rate among surviving Atlanteans has been pretty high," King adds.

Self-preservation is a difficult story to tell, and a few evasions may be inevitable. (Witness Bill Clinton's difficulties explaining how he had handled the draft.) After all, a prudent person resists the unexpected plot twists that would turn his life into a lively read. Like "Low Men in Yellow Coats," the novella "Hearts in Atlantis" is anti-genre fiction -- a horror-adventure novel that doesn't happen, at least not to the hero.

But it does happen to a couple of the minor characters. In the book's two short stories, the ***working-class*** veterans John Sullivan and Willie Shearman are haunted by the war in classic King style, the ghoulish woven into the quotidian. Sullivan's guilt takes the shape of a murdered Vietnamese woman, who rides shotgun with him in his Chevrolet Caprice. Shearman, for his part, commutes to his penitence. "Sorry is a full-time job," Shearman believes, and five, sometimes six days a week he takes the train from his Reagan Democrat suburb to the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he impersonates a blind Vietnam veteran. As he wishes he could explain to the policeman who extorts him, "What looks fake isn't always fake."

Sullivan's and Shearman's tales feel more complete than the novellas, but Vietnam's horror remains off stage, consigned to flashbacks. In "Hearts in Atlantis," it's as though King has written two lengthy prologues and two brief epilogues but left out the novel proper. Or perhaps he hasn't. The book's juxtapositions set me wondering: maybe Vietnam is the archetype not only of the otherworldly horror Bobby chooses to avoid in "Low Men in Yellow Coats" but of all King's supernatural horror. Perhaps King's novels have been his way of imagining what it would have been like to go (flat feet, high blood pressure and burst eardrums kept him at home) to a world where the past had an eerily strong grip on the present, where machines seemed sometimes to have more willpower than men, where nice boys found that killing attracted them, where bodies ruptured and burned and stank, where the evil things trying to kill you could look disconcertingly human and where, except in your imagination, it was almost impossible to be heroic.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing (Boris Kulikov)

**Load-Date:** September 12, 1999

**End of Document**



[***BERLIN COMMUNISTS OUTLINE PLATFORM***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-0RJ0-002S-X497-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 1989, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1311 words

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

**Dateline:** EAST BERLIN, Dec. 17

**Body**

Acknowledging a struggle for the country's continued existence as well as its own, the Communist Party of East Germany said today that it would give up the formal trappings of power and declared itself ready to compete in elections next May with other emerging democratic forces.

And the Communist-controlled Cabinet, acknowledging the failure of an earlier plan to rename the Ministry of State Security, one of the most feared institutions of control, announced today that it would dissolve the secret police agency.

Transfer of Some Functions

It said a new civilian administrator would be named to supervise the assignment of legitimate intelligence functions to two new and separate organizations reporting directly to Prime Minister Hans Modrow.

Today's developments seemed to reflect a turning point in the way the East German authorities have responded to the revolution on the streets that swept the country's hard-line leader, Erich Honecker, out of power in October. They apparently realize that the popular mood will not accept superficial changes, but demands real ones.

Egon Krenz, who briefly replaced Mr. Honecker, tried the first course, failed and was forced to resign along with the entire party leadership on Dec. 3.

And both Gregor Gysi, the 41-year-old lawyer who became Communist Party Chairman last weekend, and Mr. Modrow also recognize that their country could quickly be swallowed up by its larger, economically more powerful Western neighbor unless they can persuade East German voters next spring to stand by their country as a separate, ''socialist'' alternative.

Mr. Modrow met West Germany's President, Richard von Weizsacker, in a Potsdam church today and is to meet Chancellor Helmut Kohl in Dresden on Tuesday.

''Like it or not, the election campaign has already begun,'' Mr. Gysi said today in a speech outlining policy positions to 2,654 delegates at a resumed special party congress here. ''On Dec. 3,'' he concluded, two and a half hours later, ''a party leadership that had failed resigned, and there was a serious danger that the party, and with it the country, could go under.''

To a standing ovation before the delegates ended the congress by singing the ''Internationale,'' he said, ''we're all ready now to raise our heads high and fight for the party and for the country.''

They also decided to drop the a party statute defining the Communists as ''the conscious and organized shock force of the ***working class***,'' and on Saturday night amended the party's formal name to add a commitment to socialist democracy, producing the jawbreaking title of Socialist Unity Party of Germany-Party of Democratic Socialism, or, in German, S.E.D.-P.D.S., for short.

Many Errors Admitted

Mr. Gysi read a remarkable catalog of confessions of past party and state failures, and the delegates eagerly assented to all of the criticisms.

By way of giving up the trappings of power, he proposed turning part of the giant party headquarters in East Berlin into a public conference center with g library, a movie theater and hotel rooms. He called for dissolution of established party organizations in the armed forces, and he said military uniforms should be replaced because they resemble those of the Nazi Wehrmacht. Military parades and goose-stepping, he suggested, should also go.

''And we'd be doing not only ourselves, but more important all soldiers, a favor,'' he said.

Concern over the danger to the continued existence of East Germany as a nation was never far from Mr. Gysi's mind in his long speech this morning.

''Supporting the Modrow coalition Government is of life-and-death importance for our country and our citizens,'' he said. ''We all have to be clear that whether our ship of state can steer clear of the reefs of anarchy and annexation by West Germany depends essentially on this Government.'' Mr. Modrow, a Communist, formed the Cabinet last month with 12 non-Communist members from previously subservient smaller parties.

Agenda With Kohl

Mr. Modrow briefly appeared at the party conference on Saturday. But he was not there today when Mr. Gysi said that an important subject of the talks with Mr. Kohl on Tuesday should be measures to prevent ''the sellout of our country,'' when East Germany allows West German visitors to come in without visas or currency-exchange restrictions next month.

''We suggest that the Government, in negotiations with Chancellor Kohl, should also speak about the security partnership between both Germanys. Defense ministers should begin talks as soon as possible that could become a permanent fixture,'' Mr. Gysi suggested.

He challenged West Germany ''to reduce its armaments expenditures and military strength to our level instead of remaining one of the strongest military states in the world.'' Referring to the possibility of a reunified single country, he warned:

''Greater Germany would be a victory for the right in Germany and would force the left to the margins of society, including the Social Democrats'' in West Germany.

''If the border between both German states falls before a European unification, then discussions about changing borders will start all over Europe. Peace would be seriously threatened. And again, it would be the Germans who had caused a new European conflict!''

Ties to Israel Urged

He told the delegates that the East German Government should establish relations with Israel. The nation's Foreign Ministry has dropped several hints that it is ready to do so, and according to an Israeli journalist here, East German officials seemed disappointed at the nonchalant response from Jerusalem.

Much of what Mr. Gysi said was a attempt to spell out a political platform for the elections scheduled on May 6.

The Communists, Mr. Gysi said, will aggressively represent the interests of working people, but the new party statute adopted today permits people from all classes of society to join as members.

The party statute, which acknowledges a debt to Lenin as well as to Marx, was heavily debated this afternoon, but delegates agreed to adopt it on a temporary basis until a regular party congress in March or April.

Mr. Gysi was applauded when he criticized East Germany's professional sports machine, a source of Olympic medals, international recognition and prestige under the Honecker leadership.

''In sports we see an important, but no longer the cultural achievement of our country,'' he said, ''and we urge that it be supported but not elevated to a question of natural prestige.''

More important for his party's future constituency, he seemed to say, were things like grocery stores. ''After 40 years, it must be possible for us to have vegetable stores that it's a pleasure to go to and, more important, to come out of,'' he said to laughter. ''And for that, the permanent choice between cabbage and apples just won't do.''

Overture to Israel Reported

JERUSALEM, Dec. 17 (AP) - Prime Modrow has said that East Germany is willing to discuss changing its policy of denying responsibility for the Nazi genocide as a way to establish diplomatic ties with Israel, an Israeli newspaper reported today.

''We have approached Israel officially with a request to discuss establishing diplomatic relations,'' Mr. Modrow was quoted as saying in an interview published in the daily Haaretz.

Asked about payments to wartime survivors, Mr. Modrow told Haaretz, ''We are certainly prepared to discuss the issue with official representatives of the Jewish organizations dealing with it and of Israel.''

An East German Deputy Foreign Minister, Heinz-Dieter Winter, said last week that his country would discuss ''humanitarian assistance'' but not war reparations. Motti Amichai, a spokesman for the Israeli Foreign Ministry, said that would not be enough. ''What we want is very clearly the acceptance of responsibility, and if you accept the responsibility, then you need to pay reparations,'' he said.

**End of Document**



[***THE POPE'S VISIT: THE CARDINAL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6VM0-0005-G05D-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***As Pope's Important Ally, Cardinal Shines High in Hierarchy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6VM0-0005-G05D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 8, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 41;  Column 2;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1366 words

**Byline:** By ELISABETH BUMILLER

By ELISABETH BUMILLER

**Body**

For a Pope nearing the twilight of his papacy, this week may be his final visit to the United States. But for John Cardinal O'Connor, who as Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York has been called both a mean-spirited authoritarian and a great champion of the poor, this week is most certainly the culmination of an amazing journey of a complicated, lonely man.

"You have to understand, I'm a kid from an ordinary family in Philadelphia," Cardinal O'Connor said at a news conference before Pope John Paul II's visit. "Never in my wildest fancy did I dream that I would host a pope. This is all kind of Alice in Wonderland stuff for me."

The 75-year-old Cardinal, who was an auxiliary bishop when the Pope visited New York in 1979, will most likely retire a year or two after the papal visit. "To the sadness of some, I may be around for several years," the Cardinal said. But even now, there is speculation about his successor -- the Most Rev. Theodore E. McCarrick, the Archbishop of Newark, is one name frequently mentioned -- as the Cardinal, the Pope's most important American ally, is on his last walkabout with John Paul II.

The Cardinal, who was central in the planning for this visit, greeted the Pope at Newark International Airport, kissed his ring at the United Nations, and welcomed him yesterday morning at the Mass in Central Park.

"You make our land holy with your presence," the Cardinal said, welcoming the Pope to yesterday's Mass in Central Park, and added, "John Paul II, we love you" -- a chant that has repeatedly greeted the Pope on this visit. The Cardinal kissed the Pope on both cheeks, then spoke softly to him.

After Mass, the Pope spent three hours at the Cardinal's granite mansion behind St. Patrick's, and was expected again at the residence last night for dinner and meetings with Christian, Jewish and Muslim leaders.

Earlier, the Cardinal rode with the Pope in the Popemobile to St. Patrick's Cathedral for a recitation of the Rosary. The Pope referred to the Cardinal, who knelt to his right during the service, as "my dear friend" whose "dauntless leadership you all know."

His praise underscored the qualities he appears to value most in the Cardinal, a disciplinarian who is called the Pope's most significant American appointment.

"I want a man just like me in New York," John Paul II was widely reported to have said upon the death of the Cardinal's predecessor, Terence Cardinal Cooke, in 1983. No one disputes that he found him in Cardinal O'Connor, whose opposition to abortion, birth control, homosexuality and the ordination of women, like the Pope's, remains immutable.

Yet in the last five years, both critics and supporters of the Cardinal have noticed a mellowing in his public temperament. He no longer makes explosive statements to the media after his Sunday Mass at St. Patrick's. And after the National Council of Catholic Bishops hired a public relations firm in 1990 to wage a $5 million anti-abortion campaign, a woman, Helen Alvare, became the church spokeswoman on abortion, shifting some of the focus away from the Cardinal.

These days, some of Cardinal O'Connor's old nemeses speak admiringly of his liberal positions on labor, education, welfare and the care of those with AIDS. The Cardinal himself has quietly reached out to old adversaries, most notably former Gov. Mario M. Cuomo and Geraldine A. Ferraro, whom he attacked for her support of abortion rights when she was the Democratic candidate for vice president in 1984.

"When my son got in trouble in 1986," Ms. Ferraro said, referring to John Zaccaro Jr., now a lawyer, who was arrested for selling a quarter-ounce of cocaine to an undercover police officer at Middlebury College, " you want to know one of the first calls I got? It was from Cardinal O'Connor, saying 'What can I do for you besides pray?' He recognized the turmoil we were going through."

Mr. Cuomo has a similar story. "When my father-in-law was beaten up, the Cardinal was at the hospital before I was," he said, referring to an episode in 1984, just before he and the Cardinal began their long-running argument over abortion. Even so, Mr. Cuomo now says, "the Cardinal has been generous to me personally," offering support when both Mr. Cuomo's mother and mother-in-law died soon after Mr. Cuomo left office.

Not everyone feels such equanimity. "This is a man who longs for the imperial papacy -- a papacy where you had the power to burn people at the stake," said Frances Kissling, president of Catholics for a Free Choice, an abortion rights group in Washington. "When it comes to matters of internal church discipline, he is the toughest, and the meanest."

As the Archbishop of the media and cultural center of the United States, Cardinal O'Connor has extraordinary power among Catholic prelates. He travels to Rome and has lunch with the Pope on church business about once a month, and is widely acknowledged to have a great deal of say in the appointment of American bishops.

At St. Patrick's yesterday, the Pope made a glowing reference to one of the Cardinal's favorite causes, Pierre Toussaint, describing as "extraordinary" the 19th-century Haitian-born former slave who educated black children and nursed victims during the yellow-fever epidemic in New York City. For the last five years the Cardinal has been promoting Toussaint for sainthood.

Whether the Cardinal's strong professional relationship with the Pope has evolved into close friendship is a matter of debate.

"They clearly have the same way of thinking, and the same style," said the Rev. Richard P. McBrien, former chairman of the theology department at the University of Notre Dame. "But beyond that, I don't know if the Pope has any close friends. I don't know if the Cardinal has any close friends."

Both men, though surrounded by aides, are said to lead lives of emotional solitude. "These are intensely public positions, and yet there's a certain loneliness built into them," said George Weigel, the president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center, a Washington-based ecumenical research group.

Certainly there are other parallels in the lives of the two men. Both were born in 1920, four months apart. Both were from ***working-class*** families. They were ordained as priests in 1945 and 1946, 11 months apart, and both showed remarkable skills at scaling the formidable bureaucracy of the Roman Catholic Church.

While no one considers Cardinal O'Connor a philosopher on the level of the Pope, the Cardinal's supporters say he is far more of an intellectual than is commonly known. "He is surely one of the two or three smartest graduate students I've ever had," said Jeanne Kirkpatrick, the former United Nations ambassador, who taught Cardinal O'Connor while he worked on a doctorate in government at Georgetown University in the early 1970's.

Both the Pope and Cardinal spend unusually large amounts of time in prayer and meditation, even for religious men. The Cardinal sleeps two to four hours a night, and prays in the early morning hours in his private chapel.

On his 75th birthday this January, the Cardinal submitted his resignation to the Vatican, as required by canon law. By March the Vatican asked him to stay "until other provision is made" -- a code phrase for as much as several more years.

And yesterday, during the Mass in Central Park, the Pope suggested that this may well be the case.

"Cardinal O'Connor will need all of you, and especially you young people, to help the Church enter the Third Millennium," he said.

The Rev. Gerald Fogarty, a historian of Vatican-American relations at the University of Virginia, said that the Vatican's request for the Cardinal to stay also meant that the Pope "probably doesn't have a clear-cut candidate" to succeed him. He said that ambitious cardinals would be "scrambling" on this visit for time with the Pope, and that "O'Connor will certainly be giving him input on who should succeed him."

Father O'Brien agreed with the notion of politicking, and not least when it came to the Cardinal. "Listen, he's no different than a lot of politicians," Father O'Brien said. "When you've got a popular president, all the local politicians want to be photographed with him. And you hope it sort of rubs off."

**Graphic**

Photo: "Never in my wildest fancy did I dream that I would host a pope," said John Cardinal O'Connor, left, who prayed beside the Pontiff at St. Patrick's Cathedral. (Vic DeLucia/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 8, 1995

**End of Document**



[***A Final Fling on Nutcracker's Eve***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1CN0-002S-X025-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 17, 1989, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1363 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER DUNNING

**Body**

THIS is the weekend before ''The Nutcracker'' arrives, like a fond but overwhelming aunt whose visit means that all else must be dropped or put aside. As if to celebrate those last free moments before the holiday classic gathers audiences up into its cheerful bosom, dance companies and soloists are presenting a wide-ranging variety of work in theaters around New York City tonight through Sunday.

The chilly, pure art of jiuta-mai, the most refined of Japanese classical dance forms, will be represented, as will the giddy vulgarisms of American vaudeville. There will be flamenco and home-grown American modern dance, including the newest of new choreographers and a veteran performance artist.

The Joffrey Ballet, which ushers in the first of the area productions of ''The Nutcracker'' next week, goes out in a blaze of repertorial glory this weekend at City Center. Tonight and tomorrow night, there is the company's spectacular newest addition, ''Two-a-Day,'' a souffle of a ballet by Gerald Arpino, the Joffrey's director and resident choreographer, filled with stock vaudeville characters and numbers presented with stylish and infectious exuberance.

Other Joffrey highlights are performances tomorrow and Sunday afternoons of Eugene Loring's ''Billy the Kid,'' an American classic featuring two good lead casts; ''La Vivandiere Pas de Six,'' a piece of late 19th-century effervescence by Arthur Saint-Leon that is on the matinee program tomorrow, and William Forsythe's ''Love Songs,'' a dark, sardonic look at romance that is performed to some of the greatest songs sung by Aretha Franklin and Dionne Warwick, tomorrow night. Performances to watch for are those of Peter Narbutas, an unusually nuanced Alias in ''Billy the Kid''; Tina LeBlanc in a virtuoso role in ''Vivandiere,'' and the daredevil Jodie Gates in ''Love Songs.'' (The Joffrey Ballet performs at City Center, 131 West 55th Street, tonight at 8, tomorrow at 2 and 8 and Sunday at 2 P.M. Ticket prices range from $8 to $42. Information: 581-7907.) Garth Fagan and his Bucket Dance Company have grown a great deal in the 20 years since Mr. Fagan started choreographing for a group of untrained, ***working-class*** students in Rochester.

The dancers are now sleek, expert performers. Mr. Fagan, once a member of the National Dance Company of Jamaica, has become a more sophisticated choreographer. But the rough-hewn, highly personal quality of the dances and dancers has remained a hallmark of the company.

''I like a kind of freshness and rawness about these dancers,'' Mr. Fagan told the dance writer Eric Taub in 1984. ''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.''

This weekend, the company will present nine dances, ranging from Mr. Fagan's new ''Telling a Story'' to a revival of his ''Of Light and Melanin.'' The earlier piece, created in 1981 and set to music by Keith Jarrett, has become a kind of signature work, with a central, high arabesque in a solo for a lead female dancer that is emblematic of the magic Mr. Fagan and his dancers can create. It will be performed tomorrow afternoon in Program III. The acclaimed ''Telling a Story'' is a plotless, two-part homage to Miles Davis, to whose music the new work is danced, and to Mr. Fagan's parents and grandchildren. It will be performed in Program I, tonight, tomorrow and Sunday nights.

There are pieces set to music by other jazz composers and to scores by Dvorak, Brahms and Vivaldi. Mr. Fagan's use of African dance idiom comes to the fore in ''From Before,'' performed on Sunday night in Program II. ''Oatka Trail,'' a signature work performed in Program I, displays his individual mixing of idioms that include ballet, gymnastics and modern dance influenced by Mary Wigman and Martha Graham. (The Bucket Dance Company performs at the Joyce Theater, Eighth Avenue at 19th Street, tonight at 8, tomorrow at 2 and 8 and Sunday at 2 and 7:30 P.M. Tickets are $22.50. Information: 242-0800.)

Economy of Jiuta-Mai

Suzushi Hanayagi is an experimentalist modern-dance choreographer who has made use of video in some of her dance. She has also worked with Robert Wilson, creating the Bessie Award-winning choreography for his ''Knee Plays'' and co-choreographing the Paris Opera Ballet's ''Martyre de St. Sebastien.'' But Miss Hanayagi is also one of Japan's foremost classical dancers, trained by the famous Takehara Han and specializing in the stark, utterly refined dance form of jiuta-mai, which was developed by the Kyoto aristocracy in the 17th century. And in works like ''Yuki (Snow),'' a study of a woman withdrawing from the world, which Miss Hanayagi will dance tonight and tomorrow night at Asia Society, she offers an unforgettable example of how economical great performing can be.

Miss Hanayagi will be joined by her older sister, Suzusetsi, also a noted performer of Japanese classical dance, and Suzusetsumi Hanayagi, who is unrelated but has taken on the professional name. The program will also feature kabuki numbers, including ''Echigo-Jishi (Lion Dance).'' (The Hanayagis will perform at Asia Society, 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, tonight and tomorrow at 8. Tickets are $20. Information: 288-6400. Charge: 517-2742.) If Suzushi Hanayagi could be called a performer of magnificent economy, Victoria Marks will probably always be known as the choreographer who gave us a look at the process of socialization through the minimalist gestures of four young women in drab schoolgirls' winter coats. That signature work, ''Dancing to Music,'' will be performed again, tonight through Sunday at Performance Space 122, in a program that also features Miss Marks's new ''Force of Nature,'' a fast-paced and wild ensemble piece danced to music by Chris Cochrane, and her ''Natural Selection,'' which has been described as an ode to the Reagan years in the White House.

Later each night, Charles Dennis takes over at P.S. 122 with an evening of performance and dance pieces that includes ''Just Say Yo,'' set to music by Bob Telson, with slides, film and video. Mr. Dennis, a founder of P.S. 122, will also perform in his recent ''Living RRRoom,'' a solo that examines the domestic life of a freelance artist. His ''2 x 2 x 4'' is a dance for Mr. Dennis and 14 two-by-four planks. (The Victoria Marks Performance Company dances at 8 and Charles Dennis performs at 9:30 P.M. at Performance Space 122, 150 First Avenue, at Ninth Street. Admission to each show is $8; Theater Development Vouchers accepted. Information or reservations: 477-5288.)

Flamenco

Paco Pena, the flamenco guitarist, has appeared before in New York only as a solo artist. On Sunday night, he brings his company to Town Hall for a single performance sponsored by the World Music Institute. For those who like to know exactly what they are about to see, the program for the company's first American tour ranges over styles from all periods of flamenco. And Mr. Pena's reputation as a musician of great spontaneity and warmth with austere virtuosity bodes well, too, for a provocative evening of dance. (The Paco Pena Flamenco Dance Company performs at Town Hall, 123 West 43d Street, on Sunday at 8 P.M. Tickets are $15, $20 and $25. Information: 206-1050. Charge: 947-5850.) And for those who like to be surprised, there is ''Fielday,'' a five-hour program of dance tomorrow night by 21 choreographers. All are new or ''emerging,'' as the organizers put it, and all have been invited to take risks with their dances. Some of the names are familiar, among them Sara Pearson, Bill Coleman, Alice Varga Forner and Lorn MacDougal. Most are not. But the Field, which is sponsoring the marathon, is serious and imaginative about encouraging choreographers, so there ought to be at least a gem or two in the bag. (''Fielday'' will take place tomorrow night, beginning at 7, at Eden's Expressway, 537 Broadway, near Spring Street. Tickets are $5, for all or part of the program, and will be available at the door. Information: 691-6969.)

**Graphic**

Photo of Suzushi Hanayagi, Japanese choreographer and dancer

**End of Document**



[***A Designer at His Peak Without a Label***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45YT-5G50-01CN-H2M0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 9; Column 2; Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1438 words

**Byline:**  By CATHY HORYN

**Body**

IT'S been nearly half a century since the fashion designer Karl Lagerfeld arrived in Paris from his native Hamburg. And though he is in many ways France's most famous German emigre and has kept with him, in whatever place he has lived, a nearly exact reproduction of the bedroom he had as a child, the German word for home or motherland, heimat, doesn't exist for him.

"Yes, I am a German citizen, but I'm also a European citizen, and I was brought up to be a European citizen," he said one morning recently in his 18th-century Paris apartment as he sipped, alternately, Diet Coke and espresso. "I never wanted to be French. I like France but I like to be a stranger. I like to be a stranger in France. I like to be a stranger in Germany. I like to be a stranger wherever I go. Because I like this position of detachment. I want to be nobody."

The fact that Mr. Lagerfeld, who is to receive a lifetime achievement award from the Council of Fashion Designers of America tomorrow night at the New York Public Library, strives to be nobody while plainly being somebody would be laughable if he did not occupy such a paradoxical position in fashion.

He is the only leading designer not to have a permanent house under his own name, and you can't compare him to John Galliano of Dior or Tom Ford, the creative director of Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent. After all, Mr. Lagerfeld, who is 63, has been without a fixed fashion address for more than four decades. He was a free agent before the term was invented.

Mr. Lagerfeld began his career at Balmain at 17, left for Patou, and later designed anonymously for Krizia and Charles Jourdan. In the 1970's, while contemporaries like Saint Laurent and Kenzo were building their empires, Mr. Lagerfeld took a role that suited his polyglot personality; he designed for Chloe and the Fendi sisters in Rome. Somehow, though, no matter which master he was serving, he managed to stay his own boss.

Partly this was because he felt the security of his portable talent and his liberal German education and partly because his attachments were only to himself. As he said: "I work my own marionette in a way, my own puppet. It's something I control."

For the last two decades, Mr. Lagerfeld has been at Chanel, and no designer has done more over as many years to transform a revered institution into a modern status brand. Mr. Lagerfeld was not simply innovative with the classic Chanel cardigan jacket, updating it with a few bells and whistles. His great stroke was to see both Chanel's historical depth and its surface possibilities, and by casually layering the two elements to create a kind of Warholian transparency of past and present.

"On the surface it can seem almost like nothing," Ingrid Sischy, the editor of Interview and a friend of Mr. Lagerfeld's since 1989, said. "But as the years go by you see the depth. That's what makes Karl an extraordinary postmodernist."

Today, Mr. Lagerfeld has the ear of his employer, Alain Wertheimer, and the prestige of saying of himself: "Lots of class but ***working class***." He recently renewed his Chanel contract to the end of the decade. "Why not?" he said over dinner in Paris. "Chanel died doing dresses at 86, so I still have a little time."

In a way, then, his award is as much for a life's work as it is for a life without parallel, and certainly without the weight of conventional business burdens. "I wanted a kind of freedom," Mr. Lagerfeld explained. "I didn't want to be a businessman. I don't make meetings. I don't do marketing. I just work like this. I have the feeling -- it may be fake -- of total freedom. This is my highest luxury. I'm not an art director. I'm only interested in doing what I'm doing. What I like is the doing of the doing."

Mr. Lagerfeld is a combination of depth and surface, old and new. At dinner he had on a sleek black suit by Hedi Slimane of Dior with the sort of reverse-collar shirt last seen around World War I, a period also reflected in a rare collection of German posters he keeps in a downstairs room in his house. "They're like Pop Art, no?" he said.

Two years ago he ruthlessly cleared out his 18th-century French furniture and replaced it with modernist pieces by Jean-Michel Frank and Eileen Grey. This past spring, in between designing three collections and building an underground library at his home in Biarritz, France, for his 250,000 volumes, he made photographic portraits of the French presidential candidates.

An expert dancer, Mr. Lagerfeld has been improving his tango, and getting friends like Mr. Slimane and Stephen Gan, the art director of Harper's Bazaar, to learn in his ballroom. One evening their instructors were Princess Caroline of Monaco and her husband, Prince Ernst of Hanover. "I learned the cha-cha," Mr. Slimane said.

But whether Mr. Lagerfeld is shedding furniture -- or, more lately, 90 pounds -- it all adds up to a desire, say those who know him, not to remain fixed in a place or time. "You know people always say, 'How can he do all this stuff?' " Ms. Sischy said. "And I think lightness is the magical ingredient. He's the only German I've known who has this. It's the key to his survival. Because he knows that this lightness allows him to do all these things without it ever feeling like a burden and baggage."

Mr. Lagerfeld's weight loss, achieved with the help of a French diet doctor with whom he is publishing a cookbook in October, has been the subject of much talk in the fashion world, including comments that he is too thin. Mr. Lagerfeld, who weighs what he did at 17, or about 132 pounds, has heard that. "You know what I say," he replied with a laugh. "I say, 'Darling, this is something I only hear from people who should lose a few kilos themselves. No skinny person ever said that to me.' "

He said he wanted to lose weight to fit into his Caraceni suits from the 1980's. "I felt that things were not renewing, that I was starting to look a little sad," he said. "It was not to seduce anyone. No, no. If that's the reason to lose weight, you get a little depressed if it's not working immediately. If you do it for something superficial, you can laugh at yourself and continue like a game."

Mr. Lagerfeld is also aware that some people, unsettled by the way he transformed himself, might wish to see him in his former bulk.

"Yes, a long list, and even close friends," he said. "But in the fashion world, being thin gives you another kind of authority. Look, I have white hair, so to be younger? Not at all. I don't want to be freaky. I don't want to be a swinger." He laughed at a recent gossip report that he had lost weight because he was in love with Mr. Slimane.

"Well, this is grotesque," he said. "Poor boy. I didn't know Hedi was someone who liked old people. I mean, I like him a lot as a friend, as I do Stephen Gan and all that new group. But I am in love with nobody. I'm in love with life, if you want."

Certainly Mr. Lagerfeld is in no danger of starving. The food at his house, low calorie and delicious, is prepared by a chef. On the night I was there, we had fish with a grain and swirls of pasta for a first course; blanched vegetables with veal chops (for me) and a sugarless apple confection for dessert. Mr. Lagerfeld had two helpings of everything, dessert too.

What is clear is that Mr. Lagerfeld's free agent status may be his most modern achievement of all. "I'm not sure that the new Armani or the new Ralph Lauren will be possible in the future," he said. "I think designers now have gotten used to putting themselves behind the label, the way Tom has. It doesn't have to be 'my house, my name, my label, it will die with me.' That's not modern."

Inevitably, it's the doing that interests Mr. Lagerfeld, and that, he suggested, may be the missing button in fashion.

"Today, people need the label of 'young designer' for a long time," he said. But young, old, middle-aged -- who cares? Look, when Yves did the trapeze he was 20. When I took over Patou, I was 20. That was young. Someone who is 30 or 35, that's not young. That's grown-up. For me, the young designers are not young. They're designers. Some are very good. Some are too pretentious for words. They will go nowhere.

"In reality, only a very few people can be rock stars. Dear Jeremy Scott tried to become something like this, but he ended up like a cartoon."

Mr. Lagerfeld once took Mr. Scott under his wing, but their friendship has cooled. "He pushed himself in such a way before there was something to push," he said.

Mr. Lagerfeld, the old devil, smiled. "Because even with personality, there has to be some work behind it, not 20 dresses inspired by the flea market."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: THE NEW YOU -- Karl Lagerfeld, the slimmed-down designer, last week in Paris. (Jean-Luce Hure for The New York Times)(pg. 1); SPORTY -- A pink coat over a matching top and a black short skirt, top, designed by Karl Lagerfeld for Chanel's haute couture spring-summer collection this year. Left, a blue leather jacket with matching trousers for spring 2002 ready-to-wear. (Associated Press); ESCORT -- Karl Lagerfeld in heavier days two years ago at the Tokyo Chanel show. (Agence France-Presse)(pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** June 2, 2002

**End of Document**



[***THE POWELL DECISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6H10-0005-G0M1-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Decision Relieving Some, But Disappointing Others***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6H10-0005-G0M1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 9, 1995, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section B;  ; Section B;   Page 12;   Column 1;   National Desk  ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1462 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN A. HOLMES

By STEVEN A. HOLMES

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Nov. 8

**Body**

Early this morning, Joan Lawrence, a Republican in the Ohio House of Representatives, put the finishing touches on a letter to Colin L. Powell. "I can imagine little that would do more for this nation than to have you become President of the United States," she wrote. "Please join the fray for the Republican nomination for President."

A few hours later, as she returned to her office from a legislative session, she got a telephone call from a friend who had seen General Powell on television saying that he would not run.

"I'm very disappointed, very disappointed," Ms. Lawrence said. "I had myself very up for the idea."

At shortly after 3 P.M. today the sound of air leaking out of the body politic could be heard in Washington and throughout the country. For many -- notably ardent conservatives and announced Republican candidates -- it was a sigh of relief that General Powell, who was leading in many polls, had decided not to seek the party's nomination.

But for many others, it was a deep breath of disappointment. For them, a moment had been lost, a moment of importance for the country, for history, for the Republican Party, for race relations, for voter enthusiasm and even for media interest in the campaign.

To be sure, many said they understood General Powell's reasons for deciding not to run: his concern for his family's privacy and his conclusion that he lacked the necessary passion for a grueling political campaign. But their understanding was colored by regret.

"It's a great tragedy," said Curtis B. Gans, director of the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate. "The public wants a better set of choices than it is likely to have next year. Right now, you're looking at an election in which you may have some very important issues, but will probably have standard-bearers who are not held in high esteem by the public and who don't inspire much passion in the electorate."

"Bummer, bummer, bummer," Kenneth L. Adelman, former head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency in the Reagan Administration, and a personal friend. "He had a unique opportunity to fulfill a unique function for the country."

He added, "The logic was such that he should have done it."

Regret in not having General Powell in the race is by no means universal. Last week, a group of conservatives held a news conference at which they denigrated General Powell's military record, and criticized him for supporting abortion rights and some race-based preference programs.

Today, some of them expressed pleasure in General Powell's decision, even as they insisted he could not have won the Republican nomination anyway.

"I continue to believe his views are not the winning formula for the Republican Party and I think his candidacy would have ended up lessening his stature because that's the nature of American politics," said Gary Bauer, president of the Family Research Council, a conservative public policy organization.

Most of the announced contenders for the Republican nomination issued similar statements saying that they respected General Powell's decision, and each declaring that his exit left a two-man race between himself and Senator Bob Dole, the front-runner.

For his part Mr. Dole said, "I am pleased that General Powell has found a home in the Republican Party, and I will actively seek his advice and counsel as we work to bring our people together, broaden the appeal of our party and move our nation forward."

Patrick J. Buchanan, the conservative columnist, expressed regret at not being able to slug it out rhetorically with General Powell.

"Look, I believe our party ought to be the battleground of ideas and politics," Mr. Buchanan said in an interview. "To have General Powell, who has decidedly different views than mine and would have presented a clear-cut contrast and a great debate on the issues. We're not going to get that now."

Over and over, those who were disheartened by General Powell's withdrawal kept returning to the issue of race. As a black man with decidedly ***working-class*** roots, General Powell had become a vessel into which many blacks and whites poured their hopes for healing of the country's vexing racial divide. Many blacks described him as Jackie Robinson writ large, someone who could break the color barrier at the highest possible level.

"There has never been an African-American who seems to have enjoyed the broad band of support across the entire electorate, and therefore had a shot at being elected President," said Hugh Price, president of the National Urban League. "It's unclear when an African-American will rise to that stature again."

Jesse Jackson, who sought to become the first black Democratic nominee for President in 1988, said he was disappointed General Powell had not entered the race. "He lifted the tone of the campaign," he said during an appearance in Chicago.

Ms. Lawrence, a white woman who represents a rural district north of Columbus, sounded the same theme in the letter she had written but did not send to the General. "Without in any way denigrating your qualifications, it is also obvious that you, as an African-American, would serve as an invaluable role model," she wrote. "This opportunity cannot be passed up lightly on that score alone. You can forever change hearts and minds!"

Former Gov. Mario Cuomo of New York, who also decided against a run for the Presidency after much-publicized deliberation, said: "Here is a black man who may have been a candidate because the country was demanding it. That in itself was good. It is a curative experience."

Even if General Powell did not win the Presidency, some supporters say his presence in the field could have lessened the chance that candidates would inject race into the campaign. "He would have prevented race from being an issue in the next election because both parties would have found it in their interests to appeal to black and minority voters," said Ester Fuchs, professor of political science at Barnard College.

Some supporters of General Powell's candidacy felt he would have broadened the base of the Republican Party by bringing in more minorities and giving moderates, especially pro-abortion rights men and women an alternative to the Democrats.

"We've lost an opportunity to see the moderate voice of the Republican Party emerge and the opportunity to bring the party back to a centrist position on social and political issues," said Kate Michelman, executive director of the National Abortion Rights Action League.

But many who said they supported General Powell said it was his projection of leadership, rather than his views on one issue or another, that was most attractive.

Others commented on his demeanor at his news conference today, comparing it to the decisiveness and presence that first attracted the public during the Persian Gulf war.

"Even though he looked incredibly tired he was personably in command of that press conference with an ease and a self-confidence and frankness we are not used to seeing," said David Garrow, a historian who won a Pulitzer Prize for his biography of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. "It was a presentation that neither the President nor Senator Dole is capable of."

Some who are disappointed in Mr. Powell's withdrawal say they are also saddened by what the decision says about the state of American politics: about how difficult it is for a person of stature to compete for the Presidency unless he has deep pockets like Ross Perot or Malcolm S. Forbes Jr., or starts running years before the election.

"If what we're saying is that the only viable candidates at a practical level are those who are professional politicians who plan to run for the Presidency three or four years ahead of time and have an infrastructure and long term ties to their parties, then our concept of democracy is in serious trouble," said Raul Yzaguirre, president of National Council of La Raza. "I doubt if Eisenhower could get elected in 1995 or 1996."

One group that seemed particularly disappointed in General Powell's decision was journalists covering the campaign who looked forward to that fresh, intriguing story the former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff represented.

"There is a tremendous boredom among the media with the Republican candidates," said Sanford J. Ungar, dean of the American University School of Communication. "If you combine that with a weariness of Clinton and a horror of having to cover Perot, it looks like an awfully long year.

"Now you could say that nobody cares if political reporters are bored," Mr. Ungar continued. "But, they are still the major conduit for any kind of information on the campaign. If they are bored, then the whole campaign seems boring to the public and that contributes to a combination of cynicism and fatigue with the system."

**Load-Date:** November 9, 1995

**End of Document**



[***AT THE MOVIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X8D-GB30-00RP-K343-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 27, 1999, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 1; Page 14; Column 5; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk ; Part 1; ; Column 5;

**Length:** 1510 words

**Byline:** By Bernard Weinraub

By Bernard Weinraub

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Aug. 26

**Body**

Personal History

For decades filmmakers from India have largely avoided dealing with the legacy of their nation's partition in 1947. At that time, when India finally gained independence from the British, the human cost was horrific.

Perhaps 12 million people were displaced, as Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs clamored for pieces of the country, resulting in the division into Muslim Pakistan and predominately Hindu India. As many as a million people, and perhaps far more, were killed in religious violence, which lingers to this day.

"It's such a painful part of our history, and I suppose it needs time and distance to look at it objectively," said Deepa Mehta (below), an Indian-born filmmaker whose latest movie, "Earth," is an intense and sorrowful depiction of an upper-class family in the elegant city of Lahore (now in Pakistan) whose easy lives are engulfed by the religious violence in 1947.

The film opens in theaters in New York, Los Angeles and other United States cities, as well as in India, on Sept. 10.

Ms. Mehta, 44, who lives in Toronto and New Delhi, said she expected strong reaction to the film in India, even though it takes no religious or political stance of its own. But she is hardly a stranger to controversy in India.

Her 1997 film "Fire" stirred violent demonstrations and threats for its depiction of two Indian women, in unhappy arranged marriages, who are sexually attracted to each other. Some critics said the film was flawed because virtually every man in it was a male chauvinist or worse.

"There were Molotov cocktails at theaters, terrorism, the film had to be taken off the screens in Bombay and New Delhi," Ms. Mehta said. "But it finally returned. A lot of women felt that these people should not determine what they could and could not see."

Ms. Mehta's first directorial effort outside India, "Sam and Me" (1990), was about the friendship between two displaced people, a young Indian boy and an elderly Jewish man, in Canada. It won an award at the 1991 Cannes film festival.

Since then Ms. Mehta has directed, among other projects, two episodes of the "Young Indiana Jones Chronicles" for George Lucas and ABC, as well as "Camilla" (1993), a drama that was Jessica Tandy's last film.

Ms. Mehta said that for years she had wanted to deal with the partition because of her own experience.

"While I was growing up, I heard nothing but horror stories about the partition," said Ms. Mehta, whose Hindu family fled Lahore, which is near the Indian border, and settled in the Indian city of Amritsar, where they distributed movies. "I grew up hearing about people being butchered, pregnant women being knifed, burnings and executions. On all sides."

Two years ago Ms. Mehta came across an autobiographical novel, "Cracking India," by Bapsi Sidhwa, a highly personal account of the partition as seen through the eyes of an 8-year-old girl living in Lahore. Although the girl was a Parsee, a religious group that remained neutral and nonaligned, she and her family were swept up by events within a few months. The new film is based on this novel.

The story itself centers on the girl's loving parents and the household staff of four, including a nanny who is a beautiful Hindu woman attracting numerous suitors. All the characters in the story are part of the collection of religions in India, and they are all content until partition breaks them, and the country, apart.

Ms. Mehta adapted the screenplay and, with British and Indian producers, raised the $3.2 million cost of the film from European distributors as well as a financier in India.

The predominately English-speaking cast includes several top Indian actors, including Aamir Khan, Nandita Das, Rahul Khanna and Kitu Gidwani.

Ms. Mehta, who has an 18-year-old daughter with her former husband, Paul Saltzman, a Canadian television producer, said the film was mostly made on the streets of the old city of Delhi after the Pakistani Government ignored the filmmakers' requests for permission to shoot in the city of Lahore.

Although hundreds turned up every day to watch the movie makers, Ms. Mehta said crowd control was not the hardest part of making the film.

"Frankly the hardest part was that every rooftop has a television antenna, and this was supposed to be 1947," she said with a laugh. "We had to deal with that.

"And then we wanted to use extras. But every extra showed up in jeans. The wardrobe was a very big issue."

Peekaboo!

Two years ago David Koepp, a top Hollywood screenwriter ("Jurassic Park," "The Lost World: Jurassic Park," "Carlito's Way," "Mission: Impossible"), strolled into a used-book store in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles and saw a novel, "Stir of Echoes," by Richard Matheson, one of his (and Stephen King's) favorite writers of the supernatural. Mr. Koepp immediately bought the book, which was published in 1958.

"I picked it up for pleasure, and I got hooked," said Mr. Koepp (above). "Matheson creates these really believable, almost mundane, domestic situations, and then extraordinary things happen. And the extraordinary seems so credible because he puts it in a realistic context.

"I loved the book," said Mr. Koepp, 36. "And I hunted down the rights."

Mr. Koepp's film adaptation of "Stir of Echoes," which he also directed, has received early positive reviews. The film, opening on Sept. 10, is best characterized as an intelligent and absorbing psychological horror story, a drama about a telephone lineman and father, played by Kevin Bacon, who is hypnotized at a party by his sister-in-law, played by Ileana Douglas. Strange and supernatural things begin happening at the old house that Mr. Bacon and his family rent from a neighbor, and the Bacon character struggles to rid himself of the ghostly and disturbing visions that consume him.

The film is being released by Artisan Entertainment, whose other ghostly movie this summer, "The Blair Witch Project," is perhaps the biggest and most unexpected hit of the year so far. Mr. Koepp said the plethora of ghost stories now was hardly an accident.

"My theory is that ghost stories have been around as far back as the written word, and they fulfill an essential human need to be frightened: playing peekaboo with a baby is the earliest example," he said. "And the second thing is just the presence of a ghost story is comforting to people. It tells you that even if it's the most terrifying thing you've ever seen, the presence of a ghost confirms that there's an afterlife. And you can find peace or justice or greater understanding in that afterlife."

Mr. Koepp said he made the movie for personal reasons.

"The kinds of stuff I do as a writer tend to be much bigger, a lot of summer type movies," he said. "They're a lot of fun. The characters tend to be larger than life. But you don't develop a very intimate relationship with them. And I wanted that intimate relationship."

And the central characters in the drama, he said, were totally identifiable.

"It's a young couple with a family, like me," said Mr. Koepp, who just moved from Los Angeles to the Upper West Side of Manhattan with his wife, Rosario Valera, and their two young sons.

Mr. Koepp previously directed "The Trigger Effect" (1996), an apocalyptic thriller that starred Kyle MacLachlan and Elisabeth Shue as a suburban couple facing a blackout. The film floundered at the box office, despite some good reviews.

"It was important that this was my first movie, warts and all," Mr. Koepp said. "It dealt with a lot of things I was thinking of at the time."

Mr. Koepp said he moved into directing out of frustration as a screenwriter.

"They pay you very well, they do lots of things to make you comfortable, but even if you have strong friendly relations with directors you work with, you still work for them," he said. "And there are some stories that you just want to see the way you imagined them, not someone else."

He added: "I've been lucky. I've worked with some brilliant directors: Spielberg, Zemeckis, DePalma. But even when I saw them doing it far better than I ever could, it's still different from what's in my head." He laughed. "Therefore it's wrong."

For "Stir of Echoes" Mr. Koepp said he made one significant change from the novel, altering the setting from Southern California in the postwar boom times of the 1950's to a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Chicago. Mr. Koepp grew up in Wisconsin but as a child often visited his mother's family on the South Side of Chicago.

Why did he make the change? "First of all, Southern California has been shot to death; so many films are made there," he said. "Besides, it's almost too tempting to shoot there because it's so easy. You go home every night and sleep in your bed. But when you're on location, there are so many benefits. You're able to use local actors, you have a feeling of authenticity in what you do.

"Besides, you're living in a hotel for three or four months, and you're a little depressed because you miss your family," he said. "You're lonely. And you have nothing to think about but the movie. It's all about the movie. That's really conducive to good work."

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

**Graphic**

Photos

**Load-Date:** August 27, 1999

**End of Document**



[***THE POPE'S VISIT: GLIMPSES;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6VW0-0005-G0DF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Outside, Looking In, For a Peek At the Pope***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-6VW0-0005-G0DF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 7, 1995, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 23;  Column 5;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 5;

**Length:** 1184 words

**Byline:** By RICK BRAGG

By RICK BRAGG

**Body**

For the rest of her life, when she talks of when the Pope came to Queens, she can say only that she saw him in the sky.

Desperate to see him up close, her eyes filled with tears, 80-year-old Eduvlges Mondesbeoca stood at the gate of the Aqueduct Race Track yesterday and asked every person who entered if they had an extra ticket. Most people pushed past her, ignored her.

The closest she came to seeing the Holy Father was when his helicopter passed overhead.

"I go back," she said, defeated, and started slowly down the sidewalk. "I go back home now."

Thousands of people in New York and New Jersey have received their blessings face to face at the appearances by Pope John Paul II at Giants Stadium, Aqueduct, the United Nations, and elsewhere. Thousands more will see him on the Great Lawn in Central Park this morning.

But there are uncounted others who, despite a persistent rain the first few days, crowded against police barricades, climbed trees and gutter pipes and hung from third-story windows to share in a less ceremonious but no less certain blessing from him, even if they did not actually see him make the sign of the cross.

In Newark on Wednesday, Ricardo (Smooth) Rivera carefully fitted his 9-month-old daughter into one hand and lifted her high above the thick crowd, giving her a chance to see the Holy Father as his motorcade rolled toward Sacred Heart Cathedral.

He will never know if his daughter, Danielle, really got a glimpse of the Pope; she only gurgled. But one day, years from now, he will tell her about the day she saw the Pope, because time will make it true.

"We can tell her about it, and say how he was here, and how she was here," said Mr. Rivera, 25, who makes his living nailing wooden pallets together in a Newark factory. He and his daughter got no closer than a block away. "We can tell her how the streets were clean," he said, shrugging, "and how nice everything was."

Some glimpsed little more than a shadow behind dark glass, others saw only the long black limousine they thought he might be in, and many saw little except the back of craning necks and swiveling heads. But when several onlookers were asked if they saw him, they nodded with conviction and said: "Yes."

A Catholic schoolboy, who saw only what he believed to be part of the Pope's sleeve through a car window as it rolled by on the East Side, told anyone who would listen that it was the greatest moment in his life.

And at the Upper East Side residence where the Pope slept, a few people stood outside barricades, stared down the street, and guessed which window was his.

"I just wanted to get a look," said J. W. O'Neill, 71, who stood in the rain on Thursday to watch the Pope's car roll by the United Nations, where he spoke to the General Assembly. Like others who came to see him, he believes it will be the final journey this elderly Pope makes to New York or New Jersey.

"Once in a lifetime," Mr. Rivera said, "does any Pope come to Jersey."

But no matter where the people congregated to see the old man in the white robes and skullcap, they came away convinced that they had been part of it, that they had been included in history, somehow, if only on the edge of the page.

IN NEWARK

On any other day, a big crowd in the neighborhood would send a sense of dread through police officers. Too often, at its center, there would be blood.

Carlos Hernandez, a young detective in the Newark police precinct that loops Sacred Heart Cathedral, smiled as he watched the crowd grow.

"We need more days like this," he said.

Except for the arrival ceremony at Newark International Airport, the Pope's visit to the ***working-class*** neighborhood was his first stop, and the community spilled out to see him. Detective Hernandez, baptized in a church in the nearby Ironbound section, said that while graffiti and litter spoil some buildings -- misspelled curses decorate the outside walls of some houses -- Sacred Heart is untouched.

"People respect it," he said, his gold shield shining against a new dark suit.

That same deep belief in the power of God brought Carmen Matta and her son, Adrian, 12. The boy, suffering from birth with spina bifida, sat in his wheelchair, waiting quietly for the Pope to arrive.

"Maybe he can give us his blessing," said Mrs. Matta, 39. "So he can be healthy."

All his life, the boy has been in and out of hospitals with infections related to the disease, and his small legs are weak. But the boy said he could stand for a little bit, and planned to stand in the seat of his chair when the Pope went by, so that he could maybe see over the crowd.

So that, maybe, the Pope would see him.

"The Pope is very powerful," said Mrs. Matta, who works with her husband as a traffic controller on road construction.

There were others, a few in wheelchairs, some with limps, who came for a specific kind of blessing, even though they felt the Pope would not even see them, or ever know they were there.

Sister John Agnes, who took that name to honor her father and mother, tried to keep students from St. Lucy's Catholic School from running. Nuns do not rap knuckles anymore, she said, and the children, apparently knowing it, darted through the crowd in blurs of blue-and-green plaid.

When the Pope's entourage was spotted, the crowd started to cheer. Adrian climbed into his chair, which was steadied by his mother and a younger brother, but almost overturned when Mrs. Matta's husband climbed on it, too, with a video camera.

At the back of the crowd was a woman with a wet cardboard sign that said, "O.J. IS FREE."

AT THE U.N.

J. W. O'Neill has been a Catholic in New York for 71 years, but it was almost as much a thing of respect for John Paul the man as for the title that he holds that brought Mr. McNeill into the rain.

Here is a man, he said, who survived the Nazis, the Russians, an assassin's bullet and the modern-day in-fighting in his own Church. He was influential in the fall of Communism.

"I think," he said, "that he's a pretty tough old bird."

Outside the United Nations, as a small crowd gathered on the sidewalk, students from a Catholic school in Providence, R.I., wrapped themselves up in black plastic garbage bags, to wait.

"Even if I wasn't Catholic, I would still want to be here," said Antonia Omijie, 11.

Tommy Flores, 44, of the Bronx, stood under a giant umbrella and waited for a blessing, but the limo's windows were dark, and it moved fast.

OUTSIDE AQUEDUCT

The police guarded the gate at Aqueduct in a neat line of blue uniforms. One held a German shepherd on a leash.

A tiny, elderly Russian woman looked up at them. Like Mrs. Mondesbeoca, she had no ticket. She asked politely, "Can I see Pope?"

The police officers politely turned her, and others, away.

A few blocks from the entrance, Lisa Tanico, 25, and her sister, Christine Borhi, 16, sat on their stoop and strained to hear the words drifting over from the race track. "We've been taught that our religion is the most important thing," said Ms. Borhi.

Like her sister, and like thousands of others, she would have loved to have been face to face with the Pope. But they were satisfied to share the same neighborhood.

**Graphic**

Photos: On East 72d Street yesterday, waves for the Pope as he left for Aqueduct Race Track. (Susan Harris for The New York Times); In Newark, Sister John Agnes waited outside Sacred Heart Cathedral on Thursday. (Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times); High up at Giants Stadium on Thursday, Janice Cooper needed binoculars to see the Pope. (Angel Franco/The New York Times); In Yonkers last evening, onlookers recorded the Pope's visit to St. Joseph's Seminary. (Chang Lee/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 7, 1995

**End of Document**



[***IT NEVER HURTS TO HAVE A FEW ENEMIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1G70-002S-X237-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 12, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 23, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1346 words

**Byline:** By NELSON LICHTENSTEIN; Nelson Lichtenstein, a historian at the University of Virginia, is writing a biography of Walter Reuther.

**Body**

LET THEM CALL ME REBEL

Saul Alinsky - His Life and Legacy.

By Sanford D. Horwitt.

Illustrated. 595 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $29.95.

Saul Alinsky was not a modest man. He combined the swagger of a 1930's labor organizer with the sly opportunism of the Chicago machine politicians that he so often bedeviled. Throughout more than 30 years of community organizing, in the Windy City and elsewhere, Alinsky cultivated an aggressive, plebeian style that he used to advertise his radicalism, browbeat his co-workers and solicit money from the liberals, for whom he had an otherwise outrageous contempt. Alinsky loved to impress an audience with vulgar stories of the Chicago underworld; he called women ''broads.''

His persona was perfectly suited to the hardscrabble politics of mid-century Chicago, as Sanford D. Horwitt makes clear in ''Let Them Call Me Rebel,'' a highly readable, exhaustively researched biography that is full of both playful anecdote and thoughtful political analysis. Mr. Horwitt, a former legislative aide to a Chicago Congressman, proves a sure-footed guide to the endlessly complex ethnic and religious terrain where Alinsky sought to build the ''people's organizations'' that he thought essential to a revival of democracy in urban America.

Alinskyism, as it was sometimes called, had two sources. The first was the new social, or environmentalist understanding of urban pathology, which this son of lower-middle-class Russian-Jewish immigrants easily absorbed as a student and researcher at the University of Chicago in the late 1920's and early 30's. Alinsky did his fieldwork in the West Side Italian neighborhoods where he learned to respect the moral code of the juvenile street gangs at the same time that he developed a lifelong disdain for the female-staffed and Protestant-dominated world of traditional social work. He also spent three years as a criminologist at the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet, where ''Professor'' Frank Nitti and other legendary Chicago gangsters taught Alinsky that the only language the city's politicians knew was that of muscle and money.

To this practical sociology, Alinsky applied the organizing spirit of the new industrial union movement and the tactical savvy of the political radicals in and around the Communist Party. Alinsky counted the left-wing leaders of the Packinghouse Workers union among his closest friends, but Mr. Horwitt shows Alinsky's real hero to be the C.I.O.'s John L. Lewis, a man whose headstrong break with President Franklin D. Roosevelt would turn so many of Lewis's laborite followers into bitter enemies. Alinsky remained a steadfast admirer, however, and in 1949 he published a sympathetic biography that highlighted much that he wanted to see in himself: the mine leader's political shrewdness, disdain for ideology and courage to unleash the disruptive power of his followers regardless of the outcry from press and politicians.

Thus by 1939, when Alinsky began organizing in the ''Back of the Yards,'' as the slaughterhouse community was called, he had already put together many of the ingredients that would characterize his work for many years to come: the key role of professional organizers, mobilization of the community around immediate and winnable issues, and a frank determination to win power, and therefore dignity, for the objects of his attention, in this case the largely Polish packinghouse workers who lived in the sprawling neighborhood behind the foul-smelling Union Stock Yards.

Alinsky also found an unlikely but essential ally: Chicago's Roman Catholic archdiocese, the largest in the nation. Urged on by such liberal, pro-labor clerics as Auxiliary Bishop Bernard J. Sheil, the church gave Alinsky an introduction to the key parish priests and later extended some financial support for his work. Many priests mistrusted this Jewish agitator, but top churchmen were also searching for a way to combat the decay of the ethnic ***working-class*** neighborhoods in which dwelled hundreds of thousands of their parishioners. Alinsky therefore became an intimate of many important clerics, including the eminent theologian Jacques Maritain, and Alinsky's example certainly played a role in the emergence of a populist brand of Catholic social activism in the postwar years.

By the end of World War II Alinsky had won a measure of national renown. His ''Reveille for Radicals'' (1945) hit the best-seller list, and he secured the fervent support of important liberals like Agnes E. Meyer of The Washington Post and the retail magnate Marshall Field 3d. Though it undercuts his larger portrait, Mr. Horwitt shows that much of Alinsky's acclaim rested upon his promise that social reform and a democratic revival could take place through what Meyer called an ''orderly revolution,'' which would bypass the new power of the unions and reject the growth of an intrusive New Deal state. Thus ''Reveille for Radicals,'' which ostensibly celebrated social conflict, was panned by most of the left but acclaimed by Time, The New York Times and other mass circulation publications.

The postwar years were a difficult time for Alinsky. His wife, Helene, a German Jewish radical to whom he had been happily married, died in a swimming accident in 1947 (he remarried in 1952, but his new wife, an upper-class Protestant, became an invalid in the early 1960's and they separated soon thereafter; he married again in 1971). Organizing was difficult as well in the conservative 1950's, although in California Alinsky's effort in the Hispanic community put Cesar Chavez on the payroll and gave his work among farmworkers a timely boost. Still, Alinsky had to wait until the rebirth of the civil rights movement to revive his project, and it was in the largely black Woodlawn neighborhood south of the University of Chicago that Alinsky's ideas again won notice. Here he guided the community's battle against the university's real estate expansionism and helped bring civil rights agitation to city hall. The urban theorist Jane Jacobs hailed his work, and Alinsky's ideas certainly played a part in the controversial effort to assure participation of the poor in the Johnson Administration's War on Poverty.

Alinsky was again in the national spotlight, constantly on the lecture circuit, but this agitator proved curiously out of tune with the spirit of the 1960's. The War on Poverty he declared a ''prize piece of political pornography'' that merely spawned a larger ''welfare industry.'' Yet he was frankly jealous of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. and dismissive of the first generation of New Left activists, whose ideas he predictably considered naive. His death of a heart attack in 1972 was not widely noted outside Chicago.

Mr. Horwitt concludes that Alinsky's ideas are still ''alive and well,'' but a more sober assessment would surely reveal that his resolutely hard-boiled focus on getting the dispossessed a piece of the action ignored both the real structures of political power, which lie far beyond city hall, and the wellsprings of mass mobilization, which have always required as much ideological vision as they have Alinsky-style organization. The fate of his own most successful ''people's organizations'' demonstrates this, for both the Back of the Yards and the Woodlawn organizations rose on the crest of great world-transforming impulses - the labor movement and the civil rights movement. And conversely, without such inspiration, even the most well-led community organizations are doomed to parochialism, which is exactly what happened when the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council degenerated into a white homeowners association, and the Woodlawn group became absorbed into the anti-poverty bureaucracy Alinsky so despised. Mr. Horwitt is perhaps too easily taken in by Alinsky's own rhetoric to develop his own critical perspective; but in this richly textured and often insightful biography, he gives an interesting portrait of a man too cynical, and therefore too naive, to seriously challenge the social inertia and the established power of his own time.

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X62-K7F0-00RP-K47P-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Necessary Springsteen Keeps the Faith***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X62-K7F0-00RP-K47P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 16, 1999, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** The Arts/Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Page 1; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1471 words

**Byline:** By NEIL STRAUSS

By NEIL STRAUSS

**Body**

Bruce Springsteen was 45 minutes late when he arrived at rehearsal at the Continental Airlines Arena in East Rutherford, N.J., on Thursday afternoon. He was limping, his hand was bandaged, and he was clearly exhausted. In several hours, he would be performing the last of his record-setting 15 sold-out concerts at the arena. In the last five months he had already logged 2 public rehearsals in Asbury Park, a 36-show European tour and 14 performances at this arena. One would think he wouldn't have to rehearse anymore.

But Mr. Springsteen, who has never shown a sense of entitlement to his rock throne and always felt a strong accountability to his fans -- particularly those from New Jersey, the state that he and his songs are so strongly connected to -- wanted to make that 15th night a little more special than those before it. After all, some fans had been to every show: like the luckier characters in Mr. Springsteen's songs, they deserved a reward for their faith and perseverance. So he rehearsed two songs the band hadn't played yet on the entire tour: "Rosalita (Come Out Tonight)" and "Jersey Girl."

On almost every night prior, Mr. Springsteen had ended the show with a new, unreleased song, "Land of Hope and Dreams." It was a very appropriate and telling conclusion to the show, a happy ending of sorts to the preceding tales of characters trying to navigate their way through a morally, financially and emotionally uncertain world, weighing their dreams against their reality and trying to decide which path to follow.

The new song ultimately gave its main characters what they wanted, death and vindication, changing the passenger list in the Woody Guthrie song "This Train Is Bound for Glory" (which only takes "the righteous and the holy") to be all-inclusive (for saints and sinners, whores and gamblers). On "this train, dreams will not be thwarted," Mr. Springsteen sang with the E Street Band. "This train, faith will be rewarded."

But after ending "Land of Hope and Dreams" on Thursday, he delivered a short farewell speech flattering the audience and then put a hand to his chin and mused: "Let me see, how can I say thanks? Maybe just once . . ." Then he trailed off. Most fans knew what would come next: they had been asking for it night after night, holding up signs pleading, "Can Rosie come out and play?" only, at some shows, to be sternly told by Mr. Springsteen that he had no intention of performing the concert classic they were asking for.

But on Thursday night he had every intention of playing it, changing the lyric about "the swamps of Jersey" to "the great state of New Jersey." And when he sang the line he wrote in 1973, "Someday we'll look back on this, and it will all seem funny," he responded to his younger self, "It is funny."

It would have been too contrived to open on first night of the series with "Jersey Girl," a Tom Waits song. But it began Thursday's show. In addition, during "Hungry Heart" Mr. Springsteen was joined onstage by a very different native son of New Jersey, Jon Bon Jovi (who in his days as John Bongiovi sneaked into this very arena to see the Boss), along with the guitarist Richie Sambora and Melissa Etheridge.

Though Mr. Springsteen set the record for the longest stretch of shows at the arena with these 15 concerts, the 330,000 tickets that were snapped up were not the most he has sold in New Jersey during an engagement. (His six-night stand at Giants Stadium in 1985 packed in more people.) But the popularity of these performances comes at an interesting time. In 1985 he was at the height of his "Born in the U.S.A."-era popularity; today, less than a month away from his 50th birthday, most of his recent releases have been archival.

The complicated, morally uncertain picture that Mr. Springsteen painted of the ***working class*** has been replaced on the pop charts by the angry certainty of proud white-trash rebels without a cause like Kid Rock and Limp Bizkit, whose sense of pop history stops at early hip-hop and 70's rock. In their songs, which offer few possibilities of redemption, the time bombs ticking in the hearts of Mr. Springsteen's down-and-out characters are always exploding.

Yet Mr. Springsteen's concert popularity endures because, besides always having put on a great live show, he fills a rock-and-roll need that no younger pop act is serving successfully. (He will most likely return to the arena for a New Year's Eve show, though it has not yet been announced.) He evokes a period of pre-psychedelic rock-and-roll that seems to be fading from the collective pop memory. And he speaks for the increasingly invisible backbone of America: the blue-collar laborers, the people caught in the struggle of every day, the poor huddled masses whose individuality he insists on, "The Ghost of Tom Joad." It is a segment of the population that has been slowly losing its voice in popular culture in these years of prosperous baby-boomer spending, romanticized teen-age entertainment and Internet optimism.

Mr. Springsteen is also necessary because he still believes in rock-and-roll. In a mock-preacher voice each night, he offered the audience paradise in this life through "the ministry of rock-and-roll." An early convert, he was quite literally saved by the music when the guitar gave meaning and direction to the life of an awkward small-town loser ostracized by his parents, his peers and the nuns who taught at his school.

He captured that moment with the bittersweet fondness of hindsight at several concerts with an unreleased confessional folk song named after the town he grew up in, "Freehold." But the rock-and-roll sermon reached its feverish peak each night when the house lights came on during "Born to Run." Audience members, religiously rising to their feet, didn't just remember the song, they didn't just sing it: they felt it. "Someday girl I don't know when/ We're going to get to that place/ Where we really want to go." The importance of Mr. Springsteen's music is in those four words of aspiration and ambivalence that speak to us all, "I don't know when."

Mr. Springsteen's 15th show at the Continental Arena was a marked contrast from his first concert there a month earlier. On opening night, with television cameras rolling, moguls and critics from across the country in attendance and a lot of anticipatory hype for the beginning of his first American tour in more than 10 years with the E Street Band, he was somewhat stiff and visibly nervous, though he still delivered a strong set. But as the dates progressed, he and the band became looser, more playful, more comfortable and more familial. One night, they celebrated the birthday of Patti Scialfa, his wife and back-up singer and guitarist; another night, the guitarist Steve Van Zandt even brought his cocker spaniel onstage.

At Thursday's final show, Mr. Springsteen and the band walked onto the stage as if it were their living room. More than most previous nights, he spoke between songs, ran around, pumped his fist in the air, interacted with the crowd and jumped on the piano (although the shows were still shorter and less talkative and energetic than in his younger days with the band). He also stretched out on electric guitar, playing at least three solos, most notably during "Prove It All Night."

He was more himself: serious and passionate but also goofily self-conscious. The drummer Max Weinberg played with more precision and ease than at any of the previous shows I'd seen, and Nils Lofgren gave "Youngstown" one of its best slow-burning guitar-solo codas.

From night to night the structure of Mr. Springsteen's set appeared to be the same, with a handful of gaps for new songs to be inserted. As time progressed, material from his first two albums (before the studio, songwriting and sales success of "Born to Run") slowly crept its way into the set list.

Interestingly, the only stage of Mr. Springsteen's career that wasn't represented throughout the engagement was his 1987 "Tunnel of Love" album, recorded as his first marriage was dissolving. A reflection of the optimism that the E Street Band and his current marriage seem to bring out of him was that instead of performing those songs grappling with problems of domesticity and co-dependence, he played love songs like "Two Hearts" and "If I Should Fall Behind" (his 1992 sequel to Ben E. King's "Stand By Me").

It is clear that in 1999 -- with a $14 million home in Beverly Hills, a place in the Rock-and-Roll Hall of Fame and almost a quarter of a century of success behind him -- Mr. Springsteen is far from the embodiment of those he sings about. But at the same time he has gotten more than he wanted only to discover that a dream fulfilled is no longer a dream; it is a new and heavier weight. And in his long engagement at the Continental Arena, he carried that weight admirably.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Bruce Springsteen in his closing concert at the Continental Airlines Arena. (Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Bruce Springsteen, with Steve Van Zandt at right, ending a series of 15 sold-out concerts at the Continental Airlines Arena. (Chang W. Lee/The New York Times)(pg. E2)

**Load-Date:** August 16, 1999

**End of Document**



[***At Troubled Bridgeport U., Fear Is Growing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-1R10-002S-X2C8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 30, 1989, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1335 words

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

**Dateline:** BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct. 26

**Body**

Catalogs for the University of Bridgeport carry on their cover a collage of college life: students playing saxophones, peering into microscopes, tapping computer keyboards.

Not shown is Warner Hall, an abandoned dormitory. Nor the crime-riddled neighborhood nearby. Nor is any mention made of the student council president who was shot in a robbery on campus last year. Nor the fatal shooting of a fraternity member last month.

''We make jokes about whether we'll live to graduate,'' said Tricia Faulkner, a 20-year-old senior from Bradford, Mass.

The University of Bridgeport, a 62-year-old private university with 5,300 students, has a long history of troubles. Like many independent non-Ivy League schools, its enrollment has plummeted in the last 20 years, chiefly because of the Baby Boom generation's passage into adulthood. And, like the city of Bridgeport, it has gained notoriety because of its fragile fiscal foundation and high-crime reputation.

The university, which charges full-time undergraduates $15,000 a year for tuition and room and board, has made significant strides in the past year toward firming its financial footing. But recent events like the Sept. 29 slaying of a 22-year-old student, Leonard Massa of Trumbull, Conn., have heightened chronic concerns about security at the school.

Suspect Was Uninvited

Mr. Massa, an architecture student and a popular member of the Zeta Beta Tau fraternity, was shot on campus after chasing a 20-year-old Stratford, Conn., man who minutes earlier had shot and wounded another student at a fraternity party. A memorial service for Mr. Massa at the university this week attracted 200 friends, relatives and school officials.

The suspect in the shooting, Keith Commerford, was at the party uninvited. He was arrested the next day and is being held under $500,000 bail at Hartford Community Correction Center. He is charged with first-degree manslaughter and second-degree assault. He is not a student at the university.

''It's crazy,'' said Jonathan Silberg, 21, a senior from Holland, Pa., and a ZBT member. ''No one is safe. Even I don't walk alone at night around here. Every day, you're in danger of something happening. Last night, a girl got her car stolen by guys who pulled guns on her. Later on, they found the car in the projects.''

One City Patrol Car

In the wake of the shooting, school officials have renewed requests for increased police protection, particularly more foot patrols, in the city's South End.

The section is a racially and ethnically mixed, ***working-class*** area that rims Seaside Park and Long Island Sound, and is home for three low-income public housing projects and several blocks of seedier residences, some a short walk from campus.

One city squad car cruises the 85-acre campus 24 hours a day. The Superintendent of Police in Bridgeport, Guy M. Izzo, said the city doesn't have ''the money or the manpower'' for increased patrols. And if it did, he said he was not sure whether adding protection in the South End would be a priority, considering high crime rates throughout the city.

Bridgeport, which has yet to recover from suburban flight and the decline of manufacturing, has had 33 murders this year, the most in the state. It has about 140,000 residents, also the most in the state.

'Hopeless Feeling'

''I wouldn't say the university is unsafe,'' Superintendent Izzo said. ''But they have had some incidents.''

He also said that the school used to hire three officers on overtime to help patrol the campus, but the school could not afford the insurance premiums and ended the arrangement last spring. The police agreed to keep the three additional officers on the university beat until last month, when city spending cuts restricted overtime budgets.

''There is a kind of hopeless feeling here,'' Miss Faulkner said. ''Bridgeport is low on its police force, and the university has no more money for security.''

University officials say that serious crimes are a rarity on campus, and that most incidents amount to no more than car break-ins. They also believe that students' fierce criticism of school security is a recent phenomenon that can be attributed almost solely to the Massa shooting. Perception or Reality? ''We've never had a problem with robberies or personal assaults or muggings on campus,'' said the school's director of public information, Sheila Burke. ''There is a perception that they go on here, and it's a perception we are trying to change and a perception not based on facts.''

Ms. Burke would not provide crime statistics compiled by the university's 21-member security force, saying only that crime declined between the 1987-1988 academic year and the 1988-1989 year, which ended in June.

Students contend that such secrecy shows how the school minimizes the situation for the sake of public relations. ''They say we're making it up,'' said Lori Melzak, 19, a junior from Hazlet, N.J. ''Or they'll blame the fraternity. Or they'll say it happened off-campus even if it was on campus.''

University officials, who have suspended ZBT from social activities on campus pending an investigation of the Massa shooting, concede that image is vitally important to the school, especially considering concerns parents may have about sending their children to a school in an urban setting.

Student Patrols

Most students come from Connecticut. About 15 percent come from Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York, and about 20 percent come from other states or abroad.

Officials would not disclose what percentage of applicants are admitted or what percentage of students who enroll as freshmen graduate. Some students contend that many transfer after one or two years.

Those who stay for four years say they do so because of the school's close-knit feeling, an example of which is Knight Watch, a group of student volunteers in orange jackets, armed only with walkie talkies, who help deter crime by patrolling campus in trios.

About 3,100 of the school's 5,300 students are full-time undergraduates. The school population appears much smaller, though, because the school expanded in the 1960's to accommodate as many as 10,000 students. Enrollment peaked at about 9,100 in 1969 and bottomed out at about 5,200 two years ago.

No Cutbacks in Security

The enrollment decline, along with other financial problems, like the school's relatively small $15 million endowment and the low level of state financing for private colleges in Connecticut, helped place the school $10.2 million in debt last year. A consortium of banks bailed out the university last spring with a $12.7 million loan. Under terms of the agreement, the university must bring its budget into the black by 1991.

''If we hadn't gotten the loan, it would have meant a ballpark increase in tuition of about $3,000,'' said the university's president, Janet Greenwood, who arrived here two years ago from a college that had faced similar enrollment and financial problems, Longwood College in Farmville, Va.

To reduce expenses, Bridgeport has closed several under-used buildings, like Warner Hall. It has also cut 70 administrative, secretarial and teaching positions out of a full-time payroll that had been about 310. Further cuts are expected. ''The faculty and staff is really too big for our enrollment,'' Ms. Burke said.

Cutbacks are not planned for the security force, which officials said was recently strengthened with an $800,000 allocation beyond its annual budget. They would not say, however, how much the school spends annually on security. The university's overall operating budget is about $40 million.

Officials plan to use the extra money to add fencing, lighting and video cameras around the campus. They also have announced they will reopen one building to provide space for on-campus parties. A group of students' parents, meanwhile, have suggested a $100 surcharge to pay for extra security measures.

But some students here are skeptical, perhaps cynical, about the efforts. ''We've given up hope for the university to protect us,'' Miss Faulkner said.

**Graphic**

photos of Bridgeport, Conn.; Janet Greenwood (NYT/Suzanne DeChillo) (pg. B2)

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HK7-MSJ1-JBG3-64R6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 11, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 22

**Length:** 7200 words

**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)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts: 'Martin Wong: Human Instamatic' (through Feb. 14) Fervor, desire and coded insider-outsider knowledge crackle through this career retrospective of one of our great 20th-century American visionaries. Expanding on an earlier survey at the New Museum, the Bronx exhibition takes the artist from precocious juvenilia to unearthly little pictures done the year before his death from AIDS in 1999. Along with his art we have the traces of his countercultural life as mythologist, homoeroticist, existential tourist and urban resurrectionist. And all revolves around his mystical visions of ghetto New York. Neighborhood buildings are fortresslike, crushing, sinister. Yet miracles abound: windows glow gold; night skies bloom with stars. 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, the Bronx, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org. (Holland Cotter)

? 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 Andrea 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' (continuing) This lavish roll out of 160 objects 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)

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: '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. (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: 'Collected by Thea Westreich Wagner and Ethan Wagner' (through March 6) Two of New York's most dedicated explorers of new art set an important example by refusing the auction or private-museum route and giving almost all of their large collection to a museum. Their generous gift both signifies and adds to the Whitney's growing stature, especially going forward, as it is integrated into the museum's rich holdings. This first sampling is quite rewarding. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Smith)

? 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

? Georg Baselitz: 'Visit from Hakusai' (through Dec. 19) Not given much thought to the painter Georg Baselitz of late? This beautiful show of large diptychs in ink and watercolor on paper will make you think again. In each, the German Neo-Expressionist has paired one of his versions of a wonderful ink self-portrait by the great Japanese master, with a reprise of some (usually figurative) motif from his own repertory. Part homage, part self-deprecating review, these marvelously assured, emotionally felt works also have the effect of an artist's slide lecture, compressed. Bravo. Gagosian Gallery, 980 Madison Avenue, at 76th Street, Manhattan, 212-744-2313, gagosian.com. (Smith)

? Sheila Hicks: 'Ode to Roy Davis' (through Dec. 23) Before going private, this storied gallery pays homage to its founder and longtime guiding light (who died last year) with a show devoted to the small but powerful weavings called ''minimes'' by their maker, the veteran fiber artist Sheila Hicks. Like miniatures, these pieces reward close study and in their intimacy, limited format and expressive variety sustain comparison with the small still lifes of the Italian painter Giorgio Morandi. Davis & Langdale Company, 231 East 60th Street, 212-838-0333, davisandlangdale.com. (Smith)

? Pierre Klossowski (through Dec. 19) The nine awkward but engrossing specimens in this exhibition date from the 1970s and 1980s, and many feature Klossowski's aggressed but steadfast heroine Roberte in compromising positions: trussed on parallel bars, or splayed out on the lap of a medieval warrior. (The model for Roberte was Klossowski's wife, Denise.) Though Sade was an influence on his drawings, Klossowski saw sex as neither a joy nor a punishment; it was a ritualized encounter, governed by complex rules of hospitality. It is an unmissable show, though you will want to leave the kids at home for this one. Gladstone Gallery, 130 East 64th Street, 212-753-2200, gladstonegallery.com. (Jason Farago)

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys' (through Feb. 28) 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, 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: Chelsea

? Gil Batle: 'Hatched in Prison' (through Jan. 9) Mr. Batle, 53, served a total of 20 years in five California prisons for fraud and forgery. Now living in the Philippines, he has been recounting his experiences in an unlikely medium. Using a high-speed dental drill, he carves miniature narratives of prison life into the surfaces of ostrich eggs. The 19 examples in this show, all made in the past two years, are amazing for their meticulous craftsmanship and detailed story telling. Ricco Maresca, 529 West 20th Street, 212-627-4819, riccomaresca.com. (Johnson)

'Expanding Perceptions: Jack Goldstein, Beverly Pepper, Deborah Remington' (through Dec. 23) If you've often had a feeble if not negative response to the work of these three artists, the artist and curator Andy Onderdonx is out to revise -- and expand -- your experience. He has brought together eight interesting, sometimes little-known examples of their efforts, creating an amazing crossfire of techniques, palettes and imagery. A certain shininess, whether real or illusive, has something to do with it, and that's not a criticism. Creative curatorial thinking is alive and well here. Marlborough Chelsea, 545 West 25th Street, 212-463-8634, marlboroughchelsea.com. (Smith)

? Joseph Kosuth: 'Agnosia, an Illuminated Ontology' (through Dec. 19) A pioneer of 1960s-style Conceptualism, Mr. Kosuth has consistently insisted on the primacy of language as a constructor of reality over the course of his 50-year career. This philosophically provocative exhibition gathers together more than 40 works from 1965 to 2015 that feature electrically illuminated words, phrases and sentences in a visually sumptuous installation designed by the artist. Sean Kelly Gallery, 475 10th Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-239-1181, skny.com. (Johnson)

? Giorgio Morandi (through Dec. 19) This exhibition of 20 paintings concentrates on the artist's mature years (1950-1963) when his experimentation with the ways of painting his beloved still lifes continued, but subtly, and his manipulations of space, scale and suggestion were especially rich. The display culminates in a wonderful theme-and-variations sequence: four canvases from 1952 that depict a nearly identical arrangement of objects. David Zwirner, 537 West 20th Street, 212-517-8677, davidzwirner.com. (Smith)

Galleries: SoHo

? Giorgio Morandi (through June 25) The Italian master of modern still life, and closet abstractionist, is celebrated in a large show devoted foremost to his painting from the 1930s, which are not well known in this country. They reveal a period of struggle during which the artist had settled on what to paint, how to paint was still very much up for grabs. Joel Meyerowitz's large color photographs of Morandi's still life objects -- which he sometimes altered -- are also on view. Reservations are required. Center for Italian Modern Art, 421 Broome Street, near Crosby Street, 646-370-3596, italianmodernart.org. (Smith)

Galleries: Other

Meriem Bennani: 'Gradual Kingdom' (through Dec. 20) Ms. Bennani's first show at Signal might not be as funny as her other projects, which have appeared on sites like Instagram. Instead, this exhibition focuses on her hometown, Rabat, Morocco, and how the area has nearly been depleted of sand, which has been exported to build artificial islands in the Middle East. The centerpiece of the show is a colorful video projected onto pyramids that have been mounted on opposite walls. It serves as a gentle reminder of the longstanding representation of Morocco as an exotic land, now affected by its leaders' desires to make the country a player in the world economy. Signal, 260 Johnson Avenue, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, 347-746-8457, ssiiggnnaall.com. (Martha Schwendener)

Alex Ebstein: 'Form/Fit' (through Dec. 20) A young painter adept with yoga mats (of all things) makes her New York debut in the new downtown gallery of a former and a current employee of the Skarstedt Gallery venture. Ms. Ebstein exploits the mats' bumpy texture and colors with compositions that have one foot in design (think soft Formica), one in 1950s biomorphism and a third in present interests in worldly abstraction and painting-without-paint. She paints patterns on a few of her cutout shapes, and these also look promising. Cuevas Tilleard, 142 Henry Street, at Rutgers Street, Lower East Side, 917-868-1225, cuevastilleard.com. (Smith)

? 'For a New World to Come: Experiments in Japanese Art and Photography, 1968-1979' (through Jan. 10) This exceptionally informative exhibition presents 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. Japan Society, 333 East 47th Street, Manhattan, 212-832-1155, japansociety.org. (Johnson)

? Hollis Frampton: 'ADSVMVS ABSVMVS' (through Jan. 10) The filmmaker, photographer, essayist, poet, teacher, fabulist and proto-digital pioneer Hollis Frampton (1936-1984) eased off on producing photography after the 1960s but came back to it again at the end of his life. His final work in the medium, a portfolio of 14 pictures, makes up this exhibition, which is also his New York gallery solo debut. The premise of the series is that photography is a kind of embalming mechanism for images, with a counterpart in the everyday world: a garter snake's shed skin; edible dried fish; pressed flowers. Each item is shot against a dark ground, and accompanied by a paragraph stating its find-spot along with mixes of description, opinion, folklore and art-lore. The result is zanily moving memento mori. Room East, 41 Orchard Street, Lower East Side, 212-226-7109, roomeast.com. (Cotter)

? 'Painting Tranquility: Masterworks by Vilhelm Hammershoi From SMK -- The National Gallery of Denmark' (through Feb. 27) One of Denmark's most celebrated artists, Hammershoi (1864-1916) was known as ''the painter of tranquil rooms.'' This beautiful show of 24 paintings includes pictures in severely muted colors of women in nearly empty rooms suffused by atmospheres of mystery and loneliness; misty, gray cityscapes, devoid of people, that are like anxiety dreams; and tenderly unflinching portraits of the artist's wife, Ida. Scandinavia House, 58 Park Avenue, at 38th Street, 212-779-3587, scandinaviahouse.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

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

Brooklyn Botanic Garden: Isamu Noguchi (closes on Sunday) 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. (Schwendener)

? 'Carl Andre in His Time' (closes on Saturday) This beautiful exhibition celebrates both the rigor and glamour of Minimalism, which reduced art to its ready-made, quasi-industrial essence while also functioning as impeccable interior décor. Paired with works by other Minimalists, Mr. Andre's fields of lead, copper or zinc tiles maintain most handily the paradox of this aloof, perfection-prone style. They are not only unapologetically radical but also functional and approachable, as they are meant to be walked on. Mnuchin Gallery, 45 East 78th Street, Manhattan, 212-861-0020, mnuchingallery.com. (Smith)

? Merlin Carpenter: 'Hands Against Hands' (closes on Sunday) Known for making anti-painting paintings, this maverick British artist has taken 20 canvases portraying hands that he considered failed works and added further renderings of hands, these borrowed from another artist's photographs. More conventionally Expressionist than his usual fare, the results underscore that while Mr. Carpenter strives to subvert all notions of the artist's ''hand,'' his own painterly touch has long been a saving grace. Reena Spaulings Fine Art, 165 East Broadway, at Rutgers Street, Lower East Side, 212-477-5006, reenaspaulings.com. (Smith)

'The Description of a New World, Called the Blazing-World' (closes on Sunday) 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)

? 'Francis Bacon: Late Paintings' (closes on Saturday) Billed by the gallery as the first in-depth presentation of the British painter's late work, this is show proves that Bacon worked at a high level well into his 80s. The eight works displayed in Gagosian's sixth floor, skylit gallery are all terrifically vivid, psychologically as well as visually. The spectacular ''Second Version of Triptych 1944'' (1988), a depiction of three gargoyle-like monsters on Rothkoesque backgrounds of velvety maroon, is hilariously horrific. Gagosian Gallery, 980 Madison Avenue, at 77th Street, Upper East Side, 212-744-2313, gagosian.com. (Johnson)

Loie Hollowell: 'AHHA' (closes on Sunday) The nine paintings in Ms. Hollowell's first solo exhibition include geometric shapes and Gestalt-type images with conscious allusions to painters like Georgia O'Keeffe and Arthur Dove. Ms. Hollowell is not just recycling. She is trying to create her own lexicon of forms representing the vagina and female breasts. Countering the myth of ''pure'' abstraction and the recent, celebrated return of the figure in painting, Ms. Hollowell's sleight-of-hand abstraction offers a third option. (Sunday only.) 106 Green, 104 Green Street, near Franklin Street, 106green.com. (Schwendener)

? El Museo del Barrio: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (closes on Saturday) 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. "¡Presente!'' rescues a crucial episode in the city's history and treats a vibrant political organization as both a cultural and an ideological phenomenon. 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org. (Cotter)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/12/11/arts/design/museum-amp-gallery-listings-for-dec-11-17.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/12/11/arts/design/museum-amp-gallery-listings-for-dec-11-17.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS (PHOTOGRAPHS BY GALLERIA DEGLI UFFIZI, GABINETTO DISEGNI E STAMPE, FLORENCE

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART)

**Load-Date:** December 11, 2015

**End of Document**



[***Q&A/Judy Lerner;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X4C-1B30-00RP-K11V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***At 77, Still a Burning Quest for Peace***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3X4C-1B30-00RP-K11V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 8, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Westchester Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14WC;; Section 14WC; Page 3; Column 1; Westchester Weekly Desk; Column 1;; Interview

**Length:** 1353 words

**Byline:** By DONNA GREENE

By DONNA GREENE

**Body**

JUDY LERNER readily concedes that there were times when her children were young that her political activism embarrassed them. But at 77, she regrets not that her children felt uncomfortable but that despite all the efforts of like-minded people, peace has not taken hold of the world.

Ms. Lerner, who lived in Harrison for about 40 years until moving to Greenwich last year, has marched for civil rights and nuclear test bans and against the Vietnam War. Most recently, she was arrested outside City Hall in Manhattan where she and others protested the killing of Amadou Diallo. Ms. Lerner's activism has taken her to Cuba, China, Nairobi and Vietnam -- and in May to the Hague where she was a delegate for Peace Action International at the Hague Appeal for Peace.

A Bronx native, Ms. Lerner traces her activism to her days at Hunter College where she was a close friend of the late Representative Bella Abzug. Upon marrying Irving Lerner, Ms. Lerner moved to Harrison in the late 1950's and advocated peace issues and social reforms. She was co-founder of Women of Westchester, a feminist organization. Here are excerpts from a recent conversation with Ms. Lerner, who worked for 32 years as a special education teacher in Hastings-on-Hudson:

Q. What keeps you going?

A. I'm now in my late 70's, and I refuse to leave this century without making one more attempt at peace. Ever since I came up from the Bronx to Harrison I've been involved in community activity, even when I was working. I was a Democratic district leader forever. And I was one of the founders of Women's Strike for Peace in 1961, which worked to get rid of nuclear testing in the atmosphere. And we did have a partial test-ban treaty in 1963.

During the antiwar period, I worked in a wonderful special school system and was able to travel. In 1969, 13 women from Women's Strike for Peace went to Cuba to see why we couldn't have some kind of rapprochement with a little island stuck off the southern coast. And in 1971, because I was very active in the antiwar movement I went to Vietnam. I was able to do this because I had a husband who was supportive and believed in all these things.

I went to college with Bella. She was there a year ahead of me and scared the heck out of me. But we became very good friends. She was my mentor and was very important in my life. She taught me two things: how to lobby and how to put on eye makeup.

Q. Which is harder?

A. The eye makeup. She watched me do it one day and she said, "Boy, you're stupid." She lived in Mount Vernon in those early days and she didn't drive, so I would drive her places. I was living in Harrison, which I thought was a nutty town for me to live in.

Q. Why?

A. Because it didn't have the kind of social thinking that went on in my head and everyone seemed to come from Manhattan. Once a local newspaper, when I was interviewed after I came back from Cuba, said I was the social conscience of the town. And it wasn't the easiest thing to be. There was a time, for example, when people were building nuclear shelters. Harrison had a shelter, and I put out a sign saying: "This house has no shelter. Peace is our only shelter." And I put in on the tree, and the school bus used to stop right in front of our house to pick up our kids, and my son, who was about 11 at the time, said: "Mom, can't we remove that? It's so embarrassing." I would have done anything for the kids, but that was one thing I was not going to take down.

Q. Did you grow up as an activist?

A. I came from ***working-class*** parents: immigrants from Russia and Austria, and I was the youngest of four. I had a brother at City College who was 9 years older than I, and it was in the 1930's and he was very active, and I sort of tailed after him. My parents were union people, and the big issue for me was that I go to school and -- my mother said this -- that I become financially independent. I got married in 1948 and had a long and wonderful marriage and a husband who did very well, but I always wanted to go back to work. It was very important that I had my own identity and an income and felt that if anything happened I could make it.

Also, with my parents, race discrimination was a very big issue. They wanted us to know that all people were equal. And I moved into a town where there were no people of color. In a way it frightened me because I wondered what would happen to my kids, but my kids dealt with it. It gave them a sense of what was wrong in some communities. And we made friends all over the county. And we felt we had some impact on the town.

Q. Were some of your stands controversial? Did you get hate mail?

A. I made many friends in Harrison. But during the Alabama sit-ins we brought up six black kids for a week's vacation because they were doing civil disobedience, and The Harrison Independent did a story on it. Then I got hate notes, and that frightened me a bit. There was another time I got crazy phone calls. At one point the Democratic mayor of Harrison wanted some public housing in the Silver Lake area of the town. People were screaming and ranting and raving about how we don't want those people here, and our property values will go down. I did a cable program on it, and we said that people have to talk to one another. After that program I got crazy phone calls. But other than that I must say, even for those who disagreed with me, I was viewed as an upper-middle-class woman. How bad could I be? It's really very funny.

Q. Now you live in Greenwich?

A. Greenwich is an interesting community. I can't move into anything new without finding out about it. And we have Peace Action here, and they have vigils. They have money in Greenwich, but they have some very progressive people. Irv died six years ago, and I was alone and there was no point in staying in my big old house. I'm in an apartment now, only eight miles out of Harrison. I still go to the Harrison cleaners, banks, stores. So I don't feel as if I'm out of the community, and I still chair the Peace Action group in Westchester County.

Q. What is Peace Action International?

A. After a while the freeze on nuclear weapon testing alone didn't make any sense. So there's a freeze, so what? So this is an organization that wants to abolish nuclear weapons. I wonder if it will ever happen. It's harder for all nonprofit groups now because since the end of the cold war people don't think they have to do anything. My own feeling is its actually more scary. Now Russia is unstable, and there are nuclear weapons floating around all over. I'm a representative of a nongovernmental organization at the United Nations so I go down weekly for a briefing. And it gives you a feeling of what other countries feel.

Q. How can conflicts be resolved?

A. As a teacher, I know you have to get to kids very early. Kids have to learn that you have to talk about conflicts and you have to do it without hitting one another. We have to find a way to resolve conflict without killing people. I think the NATO bombing in Kosovo was insane. You couldn't stop the killing by killing more people.

Q. Is war ever justified?

A. I'm not a pacifist. I certainly think there was a kind of holocaust going on in Kosovo. I don't think we've done well in Iraq. I think we're starving kids, women and children and poisoning their water and making them pay for a dictator. I don't know what I would have done in Germany during the Nazis. I had family that was killed there. It was pretty horrible. I keep saying I'm not a pacifist, but I also find it hard to justify a war. There are no easy answers, and you have to keep working at it.

I will be 78 in January. I always used to say to myself, I'll give myself until I'm 80 and then I'll retire. But I don't think so. When I say all this I say I must be crazy, but I do feel the most important thing to me is to keep doing things. Maybe I won't have a big impact, but Bella made me feel that maybe I'll make a difference and in some little way maybe I do. I've said I'm a big failure. I'm not stopping wars. Peace hasn't arrived, but the fact is you do make a difference if you stick with it and you get people to listen.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Judy Lerner at International Office of Peace in Manhattan in front of a sculpture by Carl Frederik Reutersward. (Thomas Dallal for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 8, 1999

**End of Document**



[***A New York During the 'World of Tomorrow'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2Y00-002S-X38J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 1, 1989, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 14, Column 1; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1199 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD F. SHEPARD

**Body**

When you and I were young, Maggie, there were El trains over Third and Sixth Avenues, cafeterias that were social centers for the otherwise unoccupied, demonstrations in Union Square, burlesque on 42d Street and such Mayors as Jimmy Walker and Fiorello H. La Guardia, who were nothing if not colorful, although not in the same way. That was a long time ago, 50 years and more back, but, art being art, it has not all vanished with time, and you can see it all hanging out on the main floor of the Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue at 103d Street.

There were great artists then and there were hungry artists - sometimes one and the same - and they rushed to immortalize New York City, so enchanting a model, one that posed for no fee, in oils, drawings, sculptures and photographs. This old New York has come out of the museum's copious collection. Jan Seidler Ramirez, its curator of paintings and sculpture, has chosen 35 works that admirably seem to fit the show's title: ''Window on Wonder City: New York in the World's Fair Era.''

The idea is to let New Yorkers see what the place looked like from 1929 - that's when the stock market crashed, sonny - to 1945, when World War II ended and New York City was adjusting to the change from the Depression and war into a new era of prosperity and peace. New York held its World's Fair, the ''World of Tomorrow,'' in 1939-40, about midway through the era.

For New Yorkers of an age to remember (often the age when it's hard to remember), the comparatively compact exhibition is like an installment of ''This Is Your Life.'' For New Yorkers whose familiarity with those times ranks with their memories of the Gallic Wars, it is surely a show that must arouse at least a shudder of primal memory at the different settings of a stage that somehow seems familiar.

Ben Shahn's Demonstrators

All the artists are good, and some are better known than others. Ben Shahn has two paintings here, ''W.C.T.U. Parade'' and ''Parade for Repeal,'' studies for what was to have been a mural for the Central Park Casino. The Women's Christian Temperance Union demonstrators have a sharp no-nonsense rectitude about them. The repeal gentlemen, led by natty Jimmy Walker in the vicinity of a closed-down speak-easy whose frustrated patrons stand thirstily outside, are Shahnian types, businessmen who easily mix profitable principle and bourgeois respectability.

Reginald Marsh's affinity for plebeian New York is exemplified twice. ''Harris Theater, New York'' (1940) depicts the cheap flash of West 42d Street with its earthy women and men in front of the theater that opened as a legitimate movie house but was converted to Grade-B status.

''No. 6, the Bowery'' (1944), an address at the corner of Doyers Street, now in Chinatown, depicts the elevated train curving over a shop whose sign is a huge shaving mug; No. 6, the caption says, was the site of the Olliffe pharmacy, said to be the oldest drugstore in the country.

Chinatown, a curious, diminutive enclave a half-century ago, also caught the eye of James W. Kerr, whose 1931 oil ''In Chinatown, New York City'' takes in Mott Street from the window of the Port Arthur Restaurant, a slice of street life that but for one Chinese sign could be any mundane ***working-class*** New York neighborhood.

A Jo Davidson bronze, ''James J. Walker'' (1931), done just before the investigation that led to the resignation of this Mayor, who was also a songwriter and man-about-town, is one of a handsome, perhaps carefree fellow of good will and maybe even a touch of dignity. Isabella Howland's ''Fiorello La Guardia, Mayor of New York 1934-1945'' is a bronze of a different thrust; it captures the Little Flower as pugnacious and determined, the sort of man beloved by New Yorkers not so much for his incorruptibility, which was legendary in a city where corruption was common, but for his ability to resonate with the lives of the citizenry, to embody the spirit of the tumultuous but always compelling town.

The Market Collapse

All the parts of New York that existed seem to be represented here. ''Interior of the New York Stock Exchange, October 29, 1929'' is a pen-and-ink work by Samuel Cahan, who was there on the day of the market's collapse and drew the scene for the next day's paper. Paolo Cornio caught another milestone of local history with his oil ''The First Night Game at Yankee Stadium, May 28, 1946.'' Fifth Avenue, First Avenue, Times Square, a Hooverville in Central Park and Rockefeller Center, they are all here in art as they were a half-century ago in fact.

The artworks will be on view through Jan. 14, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays and 1 to 5 P.M. Sundays. Admission is $3; $1.50 for the elderly; $1 for children under 12; $5 for family groups. Information: 534-1034. One added attraction at a preview this week will not run with the show. This was the presence of two artists represented in the exhibition, both of them who have lived most of their lives in Greenwich Village and who treasure memories of lives immersed in art.

''Here are a few paintings that bring back the good old days,'' said Vincent LaGambina, whose 1936 work ''The Life Cafeteria'' depicts women at a table in a cafeteria on Seventh Avenue at Christopher Street that was frequented by artists. Mr. LaGambina spoke with a blend of nostalgia and realism. ''We lived above a cafe,'' he said. ''We used to go ask them for the hard, unusable bread to feed to the dog. Then we soaked it, heated it and ate it ourselves.''

Mr. LaGambina, who was born in 1909, recalled the first Washington Square Art Show in 1933.

''Marsh, Soyer, they all had things in it,'' he said. ''Mrs. Whitney, I don't remember which one, gave each artist a free lunch and a pack of cigarettes.''

Union Square Riot

Peter Hopkins was a teen-ager when he heard of a disturbance at Union Square, not far from where he lived. That was before he thought of a life in art. Seventeen years later, working from notes and memory, he did the large canvas on view at the museum: ''Riot at Union Square, March 6, 1930.'' It is a piece that reflects violence during a demonstration by the unemployed. Mounted police officers try to constrain participants and a fire hose snakes through the crowd. Reporters stand calmly apart taking notes.

''I studied with Reginald Marsh at the Art Students League after the war,'' said the 77-year-old Mr. Hopkins, whose painting has also been put on view by the American Academy and by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. ''I remember that scene in Union Square. There was violence on both sides. The demonstrators seemed to me as rough as the cops. The view is from Broadway and 17th Street. That is where the real cavalry charge came from, but I turned it around for effect in the painting.

''Isabel Bishop, the artist, lived across from Union Square. If you look in a window in the painting, you can see her standing at it and looking out. Very faintly. No, I don't know if she ever noticed it, even when she was one of a panel that picked it for an exhibition.''

Mr. Hopkins looked about at this testimony to old New York and said, ''Sometimes I feel like I'm living in a different world of the far distant future.''

**Graphic**

photo of painting by James W. Kerr

**End of Document**



[***Hundreds of Same-Sex Couples Wed in Massachusetts - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4CDG-3H50-TW8F-G2GP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 18, 2004 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 6; National Desk; Pg. 1; SAME-SEX MARRIAGE: THE OVERVIEW

**Length:** 1599 words

**Byline:** By PAM BELLUCK; Contributing reporting for this article were David D. Kirkpatrick from Rehoboth; Katie Zezima from Somerville; Tom Marshall from Northampton; and Michael Levenson from Worcester.

**Dateline:** BOSTON, May 17

**Body**

Hundreds of gay and lesbian couples streamed into city halls from Boston to the Berkshires on Monday as Massachusetts became the first state to allow same-sex marriages.

Weddings were held on a hill overlooking a park, in churches and synagogues, in the shoebox quarters of justices of the peace, and on a Christmas tree farm with peacocks, pigs, turkeys and Icelandic sheep nearby.

''Your marriage is an example to others of how life is supposed to work,'' Rosaria E. Salerno, Boston's city clerk, told Joe Rogers and Tom Weikle, choking with emotion as she married the longtime couple in City Hall's first same-sex ceremony Monday morning. ''You really are already married. The only thing that's been wrong with your marriage, if I can put it that way, is that it hasn't been public. And this is so exciting because the moment I put my name on that piece of paper, your marriage is public.''

Gay rights advocates hailed this day, which fell on the 50th anniversary of the Supreme Court decision Brown v. Board of Education, as an occasion that evoked the triumphs -- and the social vindication -- of the civil rights era.

After an emotional court and legislative battle, Massachusetts now joins a tiny list of places where same-sex couples can marry -- Belgium, the Netherlands, and the Canadian provinces of Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia. Same-sex couples have been issued marriage licenses in San Francisco and Multnomah County, Ore., but those licenses have not been state-sanctioned and are the focus of legal battles.

On the first day here, the issuing of licenses and the marriage ceremonies proceeded without many snags or confrontations. It was unclear how many same-sex couples sought licenses here Monday, but at least 900 couples showed up in 29 of the state's 351 cities and towns, according to town clerks and the office of the secretary of the commonwealth.

There were small demonstrations by opponents of gay marriage -- and camera crews from a national conservative organization, the Family Research Council, gathered images to use in anti-gay marriage presentations.

But the seeds of a full-fledged conflict were planted on Monday by scores of out-of-state couples who came to Massachusetts to apply for marriage licenses despite Gov. Mitt Romney's refusal to allow gay men and lesbians from other states to marry here. The governor has said that a 1913 state law, adopted in part to block interracial marriages, forbids Massachusetts from marrying anyone who cannot be legally married in their home state.

At least four communities -- Provincetown, Somerville, Worcester and Springfield -- decided to defy Governor Romney and issue out-of-state couples marriage licenses even if they said on their application that they had no intention of moving to Massachusetts.

''No matter who you are or where you come from, if you fill out this application you will be given a license to marry,'' Mayor Joseph Curtatone of Somerville, just north of Boston, said on the steps of City Hall, where at least a fifth of the more than 40 couples came from other states, including two couples who arrived on the $10 bus from Chinatown in New York.

''Those of you from out of state, welcome to Somerville,'' the mayor said.

Officials in those towns could face fines or criminal charges for violating Governor Romney's edict.

And the out-of-state couples who flocked to those communities on Monday face the prospect that Governor Romney will invalidate their marriages. They also face -- some of them willingly -- possible legal battles in their home states if they seek to have their marriage recognized or to apply for benefits accorded married couples.

Governor Romney, a Republican who had tried to delay same-sex marriage until a state constitutional amendment could come before voters in November 2006, issued a two-sentence statement: ''All along, I have said an issue as fundamental to society as the definition of marriage should be decided by the people. Until then, I intend to follow the law and expect others to do the same.''

Thirty-nine states have laws defining marriage as a heterosexual union. On Monday, the attorneys general of two neighboring states without such laws -- Connecticut and Rhode Island -- issued statements about how they would treat their residents who married in Massachussetts.

Connecticut's attorney general, Richard Blumenthal, issued a two-part opinion that said state law forbids same-sex couples from marrying in Connecticut, but it stopped short of saying whether residents who wed across the border in Massachusetts should be denied marital status at home.

Rhode Island's attorney general, Patrick C. Lynch, said courts had not yet decided whether same-sex couples could marry in the state. But Rhode Island law, Mr. Lynch said, appeared to void mainly marriages involving bigamy, incest or mental incompetence.

Mr. Lynch said ''validly performed'' marriages in other states would be recognized unless they contradicted the state's public policy.

New York's attorney general, Eliot Spitzer, had issued a similar opinion, and, despite the uncertainty, Cris Goldman-Beam and Robin Goldman-Beam of Manhattan came to Somerville on the Chinatown bus, saying they were not worried about legal challenges to the marriage license they applied for in Massachusetts.

''We'll go forward as if there will be no bumps, and if there are bumps we'll take them,'' said Chris Goldman-Beam. ''We're thinking of renting a car to drive back to New York, attach 'Just Married' signs, and drive by Spitzer's office.''

President Bush issued a statement on Monday criticizing the Massachusetts court that legalized gay marriage.

''The sacred institution of marriage should not be redefined by a few activist judges,'' Mr. Bush said. ''All Americans have a right to be heard in this debate. I called on the Congress to pass, and to send to the states for ratification, an amendment to our Constitution defining and protecting marriage as a union of a man and a woman as husband and wife. The need for that amendment is still urgent, and I repeat that call today.''

Some couples, eager to marry on the first day, zipped through the license application paperwork, and sought and secured judicial permission to waive the three-day waiting period between applying for a license and receiving it.

In Rowley, a ***working-class*** community north of Boston with a conservative bent, Lawton P. Bourn III got married to Stuart W. Wells IV, on their 8 1/2-acre Christmas tree farm in a stand of fading daffodils under an arch they had made from the ribs of a whale.

The men wore lily-of-the-valley boutonnieres and stood behind a lilac bouquet as Mr. Bourn, a town selectman, read ''Oh Tell Me The Truth About Love'' by W.H. Auden.

The two men clasped hands, looked into each other's eyes.

''I love you, Stuart, and I want to give you the best of who I am and who I am becoming,'' said Mr. Bourn, reading the couple's marriage vows. ''I know that this journey will not be easy but I will live better with you.''

At Boston City Hall, Mr. Rogers, a 55-year-old accountant, and Mr. Weikle, a 53-year-old bank vice president, showed up at 5:30 a.m., having decided to try to marry on Monday because they had a crush of other family obligations later this week, including a funeral for Mr. Rogers's father and the impending birth of a grandchild.

''In some ways, this is like a shotgun wedding, but we've been together for 25 years,'' Mr. Weikle said. After correcting a mistaken middle initial and mother's maiden name on their marriage license, where they were listed not as bride and groom, but Party A and Party B, they filed into Ms. Salerno's office.

''I will try not to make any mistakes,'' Ms. Salerno said, choking up, ''but since it's the first wedding, I might call one of you the bride.''

All seven plaintiff couples in the lawsuit that legalized same-sex marriage married on Monday, in five different communities.

''Here come the brides, so gay with pride, isn't it a wonder that they somehow survived,'' sang the guests at the wedding of the lead plaintiffs, Julie and Hillary Goodridge, who wore Armani pantsuits and assigned their 8-year-old daughter Annie to be ring bearer and flower girl. After they kissed, rainbow streamers unfurled in the room at the Unitarian Universalist headquarters in Boston, and the lawyer who won their case, Mary L. Bonauto, caught the bouquet.

Not every town hall was thronged with eager couples. In rural Rehoboth, home of a state representative who sponsored a constitutional amendment to ban gay marriage, the town clerk said one couple had called at 8 a.m., but the office was not yet open and they apparently went elsewhere.

Thomas Drinkwine of Rehoboth, who said he works in a liquor store, said he was ''embarrassed'' that the state legalized gay marriage. ''I believe that a man and a woman are meant to fit together, physically and emotional,'' he said.

In Boston, where large crowds of gay marriage supporters cheered each same-sex couple as they left City Hall, a small group of opponents from Washington, D.C., knelt to pray on a banner that said, ''Jesus, Mary and Joseph, we hope you keep the family holy.''

In Worcester, Melissa Keough, a Bible college student who stood with half a dozen other protesters, said ''God loves these people, but he doesn't want them to live this lifestyle.''

But the disapproval of some did not dampen the exhilaration of the couples.

''I feel kind of like my bones filled out somehow,'' said Cris Goldman-Beam in Somerville. ''I felt thin and shaky this morning, and I feel fortified and amazed.''

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

**Correction**

A front-page headline yesterday about the opening of Massachusetts to same-sex marriages referred imprecisely to couples who took advantage of it. While hundreds applied for licenses, only those couples granted a waiver of a three-day waiting period were able to marry.

**Correction-Date:** May 19, 2004

**Graphic**

Photos: Joe Rogers, center, showing his ring after his marriage to Tom Weikle. Rosaria E. Salerno, the city clerk, right, performed the ceremony in Boston. (Photo by Ruth Fremson/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

Eileen Counihan, left, and Erin Golden hugged their son Jake and Ms. Golden's mother, Roberta, center, at their wedding at Provincetown. (Photo by Jodi Hilton for The New York Times)(pg. A21)

**Load-Date:** May 18, 2004

**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-75F0-0005-G4XB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***An Archive in Which Pride Outstrips Pain***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-75F0-0005-G4XB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 5, 1995, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C; ; Section C;  Page 13;  Column 3;  Cultural Desk ; Column 3; ; Review

**Length:** 1390 words

**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

By HOLLAND COTTER

**Body**

The Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture is one of the city's astonishing cultural treasures. A research branch of the New York Public Library on Malcolm X Boulevard at 135th Street, it encompasses a lecture hall, a theater, two galleries, holdings of more than 125,000 books and a vast archive devoted to documenting black history from Africa to the Americas.

There are few institutions like it in the world, and this year it celebrates its 70th anniversary with two concurrent documentary exhibitions dedicated to the somewhat mysterious man for whom it was eventually named: Arthur A. Schomburg. It is hardly a household word for most New Yorkers, who might guess that he was a wealthy American, probably of Central European background, who lent his name and fortune to public philanthropy.

He wasn't wealthy, though, or even American by birth. Arturo Alfonso Schomburg was born in a ***working-class*** neighborhood in Santurce, P.R., in 1874. His mother was black, his father probably of mixed Puerto Rican and German descent, though his identity is uncertain. Schomburg spent part of his childhood with his mother's family on St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands and is believed to have been largely self-educated.

When he was young, Puerto Rico and Cuba were Spanish colonies in an advanced state of political decay, with a small population of white plantation owners ruling a poor, racially mixed and increasingly restive underclass. Doubtless chafing under these circumstances, Schomburg moved to New York at the age of 17, where he lived in small Hispanic-immigrant enclaves, steeped in the revolutionary fervor of the Caribbean independence movement.

That association didn't last. Although he always identified himself as a Puerto Rican of African descent, he gradually shifted his political and ethnic allegiances from the Hispanic community in New York and moved to Harlem, where blacks had begun settling by 1900.

He lived there through the glory years of the Harlem Renaissance, many of whose artists and writers he counted among his friends. A highly visible community figure, he was Grand Secretary of the Prince Hall Masons Grand Lodge of the State of New York, a black organization. He supported himself and family members -- he married three times and had several children -- by working as a messenger for a Wall Street bank before being promoted to supervisor of its Caribbean and Latin-American mail section, a job he retired from after 23 years.

Like many men and women who shape their own intellectual progress, Schomburg led a rich double life. Obsessed by literature and racial politics, he spent his spare time and money gathering books, magazines, pamphlets, clippings and art objects, all toward the goal of documenting a history of black culture then barely acknowledged by white America.

His "book-hunting disease," as he wryly called it, paid off in just the way he had hoped. The collection of more than 10,000 objects that filled his home was the stuff of legend in his day, as an archival resource. It was bought by the New York Public Library through a grant from the Carnegie Corporation in 1926 and serves as the foundation for the research branch that bears his name.

Of the two exhibitions on view at the Schomburg Center through Jan. 2, the smaller, titled "Arturo Alfonso Schomburg: The Man and His Times," is an intimate portrait in photographs and texts, arranged more or less chronologically and packed with fascinating materials.

They include a handwritten book of minutes Schomburg kept for the meetings of Las Dos Antillas, an anticolonialist organization he helped found in his early days in New York; a 1928 photograph by James VanDerZee of the reading room of the original 135th Street library branch (then called the division of Negro literature, history and prints); pictures of a dignified, elegantly dressed Schomburg in the company of his fellow Masons, and examples of the citations for his work as bibliophile, collector, translator, writer and scholar.

The evidence of these accomplishments can be found in the center's second, larger exhibition, "Arturo Alfonso Schomburg: Race Man," drawn from his original collection. The show's title uses a term once applied to black politicians, artists and scholars who advocated a strong sense of racial pride and identity, and it aptly sums up the spirit of Schomburg's endeavor.

It cannot have been an easy spirit to sustain 70 years ago, when American blacks were barely a generation away from slavery and segregation was the law of the land. The show opens with a chilling display of relics of institutionalized racism -- from "scientific" tracts proclaiming blacks' inferiority, to children's books featuring stereotyped images, to signs restricting the presence of blacks in public -- all of which Schomburg and others routinely encountered.

Yet it quickly becomes apparent that Schomburg's brief was less to chronicle social abuse than to shape a dynamic, positive picture of black culture, from Africa and beyond, through the sheer weight of example.

The range of books on view, for example, is remarkably broad. They include a 16th-century imprint of a poem by the African-born Spanish writer Juan Latino, who rose from slavery to occupy the chair in poetry at the University of Granada during the reign of Philip II of Spain; a volume of poems by Phillis Wheatley dated 1773, and first editions of works by such seminal figures as W. E. B. Dubois and Marcus Garvey.

On the evidence of the show, his acquisitions in the visual arts were similarly eclectic. They include a splendid wooden mask from pre-colonial Zaire; a bronze cast, "The Awakening of Ethiopia" (circa 1907-1910), by Meta Warrick Fuller, one of the country's first black female sculptors, and woodcuts from the 1930's by the muralist Aaron Douglas.

Schomburg's advocacy takes on a didactic fervor in his accumulated images of black figures in United States history. Those include an 18th-century print of the shooting of Crispus Attucks -- described as the first "martyr" of the American Revolution -- by British soldiers in the Boston Massacre of 1770; photographs of black Union soldiers in the Civil War and a rousing 1917 painting of the volunteer Army regiment known as the Harlem Hellfighters.

Such images, of course, reveal the collection to be a product of its time. A 19th-century lithograph of an Angolan queen looking as decoratively glamorous as a Victorian opera diva would surely not be offered today as hard evidence of a culture's political sophistication. And Schomburg's very effort to "prove" the value of one culture entirely by the standards of another, an inherently defensive position, has been rethought by subsequent generations.

Yet the evenhandness of his historical analysis is often striking, as in the case of his view of slavery. In the process of documenting the horrors of slavery in the Americas, he points to its existence elsewhere, including Africa, which had slavery of its own and profited from being the source of supply for Europe. In Schomburg's eyes, it was a universal crime in which nearly all cultures have been, at one time or another, complicitous.

After Schomburg retired from his bank job in 1929, he was briefly hired by Fisk University in Nashville as curator for its Negro Collection and later by the 135th Street branch library. By that time he had long been "Doctor Schomburg" to many who knew him, though he is said to have felt slighted by a younger generation of intellectuals who devalued his self-propelled and uncredentialed scholarship.

Now, of course, one sees his life's work for the remarkable accomplishment it was, and for the power of example it continues to be for those who, through circumstance or by choice, travel the same tough road today. For his is a story of the present as well as of the past: a political story, a black story, an immigrant story, an American story, fraught with tension and energy, light and shadow.

But most of all it is a personal tale of one complex, driven, often contradictory man who worked hard all day and then went home at night to begin his real work: piecing together, bit by bit, a history no one had ever fully told or even quite believed in. "Arturo Alfonso Schomburg: 70th-Anniversary Tribute" lets us look over his shoulder as he plies his task, and it's a thrilling sight.

**Graphic**

Photos: Among the objects collected by Arthur A. Schomburg, above, are 19th-century bronzes of two Africans, left, by Charles Henri-Joseph Cordier, and a wooden mask from pre-colonial Zaire. (Photographs from Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture)

**Load-Date:** September 5, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Child of Courage Joins Her Biographer;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-76H0-0005-G0VD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Pioneer of Integration Is Honored With the Author She Inspired***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-76H0-0005-G0VD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 1, 1995, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1225 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE JUDSON

By GEORGE JUDSON

**Dateline:** NEW LONDON, Conn., Aug. 31

**Body**

Their paths crossed in New Orleans 35 years ago by accident, or perhaps through fate: a 6-year-old walking through a screaming mob to integrate a public school and a young psychiatrist whose way into the city that day was blocked by the disturbance.

The child was Ruby Bridges, whose adult life after the anger and danger and drama of integrating William Frantz School all by herself sometimes seemed as still as a torpid summer day in New Orleans.

The psychiatrist was Robert Coles, whose curiosity about the girl's courage led him to talk to her, and then to more children, and on to a distinguished career writing about the inner lives of children, in which little Ruby was his touchstone again and again.

Today, for the first time, subject and author appeared together in public, to receive honorary degrees from Connecticut College at the start of another school year, one that began with a crowd's cheering Ruby Bridges Hall, now 40 and the mother of four sons.

But subject and author were now also colleagues, Mrs. Hall head of a foundation working with New Orleans parents and children, and Dr. Coles one of its directors and a benefactor.

For years, Dr. Coles had marveled at her courage as a child and struggled to understand its source, but today Mrs. Hall said she was more nervous at resuming a public life for her foundation than at being a national symbol in 1960.

"After all," she said, "I was only 6 years old."

"I think my mother and father were the bravest people I know," she told a group of boys and girls from schools in the New London area at the college today, after reading them Mr. Coles's new book for children, "The Story of Ruby Bridges" (Scholastic). "It would be really hard for me to send my 4-year-old to school to sit alone and pray and hope to come through. I just wanted to do the right thing, to do what my parents wanted."

On Nov. 14, 1960, white parents boycotted Frantz School in the ***working-class*** Ninth Ward of New Orleans and screamed threats at Ruby Bridges as Federal marshals escorted her into the building in her good white dress.

Norman Rockwell painted the scene. John Steinbeck described it in "Travels With Charley." Dr. Coles, at the time an Air Force psychiatrist stationed in Biloxi, Miss., and anxious to get back to his academic research in Boston, began trying to meet the first-grader at Frantz School.

Soon her story began his 1964 book on black and white children involved in school desegregation, "Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear." Her parents' childhoods as sharecroppers led to a second volume of "Children of Crisis." And more than a decade later Ruby also began, and then shadowed throughout, his musings on what psychiatrists are not trained to see, in "The Moral Life of Children" (1986, Atlantic Monthly Press).

Over the years the psychiatrist stayed in touch with the growing girl and then young woman and mother, happy to be a private person. And over the years, as her memory of the boycott and mob faded, he found her childhood strength impossible to explain through defense mechanisms, denial or other psychological constructs.

In "The Moral Life of Children," he described Ruby's sense of herself as "just Ruby, just Ruby trying to go to school," yet aware that she was walking through the mob to help other people, "and I was their Ruby, too." Then he he marveled, "Was she not, utterly, and daily, a moral figure?"

"My life has never been the same since I stumbled into her," Dr. Coles said in an interview. "She is my touchstone, because if I hadn't seen her and seen what happened, I would have gone on and never gotten involved. I was just thunderstruck by that mob and her stoic dignity, and so I went back and watched it again and again."

Today's ceremonies were the inspiration of Connecticut College's president, Claire L. Gaudiani. The college had already voted to present Dr. Coles, a friend of Dr. Gaudiani's, an honorary degree at the college's traditional convocation, when she heard him speak about the failure of colleges to address the spiritual and moral lives of their students, as usual invoking the example of Ruby Bridges.

"I told him, I have a great idea, we will bring her into the first day of school the right way," Dr. Gaudiani recalled. "There will be an escort, but this time it won't be Federal marshals, but little children who have read her book, and students, and faculty." So "just Ruby" would get her honorary degree, too.

Sending a few black children into formerly all-white public schools in Orleans Parish did not, of course, solve society's problems. Sweeping white flight has left New Orleans' schools among the most segregated in the nation, poorly financed and struggling to meet the needs of extremely poor families.

Mrs. Hall's father lost his job because of the school controversy. Her grandparents were forced to move from the farm where they had been sharecroppers for 25 years. Her parents eventually separated.

She graduated from high school, had children and went to work as a travel agent and a church administrator. And then two years ago her youngest brother was murdered and she took in his four young daughters.

"I found that they had actually been raising themselves," Mrs. Hall said in an interview. "That just sort of brought everything home for me. I had been involved with my own kids, and sort of doing my own thing, trying to survive as so many of us do, and I had totally not realized what was going on around me, even in my own family."

The girls' young mother soon took them back. "But at that point simply because I couldn't work with them didn't mean that I couldn't help somebody," Mrs. Hall said. And soon she was working at John Lewis Middle School, a volunteer helping parents and grandparents and aunts learn how to talk to teachers and help their children in school.

"Somewhere down the line we've gotten away from the old values that my parents were raised with," Mrs. Hall said. "When I integrated the school system, people were there for me, for my parents. There were neighbors and friends who dressed me and walked me to school. The whole neighborhood got involved. But somewhere we lost that.

"You have to be concerned with everyone's children," she said. "A good way to do that is to get involved with your own children."

Volunteering at the middle school, however, Mrs. Hall discovered the schools were too poor to provide a room, supplies or other resources for either children or their parents. Then in talking with Dr. Coles, he suggested forming a nonprofit foundation that could provide the money. And he dedicated the royalties from "The Story of Ruby Bridges" to the Ruby Bridges Foundation.

In his book, Dr. Coles is very clear about what brought the little girl through her trials: her family's religious faith and her own prayers, two aspects never even mentioned in "Children of Crisis."

Today Mrs. Hall had her foundation as a reason to overcome her shyness and to appear again before massed television cameras and reporters running after her.

She also read a group of children Dr. Coles's story about her, in which she stops at one point to pray silently for the men and women screaming at her outside the school. And she asked the children what they do to be brave.

"I just tell myself I can do anything I want," one boy responded.

"Yes," Mrs. Hall said, "you do have to talk to yourself a lot."

**Graphic**

Photos: Alton Harmon read an essay on courage yesterday to Dr. Robert Coles, the child psychiatrist, and Ruby Bridges Hall, who were honored at Connecticut College in New London. At right is Michelle Dunlap, a professor at the college. (Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times); Norman Rockwell painted Ruby Bridges, 6, being taken to class in 1960. Robert Coles, stuck in the New Orleans traffic jam, thus began his life's work studying children in crisis. Dr. Coles, top, observed the first grader in 1960. (Illustration From "The Illustrator in America, 1900-1960's")

**Load-Date:** September 1, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Film Series and Movie Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7V0W-8RT1-2PBB-24KM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 13, 2009 Friday

The New York Times on the Web

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section ; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg.

**Length:** 2507 words

**Byline:** By THE NEW YORK TIMES

**Body**

Film Series

DOCUMENTARY FORTNIGHT (Friday through Monday, and Wednesday and Thursday) The Museum of Modern Art's annual survey of international nonfiction filmmaking this year includes more than 30 titles. A few highlights from the first week of programs: ''The Flower Bridge,'' Thomas Ciulei's study of the major migration that is undermining the social structure of Moldova (Friday and Saturday); ''Super, Girls!,'' Jian Yi's look at a hugely popular Chinese television show modeled on ''American Idol'' (Saturday and Sunday); ''Exotic Exoticism: Plant Wars,'' Asio Liu's account of the nonnative plants that have been introduced in Taiwan and their effect on the local ecology (Monday); ''Barcelone ou la Mort,'' in which the filmmaker Idrissa Guiro follows one Senegalese man as he tries to emigrate to the Canary Islands (Thursday); and ''A Horse Is Not a Metaphor,'' Barbara Hammer's first-person account of living with cancer (Thursday). (Through Feb. 25.) Museum of Modern Art Roy and Niuta Titus Theaters, (212) 708-9400, moma.org; $10. (Dave Kehr)

FADED GLORY: OSCAR MICHEAUX AND BLACK PREWAR CINEMA (Saturday through Thursday) This exhaustive retrospective devoted to the pioneering African-American filmmaker Oscar Micheaux and his contemporaries in the ''race film'' movement of the 1920s, '30s and '40s continues. Walter Reade Theater, 165 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 875-5600, filmlinc.org; $11. (Kehr)

OSCAR'S NOMINATED SHORTS (Saturday) Robert Osborne of Turner Classic Movies hosts a noon screening of all 10 of the Oscar-nominated films in the animated and live-action short categories. The program, without Mr. Osborne, will be repeated at 4 p.m. Academy Theater, Lighthouse International, 111 East 59th Street, Manhattan, oscars.org; sold out. (Kehr)

SHINJUKU ECSTASY: INDEPENDENT FILMS FROM THE ART THEATER GUILD OF JAPAN (Wednesday) Established as a distributor of European art films in Japan in 1961, the Art Theater Guild began producing Japanese features of an ambitious avant-garde/political bent in 1967. The guild became a production home to some of the most important Japanese directors of the postwar era, including Nagisa Oshima (''Death by Hanging''); Yoshishige (Kiju) Yoshida (''Eros + Massacre''); and Shuji Terayama, whose 1971 experimental study of a young man adrift in a chaotic society, ''Throw Away Your Books, Let's Go Into the Street,'' opens this 12-film series . The program continues through March 1; highlights include Toshio Matsumoto's 1969 ''Funeral Parade of Roses'' (next Friday); Susumu Hani's 1968 ''Inferno of First Love'' (Feb. 24) and Shohei Imamura's 1967 film ''A Man Vanishes'' (Feb. 28). At 7:30 p.m., Japan Society, 333 East 47th Street, (212) 715-1258, japansociety.org; $11. (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.

'BRIDE WARS' (PG, 1:34) Die, Bridezilla, die! (Manohla Dargis)

'CADILLAC RECORDS' (R, 1:48) This rollicking and insightful celebration of Chicago blues serves as a group portrait of a remarkable, volatile constellation of artists, including Muddy Waters (the impressive Jeffrey Wright), Chuck Berry (Mos Def) and Etta James (Beyonce Knowles). This movie is crowded and sprawling, and if it rambles sometimes, that's just fine. (A. O. Scott)

'CHE' (R, 4:17, in Spanish and Englishshown 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. (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. (Dargis)

'THE CURIOUS CASE OF BENJAMIN BUTTON' (PG-13, 2:47) A hothouse blossom of romance, intrigue and breathtaking digital effects from David Fincher (''Zodiac,'' ''Fight Club''). Brad Pitt stars as a man who ages backward, but it is Cate Blanchett who provides the film's delicate, graceful emotional center of gravity. (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)

'FANBOYS' (PG-13, 1:30) This road comedy, set in 1998, about ''Star Wars'' geeks on a car trip to break into George Lucas's ranch has enough funny moments to amuse cultists. (Best bits: battles with ''Star Trek'' fans.) But it is constructed on some awfully tired conventions, and over all feels as if it were years too late. (Neil Genzlinger)

'FROST/NIXON' (R, 2:02) It's twinkle (Michael Sheen) versus glower (Frank Langella) in Ron Howard's amusing, facile edition of the Peter Morgan theatrical smackdown. (Dargis)

'FROZEN RIVER' (R, 1:37) Venturing deep into the trenches where hard-working Americans struggle to put food on the table, Courtney Hunt's powerful, somber film evokes a perfect storm of present-day economic and social woes. Playing an impoverished mother of two who smuggles illegal aliens across the Canadian border, Melissa Leo gives an awards-worthy performance. (Stephen Holden)

'GRAN TORINO' (R, 1:56) Once again Clint Eastwood shows everyone how it's done, with a sleek muscle car of a movie set in that industrial graveyard called Detroit about a racist who befriends a besieged Hmong family next door. (Dargis) 'HAPPY-GO-LUCKY' (R, 1:58) Happiness is a complicated, difficult matter, and for the bopping bloom at the center of Mike Leigh's generous, expansive new film -- a gurgling stream of giggles, laughs and words played by a glorious Sally Hawkins -- it's also a question of faith. (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)

'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)

'LITHUANIA AND THE COLLAPSE OF THE USSR' (No rating, 4:46, shown in four parts) A weirdly compelling if almost unclassifiable and nearly five-hour work from the filmmaker, poet, archivist and cinematic avenging angel Jonas Mekas that consists almost entirely of bits and pieces of news programs -- almost all dedicated to Lithuanian independence -- shot off a color television with a video camera. (Dargis)

'LUCK BY CHANCE' (No rating, 2:26, in Hindi and English) This enjoyable Bollywood offering spends a lot of its time wittily satirizing Bollywood itself as it tells the story of two young actors finding and losing romance as they try to attain movie fame. Farhan Akhtar is a find as the male lead; Zoya Akhtar, his sister, wrote and directed. (Genzlinger)

'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)

'MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY' (No rating, 1:27) The day after a one-night stand, two young, black San Franciscans (Wyatt Cenac and Tracey Heggins) muse on matters of love, race and urban life in Barry Jenkins's modest, witty and self-assured first feature. (Scott)

'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. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'NEW IN TOWN' (PG, 1:36) In this flat romantic comedy Renee Zellweger plays a corporate shark from Miami dispatched to an underperforming branch in New Ulm, Minn., where the folksy locals (including Harry Connick Jr.) thaw her frozen heart. (Holden)

'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)

'OUR CITY DREAMS' (No rating, 1:27) Chiara Clemente's lyrical documentary profiles five female artists who have found inspiration and haven in New York City. From Ghada Amer's vast, embroidered canvases to the arresting woodcuts of Swoon, the movie makes smooth transitions among styles, mediums and personalities to produce a compelling meditation on the intersection of location and imagination. (Catsoulis)

'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! (Nathan 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. (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)

'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)

'WENDY AND LUCY' (R, 1:20) In Kelly Reichardt's latest film Michelle Williams plays Wendy, a lonely young woman who encounters a run of bad luck while drifting through Oregon and Washington with her dog, Lucy. At first glance the film seems like little more than an extended anecdote, but underneath this plain narrative surface is a lucid and melancholy inquiry into the current state of American society. (Scott)

'THE WRESTLER' (R, 1:45) Mickey Rourke, with sly, hulking grace, stars as a washed-up wrestler hoping for a comeback. But like its hero, the movie has a blunt, exuberant honesty, pulling off even its false moves with conviction and flair. (Scott)

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

**Load-Date:** February 13, 2009

**End of Document**



[***THEATER; A Racial Event That Became a Hit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:45T9-V290-01CN-H4X1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 12, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 7

**Length:** 1619 words

**Byline:**  By ALAN RIDING

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

VUMILE NOMANYAMA was understandably alarmed that his first-ever appearance onstage should be in the role of God. He was told to practice by standing in front of a mirror and repeating "I am God" until it became second nature. And by opening night, he felt ready. He moved to the front of the stage, his muscular chest bare, an African cloth wrapped around his waist, and introduced himself in a confident and clear voice: "I am God."

Several members of the audience immediately rose from their seats and walked out of the theater.

Six years after the end of apartheid, the idea of a black God still upset some white South Africans. Yet others saw cause for celebration in the multiracial production of "Yiimimangaliso: The Mysteries," a song-and-dance adaptation of the biblical stories as told in medieval England by the Chester Mystery Plays. The production, presented at the Spier Summer Festival in Stellenbosch near Cape Town in late 2000, showed that onstage -- if not yet throughout society -- black, white and "colored," or mixed-race, South Africans could work together on an equal footing.

It was also evidence of the wealth of artistic talent that had long been suppressed by apartheid.

Still, if in South Africa the show was initially viewed as a sociopolitical phenomenon, in London it became an artistic happening. Last summer, when the London-based Broomhill Opera company brought "The Mysteries" as well as its version of Bizet's "Carmen" for a one-month run at Wilton's Music Hall in the East End, both the public and the critics here responded enthusiastically.

Writing in The Guardian after seeing "The Mysteries," Michael Billington noted: "Played in rep with the same company's 'Carmen,' this is an event that makes London theater an infinitely brighter, better place and quite simply raises the spirits."

In The Independent, Mark Pappenheim praised the company's lively "Carmen," but added: " 'The Mysteries' is, if anything, even better."

Now, after adding a radical adaptation of "The Beggar's Opera" by John Gay to its repertory, the company is again on the road. Since February, it has performed "The Mysteries" to full houses in London's West End. This month, it takes "The Mysteries" and "Carmen" to the United States for the first time, presenting each show four times at the Spoleto Festival in Charleston, S.C., between May 24 and June 2; at the International Festival of Arts and Ideas in New Haven, "Carmen" will be performed twice and "The Mysteries" three times between June 13 and 16. "The Beggar's Opera" will be presented at Wilton's Music Hall in London in September, before it and "The Mysteries" alternate at the Old Vic through Christmas. A limited run on Broadway next season looks likely.

So how explain the remarkable success of what, after all, was conceived as an experiment in crossing the racial barriers still dividing South African culture? One factor is certainly the sheer exuberance of rookie performers. Another is the humor, comprehensible without supertitles, even when actors switch between English, Afrikaans, Zulu and Xhosa. Then there is inventiveness (a bale of hay for Jesus's manger) and a touch of politics (a white Cain kills a black Abel). But none of this would matter if the singing voices -- both individually and in a cappella choruses -- were not good. And it is here that the company can rightly claim to have discovered talent.

"I think I have a gift that I never realized that I had," said Mr. Nomanyama, the tenor who plays -- and sings -- the roles of Jesus as well as God in "The Mysteries." "I want to become an opera singer. I want to go fully into opera. It was always my dream. Now I have the opportunity."

The story behind "The Mysteries," though, is at the very least unlikely. Dick Enthoven, an expatriate businessman who returned to South Africa in the mid-1990's, bought the Spier Wine Estate outside of Stellenbosch, where he built an open-air theater and organized an annual summer season of shows, concerts and opera. His audience was mainly white.

Meanwhile, in England, Mark Dornford-May, the artistic director, and Charles Hazlewood, the music director, founded Broomhill Opera in a stately home in Kent. Their audience was middle class. But after three seasons, they moved to the ***working-class*** London district of Tower Hamlets near the Tower of London and set about restoring the dilapidated mid-19th-century Wilton's Music Hall.

"One day, a couple of years ago, Dick Enthoven called me up and invited me to become director of the Spier Festival," recalled Mr. Dornford-May, whose experience of South Africa was limited to running a weeklong theater workshop with Mr. Hazlewood in a township near Durban in 1997. "I said, 'It's not my bag.' He asked me what I'd like to do. I said, 'An ensemble company, workshops, something genuinely South African.' Dick said fine, and that was it."

The two Englishmen set off for South Africa in search of talent. They first organized auditions in traditional theaters and cultural centers in major cities, but soon realized that they were on the wrong track.

"These were white fortresses of European culture in the middle of black Africa," Mr. Dornford-May said. "We decided to contact choirs in townships and hold auditions right there in the townships. We made it clear that there were no entry qualifications. Everyone would be heard. I felt that anyone who walked in by themselves to sing to a couple of white guys had the confidence to perform onstage. Over three weeks, we heard 2,000 people."

Mr. Hazlewood added: "We had auditions in tiny halls, classrooms, wherever we could find. They would perform everything from Zulu war songs and Christian hymns to Frank Sinatra and Italian opera."

After 50 singers were selected, the decision to do "The Mysteries" (or "Yiimimangaliso," in Zulu) was easier: since most South Africans are Christians, they already knew the stories of the Bible. But there were other reasons. As a child, Mr. Dornford-May had appeared as an angel in the mystery plays in Chester, one of five English cities that have revived a medieval tradition smothered by the Protestant Reformation in the early 16th century. There were also interesting parallels. As in South Africa, the actors in the original mystery plays were amateurs. Further, the mystery plays were performed at the time in English for people who could not understand the Latin mass. In South Africa, they could also be performed in the languages of the people.

The 25 scriptural plays, performed in medieval Chester over three days, have been reduced here to a two-hour show that begins at the Creation and ends at the Ascension. It also retains the humor of the Chester plays, notably the reluctance of "Mrs. Noah" to enter the Ark and the devilish antics of Lucifer. But the humor is African, which comes easily because, of the 40 actors onstage, there are 33 black performers, six white and one of mixed race. The music, arranged by Mr. Hazlewood, is, in turn, based on traditional African folk songs and lullabies, and is played on percussion "noninstruments," like oil drums, bottles, wooden boxes and even a bouncing rubber tire.

In the tradition of what is known as "rough theater," there is no scenery and only minimal props are used. Instead, the story is told entirely by the actors, whether in funny moments, like Lucifer imitating a cock crowing thrice, or in poignant moments, like Jesus's betrayal by Judas. The show ends with a dance celebrating Jesus's Ascension that seems to inspire audiences.

"In New York, standing ovations have become as ordinary as hot dogs, but in the rigorous English capital, you seldom see an entire audience leap to its feet in an unabashed display of collective joy," Benedict Nightingale wrote in The Times of London after "The Mysteries" returned here this winter. "Last night it happened."

After "The Mysteries," Mr. Dornford-May and Mr. Hazlewood decided the company was ready for more traditional opera. For their Carmen, they found the right mezzo voice and strong personality in Pauline Malefane, the Virgin Mary of "The Mysteries." Sandile Kamle, the Herod and Peter of "The Mysteries," became Don Jose, while Andre Strijdom, Joseph and Thomas in the first show, reappeared as the toreador Escamillo. The dialogue is again in South Africa's various languages, laced with a good deal of local humor, but the score is sung in English, accompanied by a 45-piece orchestra conducted by Mr. Hazlewood.

By now, of course, the performers can hardly be described as amateurs. Not only have they developed stagecraft, but they are also paid, with everyone receiving the same salary: $145 per week when they are in South Africa, and the union rate of $470 per week in London (no small sum for, say, Andries Mbali, Lucifer in "The Mysteries," who used to earn his living by washing cars). South Africans are also acquiring new skills in stage management, costume design and lighting.

Mr. Dornford-May, for one, seems confident in his team. For his next production he is hesitating between Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin" and "Il Trittico," the title given by Puccini to three one-act operas. "Or," he added, "perhaps 'Oedipus' done in the style of 'The Mysteries.' "

Meanwhile, in South Africa, the company has switched its base from the Spier Wine Estate to the Joseph Stone Theater at Athlone near Cape Town. The reason was simple. Mr. Enthoven understood that the Spier audience was largely white because the festival was inaccessible to anyone without a car. He and Mr. Dornford-May therefore sought a more practical alternative.

"The new theater is on the main taxi route from the major townships," Mr. Dornford-May said, "and that makes all the difference."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mark Dornford-May, the director of "The Mysteries," in London. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg. 10); Vumile Nomanyama, center, and cast members of "The Mysteries" at the Queens Theater in London. (Alastair Muir)(pg. 7)

**Load-Date:** May 12, 2002

**End of Document**



[***In Melting Pot, Harmony and Problems Mix***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-2Y80-002S-X3J6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 31, 1989, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1313 words

**Byline:** By FELICIA R. LEE

**Body**

Elmhurst, Queens, is a window on the world. Women in saris push baby strollers past Irish pubs and Korean fruit stands. Two children lean out a window and call to their mother in Spanish. In the city's most ethnically diverse neighborhood, the heat that fuels the melting pot also incubates a host of problems.

People flock to Elmhurst from roughly 120 countries in pursuit of the American dream, beckoning somewhere in the shadow of the No. 7 Flushing train.

Some are finding it, if the new Indian grocery stores and the old Protestant churches with signs advertising services in languages like Tamil are any measure. At Public School 89, 43 languages are represented. The Elmhurst public library has special sections of Chinese books and three cases of ''libros en espanol.''

But the immigrants also find crack dealers standing brazenly along Roosevelt Avenue and other places, despite a police Tactical Narcotics Team that came and went earlier this year. They also send their children to schools that are at 120 percent of capacity, and they step over garbage in the streets.

Elmhurst - bounded on the south by the Long Island Expressway, on the west by the old New York Connecting Railroad right-of-way, on the north by Roosevelt Avenue and on the east by Junction Boulevard - heavily supported Mayor Edward I. Koch in past elections. But random conversations reveal that many people are now uncertain about who should be mayor. ''We'd like a change from Koch,'' said Helen Carol, a retired waitress, as she sat in the Continental Coffee Shop at 82-63 Broadway. ''I like Giuliani - he has more experience with the criminals. This Ronald Lauder, he sends me a letter asking for money. He's a millionaire! He should send me some money!''

Korn Wongsarochan, whose family moved to Elmhurst from Thailand seven years ago and opened an electronics shop, said the neighborhood had declined even as it grew.

''I really don't look forward to the election,'' Mr. Wongsarochan said. ''Drugs are a big issue. It makes the community kind of low.''

Illegal Immigrants

Growth is the overriding fact of life in Elmhurst. Community leaders hope that the 1990 census will reflect that growth and that the city will pour more services into the area. According to the 1980 census, there were 76,424 people living in Elmhurst, compared with 69,818 listed in the 1970 census.

Estimates are that Queens Community District 4, which encompasses Elmhurst and Corona, could increase its population as much as 10 percent between now and the year 2000. That does not include thousands of illegal immigrants, who are thought to equal the number of legal immigrants.

Where Elmhurst was once easily defined as a blue-collar neighborhood of mostly white ethnic groups, since the end of World War II it has evolved into a pastiche of communities, sometimes with widely varying objectives and perspectives.

About 40 percent of Elmhurst residents are white, 35 percent are Hispanic, 22 percent are Asian and less than 2 percent are black. About 11.9 percent of the population lives below the poverty line. The bulk, according to 1980 census figures, can be described as ***working class***.

Safety and Quality of Life

''We talk about two Elmhursts,'' said Walter L. McCaffrey, a City Council member whose 21st District includes the neighborhood. ''South of Queens Boulevard is a lower-density area of Italians, Irish and Germans. North of Queens Boulevard are Hispanics of various South American backgrounds. The nuances might be different, but everyone is concerned with the quality of life in terms of public safety.'' One area is composed mostly of European immigrants, the other primarily of Hispanics and Asians.

Mr. McCaffrey said drugs were pervasive. In south Elmhurst, people living in single-family homes are zealously opposed to proposed zoning changes that would allow highrise buildings in an already overcrowded area. Some schools are at 123 or 124 percent of capacity. Mr. McCaffrey said it was common to find four apartments in a building zoned for two.

Part of the problem in mobilizing Elmhurst, he said, is minimal involvement in politics by recent immigrants. Personally, he is supporting the Democratic candidacy of Richard Ravitch, the businessman and former head of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority.

Mr. McCaffrey said it used to be that whoever won the 29th election district within the 30th State Assembly district, which includes Elmhurst, won the city. That is no longer true, because the voting habits of the white ethnic groups are not necessarily adopted by the new immigrants. He noted a ''healthy registration in the Republican party'' in the formerly Democratic stronghold.

A Stake in the Neighborhood

''It would appear, at the moment, people say they are either for or against Koch,'' he said. ''The second part of the discussion is, if Koch has to go, then who?''

Rose Rothschild, district manager for Community Board 4, is part of the old guard that supports the Mayor. An Elmhurst resident for 28 years, she laments the loss of a quieter time when people knew one another and felt they had a stake in the neighborhood.

For example, she was active in a strong Parents Association for many years, but says few people show up for meetings these days. She said people call her with complaints about the neighborhood but seem unwilling to put energy into solving the problems.

''You have a problem on Roosevelt Avenue with drug peddlers, illegal vendors, all kinds of quality-of-life things,'' she said.

Apartment Houses Congested

''Because the community is growing so fast, Elmhurst has more apartment houses and they are congested. The city services are not equal to that congestion,'' she added. ''When people call the police, they don't respond.

Still, Mrs. Rothschild believes Mayor Koch has done a good job under difficult circumstances. She said she was unimpressed with the claims of other candidates.

''The others really haven't come up with any innovative anything,'' she said. ''David Dinkins was Manhattan borough president. If he had all those ideas, why hasn't he done something with them? Richard Ravitch ran the subways. What has he done?''

Carol Kim, a homemaker who is from South Korea and became an American citizen two years ago, said she was disappointed by the apathy surrounding the election. She said many Koreans do not understand why most Americans are so blase about the treasures of free education and democratic participation.

'Drug Men Come Up to You'

''My husband and I have three children,'' she said in English perfected by years of soap-opera viewing. ''At dinner each night we talk about the things we see on the television and read in the newspapers. We are not impressed that any of the men can help the city.

''In this neighborhood, we need much help,'' Mrs. Kim said. ''The drug men come up to you. The garbage piles up to the sky.''

Perhaps as in any other New York neighborhood, the issue that cuts across lines of class, race, religion and ethnicity is crime.

In 1988, there were 30 murders, 46 rapes, 1,160 robberies and 2,164 burglaries in the 110th police precinct, which serves Elmhurst. Four years earlier, there were 12 murders, 58 rapes, 962 robberies and 1,765 burglaries. Yet, those numbers, residents say, do not begin to suggest the steady decline in a once-graceful quality of life.

''People are afraid to come into the neighborhood,'' said Rudy Pollak, the owner of Dino Custom Color Photography & Video, which has stood at 80-01 Broadway for 43 years.

Beth Josephs, a physician's assistant at Elmhurst Hospital, said that since the birth of her daughter Emily nine months ago, the dearth of child care has joined crime, education, and drug abuse as her top priorities for the candidates.

''I'm starting to lean toward Dinkins, but he's been too quiet, too laid-back,'' she said. ''I think Giuliani is too right-wing. Koch is Koch. What more can I say?

**Graphic**

Photo of a section of Elmhurst, Queens (pg. B1); Walter L. McCaffrey, a City Council member (pg. B8) (NYT/Eddie Hausner); map of Queens showing location of Elmhurst (NYT) (pg. B8)

**End of Document**



[***Tory Infighting Highlights Labor's Comeback***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7PH0-0005-G20P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 3, 1995, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 2;  Column 1;  Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1291 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD W. STEVENSON

By RICHARD W. STEVENSON

**Dateline:** LONDON, July 2

**Body**

As they debate whether to dump John Major as their leader and select a new Prime Minister, Britain's governing Conservatives are staring not only into their own political souls, but into the face of the opposition Labor Party. And if they are unnerved by their internal divisions, the Tories are downright scared by Labor's growing electoral strength.

Labor is benefiting in part from simply not being the Tories, who after 16 years in power are running at record lows in public opinion polls.

But the turmoil among the Tories has also highlighted Labor's success in emerging from a long period of introspection and reform as an energized, centrist force. After being considered unelectable for years, it is now widely seen as a wholly credible, if untested, party of government.

Under its leader, Tony Blair, 42, Labor has abandoned its old class-warfare oratory and its more radical leftist policies, stolen the initiative from the Tories on issues like family and crime, built respect in the business and financial communities for its economic policies and moved into the lead in the opinion polls by 25 points or more.

This indicates a sharp turnaround from the landslide victories by the Conservatives in 1979, 1983 and 1987 and from the closer contest in 1992.

"Labor is more than just electable," said Rodney Barker, a political scientist at the London School of Economics. "Predictions are always dangerous in politics, but if nothing dramatic happens between now and the next general election, the Labor Party is pretty sure to win."

Many Conservatives who had come to view themselves as part of a permanent party of government find themselves slightly panicky at Labor's resurgence, and they are struggling to define what they stand for other than incumbency.

As they ponder whether to topple Mr. Major, they must calculate more than just the overt issue in the campaign over party leadership -- the effect their choice will have on their party's stance on integration in the European Union.

They must also determine whether a new Prime Minister would help their individual efforts to hold on to their seats against the expected Labor juggernaut.

Labor was once known for being dominated by unions and for advocating far-left positions like unilateral nuclear disarmament. The "new Labor," as Mr. Blair's supporters refer to it, has wrested policy-making power away from the unions and has adopted a moderate, internationalist foreign policy.

And it has abandoned any notion of reversing the Thatcherite revolution of the 1980's, when conservative free-market policies were applied not just to traditional economic policy, but to education, health care and nearly every other social issue.

Instead, Mr. Blair has put forth proposals that commit Labor to support market economics and fiscal rectitude. But his platform, to the extent he has laid out details, professes to put a more caring face on the Government. It promises, for example, to restore more Government control over the National Health Service, which under the Tories has been run as a kind of giant H.M.O.

Where the Conservatives have been split over how much sovereignty to cede to the European Union, Labor has been more united in favoring greater European integration. Mr. Blair has refused to be pinned down, though, on whether he would definitely give up Britain's monetary sovereignty to join a European currency union.

Mr. Blair became party leader last summer after the death of his predecessor, John Smith. In pushing the party further toward the center, Mr. Blair accelerated a process begun by Neil Kinnock when he was Labor leader during from the mid-1980's until 1992.

Mr. Smith continued the process after Labor lost the 1992 general election. But it has only been under Mr. Blair, who is more charismatic and telegenic than his predecessors, that Labor has shed the last of its "loony left" image.

In his most important, though symbolic, victory over his party's left wing, Mr. Blair won a hard-fought battle in April to drop the party's commitment to nationalizing industry. Soon after, he mocked Mr. Major in Parliament by saying: "I lead my party. You follow yours."

Mr. Blair is frequently derided as a lightweight by Tory politicians, and though he is still untested by the pressures of a national campaign, much less by the need to govern, their comments increasingly sound hopeful rather than convinced.

He also is not fully trusted by the left wing of his own party, but he has made no excuses about being more a pragmatist than an ideologue.

"Power without principle is barren, but principle without power is futile," Mr. Blair told a Labor Party conference this spring.

If current polling data hold up, Labor will not only win power from the Conservatives in the next general election, but will do so in a landslide. Not only has Labor rekindled support among the ***working class*** -- always its key constituency -- but it has made great inroads into the middle class, even in the Tory heartland of southern England.

Indeed, in nationwide local elections in early May, the Tories won only a quarter of the popular vote in a pattern that, if repeated in a general election, would leave them with only about 100 seats in Parliament's lower house, compared with about 400 for Labor.

The Conservatives, who have been in power since Margaret Thatcher led them to victory in 1979, do not have to call a general election until the spring of 1997, assuming they maintain a majority in the lower house. But with the party so deeply divided, an election could come much earlier, even this summer if the party cannot restore some unity and discipline to its back benches.

Mr. Blair, an Oxford-educated lawyer, never belonged to a union and never subscribed to the fiery socialist oratory that dominated Labor during the 1970's and the first half of the 1980's. But so far he has managed to win grudging acceptance for his more moderate policies even from the party's staunch left.

But whether he would be able to keep his party united in Government is an open question. Ken Livingstone, a leftist Labor member of Parliament, said Mr. Blair would inevitably face pressure from a coalition of the largest unions to move to the left.

Mr. Blair, Mr. Livingstone contended, is a "very honest, very competent, very right-wing leader" who would lead the party back to power but would adopt more leftist policies than his current image suggested.

So far, Mr. Blair has skillfully balanced the wings of his party. One of his best-known slogans, "Tough on crime, tough on the causes of crime," encapsulates his ability not just to speak in publicity-generating sound bites, but also to suggest support for policies that would appeal to more conservative voters without alienating Labor's core constituency.

"We can win new friends without losing old values," Mr. Blair told the party conference this spring. "Don't fall for this nonsense about stealing Tory clothes when we talk of crime, the family, of aspiration, of duty and responsibility. We are reclaiming this ground in British politics because it is rightfully ours."

On economic issues more than social issues, Mr. Blair has clearly moved the party to the right. The Labor Party for the last several decades was associated by the financial and business establishment with sympathy for striking unions, fiscal irresponsibility, high taxes and inflation.

But Mr. Blair and Gordon Brown, who would become Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Labor government, have assiduously courted the financial community, assuring them of their commitment to fighting inflation, keeping government spending under control and avoiding tax hikes.

"We are tough on inflation and have an iron commitment to financial stability and financial prudence," Mr. Brown said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Under the leadership of Tony Blair, center, Britain's Labor Party has emerged from a long period of introspection and reform as an energized, centrist force. He celebrated a Labor victory in spring elections for town councils in Scotland with members of the Glasgow City Council. (Associated Press)

Chart: "Compare and Contrast: For Britain's Labor, a New Outlook"

Britain's Labor Party has moved ahead in the polls, to a large extent by abandoning its old class-warfare rhetoric and embracing more centrist policies:

On the Left: The Old Labor

"Common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange." (Previous Labor Party Manifesto)

Full employment

Union dominance over party affairs

Unilateral nuclear disarmament

The welfare state

Toward the Right: The New Labor

"The enterprise of the market and the rigor of competition are joined with the forces of partnership and cooperation to produce the wealth the nation needs and the opportunity for all to work and prosper." (Current Labor Party Manifesto)

Fighting inflation and budget deficits

Less union influence and power

Support for further European integration

"Tough on crime, tough on the causes of crime."(Tony Blair)

**Load-Date:** July 3, 1995

**End of Document**



[***If You're Thinking of Living in: Stamford***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3510-002S-X21B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 20, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 10; Page 5, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1369 words

**Byline:** By ELEANOR CHARLES

**Body**

TO the old guard, nostalgic for their genial hometown, Stamford has become an austere, intimidating business center, the largest between New York and Boston. But new residents of Connecticut who choose it over Darien, New Canaan or Greenwich do so ''because you get more value for your money,'' said Janice Green, manager of the William Pitt Real Estate office. ''They like a city rather than a bedroom community. You have to be secure - know who you are, to live here.''

Since 1963, when 9,400 downtown acres were razed to make way for urban renewal, towers with more than eight million square feet of office space have been built along Interstate 95 between exits 6 and 9. Altogether there are 14 million square feet of commercial space, but the intensely developed central business district is just 3 percent of the city's 39 square miles; the rest is heavily residential.

Don Russell, columnist for The Stamford Advocate, thinks that ''the corporations have made it a better place to live,'' and that ''without them we would be a city without commerce or industry, without an identity.''

Often derided by its detractors as having no identity, Stamford has in fact had several. In 1641 it was settled by 29 Puritan families from Wethersfield who bought a tract on the Rippowam River from two Sagamore Indian chiefs in exchange for coats, kettles, hatchets, mirrors, knives and beads. The farming community they founded and named for Stamford in England became, by the mid-1800's, a thriving industrial center that prevailed until the mid-1900's. Pianos, typewriters, automobiles, bicycles, pottery, chemicals, locks, hardware and machine tools were manufactured and shipped to New York from Stamford's Canal Street docks.

During World War II the city turned to defense production, and 30,000 new residents poured in between 1940 and 1960, raising the population to 92,700.

''That was the beginning of the identity crisis,'' said Ms. Green. ''North Stamford developed with one- and two-acre zoning, looking just like Wilton or New Canaan. Executives moved up there who had no connection with the factories and ethnic ***working-class*** neighborhoods downtown.''

''It's still a collection of villages within a city,'' said Renee Kahn, director of the Historic Neighborhood Preservation program, ''which is why I like living here. I move in circles from the top to the bottom of the socioeconomic scale that I would be isolated from in other communities. There is very little social stratification.

Most neighborhoods are well-defined and self-contained, with their own shops, post office and restaurants. On the waterfront are the Cove and Shippan Point, where real estate is expensive. To the east are family neighborhoods: Glenbrook, Belltown, Springdale and Newfield. Mid-Ridges, between Long Ridge and High Ridge Roads, is at the center, and Turn of River is south of the Merritt Parkway. North Stamford, above the parkway, has no sewers or city water and prices are high; Westover, on the west side, is almost as expensive. Waterside and the southwest end, plagued by crime and drugs that sometimes spill over into the adjacent downtown streets, command much attention from the 265-member police force.

''Like all big cities, we have our problems,'' said Deputy Chief John Moriarty.

A wider variety of housing can be found among the city's 45,000 dwelling units than in any other community in the state, from marginal efficiency apartments at $450 a month to multi-acre, multimillion-dollar estates in the back country. Old Long Ridge Village, a historic enclave at the north end, contains 18th- and 19th-century homes once-owned by Benny Goodman, Joshua Logan and Vivian Vance. More than 500 such houses exist throughout the city. Single-family houses, two- and three-family condominiums, rentals and parcels of land are among 2,348 listings. Rentals are accelerating because many people can't buy. While prices are still dropping slightly, Tom Purcell, executive director of the Stamford Board of Realtors, says that ''sellers are not jumping at low bids since interest rates eased down.''

AT Harbor House, a new condominium-marina complex off Shippan Avenue, the developer will buy a client's current house for 85 percent of appraised value after giving him five months to sell it independently, according to Arlene Hall, manager of the Merrill Lynch Real Estate office. For the first three years, buyers will be able to sign up for free time on the developer's yacht, with his captain. Harbor House units cost $199,000 for a one-bedroom to $635,000 for a three-bedroom duplex penthouse, all with water views, and buyers may buy condominium dock space at a discounted price of $54,000 (nonresidents pay about $70,000). In September Merrill Lynch will hold a citywide open house, distributing maps to guide prospective buyers.

June Rosenthal, president of Juner Properties, is marketing Wynnewood, a subdivision off Ingleside Road where Robert A. M. Stern is designing eight homes on two acres each at around $1.5 million each. ''We also have houses elsewhere in the city for $300,000 to $700,000,'' she said.

LARGE, luxurious older homes on the water like those owned by William F. Buckley Jr. and Louis Dell'Olio, the fashion designer, go for $3 million and up, according to Ms. Green, but fixer-uppers in modest neighborhoods can be found for $180,000.

The Biltmore on Greyrock Place, with 161 one- and two-bedroom apartments renting for $750 to $1,600, is one of three rental and condominium towers with some 400 units recently built downtown. Jon Smith, the city planner, says: ''We are considering up to 3,000 more units in a commitment to populate downtown with dwellings and leisure activities as well as offices.''

Eventually, apartments will surround a central area of shops, movies, the Town Center mall, the Palace Theater - where the Stamford Symphony, Broadway plays and major ballet companies perform - and many of the city's 80-odd restaurants.

The Stamford Center for the Arts is scheduled to open early in 1991 on Atlantic Street, and for a third year a New Year's Eve arts festival called Stamford First Night will be held from 4 P.M. to midnight Dec. 31, with the downtown streets and buildings taken over by costume parades, performances and some 15,000 revelers.

Over the last 20 years Stamford has produced 10 of the 40 Presidential Scholars from Connecticut's 166 school districts. The public school system of 11 elementary, 3 junior high and 3 high schools serves 11,500 children, 46 percent of them from minority backgrounds. Integration, in place since 1972, continues through a busing program. Rippowam High School houses groups of 450 students who demonstrate a special interest in either science and technology, business and management or arts and communication.

Most of the dozen or more private schools and many of the 25 nursery schools in town are church-affiliated. The King and Low-Heywood Thomas School, on Newfield Avenue, dating from the 1870's, and Long Ridge School are not. Tuition at King and Low-Heywood from kindergarten to grade 12 ranges from $4,200 to $9,625 annually.

Public recreation facilities include 42 baseball fields, 5 beaches, 27 tennis courts, 622 acres of parks, the Hallowe'en Yacht Club, 3 marinas, which charge $170 to $650 a foot for a season rental, and two 18-hole golf courses charging $8.50 a day with a $10 season permit. The private Stamford Yacht Club, Yacht Haven East and West marinas, and Rockrimmon and Woodway Country Clubs have long waiting lists and undisclosed fees.

Among the city's cultural amenities are the 118-acre Stamford Museum & Nature Center, with an art museum, early New England farm, trails, concerts and educational programs; a branch of Manhattan's Whitney Museum of Art, and the Ferguson Public Library, where a 24-hour telephone information service begins in September. There are 70 religious institutions, a University of Connecticut branch and Bartlett Arboretum.

Householders in need of supplies often wind up enjoying themselves at United House Wrecking on Hope Street, a bizarre emporium of kitsch containing acres of architectural remnants, brick, used plumbing fixtures, antiques, garden statuary and some outrageous items of decor.

**Graphic**

Harbor House condominiums on Shippan Avenue have marina facility; House at Wynnewood, complex off Ingleside Road (The New York Times/Stephen Castagneto); map of Stamford

**End of Document**



[***A Neighborhood Comes Into Its Own - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4HV0-S3S0-TW8F-G2BW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 7; LIVING IN/Prospect Heights, Brooklyn

**Length:** 1741 words

**Byline:** By JEFF VANDAM

**Body**

ON the heavily trafficked Web site www.dailyheights.com, a recent poll asked visitors to vote on new SoHo-style nicknames for Prospect Heights, their beloved Brooklyn neighborhood. While there was some support for ToPoSlo (Too Poor to live in the Slope) and HoSloFugee (Home for Slope Refugees), the biggest winner by far was not a name, but a criticism: ''This poll is extraordinarily dumb.''

Such dismissals are common in Prospect Heights, long in the shadow of Park Slope, its neighbor across Flatbush Avenue. For years, Heights residents have been told their neighborhood is a fallback for those who can't afford the Slope's brownstones and co-ops and all the attendant shopping and dining.

But in the last few years, Prospect Heights has begun to hold its own, enticing newcomers with attractive lofts, newly constructed luxury condominiums and brownstones that are often larger and more elegant than those in the rest of Brooklyn.

''People used to view Prospect Heights as an alternative to the Slope,'' said Peggy Aguayo, co-owner of the Aguayo & Huebener Realty Group in Brooklyn. ''Ten years ago, that was the case. Today, it's become its own destination.''

Perhaps more than any other area in Brooklyn, new projects are being announced and sprouting up all over this small corridor. Most notably, a 15-story tower designed by Richard Meier is planned for the corner of Eastern Parkway and Plaza Street East, at Grand Army Plaza and the entrance to Prospect Park.

Elsewhere, new construction projects already have many buyers, including the Washington at Washington Avenue and Dean Street, which will feature an interior Japanese Zen garden.

In addition to the neighborhood's residential upsurge, restaurants and shops are quickly opening on Vanderbilt Avenue and the cachet of cultural institutions along Eastern Parkway, including the Brooklyn Public Library, Brooklyn Botanic Garden and Brooklyn Museum, have all initiated or finished impressive upgrades.

''There's a great cultural corridor here,'' said Jon Keegan, an illustrator who moved in 2002 from Park Slope into Newswalk, a Dean Street loft building formerly home to a Daily News printing plant, with his wife, Julie, a painter. ''There's this sweet spot of being between BAM and the Brooklyn Museum -- Prospect Heights is so perfect for that,'' he said, referring to the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Yet as Mr. Keegan and his fellow users of dailyheights.com are well aware, there is an undercurrent to all of the recent success of Prospect Heights: the plans of the developer Bruce Ratner to build a sizable complex of shopping, offices, housing and a Frank Gehry-designed arena for his New York Nets over the railyards on Atlantic Avenue. Concerns about eminent domain issues and the project's potential impact on the area's density are widespread, as is uncertainty over what form it will finally take.

Still, not everyone is up in arms. Mark McCartney, a computer programmer who rents a one-bedroom apartment on Washington Avenue with his fiancee, Beth Elliott, lives south of the proposed project's area. ''We're so far away it wouldn't affect us,'' he said. ''And I don't like basketball.''

What You'll Find

Prospect Heights is a trapezoid of a neighborhood, wedged between Fort Greene, Crown Heights, Prospect Park and Park Slope. The residential options within its borders are representative of nearly every type of housing in Brooklyn, from still-rough industrial properties in the neighborhood's northeastern section to tall, wide brownstones in its center and graceful early 20th-century apartment buildings and towers in the south, near Prospect Park. Modern condos are, of course, on the way.

The central commercial strip is Vanderbilt Avenue, which features many new and old businesses and runs directly into Grand Army Plaza at Prospect Park. It offers perhaps the clearest signs of change in Prospect Heights.

''When we first started, there was maybe one restaurant on the block,'' said Colin Daring, co-owner of Pieces, a clothing boutique at Vanderbilt and Park Place that opened six years ago. He is also president of the Vanderbilt Avenue Merchants Association. Since he opened Pieces with his wife, Latisha, he said, roughly nine restaurants have opened on Vanderbilt alone.

John Policastro, who has operated the Garden Cafe on Vanderbilt Avenue with his wife, Camille, for the last 20 years, confirmed that Prospect Heights just feels different now.

''Sometimes we would leave here at 10:30 or 11 at night years ago and it was just a bleakness, a desertion,'' Mr. Policastro said. ''Now we have the advent of the bars and the restaurants that stay open later than we do. It's a comfort.''

Flatbush Avenue, the neighborhood's western border, is home to express subway stations and is itself a busy commercial strip, much more trafficked than Vanderbilt. Cars and loud trucks move quickly -- on a recent Sunday afternoon, one man crossing the street had to dive out of the way of an oncoming Mazda. Businesses like carpet outlets and the House of Hair dominate, though newer occupants like iSold It, an eBay drop-off store, have moved in.

To the west, Washington Avenue represents the traditional eastern border of Prospect Heights, though the border has occasionally been pushed farther east into Crown Heights, a development akin to the seemingly bottomless southern expansion of ''South Park Slope.'' On Washington, auto body shops and bodegas are common, though new condo projects are appearing there, and newer restaurants like Cafe Shane and the Ginger Root Cafe serve traditional African-Caribbean dishes in comfortable, bright environments.

What You'll Pay

For all its proximity to hot real estate markets in Fort Greene and Park Slope, the prices in Prospect Heights can at times seem suspiciously low. But that is quickly changing, especially as new developments are completed and bring up per-square-foot prices like a high tide.

For example, prices at the Washington, the new condo building on Washington Avenue with few available units left, begin at $675,000 for a two-bedroom and exceed $800,000 for a 1,900-square-foot duplex.

As for the neighborhood's already established housing stock, the most sought after are its polished brownstones, many of which currently feature ''No Arena Complex'' posters in their oversized windows. While houses in Park Slope are selling for as high as $3 million, Prospect Heights prices are about half that, averaging around $1.5 million and heading north toward $1.8 million.

''As you get closer to Park Slope, prices go up,'' said Robert Krieger, a broker at the Corcoran Group who does business in both neighborhoods. ''It's all about location. I haven't seen anything below a million in a long time.''

In apartment sales, Ms. Aguayo of Aguayo & Huebener recently sold a co-op with one bedroom and a small den on Eastern Parkway for $650,000. A few blocks north on Sterling Place, a 1,400-square-foot three-bedroom in an elevator building sold for $770,000. One-bedroom apartments generally range from $200,000 to $300,000 and average-sized two-bedrooms start at $600,000.

As for rentals, one-bedroom units generally start at $1,300 a month, and two-bedrooms begin at around $1,900.

What to Do

Prospect Heights is at the center of the cultural heart of Brooklyn, with next-door access to all of Eastern Parkway's institutions, as well as the theaters of the Brooklyn Academy of Music to the north and the best access to Prospect Park outside of Park Slope. At the Brooklyn Museum, families flock to Target First Saturdays, free monthly arts and entertainment programs.

And whereas Heights residents used to have to travel to Park Slope for shopping and nightlife, such trips are no longer necessary. Bars like the Tavern on Dean, Bar Sepia and Beast Bar are attracting locals and outsiders, and long-established restaurants like the highly rated Garden Cafe and the immortal Tom's Restaurant on Washington Avenue generate lines out their doors.

As for grocery shopping, there are a few supermarkets on Washington Avenue, but as of now, no Whole Foods or Fairway stores have been announced for the neighborhood. Still, a bustling farmer's market operates in Grand Army Plaza every Saturday year-round, attracting a dedicated base of shoppers.

The Schools

The old Public School 9 on Sterling Place is now a stunning apartment building converted by the Forest City Ratner Companies, and the current version of the school on Underhill Avenue is the only primary school in the neighborhood. While it outspends the city average per student by about $1,000, the number of students meeting standards on state and city tests is eight percentage points behind city averages in English language arts and 13 percentage points behind in math.

The best junior high school in the area, the Park Place Community Middle School, is a relatively new school with a small enrollment where students far outscore city averages, in English by 32 percentage points and math by 36 points. At Prospect Heights High School, next to the Brooklyn Museum on Eastern Parkway, the average score in 2003-4 in the verbal portion of the SAT was 356, compared with 497 statewide, and 351 in math, compared with 510 statewide.

The Commute

Prospect Heights has several good subway options, with a 15-minute jaunt to Union Square on the Q train at Seventh and Flatbush Avenues. There is also access to the B and the No. 2 and 3 trains, and the Long Island Rail Road Station at Atlantic Avenue is a short ride away.

The History

Prospect Heights came into being in the late 19th century as New Yorkers looked for other places to live around the recently completed Prospect Park. A multiethnic ***working-class*** population thrived for the first half of the 20th century, though as New York declined in the 1960's and 70's, so did Prospect Heights, where many buildings were burned during racial unrest. After the real estate market in Park Slope and other nearby neighborhoods improved in the 80's and 90's, Prospect Heights came into its own.

What We Like

Prospect Heights retains the feel of unreformed, unartificial Brooklyn. Spillover or not, it is its own neighborhood, with cultural amenities to beat any competitors.

What We'd Change

Despite the character and beauty of the houses in Prospect Heights, it does not have landmark protection status from the city, as parts of many of the surrounding neighborhoods do.

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

**Correction**

The ''Living In '' article last Sunday, about Prospect Heights in Brooklyn, referred imprecisely to a proposal by Bruce C. Ratner to build a nearby complex of shops, offices, housing and a basketball arena. It would indeed be built over the Atlantic Avenue railyards, but also on adjacent land now occupied by residences and businesses.

The article also misstated the name of the team Mr. Ratner hopes to install in the arena. It is the New Jersey Nets, not the New York Nets.

**Correction-Date:** December 25, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: NOT THE SLOPE -- Row houses line St. Marks Avenue in Prospect Heights, Brooklyn, which is emerging from its status as an also-ran to Park Slope. (Photographs by Frances Roberts for The New York Times)

On the Market: 526 CARLTON AVENUE -- This renovated four-story town house, center, has six bedrooms and two baths, and is listed at $1,499,000. (718) 832-4152. 535 DEAN STREET -- A duplex loft in this building has two bedrooms and two bathrooms, and is listed at $795,000. (212) 321-7154.

394 LINCOLN PLACE -- A one-bedroom co-op in this building, one block from Prospect Park, is listed at $299,000. (718) 622-9300.Map of Brooklyn highlighting Prospect Heights.

**Load-Date:** December 18, 2005

**End of Document**



[***When Parents Offer Extras To Schools***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7J60-0005-G1XK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 23, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 27;  Column 5;  Metropolitan Desk;  Second Front; Column 5; ; Second Front

**Length:** 1360 words

**Byline:** By MARIA NEWMAN

By MARIA NEWMAN

**Body**

At P.S. 6 on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, parents raised money this year with a concert featuring an alumnus, Peter Yarrow of the group Peter, Paul and Mary. They also closed off the section of East 81st Street in front of the school for an Oktoberfest and waged a telethon, soliciting donations from parents and alumni. The total take: about $200,000.

At P.S. 124, in a section of Park Slope, Brooklyn, with a high immigrant population, the P.T.A. sold candy. It sponsored the school photographs. And one parent sought help from two major foundations, unsuccessfully. The P.T.A.'s total earnings: between $3,000 and $4,000. As a result, P.S. 6 has more computers, more class trips and more new books in the library.

As severe budget cuts have eroded services at public schools throughout the city, parents have stepped in to help not so much with extra niceties as in the past, but with what they consider basic features of their children's education that would otherwise be done away with. Yet their ability to raise money and navigate their way through the complex world of foundations is widening the gap between schools that have and those that have not.

Last week, as he was ordering school officials to make more budget cuts, Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani urged parents to volunteer their labor at community school district offices so that tax money could be devoted to the classrooms.

Parents throughout the city, however, say that at most schools, they are already going way beyond volunteering. They are raising money to pay librarians' salaries and to purchase everything from cartons of writing paper to security systems. And they are working phones and going door to door looking for donors for more expensive equipment like computers.

At some schools, parents are so accustomed to being asked to contribute, said Carol A. Gresser, the board of education president, that "you almost expect a notice from the schools saying there's going to be tuition."

"But what about the schools that can't fund-raise?" she said "That worries me."

No one has an accurate measure of how much parent groups are contributing to the schools; in fact, much of it is being collected under the table to get around board rules saying monies must be funneled through the district office. (Some parents fear that the district will not allow all the funds to go to their schools, but instead will force them to share with other schools or with the district administration.) But that also means that no one is keeping an eye on the disparity between the schools that raise a lot of money and those that do not.

Priscilla Marco, a board member of Community School District 6, which includes Washington Heights, said: "To be quite honest, most parents at our schools are below the poverty level. A lot of our parents have jobs working in factories; they have long hours. They are unable -- not unwilling, but unable -- to volunteer or raise money for the schools."

Schools throughout the city are financed at approximately equal levels, although schools with higher poverty rates or greater numbers of low-achieving students are eligible for special Federal funds (these, too, are being reduced).

At P.S. 6, the parents' association president, Lillian Zalta, said that her school, at 45 East 81st Street, had the same budgetary problems as others, even though its community was full of bankers, lawyers and doctors.

These parents have been generous with the school. Their contributions have paid for computers and the restoration of the library. They have also raised money to pay for a music teacher and for assistants to teachers in kindergarten and first grade.

Still, Mrs. Zalta is reluctant to talk about exactly how much parents contribute to the school.

"They think we're elitist," she said. "We can do it, but it is sad that other schools that don't have a richer parent body can't. It really does make it a question of haves and have-nots."

But instead of feeling resentful of schools like hers, or begrudging them what they can give to their children, parents at many other schools are impressed and want to learn from the experience.

"I need to call them and find out how they did it," said Yvonne Derrick at P.S. 124 in Brooklyn.

In her school, at 515 Fourth Avenue, many of the students are from Ecuador, India and other countries, and their parents work in factories or at other low-paying jobs. Few can afford to contribute time or money, Mrs. Derrick said.

Still, even with the small amount of money they raised last year, Mrs. Derrick said her group was able to buy a couple of computers.

Some successful groups also feel an obligation to share their knowledge, with public funds being squeezed by every level of government.

On the Upper West Side of Manhattan 10 years ago, Intermediate School 44 and P.S. 87 started a flea market, held each Sunday in the I.S. 44 playground at Columbus Avenue and 76th Street. It has since raised $1.2 million for schools in District 3. The money is used mostly for enrichment programs at the two schools, but a percentage is turned over to the district to pay for after-school programs at other schools.

Some of the money has also gone to buy computers, to pay for security personnel, install playground lighting, pay for librarians and librarians' assistants, replace flooring and underwrite a school chorus.

"It's a lot of pressure because we know if we didn't exist, there would be a really shallow education going on," said Margaret Lerner, the president of the flea market's board. "A lot of the after-school programs wouldn't even exist."

That's why, she said, the market's staff has offered help to other schools in setting up flea markets.

It is not only schools with wealthier parents who are succeeding at fund-raising. At P.S. 124 in Chinatown, where almost all the children are Asian, many of them sons and daughters of ***working-class*** immigrants, the parents' association has raised enough money to buy air-conditioners for every classroom, and to build a new playground.

Deborah Wong, the co-president of the group, said it had raised $158,000 for the school in five years -- most of it through raffles, with tickets sold for $1 and prizes like computers donated by community merchants -- and had found thousands of dollars in donations from politicians and foundations.

Mrs. Wong said of the neighborhood merchants, "When we told them it was for children, they were very generous."

Mark Levy, president of the P.T.A. president's council in District 20 in Brooklyn, said schools were officially allowed three fund-raising events a year, two of them involving children -- like gift-wrap sales -- and one put on by the school itself.

But most active parent groups will do more, he said, through activities that do not require the children themselves to solicit anything.

The reduction of city, state and Federal funds has forced parents to be more creative about raising money. Some sell pencils with the school name on them. Others have family-picture days, with the proceeds split between the school and the company that takes the photos.

Still others have auctions, and at schools with more affluent parents, the items might include theater tickets or original artworks.

Mr. Levy said that fund-raising also gave parents more pull with the school in decisions on curriculum and spending.

"When you come in with a check in your hand," he said, "it's easier to be heard."

The board president in Manhattan's District 2, Kathleen S. Berger, agrees that the ability of parents to pay is creating a disparity among public schools.

But, she said, it is not as great "as the disparity between our wealthiest public schools and the middle-level private schools in the city."

And other parents say that instead of expending so much energy to raise money for individual schools, some parents might do well to spend their time trying to change the political decisions that have left schools with scarce funds.

"To put on the political pressure to our decision makers is more vital, frankly, than money," said Stoney McMurray, P.T.A. co-president at Brooklyn Technical High School. "There are a lot bigger bucks in government than there are in parents' pockets."

**Graphic**

Photo: Deborah Wong, right, co-president of the P.T.A. at P.S. 124, in the playground that the organization paid for. (Ruby Washington/The New York Times) (pg. 29)

**Load-Date:** July 23, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Political Violence Sweeping Once-Quiet Honduras***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-30K0-002S-X4GW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 27, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 14, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1319 words

**Byline:** By LINDSEY GRUSON, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SAN PEDRO SULA, Honduras

**Body**

Salomon Vallecilo, a 34-year-old factory worker and labor leader, left his house in a ***working-class*** neighborhood here on July 4 to take a 6 A.M. bus to work. He passed a nightclub on his left and, on his right, an assassin, who was reading a newspaper in the shade of a small almond tree.

The assassin folded the newspaper and followed. At the corner, he pulled a gun and fired, wounding Mr. Vallecilo in the back. He staggered, almost stumbled across the street, where a second assassin put a bullet through his forehead, three witnesses of the incident recalled in separate interviews. The two men then escaped in a waiting pickup truck.

Rise in Political Violence

Mr. Vallecilo's murder, the second such killing in as many days in this Caribbean coast manufacturing town, illustrated the wave of political violence sweeping Honduras, once an oasis of relative moderation in a region marked by polarization and death squads.

Not all murders in Honduras have a political motive, but an increasing number do.

Bombings now occur frequently, raising fears that a leftist insurgency is taking root. Rightist paramilitary squads issue dozens of death threats. The Government security forces kill suspected common criminals after their arrest almost daily, according to human rights monitors. The monitors note that for the first time, mutilated corpses are regularly turning up on city streets, a practice that used to distinguish the turbulent political landscapes of neighboring Guatemala and El Salvador from Honduras.

''They used to hide the bodies in the sugar cane fields on the outskirts of town,'' said Jorge Sierra, a social science professor at the San Pedro Sula Teachers' College who works with the local chapter of the Committee to Defend Human Rights in Honduras, the country's main monitoring group. ''But now there's no fear that anything will happen. So they kill people in front of their friends and leave the bodies in the street. That way they create much more terror.''

Surge in Abuses

The committee said figures showed that in the first seven months this year there were at least 6 political assassinations and 78 killings by the police and security forces. Other abuses like torture and beatings have more than tripled since last year, when the committee reported 2 political assassinations and 47 killings by the security forces.

The surge in human rights violations, most of which attributed by monitors to the army and the police, comes at a time when there is a growing vacuum in civilian authority. Elections are scheduled in three months, and diplomats say President Jose Azcona Hoyo is widely viewed as a caretaker, little more than a figurehead for the army.

''This democracy only works on election day,'' said Francisco Meraz, a Tegucigalpa teacher and director of Caritas, a Roman Catholic Church relief organization. ''It is a democracy. But the people can only demonstrate on one day - election day.''

Armed Forces in Control

The military has long controlled large sectors of the economy and has a de facto veto over major Government decisions. But, diplomats say, its power has reached new heights in recent years as a result of United States military aid, which has increased since Honduras agreed to allow the American-backed Nicaraguan contras to build bases along the border.

''The situation is getting more and more alarming,'' said Oscar Anibal Puerto, a lawyer and vice president of the Human Rights Committee.

''Poor people only have two options - to die from hunger or a bullet from the law,'' Mr. Puerto said in an interview in his office on the Plaza of Our Sorrows in Tegucigalpa. On a wall outside his office, the Anti-Communist Action Alliance, a right-wing paramilitary group, had painted a slogan accusing his group of being Nicaraguan puppets. ''Death is part of the landscape,'' he said, quoting a line from the Latin American poet Roberto Sosa. ''Seeing a body will soon be like seeing a river, a cactus - quite normal,'' he added.

Complaints Are Disputed

Ruben Dario Zepeda, the Attorney General and chief of the Government Human Rights Commission, complained that critics and monitoring groups unfairly single out Honduras, whose human rights record remains better than that of its neighbors.

He acknowledged a pattern of abuses by the police, which is a branch of the armed forces, but he said the Government is working to stem the violence. It has dismissed more than 100 police officers, he said, but lacks the forensic resources to prosecute many common crimes and most human rights cases.

''It's gotten better and will get even better,'' he said. ''There are human rights problems but it's not the policy of the Government or the armed forces. They're human faults. We don't believe violence is a way to solve problems. Violence only creates violence.''

But, labor leaders and rights monitors say, Honduras is gradually falling victim to the fear and polarization that afflicts all its neighbors. Witnesses to Mr. Vallecilo's murder are too scared to help the authorities investigating the killing and talked to reporters only on the condition that they not be identified in any way. That is now common, Mr. Zepeda acknowledged.

Pervasive Fear

Rights monitors and labor leaders say they are no longer allowed to talk on most radio shows and that their comments are often censored. Many say they are being followed, presumably by police or army plainclothesmen.

Even Mr. Zepeda, who said he has received several recent death threats, acknowledged that he is scared. He said that his wife is close to a nervous breakdown and that he anxiously looks forward to the end of his term. ''I have six more months of this torture to go,'' he said in concluding a recent interview.

The fear is particularly pervasive in San Pedro Sula, which has borne the brunt of the violence. The country's second largest city, it is the focus of union organizing, leftist militancy and anti-Americanism.

''We've mobilized the masses and we think a little more collectively,'' Mr. Sierra noted when asked why the city has suffered disproportionately. ''We're ahead. We've created a coalition of peasants, workers, teachers and students.''

Leftists Are Held Responsible

Gen. Humberto Regalado, an anti-Communist hard-liner and chief of the armed forces, has blamed leftist extremists and drug traffickers for the violence. Senior commanders of the police have charged that leftists are responsible for the abuses. It is, they say, part of an attempt to provoke repression and polarization.

There have been victims from both political extremes, but the vast majority come from the left of center. That has sparked charges that the army has re-established a notorious military unit, Battalion 316, which is believed to be responsible for about 130 killings between 1981 and 1984.

In a case last year, the first against a government, the Inter-American Court of Human Rights found that the unit was responsible for the disappearance and killing of two students. In a second decision, the court, an arm of the Organization of American States, ruled that the Government must pay the students' families a total of $1.4 million. It is the first time a court has assessed monetary damages for human rights abuses.

Two senior army commanders say the battalion has been disbanded. They acknowledge it had a role in past human rights abuses and that the current violence could not continue without at least the tacit acquiescence of some top officials. But they maintain that the armed forces are not directly involved in the abuses and they blame the police, whose members generally have much less training and education and therefore more prone to commit abuses.

But critics dismiss those explanations. ''The same polarization that has happened throughout Central America is happening here and for the same reasons,'' said Mr. Meraz, the relief organization director. ''It's only at a different stage of development.''

**Graphic**

Map of Salomon Vallecilo, a labor leader, was assassinated in San Pedro Sula in July. Mr. Vallecilo's brother, Rogue, is consoled by a friend; map of Honduras indicating San Pedro Sula (NYT)

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HHR-W311-JBG3-60D8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 4, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 22

**Length:** 7306 words

**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)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts: 'Martin Wong: Human Instamatic' (through Feb. 14) Fervor, desire and coded insider-outsider knowledge crackle through this career retrospective of one of our great 20th-century American visionaries. Expanding on an earlier survey at the New Museum, the Bronx exhibition takes the artist from precocious juvenilia to unearthly little pictures done the year before his death from AIDS in 1999. Along with his art we have the traces of his countercultural life as mythologist, homoeroticist, existential tourist and urban resurrectionist. And all revolves around his mystical visions of ghetto New York. Neighborhood buildings are fortresslike, crushing, sinister. Yet miracles abound: windows glow gold; night skies bloom with stars. 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, the Bronx, 718-681-6000, t. (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)

? 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) This lavish roll out of 160 objects 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: '¡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 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. 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: '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

? Georg Baselitz: 'Visit from Hakusai' (through Dec. 19) Not given much thought to the painter Georg Baselitz of late? This beautiful show of large diptychs in ink and watercolor on paper will make you think again. In each, the German Neo-Expressionist has paired one of his versions of a wonderful ink self-portrait by the great Japanese master, with a reprise of some (usually figurative) motif from his own repertory. Part homage, part self-deprecating review, these marvelously assured, emotionally felt works also have the effect of an artist's slide lecture, compressed. Bravo. Gagosian Gallery, 980 Madison Avenue, at 76th Street, Manhattan, 212-744-2313, gagosian.com. (Smith)

? 'Carl Andre in His Time' This beautiful exhibition celebrates both the rigor and glamour of Minimalism, which reduced art to its ready-made, quasi-industrial essence while also functioning as impeccable interior décor. Paired with works by other Minimalists, Mr. Andre's fields of lead, copper or zinc tiles maintain most handily the paradox of this aloof, perfection-prone style. They are not only unapologetically radical but also functional and approachable, as they are meant to be walked on. Mnuchin Gallery, 45 East 78th Street, Manhattan, 212-861-0020, mnuchingallery.com. (Smith)

? Sheila Hicks: 'Ode to Roy Davis' (through Dec. 23) Before going private, this storied gallery pays homage to its founder and longtime guiding light (who died last year) with a show devoted to the small but powerful weavings called ''minimes'' by their maker, the veteran fiber artist Sheila Hicks. Like miniatures, these pieces reward close study and in their intimacy, limited format and expressive variety sustain comparison with the small still lifes of the Italian painter Giorgio Morandi. Davis & Langdale Company, 231 East 60th Street, Upper East Side, 212-838-0333, [*www.davisandlangdale.com*](http://www.davisandlangdale.com). (Roberta Smith)

? 'Swedish Wooden Toys' (through Feb. 28) 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: Chelsea

? Gil Batle: 'Hatched in Prison' (through Jan. 9) Mr. Batle, 53, served a total of 20 years in five California prisons for fraud and forgery. Now living in the Philippines, he has been recounting his experiences in an unlikely medium. Using a high-speed dental drill, he carves miniature narratives of prison life into the surfaces of ostrich eggs. The 19 examples in this show, all made in the past two years, are amazing for their meticulous craftsmanship and detailed story telling. Ricco Maresca, 529 West 20th Street, Chelsea, 212-627-4819, riccomaresca.com. (Johnson)

'Expanding Perceptions: Jack Goldstein, Beverly Pepper, Deborah Remington' (through Dec. 23) If you've often had a feeble if not negative response to the work of these three artists, the artist and curator Andy Onderdonx is out to revise -- and expand -- your experience. He has brought together eight interesting, sometimes little-known examples of their efforts, creating an amazing crossfire of techniques, palettes and imagery. A certain shininess, whether real or illusive, has something to do with it, and that's not a criticism. Creative curatorial thinking is alive and well here. Marlborough Chelsea, 545 West 25th Street, 212-463-8634, marlboroughchelsea.com. (Smith)

? Joseph Kosuth: 'Agnosia, an Illuminated Ontology' (through Dec. 19) A pioneer of 1960s-style Conceptualism, Mr. Kosuth has consistently insisted on the primacy of language as a constructor of reality over the course of his 50-year career. This philosophically provocative exhibition gathers together more than 40 works from 1965 to 2015 that feature electrically illuminated words, phrases and sentences in a visually sumptuous installation designed by the artist. Sean Kelly Gallery, 475 10th Avenue, at 36th Street, Chelsea, 212-239-1181, skny.com. (Johnson)

? Giorgio Morandi (through Dec. 19) This exhibition of 20 paintings concentrates on the artist's mature years (1950-1963) when his experimentation with the ways of painting his beloved still lifes continued, but subtly, and his manipulations of space, scale and suggestion were especially rich. The display culminates in a wonderful theme-and-variations sequence: four canvases from 1952 that depict a nearly identical arrangement of objects. David Zwirner, 537 West 20th Street, Chelsea, 212-517-8677, davidzwirner.com. (Smith)

Galleries: SoHo

? Giorgio Morandi (through June 25) The Italian master of modern still life, and closet abstractionist, is celebrated in a large show devoted foremost to his painting from the 1930s, which are not well known in this country. They reveal a period of struggle during which the artist had settled on what to paint, how to paint was still very much up for grabs. Joel Meyerowitz's large color photographs of Morandi's still life objects -- which he sometimes altered -- are also on view. Reservations are required. Center for Italian Modern Art, 421 Broome Street, near Crosby Street, SoHo, 646-370-3596, italianmodernart.org. (Smith)

Galleries: Other

?Merlin Carpenter: 'Hands Against Hands' (through Dec. 13) Known for making anti-painting paintings, this maverick British artist has taken 20 canvases portraying hands that he considered failed works and added further renderings of hands, these borrowed from another artist's photographs. More conventionally Expressionist than his usual fare, the results underscore that while Mr. Carpenter strives to subvert all notions of the artist's ''hand,'' his own painterly touch has long been a saving grace. Reena Spaulings Fine Art, 165 East Broadway, at Rutgers Street, Lower East Side, 212-477-5006, reenaspaulings.com. (Smith)

'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)

Alex Ebstein: 'Form/Fit' (through Dec. 20) A young painter adept with yoga mats (of all things) makes her New York debut in the new downtown gallery of a former and a soon-to-be-former employee of the Skarstedt gallery venture. Ms. Ebstein exploits the mats' bumpy texture and colors with compositions that have one foot in design (think soft Formica), one in 1950s biomorphism and a third in present interests in worldly abstraction and painting-without-paint. She paints patterns on a few of her cutout shapes, and these also look promising. Cuevas Tilleard, 142 Henry Street, at Rutgers Street, Lower East Side, 917-868-1225, cuevastilleard.com. (Smith)

? '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. Closes on Saturday 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)

? Hollis Frampton: 'ADSVMVS ABSVMVS' (through Dec. 20) The filmmaker, photographer, essayist, poet, teacher, fabulist and proto-digital pioneer Hollis Frampton (1936-1984) eased off on producing photography after the 1960s but came back to it again at the end of his life. His final work in the medium, a portfolio of 14 pictures, makes up this exhibition, which is also his New York gallery solo debut. The premise of the series is that photography is a kind of embalming mechanism for images, with a counterpart in the everyday world: a garter snake's shed skin; edible dried fish; pressed flowers. Each item is shot against a dark ground, and accompanied by a paragraph stating its find-spot along with mixes of description, opinion, folklore and art-lore. The result is zanily moving memento mori. Room East, 41 Orchard Street, Lower East Side, 212-226-7109, roomeast.com. (Cotter)

Loie Hollowell: 'AHHA' (through Dec. 13) The nine paintings here, in Ms. Hollowell's first solo exhibition, include geometric shapes and Gestalt-type images with conscious allusions to painters like Georgia O'Keeffe and Arthur Dove. Ms. Hollowell is not just recycling. She is trying to create her own lexicon of forms representing the vagina and female breasts. Countering the myth of ''pure'' abstraction and the recent, celebrated return of the figure in painting, Ms. Hollowell's sleight-of-hand abstraction offers a third option. (Sundays only.) 106 Green, 104 Green Street, near Franklin Street, 106green.com. (Schwendener)

? 'Painting Tranquility: Masterworks by Vilhelm Hammershoi From SMK -- The National Gallery of Denmark' (through Feb. 27) One of Denmark's most celebrated artists, Hammershoi (1864-1916) was known as ''the painter of tranquil rooms.'' This beautiful show of 24 paintings includes pictures in severely muted colors of women in nearly empty rooms suffused by atmospheres of mystery and loneliness; misty, gray cityscapes, devoid of people, that are like anxiety dreams; and tenderly unflinching portraits of the artist's wife, Ida. Scandinavia House, 58 Park Avenue, at 38th Street, 212-779-3587, scandinaviahouse.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

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

David Gilbert: 'The Secret Garden' (closes on Sunday) To make his photographs, Mr. Gilbert creates rough sculptural assemblages and installations in his studio in Los Angeles and illuminates them with spectral lighting. The process links him not just with photography's origins as an index of light, but with Baroque artists like Caravaggio and Georges de La Tour for whom light was alchemically symbolic. Like many of his contemporaries, Mr. Gilbert uses digital manipulation sparingly. The work has a raw, slightly scruffy sensibility, which amplifies its personal and romantic character, bolstering an overall shift in contemporary photography toward the poetic, mystical and mysterious. Klaus von Nichtssagend Gallery, 54 Ludlow Street, near Grand Street, Lower East Side, 212-777-7756, klausgallery.com. (Schwendener)

? EJ Hauser: 'Amphibian' (closes on Sunday) Seven years after her last solo show -- and debut -- in New York, this dedicated painter hits her stride with a series of canvases whose small blocky strokes conjure the digital, the woven and the wood blocked. The recurring image is radiantly attentive and skittish. It depicts a frog and has a totemic dimension, but sometimes suggests two people reverberating through time and space. The show confirms that good art takes time and persistence and the drawings are good in their own way. Regina Rex, 221 Madison Street, at Jefferson Street, Lower East Side, 347-460-7739, reginarex.org. (Smith)

? Ralph Lemon: 'Scaffold Room' (closes on Saturday) Mr. Lemon's penumbral installation at the Kitchen served as a stage set for a series of performances that took place in early November, but also makes for a resonant exhibition by this wonderful artist. Populated by African sculptures dressed in handmade Beyoncé and Jay-Z outfits, by projected images of animals that seem to exchange forms with humans and by a video of Edna Carter, 86, who has created her own Garden of Eden in the Mississippi Delta, the show radiates an eerie, foreboding tenderness. Its underground edge embodies in a stack of books that suggests an assigned reading list: Kathy Acker, Iceberg Slim and the Marquis de Sade. 512 West 19th Street, Chelsea, 212-255-5793, thekitchen.org. (Cotter)

Eva and Franco Mattes: 'I Would Prefer Not to Include My Name' (closes on Sunday) 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)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/12/04/arts/design/museum-amp-gallery-listings-for-dec-4-10.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/12/04/arts/design/museum-amp-gallery-listings-for-dec-4-10.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY 2015 HERBERT BAYER/ARTISTS RIGHTS SOCIETY (ARS), NEW YORK

PHILIP GREENBERG FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

**Load-Date:** December 4, 2015

**End of Document**



[***The Art of Feminism As It First Took Shape***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N73-2J30-TW8F-G38N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 9, 2007 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; PT2; Column 3; Leisure/Weekend Desk; Pg. 29; ART REVIEW

**Length:** 1936 words

**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, March 4

**Body**

If you've held your breath for 40 years waiting for something to happen, your feelings can't help being mixed when it finally does: ''At last!'' but also ''Not enough.'' That's bound to be one reaction to ''Wack! Art and the Feminist Revolution'' at the Museum of Contemporary Art here, the first major museum show of early feminist work.

Let me be clear: The show is a thrill, rich and sustained. Just by existing, it makes history. But like any history, once written, it is also an artifact, a frozen and partial monument to an art movement that was never a movement, or rather was many movements, or impulses, vibrant and vexingly contradictory.

One thing is certain: Feminist art, which emerged in the 1960s with the women's movement, is the formative art of the last four decades. Scan the most innovative work, by both men and women, done during that time, and you'll find feminism's activist, expansionist, pluralistic trace. Without it identity-based art, crafts-derived art, performance art and much political art would not exist in the form it does, if it existed at all. Much of what we call postmodern art has feminist art at its source.

Yet that source has been perversely hard to see. Big museums have treated art by women, whether expressly feminist or not, as box-office poison. On the market, feminism is a label to be avoided. When the painter Elizabeth Murray tried to assemble a show of art by women from the collection of the Museum of Modern Art in 1995, she couldn't find enough to fill a small gallery. MoMA has more work by women now, and she could do her show from in-house stock. But she still couldn't write a history.

The Los Angeles exhibition, which has been in the works for at least a decade, does write a history, calling upon an international roster of 119 artists, most represented by work from the early 1970s. But because that history is endlessly complicated and comprehensive accounts of it few, this show is still a rough draft and its organizer, Cornelia Butler, chief curator of drawing at MoMA, will doubtless be fielding suggestions and complaints for months to come.

Doubters will ask whether the one-curator model is out of date for a globalist project of this kind. Others will question the mid-'60s-through-'70s time frame -- why not longer, or shorter? -- as well as why certain artists, including the many male artists informed by feminist thinking, are absent, and self-declared nonfeminists like Marina Abramovic are present.

The questions are sound, and we all have our please-add wish lists (Lenore Tawney and Rachel Rosenthal are on mine, along with many non-Western artists). Still, I hope Ms. Butler will accept thanks for pulling off the impossible with aplomb, and let the fallout be what it is: fodder for future drafts.

For me the ''Wack!'' of the title is a problem. It's meant to echo the acronyms of various feminist groups -- WAC (Women's Art Coalition) and so on -- that came and went over the years. But it plays too readily into an antic, bad-girl take on feminist art that diminishes it and makes it a joke.

On the other hand ''art and the feminist revolution'' is fine. Feminism was revolutionary. ''Why have there been no great women artists?'' asked the art historian Linda Nochlin in 1971. Because of a hierarchical social structure, built on privileged distinctions of gender, class and race that gave men, and only certain men, the time, education and material resources required to make ''great'' art, to become ''geniuses.''

How to remedy this situation? Upend the structure, and invent a new kind of art based on a different definition of ''great.'' And that's what feminists tried to do, though ingrained social values were hard to change. The most visible early feminist artists were white, straight, middle class. ***Working-class*** women and women of color belonged to some other world, as did lesbians, Betty Friedan's ''lavender menace.''

Gradually but always incompletely, boundaries loosened up. In the early '70s, with the Vietnam War in progress, women could see their oppression as part of a larger oppression. At the same time, in different forms, with different priorities, feminism, often assumed to be a Western phenomenon, was developing in truly radical ways in Africa, Asia, South America. There never was a Feminism; there were only feminisms.

How does any show lay out this multitrack panorama? One way to start is by abandoning linear chronology, which is what ''Wack!'' does, though this doesn't mean it escapes accepted models of history. The presence of figures like Eleanor Antin, Louise Bourgeois, Mary Beth Edelson, Eva Hesse, Mary Kelly, Adrian Piper, Miriam Schapiro, Carolee Schneemann and Hannah Wilke adds up to a pantheon of textbook heroes -- a market-ready canon of exactly the kind early feminism tried to disrupt. And certain foundational events are acknowledged. Faith Wilding is represented by a re-creation of the crocheted environment she originally created for the landmark Womanhouse in Los Angeles in 1972. Two of the artists who were with her there, Judy Chicago and Sheila Levrant de Bretteville, are also in the show, with Ms. Chicago's mandalalike paintings representing a genitally centered, ''essentialist'' brand of feminism that many other artists rejected.

Here, to the show's credit, they all mingle on equal footing with dozens of less familiar artists, some of them unknown even to seasoned museumgoers. Among then are the Indian-born Nasreen Mohamedi (1937-90) and Zarina Hashmi; Sanja Ivekovic, a conceptual photographer based in Croatia; the social activist Monica Mayer from Mexico City; the British performance artist Rose English; and the German filmmaker Ulrike Ottinger, whose cinematic spectacles are like proto-Matthew Barney. The overall installation, which twists through the hangarlike Geffen Center, has an arresting start in Magdalena Abakanowicz's 1969 ''Abakan Red.'' A suspended fiber sculpture dyed a rich vermilion, it suggests a monumental vagina. On a wall behind it, Nancy Spero's ''Torture of Women'' (1976), a set of five horizontal scrolls filled with graffitilike drawings, reads like a hallucinated record of human pain. So, right away, two intertwined themes, the body and politics, are in play.

They turn up in figure painting, of which there's a fair amount: from Judith F. Baca's surging mural of migrant workers, to Margaret Harrison's superhero shemales, to Joan Semmel's elephantine copulating nudes. An animated film self-portrait by the Austrian artist Maria Lassnig is of particular interest: she dehumanizes and rehumanizes herself repeatedly before our eyes. So are six feverishly executed ''Angry Paintings'' produced by Louise Fishman in 1973, partly in response to her conflicted feeling about feminism as a movement.

With the first names of specific women -- Marilyn Monroe, the artist Yvonne Rainer, the dealer Paula Cooper -- scrawled in large, slashing strokes on paper, the paintings have a distressed look well suited to their expressive content. Much of the show's sculpture -- Senga Nengudi's nylon stockings weighted with sand, Harmony Hammond's ladder-shaped grids wrapped in bandagelike strips of cloth -- is similarly unconventional.

Some of the most radical work of all, though, is in video and in the related medium of performance. And no combination of the two is more mesmerizing than ''Mitchell's Death'' (1978) by Linda M. Montano, in which the artist, her face bristling with acupuncture needles, delivers an account of her husband's violent end in the rhythms of Gregorian chant.

Another video is hard to shake in a different way. In the 1975 ''Free, White and 21,'' Howardena Pindell plays the roles of a black woman talking about art-world racism and a white woman accusing her of paranoia. A glance at the show suggests how on the money Ms Pindell's polemic was. Along with Ms. Nengudi, Faith Ringgold, Betye Saar, the filmmaker Camille Billops and the wonderful conceptualist Lorraine O'Grady are the only African-American artists who have work in the show, with the collective called ''Where We At'' Black Women Artists present only in photographs.

The collective, which stayed together from 1971 to 1997, had a fascinating history, though you learn nothing about that in an exhibition that is frustratingly bare of wall labels. (A cellphone tour offered by the museum covers only certain entries, and is short on hard information.)

The fastidious art-speaks-for-itself approach is O.K. for a Brice Marden retrospective, but in a content-intensive historical show with a hefty amount of unfamiliar material it does a disservice to art and audience alike. Without some context, there is simply no way to understand the extraordinary career of Suzanne Lacy, one of the few artists -- Ms. O'Grady is another -- who deals directly and pointedly with issues of women and class. Nor it is possible to make sense of what's going on in a 1977 performance by the Lesbian Art Project, presented as a silent and unannotated slide show.

Fortunately, work by other lesbian artists is far more accessible and, in the case of short films by Barbara Hammer, sexually explicit, loaded with attitude and hilarious. The show's lesbian artists -- among them Ms. Fishman, Ms. Hammond, Tee Corinne (1943-2006) and Nancy Grossman -- represent a version of feminism that has particular pertinence today.

With their insistence on experiencing gender -- along, one must hope, with race and class -- as an unfixed category, but one they control, and their interest in playing with various versions of ''great,'' they are exercising freedoms of choice that feminism always offered: freedom to challenge received truths, to exchange passivity for activism, to find solidarity in diversity, to adopt ambiguity and ambivalence as social and aesthetic strategies. And by doing so, they are acknowledging that the art they are making, whatever form it takes, is political by default.

This sense of the self in the world seems to be second nature to a new generation of lesbian feminist artists, like the 20 who are participating in the brash, action-packed group show called ''Shared Women,'' organized by LACE (Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions) to coincide with ''Wack!'' and on view through April 9. And I expect to find it again in the many young artists from around the world who will make up ''Global Feminisms,'' which opens at the Brooklyn Museum this month.

But this attention, finally here, is not enough. ''Wack!'' needs all kinds of adjustments. In addition to wall labels, there should be many more historical documents -- books, journals, posters -- than the meager assortment on view. Maybe they'll show up at P.S. 1. The show's otherwise excellent catalog is crippled by the lack of an index, and its cover needs rethinking. Martha Rosler's sardonic collage of Playboy centerfold nudes loses its point out of context and turns into just another sex-sells pitch.

Beyond all that, feminist art of the 1980s and '90s still awaits a large-scale museum survey, and given the ground it would cover, it could be the most exciting one of all. But maybe this is just me wanting more. As I walked through the Geffen Center repeatedly over two days -- the show takes at least that long to digest -- I saw a gold mine of art-historical study present and future, and a revolution still, in ways to be determined, in progress. ''Wack! Art and the Feminist Revolution'' remains at the Museum of Contemporary Art, 250 South Grand Avenue, Los Angeles, through July 16. It travels to P.S. 1 in Long Island City, Queens, next year.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The exhibition ''Wack!'' begins with ''Abakan Red'' (1969), a suspended fiber sculpture by Magdalena Abakanowicz. (Photo by Magdalena Abakanowicz)

Linda M. Montano's video ''Mitchell's Death'' (1978) addresses violence and loss. (Photo by Brian Forrest)

Photo: Photographs of the artist Lorraine O'Grady in performance as the fictional Mlle. Bourgeoise Noire (1981), and the costume she wore (1980). (Collection of Peter Norton and Eileen Harris Norton)(pg. E33)

Wack! Art and the Feminist Revolution Judy Chicago's ''Through the Flower'' (1973) is part of the exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. (Photo by Donald Woodman/Artists Rights Society)(pg. E29)

**Load-Date:** March 9, 2007

**End of Document**



[***THEATER REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WT0-7N90-00RP-K3M2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Face of Evil, All Peaches and Cream***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WT0-7N90-00RP-K3M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 25, 1999, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section E; ; Section E; Part 1; Page 1; Column 3; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk ; Part 1; ; Column 3; ; Review

**Length:** 1500 words

**Byline:** By BEN BRANTLEY

By BEN BRANTLEY

**Body**

Evil wears an all-American glow in Neil LaBute's "Bash: Latter-Day Plays," which opened last night at the Douglas Fairbanks Theater. The characters in this transfixing evening of monologues have that sheen of idealized, corn-country wholesomeness that Madison Avenue has always put such a premium on: clear skin, sparkling eyes and teeth to make an orthodontist cheer. To look at, they're the human equivalents of a glass of milk.

But if you know anything about Mr. LaBute, who has cut a fast and distinctive swath as a filmmaker in the last several years with "In the Company of Men" and "Your Friends and Neighbors," you probably know already that the milk is laced with arsenic. The stories told in "Bash," even the one that occurs beneath a police-interrogation light, all begin with a comforting air of familiarity that goes down bland and easy. Then comes a moment when the taste turns sour, and you feel like gagging. It's as though characters from "Ozzie and Harriet" had suddenly pulled a shiv on you.

It's no accident that the first of the three short works in "Bash," which have been directed with confident, elegant crispness by Joe Mantello, is performed by Calista Flockhart, who plays American television's reigning sweetheart, Ally McBeal. Mr. LaBute has admitted he was relying on the trust audiences would reflexively accord Ms. Flockhart, on the good will she automatically generates.

The two other actors, Ron Eldard (who spent a season on "E.R.") and Paul Rudd (of films like "Clueless" and "The Object of My Affection"), exude a similar if lower-key aura of affable recognizability. They all, in that heightened way of performers who regularly seep into our consciousness via movie and television screens, feel like people we already know; indeed, to borrow the barbed title of Mr. LaBute's 1998 film, like your friends and neighbors.

Having a solid Q rating can only take you so far, however, in putting over a work as insistently brutal as "Bash." Fortunately, the three actors, who all have worthy track records in the theater, do exactly what is required not only to hook the audience but also to keep it on a tight leash as their stories wander into increasingly unpleasant terrain. They are all Scheherazades, using darkly flirtatious timing to keep you thinking, even against your will, "So what happened next?"

Seductive story-spinning monologues are well represented in New York at the moment. Two glorious examples of the genre from the young Irish dramatist Conor McPherson are running, both on Broadway ("The Weir") and off ("This Lime Tree Bower"). Mr. LaBute, it turns out, shares many of Mr. McPherson's gifts, including a knack for conveying information as a game of hide and seek and for finding hypnotic lyricism in vernacular speech.

Mr. LaBute is also as unmistakably American as Mr. McPherson is Irish. For all its ostensible cynicism, "Bash" is informed with an earnest, probing moralism as fierce as that of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The evening's narrators have the self-enthralled intensity of guests on shows like "Jerry Springer" and "Leeza," on which confession is a public activity.

Each character is as imprinted with the rhythms and cliches of pop psychology, televangelism and business pep talk as Emma Bovary was with the fantasies of cheap romantic novels. Three of the evening's four characters are also, as it turns out, Mormon (as is Mr. LaBute), and the clean-cut look associated with that religion is used in gleaming contrast to the darkness within.

Like Alfred Hitchcock in "Shadow of a Doubt," Mr. LaBute hunts out the sinister in sunny American imagery. Unlike the psychopath played by Joseph Cotten in that film, the murderous characters in "Bash" are not charmingly amoral, not Iagos for our time.

There is clear, grounded logic behind the behavior described here, and it is couched in the sort of everyday, lazy language that you routinely overhear in train stations or diners. Of course, that language usually isn't attached to things quite as gruesome as those described here. (A note to those worried about lurid television and cinema fare as an incitement to violent behavior: the instructive cultural references in "Bash" are derived from the Bible, Greek mythology and the movie "Kramer vs. Kramer.")

Much of the evening's thorny pleasure comes from the carefully calibrated reversals of its stories, so you don't want to know too much about them in advance. If you've seen Mr. LaBute's movies, you'll be aware of his notion of human will as a blunt instrument, capable of inflicting serious damage.

The three stories in "Bash" are correspondingly all, in different ways, about the power instinct, about the animalistic urge for control. In "Medea Redux," Ms. Flockhart plays a young woman who is speaking into a tape recorder in a police station, describing her seduction by a schoolteacher when she was 13.

In "Iphigenia in Orem," a traveling businessman (Mr. Eldard) in a hotel room tells the interrelated histories of the casualties of a corporate downsizing and of the death of his infant daughter. And in "A Gaggle of Saints," two ebullient Mormon college students and longtime sweethearts (Mr. Rudd and Ms. Flockhart) recount the events surrounding a memorable party at the Plaza Hotel in Manhattan.

In rendering these narratives, Mr. LaBute shows not only a merciless ear for contemporary speech but also a poet's sense of recurring, slyly graduated imagery. You might want to pay special attention to the use of the references to water, by both playwright and actress, in Ms. Flockhart's opening monologue and the esthetics of red and white in "A Gaggle of Saints."

Such devices aren't always subtle. The Freudian connections made in Mr. Rudd's monologue might as well be drawn in Magic Marker. Mr. LaBute can definitely slide into pretentiousness with the classical allusions in "Medea Redux," though he gives Ms. Flockhart's ***working-class*** character legitimate reasons for knowing them.

Because much of the language is so finely tuned, when the script drops a clunker, it makes noise. Ms. Flockhart's speech about "the howl of the cosmos" feels wedged in, and it tears a hole in her narrative. Similarly, it seems unlikely that Mr. Eldard's character would use a phrase like "the whimsy of a lingering red light."

These are minor failings, however, in a production as darkly engrossing and as impeccably mounted as this one is. Scott Pask's simple but sharply defined sets and James Vermeulen's lighting exactly match the tone of the yarns being spun. (It's amazing to see the effects that can be achieved by Ms. Flockhart's simply leaning into and out of the funnel of light in the first play.)

The three young actors are superb, never distancing themselves from either the pedestrian or unsavory elements in their characters. In "Medea Redux," Ms. Flockhart, looking raw and childlike with her face stripped of obvious makeup, achieves an aching eloquence through the simplest gestures, drawing the back of her wrist over her eyes or tapping her finger on an unlit cigarette. She is also delicious in the less meaty role of the conscientiously girlish partygoer in "Gaggle."

Mr. Rudd, in the same segment, radiates a goofy, gangly charm that turns toxic by stealthy degrees, reminding you of why it's always a good idea to cross the street when you see a flock of drunken frat boys coming toward you. And he brings a frighteningly quiet centeredness to his monologue's climactic moment, in which disgust, erotic arousal and pure blood lust play equal parts.

It is Mr. Eldard, however, who has been given the evening's choicest monologue, and he certainly doesn't squander it. A seemingly gentler cousin to the corporate sharks of "In the Company of Men," Mr. Eldard initially appears to be the ultimate boring, logorrheic businessman whom you try to avoid sitting next to on airplanes, down to the restless jiggling of his feet and self-conscious chuckles. This is a fellow who manages to turn even his apologies for using cliches into something cliched.

Mr. Eldard never sheds that persona, which makes the exquisitely staggered revelations of his story all the more disturbing. The evening's most chilling moment comes when Mr. Eldard delivers a line, in formulaic business-speak, about a "calculated risk" his character took. In another context that line would invite yawns. Here it makes your stomach turn. That's what Mr. LaBute does best, finding the acid in the blandest substances.

BASH

Latter-Day Plays

Three one-act plays by Neil LaBute; directed by Joe Mantello; sets by Scott Pask; costumes by Lynette Meyer; lighting by James Vermeulen; sound by Red Ramona; production manager, Progressive Productions -- NY/Joseph Robinson; production stage manager, Babette Roberts. Presented by Eric Krebs and Stephen Pevner. At the Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 West 42d Street, Clinton.

MEDEA REDUX

WITH: Calista Flockhart (Woman).

IPHEGENIA IN OREM

WITH: Ron Eldard (Young man).

A GAGGLE OF SAINTS

WITH: Ms. Flockhart (Sue) and Paul Rudd (John).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Calista Flockhart in "Bash." (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Ron Eldard in Neil LaBute's "Bash," at the Douglas Fairbanks Theater. (Sara Krulwich/The New York Times)(pg. E14)

**Load-Date:** June 25, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Green-Light Specials, Now at Wal-Mart***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4VFT-NR70-TW8F-G0B3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 25, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section BU; Column 0; Money and Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2243 words

**Byline:** By STEPHANIE ROSENBLOOM and MICHAEL BARBARO

**Body**

IT was billed the Choice Meeting: a secret two-day conference in Arkansas in 2005 pairing Wal-Mart Stores, a symbol of scorched-earth global capitalism, with some of the nation's most influential environmentalists. And it began with a zinger.

''Tell me why I should care about an endangered mouse in Arizona?'' asked H. Lee Scott Jr., the retail giant's chief executive, only partly in jest.

At the time, Wal-Mart was the target of a well-orchestrated assault focusing on its labor practices and environmental record. It was also straining to keep its legendary growth on track. Mr. Scott, hungry for ways to protect and transform his company, began to see environmental sustainability as a way to achieve two goals: improve Wal-Mart's bottom line and its reputation.

So he presented his colleagues with a radical option -- the ''choice'' that gave the meeting its name -- encouraging them to adopt a sustainability program to remake the entire company, from the materials used to build stores to the light bulbs stocked on its shelves. Although participants were conflicted, a vote on the initiative was unanimous: Wal-Mart, the world's largest retailer and biggest buyer of manufactured goods, would go green.

By virtue of its herculean size, Wal-Mart eventually dragged much of corporate America along with it, leading mighty suppliers like General Electric and Procter & Gamble to transform their own business practices.

Under Mr. Scott, who is retiring this month at the age of 59, the company that democratized consumption in the United States -- enabling ***working-class*** families to buy former luxuries like inexpensive flat-screen televisions, down comforters and porterhouse steaks -- has begun to democratize environmental sustainability.

For decades, many consumers felt that going green was a luxury, too, reserved primarily for those with enough money -- and time on their hands -- to buy groceries at natural food stores and organic clothing from specialty retailers.

Today, the roughly 200 million customers who pass through Wal-Mart's doors each year buy fluorescent light bulbs that use up to 75 percent less electricity than incandescent bulbs, concentrated laundry detergent that uses 50 percent less water and prescription drugs that contain 50 percent less packaging.

''If all this sustainability stuff is just for the well-to-do, it's not going to make a difference,'' said Jib Ellison, the founder of Blu Skye, a sustainability consultant who has worked with Wal-Mart.

As the saying goes, Wal-Mart has also done well by doing good. Along with the McDonald's Corporation, it was one of only two companies in the Dow Jones industrial average whose share price rose last year.

When Wal-Mart first embraced green initiatives, its fortunes were sagging. After blanketing the country with its giant, all-in-one stores, it began cannibalizing its own sales. Older stores looked tattered and tired, and Wal-Mart's flirtation with higher-end merchandise, like skinny jeans with fur trim, alienated low-income shoppers who preferred unadorned basics.

By renovating thousands of its stores, ratcheting down the pace of its breakneck expansion and all but abandoning its upscale ambitions, it turned around its lagging sales. But its deft financial rejiggering still didn't burnish its reputation, which had become a business problem, too.

A confidential 2004 report, prepared by McKinsey & Company for Wal-Mart, found that 2 percent to 8 percent of Wal-Mart consumers surveyed had ceased shopping at the chain because of ''negative press they have heard.'' Wal-Mart executives and Wall Street analysts began referring to the problem as ''headline risk.''

So the company, known for bitterly rebutting critics or simply ignoring them, began working closely with activists to improve its labor, health care and environmental records.

It is hard to measure the financial return of a good image. But no one at Wal-Mart talks about headline risk anymore because the headlines have become largely positive.

Profits climbed to $12.7 billion in the 2008 fiscal year, from $11.2 billion in the 2006 fiscal year, while sales jumped to $375 billion, from $312.4 billion, during the same period. The percentage of employees on Wal-Mart's health insurance plan rose to 50.2 percent, from 44 percent.

And since the Choice Meeting, sustainability efforts have saved Wal-Mart hundreds of millions of dollars, according to people familiar with the company's environmental initiatives. Wal-Mart declined to provide exact figures about its savings.

''It wasn't a matter of telling our story better,'' said Mr. Scott said in recent interview. ''We had to create a better story.''

WAL-MART, of course, didn't change overnight. It was pushed -- or, more accurately, shoved -- into wrenching reforms.

When Mr. Scott became chief executive in 2000, the company was a Wall Street darling. With nearly 4,000 stores and more than a million employees, it had edged out Goliaths like Sears and Kmart. But its size and success invited scrutiny. In 2005, two union-backed groups, Wal-Mart Watch and Wake Up Wal-Mart, set up shop in Washington and started a public relations assault against the company.

At one point, Wal-Mart Watch set up an automated phone system to recruit whistle-blowers to share secrets about the retailer.

In 2005, Wal-Mart Watch obtained an internal memorandum showing that 46 percent of Wal-Mart workers' children were uninsured or on Medicaid. The memo proposed further ways to cut employees' health and retiree benefits -- at a time when the company was ringing up annual earnings of more than $11 billion.

Meanwhile, environmental groups accused Wal-Mart of being a polluter. Mr. Scott and his team hunkered down, hurling back a litany of statistics and facts in Wal-Mart's defense.

As the company's reputation unwound, so did its business. Its stock price fell roughly 20 percent between 2000 and 2005, a drop that executives and analysts attributed, in part, to investors' anxieties about Wal-Mart's image. Sales growth lagged behind that of its chief rival, Target, and Wal-Mart faced growing resistance to its expansion.

Inside Wal-Mart headquarters, in Bentonville, Ark., rumors swirled about Mr. Scott's future, and board members became restless. In the end, directors stood by Mr. Scott, but told him he had to overhaul Wal-Mart's image.

''What I would tell Lee is that there was a great deal of misunderstanding about the company and that we had to address it head on,'' said Jose H. Villarreal, a director from 1998 to 2006 and a partner in the law firm Akin Gump Strauss Hauer & Feld.

MR. SCOTT -- the son of a gas-station owner -- joined Wal-Mart's trucking department in 1979 and rose to the C.E.O. post in 2000. He acknowledged in an interview that while he was running Wal-Mart, his board ''sensitized'' him to critics.

He began meeting with minority groups, politicians and environmentalists. Some meetings were awkward; others were punctuated by tirades. But as it turned out, most critics did not want Wal-Mart to disappear. They wanted it to be better.

Mr. Scott used some of his opponents' ideas to make that happen, believing that sustainability could become an advantage -- saving the company money, reinvigorating its culture, allowing it to sell better merchandise and attracting and retaining talent.

Engaging outside consultants and critics to help with that transformation was a huge change for the retailer, which prized its independence. To outsiders, it was a sign that Wal-Mart was adopting a new attitude.

''There was a time where people in business believed all they had to do was run their business,'' said David D. Glass, Mr. Scott's predecessor as C.E.O. ''But it doesn't work that way anymore. There is an accountability that goes way beyond that.''

After the Choice Meeting, Mr. Scott went through a kind of Outward Bound phase, known within Wal-Mart as ''Eat What You Cook'' -- a mantra that encourages executives to experience firsthand the impact of their decisions.

For Mr. Scott, that meant driving to a New Hampshire mountaintop to discuss climate change with scientists. He slept on a bunk bed in submarine-size quarters with visitors including Steven Hamburg, then an environmental studies professor at Brown University and author of a 1994 report criticizing Wal-Mart's environmental efforts.

Mr. Hamburg, now chief scientist for the Environmental Defense Fund, told Mr. Scott that Wal-Mart's earlier green initiatives were just window dressing. ''So he challenged me back and said, 'Well, we've taken another run at this and we'd love to have your input,' '' Mr. Hamburg recalls.

Shortly after that conversation, Mr. Scott told the world that Wal-Mart was embracing sustainability. He laid out ambitious, possibly unattainable, long-term goals for the company: running its operations solely on renewable energy, creating zero waste and selling products that sustain the earth's resources and environment.

Wal-Mart's suppliers had little choice but to follow its lead.

In came the fluorescent bulbs. In 2007 alone, Wal-Mart sold more than 100 million of them. For a manufacturer, selling a bulb that lasts longer means fewer sold. But it would hurt to lose Wal-Mart as a customer. So G.E. and others ramped up production of fluorescent bulbs.

By selling only concentrated liquid laundry detergent, an effort it began last year, Wal-Mart says, its customers will save more than 400 million gallons of water, 95 million pounds of plastic resin, 125 million pounds of cardboard and 520,000 gallons of diesel fuel over three years.

''Lee pushed me,'' said A. G. Lafley, chief executive of Procter & Gamble, and ''we totally, totally changed the way we manufacture liquid laundry detergents in the U.S. and, now, around the world.''

Wal-Mart says it now saves itself $3.5 million a year just by recycling loose plastic and selling it to processors. After changing the design of its trucks and how efficiently it loads them, its fleet had a 25 percent improvement in fuel efficiency. Amory B. Lovins, a MacArthur fellow and chairman and chief scientist of the Rocky Mountain Institute, a nonprofit research organization, said Wal-Mart would save nearly $500 million a year in fuel costs by 2020.

While environmentalists give Wal-Mart kudos for the changes it has made, they say that much of what it has achieved so far amounts to collecting low-hanging fruit. The company sells tens of thousands of products, and has demanded the overhaul of only a handful, they say. ''The jury's out in the long term,'' Mr. Hamburg says.

Wal-Mart has revised health care plans and labor practices in recent years, also important facets of its makeover.

In the last few years, it has helped its employees get access to lower-cost prescription drugs and taken steps to prevent labor abuses. For years, some store managers forced employees to work without pay, after clocking out, according to scores of lawsuits. To prevent this, Wal-Mart has programmed cash registers to shut down after an employee has exceeded a certain number of hours. It has also told managers to make sure that employees take lunch and rest breaks.

Last month, Wal-Mart settled dozens of lawsuits contending that it forced employees to work off the clock. The settlement will cost Wal-Mart at least $352 million, possibly far more, according to the company.

Still, many activists, especially in the labor world, remain deeply dissatisfied.

A major class-action sexual discrimination lawsuit is pending against the company. And labor leaders argue that Wal-Mart has simply found new ways to fatten its profits without tangibly improving the lives of its employees. It pays its workers, on average, less than $20,000 a year, and many of them pay thousands of dollars a year in medical bills.

''He had the chance to be the Henry Ford of his generation, especially in the last few years, as the stock price soared,'' said Andy Stern, president of the Service Employees International Union, of Mr. Scott. ''He could have found a way to share the wealth. Instead, he became the epitome of the greed that has brought our economy to where it is today.''

Mr. Scott declined to comment. But Wal-Mart says that its average wage, $10.83 an hour for full-time workers, are competitive in the retailing industry, and that its health plans are accessible to a wider range of workers than those of some of its rivals.

Wal-Mart will need to keep building on its recent successes. While most retail chains have had double-digit declines during the current economic turndown, Wal-Mart had a 1.7 percent sales increase in December at stores open at least a year.

Yet that number was lower than analysts' expectations, leading some to predict more trouble ahead for Wal-Mart and the rest of the retail industry.

Come February, it will be the job of Michael T. Duke, 58, who has led Wal-Mart's international operations since 2005, to steer the company through the downturn.

As for Mr. Scott, he will serve as chairman of the executive committee of Wal-Mart's board until 2011. And he intends to increase the retailer's lobbying muscle in Washington, especially regarding health care, energy and sustainability.

''As businesses, we have a responsibility to society,'' he said this month, speaking to members of the National Retail Federation in his last public speech as Wal-Mart chief. ''Let me be clear about this point. There is no conflict between delivering value to shareholders, and helping solve bigger societal problems.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Wal-Mart sells only concentrated liquid laundry detergent, to cut the packaging and water used.(PHOTOGRAPH BY WAL-MART STORES)

''It wasn't a matter of telling our story better,'' said H. Lee Scott Jr., the chief of Wal-Mart. ''We had to create a better story.''(PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL TEMCHINE FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. BU5) GRAPHIC: Lights On: Cumulative sales of compact fluorescent light bulbs at Wal-Mart. (Source: Wal-Mart)(pg. BU5)

**Load-Date:** August 11, 2011

**End of Document**



[***A Queen's Composer, But Ever Unbowed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4VFT-NR70-TW8F-G0P1-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 25, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; MUSIC

**Length:** 2183 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL WHITE

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

IT'S unusual for composers to make news. Unless they happen to be Paul McCartney, getting serious in old age, or Andrew Lloyd Webber, tackling Prime Minister Vladimir V. Putin of Russia on bloc voting in the Eurovision Song Contest, they tend to lead contained lives. They sit quietly and write in forest huts or other remote locations. And Peter Maxwell Davies, the gray eminence of British contemporary music, has spent much of his life doing just that on a peculiarly remote part of the Orkney Islands off Scotland, where he is disturbed only by the crashes of waves and cries of gulls.

But since 2004 Mr. Davies, already a knight of the realm, has also borne the venerable title master of the queen's music. As such he is a public figure, and he hasn't let the opportunity slip.

A likable but fiercely principled, combative character whose penetrating gaze can burn through the unwary like a laser beam, he is now a highly visible spokesman for the British music establishment and more: a national scourge of mediocrity and compromise, firing broadsides at the art world for its commercialism and at the government for everything from cultural vacuity to the war in Iraq.

When asked recently what sort of composer he considered himself to be, he said without hesitation: ''Troublesome. Not by design but by nature.''

But Mr. Davies doesn't just make trouble. He occasionally lands in it, a victim of his own unworldly nature. And right now he is involved in criminal proceedings as the victim of a huge fraud that appears to have been perpetrated on him over 30 years by two people who were his managers, friends and surrogate family.

Speaking candidly about the case, which came to light last May, Mr. Davies called it a blow ''as bad as any I've ever had,'' adding: ''They were my family, I thought. And it's the only thing that's ever stopped me writing music. Even with bereavements I've carried on, never missed a deadline. With this, I froze. It took months to get going again.''

Full details will not be disclosed until the end of the proceedings, which were adjourned over the holidays. But a previous civil case made it clear that the amount is at least $725,000 and probably a lot more. Whatever the figure, it makes for a grim start to what should be a year of celebration, for Mr. Davies turns 75 in September.

When significant people reach significant ages there are varying narratives. They might look back on their achievement, God-like, and see it was good. Or they might be in denial, not ready to be grand old personages and admit that the end is near.

With Mr. Davies it's some of both, but with a concern that advancing age brings too many big birthdays too fast. ''I spent 18 months being 70,'' he said, ''traveling the world for celebrations and thinking, 'You might as well enjoy this.' Which I did. But I can't take off another 18 months so soon, so I've been telling people to hold fire till I'm 80.''

Still, there will be celebrations: a major tribute at the City of London Festival, a concert series in Glasgow and other events around the world. And Mr. Davies will repeatedly be asked to look back over a crowded creative life and evaluate his achievement -- an exercise he generally avoids, he said, because ''it amounts to curating your own museum, which doesn't interest me.''

Moving on is more important. Asked whether any pieces or periods in his work mean more than others, he said: ''It's always what I'm doing at this moment. I'm always right up against it, in my head, and it absorbs me totally, whether it's for the Boston Symphony or the Sanday Fiddle Club on Orkney.''

But without being curatorial, can he admit to any shape, any coherence in his huge output, or has it been a random progress?

''Well, I do see a sort of line running through, with shifts and interruptions,'' he said. ''But I've never known what was around the corner and still don't. There was a time in the late '60s when everything exploded, the whole style changed into a kind of expressionism that was perhaps the spirit of the times, but I hadn't expected it. It wasn't planned. It just happened.''

Through the process of things simply ''happening'' you might trace several versions of Mr. Davies in the half-century of his mature work. The first emerges as an arcane musical intellect in the late '50s and early '60s, building scores from number games and fragments of medieval plainsong with an uncompromising rigor that says something about his background as a ***working-class*** youth from the back streets of Britain's industrial north.

Rebellious, single-minded, largely self-taught, he is the kind of scholarship boy for whom the stakes are high as he grasps the possibility to escape from his home culture. And like any convert to a new creed, he does it with a determination that turns white-hot (not to say purist) after he wins more scholarships to leave Britain and study with high-minded modernists like Roger Sessions and Milton Babbitt at Princeton.

But then, in the late '60s and early '70s, everything (as he says) explodes. He turns subversive, writing abrasively expressionist music-theater pieces like ''Eight Songs for a Mad King,'' in which a baritone with extended vocal technique rants and howls in the persona of the deranged King George III. A signal statement of the '60s British avant-garde, it is music that sets out to shock. And its raw, essentially urban agenda of extreme emotional states is mirrored in larger works like the orchestral ''Worldes Bliss,'' whose ear-splitting cacophony prompts an audience walkout when it has its premiere at the London Proms concerts in 1969.

With the '70s and his move to Orkney, another Peter Maxwell Davies emerges, writing considered, quasi-lyrical responses to the Scottish landscape that evolve into a series of major symphonies that critics rightly call Sibelian.

Then comes Mr. Davies the classical industry, producing relatively conventional concertos and string quartets by the yard.

Finally there is Mr. Davies the popular communicator, an aspect of his work that has always been present in music for children and amateurs but comes to the fore in orchestral scores like ''Orkney Wedding With Sunrise'' (a Boston Pops commission), whose accessibility and dramatic use of a solo bagpiper win it the rare status of a contemporary-music crowd pleaser.

Taken at a glance, this simplified career path might suggest the usual trajectory through which young radicals turn into old conservatives. And it certainly looked that way when Mr. Davies agreed to become master of the queen's music, a 10-year job with few specific requirements beyond writing odd pieces for royal occasions but a definite sense of joining the establishment at its heart.

Some composers would not want to carry the baggage. But for Mr. Davies, he said, it was ''a chance to communicate to a far larger audience than the usual one of new-music specialists.''

''I was interested to see if I could do it without resorting to jingoism,'' he added. ''It was a challenge. And even at my ripe age, I like challenges. I like being asked to do things I've never done before.''

In his first four years in office he produced four Christmas carols for the Chapel Royal, two pieces for the queen's birthday, a smaller one for Prince Charles's 60th and a big score for the anniversary of the end of World War II. It's not a great amount, but it's enough to be growing into a distinct body of work. He insists that he does not approach these official pieces with a different mind-set from that of his others.

''All my life I've written music at someone's request for specific circumstances, whether it's a film score for Ken Russell, a symphony for the Philharmonia or a quartet for Wigmore Hall,'' he said. ''Writing for the queen is no different. And every piece I write makes a statement: I mean it, and it's me.

''I know people say I wear a lot of different masks. It's even been said that behind the masks there's nothing at all, which is naughty. But life brings so many possibilities of expression. I see no reason for not exploring them all -- even a birthday piece for Prince Charles -- so long as I can do so with integrity.''

So no artistic compromise? No silent turning of the stomach when the queen says, ''How about a jolly fanfare for the Order of the Bath investiture next month?''

''She doesn't say that,'' Mr. Davies replied. ''But what she did say when we first met, and I can quote her exact words, was: 'You won't be expected to do anything you don't wish to do. Prince Philip and I wish to learn, and we hope you'll be pleased to write as you feel fit.' Which is exactly what's happened. So far I've suggested everything I've done, and she's said yes.''

You can't quite see the queen relishing Mr. Davies's ''Eight Songs'' for her loony ancestor. Indeed, you have to wonder whether she sat through performances of any of Mr. Davies's music before his appointment.

''Probably not,'' he said, ''but she takes advice. And when she's come to anything since, she's been extremely gracious and appreciative. Reciprocally, I've kept her in mind as part of my challenge to address listeners who are genuinely interested in music but not specifically in the new. There's no point writing something the queen or whoever will attend and giving them a rotten time.''

As for his interests in the wider world, Mr. Davies clearly does not consider himself shackled by status and remains as troublesome as ever in berating the British government for its philistinism and its foreign policy. But as he has discovered, public status brings public scrutiny, and the minutiae of his life as a remotely cloistered composer have a habit of making it into print.

One recent example came when he found a dead swan by his Orkney house and decided to cook it, only to have three policemen knock at the door with a warrant to search his refrigerator on the ground that British swans are the personal property of the monarch. As it turned out, he had committed no offense, because the swan was (a) from Canada and (b) dead. But it still made news, not least because, as he said, ''I found the whole thing funny and invited the policemen in for some swan terrine, which rather horrified them. That was a mistake, wasn't it?''

Far more serious is the abiding matter of the fraud, which came to light only after he had repeatedly tried to withdraw money from a cash machine and been told that his account was empty.

For 30 years all his affairs were entrusted to Judith and Michael Arnold, a married couple who not only managed his life but also acted like parents, even though they weren't much older than Mr. Davies. The close relationship was known to everyone in British musical life. He dedicated scores to them. And all his works were cataloged with J numbers, the J standing for Judy.

But according to the charges, they robbed him blind to feed Mr. Arnold's gambling addiction. And blind is the word. Asked how this could have happened over such a long period without his knowing, Mr. Davies said that he had given Mr. Arnold power of attorney over his finances, an extreme measure usually associated with physical or mental incapacity. ''I didn't want to be concerned with any of that,'' Mr. Davies said. ''My life was focused on music, not managing money.''

Having been charged with fraud, the Arnolds cannot comment on the proceedings. But Mr. Davies says that because of the power of attorney, he never knew how much he was earning, and assumed that it was far less than it actually was. He didn't know that as master of the queen's music he had a salary; he thought it was an honorary position. Most extraordinary of all, he didn't realize that his house on Orkney had been mortgaged, an unpleasant surprise outweighing even the discovery that he owed large amounts to the Inland Revenue for unpaid taxes.

Coming to terms with all this was a devastating process, and not just because of the money. As it happens, a recurring theme of Mr. Davies's work from its earliest days has been betrayal, a subject for which he found musical analogues in the parodies and popular dance tunes that exploded disorientingly into his work through the '60s and '70s. Now, he says, he has himself been roundly betrayed.

Once he finally got past it, he set about work with a vengeance. He produced an avalanche of new projects last year, including two big choral pieces, a piano quartet, a string trio, a violin sonata, a cello sonata ... the list runs on. For 2009 he is finishing a second violin concerto for the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra; working on ''Kommilitonen!,'' a politically engaged opera for students at the Juilliard School; and ''thinking hard,'' he said, about two separate orchestral scores that he knows will both be symphonies -- Nos. 9 and 10 -- because ''I can hear the harmony and structure even at a distance.''

''No. 8, the last one,'' he added, ''was more a tone poem than a symphony, but these will be real. And big.''

All of that, he said, is ''why I said to hold the celebrations till I'm 80.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Peter Maxwell Davies, who was appointed master of the queen's music by Queen Elizabeth II in 2004, above, will be the focus of many celebrations this year.(PHOTOGRAPH BY FIONA HANSON/PA PHOTOS)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY CS/NEUMULLER )(pg. AR29)

**Load-Date:** January 25, 2009

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3T10-002S-X07C-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Canadian Comics Take Aim at Cable Funny Bone***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-3T10-002S-X07C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 16, 1989, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 27, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1129 words

**Byline:** By MARTIN KNELMAN; Martin Knelman is a Toronto critic and commentator for Toronto Life and Saturday Night magazines.

**Dateline:** TORONTO

**Body**

In the back room at the Rivoli, you never know what you're going to see. The front room is a trendily downscale bar and restaurant typical of Toronto's Queen Street West scene, with a cheerfully bohemian-artist ambiance. Some of the regulars would consider it slumming to venture into the Back Room, which caters to a younger, more raucous constituency.

About 150 people can squeeze into that room, which has the look of a drab Bavarian beer hall offering little charm, no air-conditioning and few performing amenities of any kind. The customers come here because it's anti-glamorous, cheap ($6 admission) and has a reputation for providing a first glimpse of rock groups with names like Cowboy Junkies and the Parachute Club that go on to create a buzz.

But these days the Back Room at the Rivoli is best known as the place where the Kids in the Hall were born - especially now that the Kids, with a little help from that Big Daddy of smart TV comedy, Lorne Michaels, have set their sights on the hearts and minds of mainstream America with the debut of a half-hour comedy series on Home Box Office on Friday at 11:30 P.M.

Get set for yet another comedy invasion from the north. In most branches of popular culture, Canada is a colony of the United States, but when it comes to satirical comedy, the balance of trade is dramatically reversed. Subtract John Candy, Martin Short, Dave Thomas, Rick Moranis, Catherine O'Hara, Dan Aykroyd, David Steinberg and Lorne Michaels himself from American revue comedy of the 1980's and what would be left?

''Today's film comedies show the influence of Second City TV, and in five or six years you'll see a whole generation of comedy movies that owe something to the Kids in the Hall,'' says Ivan Fecan, a former NBC executive now with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Mr. Fecan, who was one of the Kids' earliest fans, helped make the TV deal happen by bringing the CBC in as co-producer.

Five years ago, the Kids were just five rough-edged dropouts who had united to form a comedy group to perform in the Rivoli's Back Room on Monday nights - the night when anything goes. The self-deprecating name of the act, which two of the Kids (Kevin McDonald and David Foley) brought with them from an earlier group, was taken from Jack Benny's long-ago comment about one-liners he picked up from young hopefuls waiting in the hall of his radio studio. ''That's one from the kids in the hall, folks,'' Mr. Benny would tell the audience after trying out one of their lines - for which he paid $5 each.

Mr. McDonald and Mr. Foley, who were both working as ushers at an art-house cinema, hooked up with Bruce McCulloch and Mark McKinney, two refugees from the Audience, a Calgary group. The act took off when they were joined by Scott Thompson, a manic clown who boasted of being thrown out of the fine-arts program at York University and being fired from another troupe for disturbing the audience.

The Kids are all in the 25-to-30 age bracket, but their backgrounds could hardly be less similar. Mr. McKinney is a diplomat's son whose childhood was spent moving from one foreign capital to another; Mr. McCulloch was the product of a broken ***working-class*** home who grew up in Alberta. One of the five is a homosexual who uses his gay perspective as part of the act, just as the other four use their heterosexual perspective.

In their early days at the Rivoli, the Kids were uneven, to put it mildly, and so unslick that the material was often thrown together in a back alley minutes before show time. But the audience was wildly appreciative of their throwaway style, their lack of polish, their willingness to try anything. There never was room for a woman in the group; all five of the Kids are too fond of playing scenes in drag. Their humor was not particularly topical and didn't depend on gag lines. Rather it was a loose collection of scenes embracing social cliches and, by slipping in an absurd twist, turning them upside down.

Sample One: Two lawyers, talking in the manner of divorce litigation, negotiate in advance every detail of a couple's future courtship and sexual relations. Sample Two: A group of guys share fond macho memories of a deceased friend - and only at the end do we learn they bludgeoned him to death. Sample Three: A would-be stud, trying to bully his reluctant date into sleeping with him, accuses her of being prejudiced because he happens to have a head made of cabbage.

In 1986, Mr. Michaels and Mr. Fecan, seeking new faces for ''Saturday Night Live,'' asked Pam Thomas, a Toronto talent agent, for suggestions, and she mentioned the Kids. When Mr. Michaels came to see them at the Rivoli, a woman in the audience burst onto the stage and stood on her head shrieking: ''Lorne Michaels, pick me! I'd be very funny on your show.'' Which inspired Mr. Thompson to retort, ''Get off the stage! This is our show!'' A year later, Mr. Michaels brought the Kids to New York for a kind of comedy training camp. Doing their act at Caroline's, they had to work harder - engaging in such novel professional activities as polishing and rewriting, which were unheard of at the Rivoli - to get the warm and cult following they needed.

Out of that sojourn came an HBO comedy special, which was really the pilot for their new series. There are 20 episodes in the initial batch still being shot in Toronto, and if HBO decides to renew the series, there will be 44 more episodes next year. Luckily, the Kids, who write all their own material, are astonishingly prolific - a small comedy factory.

Churning out material on a deadline for a commercial TV series (shot in a CBC studio) hasn't been easy, and that explains why a little over a week ago the Kids were back at the Rivoli, just for a lark. The premise of the evening was to wax nostalgic about the Kids' own past, looking back to 1985 as if it were a very long time ago, and rekindling some of their old skits.

In one of them, Kevin arrives at a party wearing a toga, much to the bafflement of the other four. It turns out he'd heard wrong when someone invited him to an Olga party. Not to worry: Olga, the guest of honor, doesn't turn up.

''Don't you love this garage quality?'' said Joe Forristal, a lanky Texan who is one of the producers of the TV series. ''You know, at the studio we sometimes have to ask the makeup department to do a little less. The Kids are at their best when they look as if they'd made their own wigs.''

At midnight on a weeknight the air was still uncomfortably thick with humidity in the Back Room, but the audience, not in the least enervated, stomped and whistled to show its delight that the Kids hadn't gone glitzy, that they'd come home to their roots. You can take the Kids out of the Hall, apparently, but you can't take the Hall out of the Kids.

**Graphic**

Photo of Bruce McCulloch, Scott Thompson and Kevin McDonald (in drag) taping a skit for their troupe's HBO series (Brian Hiltz)

**End of Document**



[***Putin's Olympic Fever Dream***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5BCD-DN01-JBG3-62VF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 26, 2014 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 18

**Length:** 4066 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN LEE MYERS

**Body**

Anatoly Pakhomov was elected mayor of Sochi after the type of ersatz campaign that passes for democracy in Russia. It was 2009, and he had been appointed acting mayor -- effectively the local manager of the massive construction project already underway -- and in Russia incumbency means victory. His many prospective challengers included a K.G.B. veteran accused of poisoning the fugitive secret-service officer Aleksandr Litvinenko with polonium; a prima ballerina who had become even more famous after the Bolshoi dismissed her for being overweight; and a pornographic actress, Yelena Berkova, who ran a campaign ad that showed her gamboling topless along one of the Black Sea beaches that first made Sochi popular in the early 20th century.

Many challengers did not even make it to the ballot, barred for various reasons, real and contrived. Those who did qualify as candidates -- most significant, Boris Nemtsov, a Sochi native and former deputy prime minister under Russia's first president, Boris Yeltsin -- never had a chance. Nemtsov and the others faced constant harassment and were denied crucial access to television and radio channels controlled by the state. Pakhomov won 77 percent of the vote, officially at least. Nemtsov sued -- and lost -- and his contempt lingers. ''A real idiot, right?'' he told me recently, referring to the man who bested him in an election that amounted to a farce.

Pakhomov is a garrulous, barrel-bellied apparatchik of the new Russia, whose biography cites not one but two Ph.D.'s. When I interviewed him in December in his office, the mayoral building was, like most of the city, still enveloped in scaffolding for the final pre-Olympic cosmetic touches. After introductions, he did not wait for a question but launched into a pre-emptive defense of the games, monologuing for 15 minutes before I managed to interject, briefly. ''We built 438 transformer substations, 17 power-distribution hubs, two thermoelectric power stations!'' he shouted. ''We generate 540 megawatts!'' The Olympics, he went on, have done nothing less than transform Sochi, a subtropical resort that stretches about 90 miles along a narrow coastline at the foothills of the Caucasus Mountains. Three new water-purification plants; more than 200 miles of new roads; 22 tunnels and 55 bridges to ease the city's chronically snarled traffic; 13 new and renovated railroad stations; five new schools; six medical centers ''with top-of-the-line medical equipment''; 49 new hotels with 24,000 rooms. Pakhomov picked up a laser pointer and turned it to a wall-size map of Sochi, highlighting the sites of the shimmering new Olympic stadiums and arenas, the ski resorts carved out of the mountains above a once-tiny-and-remote village, Krasnaya Polyana, the new airport terminal, the port that will become a yacht marina, the complex of railroad lines and stations that he compared favorably with the Baikal-Amur Mainline, or BAM, the enormous railroad project built across an inhospitable Siberia and Far East in the 1970s and '80s by a dying Soviet Union. Not since Stalin favored Sochi as the sunny retreat of the Soviet elite has so much been done to remake the city's landscape. ''It's incomparable!'' Pakhomov bellowed.

The Soviet proclivity for superlatives endures. So does the notion that a country's greatness stems from its ability to execute improbably gigantic projects of dubious economic viability. Soviet history is replete with these megaprojects, top-down endeavors that, in the name of collectivism, industrialized the nation, conquered the Arctic, built the military that crushed the Nazis and stood toe to toe against the United States and NATO. They were ideological as much as economic, intended above all to demonstrate the superiority of the Soviet political system. By the dusk of the Soviet era, they became largely discredited. The last Soviet leader, Mikhail S. Gorbachev, promised to end the megaprojects and embrace more sensible development strategies.

The megaproject has returned -- another Soviet legacy pursued by the singular will of Vladimir Putin, who seems incapable of escaping the ideas that nurtured him from youth. The Olympics in Sochi are often called Putin's games, a profligate investment to prove to the world Russia's resurrection, a personal validation of his 14 years -- and counting -- as the country's paramount ruler. They are the realization of Putin's power and a vital instrument in keeping it. In the nearly seven years since Russia was awarded the games, Putin's government has spent a sum so staggering -- officially, at least $51 billion, though according to some estimates much higher -- that Sochi has become the most expensive Olympics ever, far surpassing the $40 billion that China spent on the Summer Olympics in Beijing in 2008.

Sochi is simply the most prominent of many megaprojects through which Putin has distributed the nation's wealth to buy loyalty and to discipline the lack of it. The government spent nearly $7 billion in the Volga River city of Kazan to hold last year's summer Universiade, the biennial athletic competition of university students that hardly ranks as a major international event, and it has already won the right to hold the winter Universiade in 2019 in the Siberian city of Krasnoyarsk. Russia is building or refurbishing 12 stadiums and upgrading hotels and transportation in 11 cities to hold the FIFA World Cup in 2018 -- at an estimated cost that has already doubled to nearly $20 billion since 2010.

The megaprojects are not limited to sporting events. Russia spent $20 billion to remake Vladivostok -- including a new university complex and a bridge linking the city to an island that was once a closed military zone, largely in preparation for holding a two-day summit meeting in 2012 of the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation nations. (When I attended as a reporter traveling with Secretary of State Hillary Rodham Clinton, the dorm rooms had been completed so recently that they reeked of glue and fresh paint.) To facilitate natural-resource extraction in the Far North, the Russian government, in collaboration with the energy giant Gazprom, is spending billions to complete an Arctic railway that was a failed megaproject in the Soviet era. Stalin decreed a similar railroad project in 1949, using the slave labor of the gulag to carve the route though the frozen earth. (It was abandoned when he died in 1953, but not before tens of thousands of prisoners perished during the effort.) Putin's design for the Arctic seems no less grandiose.

Putin and his supporters say that these projects are economic-stimulus programs to modernize and expand a sagging economy, but others see a darker underside. In a forthcoming book, ''The 2014 Winter Olympics and the Evolution of Putin's Russia,'' two scholars at George Washington University, Robert W. Orttung and Sufian Zhemukhov, argue that what we're seeing is a return to the national purpose of the Soviet megaprojects, though without an explicit ideology -- other than the continuation of Putin's rule and the enrichment of a new oligarchy. ''The games,'' they write, ''help to promote regime stability by providing a sense of national pride for the masses and a source of rent distribution for key elites whose support is crucial for the leadership to maintain the status quo.''

Pakhomov speaks of Putin with reverence, even awe, as though he were a leader so elevated that he has become a distant demigod, which to most Russians is what he is. ''From the very beginning until this day,'' he told me when I finally managed to interject a question about the origins of the Sochi Olympics, ''the president controlled everything. He follows the course of construction. He watches how all the state bodies, the financial organs, spend each ruble.'' The project was realized by a team of officials, Pakhomov among them, but only Putin had the vision to make it happen. At another point, he noted that under Putin, Sochi finally had a bypass road to ease the city's congestion (it just opened). Stalin had proposed one, he said, but under Putin it was built.

The only time in nearly an hour that Pakhomov lowered his voice was when I asked him about Putin's regular oversight of the construction in Sochi, which has been fraught with well-chronicled delays, cost overruns, environmental abuses and, as with Peter the Great's creation of a czarist St. Petersburg, the squalid treatment of laborers. Putin's meetings are staged affairs, broadcast slavishly by state television networks to show the man very much in charge. They occasionally become vehicles for him to scold minions who have disappointed. ''After the journalists leave,'' Putin told his assembled subordinates during a meeting in 2012 on preparations for the Olympics, ''I will tell you what failures to meet the deadlines will amount to.'' Another public dressing-down last year, involving delays and cost overruns in construction of the ski jump in Krasnaya Polyana, was so terrifying that the project manager, a vice president of the Russian Olympic Committee, promptly fled the country with his brother after being fired. (He later claimed he was poisoned with mercury.) ''Personally, I am always very tense and nervous when I'm invited to present a report to the president,'' Pakhomov told me, his voice at last a hush. ''He sets the tasks, but he never says you did a good job. He always says simply that everything has to be finished.''

The single most expensive project of the Sochi Olympics is not the Fisht stadium, which will be the site of the opening and closing ceremonies (and where matches of the 2018 World Cup will be held). It is not the Bolshoi Ice Palace, the hockey arena shaped like a frozen droplet of water (which it is said will become the home of a new franchise in Russia's expanding Kontinental Hockey League), nor the Iceberg, where figure skating will take place. These are the buildings that hundreds of millions of television viewers will see during the Games, but the cost of building them pales in comparison with the project most will not see: a new highway and railroad connecting the coastal area to the village of Krasnaya Polyana in the mountains 30 miles away. It cost at least $8 billion, more than the entire Vancouver games four years ago.

The project was an engineering marvel and, to critics, a boondoggle that has created an environmental calamity. The railroad begins at a new train station (now the largest station in all of Russia) in Adler, a district of Sochi. It then courses up the Mzymta River, which, once pristine, now churns downhill in a muddy brown, washing past construction detritus left behind. The impact was so extensive that the United Nations Environmental Program pressed Russia to adopt a restoration plan, while Unesco has repeatedly questioned the effects of the construction on the Western Caucasus, which it describes, along with a forest in the Urals, as ''the only large mountain area in Europe that has not experienced significant human impact.''

The project was overseen by Russia Railways, the state-owned company that is the country's largest employer. Since 2005, it has been led by Vladimir Yakunin, a friend of Putin's whose posting as a diplomat at the United Nations at the end of the Soviet era fueled speculation -- never confirmed or denied -- that he, too, worked for the K.G.B. Under Yakunin, the company has become enormously profitable. For the Olympics it also refurbished the railroad from Moscow to Sochi (now a 23-hour ride) and the local lines in Sochi itself. The city now has a network of new trains linking the city center to its airport in Adler, the Olympic Park and the mountains. The ride from Adler to the mountains takes 43 minutes and costs 56 rubles, or about $1.70. In an interview in the railways' headquarters in Moscow, Yakunin said that the company's return on its share of the investment -- roughly $1.3 billion -- would take at least 20 years. Whether the project is economically sound is not the point, though, when the state is the only shareholder, and Putin decides what's best for it. Yakunin compared the project with the trans-Siberian Railway built under Czar Nicholas II. Commercially, it too was unsustainable, he said, but without it, ''we would not have Russia today at all, at least in the borders we have.''

''This is one of the biggest frauds of the Olympics,'' Boris Nemtsov said about the new road and railway, and the whole Sochi project, he says, is the biggest fraud in Russia's history, ''maybe even the biggest in human history.'' Now 54, Nemtsov was once one of the brightest stars of the democracy movement that emerged from the collapse of the Soviet Union. A mathematician and a physicist with a Ph.D. that he defended when he was only 25, he became involved in politics by protesting plans to build a nuclear reactor after the Chernobyl disaster. In 1991, he was appointed governor of Nizhny Novgorod, the formerly closed city of Gorky, and served until 1997, when Boris Yeltsin drafted him to join his government. He was so popular -- young, handsome, intelligent -- that he was widely discussed as a potential successor for the ailing Yeltsin. Those prospects crashed with the Russian economy in 1998 and, a year later, with the unexpected ascension of Putin. The two occasionally worked together in the beginning, but Nemtsov turned fierce critic after the arrest of the oil tycoon Mikhail Khodorkovsky in 2003. He has since vehemently attacked Putin's authoritarian instincts and the heavy hand of the security organs and has been arrested three times for taking part in anti-Putin protests.

''What is really interesting is that Putin believes nobody knows about the corruption,'' Nemtsov said over dinner in Moscow. It's not for Nemtsov's lack of trying. In a report he co-wrote and distributes at political protests, he noted that Russian Railways contracted the bulk of the road and railway project to two companies, including one that is now partly owned by a businessman named Gennady Timchenko, who has longstanding connections to Putin. Nemtsov also claims that 15 percent of the entire Olympic budget went to companies owned by the brothers Rotenberg, Arkady and Boris, who were Putin's friends and judo partners when they were coming of age in the 1960s. After Putin's rise to power, they advanced in the ranks of Russia's oligarchs. In an interview with The Financial Times in 2012, Arkady Rotenberg defended his friendship and said he had not used it for personal gain. ''I have great respect for this person,'' he said of Putin, ''and I consider that this is a person sent to our country from God.''

Every Olympics costs more than the initial projections, but Russia's costs have increased more than fourfold since Putin's initial estimate of $12 billion. As Nemtsov figures, because most games typically double in cost, the difference in Russia -- $25 billion to $30 billion -- can be attributed to outright thievery. ''This is a festival of corruption,'' he said. And he argued that everything -- from the choice of Sochi, to the design of the buildings, to the contracts parceled out -- was effectively controlled by Putin. ''There was no public discussion about the place. Zero. Not even one discussion in Parliament. Zero. No discussion on Putin TV, the zombie box. It was completely closed.''

In December, a scientist and environmentalist named Yulia Naberezhnaya agreed to meet in Sochi, but only after certain precautions were taken to protect the now-secret location of her organization, the Environmental Watch on the North Caucasus, which has been chronicling the abuses done to a fragile biosphere by the preparations for the Olympics. The alliance's office in a nearby town was raided by security services in March, as was the home of one of its members, Vladimir Kimayev. Its leader, Andrei Rudomakha, was detained in October along with Naberezhnaya, as they were on their way to the office in Sochi. The police detained Rudomakha for failing to submit for questioning in a slander case dating to 2012. (He had commented that a local judge was pro-government after she gave jail time to a political protester for holding a candlelight vigil.) Rudomakha assumed the case had been dropped, but the summons noted the days he would be in Sochi, leading him to suspect his movements were being tracked. He has since been ordered not to leave the Krasnodar region, where Sochi is located. Two other members were convicted and given three-year suspended sentences for staging a protest against a fence that the region's governor, Aleksandr Tkachyov, erected in a protected forest surrounding his home. In October, Kimayev was involved in a traffic accident that left him hospitalized. He was riding his scooter home from a meeting with two journalists when the brakes gave out. Kimayev wondered about the young men he saw lingering by the scooter before he left. ''We are not a powerful-enough organization to fight the state,'' Naberezhnaya told me. ''The only thing we can do is raise hell, and then see what happens. And even that is being taken away from us.''

Naberezhnaya asked that a colleague and I meet her at a bus stop in Bytkha, a ***working-class*** neighborhood that climbs into the hills along the coast and is likely to be trod by few, if any, of the visitors who come for the Olympics. It was already dark when we arrived, and she appeared at the bus stop a few minutes later. She took us on a rambling walk through darkened streets and alleys before we arrived at the back of a Soviet-era apartment building, with an expansive view of Sochi's center and the mountains cast in silvery moonlight. An old shed had been converted into a crude apartment, sparsely furnished and occupied most of the time by a lone cat. Stacked around were boxes of campaign literature for Yabloko, one of the oldest democratic parties in Russia, to which many of the environmentalists also belong. It is here that Naberezhnaya is finishing work, in virtual collaboration with the alliance's now-scattered members, on a final report on the environmental impact wrought not only by the Olympics but also by the rapacious development underway in the region's protected parks, including a supposed research center above Sochi that is widely believed to be a personal mountain resort, replete with helipads and several Swiss-style chalets, for Putin.

She cited a new law that was proposed by the Kremlin and dutifully adopted by both houses of Parliament in November 2007, effectively superseding all other relevant laws regarding the use of environmentally sensitive areas. ''The territory planning documentation for the location of Olympic facilities shall be approved without holding public hearings,'' the law declared.

In her dim shed-apartment-office, Naberezhnaya described a sort of golden age of environmentalism after the collapse of the Soviet Union, where activists could openly call for preservation and collaborate with foreign advocates and scientists to protect Russia's abundant natural wonders. Since Putin, she said, there has been a steady deterioration of rights that has polarized the country into loyalists and enemies. ''At the beginning, when we used to handcuff ourselves to the mayor's building in protest, the police would unhook us gently. Now they pull us by our hair.'' She told me of a good friend who worked for the special police, known as OMON, who warned her: ''Be careful. One day we'll be on the opposite sides of the barricades.'' Naberezhnaya compared this kind of deadening paranoia to something out of Kafka's ''Castle,'' the dark and surreal novel in which the protagonist, K., struggles to engage an opaque, all-powerful authority. She noted that there had been a Russian film version made in 1994, the early days of Russia's democratic transition. ''The film is very atmospheric,'' she wrote in an email a few days later. ''Watch carefully.''

If, as Putin has said, hosting the Olympics is a judgment on Russia, then so far the judgment has been a harsher one than he expected. By the end of 2007, Putin announced that he would step down as president after two terms -- though he could have easily initiated a change in the constitution to stay for another term, or for life. True, he anointed a successor, Dmitri Medvedev, and continued to serve as prime minister, remaining the country's paramount leader, especially when it came to preparations for the Olympics, but he seemed content to manage a transition to a new generation of leadership, his historic mission accomplished.

In 2012, however, Putin declared his intention to return to the presidency, and since then has presided over an intensifying crackdown on dissent. He forced through a new law requiring nongovernment organizations that receive funding from abroad to register as ''foreign agents,'' a term with echoes of Soviet persecution of dissidents. He banned the adoption of orphans by Americans. He signed a new law that made it a crime to propagandize ''nontraditional relationships'' to minors, prompting international outrage and calls for a boycott of Sochi by gay rights organizations. Many prominent world leaders, including President Obama, have made excuses not to attend the Sochi games, thus avoiding having to appear beside Putin as he basks in the international attention.

Human Rights Watch and other groups like the Environmental Watch on the North Caucasus have chronicled a range of abuses, including the gross exploitation of migrant laborers, many of them shuttled in from abroad. While Russian officials dispute the accusations of corruption, the evidence has mounted to the point that even a member of the International Olympic Committee, Gian-Franco Kasper, told Switzerland's SRF radio this month that roughly a third of the spending on the games had been lost to embezzlement.

Many of the stadiums, the Alpine ski courses, the sleek new bobsled track, are ready and have already been tested in international competitions, but construction work has continued up to the last minute, with complaints from organizers that hotels and other amenities might not be ready in time. When I visited the site of the freestyle ski events, the surrounding area was a muddy mess, cluttered with construction equipment and debris. Aleksandr Savilov, the site's manager, said the progress that had been made was almost unimaginable. ''Two years ago, there was almost nothing here,'' he told me. ''It's like mushrooms after the rain.'' It was late November, and it still had not snowed, the weather in the mountains being so unpredictable that organizers had stockpiled snow from last winter and built the world's most extensive system for making artificial snow. Looking from a platform over the work still underway at the village where athletes will stay, he shrugged off the delays. ''Even if it's not finished,'' Savilov said, ''the snow will cover it.''

Despite all the criticism, the games in Sochi will take place, and they will most likely be deemed a triumph, a validation of Putin's leadership, unless of course disaster strikes in the form of terrorism or some other tragedy.

In his office overlooking the coast, Dmitri Chernyshenko, the president of the Sochi Olympic Organizing Committee, acknowledged that it was ''a very risky decision'' for the international committee to choose Sochi, but that Russia had succeeded in using the opportunity to redevelop the only subtropical seashore it has. ''We need such a project to unite the nation,'' he said.

Like Chernyshenko, Pakhomov has little patience for the critics, especially his former challenger. ''He must be ashamed,'' he said of Nemtsov. ''When he was running for mayor, he said, 'It's impossible -- nothing can be built here.' Now he can see that everything has been built.'' Pakhomov complained to me that Russia remained burdened by old stereotypes, recalling a visiting foreign official asking him, ''What else do you have except vodka and bears?'' He said Russia was a different place from the Soviet Union when it held the Summer Games in 1980. ''Even now the goals are different,'' he told me. ''We want to be open to the entire world and to show the world our hospitality, our culture, our love of sport, our beauty, the cleanliness of our streets. And of course, we would like to get rid of the drivel that we have endured and is not so pleasant.''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/26/magazine/putins-olympic-fever-dream.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/01/26/magazine/putins-olympic-fever-dream.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: The Olympic-flame monument, in front of Fisht Stadium. (MM18-MM19)

The Iceberg facility, where figure skating will take place. (MM20)

The Olympic Park in Sochi. The entertainment center in Krasnaya Polyana, financed by the gas giant Gazprom. (MM21)

Snow that was saved from the previous season. By November, Sochi had still not had any snowfall.

The viewing stands at the Alpine courses, under construction in Krasnaya Polyana. (MM22)

A resort area in Adler, with the beach promenade still under construction. (MM22-MM23)

A new section of the Rosa Khutor resort in Krasnaya Polyana, built for the Games. (MM24)

The Bolshoi Ice Palace, where hockey will be played. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARF ZIMMERMANN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM25)

**Load-Date:** January 27, 2014

**End of Document**



[***Weighing Run, Jesse Jackson Shrugs Off His Party's Label***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-2SW0-0005-G0CT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 18, 1995, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 1367 words

**Byline:** Jesse Jackson

By RICHARD L. BERKE

By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

Between stops at two churches, the headquarters of his Operation PUSH, Army and Lou's Restaurant on the South Side and, finally, his home in the shady Jackson Park neighborhood, Jesse Jackson guided the conversation back to his labors for the Democratic Party.

Never shy about claiming credit, Mr. Jackson boasted that he had registered millions of Democratic voters, more than anyone else. He also asserted that his efforts won back the Senate for the Democrats in 1986 and were instrumental in putting Bill Clinton in the White House six years later.

But now that he is threatening to wage an independent bid against Mr. Clinton next year, one that could cost the Democrats the Presidency, Mr. Jackson chafes at the suggestion that he is or ever was a party man. His desire, he said, is to advance his own agenda -- and that of labor and the poor, who he says have been shut out by the Administration.

"The party's not a religion for me," Mr. Jackson said in a recent interview. "It's a vehicle."

Arguing that his efforts always reached beyond a single party, he added, "It's amazing how the world has changed because of our struggle."

Mr. Jackson has emerged as the President's most nettlesome election problem, an odd turn of events given that some of the help he gave Mr. Clinton in 1992 was inadvertent. When invited by Mr. Jackson to address his Rainbow Coalition, Mr. Clinton turned the distaste for the civil rights leader among many white ***working-class*** Democrats to his advantage by attacking the anti-white language of a rap singer, Sister Souljah, who had previously appeared at the coalition conference.

At 54, Mr. Jackson is showing more heft and a bit more gray hair, and his star has faded a bit. He is not as potent a political force as he was when he ran for President in 1984 and 1988. Mr. Jackson, who has a second home in Washington, still has more than a year left in his term as an unpaid "shadow senator," a nonvoting delegate representing the District of Columbia, but he has all but abandoned his public effort to bring statehood to the District. His mantra that "Head Start and day care on the front side of life costs less than jail care and welfare on the back side" seems out of step in Newt Gingrich's Washington.

Still more discouraging for Mr. Jackson's supporters is that many black voters who flocked to his side here last week at Black Expo, a business convention, and at black churches acknowledged in interviews that there was another black man they would rather see as President, even though they know little about his views: Colin L. Powell, the former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"Jesse tried a couple of times, and it didn't work out," said Constance Pine, 54, a computer operator who twice voted for Mr. Jackson. "I would like to see Colin Powell run for President. He would be more qualified."

Deneen Winn, 29, a financial adviser, said, "I voted for him because I wanted to show the voting power of the African American. But he's better at giving speeches than doing anything."

Nor has Mr. Jackson been known to run particularly organized campaigns. Last week, the Federal Election Commission fined his 1988 organization $150,000 for violations including accepting excessive contributions and inadequate record-keeping. That campaign still has debts of nearly $150,000, which Mr. Jackson said he had begun to pay off. An independent run would be even more difficult logistically because of obstacles to getting on the ballot in many states.

But it may not take much -- not even scoring in double-digit percentages -- for Mr. Jackson to deny Mr. Clinton a second term. As an independent, Mr. Jackson could siphon off votes in Southern and Rust Belt states that gave Mr. Clinton winning margins in 1992.

"In states where the margin is thin, he could well decide the race," said Senator Christopher J. Dodd of Connecticut, general chairman of the Democratic Party. "The question is whether his issues might be placed in greater jeopardy with the likelihood of giving Bob Dole or Phil Gramm the Presidency of the United States. I'm hard pressed to see where he would want to be a party to that."

Other Democratic Party leaders and White House officials are divided about what Mr. Jackson will do. White House officials have sought recently to mend relations by setting up meetings on issues like a program for at-risk youth that Mr. Jackson is pushing. But the officials are also being careful to avoid the impression that they are bending to Mr. Jackson.

The spoiler label has been attached to Mr. Jackson before, as Democrats warned that he would scare white voters out of the party. Each time, though with varying amounts of enthusiasm, Mr. Jackson put on a game face and helped Democrats in the general election.

And each time, he insisted that he would not bolt the party. "If a black candidate ran as an independent," Mr. Jackson told U.S. News & World Report in 1983, "it would be in the role of a spoiler. If he or she ran symbolically, it would not be worth the time."

But now, Mr. Jackson thinks that an independent bid, even if symbolic, might be worth the time. While he said "all options are alive," including challenging Mr. Clinton in the primaries, Mr. Jackson and his advisers talk much more excitedly about an independent bid.

At Mr. Jackson's suggestion, Steve Cobble, his delegate coordinator from 1988 who was traveling with him last week, drew up for a reporter a timetable showing that the earliest deadline in any state for petitions to get on the general election ballot is next May.

Mr. Jackson said "narrow scenarios" about taking votes from Mr. Clinton would not be a factor in his calculations. "We will not bear the burden and the responsibility of the President winning and losing without being accorded the respect our constituencies deserve," he said.

His motivation for running, Mr. Jackson explained, would be that the President has been too close to the Democratic Leadership Council, the group of moderate Democrats that Mr. Clinton once headed. He accused the President of following "a Republican-lite agenda," and said he could galvanize labor because of the White House's championing of the North American Free Trade Agreement and the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.

Sounding like Ross Perot, Mr. Jackson sought to play down his personal ambition, saying he would run only at the urging of his supporters.

"My first and best scenario would not be to run," he said. "The pressure to run is the issue."

But Mr. Jackson could not respond when asked just who was pressuring him. And some argue that he is acting simply out of his festering ill-will toward his treatment by Mr. Clinton during the '92 campaign -- and his need for the limelight.

William Daley, a White House adviser and the brother of this city's Mayor, Richard M. Daley, said that he expected Mr. Jackson to run but that "it would really taint him in the long term."

"People will ask, 'Was this an ego trip?' " Mr. Daley said.

As he has throughout his career, Mr. Jackson sought to put the imprimatur of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. on his ambitions. Noting that Dr. King worked outside the party establishment to press for voting rights laws, Mr. Jackson said, "If I had to face Dr. King tomorrow -- as we're losing affirmative action, as we're losing funding for schools, as we're losing redistricting struggles, as we are watching urban policy being ignored -- I couldn't tell him that I was trying to protect the White House."

Rather than address the issue of costing Mr. Clinton the election, Mr. Jackson said he could help the Democrats reclaim the House by luring more black voters to the polls. As Mr. Cobble put it: "There is a value in having a Democrat in the White House. But there would be a value in having a Democratic Speaker of the House, too."

But Representative Martin Frost of Texas, chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, said Mr. Jackson's candidacy might discourage people who would have voted straight down the Democratic ticket.

"His candidacy could hurt Democrats," Mr. Frost said. "It's possible people in the black community would go in and vote for Jesse Jackson and walk right out and not vote for Democrats."

**Graphic**

Photo: Jesse Jackson, who is considering an independent campaign for President, says that he has never considered himself to be a party man. Mr. Jackson appeared in Chicago recently at Black Expo, a business convention. (Lloyd DeGrane for The New York Times) (pg. D23)

**Load-Date:** July 18, 1995

**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7M90-0005-G4FM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In New Jersey, Nature in Abstract and a Prison Cell***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7M90-0005-G4FM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 14, 1995, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section C; ; Section C;  Page 18;  Column 1;  Weekend Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1465 words

**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

By HOLLAND COTTER

**Body**

Summer is the traditional down time for the art world, but New Jersey museums are offering some surprisingly intense shows. They include a retrospective of visionary paintings by a reclusive American artist, a multimedia storefront installation on family ties by one of our most impressive Puerto Rican artists and an intergenerational homage to a firebrand political leader whom many people consider a martyr.

Montclair

Anyone lucky enough to have caught the "Spiritual in Art" exhibition in Los Angeles in 1987 may remember an odd, luminous semi-abstract painting by Agnes Pelton (1881-1961). Titled "White Fire," it suggested stars or eyes glowing from beneath a thin stream of falling water. It was the only work by Pelton in the show (there were six by her near-contemporary Georgia O'Keeffe), and few have been exhibited since.

"Agnes Pelton: Poet of Nature," organized by Michael Zakian of the Palm Springs Desert Museum and now at the MONTCLAIR ART MUSEUM, helps correct this oversight with a selection of 50 works spanning the artist's career. Pelton came to painting early and was successful enough to be included in the Armory Show of 1913. Professionally, it was a big moment for her and she never got another.

She often seemed to be on the run from career-enhancing opportunities. She moved a lot, from New York to New Mexico to Hawaii to Europe to the Southern California desert, where she spent her last years. Her output was jarringly uneven, peppered with bread-earning portraits of local gentry and unremarkable landscapes.

Perhaps most important, her approach to art was fundamentally out of sync with dominant American trends. A theosophist with an abiding interest in all varieties of occult thought, she viewed art as a psychosymbolic channeling of natural energies, an approach exemplified by the Transcendental Painting Group in Taos, N.M., in the 1930's, artists with whom she felt deep affinities.

Pelton's abstract works make up the greater part of the Montclair show, and they turn a wealth of influences -- O'Keeffe, Joseph Stella, Kandinsky, Art Deco, Asian mandalas -- into a distinctive synthesis. Pelton's depiction of radiant globes and atmospheric effects gives nature an extraterrestrial cast, and her closely brushed surfaces and graded colors have an authentic Luminist glow. Despite the erratic course her art took, her best work places her in the select and eclectic company of American solitaries and ecstatics.

Also worth catching in Montclair is a small show by the Brooklyn artist Elizabeth Berdann. Her six oil-on-copper portraits of elderly women are solidly Photo Realist in approach (her own minutely detailed self-portraits were included in last year's "Bad Girls" show at the New Museum of Contemporary Art in SoHo) and straightforwardly address the interrelated themes of age, beauty and morality. And the fact that the women depicted are all residents of a nursing home a few blocks from the museum turns Ms. Berdann's paintings into a poignant community-art project.

Newark

Another community-oriented work, "Badge of Honor" by Pepon Osorio, is the outstanding offering of the NEWARK MUSEUM (in collaboration with a local contemporary art center called Aljira), though it is actually installed in a storefront in a ***working-class*** Hispanic neighborhood about half a mile north of the museum itself.

Mr. Osorio, who is 40 and was born in Puerto Rico, is a familiar figure in New York. One of his lavish, gallery-filling assemblages was a high point of the 1993 Whitney Biennial and his 1991 retrospective at El Museo del Barrio, an expressively textured, theatrical meditation on Hispanic life and culture, was among the memorable shows of that season.

His Newark installation is divided into two sections, one a bare prison cell blocked off by metal bars, the other a fantasy version of an adolescent male bedroom, the walls papered with baseball cards and Bruce Lee posters, a huge bank of audio hardware stacked in the corner, and furniture studded with gilded clenched fists.

In both room and cell, the occupants appear on video monitors -- a middle-aged father in prison, his teen-age son at home -- talking as if between the walls and unfolding the story of their lives. Questioning, reminiscing, rebuking, their words are as aggressive and self-protective as the material accumulation of the boy's room, though underneath them runs a profound sense of tenderness and loss. It takes only a few minutes to find Mr. Osorio's installation, and it is well worth the time spent to see his brilliant assemblagist's hand at work.

On view in the museum itself is the work of the abstract painter William T. Williams. His hard-edged abtract paintings from 1970, with their crisp diagonal forms, matte surfaces and metallic colors, have terrific formal panache and are attractively paired with more recent work.

The thick, fissured surfaces of paintings from the 1990's represent a formal departure for the artist and mark a shift to a new, more personal content. The wall texts reveal that the rich, smoky cobalts and browns shot through with reds and yellows are based on visual memories from childhood and refer to the spirituality of a Southern upbringing.

Spirituality is the very essence of "Korea: Religions and Traditions," a reinstallation of part of the museum's renowned Asian holdings. Among the works are doll-size shamanist figures of men riding mythical beasts, a painting of a divine batlike guardian figure with webbed wings bristling from his face, and a gravely smiling portrait of the teacher and monk Sosandung (1520-1602), who led the resistance against the Japanese occupation of Korea in the late 16th century.

Jersey City

A revered political figure of more recent date is celebrated at the JERSEY CITY MUSEUM. Pedro Albizu Campos (1881-1965), a Harvard-educated lawyer born in Ponce, was a charismatic figure in the Puerto Rican independence movement, first as a leader of the Nationalist Party and later, having been repeatedly charged with conspiracy, as an inmate in United States prisons, where he spent much of his adult life.

The 30th anniversary of his death is the occasion for "Albizu Vive/ Albizu Lives," a group show that brings together artists politically active in the 1960's and 70's with younger colleagues who are in many ways their direct heirs and for whom Albizu has become an iconic, near-mythical symbol.

The generational differences shows up subtly in the work. The woodcut posters of Antonio Martorell, Rupert Garcia, Lorenzo Homar and Jose R. Alicea of a quarter-century ago are in exhortative Social Realist style, with Albizu's reiterated signature image -- the black bow tie, the dark, tense mustachioed face -- as clear and readable as a political slogan.

In a densely brushed painting by Juan Sanchez, born in 1954, the didactic message remains strong but the language has changed, encompassing a broad cultural history. Albizu's face is accompanied by an emblematic hand and heart and surrounded by the spiraling pictographic forms of the Taino people, Puerto Rico's indigenous pre-Conquest inhabitants.

Marina Gutierrez's poetic assemblage presents Albizu as a steel-mesh figure filled with cutout metal flowers. In Gloria Rodriguez's paintings, he is little more than a cloud of light, and in Orlando Cuevas's "Don Pedro's House," his political ideas are ingeniously brought to life. Mr. Cuevas's model tenement is about the size of a Victorian doll house, and through each window one glimpses a tableau -- a battalion of soldiers, a skeleton in a chair, a figure of the Virgin surrounded by nails -- illustrating the realities Albizu deplored and the solutions he proposed.

Like Albizu, Lolita Lebron was a nationalist revolutionary with roots in radical Roman Catholicism. She participated in an attack on the United States Capitol building in 1954 and was jailed for 25 years. Her presence is evoked in an understated room-size installation by Lillian Mulero, which adjoins "Albizu Lives."

The objects that make up Ms. Mulero's spare, succinct portrait include a copy of the uniformlike beige suit worn by Ms. Lebron at the time of her arrest, a vitrine holding a gun and a New Testament, and a weatherworn wooden wall bracket piled with nail clippings -- relics, it would seem, of her years in prison.

The museum's third show, "Joan Fine: Wall Reliefs," steers away from politics. Ms. Fine's mixed-media works, often monumental in size, feature carved and molded organic forms resembling animal fossils, vegetation and abstract human forms. In general, she is at her best when she is most intimate. In a large piece like "Archetypes," the forms look overscaled and cartoonish, while the smaller "Four Elements," with its reliefs of curves and furled forms, has the kind of mystery she seems to be after.

**Graphic**

Photo: "Even Song" (1934), by Agnes Pelton, on view in Montclair. (Montclair Art Museum)

**Load-Date:** July 14, 1995

**End of Document**



[***How the Movies Made a President***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4VD9-WCB0-TW8F-G174-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 18, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; FILM

**Length:** 2117 words

**Byline:** By MANOHLA DARGIS and A. O. SCOTT

**Body**

BARACK OBAMA'S victory in November demonstrated, to the surprise of many Americans and much of the world, that we were ready to see a black man as president. Of course, we had seen several black presidents already, not in the real White House but in the virtual America of movies and television. The presidencies of James Earl Jones in ''The Man,''Morgan Freeman in ''Deep Impact,''Chris Rock in ''Head of State'' and Dennis Haysbert in ''24'' helped us imagine Mr. Obama's transformative breakthrough before it occurred. In a modest way, they also hastened its arrival.

Make no mistake: Hollywood's historic refusal to embrace black artists and its insistence on racist caricatures and stereotypes linger to this day. Yet in the past 50 years -- or, to be precise, in the 47 years since Mr. Obama was born -- black men in the movies have traveled from the ghetto to the boardroom, from supporting roles in kitchens, liveries and social-problem movies to the rarefied summit of the Hollywood A-list. In those years the movies have helped images of black popular life emerge from behind what W. E. B. Du Bois called ''a vast veil,'' creating public spaces in which we could glimpse who we are and what we might become.

Filmmakers as diverse as Charles Burnett, Spike Lee and John Singleton have helped tear away that veil, as have performers who have fought and transcended stereotypes of savagery and servility to create new, richer, truer images of black life. Along the way an archetype has emerged, that of the black male hero, who, like Will Smith in ''Independence Day,'' rises from the ashes -- in the case of that movie, the smoldering ashes of the White House -- to save the day or just the family vacation. The movies of the past half-century hardly prophesy the present moment, but they offer intriguing premonitions, quick-sketch pictures and sometimes richly realized portraits of black men grappling with issues of identity and the possibilities of power. They have helped write the prehistory of the Obama presidency.

Modern African-American history has been, among other things, a series of firsts, and the first black movie star -- the first to win an Oscar in a lead role and the first to see his name featured above the title in movie advertisements -- was Sidney Poitier. For much of the 1960s Mr. Poitier bore the special burden of being the only one. He became a symbolic figure not only for other African-Americans but also for the nation as a whole: the Black Everyman.

In 1961, the year Mr. Obama was born, Mr. Poitier played Walter Lee Younger, the flawed, ambitious protagonist of ''A Raisin in the Sun.'' Subsequent roles would draw on some of that character's anger and idealism, but they were more concerned with addressing the thorny questions of African-American male authority. How does a black man assert leadership in a society that expects, and is often willing to enforce, his subservience? How does he reach some accommodation with the white world without sacrificing his integrity or his self-respect?

Confronting these challenges in movies like ''In the Heat of the Night'' and ''Guess Who's Coming to Dinner,'' Mr. Poitier became an ambassador to white America and a benign emblem of black power, though not a favorite of the Black Power movement. Almost as soon as they were released, in 1967, those earnest, integrationist, liberal pictures started to look old-fashioned and naive. As riots engulfed American cities and a more militant black politics threatened to overshadow the civil rights paradigm, Mr. Poitier, a canny political thinker and a serious activist, was criticized for being insufficiently race-conscious.

In 1971, two years after the black scholar Larry Neal scolded Mr. Poitier in The New York Times for his choices (''There is no sense in being a million-dollar shoeshine boy''), Melvin Van Peebles's independent production ''Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song'' helped usher in a new kind of African-American male representation. Hailed by Huey P. Newton as the ''first truly revolutionary black film made,'' this scrappy, low-budget triumph and its roving, carnal hero offered a rollicking alternative to the neutered black male of the sort that Mr. Poitier had often played.

Yet even as he stood as a not-so-benign emblem of black power, erotic and otherwise, the hypersexualized black male also became fodder for white exploitation. In the years since, much like the virgins and whores of every color in movies about women, black male characters have often been divided along an axis of virtue and sin, forced to play cop or thug, saint or sociopath. Such is the seductiveness of the Black Outlaw that, after watching Morgan Freeman slink across screen as a pimp called Fast Black in the tense 1987 drama ''Street Smart,''Pauline Kael was moved to ask if he was the greatest American actor in movies.

Not all Outlaws are pimps; sometimes they just roll like them. It seems telling that in 2002 Denzel Washington became the second African-American man to win an Oscar for best actor playing a dirty Los Angeles police detective in the thriller ''Training Day.'' Mr. Washington brought a queasy erotic charge to his character's violence that seemed intended to erase every last trace of his stoic, heroic, Poitieresque profile in films like ''Philadelphia'' and ''Remember the Titans.'' This was Denzel the Bad, with his black leather jacket and pumping big guns, cinematic soul brother to Samuel L. Jackson in ''Pulp Fiction'' and just about every other movie Mr. Jackson has starred in where he has wreaked vengeance on anyone unlucky enough to get in his way.

The violence can be just as thrilling when it's strictly verbal. Richard Pryor was among the first comedians to discover that a white audience could be won over by being provoked and insulted. He built his stand-up act, which had wide crossover appeal, on a foundation of profane, confrontational truth-telling and never shied away from the briar patch of race. On his albums and above all in his concert films, he aired a mountain of social, racial and psychosexual dirty laundry, turning himself into an anxious, libidinous embodiment of the American id.

Pryor, the Black Provocateur of the 1970s, worked a little too blue, in his prime, for network television, so he entered the pop-cultural mainstream, somewhat improbably, as a movie star. He teamed up with Gene Wilder in a series of sweet and silly interracial buddy comedies and also starred in ''Blue Collar'' and ''Which Way Is Up?,'' in which he combined the persona of black comic everyman with that of battered and beleaguered ***working-class*** hero.

Later, as his own career foundered, Mr. Pryor's influence spread far and wide. Chris Rock, with his commitment to political and sexual candor and his joyful disdain for the sensitivities of the audience, is perhaps his most obvious heir. But that line of succession passes through the career of Eddie Murphy, who also provides a crucial (and sometimes underestimated) link in the continuum of black movie stars that runs from Mr. Poitier to Mr. Washington to Mr. Smith.

As a young member of the rebooted ''Saturday Night Live'' cast in the early 1980s, Mr. Murphy (who, like Mr. Obama, was born in 1961) first made his mark lampooning black archetypes and celebrities of all kinds. In his concert movies and stand-up routines, he was swaggering and sometimes obnoxious, but his ability to combine ingratiating jokiness with cold-eyed hostility came through most successfully in feature films, where he made the transition from comic foil (in ''48 Hrs.'' and ''Trading Places'') to action hero (in ''Beverly Hills Cop'') with astonishing grace and speed.

When Mr. Murphy, on ''SNL,'' made fun of Bill Cosby -- gumming a cigar and extolling the virtues of Jell-O Pudding Pops -- it was an act both of homage and of Oedipal aggression. In 1984 Mr. Cosby may have already been a father figure to younger black entertainers, but his career as America's dad was just beginning, with the debut of ''The Cosby Show'' on NBC. The novelty of that series, at once revolutionary and profoundly conservative, lay in its insistence, week after week, that being black was another way of being normal.

The traditional composition of the Huxtable family, with the father as its benevolent, sometimes bumbling head, was part of the series's strategy of decoupling blackness from social pathology. ''The Cosby Show'' did not deny the existence of serious problems in black America -- not least the problem of absent fathers -- but the presence of Cliff Huxtable, in his own home and yours, suggested that the problems were not intractable.

And it is striking how powerful and appealing the figure of the Black Father has become in the past 25 years -- how many younger, more iconoclastic performers have come home to Cliff Huxtable. Mr. Murphy himself, for instance, in the Dr. Dolittle movies, is channeling the man he used to mock, and Bernie Mac, who started out as a profane truth-teller in the Richard Pryor tradition, reached his pop-cultural apotheosis as a put-upon patriarch in the sitcom that bore his name. Even Ice Cube, without shedding his gangster scowl, settled into a comfortable niche as a family man in the ''Barbershop'' and ''Are We There Yet?'' franchises.

Black men have also flourished on screen as surrogate, spiritual fathers. Much like the wee green Jedi master who instructs Luke Skywalker in ''Star Wars: Episode V -- The Empire Strikes Back,'' the Black Yoda helps guide young (white) heroes to their destinies. Routinely paired opposite callow, less expert actors like Keanu Reeves, Ashley Judd and Ben Affleck, Mr. Freeman in particular can be relied on to provide counsel and ballast to even the most lightweight genre exercises, along with a sense of purpose and moral seriousness. The touch of gravel in his voice is suggestive of long, hard-traveled roads, while the sagging, doggone tired and mournful eyes look as if they have borne witness to real pain. Much like James Earl Jones before him, though with less basso profundo, Mr. Freeman has become the go-to guy for voice-of-God narration, and for playing the Big Man upstairs.

Yoda himself is a science-fiction variation on Jiminy Cricket, the cute little critter who, in the 1940 Disney classic, advises Pinocchio to ''always let your conscience be your guide.'' In Hollywood, black characters have often provided this kind of advisory role, chirping friendly counsel from the sidelines, as Hattie McDaniel does when she maternally scolds (and protects) Vivien Leigh in ''Gone With the Wind'' or when an avuncular Bill Robinson (a k a Bojangles) teaches Shirley Temple how to dance up a flight of stairs in ''The Little Colonel.'' These mentor-student relationships invoke what the historian Donald Bogle calls the ''huckfinn fixation,'' movies in which a good white man, having gone up against the corrupt (white) mainstream, takes up with a ''trusty black who never competes with the white man and who serves as a reliable ego padder.'' The white hero ''grows in stature'' from this association because ''blacks seem to posses the soul the white man searches for.''

For years the price of this soul was sometimes paid in black flesh. Movie history is littered with the mangled (Joe Morton in ''Terminator 2''), flayed (Mr. Freeman in ''Unforgiven'') and even mauled (Harold Perrineau in ''The Edge'') bodies of supporting black characters, some sacrificed on an altar of their relationships with the white headliners, others rendered into first prey for horror-movie monsters. There has often been a distinct messianic cast to this sacrifice, made explicit in films as different as the 1968 zombie flick ''Night of the Living Dead'' and the 1999 prison drama ''The Green Mile.'' In the second, Michael Clarke Duncan plays a death-row inmate who suggests a prison-house Jesus: ''I'm tired of people being ugly to each other. I'm tired of all the pain I feel and hear in the world every day.'' More recently, Will Smith picked up the mantle of the Black Messiah in four of his star turns: ''The Pursuit of Happyness,'' ''I Am Legend,'' ''Hancock'' and ''Seven Pounds.''

Savior, counselor, patriarch, oracle, avenger, role model -- compared with all this, being president looks like a pretty straightforward job. Barack Obama, after all, is only one man (and only half black) and is working from a script that has yet to be written. But the fantasies of black heroism that have pervaded our popular culture give some sense of what the country hopes for in its new leader, whose burden is not the same as the one taken up by the 42 white men who preceded him.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Clockwise from top right, Sidney Poitier with Katharine Houghton and Spencer Tracy in ''Guess Who's Coming to Dinner''

Morgan Freeman with Jessica Tandy in ''Driving Miss Daisy''

Samuel L. Jackson with John Travolta in ''Pulp Fiction''

Richard Pryor

Bill Cosby with Keshia Knight Pulliam on ''The Cosby Show''

and Will Smith in ''I Am Legend.''(PHOTOGRAPHS OF ''GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER'' AND ''DRIVING MISS DAISY,'' EVERETT COLLECTION

''PULP FICTION,'' LINDA R. CHEN/MIRAMAX FILMS

''RICHARD PRYOR HERE AND NOW,'' COLUMBIA TRISTAR

''THE COSBY SHOW,'' NBC/EVERETT COLLECTION

''I AM LEGEND,'' BARRY WETCHER/WARNER BROTHERS PICTURES.)

Denzel Washington, right, won an Academy Award for his portrayal of a rogue detective in ''Training Day'' (2001).

Clockwise from far right, Chris Rock with Gina Torres in ''I Think I Love My Wife''

Michael Clarke Duncan with Tom Hanks in ''The Green Mile''

and Eddie Murphy in ''Dr. Dolittle.''(PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTERS)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL CARUSO/FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL BRAY/20TH CENTURY FOX)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH NELSON/CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT)(pg. AR9)

**Load-Date:** January 18, 2009

**End of Document**



[***EARNING IT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7NJ0-0005-G0NF-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***<HEADLINEA Champion of the Technically Challenged and Overwhelmed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-7NJ0-0005-G0NF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 9, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Money and Business/Financial Desk

**Section:** Section 3; ; Section 3;  Page 10;  Column 1;  Money and Business/Financial Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1334 words

**Byline:** By SUSAN F. RASKY

By SUSAN F. RASKY

**Dateline:** FOSTER CITY, Calif.

**Body**

AT first blush, it's your basic Silicon Valley success story: brash, 30-something executive markets breakthrough product and leads tiny company to fame and profit. Then again, there's a lot in the tale of John J. Kilcullen and the " . . . for Dummies" publishing phenomenon that could have come straight from Broadway.

For starters, take the concept itself -- a line of how-to computer and personal finance books written specifically for people willing to admit, indeed to glory, in their own ignorance and technophobia. Major booksellers and publishers, who said readers wouldn't buy books about their inadequacies, now clamor to stock or to imitate the bright yellow and black paperback volumes that take the side of people challenged by the complexities of modern life, making the series "a reference for the rest of us."

And there's Mr. Kilcullen -- a ***working-class*** kid from the Bronx, a former altar boy with a Type A personality, with an instinct for promotion and packaging that would have shamed P. T. Barnum.

Then there's Mr. Kilcullen's ascent. Five years ago, as part of the small team that started IDG Books Worldwide, a subsidiary of the Boston-based International Data Group, Mr. Kilcullen's job was directing sales and distribution. But when the top man was yanked away early on to head another IDG subsidiary, young Mr. Kilcullen, like the proverbial Broadway understudy, stepped in to the leading role.

Out of that early chaos came two nondescript books on computer games, and then the runaway hit "DOS for Dummies," Dan Gookin's sassy, irreverent reference book that became the prototype for the "Dummies" series. But like most history, the particulars are in some dispute. IDG's "official" version is that Mr. Kilcullen was visiting a computer store in 1987 and overheard a customer ask a clerk for a very simple computer primer -- something, the customer pleaded, like "DOS for Dummies."

Mr. Gookin and Michael McCarthy, a former editor in chief for IDG Books, say the idea sprang from Mr. McCarthy's Uncle Huey, a chemist who complained that books on computer operating systems were either insulting or impenetrable.

In any case, as president and chief executive of IDG Books, Mr. Kilcullen, 36, oversees a company of more than 200 employees, with annual revenue last year of $50 million -- about 70 percent of it from the "Dummies" books. That gives IDG Books about a third of the computer trade book market. Another third belongs to archrival Macmillan Computer Publishing, a division of Simon & Schuster that jumped on the technophobe bandwagon with "The Complete Idiot's Guide."

"We probably didn't recognize that there were so many new computer users," says Macmillan's vice president and publisher, David G. Israel. "We had tried various forms of cartoons and humor in books for casual users, but without success. The market grew and Dan Gookin wrote a really good book. IDG hit gold."

IDG, meanwhile, keeps cranking out "Dummies" titles on topics that range from camcorders and V.C.R.'s to taxes and mutual funds. More than 18 million copies have been sold, and there are translations of the more popular titles in 26 languages. In the wings is a whole line of general interest "Dummies" volumes, including "Sex for Dummies," by Dr. Ruth Westheimer, set for release in August.

So what does a young publishing executive who has turned the computer book industry on its ear do for an encore? "You're always looking for T-N-B-T," Mr. Kilcullen says. "The Next Big Thing."

At the moment he is flicking specks of dust from his immaculate black conference table and chatting on the speakerphone with his corporate shrink. They are planning this year's management retreat, which will focus on something about enhancing managers' ability to communicate with the staff.

"Silence," Mr. Kilcullen tells a visitor, "is anything but consent. Right, Dr. B?"

"Dr. B" is Stephen Berglas, a Boston-based psychologist who helps executives cope with stress. Mr. Kilcullen hired him two years ago to consult on personnel matters and to ease the company's transition from a freewheeling start-up to a more disciplined, hierarchical organization.

The doctor is helping Mr. Kilcullen to make a similar transition. Apparently, for this enormously successful salesman and promoter, The Next Big Thing is to learn to be the boss. He has the traditional C.E.O. trappings in his spacious office -- congratulations from Patrick McGovern, IDG's chairman, a plaque proclaiming "4th Quarter 1992, Greatest Improvement in Profit Margin Over Plan" -- but he knows he needs to change to succeed in the job.

The psychologist has presented a variety of knickknacks to Mr. Kilcullen as reminders of his managerial role. One is a brass mirror that carries a tiny plaque that reads, "You Are the CEO, You Are the CEO."

Another is a drawing of the biblical story of King Solomon ordering the infant to be cut in half to settle the dispute between two women claiming to be its mother. It was, Mr. Kilcullen explains, the doctor's way of reminding him "to let the system tolerate conflict while you take the heat."

But for all the reminders of his executive responsibilities, Mr. Kilcullen can't seem to pry himself from the smallest details of "Dummies" promotion. "He's very much a graphic-oriented person, definitely left brain," says Polly Adams Papsadore, marketing director for IDG Books. She has come to Mr. Kilcullen's office to show him plans for an exhibit at an upcoming book sellers' conference, and he pores over the details.

And when he struck his deal with Dr. Ruth, Mr. Kilcullen, ever the salesman, wanted to print T-shirts with her picture on them. The sexologist said no.

HE has another trait incongruous for a boss: a populist identification with the underdog. "I like to hire people who have a point to prove," he says, "people who have great ideas like I did in New York City. I left because I wasn't being heard in that kind of dictatorial environment."

Mr. Kilcullen, who is married and has a young son, graduated with a degree in communications from Fordham University and spent 14 years working his way up the sales ladder in the technical books divisions of Bantam, Prentice Hall and elsewhere.

"Editors," he snorts. "I think most of the editors I knew back East were effete snobs who showed an acute disdain for the sales and marketing side. It made me sick."

This is the Bronx kid talking, the son of Irish immigrants who shared his parents' three-bedroom apartment with seven siblings and is proud of it. His mother, a retired waitress, pushed them all through Catholic school and on to professional careers. His father was a truck driver.

The chief executive's sympathies for the underdog may be the secret of his success with "Dummies." True, he and others say that his resemblance to the nerdy cartoon character in the "Dummies" logo is entirely a coincidence. But there is no denying that Mr. Kilcullen encourages his authors to take an iconoclastic tone toward the computer industry and their other subjects, and that this attitude reflects his own world view.

"I'm a user, not a programmer," he says. "I'm probably one of the least technically adept people in the company."

The heart of the "Dummies" books, he says, is their appeal to "people who are working two jobs, to single parents, folks who've been downsized out of a job and know they lack the skills to get a new one."

A love of risk sets Mr. Kilcullen apart. "My mother used to say: 'John, go work for the telephone company. You'll get a pension and you'll be set,' " he recalls. "I've always had a risk orientation."

The gambit with Dr. Ruth proves the point. While the "Dummies" strategy works for books on technical subjects, nontechnical ones are iffier, especially one on sex.

Mr. Israel of Macmillan Publishing saw the risk -- and backed off. "We tossed around the idea of a sex book last summer, and we just couldn't believe you could cross that line," he says. "Who walks up to the cash register and says give me a book about sex for dummies?"

**Graphic**

Photo: John J. Kilcullen and Dr. Ruth Westheimer, one of his authors. Her book will be published next month. (Jim Wilson/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 9, 1995

**End of Document**



[***The Struggles of Minority-Group School Chiefs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4C10-002S-X0CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 14, 1989, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 8, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1363 words

**Byline:** By LEE A. DANIELS

**Body**

The decision by New York City's Board of Education to favor black and Hispanic candidates in its search for a new chief of the nation's largest school system underscores the rise of black and Hispanic educators in big cities since the 1960's.

But education experts, including black and Hispanic superintendents themselves, who now head 18 of the nation's 45 largest districts, say the experiences of the last two decades prove that reducing the severe problems of urban schools entails much more than simply putting an educator of a particular ethnic background in office.

While that may seem obvious, numerous school boards and municipal officials have had to come to grips in recent years with a new understanding: that great expectations springing solely from the appointment of black and Hispanic superintendents were not realistic.

Complexities of the Job

Dr. Richard R. Green, who served as New York Schools Chancellor for only 14 months before his death last month, nonetheless learned of one complexity with which big-city superindents everywhere must deal.

Marvin E. Edwards, a black who is superintendent in Dallas, describes it this way: ''Directing a school system isn't an exact science. The instinct and judgment that comes from dealing with the issues is as important as a superintendent's classroom work. The public is very, very demanding, particularly if the superintendent is black or Hispanic.''

Another black superintendent, Robert Peterkin of Milwaukee, notes that the number and variety of problems besetting the modern urban school system - from attempts to cut drug use and other crime, to educating a growing number of non-English-speaking students, to, most of all, improving academic performance of the student body as a whole - make the superintendent's job far more complex and challenging than it was 30 years ago.

In response to such demands, at least one graduate school of education, Harvard's, has started a program aimed at preparing prospective superintendents, especially members of ethnic minorties, to run urban school systems. Last week the Harvard education school faculty, which has run a summer institute for superintendents for several years, approved a new, 18-month-long training program that includes six months' internship with an experienced superintendent.

Patricia Alberg Graham, dean of the Harvard education school, said the program's guiding principle could be summed up by remarks made by Dr. Green, an alumnus, at a seminar there just weeks before his death.

''He said that the most difficult problem the schools faced, the most difficult problem superintendents faced, was developing public trust in the public schools, marshaling the political will to support public education,'' Ms. Graham recalled.

Extracurricular Activity

A related sentiment - that the minority-group superintendent must be able to appeal to broad communities - was expressed in interviews with a number of black and Hispanic school chiefs.

Ramon C. Cortines, who has been superintendent in Pasadena, in San Jose and, for the last three years, in San Francisco, said that black and Hispanic superintendents had to ''be very skilled in letting the broader community know that we're intent on serving the whole community.''

''Senior citizens need to think that I'm concerned about their quality of life,'' he added, ''that I see a connection between preparing schoolchildren for the future and the seniors' continued well being.''

And Dr. Edwards, the Dallas superintendent, maintained that while much of the public may view a particular schools chief as a black or Hispanic superintendent, ''most of us see ourselves as superintendents who happen to be black or Hispanic.''

''We generally work in integrated situations,'' he said. ''The majority of members on all the school boards I've served under have been white. The schools have had a substantial white student population. I'm not here to help just black students, but all students.''

Yet Sam Husk, executive director of the Council of Great City Schools, an association of most of the country's largest school systems, sees a general distinction between minority-group superintendents and their white colleagues: As a group, he says, black and Hispanic superintendents have been particularly interested in making the schools' bureaucracies more responsive to all sections of the city. In addition, ''they've vigorously expressed the view that every child can learn and that it's the schools' duty to teach them,'' Mr. Husk said. ''This isn't just a learned response with them, because many of them come from poor, sometimes very poor, circumstances.''

Roots of the Rise

The increase in the number of black and Hispanic superintendents in the big cities stems in part from the changed ethnic makeup of the public schools' student population. Black and Hispanic students have been the majority in a growing number of urban districts since the 1960's, and that change - as well as dissatisfaction with the schools' response to it - led some systems to choose black or Hispanic superintendents.

From the first, part of these superintendents' task has been not only to improve pedagogy but also to be ''role models, to inspire minority students and staff with the feeling that they could be producers of services as well as consumers of services,'' said Alonzo Crim, a professor of education at Georgia State University who became Atlanta's first black superintendent in 1973 and served, to widespread praise, until 1987.

Yet Donald Stewart, president of the College Board, notes that the great expectations inspired by the appointment of black and Hispanic school chiefs were often not very realistic. One reason is that these superintendents came to power just when superintendents' authority in general was being significantly constrained by pinched school budgets and by court orders and state and Federal rules governing such matters as bilingual education and the instruction of mentally and physically disabled pupils.

And now attempts to evaluate black and Hispanic superintendents as a group cause some of them to bristle.

Dr. Peterkin, the Milwaukee superintendent, said, ''I don't think it's valid to lump just some superintendents together for evaluation and not others.''

Dr. Crim also argued that such an approach was ''inappropriate.''

''White superintendents weren't and aren't evaluated as a group,'' Dr. Crim said, ''but on an individual basis. Like whites, some black and Hispanic superintendents have been successful, some haven't been, and most are probably average.'' The point of the school reform movement of the 1980's, he said, is that American public education as a whole, not just school districts with black and Hispanic school chiefs, needs significant improvement.

Dr. Cortines, the superintendent in San Francisco, said that ''although it is a sensitive question,'' there is no reason not to address the issue of minority-group superintendents' performance. He added, however, that a case of poor performance ''probably says more about how the search was conducted'' by the school board than about ''the overall pool of candidates.''

And Martin L. Kilson, a Harvard University professor of government and specialist on black political development, maintains that such analysis is worthwhile because ''education is the arena in which it's easiest'' for blacks ''to increase and improve services to the ***working class*** and the poor.''

Donald E. Langlois, an associate professor of education at Lehigh University, and a former superintendent of 20 years's experience, said school systems and education schools alike generally have been slow to devise programs for school administrators in such areas as organizational management, crisis management, public relations and union relations.

''Superintendents are no longer just instructional leaders,'' said Joseph A. Fernandez, who heads the 267,000-student system in Dade County, Fla., the nation's fourth-largest. ''They're also chief executives of huge business enterprises and highly visible public officials with many constituencies. But most school officials on the way up don't have any way to get a good idea of just what the job requires.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Joseph A. Fernandez, who heads the 267,000-student school system in Dade County, Flal; Alonzo Crim, who became Atlanta's first black superintendent in 1973 and is now a professor at Georgia State University (NYT); Robert Peterkin, head of the Milwaukee school system (AP)

**End of Document**



[***Museums Look Inward For Their Own Bailouts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4VBV-36K0-TW8F-G07T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 11, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; ART

**Length:** 2308 words

**Byline:** By HOLLAND COTTER

**Body**

THREE weeks ago the art world waited breathlessly for word on whether the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles would survive or go bust. The museum's problem wasn't the economic downturn so much as stupidity. During flush times, when it could have and should have been building a nest egg, it ran through its savings.

As museums go, this one, just 30 years old, is still young, and young is sexy. So of course a white knight, the billionaire art collector Eli Broad, rode to the rescue with a $30 million bailout plan. Some people cheered; others sneered. Few thought to point out that more venerable and vulnerable institutions across the country are also struggling, but with no bailouts in sight.

Major art museums in Detroit, Newark and Brooklyn are prime examples. Forged a century ago or more from idealism and dollars, they are American classics, monuments to Yankee can-do and, in the case of Detroit and Brooklyn, can-do-better-than-Europe. As latecomers to the culture game, American museums had to buy art fast and big, and they did. Their fabulous collections are our national treasures.

But times and fortunes -- we all know the story -- changed. Depression, recession and politics brought powerful cities to their knees. Populations shifted. Whites left as blacks and new immigrants came; a once predominantly European culture became African, Asian, Latino.

Through all of this the old museums held on. Some were content to be dinosaurs, artifacts, and that worked for a while. But for most, passivity is no longer an option. Savings disintegrate; benefactors die or look elsewhere; people forget that museums are there and what they are for. Reality issues an order: do or die.

Several of our veteran museums are doing by undoing: loosening up the rigid values and temple-of-art models that shaped them, and replacing these with a new ''people's museum'' model, unsacred in atmosphere, fluid in values, with complicated answers to the question of what museums are.

The results of this thinking range from great to work-in-progress gauche to soul-selling bad. The goal in most cases is the same: to get visitors through the door. People bring museums to life. Lively museums feel young and hip, which brings rewards.

At least that's the idea. Time will tell. For now, as these older museums give it a whirl, they are setting examples that younger or better cushioned institutions should study. If they don't, and the economy continues its descent, they'll be out there too.

Detroit Institute of Arts

The most striking change in institutional fortunes has been witnessed at the Detroit Institute of Arts, partly because the museum's form and ambitions were so grand. Founded in 1888, and later housed in a majestic Beaux-Arts building two miles from the city's downtown area, it was both a civic and cultural monument, ''dedicated by the people of Detroit to the knowledge and enjoyment of art,'' according to the words carved over its front door.

The collection is extraordinary, with renowned pictures by Jan van Eyck, Pieter Bruegel the Elder and Giovanni Bellini; one of the country's premier troves of 19th-century American painting; and -- the modernist piece de resistance -- Diego Rivera's ''Detroit Industry'' murals, a proletarian fantasy paid for in 1934 by a heavy-hitting local patron, the industrialist Edsel Ford.

Comparable largess is all but nonexistent in Detroit today. Wealthy industrialists have faded from the scene. The Michigan state government gives almost no money to the institute, the city even less. In 1997 Detroit built the Museum of African-American History across the street from the institute, its spanking newness in sharp contrast to its older, crumbling neighbor.

Graham W. J. Beal, who arrived as director that year, has done much to stop the decline, largely -- and this is where other museums should pay attention -- through the use of material at hand. In 2007, to attract the city's black majority and woo back white suburbanites, the museum unveiled a top-to-bottom rethinking of all the permanent galleries, with strategic shifts in emphasis.

The museum's very fine African collection, developed by the curator Michael Kan, was placed upfront, near a main entrance, where it offers a cool yet absorbing introduction to the institute's imperious interior. A gallery for African-American art, including Detroit artists, was added upstairs: it's an important gesture, although something should have been done to make it look commanding rather than dutiful.

Other parts of the collection have been reinstalled by interpretive theme, with wall texts reflecting the influence of a new art history that approaches objects as vehicles of social values. The texts are bland, but the idea is sound: this is the kind of context the Metropolitan Museum in New York should be offering in, among other places, its Greek and Roman galleries. Finally, child-friendly multimedia aids were added to deliver on the museum's twin promise of knowledge and pleasure.

Pure-art hard-liners will spurn all of this. Accessibility, they will say, means stripping the museum of the lofty mystique that is its strength. And giving prominence to what was once called ethnic art means perpetuating old cultural imbalances yet in reverse, in the interest of political correctness, the thinking goes.

I disagree. I'd be glad if the museum added even more interpretive stuff but made it sharper and more challenging. If this causes problems, it can always be changed, but what's the problem with causing problems? African art upfront? There's no art I'd rather see anywhere, so why not there? As for political correctness, I'm over the whole idea, especially when the expression is used to demean sincere belief.

Whatever its shortcomings, the reinstallation proves that a major museum can recharge itself from within, from its own holdings. And this kind of recharging could well become the only viable route for museums. That said, it is no guarantee of security. Mr. Beal will soon announce yet another rethought version of the Detroit Institute: a ''shrunken'' museum of radically reduced resources in a city in financial free fall.

Newark Museum

The Newark Museum, which will celebrate its centenary in April, was also the pride of a prosperous town hit later by economic reversals and population shifts, culminating in an explosion of racial violence in 1967. Yet it differs from the Detroit Institute in certain essentials: it is smaller, multidisciplinary and ''a people's museum'' by design.

It began as two galleries on the top floor of the city's public library, one marked ''art'' and the other ''science.'' The museum's founder, John Cotton Dana, a librarian, made clear that his purpose was not to create ''a temple in a park,'' but a center for learning, with art being one of several sources of edification. When the museum's current building opened in 1926, it equally accommodated longtime citizens and new immigrants, who could study art but also learn a trade in shows that alternated between fine art and industrial design.

The museum's multidisciplinary origins are still with it: along with art, it has natural history displays, a mini-zoo and a planetarium. Its early multicultural bias is evident too. African art bought by Dana at the turn of the century is on view. So is a cache of Tibetan art -- the largest ensemble in the West -- gathered by a local missionary, Albert L. Shelton, and displayed on a Tibetan Buddhist altar consecrated by the Dalai Lama.

The question of how to present religious material in the secular context of a museum has been much debated in the last few decades, after identity politics prompted a reassertion of the authenticity of certain spiritual traditions, and scholars insisted that performance has often constituted the meaning of ritual art.

The matter may seem purely academic for anyone committed to the Modernist divide between art and religion. But a belief in the active agency of sacred things has many implications. It is fire that burns beneath bitter repatriation disputes, and in places like India or Africa it shapes the very concept of what a museum is and does.

The Museum for African Art is one of the few museums in Manhattan to regularly and seriously bring secular and sacred together in a gallery. But Newark has been doing so for years -- with Christian art too -- thus placing itself in the vanguard.

The museum is lucky in drawing substantial support from its home city and state, allowing visitors to pay what they wish. It certainly wouldn't make much if it depended for support on foot traffic from New York. I am always amazed to learn of art professionals who have never been to the museum, a mere half-hour PATH ride from Midtown Manhattan. Not that it needs New York's confirmation. Few museums feel both as wide-ranging and as self-sufficient.

Brooklyn Museum

Of all the veteran institutions banking on alternative status, the Brooklyn Museum's current and insistent version of otherness is the most controversial, although it does have a long history.

In the mid-19th-century Brooklyn was a flourishing independent city, the third-largest in the country, with ambitions to build the No. 1 museum. Taking Manhattan as the team to beat, it began erecting a gigantic multiplex affair.

But no sooner had the first step of the plan been completed -- the Beaux-Arts building the museum occupies now -- than Brooklyn was merged into New York City, and the museum defaulted to No. 2, a position it has kept as its audiences changed from haute bourgeois to ***working-class*** and immigrant poor.

Despite a magnificent collection and a record of estimable shows, the museum is still routinely dismissed as a perpetual, and failed, Met aspirant, an identity it often seemed to accept as attendance declined. Not so many years ago its cavernous entrance hall was one of the emptiest big spaces in the city.

In 1997 Arnold L. Lehman, a Brooklyn native, became director and said, ''Enough, already.'' The focus of the Brooklyn Museum, he reasoned, should be Brooklyn, with its multiethnic population and new crop of upwardly mobile young professionals. In so many words he told disapproving Manhattan critics to kiss off. Not that he turned his back on Manhattan. He rented expensive imported shows like ''Sensation,'' in 1999, and last season's Takashi Murakami survey, fare almost guaranteed to lure traffic across the Brooklyn Bridge.

Such shows put the museum, for better or worse (often worse), in the news. They also ratcheted up its youth presence, as, in different ways, did two other exhibitions, one of commercial hip-hop artifacts and another of ''Star Wars'' paraphernalia.

Both of these shows were panned, but what was the significant difference between them and the Guggenheim's much-praised motorcycle extravaganza, or the average design showcase at the Museum of Modern Art? The main distinction, I'd say, was class: high class (Guggenheim, MoMA) versus lower class (Brooklyn).

For me those Brooklyn shows fell under the category of material culture, a legitimate candidate for art museum display though not necessarily approachable by traditional formalist critical standards. I saw the hip-hop show twice. It was packed. Being a greenhorn, I asked my fellow viewers questions -- who's this, what's that -- and learned a lot. It was a great museum experience.

Not everything Mr. Lehman programs has been so clearly box-office directed. The Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for feminist art isn't. It mostly draws a select audience with defined interests. But its presence for the museum is invaluable. It distinguished this institution from any other: you can only find this there, and this is something that reliable numbers of people will always want to find. A Manhattan museum should have thought of a feminist center decades ago.

The big failure under Mr. Lehman's stewardship so far has been the treatment of the museum's incomparable collection. Major permanent collection displays -- Egypt, Africa, Art of the Americas -- are badly designed. It's not a question of too many labels; I'm into labels. They just look cheesy. A change in the design team is long overdue.

It's too bad the museum recently had to transfer its priceless costume collection to the Met, but just as well. It's still in the city, and the Met has the resources to care for it. The big problem is that many of Brooklyn's holdings remain unseen -- and, chances are, undocumented. Here the Detroit Institute and the Newark Museum are examples to follow, but so is some work that Brooklyn itself has done in the past.

In the mid-1990s, when money was scarce, a team of staff curators went into the vaults, pulled out the museum's long unseen collection of Spanish colonial material and created a cross-departmental show, ''Converging Cultures: Art and Identity in Spanish America.'' People who saw it were stunned.

Who knew that this fabulous stuff -- textiles, portrait painting, furniture, glowing religious icons, high art and low art, elitist and popular -- had been there in the dark all that time? Clearly, everyone said, this museum is sitting on a gold mine. It is. Mr. Lehman should start digging now.

Sooner rather than later, given the state of the economy, he may not have any choice. For our older, underprivileged, underloved museums, this is the silver lining of hard times. These institutions have the art, the real thing. They have the space; if not much. With luck they have scholarly expertise and curatorial imagination, which they should value like gold. Now is the time, if ever there was one, to look within and bring forth what's there. People will come. And bigger, richer, less adventurous museums will follow.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Jan van Eyck's ''St. Jerome in His Study,'' right, is among the renowned paintings at the Detroit Institute of Arts, below left. ''The All-Powerful Hand Mexico,'' below right, is at the Brooklyn Museum. (PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

COURTESY OF THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM) (pg.AR1)

Students recently toured the exhibition ''Fire Escapes: Danger & Survival'' at the Newark Fire Museum, which is on the campus of the Newark Museum. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN HEDDEN)

A Tibetan Buddhist altar is at the Newark Museum. (PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE NEWARK MUSEUM)

The Newark Museum moved into its current building in 1926 and will celebrate its centenary in April. (PHOTOGRAPH BY MONROE CREATIVE PARTNERS)

Epa Cult Mask, by Bamgboye of Odo-Owa of Africa. (PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS) (pg.AR25)

**Load-Date:** January 11, 2009

**End of Document**



[***FILM; Wells's Future Is Forever Recurring***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:458G-3XN0-01CN-H071-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 3, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 3; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 18

**Length:** 1663 words

**Byline:**  By LEWIS BEALE; Lewis Beale most recently wrote for Arts & Leisure about "The Plastic People of the Universe," a Czech documentary.

**Body**

WHEN H. G. Wells was in his late 70's, a Cambridge don asked the famous writer and visionary how he wanted to be remembered. Wells replied that his epitaph should read "Goddamn you all, I told you so!"

Prickly as the comment may sound, it was actually tinged with sadness and regret. Wells had been forecasting the future for more than 50 years, and some of his predictions had turned out to be depressingly accurate.

Atomic warfare, aerial combat, the dangers of genetic engineering and overweening scientific pride, the negative effect of technology on humanity -- Wells wrote about them all in hugely popular novels like "The Invisible Man," "The Island of Doctor Moreau" and "The War of the Worlds."

None of these works, however, was more successful or groundbreaking than Wells's 1895 masterpiece "The Time Machine," generally regarded as the first modern science fiction novel. The book was a brilliant combination of scientific speculation, sociological treatise and exciting storytelling. It not only gave popular culture the notion of time as a physical dimension; it also offered a parable of class warfare in which two futuristic races, the above-ground Eloi and the subterranean Morlocks, stood in for the working and leisure classes of Wells's time.

More than a century after it was first published, "The Time Machine" remains exciting and awe-inspiring. But a colorful new film version of Wells's scientific romance, opening Friday, opts for a traditional Hollywood approach: it throws out most of the social and political implications of the novel in favor of a love story and special effects.

This sort of tinkering is nothing new when it comes to adapting Wells. John Logan, the new "Time Machine" screenwriter, says: "Filmmakers are most interested in the Jules Verne in it all, the futurism and the idea of a simple amazing idea, which could be as simple as, 'What if I could travel through time?' In making an entertaining movie, the political ideas fall to the side and probably rightfully so, because in the movies it wouldn't be a good mix."

The latest version of "The Time Machine" was directed by H. G. Wells's great-grandson Simon Wells, an animator who was the co-director of "The Prince of Egypt." It stars Guy Pearce ("Memento," "L.A. Confidential) as Alexander Hartdegen, the inventor who travels into time. Despite his family ties, Mr. Wells chose virtually to eliminate class issues from the film because, he says, "A hundred years on from when the book was published, I'm not sure the class struggle is all that relevant."

Mr. Wells also added more romance to the tale. "I wanted to find within this story some personal connection with the audience, which Wells did in later books like 'Kipps,' " he says. "The underlying philosophical idea of this is that our pasts cannot be changed, and we have to accept them to move into our futures."

This is not exactly what Mr. Wells's great-grandfather had in mind when he wrote "The Time Machine." The novel is a pessimistic look into the future and a downbeat statement about human evolution. The Morlocks are descendants of a 19th-century ***working class*** that has been toiling in basements, mines and boiler rooms. The Eloi represent the leisure classes living off their labor. Wells also gave this concept a perverse symbiotic twist: the leisure enjoyed by the Eloi has a distinct downside because they serve as the Morlocks' primary food source. (The Time Traveler, as the character in the novel is called, even refers to the Eloi as "fatted cattle" bred by the Morlocks.)

Wells "was not just projecting a future but remembering his own past," says Robert Crossley, a professor of English at the University of Massachusetts, Boston, who is writing a book about Mars in the human imagination. "His mother was a housekeeper working in a house with underground tunnels. Wells knew his own mother was a Morlock. He was interested in exposing the blindness of the Time Traveler to the way those class divisions had been perpetuated in the far future."

But in the 1960 George Pal film version of the book, an entertaining and well-made movie suffused with nuclear paranoia, the Eloi and Morlock are a result of some unnamed atomic catastrophe, and the Time Traveler, played by Rod Taylor, instead of accepting the status quo, encourages the Eloi to fight back against their Morlock oppressors.

This reading is "kind of a parable of American ingenuity, when we refuse to admit that evolution has made things permanent," says George Slusser, director of the Eaton Program for Science Fiction and Fantasy at the University of California at Riverside. "It doesn't jibe at all with the sense of evolutionary finality in Wells."

In the current version of "The Time Machine," 19th-century class struggle is all but eliminated. In the novel, the Time Traveler journeys through time purely out of scientific curiosity. This time around, he is motivated to invent the time machine because he wants to go back into the past to undo the murder of his fiancee. When he realizes this is impossible, he flees into the future, where he discovers that the Morlocks and Eloi are the offshoot of a 21st-century lunar cataclysm and the science of eugenics.

The above-ground Eloi are also racially mixed (in the novel they have evolved to the point where they are barely recognizable as humans), while the underground Morlocks look like extras from a roadshow of "The Lion King." Still, the new version does keep some of the biological determinism of the book, even though the Morlocks have become a hunter race through a deliberate breeding program.

It is these ideas -- cross-breeding humans and animals, a Martian invasion of earth -- that have long made Wells's novels obvious fodder for the cinema. "Wells was thinking and imagining visually and cinematically, even in his earlier works," says Mr. Crossley. "One of the most powerful sections of 'The War of the Worlds,' for example, is the description of the panic in London. He describes it from inside the crowd, then as if you were in a balloon looking over it."

The love affair between Wells and the movies dates back to 1919, when a silent version of his "First Men in the Moon" was made. Wells was himself a movie fan; he acted in a 1922 serial called "The Jungle Goddess," wrote screenplays for the 1936 films "Things to Come" and "The Man Who Could Work Miracles," and once declared that cinema was "the very greatest art, with the possibility of becoming the greatest art form that has ever existed."

Wells was particularly interested in film because he saw it as the perfect vehicle to convey his ideas to a mass audience, Mr. Slusser says: "He may have thought that strong images could better capture the power of his works."

And like all great source material, his works have alternately been butchered and respected. At one end of this spectrum is the ludicrous 1996 remake of "The Island of Doctor Moreau," in which a grotesquely overweight Marlon Brando plays the title character as if he were Truman Capote heading for a Halston party at Studio 54. At the other end is a respectful adaptation like the 1953 "War of the Worlds." Produced by George Pal and directed by Byron Haskin, the film is an intelligent update in which the Martians attack California. Although it has an obvious anti-Communist subtext, the production has Oscar-winning special effects, beautiful color photography and a storytelling momentum in keeping with Wells's documentary narrative style.

SOME of the endless adaptations of his novels stand out. The 1933 "Invisible Man," with Claude Rains in the title role, is a brilliantly atmospheric film that also preserves Wells's concerns about the misuse of science. "The Island of Lost Souls," a "Doctor Moreau" adaptation released the same year, also plugs into the horror and vanity of scientific over-reaching. And the 1964 version of "First Men In the Moon," with top-notch effects by Ray Harryhausen, maintains the Wellsian message of human hubris, as visitors from Earth manage to destroy a sophisticated lunar society.

The two films Wells himself wrote are, however, curiously didactic and dated. "The Man Who Worked Miracles," released in 1936, stars Roland Young as a store clerk gifted by the gods with the power to perform extraordinary acts, so that the higher powers can "see what there is in the human heart." Not surprisingly, the character eventually misuses his powers and nearly destroys the planet. Meant to be wryly funny, the film seems preachy and dry.

A more interesting project is "Things to Come," released the same year. Based on a Wells novel and screenplay, the film depicts the destruction of civilization through global warfare and its salvation by an elite group of scientists who create a futuristic society based on technology and reason. Filled with stunning images and set design, the movie's vision of a race of superbeings saving humanity from itself has a distinctly totalitarian tinge.

But filmmakers don't really care what Wells was thinking. They just want to put the cool stuff on screen. And in the age of digitization, the yearning to make the cool stuff look even cooler might be overwhelming. "With the explosion in digital technology, it's no surprise filmmakers would be attracted by the visual possibilities," says Walter F. Parkes, producer of "The Time Machine." "Over the last few years we've seen a lot of success for the reinvention of classic genres with digital techniques."

Still, there is one Wells theme that not even the most technology-obsessed adaptation can ignore. It crops up in the new version of "The Time Machine," and in almost every adaptation of Wells's work.

"Wells was born in 1866, before the electric light, and died in 1946, after the A-bomb was dropped," Mr. Crossley says. "It says something about the extraordinary changes that his life embraced. He is very good about talking about the issue of change, how it has affected the way we live, and the way we respond to change."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Alexander Hartdegen (Guy Pearce) fights with a ferocious Morlock in another remake of H. G. Wells's 1895 masterwork, "The Time Machine." The film passes over most of Wells's concerns about class conflict. (Andrew Cooper/DreamWorks Pictures)(pg. 18); Simon Wells, H. G. Wells's great-grandson, on the set of "The Time Machine." (Andrew Cooper/DreamWorks Pictures)(pg. 29)

**Load-Date:** March 3, 2002

**End of Document**



[***Now We Know: Home Is Where the Art Is***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BPV-TVV0-TW8F-G2FX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 21, 1989 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 13

**Length:** 1250 words

**Byline:** By Vincent Canby

**Dateline:** CANNES, France

**Body**

It's all a matter of perspective, of ratio.

To the New York-based observer, American movie making has looked pretty paltry this year, mostly big-budget mass-market comedies of no distinction and even less humor. Three thousand miles away, the scene suddenly takes on a different, far more promising aspect. On the basis of two films shown on the second and third days of this 42d Cannes International Film Festival, one might think that American films are in the midst of some kind of crazy renaissance.

Two films do not make a renaissance, but they can lift up expectations after a season composed of such things as ''Fletch Lives'' and ''K-9.''

They are ''Mystery Train,'' an enchanting new comedy by Jim Jarmusch (''Stranger Than Paradise,'' ''Down by Law'), whose movies demonstrate the beady-eyed cool that is only simulated by our television-bred movie idols, and ''Sex, Lies and Videotape,'' an exceptionally accomplished and witty first-feature by Steven Soderbergh, who is 26 years old, pushing 27.

With one other exception, Bertrand Blier's ''Trop Belle Pour Toi'' (''Too Beautiful for You''), this festival has not begun with a great deal of promise. Even ''Liberty: the Revolution as Seen by the Cinema,'' a 68-minute compilation film marking the bicentennial of the fall of the Bastille, was something of a dud.

Americans are very much in evidence in the festival's main event this year. The opening night, out-of-competition film was ''New York Stories,'' which amused without exciting any passionate comments. The closing night (May 23) attraction, also being presented out of competion, will be ''Old Gringo,'' in which Jane Fonda and Gregory Peck deal with Pancho Villa and the Mexican Revolution under the direction of Luis Puenzo, the Argentine who won an Oscar for his ''Official Story.''

The other American films competing for the Palme d'Or are ''Lost Angels,'' Hugh Hudson's spongy melodrama about a misunderstood Los Angeles teen-ager, which is already playing in New York, and the still-to-be-screened ''Do the Right Thing,'' the new film by Spike Lee (''She's Gotta Have It'' and ''School Daze'').

Representing the United States on this year's festival jury is Sally Field, the two-time Oscar winner, whose fellow jurors include Wim Wenders, the German director who is the jury president, and Peter Handke, the German novelist-of-the-new who is also an occasional film director. The former flying nun will have to work hard to keep up.

Seen by the French critics as an early favorite for the festival's best-actress prize is Meryl Streep, for her performance as the accused baby killer in Fred Schepisi's ''Cry in the Dark.'' The French love Miss Streep, but she already has formidable competition from the two French actresses, Josiane Balasko and Carole Bouquet, who co-star with Gerard Depardieu in the Blier film.

Mr. Blier, whose last movie was the incomparable farce ''Menage,'' seems always to be one jump ahead of his admirers, forever testing them by never repeating himself. He does not comfort and reassure the lazy viewer.

''Trop Belle Pour Toi'' is a comedy filmed in the lush style of Douglas Sirk's romantic movies of the 1950's and 1960's (''Written on the Wind,'' ''Magnificent Obsession''), the wide screen filled by elegant decor and reflecting surfaces that, in Mr. Blier's case, don't seem to have much connection to the tale being told.

This is the story of a prosperous businessman (Mr. Depardieu), the owner of an apparently very successful garage, who, as he puts it, married his mistress and fell in love with his wife. Though married to Miss Bouquet, one of the most beautiful actresses in French films since Anouk Aimee, Mr. Depardieu falls hopelessly in love with the frumpy, middle-aged woman (Miss Balasko) who comes to work as a temporary secretary.

The movie initially seems as deadpan romantic as the Schumann music on the soundtrack and the dopey aphorisms in which the characters often communicate: ''Love is like music. First you learn the notes, and then you play.''

Though the characters take themselves all too seriously, the movie stands at a comic distance from them as it pictures their rudest fantasies and listens in to their self-absorbed thoughts. At her wedding dinner, which is a scene that Luis Bunuel might have enjoyed, Miss Bouquet apologizes to the guests for being so inhumanly beautiful, just too perfect.

The frumpy secretary, wonderfully well played by Miss Balasko, pretends to be self-effacing and shy, but she's a tigress underneath. Mr. Depardieu's husband (not the film's most interesting character) is a self-dramatizing heel.

''Trop Belle Pour Toi'' sends up a kind of popular French romantic drama in the manner of a guest who manages to insult his host without ever offending him. If it has one problem, it is that it may be too clever for popular tastes.

Mr. Jarmusch's ''Mystery Train,'' though photographed in bright, primary colors by Robby Muller, has the same kind of dour, discordant charm that characterized ''Stranger Than Paradise.'' It's the best thing Mr. Jarmusch has done to date.

The setting is Memphis, and the connecting link among three separate, slightly overlapping stories is a sleazy hotel and the sound of a gunshot. One story is about a terribly hip Japanese teen-age couple who have come to Memphis to worship at the Elvis Presley shrine at Graceland and at Sun Studios, where their idols recorded their immortal rock-and-roll and blues.

The second is about a pretty, youngish Italian widow who is forced to spend a night in Memphis while accompanying her husband's corpse back to Rome. The third, which brings everything together, involves a drunk young English ***working-class*** fellow, his mild-mannered brother-in-law (a Memphis barber) and their hip black pal who tries to keep them out of trouble, unsuccessfully.

The curious thing about this Jarmusch film is that although he is not considered to be strong on plots, the narrative line of ''Mystery Train'' is both brilliantly funny and subtle. As the three stories come inevitably together, the film seems almost as carefully worked out as Ford Madox Ford's ''Good Soldier.'' He also has a knack for the oddball detail that Ford never possessed. Sample line: ''When he died, Elvis Presley would have weighed 648 pounds on Jupiter.''

''Mystery Train'' is thoroughly satisfying, a delight. There will be much more to be written about it later. In the meantime, I can't imagine it won't be on the 10-best list at the end of the year.

I'm almost as sure about ''Sex, Lies and Videotape'' but will withhold any predictions until it opens in New York. At every festival the great longing to ''discover'' new film makers sometimes distorts one's judgments, but I'm now 90 percent sure that Mr. Soderbergh's comedy is one of the best of 1989. Not since Jonathan Demme made ''Handle With Care'' has a new American director come along who demonstrates such a fondness for the idiosyncrasies and lunacies to be found in the commonplace.

''Sex, Lies and Videotape,'' a domestic comedy set in Baton Rouge, La., also demonstrates Mr. Soderbergh's skill in handling actors, including Andie MacDowell, the beautiful model who made a largely unheralded debut as Tarzan's Jane in Hugh Hudson's ''Greystoke.'' Under Mr. Soderbergh's direction, she turns out to be not only one of our most beautiful new actresses, but also one of our most talented comediennes.

There's still hope for American movies. Sometimes one has to leave home to find out what's happening there.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Photo of Youki Kudoh and Masatoshi Nagase in a scene from Mr. Jarmusch's ''Mystery Train'' (Sukita)

**Load-Date:** February 16, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Oscar Films/View From Abroad; The Actor Next Door Quietly Savors His New Fame***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:459W-G3G0-01CN-H3GX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 10, 2002 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2002 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1499 words

**Byline:**  By ALAN RIDING

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

SOME actors enjoy name recognition, others are remembered for the parts they play. Tom Wilkinson's destiny was to become an actor who enhances his roles rather than his star power. So even after his Academy Award nomination for best actor, he may still need to be identified as the good-natured Maine doctor in Todd Field's "In the Bedroom."

In fact, when he was recommended to Mr. Field as the perfect Matt, the director struggled to place him. "I knew who Tom Wilkinson was, but I wasn't all that familiar with his work," Mr. Field recalled. "I had seen him but, as with many great actors when they do their job really well, you don't put a name to a face. It's sort of the curse of doing your job really well."

In person, Mr. Wilkinson is, not surprisingly, unassuming. Dressed informally and leaning against his battered BMW, he awaits a visitor outside the East Finchley subway station in north London. He has just been shopping at Marks & Spencer. At his apartment in a large Victorian house, which he shares with his wife, the actress Diana Hardcastle, and their two young daughters, he leads the way to a basement study cluttered with books, screenplays and the odd acting trophy.

He is, as Mr. Field said, "the kind of man who you believe could live next door to you."

"You don't typically think that Robert Redford is going to live next door," he continued. "But you believe that Tom Wilkinson could live next door. That's the difference."

This quotidian quality served the 54-year-old Briton well in his role as Matt Fowler, who is married to Sissy Spacek's more assertive Ruth, in "In the Bedroom." Mr. Field wanted an actor unfamiliar to American audiences. He also needed an actor who could convey the kind of intense introspection that hints at unpredictability. Mr. Wilkinson fit the bill.

In the movie, Ruth is deeply alarmed -- Matt seems less concerned -- that their undergraduate son, Frank (Nick Stahl), is dating Natalie Strout (Marisa Tomei), an older woman and the mother of two young children. Natalie's estranged husband, Richard (William Mapother), jealous and wanting her back, kills her young lover. Richard claims it was an accident and is released on bail to await trial.

It is then that the real story begins: can Matt and Ruth accept that Frank is dead and that Richard may escape punishment? And at what cost to their relationship?

"Its portrait of grief, rage, jealousy, flawed justice and revenge in a Maine lobstering town zeroes in on its characters' tragic flaws, yet refuses to condemn them," Stephen Holden wrote in The New York Times when the movie was released in November. "It reminds us that, like it or not, the capacity to commit a crime of passion is part of being human."

"In the Bedroom" won five Oscar nominations. Ms. Spacek and Ms. Tomei were nominated along with Mr. Wilkinson in their acting categories, and the film won nominations for best picture and best adapted screenplay (Mr. Field and Rob Festinger based their script on a story by Andre Dubus).

Typically, Mr. Wilkinson discounts the possibility of winning his Oscar race on March 24 against the likes of Russell Crowe ("A Beautiful Mind"), Sean Penn ("I Am Sam"), Will Smith ("Ali") and Denzel Washington ("Training Day"). But for an actor who decided only seven years ago to give up theater and television and devote himself solely to movies, an Oscar nomination for his role in a low-budget independent film is no small achievement.

Still, he is hardly a novice: he has been living off acting for three decades. Indeed, it was all he ever wanted to do once he reached his late teens. Born into a Yorkshire farming family, he was just 4 when his parents moved to Canada in search of a better life. Instead, his father ended up working at an aluminum smelter and, after six years, decided to return to England. His parents ran a pub in Cornwall, but after his father died, he and his mother went back to Yorkshire. Then, at the age of 16, Tom met Molly Sawdon.

"She was headmistress of King James's Grammar School at Knaresborough and she simply decided she would make something of me," Mr. Wilkinson recalled, "which meant being invited round to her house, being taught how to eat, which knives and forks to reach for first. We would go to the theater together. Having wandered aimlessly through school, suddenly someone took an interest in me."

At King James's, Mr. Wilkinson directed his first play, Ionesco's "Bald Soprano." But when he went to the University of Canterbury in 1967, he was drawn to acting. After college, he attended the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, where he discovered that it was now possible for "***working-class*** kids from the provinces" to open art galleries, run rock bands, become designers, be actors.

"All the things that weren't cool became cool," he said. "I saw the young, provincial bohemian and thought, that role can be mine. I'll be in the arts. You can have a life in the arts. Why not?"

For him, the arts meant doing theater in the provinces. Mr. Wilkinson was fortunate. He was immediately hired by Richard Eyre, later an acclaimed director of the National Theater, who was running the Nottingham Playhouse. After acting in a wide range of plays, from David Hare to Brecht and Shakespeare, Mr. Wilkinson did stints at theaters in Birmingham, Oxford and Edinburgh, as well as a couple of plays at the National Theater in London. Only a two-year contract with the Royal Shakespeare Company left bad memories.

"It was disastrous," he said. "It almost finished me off as an actor. I was so frustrated and disappointed and full of, not self-loathing, but something like that. I didn't get the roles I felt I deserved. I hated the sort of snobby atmosphere."

Still, he survived and, after "First Among Equals," a television mini-series that acquired something of a cult following, started building a reputation. More television followed, as well as supporting roles in movies. Then, from the mid-1990's, he began to appear in films that were actually noticed -- "Priest," "The Full Monty," "Rush Hour," "Shakespeare in Love" and "Patriot" -- and he was noticed, too. But he was still not exactly famous.

Thanks to admirers in the business, though, he was offered the role of Matt over the telephone and he only met Mr. Field and the rest of the cast when he showed up in Maine to start rehearsing. Mr. Field had been assured that Mr. Wilkinson could "do" accents, and that proved to be true. In fact, Ms. Spacek recalled by telephone,while Mr. Wilkinson soon sounded like a native New Englander, she struggled to bury her Texas twang.

"He's so British," Ms. Spacek said, "and to have him play so convincingly and seamlessly this typical American man, it's just astonishing. He's a very present actor. Beside all of his wonderful training, his depth of emotion and all of that, he's just a very, very present actor. And he's a very inventive actor. He has a power. I could feel that power."

Mr. Field also spoke of Mr. Wilkinson's "power."

"It's so interesting to watch him when he has what on the page is very little to do," Mr. Field went on, "because it's like an orchestra playing very quietly and you know that it can explode. But it's much more powerful when it does not explode."

Mr. Wilkinson, in contrast, makes it all sound simple. For example, he said, playing a father grieving for his son did not require him to become that father, in the tradition of Method acting.

"I'm not acting me, I'm acting Matt Fowler," he said, "so I have very specific feelings about my son -- and I, Tom, don't have a son, I have two daughters."

For him, the real challenge is to do a good acting job no matter the role. Praise certainly boosts confidence, he said, but fame is not the objective.

"I see myself as a utility player, the one who can do everything," he added. "I've always felt that actors should have a degree of anonymity about them."

However, as soon as "In the Bedroom" was well received in the United States and strongly promoted by Miramax for Oscar nominations, Mr. Wilkinson was thrust into the limelight. And, it transpired, he did not know the rules of this new game. In an interview with Newsweek, he disclosed undiplomatically that he had received a 10-point fax from Miramax advising him what not to discuss with reporters.

"I have already had to apologize for my indiscretion," he said with a laugh, "so I don't want to add fuel to that fire. Suffice it to say that I think the suggestions were preposterous, as if we would talk about work in that way. One was that you weren't to refer to it as a tiny-budget movie, but an independent movie is by definition a low-budget movie. I think the publicity people believe that, for Americans, money equals quality."

Ms. Spacek describes Mr. Wilkinson as "cheeky," and perhaps this mini-incident explains why.

"He's got a little bit of mischief in him," she said, "and I wouldn't give you two cents for anybody who didn't have that. He speaks his mind and he does it in a very clever and funny way."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Tom Wilkinson, nominated for best actor for his performance as a Maine father determined to see justice done in Todd Field's film "In the Bedroom." (Miramax Films)(pg.9); Before his Oscar nomination, Tom Wilkinson, far right, was best known for playing a laid-off worker in the 1997 film "The Full Monty." His comrades, from lower left, were William Snape, Mark Addy, Robert Carlyle and Steve Huison. (Tom Hilton/Fox Searchlight)(pg.13)

**Load-Date:** March 10, 2002

**End of Document**



[***America's Promise, Found in the Army;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WHY-TKF0-007F-G23Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***To More Immigrant New Yorkers, A Better Life Begins in Uniform***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WHY-TKF0-007F-G23Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 23, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 29; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Column 3; ; Second Front

**Length:** 1455 words

**Byline:** By SOMINI SENGUPTA

By SOMINI SENGUPTA

**Body**

It was only four years ago that Fernando De Souza and his family arrived in New York from Lima, Peru. Mr. De Souza, the eldest of four children, scrambled to learn English at John Bowne High School in Flushing, Queens, kept his grades in the high 80's, and dreamed of studying medicine in college.

But disappointments quickly tumbled in: A guidance counselor questioned whether he could succeed in a pre-med program. And Mr. De Souza's father, a condominium maintenance worker, could hardly afford college tuition in any case. Mr. De Souza never bothered to apply. Instead, he enlisted in the Army.

Mr. De Souza, 17, plans to head off to basic training in Oklahoma by summer's end, and after training hopes to join an artillery unit. It was not the lure of being a soldier that changed his mind -- it was the regular paycheck and the Army's promise of $19,000 for college. Mr. De Souza plans to send his first few paychecks -- $800 a month -- back home to help his family with the rent. He hopes to take college courses near the Army base and eventually graduate from the Brooklyn campus of Long Island University.

"I don't like shooting people and stuff like that," Mr. De Souza said. "I thought I had to work for college, pay for my education. I didn't think I was going to be able to take that. That's why I thought the Army was the best decision."

Because many more high school graduates have been heading directly to college or landing jobs in New York City's booming economy in recent years, military recruiters say persuading young men and women to enlist is harder than ever. But for more and more immigrants, even legal residents who are not yet citizens, the military has come to represent a step up the American social ladder, much as it has long been for ***working-class*** youths born here.

At the Army station in Flushing, where Mr. De Souza signed up, officials estimate that half the recruits today are immigrants -- youngsters from India and Korea, Jamaica and Guyana. About a third of the recruits from New York City, where 13 percent of the children under 18 were born outside the United States, hold green cards.

Nationwide, the percentage of immigrants in the Army is still small: about 5 percent last year, up from 2 percent a decade ago. But Army officials say they believe that the children of immigrants, too, are enlisting in greater numbers. Since they do not keep statistics on immigrants who are naturalized citizens, that belief is supported not by hard numbers but by anecdotal evidence and by inference based on such signs as the growth in the percentage of Hispanic soldiers. More than 10 percent of the roughly 70,000 recruits in fiscal year 1998, for instance, were Hispanic, up from 4 percent in 1987. The Secretary of the Army, Louis Caldera, is himself the Texas-born son of Mexican immigrants.

At the Flushing station, Hojin Pak, 17, a Korean-American who immigrated at age 4, said he signed up for the Army because his parents could not afford to send him to the State University of New York at Buffalo, where he had been accepted. In the fall, he will be stationed in Virginia and work as a logistics specialist. He said he hoped that his stint would help pay for college and earn him a measure of self-confidence.

Amos Dobrowski, who was born in Poland before the fall of Communism, said he enlisted because he did not want to subject his parents to financial hardship. In exchange for $50,000 for college, Mr. Dobrowski, 17, who once dreamed of going to culinary school, has agreed to a four-year assignment in Fort Hood, Tex., where he will be a tank gunner.

Margaret Rodriguez, a Dominican immigrant at John Bowne High School who wanted to study law at George Washington University, said she signed up because no one else was offering what Sgt. Marc Ross, a recruiter in the Flushing station, did: $50,000 for college.

So Ms. Rodriguez, a strong-willed, serious 17-year-old with a delicate coif of curls, will spend the next four years as an Army chemical operations specialist, testing for toxic chemicals on the battlefield and, she hopes, attending evening classes at a college near her base.

Talking to Sergeant Ross one afternoon earlier this year "opened a whole new world," she said.

It is that glimpse of opportunity, Sergeant Ross said, that explains the Army's appeal to young people -- not only to native New Yorkers like him, but also to the immigrants of Queens. As he trolls for potential recruits, he peppers them with questions: Do you have any major health problems? Are you a high school graduate?

And then he adds: Were you born in this country? If not, do you have a green card?

The sergeant, a jovial, fast-talking man with a close military haircut and a pencil-thin mustache, grew up in Bushwick, Brooklyn, and now lives with his wife and their three sons on the Army base in Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn. When he was the age of his young immigrant recruits, Sergeant Ross, 30, said, his world was actually not all that different from theirs. He was not exactly brimming with patriotic fervor as a teen-ager. All he wanted after high school was a good job and a way to provide for his girlfriend, now his wife. When a recruiter told him that the Army could help him do just that, he signed up.

He said he often wondered how many of his old friends were in jail, or dead. He still sees some of them hanging out on street corners, he said, and his conversations with them usually go like this:

"Why don't you join the Army?" he asks.

"No, man, I don't want to join the Army," they reply. "You got $20?"

Today, even though the Army is smaller than it was a decade ago, finding soldiers has never been harder, recruiters said. In New York City, they said, it has become harder to attract young people with a high school diploma (the Army can take a few with only equivalency degrees) and without a criminal record. Even among high school graduates, finding applicants who can pass the military entrance exam is a formidable challenge, recruiters said.

And then there is the challenge of competing with the lure of a college education. Compared with previous generations, many more high school graduates are going to college. One recent morning Sergeant Ross went recruiting at La Guardia Community College. On campus, Sergeant Ross passed a young man dressed in camouflage pants. "You want the whole suit?" he asked.

"Nah," came the nonchalant reply.

Sergeant Ross pointed to a table where young men were playing cards. "That's what college is all about -- playing," he said, barely hiding his contempt.

Down the hall, he ran into Brandon Baxter, a student he has been trying to recruit for months, and resumed the hard sell.

Deeply ambivalent about joining the Army, Mr. Baxter, 20, is ambitious and thoughtful. He said he wanted to be like the billionaire investor, Warren E. Buffett. "Rich people inspire me," he said. "Maybe 'cause I'm broke."

Sergeant Ross reminded Mr. Baxter that the Army was a $64 billion business, and that jobs in finance were available to candidates like him.

Mr. Baxter told Sergeant Ross that he wanted to move out of his mother's apartment and was thinking about taking the Army test soon. Sergeant Ross pressed him to act before it was too late -- before he ended up with a criminal record. Mr. Baxter insisted that he was not involved in criminal activity. Sergeant Ross simply shrugged and reminded him of Amadou Diallo. "He probably wasn't into anything either," he said.

Sergeant Ross is much like his recruits in focusing on the security of Army life, rather than its rigors. Many of the young men and women who have signed up at the Flushing recruiting station say they give little thought to the dangers they may face in the Army or the violence of combat.

Mr. De Souza, for instance, said that even though his mother cried for him every time she saw television reports about the war in Yugoslavia, he was confident that he would not be in danger. "I'm not scared about that," he said.

Assembled at the recruiting station one afternoon last week, the newest recruits from Flushing reflected on the lives they will be starting soon.

Lnu Geevarghese, 18, an Indian immigrant, said he knew that combat could be part of the bargain. "It's your job to defend," he said. "Obviously, you have to be prepared."

That evening, Mr. Dobrowski said the war in Yugoslavia had prompted him to think long and hard about serving the United States Government. He became an American citizen two years ago. "I'm seeing it as another Holocaust," he said. "It's good they're helping the people."

But he was also a bit cynical about the American military action. "From history," said Mr. Dobrowski, who plans to major in the subject, "I see they get interested where they have an interest."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Immigrants are increasingly drawn to Army service. From left on the couch, Hojin Pak and Tony Ham, Korean-Americans, and Amos Dobrowski, a Polish-American, listened to Sgt. Nathan Thompson, a recruiter in Queens. Fernando De Souza, 17, whose family left Lima, Peru, for New York four years ago, recently enlisted in the Army with an eye toward paying for college. (Photographs by James Estrin/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 23, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Illinois Town Hopes to Exile Its Gang Members to Anywhere Else, U.S.A.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3WBD-4RB0-007F-G247-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 27, 1999, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 1451 words

**Byline:** By PAM BELLUCK

By PAM BELLUCK

**Dateline:** CICERO, Ill., April 20

**Body**

This is the place that welcomed Al Capone, along with his bootlegging, betting parlors and bordellos, after Chicago gave him the boot.

It is the place where Federal investigators have had their hands full, looking into accusations of sweetheart deals, misuse of municipal money and police corruption.

And it is the place where the husband of the town president pleaded guilty to Federal conspiracy charges and acknowledged being a bookmaker for the mob.

Now, without an ounce of irony, Cicero has an idea for tackling organized crime of a different sort. This ***working-class*** town of 70,000 just southwest of Chicago is drafting an ordinance that would evict all gang members -- and punish them if they returned, even to visit their families.

It would be the first gang-eviction law in the country, and if, as expected, it is passed by the town board on April 27, it might be only a matter of time before it faces a legal challenge.

"It reminds you of the Wild West," said Jay Miller, executive director of the Chicago chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. "It's like a bumper sticker: Gang-Free City. It sounds wonderful. But where do they go? Are they going to send them all to New York?"

While Cicero's proposal is severe, it is just the latest in a spate of anti-gang ordinances cropping up nationally. In the 1990's, Los Angeles, San Jose and other California communities have made it illegal for people identified as gang members to congregate on certain streets. In some cases, they are barred from whistling, making gang hand signals or carrying bottles, baseball bats or flashlights in these areas.

Phoenix is considering a similar approach. And Chicago instituted an anti-loitering law authorizing arrests of suspected gang members who defy police orders to leave a street.

The United States Supreme Court upheld the San Jose law and is reviewing the Chicago law, which resulted in tens of thousands of arrests in the three years before it was declared unconstitutional by an Illinois court in 1995.

Cicero officials say they have a list of 600 "known gang members," including some minors, who would have 60 days to get out of town. Officials say some on the list have been convicted of violent assaults and weapons charges, while others are simply "self-admitted gang members," having told the police under questioning that they belonged to a gang. Those on the list, which has not been made public, are not serving jail sentences, officials say.

Cicero officials say their gang problem has increased in recent years. The town said gangs were responsible for a drive-by shooting in 1995 in which a young girl was killed, and another in 1996. Last year, there were 64 shootings and 15 homicides, Bernard Harrison, the deputy police superintendent, said. This year, there have been 24 shootings and 2 homicides. Mr. Harrison said all of the shootings and most of the homicides had been gang-related.

"The A.C.L.U. says gang members have rights," said the town president, Betty Loren-Maltese. "How about our civil rights? That we cannot live in a peaceful community."

On a recent driving tour of the town, she pointed out gang houses and graffiti and told stories about gang members: the one whose legs were broken when he was run over by a rival, the day one gang dynamited another gang's house ("Unfortunately, nobody got hurt," she said), and the gang member who was shot in the testicles. Pointing out her own bungalow, she said a gang member lives on her street, a teen-ager who, among other things, threw a cherry bomb at her car and tried to set roofs on fire with fireworks, she said.

Legal experts say Cicero's proposal is in questionable constitutional territory.

"There's a problem of punishing people for their status as a gang member," said Mark Tushnet, a constitutional law professor at Georgetown University. "You can punish people for what they do, but you can't punish people for what they are."

In addition, if Cicero banished people who had completed criminal sentences, it could be accused of punishing people twice for the same crime.

"Cities would love to be able to say, 'We don't want child molesters released back in our community,' " said Erwin Chemerinsky, a constitutional law professor at the University of Southern California. "But they can't. And what if every city adopted that? Does that mean they wouldn't be allowed to go every place?"

Ms. Loren-Maltese, a blunt-spoken Republican who said she got the idea for the gang ordinance while soaking in the bathtub ("That's when I do all my best thinking"), said that was not her problem.

"I can't worry if they go to Berwyn or Oak Park or Chicago," said Ms. Loren-Maltese, who has been president since 1993 and once proposed making gang members wear pink aprons and clean up graffiti, an idea that went nowhere. "My concern is to protect the people of Cicero."

The people of Cicero would seem to approve, overwhelmingly voting for a nonbinding referendum on the gang-free proposal this month.

But leaders of Cicero's Hispanic population, which has mushroomed in the last two decades and transformed an enclave with no Hispanic residents into a town that is about half Hispanic, fear the ordinance might single out Latinos.

While many Hispanic residents apparently voted for the referendum, Hispanic leaders say those results are deceptive. Dolores Ponce de Leon, a community organizer for a group called the Interfaith Leadership Project, said the ballot question was so broad that many people had interpreted it as saying, " 'Vote yes if you are against the gangs.' Well, who's going to vote against that?"

Now that they better understand the proposal -- and that about three-quarters of the gang list is Hispanic names -- some Latinos are worried.

"It's really an injustice to the Latino families," said Delia Barajas, an Interfaith Leadership Project member with six children, including two teen-agers. "We would like something done with the gangs, but we want more prevention, intervention."

Latinos have been irked by other policies of Ms. Loren-Maltese's administration, including efforts to force a bank with many Mexican-American customers to take down a Mexican flag. They complain that she is not committed to hiring Hispanic police officers and say she supported a police practice of reporting suspected illegal immigrants to the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

Ms. Loren-Maltese says her policies are not discriminatory, points to Hispanic employees she appointed to town jobs and says her critics are simply political opponents.

Still, accusations of discrimination are a thorn for Cicero, once such a symbol of racism that the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. called it the Selma of the North.

Cicero has also drawn the attention of Federal investigators, with allegations including irregularities in towing practices and unorthodox payments to municipal contractors.

Ms. Loren-Maltese denies allegations of government corruption. She has made accusations of police misconduct, and has purged nearly a third of the police force.

Ms. Loren-Maltese said the gang ordinance might give suspected gang members a banishment hearing and the right to appeal. If those evicted came back to town, they would be fined, charged and have their vehicles confiscated.

Asked how a 10-square-mile town with roughly 135 police officers would enforce such a law, Ms. Loren-Maltese said she might consider gating neighborhoods and establishing police checkpoints.

Given that her late husband, Frank Maltese, pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges in 1991, Ms. Loren-Maltese has been asked whether the ordinance would apply to people in organized crime.

"If they get involved in drive-by shootings," she said.

But she said it would certainly apply to minors, even if their families stayed in Cicero.

"I kind of call it tough love, and a parent's got to make that choice," she said.

On the driving tour, Ms. Loren-Maltese and Mr. Harrison pointed out buildings they said were hangouts of some of Cicero's 16 active gangs, including the Latin Kings, the Sin City Boys, the Latin Angels and the Two Six Boys.

Ms. Loren-Maltese has tried other tactics, like fining landlords $500 a day for failing to evict gang tenants. She said the town planned to file a suit against gangs, seeking reimbursement for cleaning five-pointed stars, crowns and other gang graffiti.

Mr. Harrison said he believed word of the ordinance had caused three gang members to leave town.

But a man who identified himself as Pablo, 24, a member of the Maniac Latin Disciples, scoffed at the idea that gangs could be banished.

"They're never going to get rid of gangs," said Pablo, perched on the stoop of his house across from an elementary school. "They don't have that much power."

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

**Graphic**

Photo: "The A.C.L.U. says gang members have rights," says Betty Loren-Maltese, town president of Cicero, Ill., and a leader of the movement to evict them from Cicero, permanently. "How about our civil rights?" (Steve Kagan for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 27, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Political Fallout From Smog Blurs Future for Los Angeles***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-56K0-002S-X1PY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 30, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 1, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1382 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT REINHOLD, Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, April 29

**Body**

As the choking summer air pollution season nears, the air over the Los Angeles basin, the worst in the country, is as thick with the politics of smog as with the smog itself.

When regional officials here voted last month to clean up the air with sweeping controls on consumer and industrial products and processes, with vast changes in commuting practices and, perhaps eventually, with a ban on gasoline vehicles altogether, they stirred wide national interest and some alarm, particularly in the oil and automobile industries.

Opposition to Almost All Rules

But it appears now that the vote to regulate products ranging from deodorant spray to backyard barbecue grills in the name of clean air was only the beginning. The details of nearly all the 123 rules that make up the first five-year phase of the plan are being vigorously fought by those affected. It might be even harder to write them and put them into effect than it was to get political agreement on the overall plan.

Backers of the measures, meant to bring the region into compliance with Federal air standards for ozone and carbon monoxide by 2007, fear the plan might wilt politically as the reality of its social and economic costs sinks in. And some skeptics say the worst of those costs will fall on those least able to afford them.

''I expect more than one small revolution out there,'' said Representative Jerry Lewis, a Republican Congressman from San Bernardino County who supports the plan. His district, just east of Los Angeles, has the worst air in the basin.

''Most of the significant items have to do with the automobile,'' Mr. Lewis said. ''People are responsive all the way to the point where it affects them and their households and lives. Policy makers may not realize how fragile the constituency for clean air is.''

The outcome could well provide the first practical test of whether the industrialized world is prepared to make sacrifices to meet the global ecological concerns that have become a part of international diplomacy. Probably nowhere is the issue more politically complex and contradictory than in Southern California, which has the ultimate consumer culture.

The first crucial political test for the plan came April 18 in a hearing at the South Coast Air Quality Management District, a state agency that drew up most of the plan and has broad legal powers, through fines, to enforce it. There, officials announced a startling compromise with its staunchest opponent, Southern California Edison. $1 Million to Fight Plan Edison had spent $1 million fighting a plan to require utilities to reduce emissions of nitrogen oxides, which react with hydrocarbons from automobile exhaust to produce ozone, by 70 to 80 percent. Utilities would have accomplished this by installing expensive catalytic controls on their smokestacks.

In the compromise, which needs the approval of the district board, Edison and the district staff agreed that the utilities would have until 1999 rather than 1992 to comply. In exchange for this and other concessions, the utilities agreed to meet even tighter limits on the oxides.

Environmentalists like Mark Abramowitz of the Coalition for Clean Air and Larry L. Berg, a member of the 12-member air district board, saw the compromise as the first sign that the plan was unraveling. ''The backtracking has begun,'' Mr. Abramowitz said.

But others, like City Councilman Marvin Braude of Los Angeles, an air district board member and prominent environmentalist, called the move a victory in that, through flexibility, the district was able to disarm its most potent foe. ''The war is definitely over,'' said Michael M. Hertel, manager of environmental affairs for Edison, saying his company would no longer fight the plan if the board approved the compromise.

Cooperation Is Called Vital

''We can only make this plan work to the extent we achieve cooperation,'' said James M. Lents, executive director of the district. ''I don't think we gave up a lot. We gained in that a big opponent dropped out. This sends a signal that if you put a reasonable compromise on the table you can expect a reasonable reception. But if you continue to fight, then you'll get solutions shoved down your throat.''

The overall plan was passed after years of procrastination and under the gun of a Federal court order that the Environmental Protection Agency draw up its own clean air plan for Southern California by April 30, 1990, if the state agency fails.

The plan would touch almost every aspect of daily life, requiring over time the reformulation of deodorants, industrial adhesives, paints and varnishes; banning the sale and use of gasoline-powered garden appliances and charcoal lighter fluid for barbecues; compelling the installation of special emission controls at large bakeries, breweries and dry cleaners, and ending drive-up windows at fast-food restaurants.

Another part of the plan, devised by the Southern California Association of Governments, would try to reduce the use of motor vehicles, which account for two-thirds of pollutants, through van pooling, new parking restrictions and staggered work hours. Every company of more than 100 employees would be required to have a van pooling program and would be fined heavily for noncompliance.

This part of the plan would also try to manage growth to bring jobs and housing closer together. These elements are expected to be the most costly and politically difficult to carry out. Burden on Less Fortunate? The plan's main potential weakness may be that the public will perceive the burdens as falling unfairly on the ***working class*** and members of minority groups, that while the rich might pay more to park their Jaguars to shop for Gucci handbags, working people will lose their jobs. ''The burden will be borne mostly by manufacturing workers, further polarizing an already polarized economy,'' said Kelly Candaele, political representative for the Los Angeles County Federation of Labor.

The result has been an unlikely coalition between labor and industry on smog. For example, the manufacturers and distributors of paint have joined with painting unions to form an advocacy group.

But neither industry nor labor has opted out of the process. Both are participating in a special panel formed by the air district to assess the social and economic effects of the plan. ''We recognize something has to be done to clean up the air,'' said Ray Remy, president of the Los Angeles Area Chamber of Commerce. But he added that businesses could move away from this area if the costs of complying get too high.

Backers of the plan concede they have a monumental educational challenge. V. John White, a longtime air quality lobbyist who represents the district in Sacramento, says the key to getting individuals to accept restrictions on their personal freedom is to persuade them that big polluters like oil companies, utilities and automobile makers are doing their share.

Political Yet Protected

The chairman of the district's board, A. Norton Younglove, a Riverside County supervisor who has an oil-distribution business, said he feared the public will become disenchanted if visible results are not noticed very soon after restrictions are imposed.

The board is political but insulated from electoral politics. One member is appointed by the Governor, one by the Speaker of the State Assembly, one by the State Senate Rules Committee. The rest represent the cities and the county supervisors of the four counties involved, Los Angeles, Orange, Riverside and San Bernardino.

Mr. Braude, who represents cities in the Western part of Los Angeles County, said that despite signficant costs and changes in life here, clean air would be achieved. ''It is going to happen,'' he said. ''It will be slow and painful. There will be kicking and screaming. But the consequences will be far more drastic if the Federal Government takes over.''

But Mr. Berg, who was appointed by Speaker Willie Brown, was less sanguine. ''The question is how long a political body like this can continue to enact these kinds of measures, which are costly and controversial,'' he said. ''The critical time will come a couple of years down the road when industries are going to say it's not worth it to keep on for 20 years. My successors will have a lot more difficult time than I.''

**End of Document**



[***When Adaptation Is Bold Innovation***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4N32-97K0-TW8F-G2G8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 18, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 2057 words

**Byline:** By BEN BRANTLEY

**Dateline:** LONDON

**Body**

VIRGINIA WOOLF faces the video cameras. Moliere acquires a BlackBerry. Zola becomes a Degas painting. Richard M. Nixon crawls out of a television screen. Alfred Hitchcock turns into a music-hall diversion. And Shakespeare, as is the custom, is twisted every which way, as if he were a Gumby doll.

Genre-bending, time-straddling adaptation has become an exceptionally lively art on London's stages this season. Whether it's the transformation of ''The Waves,'' Woolf's most demanding novel, into a breathtaking mixed-media collage, or the morphing of ''The 39 Steps,'' the early Hitchcock spine-tingler, into a tour de farce for four actors, reconfigurations of classics are testing and stretching the traditional limits of theater in the age of cultural cross-pollination.

Rest assured that these exercises are a breed apart from the most common form of adaptation practiced in the West End and on Broadway, the converting (read: flattening) of movies into stage shows. Film-based theater is usually awkward and apologetic, as if intent on proving the superiority of cinema.

The subtext of a slavishly literal-minded show like ''Dirty Dancing,'' which is packing 'em in at the Aldwych Theater, is a sheepish shrug that says, ''O.K., I can't give you the real thing, but maybe I can help you remember it.'' It's the animated equivalent of a fan's scrapbook. No matter how much money is lavished on it, it almost invariably looks cheap, an effect usually attendant on poverty of imagination. (Anyone who saw the Broadway incarnations of ''Saturday Night Fever'' and ''Footloose'' will know what I mean.)

In contrast the boldest and most exciting of the new crop of adaptations in London make specific and articulate cases for theater as a fluid and flexible interpretive tool, with strengths that are exclusively its own. I'm not talking about star appeal, and particularly not that aspect of theater most relied upon to attract inveterate nontheatergoers: the chance to see a real-live celebrity in three dimensions instead of two. The British playwright Alan Ayckbourn gave an interview last month with The Times of London in which he complained that undertrained actors from film and television were ruining the West End.

But if brand-name star power was what electrified box office and press coverage a year ago, the current season is more about visionary concepts than visible personalities. Far more than in New York at the moment, theater addicts in London talk about the distinctive visions of directors and companies, in the way cinephiles discuss auteurs. And they will go to see a play because it's directed by Katie Mitchell, Marianne Elliott or Michael Grandage (or the work of the Donmar Warehouse or Complicite or the National Theater of Brent) in the way movie buffs will automatically buy tickets to anything stamped with the name of Martin Scorsese or Pedro Almodovar.

The confidence of this new generation of theatermakers, many of whom are in their 30s and 40s, is evident in its willingness to embrace and transform elements associated with other, often competitive art forms. Two of the best shows in London this winter -- the National Theater's adaptation of ''The Waves'' (overseen by Ms. Mitchell) and the Broadway-bound ''Frost/Nixon'' (written by Peter Morgan and directed by Mr. Grandage) -- used video as an essential scenic and narrative component. In the case of ''Frost/Nixon,'' about the watershed 1977 interviews between David Frost and Nixon (Michael Sheen and Frank Langella, each at the top of his game), you could even say that the subject is television and its primacy as a shaper of cultural consciousness.

Yet it is impossible to imagine either of these productions being nearly as effective if they were movies or television shows. The interplay of live and recorded performance, of different levels of artificiality, creates a multilayered perspective that wouldn't be possible in the closed world of a finished film. And though ''Waves'' is inspired by an ineffably literary novel and ''Frost/Nixon'' by television broadcasts, each distills, reflects and illuminates the basic nature of its source. That, of course, is what an ideal adaptation does.

With the dearth of new playwrights and original musicals in recent years, adaptation has arguably become the dominant form in mainstream theater. Any revival that wants to avoid smelling of mildew necessarily involves readjustment and often a wholesale rethinking. (Every new production of Chekhov these days seems to feature a ''new version,'' taken from a literal translation, by an established playwright like Tom Stoppard, David Mamet or, in the case of the sublime new ''Seagull'' at the Royal Court Theater, Christopher Hampton.)

Surely no single body of work has been subjected to the metamorphoses and mutilations that the Shakespearean canon has undergone over the centuries. Shakespeare presented without novelty would be the only true novelty in Shakespearean production these days.

This season offers the usual range of innovations and violations. At Stratford-upon-Avon, the Royal Shakespeare Company has reinvented ''The Merry Wives of Windsor'' as a pushy, bouncy musical (with songs by Paul Englishby and Ranjit Bolt that combine madrigal and country-western motifs) that seems to exist principally to confirm the suspicions of inveterate haters of musicals and Shakespearean comedies. (This despite the presence of She Who Can Do No Wrong: Judi Dench, who is perfectly charming as Mistress Quickly.)

More expectedly (and successfully), the Royal Shakespeare Company offers up a ''Richard III'' that speaks to contemporary fears of the hatreds that breed fascism, with the eponymous crookback played (by the rising young actor Jonathan Slinger) as a festering skinhead who addresses the audience with the complicity of a caveman comic. Domestic brutality serves up a knuckle sandwich in the ''Taming of the Shrew'' and ''Twelfth Night'' by Edward Hall's all-male Propeller Company at the Old Vic.

These rousing, bruising productions, which travel to the Brooklyn Academy of Music in March, focus on the sadism -- blatant and latent -- in Shakespearean comedy, and refuse to wink at or forgive the harsh antics of the plays' schemers. (That all the performers are male appears to have given Mr. Hall license to pull no physical punches.) In ''Shrew'' Petruchio the tamer (Dugald Bruce-Lockhart) is a lout who winds up disgusting even himself, while his Katharine (the excellent Simon Scardifield) is transformed from a punkish rebel into an abased victim of the Stockholm Syndrome.

At the Donmar Warehouse, Moliere is transported to the 21st century in ''Don Juan in Soho,'' an adaptation (from a literal translation by Mr. Scardifield of Propeller, as it happens) by Patrick Marber, who famously explored sexual cruelty and dehumanization in ''Closer.'' Directed by Mr. Grandage, this production provides the Don's valet with a BlackBerry to keep tabs on his conquests (quite a few more than the 1,003 hymned in Mozart's ''Don Giovanni'') and fuels his libidinous forays with mountains of cocaine.

The gratifying surprise of Mr. Marber's version is that, for all its latter-day club-crawler accoutrements, it is not the usual comment on the moral bankruptcy of these frivolous times. Instead the play focuses on Don Juan (the egretlike Rhys Ifans) as an aristocratic anachronism, a vestige of a dead age who has nothing left to do but play games and exercise his droit de seigneur. At the same time it's clear that his title,and sense of entitlement, are what make him a sexual magnet to women of all classes. This is England, after all.

In contrast the National Theater's production of ''Therese Raquin'' is about as faithful as is possible to its original period. But it's how that period is evoked that makes this production, directed by Ms. Elliott, so striking. A reworking by Nicholas Wright of Emile Zola's stage adaptation of his own novel about fatal infidelity, the play hews close to the grim determinist lines of the book. Details of dress, place and custom are rendered with clinical precision.

But, with the assistance of a brilliant design team that includes Hildegard Bechtler (sets) and Neil Austin (lighting), Ms. Elliott goes beyond anthropological realism to achieve a somber visual poetry that summons the ***working-class*** portraits of Degas. (This painterly quality is especially haunting in the scene where Therese bathes herself after the murder of her husband and in the subsequent series of tableaus of the adulterous lovers in stages of guilt-tortured sleeplessness.)

More than any narrative production I can think of, ''Therese Raquin'' opens a resonant dialogue in your mind between theater and a style of painting. The specificity of the images onstage, down to the curve of a shoulder or slope of a back, inspires you to think anew about the implicit interior lives suggested by the work of portraitists in the age of Zola (a man who fraternized with painters). ''Therese Raquin'' makes you want to hop a Paris-bound train and hit the Musee d'Orsay to continue the conversation.

''Waves,'' also at the National, creates an equally beguiling series of portraits, but of a more ephemeral, less physical character. In finding stage legs for ''The Waves,'' Woolf's stream-of-consciousness novel from 1931 about the fluidness of time and the elusiveness of human identity, Ms. Mitchell and her company use 21st-century gadgets that would no doubt have alarmed the technophobic Woolf.

The stage is set up to look like an old-fashioned radio broadcasting room, but video cameras play as vital a role as microphones. Tracing the inner monologues of the novel's principal characters, the eight ensemble members simulcast images of one another, using simple props (a clear bowl of water, a branch of leaves) to frame their faces or body parts. Other performers read the text of the character represented on the screen.

The astonishment is in how fully those projected visuals correspond to what is being described verbally: a school lesson in a nursery, a ride on a train, a dinner in a restaurant. These images acquire a startling, immediate poetry before being dismantled, with professional matter-of-factness, by the performers on stage, who then move on to the next vignette.

Such techniques are not entirely new to the theater. (Both the Wooster Group, in New York, and Complicite, in London, often work in a similar vein.) But they are deployed to original and remarkably effective ends here, capturing Woolf's craft in evoking ''moments of being,'' while respecting the self-contained beauty of those remembered moments. No film version of Woolf's novels has come nearly as close as Ms. Mitchell and her collaborators do in conjuring both the phantasmal substance and solid technique of this author's singular style.

For those whose tastes run more to classic movies than to classic novels, the delightful ''39 Steps,'' directed by Maria Aitken at the Criterion Theater, offers what is virtually a frame-by-frame re-creation of the best of Hitchcock's pre-Hollywood movies. Using props as simple (and as hoary) as those of old vaudeville routines, a cast of four portray all the characters from the 1935 spy thriller, itself adapted (very loosely) from John Buchan's 1915 novel.

Granted, I have seen this sort of celluloid-to-stage exercise before. (I remember, with particular fondness, a straight-faced version of ''The Valley of the Dolls.'') But the work of Hitchcock, the ultimate storyboarder and ultimate tease of a storyteller, particularly lends itself to such deconstruction.

Since the show is, above all, a testament to actorly ingenuity (how do you play four characters at the same time?), you don't have to have seen the movie to appreciate the play. But it's even more fun if you know the representational challenges that lie ahead for the actors and wonder how on earth they are going to simulate, say, a chase atop the cars of a speeding train.

At a time when the theater is often regarded as the quaint elderly relation of the art forms, it's a pleasure to the see this alleged invalid flexing its muscles, turning cartwheels and generally showing off to the tune of ''Anything you can do, I can do better.'' Adaptation, at its best, is not mimicry; it's rejuvenation.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jonathan Slinger, standing, and Tom Hodgkins in the Royal Shakespeare's ''Richard III.'' (Photo by Ellie Kurtzz/Royal Shakespeare Company)(pg. 9)

''Waves,'' with Kate Duchene, turns Virginia Woolf's novel into theater. (Photo by Stephen Cummiskey)(pg. 32)

**Load-Date:** February 18, 2007

**End of Document**



[***A New Glimpse of the Heyday of the Peconic Art Colony***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-8460-0005-G10D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 14, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Long Island Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13LI;   ; Section 13LI;    Page 29;    Column 1;    Long Island Weekly Desk   ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1406 words

**Byline:** By MARJORIE KAUFMAN

By MARJORIE KAUFMAN

**Body**

IN the 1840's, Walt Whitman admired the North Fork for its rural beauty, quaint characters and simple life. At the turn of the century those qualities attracted the Peconic Art Colony, two of whose members are among the best-kept secrets in art history.

An exhibition about the artists, "Henry and Edith Mitchill Prellwitz and the Peconic Art Colony," opened yesterday for a run to Sept. 10 at the Museums at Stony Brook. In January the show moves to the Federal Reserve Board Gallery in Washington.

The exhibition showcases 54 Prellwitzes, most lent by the family, and 32 works by other members of the colony. "It is meant to re-establish their rightful place on the roster of artists who have made significant contributions to the cultural heritage of the United States," the guest curator, Ron Pisano, said in the catalogue.

In an interview Mr. Pisano said, "Henry and Edith Prellwitz represent the height of academic painting in America. The quality of Mrs. Prellwitz's paintings were compared to those of Mary Cassatt, Cecilia Beaux, John Singer Sargent and William Merritt Chase."

Mrs. Prellwitz founded the Women's Art Club of New York, which became the National Association of Women Artists.

She and her husband had parallel training as figurative artists. They both attended the Academie Julian in Paris and the Art Students League in New York. They both worked at the Tiffany Glass Company, and they were associated with groups like the Society of American Artists and the National Academy of Design.

Mr. Prellwitz was an apprentice to Thomas Dewing and at the New York studio of Augustus St. Gaudens. He also created decorative drawings for Stanford White. The artists rented studios across from each other at the Holbein Studio Building in Manhattan and married in 1894. In the 1890's they developed distinct but complimentary styles. Aside from joining their efforts on a few murals, they worked independently.

Her early work focused on the ***working class***, which was unusual for a woman. As a figure and portrait painter, her work later took on more typical images of mother and child.

Mr. Prellwitz's work focused more on academic and allegorical subjects, and he was more noted as a landscapist. The couple's work was widely exhibited and won acclaim in important shows, as when Mr. Prellwitz's won an award at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 for "Lotus and Laurel." In 1894, Mrs. Prellwitz was the first woman to win the second Hallgarten Prize at the National Academy of Design, for "Hagar."

"But many of the artists of their generation came under attack," Mr. Pisano said. "Proponents of modernism deemed their work and their contemporaries as belonging to an era of excessive sentimentality and outmoded principles of art."

The 1913 Armory show in New York was a turning point for modernism. "It is interesting to note that this is precisely the year the Prellwitzes retreated from New York to live year round in Peconic," Mr. Pisano said. "Here they built their own twin studios, continued to paint what pleased them and lived in the house on the beach. Throughout most of their long careers they had no financial pressures to do commissioned work or sell their works. They were private people not prone to promoting their own work."

Some other artists in the group were Edward August Bell, Caroline Bell and Irving Wiles, who lived nearby and had also trained at the Art Students League.

The colony was bound more socially than artistically. Unlike the artists of the South Fork, and particularly William Merrit Chase, who ran the popular Shinnecock Art School, the North Fork artists were not so interested in or in need of teaching to sustain themselves.

After the Prellwitzes died in the 40's, nearly all their paintings remained intact in their studios, mostly unexhibited. Along with them were diaries, journals and photographs.

The material was inherited and tended by their only son, Edwin, who had become a landscape architect in Boston, and his wife, Eunice. After Edwin Prellwitz's death, his wife had the work catalogued, but no further work was done.

"It is my feeling that the studios were left almost as a shrine to them," their grandson Sam Prellwitz said in an interview.

Mr. Pisano said he became aware of the works in 1970, while cataloguing a show, "Artists of Suffolk County, Part I," at the Heckscher Museum in Huntington that another art historian, Eva Ingersoll Gatling, had curated. "I was impressed by the quality of it," Mr. Pisano said. "I saw some images of a few works and read in the literature how they had been permanent artists in their day. But few of their works were located for inclusion in recent publications or exhibitions devoted to turn-of-the- century American art. It made me wonder why they were not better known today."

In 1981, Mr. Pisano contacted the family. "I was flabbergasted when I as able to enter the studios filled with their work," he recalled. An award-winning painting from 1887 was on an easel, the walls were filled with paintings, and others were stacked in the back, he recalled.

He compared the finding to Howard Carter's entering Tutankhamen's tomb. "It's very unusual to find such a large body of works still in the hands of the family at this late date," Mr. Pisano said.

Sam Prellwitz, a retired engineer, recalled spending his childhood enjoying idyllic summers at the house in Peconic with his grandparents. "All their artistic cronies used to gather to socialize," he said. "I remember the thick cigar smoke."

He recalled the ringing bells at 8 A.M. to go fishing or dredging for scallops. "My grandfather was always cheerful and a great punster, who I had lots of fun with," Mr. Prellwitz recounted. "He was never pressured to paint, and he painted for himself. But when an inspiration hit, I remember him piling the paint on anything with a flat surface, from canvas to Sheetrock to beaverboard, often on both sides."

Sam is the infant in Mrs. Prellwitz's "Beach Bath" of 1926. He recalled that the wood washtub on the beach is the one that years later he used to wash his daughter.

"Of course, I remember them more as loving grandparents than as artists," he said.

But he said that at 10 he asked his grandfather why he did not paint more like Norman Rockwell. "He said that if he wanted to paint like Rockwell he'd use a camera," Mr. Prellwitz recalled. "He said, 'I paint color, compose shapes and give a strong impression. It's up to the viewer to fill in the rest and make their own picture.' "

Sam Prellwitz's daughter Wendy, an architect and landscape painter in Boston, said she always felt a strong connection to her great-grandparents' paintings. She saw the importance of bringing them back to public view and started by photographing all the work.

Katherine Cameron, who has researched artists of eastern Long Island, put the family in touch with Mr. Pisano, who continued his research in cooperation with the family.

Although she never knew her great-grandparents, Ms. Prellwitz said, she was always fascinated by their paintings. She spent summers as a child visiting her grandparents, moving freely around their paintings and playing in the studios.

"My soul is attached to that place," she said in an interview. "I always felt a real spiritual presence there. The place itself influenced my own painting, and the idea that my great-grandparents were painters certainly egged me on to become an artist."

The paintings number 300. Many have been cleaned and some reframed, using Stanford White designs. Ms. Prellwitz said she was fascinated by the materials in the studio, including letters, journals and copies of Mr. Prellwitz's photographs. She said the family planned to donate the artifacts to the Smithsonian Archives of American Art.

"A lot more research has to be done on the artists of the North Fork," Mr. Pisano said. "It started even before the Prellwitzes arrived, and it's going on today."

The Prellwitzes bridged the academic and impressionistic painters, Mr. Pisano said, adding: "In recent years there has been a great revival of interest in the kind of academic painting the Prellwitzes did. Even today in New York art schools there is a concentration given to drawing and the methods of the academically trained. It has come full circle."

His grandfather's "Road Home" is a personal favorite, Sam Prellwitz said. "It was painted before the road was paved," he said, "but you can go to that spot today and see the same scene leading home."

**Graphic**

Photo: A photo of Edith Mitchill Prellwitz, left. "The Old Mill" (1930) by Henry Prellwitz. Right: Their grandson Sam Prellwitz at the Museums at Stony Brook. (Michael Shavel for The New York Times; Steve Miller for the New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 14, 1995

**End of Document**



[***For Angry Innaurato, No Self-Effacement***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-6240-002S-X2TR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 20, 1989, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 13, Column 5; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1239 words

**Byline:** By MERVYN ROTHSTEIN

**Body**

Albert Innaurato is smiling, but Albert Innaurato is angry.

His new play, ''Gus and Al,'' has as its main character one Albert Innaurato, a 40-year-old ''homosexual fat man'' and playwright gravely upset over the reviews of his latest play, ''Coming of Age in SoHo.'' The character decides to take refuge in the past and goes back to 1900 Vienna, to the home of Gustav Mahler.

''I made myself a character in 'Gus and Al' as an act of defiance,'' Mr. Innaurato, now 41, says in an office at Playwrights Horizons, where his play is being performed. ''Back in 1985, the horrible reviews I got for 'Coming of Age in SoHo' attacked me for always putting myself in my plays, for being so autobiographical. I wanted to show them my well-upholstered derriere and say, 'What difference does it make?'

''This has always been an issue in my career, and I'm sort of amazed by it, because what difference does it make where you get your stories and whether or not it's you? As everyone who has ever been accused of being a compulsive autobiographer knows, some people will say, 'Oh, that's him,' when it isn't me at all. You always end up fictionalizing and inventing.''

Those horrible reviews did not include the one in The New York Times. As Al recalls in ''Gus and Al,'' that review was mixed.

'Not Good Enough'

The reviews for ''Gus and Al'' were better than those for ''Coming of Age in SoHo,'' the story of an Italian-American writer from South Philadelphia who is traumatized because he cannot live up to his early success. But Mr. Innaurato, an Italian-American writer from South Philadelphia who had early success, is not happy.

''Given what you need to maintain a profile and have a career, they were not good enough,'' he says.

Mr. Innaurato achieved his early success more than a decade ago, in 1977, with ''Gemini,'' a comedy about growing up Roman Catholic and sexually ambivalent in South Philadelphia. That play began Off Broadway and eventually moved to Broadway, where it had a fairly long run. His other works include ''Passione'' and the critically praised ''Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie,'' but financially, nothing has matched ''Gemini.''

'Theater Is Very Difficult'

''I think the writing is on the wall, for me in particular, but also I think for playwrights in the American theater,'' he says. ''I don't know that there's much reason to write plays anymore if you need to support yourself. The theater is very difficult these days, more so than ever before.

''I don't know anyone who is a full-time playwright these days. I know playwrights who write movies or television, and that's how they support themselves. And there's the occasional play, when they get the time. And it goes well or it doesn't go well. I know playwrights who do magazine articles and journalism and have some money that they've inherited, and I know playwrights who have wives or husbands who support them.

''Then there are the unlucky ones, who teach, like I have, or who drive taxis, or who do computer word processing. Or there are lawyers like Ken Ludwig, who wrote 'Lend Me a Tenor.' I know all of that. But I don't know anybody who truly and simply is a playwright.''

Working in Television Again

When things were going better for Mr. Innaurato, he turned down film and television work, but he has begun to work in television again, and he says he is happy about it. ''You feel like a professional, like you have a skill that someone is willing to pay you to apply,'' he says. ''And you don't feel like that in the theater. You feel like either everybody's victim or everybody's dependent.''

He wrote ''Gus and Al,'' he says, to make his peace with ''the sense of failure that I think is inevitable.''

''There are more successful playwrights - now - but I was a more successful playwright a decade ago,'' he says. ''And I don't know what that got me. I don't know what it'll get those people. So the successful ones now will have their few good years. And then try coming back.

A Modest Proposal

''There's an extraordinary unfairness in this business. You're totally dependent on a few critics. And they're just people who have opinions. It's just sad that what you have to do is get their permission to be in a situation where people might see the play. I just tell everyone that we should just ask the five most powerful critics to come to my living room, and I'll read the play to them, and ask, 'Is it O.K. if we go ahead with it?' ''

Despite his negative feelings, Mr. Innaurato prefers happy endings. ''I would never say I would never write another play,'' he says, ''because if that's your destiny, that's what you do. I never wanted to do anything else.''

In fact, he says, he chose in ''Gus and Al'' to go back to visit Mahler because ''the point of the play seemed to be struggling to keep going despite all the problems that every artist has always had.'' As Al first encounters Mahler, the composer has just finished reading a devastating review of his Fourth Symphony.

''It was interesting to go through that struggle,'' Mr. Innaurato says, ''and think of someone like Mahler, who likewise was struggling. Not that we're similar or equivalent in talent - just in the struggle and in dealing with your personal life while you struggle to keep yourself afloat.''

Gus and Al have some late-night chats about the role of the creative artist. Mahler, formed by 19th-century ideas, talks of persevering for the sake of art. Al, a product of the modern world, says it is difficult for a writer to feel that way in a century that has seen the works of Mozart played at the gates of Auschwitz.

Artist Qua Guerrilla

''The whole play is about Al's learning to feel the way Mahler does,'' Mr. Innaurato says. ''The play is a journey toward realizing that an artist is a little like a guerrilla fighter. You run out into the gunfire with your arms open and let them shoot at you. And it's very hard to embrace that idea, especially in our century. But I think that at the end of the play Al is able to say, 'Of course, that's what it is.' ''

''I tried to make 'Gus and Al' an affirmation,'' Mr. Innaurato says. ''When I wrote it, a lot of my friends died of AIDS. And I didn't. Some of them were much more talented or brighter or better people than I. So you wrestle with why you've been spared, at least for the time being, and why other people have suffered so terribly.

''For about six months before I wrote the play, I was really unhappy. I was so unhappy in my life that I wouldn't leave my apartment. I was so ashamed of the criticism of 'Coming of Age in SoHo.' I mean, it was crazy, it was an insane overreaction. But I stopped talking to people. I was really very depressed.

''And then I saw all these people die, and I thought to myself: 'What an idiot I am to feel this way. How dare I feel this way.' Why should I say my life is worthless just because a critic doesn't like me?''

''I gambled with my life,'' he says. ''I'm a ***working-class*** guy from Philadelphia. My parents are simple people. I gambled to become something that no one in our family had ever become. Everyone in my family's at work at 18. And I went to school and I became a writer and a playwright. And maybe it hasn't paid off. Maybe it was a mistake. Or maybe I got a little lucky in my late 20's and early 30's and that was that. But I did it. I chose to do it, and I can't blame the universe for that. You do what you have to, what you feel driven to do, and you take the consequences.''

**Graphic**

photo of Albert Innaurato (Paul Koinik)

**End of Document**



[***For Gambling in Tennessee, All Bets Are Off***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-5XR0-002S-X0BJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 26, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 1, Column 2; National Desk

**Length:** 1278 words

**Byline:** By RONALD SMOTHERS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** NASHVILLE

**Body**

Bingo is dead, the future of betting on horse races is at best dismal, and the outlook for raffles is very questionable. And thereby hangs a tale.

It all began with an undercover investigation of bingo abuses that led to an indictment of a former state bingo official for trying to buy a legislator's vote on a bill that legalized parimutuel horse racing in the state.

Then the State Supreme Court, impatient with bingo abuses, ruled that allowing the game at all violated the Tennessee Constitution. This sent bingo players scurrying from the schools and church basements that had been their weekly haunts and onto tour buses headed for games across the state line.

In the process of invalidating bingo, the court killed the law that also sanctioned raffles, and suddenly the fund-raising efforts of scores of legitimate charitable and nonprofit groups became probable also-rans.

In this region where fundamentalist views hold great influence and the letter of the law is frequently at war with its spirit, it is not uncommon that the heinous and the harmless get caught in the same net.

But few could anticipate the convergence that has scooped into one controversy Catholic Charities of Tennessee, several Jewish congregations, Little League teams and local symphony orchestras - all of which raise money through bingo and raffles - and official corruption, illegal commercial bingo operations and efforts to legalize betting on the horses.

''Some people got added fuel to their religious zeal to save us all from ourselves with the recent events,'' said State Senator Steve Cohen, a Memphis Democrat who is fighting bills aimed at repealing parimutuel betting and is sponsoring measures for a constitutional convention to repeal the prohibition against bingo.

''If the Legislature succumbs to the pressure and kills what are basically recreational things and legitimate charitable operations, they are going to have people throwing hard matzoh balls, rosary beads and cellos at them when they go back to their districts.''

It all began Jan. 26, when W. D. (Donnie) Walker, a lobbyist for some bingo operators and formerly the state's top bingo regulator, was indicted and pleaded guilty to Federal charges of offering a legislator a $10,000 bribe to support a 1987 bill legalizing horse racing in localities where voters approved it. Mr. Walker told investigators that the money had been provided by Charles McVean, a flamboyant Memphis commodities broker who had hired him as a lobbyist and was promoting what could have been the state's first race track and parimutuel betting operation.

Mr. McVean, while acknowledging that he hired Mr. Walker as a lobbyist, denies any role in the bribery attempt. But in February the Tennessee Racing Commission rejected Mr. McVean's application for a parimutuel track in Memphis. Mr. Walker is cooperating with Federal and state investigators in a broadened investigation of bingo, horse racing and misconduct by government officials, said Robert Washko, an assistant United States attorney in Nashville.

The next blow came March 1, when the court struck down laws regulating bingo, which is a $31-million-a-year business here, saying they were an effort to get around the State Constitution's ban on lotteries. The laws were lawmakers' attempts over the years to provide for legitimate charitable lotteries and included provisions that allowed registered charitable groups to run raffles.

Since the ruling, the state has yanked the licenses of 197 organizations authorized to run bingo games and notified 750 groups running raffles that they, too, may be in violation of the Constitution.

Shift to Bordering States

Meanwhile, many bingo operations have moved to bordering states, although officials in neighboring Mississippi have closed down some that they say do not represent bona fide charities as required by that state's law.

Similarly, tours are being arranged to take bingo-playing Tennesseans by bus to Kentucky, North Carolina and four Alabama counties where bingo is legal for charitable organizations.

''We may have to do something because Tennessee is throwing them all out, and they are all just swarming up here,'' said Claire Russell, assistant commonwealth's attorney for Jefferson County, Ky.

With the suggestion that raffles were illegal, the Catholic dioceses in Tennessee ordered all planned raffles postponed, and state officials asked the Attorney General for clarification of whether the court ruling on bingo had, in fact, banned raffles, too. On March 20, Attorney General Charles W. Burson ruled that the Constitution's ban was a ''blanket prohibition'' of all forms of lotteries and, therefore, covered raffles.

''It's perplexing,'' said William P. Sinclair, executive director of Catholic Charities of Tennessee, which annually raffles off a Caribbean cruise. ''There was this emotional reaction to the bribe allegations and the court decision, and it all seemed to happen at a convenient time for those who oppose any form of gambling. But they are not looking at the reality.''

The reality, Mr. Washko conceded, was that their investigations into gambling and its attendant corruption had found no abuses with the many raffles held by nonprofit and charitable groups in the state.

William Bruce, the lawyer who represented Catholic charities and argued the bingo case, said it just seemed that raffles have been ''sucked into a whirlpool'' with bingo and horse racing. He said the only hope for saving raffles was an amendment to the Constitution, which takes three years under the best of circumstances and would require a concerted effort by the state's charity groups to succeed.

New Kind of Horse Racing

The situation of horse racing, linked as it is with Mr. McVean, is even more complex.

Despite the rejection of his initial application for a track, Mr. McVean's untried idea of hackney pony racing remains the leading candidate for the state's first legalized parimutuel betting. Hackney ponies, crosses between thoroughbreds and Welsh ponies, weigh about 500 pounds and are considerably shorter than thoroughbreds. Fast and agile, they were once favored as fancy carriage horses.

Mr. McVean envisages the races being held at an indoor arena in Memphis, and he holds a patent on a remote-control device that would direct each race similiar to way a mechanical rabbit acts in dog racing. The device, complete with a joy stick, operates a 20-pound, mechanical jockey atop each pony.

Hackney pony races would combine the fast pace and excitement of dog races with the majesty and grace of thoroughbred racing, Mr. McVean said.

Perhaps more controversial than his concept is Mr. McVean himself. He has lavishly promoted his racing idea, spending more than $9 million and, in the process, alienating potential supporters with his outspokenness.

''There is no respect in Nashville for the legitimate interest of Memphis,'' said Mr. McVean, who noted that $20 million flows out of Memphis annually to a large dog-racing track in West Memphis, Ark., just across the Mississippi River. ''In order to compete here, you have to beat the dog tracks, and in a ***working-class*** city like this, thoroughbred racing can't beat a dog track.''

James Neal, the former Watergate prosecutor, who is chairman of the state's racing commission and is a frequent target of Mr. McVean's barbs, said the future of horse racing in Tennessee looked ''dismal.'' Others say that only a constitutional amendment can save it.

Nonetheless, the commission members have agreed to let Mr. McVean petition for a rehearing on his application.

''Notwithstanding his egregious charges, we will bend over backwards to give him every opportunity,'' Mr. Neal said.

**Graphic**

Photos of W. D. (Donnie) Walker in Federal court in Nashville on Jan. 26 (The Nashville Banner/Steve Lowry); Charles McVean, a commodities broker (NYT/David Smart) (pg. 22)

**End of Document**



[***Hitting the Road***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-85X0-0005-G2W8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 7, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

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

**Length:** 1306 words

**Byline:** By Jonathan Franzen;

Jonathan Franzen is the author of the novels "Strong Motion" and "The Twenty-seventh City."

By Jonathan Franzen;   Jonathan Franzen is the author of the novels "Strong Motion" and "The Twenty-seventh City."

**Body**

RULE OF THE BONE

By Russell Banks.

390 pp. New York:

HarperCollins Publishers. $22.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S famous mot regarding "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" -- that all modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain -- is no less apt for being an overstatement. In its pioneering of the vernacular first person, its search for authentic American experience among the dispossessed and traditionally voiceless and its use of comedy to bring home grim realities in ways that gravity cannot, "Huckleberry Finn" is a bantamweight story with a heavyweight's impact. Of the many writers working in the great tradition today, one of the best is Russell Banks. In novels like "Affliction" and "Continental Drift" Mr. Banks has deepened Hemingway's investigation of American maleness, lending a voice to ***working-class*** fathers who want to be "good" men but are reduced, by economic brutalities and some essential rage riding on the Y chromosome, to bad ones. Now, in "Rule of the Bone," his 12th book, Mr. Banks has returned to the source of sources and reinvented "Huckleberry Finn."

The narrator of "Rule of the Bone" is not a river rat but a mall rat, a boy named Chappie from Au Sable Forks, N.Y., who sports a nose ring and a Mohawk and tells his story in underpunctuated deadpan sentences: "Anyhow my life got interesting you might say the summer I turned 14 and was heavy into weed but I didn't have any money to buy it with so I started looking around the house all the time for things I could sell but there wasn't much." In his parents' closet, Chappie finds a cache of old coins that he can pawn in small batches. It's a teen-age weed fiend's dream, but, as he sadly admits, he's a clumsy thief. His mother and stepfather throw him out of the house, and he embarks on a lowlife tour of upstate New York, dealing dope at the local mall and hiding out with a brutish motorcycle gang called Adirondack Iron. Mr. Banks has the milieu down cold. "I can hear Megadeth thumping through the walls," Chappie says, "and I can smell dope smoke and pizza and can hear the refrigerator being opened and closed and the top-popping of beer cans. Adirondack Iron is having its breakfast."

Chappie shares with his precursor Huck Finn an abusive (step)father, against whom his only defense is to harden himself into a criminal. He shoplifts and trespasses, indulges in some random vandalism and (in a pinch) helps steal a truck; he is also, like Huck, presumed dead for a while. Skipping town, he has himself tattooed with a crossbones and rechristens himself Bone. This is potentially a Beavis and Butt-head moment, but Mr. Banks is so sure of Bone's voice that he can instill silly posturing with the poignancy of an adolescent groping for an identity.

Rewarding his loyal readers, Mr. Banks weaves into "Rule of the Bone" the fishing boat from "Continental Drift" and the school bus that crashed in "The Sweet Hereafter," a bus now inhabited by a pair of crackheads who claim to be the brothers of the girl who was crippled in the accident. Returning to this bus after various adventures, Bone encounters the novel's Jim character, a runaway migrant farm worker from Jamaica who calls himself I-Man. Bone and I-Man make a home in the bus, with a kitchen garden and a cash crop of cannabis, and it's here, as Mr. Banks trades the aimless fun of the picaresque for the moral responsibilities of the Bildungsroman, that the story flags a little. The genre dictates that Bone learn lessons from I-Man, and although Mr. Banks is too good a novelist to dehumanize I-Man with saintliness, the reader may squirm at the alacrity with which Bone embraces the manners, the philosophy, even the cooking, of the old Jamaican. In these middle chapters, Bone verges on the naive sanctimony of white Rastafarians who have found a Better Way.

Fortunately, I-Man's homesickness propels the story southward to Jamaica, where drug dealing, sex and violence re-energize it. Along the way, Bone sneers at American vacationers who are "too scared of black people to buy ganja from them," and you wonder if the author, whose knowledge of backwoods Jamaica is obviously firsthand, isn't sneering a little himself. More bravely than almost any other contemporary writer, however, Mr. Banks is wrestling with what it means to be a white man in a multicultural world. A central insight of his oeuvre is the kinship of frustrated Snow Belt whites with desperate black Caribbeans, and in "Rule of the Bone," by reinterpreting Twain, he extends that insight to the whole tangle of race relations in America: the evil isn't whiteness but the white political economy, and the abuse of any child, black or white, is tantamount to slavery. This may sound somewhat heavy, but for the most part the book itself is not. Mr. Banks is a mythmaker who understands that before a myth can matter it has to entertain.

"Rule of the Bone" invites comparison not only with "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" but also, somewhat unflatteringly, with "The Catcher in the Rye." Bone is more generic and less funny than Holden Caulfield, and unlike Holden, he displays an odd immunity to pop culture. It's as if J. D. Salinger registered 40 years in advance a commercialized teen-age reality that Mr. Banks himself shies away from. Mr. Banks also falls short of Mr. Salinger's artistry in filtering acute psychological observation through vernacular distortion. But the comparison is not entirely fair. In his social and economic privilege, Holden Caulfield is so familiar to educated readers that Mr. Salinger can afford the luxury of subtlety. Bone, on the other hand, has had as little exposure to "sivilization" as Huck Finn did, and in order to rescue him from muteness Mr. Banks is compelled, a la Twain, to place him in fantastic situations. If the resulting story seems unrealistically bleak and its hero incompletely lovable -- if you balk at the unrelenting depiction of white adults as selfish, cruel and criminal -- it's worth remembering that for kids like Bone the state of innocence to which Holden longs to return has never been an option; they would be happy to meet adults whose worst sin is phoniness. Intoxicating and unsparing, "Rule of the Bone" is a romance for a world fast running out of room for childhood.

Just Another Dropout

My stepfather probably thanks to my mom decided not to let the cops put me away for my Christmas shoplifting so long as I didn't try to move back in with them again, which was funny since the cops'd signed me over to my parents in the first place only on condition that I move back with them and take eighth grade over. The new rule was basically don't bother your parents and don't bother the cops or one of them will sic the other on you. All I had to do was stay out of the way of both and not flag either by going back to school who didn't want me anyhow. Which wasn't hard because they both tended to look in the other direction when they saw me, my parents on account of my bad attitude and drug use . . . and the cops because as a criminal I was more trouble than I was worth, just another homeless stoned dropout dealing small-load boom to the locals.

But even the cops know that a little weed can't hurt anybody. Most of them when they bust you are only trying to score for themselves anyhow and once they take your stash if you lick their boots and promise never to smoke reefer again so long as you live and thank them for saving you from a life of drug addiction and criminality they keep your drugs and let you go. Unless they're after you for something else you're not worth the paper work. I've learned that's generally true of life, if you're not worth the paper work adults won't hassle you. Except for the truly dumb and the nut cases of course, people who act on principle. They'll hassle you.   From "Rule of the Bone."

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** May 7, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Breaking France's Final Taboo***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BXM-NJ90-TW8F-G2WX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 14, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 2; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 13; FILM

**Length:** 1692 words

**Byline:** By KRISTIN HOHENADEL

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

IF sex is the great taboo in American life and movies, money is the subject that can shock the pants off a Frenchman. In a country where fortunes are more often inherited than made, and where most people work to live rather than the other way around, money is viewed primarily as a necessary evil. Talking about your finances, even among friends and family, is considered indiscreet, tactless, vulgar and vaguely American.

During the past year, however, several films have violated France's ultimate taboo. Philippe Le Guay's dramatic comedy ''The Cost of Living'' (''Le Cout de la Vie'') examines the financial neuroses of a cast of characters in Lyon. Tonie Marshall's ''France Boutique'' is about a couple who have found success and lost each other, until they learn to communicate through the objects they sell on a home-shopping channel. In Michel Munz and Gerard Bitton's ''If I Were a Rich Man'' (''Ah, si J'etais Riche''), an Everyman wins the lottery and works out his sudden-wealth syndrome a la francaise in five-star restaurants. And in Valeria Bruni Tedeschi's semiautobiographical ''It's Easier for a Camel . . .'' (''Il Est Plus Facile Pour un Chameau . . .''), the heroine, played by Ms. Bruni Tedeschi, suffers paralyzing guilt for having been born too rich.

So how do you make films about money in a society where it is seen as impolite to even acknowledge its existence?

Mr. Le Guay said he kept the tone light in ''The Cost of Living,'' so as not to make the film too ''disturbing.'' The movie, which will be shown on Thursday and Friday at Lincoln Center as part of the Film Society's Rendez-Vous With French Cinema festival, centers on two opposites: Coway (Vincent Lindon), an eager-to-please restaurateur with a dangerous compulsion for giving everything away, and the pathologically stingy Brett (Fabrice Luchini), who ditches his date in a taxi when the meter runs too high and abandons his true love in a boutique when he can't bring himself to buy her an expensive blouse.

Mr. Le Guay brings compassion to his treatment of his characters, who include an orphaned teenage heiress who works as a waitress, a retired factory owner who finds that his money doesn't buy him what he really wants and an expensive call girl who charges Brett for lessons in pleasing others. But he doesn't shy away from exposing what he calls the ''violence'' that money reveals in each of us.

Mr. Le Guay said he was not interested in exploring the quest or the desire to be rich, but the way that human beings behave toward money. ''What does money say about us?'' he asked recently over afternoon tea in his local cafe. ''When we buy a pair of shoes, do we buy them on sale, show them off, hide them?''

Writing the film, Mr. Le Guay said, became a self-tutorial on how heavily money can weigh on a character. ''We have a cinema in which money doesn't exist, except in Godard's work,'' he explained. ''He is maybe the first to have had this kind of conscience -- maybe because his father was a Swiss banker, and he had that guilt.''

Mr. Le Guay suggests that talking about money is taboo because it threatens the ideals of the French Revolution. ''Everyone sentimentalizes the peasant,'' he said, ''and in the French Revolution, the rich were seen as the enemy. I think there are still traces of that suspicion.''

The actor Lambert Wilson, who has a role in ''It's Easier for a Camel . . .,'' said the old attitudes were manifested now in very modern situations. ''I mean, we cut heads,'' he said, ''and we did in a way make things a bit more equal. Of course, fortunes have come back -- and fortunes are hidden in France -- it's very hypocritical that way. But although money is an obsession for everyone on the planet, in France we have no respect for people who overtake us on the highway in big BMW's. We resent them.''

When the character Aldo wins the lottery in ''If I Were a Rich Man,'' he keeps the news to himself, showing up to claim his prize in dark glasses and a bad wig. In France, lottery winners don't go on TV holding up the giant check.

But Aldo has another reason to guard his secret: he discovers that his semi-estranged wife is cheating on him with his boss, and decides to hold the news until the divorce is final. So he funnels grand cru into empty supermarket wine bottles and slogs it out in his miserable job, trying to keep his spirits up with solitary haute cuisine, clandestine designer shopping sprees and an expensive prostitute.

''It's not true that money doesn't bring happiness,'' Mr. Munz, the film's co-director, said over coffee with Mr. Bitton on a recent morning at the Hotel Lutetia bar.

Mr. Bitton added, ''To be relieved of the worry of money leaves time to do other things, like love.''

Mr. Munz agreed. ''Money is useful,'' he said. ''We tried to treat it like a normal subject that was perfectly acceptable to talk about.''

But the French have a long way to go before they can become as free about money as they are about sex. Jean-Pierre Darroussin, who plays Aldo, was once asked by a TV interviewer how much money he made. ''I told him,'' he said rather stiffly. ''But I found it utterly rude.''

Mr. Bitton said with a smile that he had been ''shocked'' on a recent visit to New York when a prominent art collector showed him around her apartment, pointing out the price of each work as they went along. French people tend to use such anecdotes to exaggerate the role of money in American life, suggesting that it is our sole obsession.

''I have the idea that it would be easier for an American to handle becoming rich from one day to another,'' Mr. Bitton said. ''But in a country where money is taboo, it creates enormous contradictions. There is a real contempt for the nouveau riche in France. I really admire the American temperament -- the ability to say 'bravo' when the other guy is winning -- because actually, it doesn't really conform to human nature.''

In the end, Aldo shares his winnings, buying a sports car for his best friend and starting a business with his formerly downtrodden colleagues. He and his wife ultimately reconcile, not at the Ritz, but in a hotel by the autoroute. ''Maybe we couldn't manage to have the last image in an earthly paradise,'' Mr. Munz said. ''Maybe there's still that embarrassment that makes it necessary to show rich people in an everyday environment, so they don't seem too arrogant.''

Making her directorial debut, Ms. Bruni Tedeschi didn't shy away from that kind of embarrassment in ''It's Easier For a Camel . . .,'' whose title refers to the biblical passage stating that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. The daughter of a wealthy Italian family who fled the threat of the Red Brigade terrorists by moving to France when she was 9, Ms. Bruni Tedeschi plays a version of herself. Chiara Mastroianni plays her sister. Ms. Bruni Tedeschi's mother, Marysa Borini, plays her mother, and several scenes were filmed at Ms. Borini's house, decorated with museum-quality oil paintings and priceless antiques.

Such an immodest display left the filmmaker open to heated speculation about the size of her bank account and the fact-fiction ratio of her screenplay. But the film also won critical and popular acclaim in France, and won the prize for best first film and best actress when it was shown at last year's TriBeCa Film Festival in New York. (It will be released in the United States by New Yorker films later this year.)

''It isn't politically correct to say 'Oh, la, la, I suffer from having too much,' '' Ms. Bruni Tedeschi said at her sumptuous apartment here, having answered the door at noon in plaid flannel pajamas. ''I had a lot of problems finding money, because the financiers thought that nobody could identify with a character who felt guilty about having too much money.''

Mr. Wilson plays her brother, Aurelio, a slacker whose biggest preoccupation is whether to travel around the world from west to east, or in the opposite direction.

''When I first knew Valeria 10 years ago, I didn't know that she was as rich as she was,'' Mr. Wilson said in a telephone interview. ''She used to live in a sort of horrible flat -- though it was in the 16th arrondissement -- but she seemed to be hardly getting by. But I think if I hadn't seen that first Valeria totally rejecting the money, I would have been a bit more wary of her story. It was a real struggle for her, a real complication in her life, something she really resented, something she didn't know how to deal with.''

Ms. Bruni Tedeschi balances the character's narcissism with self-mocking fantasy sequences, as well as scenes in which the real world barges in. When she confesses to a Roman Catholic priest that she's worth a fortune, he asks, ''How much?'' In another scene, her ***working-class*** boyfriend (Jean-Hugues Anglade) silences the lunch table when he reveals that his father dropped dead from exhaustion on a factory line.

Ms. Bruni Tedeschi insists that the film is not just about her. ''We're also telling the story of all of us who live in rich countries,'' she said, ''and the guilt -- underground, often unmentioned, repressed -- that we have vis-a-vis poor countries.''

''And we found it interesting to have a character that looked it in the face,'' she continued. ''But it's true in France that if you have more money, you have more shame. In America, you flaunt it. Here, you hide it.''

Nevertheless, it seems that France's youth, who not long ago might have aspired to post office jobs and retirement before 60, are now finding role models in celebrity-making reality shows like the popular ''Star Academy'' and a brand of entrepreneur they call ''le self-made man.''

''Nobody wants to become a doctor or a lawyer anymore,'' Mr. Bitton said. ''The dream now is to be on TV. To be famous.''

The middle-aged couple in Ms. Marshall's ''France Boutique'' might be shopping-channel peddlers, but they believe in every object they sell. ''For the young generation, there's only one goal, which is to make money,'' Ms. Marshall said in a phone interview. ''They talk of nothing else.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Isild Le Besco and Lorant Deutsch in Philippe Le Guay's ''Cost of Living,'' about the French and their complex relationship with money. (pg. 13)

Lambert Wilson, left, Chiara Mastroianni, Valeria Bruni Tedeschi, Roberto Herlitzka and Marysa Borini in ''It's Easier for a Camel . . .'' (Photo by New Yorker Films)(pg. 22)

**Load-Date:** March 14, 2004

**End of Document**



[***BOOKEND;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W8H-GGM0-007F-G3F2-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Solipsisters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W8H-GGM0-007F-G3F2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 18, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7; Page 35; Column 1; Book Review Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1594 words

**Byline:** By Katha Pollitt;

Katha Pollitt, a poet and a columnist for The Nation, is the author, most recently, of "Reasonable Creatures."

By Katha Pollitt;  Katha Pollitt, a poet and a columnist for The Nation, is the author, most recently, of "Reasonable Creatures."

**Body**

Surveying the recent spate of books about women, even the most dedicated feminist might find herself muttering, "Be careful what you ask for, you might get it." I'm thinking of the way "the personal is political," that watchword of 1970's feminism, has morphed and mushroomed into something quite other than originally intended -- indeed, almost the opposite. As originally articulated in the consciousness-raising groups of the 70's, "the personal is political" was a way of saying that what looked like individual experiences, with little social resonance and certainly no political importance -- rape, street harassment, you doing the vacuuming while your husband read the paper -- were part of a general pattern of male dominance and female subordination. It was a way of understanding your experience and connecting it to the hitherto unsuspected experiences of others -- Wow, your husband always interrupts you too? -- the point being to challenge the social and political and legal structures that shape our lives.

"The personal is political" did not mean that personal testimony, impressions and feelings are all you need to make a political argument. The important texts of feminism have, in fact, been rather un-self-revealing. Simone de Beauvoir spent more than 700 pages in "The Second Sex" analyzing women's position in society through every conceivable lens: anthropological, economic, historical, literary, psychoanalytic, biological, philosophical, legal -- except that of her own life, about which the reader learns next to nothing. At a more journalistic level, Betty Friedan's "Feminine Mystique" was almost as magisterial and sweeping and only slightly more autobiographical. A mountain of reporting and research lay behind Friedan's engaging, accessible pages, and that is one reason millions of women found their lives mirrored there.

Contrast these books on women's condition with some of this year's more high-profile efforts. In "A Return to Modesty," a 23-year-old conservative journalist, Wendy Shalit, cites her experience in fourth-grade sex ed to argue that feminism and liberal sexual mores have encouraged men to degrade women. The solution: women should stay virgins, and arm themselves, as Shalit implies she has done, with blushes and long skirts to inspire chivalry in men. In "What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us," Danielle Crittenden advises women to imitate her own early marriage and motherhood -- she waited until 28, but recommends 23 -- blithely disregarding the well-documented high failure rate of this life plan. After all, who would you rather be, Danielle Crittenden or a lonely crone in your 30's whose male coevals cavort with younger women whose "eyes have not yet begun to crinkle"? Over toward the left end of the spectrum, Susan Maushart, in "The Mask of Motherhood," paints a dismal picture of new mothers reduced to jelly by society's mixed messages and lack of support. Her chief case study: herself. Two years ago we had Katie Roiphe's "Last Night in Paradise," which argues that we overrate the risks of AIDS -- we" meaning educated white young heterosexuals like Roiphe -- and Naomi Wolf interviewing herself and her high school friends for her book on young women's sex lives, "Promiscuities." Feminist or antifeminist, moi's the word.

The lens of the personal lets you see your life as an instant trend. Thus, Wendy Shalit begins her book by describing her growing fascination, and eventual identification, with "modestyniks" -- young Jewish women who have been raised "in a secular home" and who suddenly adopt Orthodox dress and modesty codes (no touching, not even hand holding, before marriage) and are happy and sane, although regarded as freaks by their bed-hopping peers. A few pages later, having mentioned two books that feature happy young Christian fundamentalist women and quoted a New York magazine article about happy Orthodox Jews, she declares a modestynik "epidemic" and invites the reader to wonder, "Why would so many young women be adopting modesty as the new sexual virtue?" So many? How many? Ten? Ten thousand? In several days of calling and mass E-mailing all over academia I was unable to turn up any professor, counselor or student who was aware of this supposed trend. As for Williams College, where Shalit was an undergraduate, "I never saw any student being a modestynik here," said Prof. Sam Fleischacker, one of the few observant Jews on campus. "Secular young women adopting the appearance of Orthodox practice without the substance of belief and Torah learning?" said Rabbi Devorah Jacobson, former associate chaplain at Williams. "That doesn't resonate with my experience at all."

Once the political has been reduced to the personal, the author can portray herself however she likes with respect to the general case. She can declare herself the tip of an iceberg no one else can see, like Wendy Shalit, or a bold dissenter from the misled majority, like Danielle Crittenden. A member of the right-wing Independent Women's Forum, Crittenden, who is married to the conservative writer David Frum and is the mother of two children, writes as if women were scorning family life for studio apartments and Lean Cuisine. But are they? True, women are marrying later -- 25 is the median age -- but they're still marrying; postponing marriage doesn't, in fact, mean forgoing it, as Crittenden argues. And her claim that mothers work because they have been led up the garden path by feminism leaves unexplained her own career as writer, editor and ubiquitous lecturer and TV guest. The real difference between Crittenden and most women is that she is wealthy, well connected and, being a writer, doesn't need to worry about credentials and career ladders and rusting skills.

These examples suggest one problem with using oneself as a touchstone of political argument: there's no way for most readers to gauge how much is true, how much a good story. How do you cross-check Wendy Shalit's memory of fourth grade? You can't call up Shari, Cath, Genevieve and the other old friends whose coming-of-age stories Naomi Wolf used to draw a portrait of young women as both victimized and emboldened by the sexual revolution. The most you can say is that Wolf's book "rings true" -- that is, it accords with what you already suspected. And, indeed, for me her general picture does ring true -- until I remember that Wolf is basically working with a sample of maybe a dozen people very much like both of us: well-educated, white urban women from bourgeois-bohemian families.

The autobiographical approach makes it all too easy to present one's own experience as typical, when it is in fact quite unusual. Wolf is far from the worst offender on this score: indeed, one of her most interesting and moving chapters is about the ostracism in high school of a ***working-class*** girl typed as a "slut" for behavior much milder than that of Wolf and her high-status friends. More typical is Katie Roiphe, who, on the basis of a handful of discussions mostly with people much like herself -- private school kids, other young writers, her friends -- concludes that the risk of AIDS is being exaggerated as part of a backlash against sexual freedom. That AIDS disproportionately affects the poor, minorities and gay men -- none of whom are interviewed in the book -- becomes the reason sex educators and government agencies shouldn't push condoms and sexual responsibility on "us."

Of course personal experience has a place in cultural criticism, but in these books it is a substitute for scholarship, legwork, intellectual complexity. The self sits like a smooth, shiny egg in a nest of tendentious trivia: old newspaper clippings, Newsweek and Time life-style cover stories, letters from friends and classmates and, especially, articles from women's magazines. These are quoted with great earnestness, as if they mirrored their readers' actual lives, and not a 10th-hand, advertising-friendly version of their wildest fantasies and direst fears. Susan Maushart goes farther than most in dealing with the scholarly literature, but her bleak picture of motherhood is so unsourced and impressionistic she might as well not have cracked a book. For Maushart, even the good news is bad. "The 50 percent of pregnant women who never experience morning sickness often feel obscurely cheated," she claims. Says who? A woman. "They."

Even history gets reduced to a sound bite: thus Shalit contrasts contemporary street harassment with conditions observed by Alexis de Tocqueville, who wrote that American women could safely go anywhere alone, so great was the respect of American men for female virtue. Using the same cut-and-paste approach, one could just as easily prove that antebellum American men showed far less respect for women's modesty than men today. After all, slave owners routinely and legally violated their slaves, brothels flourished and the age of consent in most states was 7. One might even ask if there's a connection between these two sets of data, between the veneration of some women and the degradation of others. Shalit wants women to be madonnas -- but can you have madonnas without whores?

That kind of question, though, is fatal to the personal-polemical enterprise. If you want to tell women that they should have 1950's marriages or 1850's morals, if you want to persuade them that motherhood will drive them crazy and that condoms are for squares, it's best not to look too closely at the variety and complexity of human experience. You might find out that your politics are, after all, just you.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** April 18, 1999

**End of Document**



[***MUSIC;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W73-G9V0-007F-G0CW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Soprano Who's in Demand Everywhere, Almost - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W73-G9V0-007F-G0CW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2;Page 30;Column 1;Arts and Leisure Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1445 words

**Byline:** Lauren Flanigan

By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

By ANTHONY TOMMASINI

**Body**

LAUREN FLANIGAN, the workaholic American soprano, is 40, feisty and, best of all if you are interviewing her, blunt. Her career has been one of the most dynamic, unpredictable and tumultuous of the last decade. She has wowed audiences from San Francisco, where she was born to a ***working-class*** Irish-American family with leftist leanings, to Milan, Italy, where in recent seasons at La Scala she won frenzied ovations for her vocally intense, dramatically riveting performances in Verdi's "Macbeth" and "Nabucco" and earned critical comparisons to Callas.

But Ms. Flanigan has yet to join the top rank of singers in terms of visibility, recording opportunities and clout. And she has had an inexplicably shaky relationship with the Metropolitan Opera, which should be a natural home for a singer with her kind of temperament and vocal charisma.

Why has she struggled?

During a break from rehearsals for Strauss's seldom-heard "Intermezzo" at the New York City Opera, which is being mounted for her and opens on Thursday, she seemed eager to talk about her wide-ranging repertory, the tyrannical conductors she has worked with, Richard Strauss's marital woes and anything else that came up.

"My biggest frustration is that the opera business does not take nonmainstream opera seriously," said Ms. Flanigan, who has been drawn to risky contemporary fare, like Marvin David Levy's gripping "Mourning Becomes Electra," which she sang with the Lyric Opera of Chicago last fall, and Hugo Weisgall's impassioned and formidably complex "Esther," which she sang at its acclaimed premiere by the New York City Opera in 1994. "But let me tell you, baby," she said, " 'Intermezzo' is selling great at the house, and there are tickets to spare for 'La Boheme.' So good work will win out."

Of the conductor Riccardo Muti, the dictatorial music director at La Scala, she speaks with admiration and exasperation. "His reputation as a stickler is well deserved," she said. "But in working for details, he loads your voice up with what I'd call dramatic mannerisms. And he remembers years later. You come back, and one little thing is off, and he says, 'What's wrong with you?' "

As for her relationship with the Met, which has not called for years, Ms. Flanigan at first begged off this "most boring subject." But she warmed to it.

She made her Met debut in the 1991-92 season, singing a small role in John Corigliano's "Ghosts of Versailles." Her breakthrough came the next season, when she substituted for an ailing Aprile Millo in Verdi's "Lombardi" with no stage rehearsal; the director, Mark Lamos, sketched out the blocking for her on a napkin at a cafe. She sang seven performances, one of which was televised, appearing opposite Luciano Pavarotti, with James Levine conducting. So the dimensions of her talents should be well known at the company.

"Obviously, you hear who they have singing Verdi over there, and you hear my voice, so you just know I'm not what they want for Verdi," she said. "But there's a gray area." The Met might consider her for roles like Donna Anna in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," she suggested, or Marie in Berg's "Wozzeck." But no one has called. (And when asked to respond to her statements, a spokesman for the Met offered no comment.)

"Does it keep me up at night?" she asked. "Absolutely not. Not when the New York City Opera will plan Donizetti's 'Roberto Devereux' for me, or this production of 'Intermezzo.' "

If anything is keeping Ms. Flanigan up at night, it is her jam-packed schedule. She recently portrayed the manipulative stepmother in Jack Beeson's chilling "Lizzie Borden," in a new production at the City Opera, which was telecast on "Live From Lincoln Center" on PBS. Ms. Flanigan is a composer's dream soprano, Mr. Beeson said. "Lauren is technically flawless, vital and inventive. In six performances, she didn't do the role exactly the same way twice."

At the end of this month, she joins Gerard Schwarz and the Seattle Symphony in a concert performance of Deems Taylor's "Peter Ibbetson," an opera given its premiere at the Met in 1931 and now nearly forgotten. She is also learning the title role of an opera she adores, Verdi's early, overlooked "Giovanna d'Arco," for a concert performance with the Collegiate Chorale next month at Carnegie Hall. "I'm the only singer learning, like, 3,000 pages of music in five months that I will probably never sing again," she said.

Yet in the diversity (and obscurity) of her repertory you glean a thread that links her choices and makes sense of her seemingly eclectic career: Ms. Flanigan is attracted by particular projects and ideas, and by a chance to work with specific colleagues.

"THAT'S the way actors work," she explained. "Singers tend to build their careers and their voices step by step, role by role." Actors, she suggested, are more inclined to lurch all over the place, a method that comes naturally to Ms. Flanigan, who was initially interested in acting and dance and has worked closely with the innovative theater director Anne Bogart.

Accepting the lead role in "Intermezzo" was typical of Ms. Flanigan's career choices. Many singers consider the opera, which Strauss wrote in 1924 and called a "bourgeois comedy with symphonic interludes," vocally ungratifying.

The libretto, also by Strauss, is based on an event in his own life. In Berlin in 1903, a young woman opera fan, intending to send a note to the flirtatious conductor Josef Stransky, addressed it mistakenly to Strauss. "Dear Sweetheart," it read. "Do bring me the ticket. Your faithful Mitzi." Strauss's argumentative wife, Pauline, opened the note and contacted a divorce lawyer.

The confusion was cleared up but not without difficulty. Strauss immortalized the incident in "Intermezzo," turning himself into a famous conductor, Robert Storch, and his wife into Christine, and adding an amorous complication in the person of a scheming young baron who befriends Christine.

The libretto, to be performed in Andrew Porter's English translation, is wry and clever. The opera takes place in 13 scenes, some just a few minutes long. The role of Christine demands physical comedy, including a toboggan ride, and in this production, 11 costumes changes.

It also requires almost nonstop singing, though the vocal writing is devoid of long, lyrical lines, and even short melodic phrases are infrequent. Most of the text is delivered in chatty patter or quasi recitative. The lyrical gems are in the orchestral interludes.

Why would a gifted Strauss singer be interested?

"Because I love it," said Ms. Flanigan, who first performed the role in 1990 at the Glimmerglass Opera in Cooperstown, N.Y., in a production by Leon Major, which has been adapted by the City Opera. "The opera is Strauss's fond recollection of his strange wife and her escapades when he was away. Whenever Storch talks of himself or is talked about, the music is huge and grand. Whenever Christine talks or is talked about, the music becomes involved, agitated and fussy, full of half-steps. It's just a hoot, and very challenging."

Ms. Flanigan has established a close relationship with the City Opera, which she credits with a supportive, familial atmosphere. Her identity as a prima donna of the City Opera, she suggests, may have contributed to the Met's coolness.

Yet her favorite company is the Teatro San Carlo in Naples, where, she said, the audience is passionate about opera, not celebrities. After singing "Nabucco" triumphantly there, she was recognized everywhere in the city. She should not have been surprised, of course, in part because she is 5 feet 10 inches tall and has flaming red hair.

"When people came up to me, they wanted to talk forever about how I ornamented the second verse of the aria 'Salgo gia,' " she said. "I mean, how cool is that?"

It will be interesting to see where Ms. Flanigan heads next, and the answer may surprise her as much as her fans.

"You know what I get offered more than anything else?" she asked. "Tosca and Turandot. I mean, hello? Look at me. Listen to me." She called these opulent Puccini roles, with their arching lyricism, "whole-note music," explaining dryly: "I don't do whole notes. I still have tons of high C's in me, the real shimmering kind, not the big blown-out ones. I want to sing more Rossini and Bellini."

But Ms. Flanigan is not likely to become a bel canto specialist. Next month in Tokyo, for example, she will perform a new work for soprano, actress and electronic surround sound. The piece, "Justice," by the American Roger Reynolds, is still being written. "I haven't seen a note," she said.

Still, if she was worried, she didn't look it, heading eagerly back to rehearsal, to practice her toboggan run.

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

**Correction**

An article on page 30 of the Arts & Leisure section today about the soprano Lauren Flanigan misstates the opening day for Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo" at the New York City Opera, in which she sings the lead role. It is Tuesday, not Thursday.

**Correction-Date:** April 11, 1999, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photo: The soprano Lauren Flanigan during rehearsals for a new production of Richard Strauss's "Intermezzo" at the City Opera. (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 11, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Atlanta: Scenes Beyond The Mall***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-4MG0-0005-G2FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 2, 1996, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1996 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Travel Desk

**Section:** Section 5; ; Section 5;  Page 13;  Column 1;  Travel Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 2766 words

**Byline:** By PETER APPLEBOME;

PETER APPLEBOME, national education correspondent for The New York Times, is a former Atlanta bureau chief.

By PETER APPLEBOME;   PETER APPLEBOME, national education correspondent for The New York Times, is a former Atlanta bureau chief.

**Body**

ATLANTA, it must be said, isn't New Orleans. Rather than cherishing and building an identity around eccentricity, the city usually defines its personality by the glitzy commercial spine of Peachtree Street beginning downtown, running north to the designer office towers of midtown and culminating in the state-of-the-art malls -- Phipps Plaza and Lenox Square -- that are to Atlanta what Fifth Avenue is to New York.

But if the face the city shows to the outside world suggests designer labels, the real appeal of Atlanta is elsewhere: in its dense greenery, lovely neighborhoods and its relaxed amiable pace.

So when the visitor gets away from Peachtree and its main tributary, Piedmont Road, and beyond the shops and malls of Buckhead, the upscale, overwhelmingly white area that is often a magnet for visitors, Atlanta offers a number of small, quirky and accessible pleasures. Some are distinctly Southern. Others are as Southern as a June blizzard.

The best way to get a sense of the Atlanta that is off Peachtree and outside the imaginary Olympic Ring is to leave the center and drive through some of the loveliest residential neighborhoods you'll find anyplace. The most impressive is Buckhead, the upscale neighborhood of stately Georgian estates and more modest homes nestled amid rolling hills of magnolia, pine, dogwood and oak north and west of Peachtree. West Paces Ferry Road, home of the Governors Mansion, a red-brick, Greek Revival style building on 18 wooded acres, and Habersham, Andrews and Tuxedo Roads are among the most spectacular.

Just as lovely on the east side of town near Emory University is the Druid Hills area, where the film "Driving Miss Daisy" was shot and the real Miss Daisy lived. Frederick Law Olmsted designed some of the small parks in the area, with their rolling hills and manicured greenery. Druid Hills meanders off Ponce de Leon Avenue and is best exemplified by its grand, rambling houses built near the beginning of the century on shady streets such as Lullwater, Oakdale and Springdale Roads.

But the truth is there are alluring in-town neighborhoods throughout Atlanta: Virginia-Highland, between Druid Hills and Peachtree, Candler Park and Inman Park south of that and Grant Park farther south still.

Not offering quite the same visual pleasures, but an intriguing and revealing slice of American life, is the Buford Highway area just northeast of the city limits. Nicknamed Chambodia because much of it runs through suburban Chamblee, the area was once a routine-looking stretch of strip shopping centers and low-rise offices that has been transformed in recent years by Asian and Central American immigrants, whose signs and billboards in Korean, Chinese, Vietnamese and Spanish are a reminder that there is a lot more to Atlanta these days than Scarlett and Rhett.

The strip has storefronts with Korean chiropractors next to Chinese herbalists and Vietnamese noodle joints with big-screen TV's showing Vietnamese music videos next to Mexican restaurants with big-screen TV's showing Mexican game shows.

When boosters talk of Atlanta's becoming an international city, they are usually thinking of Japanese trade missions or branch offices of European pharmaceutical companies, but without much fanfare, Buford Highway is as international as Atlanta gets.

A prime slice of the area is the Northwoods Plaza shopping center in the 5000 block of Buford at Shallowford Road. Its shops include a Vietnamese hair salon and a Vietnamese formal wear shop, Vietnamese and Mexican video stores, a ginseng and herb shop and an herbal clinic. For old time's sake, there's also a Pizza Hut and a gun shop.

The highlight is Bien Thuy, a sublime, modestly priced Vietnamese restaurant -- one of the best bargains in Atlanta -- with expertly prepared dishes such as hu tieu (glass noodle soup with seafood). As at most places in the area, its customers are often ***working-class*** people from the neighborhood.

A few doors down are two other terrific restaurants, Little Szechuan and El Pastor. Little Szechuan is regarded as one of the better Chinese restaurants in Atlanta with specialties like eggplant with garlic sauce or stir-fried Szechuan string beans. El Pastor is more typical than outstanding. It is a modest Mexico City style eatery popular with ***working-class*** Mexican immigrants where the jukebox tends toward Los Tigres del Norte rather than something more mainstream like Selena. Dishes include bistec a la Mexicana (Mexican-style steak) and sincronizada (flour tortillas with ham and Mexican cheese). Like most places on the highway it is inexpensive.

Also a far cry from the conventional view of Atlanta is Little Five Points, centered on Moreland and Euclid Avenues near the edge of Inman Park. Twenty years ago it was just a rundown neighborhood. Now it's a favorite of the body piercing-skateboard-alternative rock set with a population that includes college kids, bikers, lost souls and artistes. It is about the only place in Atlanta where you would expect to find kids with purple hair, nose rings and T-shirts reading "Beware of God."

The surroundings are a little seedy and much of the fare a bit eccentric for most tastes, but there are some interesting shops and restaurants. Studio Five has a nice collection of folk art. Of the many used and retro clothing shops, the Junkman's Daughter has the biggest collection of polyester and psychedelic artifacts, and Stefan's has a collection of vintage clothing that's several cuts above the compulsively odd or tacky wares at nearby boutiques. Charis is a popular feminist bookstore. Outback Outfitters and Bikes is one of the best places in town for outdoor and biking supplies.

For a more mainstream commercial experience, head over to the Virginia-Highland area, probably the most inviting walking and shopping neighborhood in town. A favorite of young in-town types, families and Emory University students, it centers on the section of cafes and intriguing shops at Virginia Avenue and Highland Avenue.

Boutiques tend toward shops selling distinctive gifts, antiques and arts and crafts such as Back to Square One or Maddix Deluxe. Two unlikely sets of businesses in the same site are Seeing Is Believing, an organic juice bar and optical boutique, and Jimmy Watson's Barber Shop and Jules Jewels art gallery.

Restaurants are eclectic, some basically neighborhood hangouts. The area is a favorite for brunch and weekend strolling, and it should be jammed during the Olympics. Popular dining around the intersection of Virginia and Highland includes the diverse fare at Chow, which has a cavernous outdoor deck; the pizza at Everybody's Restaurant, and neighborhood spots like George's and Moe's and Joe's Bar and Grill.

A few blocks south from Virginia on Highland is another cluster of shops and eateries, which includes Harvest, which offers highly regarded American regional cuisine and a lovely setting in a turn-of-the-century house; Surin, one of the best Thai restaurants in town; American Roadhouse, with varied American fare, and the Atkins Park Restaurant, a classic neighborhood bar and restaurant that bills itself as the oldest continuously licensed tavern in Atlanta. Just down the road is Manuel's Tavern, long a favorite of Georgia Tech students and local politicos and writers. Jimmy Carter has been known to show up there.

Given the hip, upscale nature of the area, it should go without saying that there are enough designer coffee shops up and down North Highland to jump-start a dead battery.

Most of the other intown areas ramble around an irregular grid, and you are never quite sure what you might find. But one place worth seeking out is the Flying Biscuit Cafe in the midst of a little gaggle of shops on McLendon Avenue in Candler Park. It is famous for great breakfasts and eccentric veggie and/or Southern fare such as organic oatmeal pancakes with peach compote and turkey meatloaf and pudge (mashed redskins with sundried tomatoes, basil and olive oil).

There are other neighborhoods or attractions worth visiting. The Auburn Avenue District, the historic heart of Atlanta's black community, still has a long way to go in being revitalized, but there are some signs of a rebirth and it will be the site during the Olympics of Worldfest '96, a festival of African and African-American culture.

Everywhere near downtown will probably be jammed during the Olympics, but Atlanta's main outdoor place for people watching, running or Rollerblading is Piedmont Park on Piedmont Road at 14th Street, which usually brings out an urban hodgepodge of blacks and whites, gays and straights, punks and yuppies.

On the park's north end is the Atlanta Botanical Garden, which is lovely and offers a mile-and-a-half walking trail through a cool hardwood forest known as the Storza Woods. Chastain Park, off Powers Ferry Road in Buckhead, might be a quieter choice for runners or strollers wanting to get away from the hubbub downtown.

Another spot to get away from things and meditate on the city's past is the Oakland Cemetery at 248 Oakland Avenue. Comprising 88 acres, it's the burial place of Margaret Mitchell, author of Gone With the Wind (alas, the apartment house where she wrote the book just burned); the golfer Bobby Jones; 23 Atlanta mayors; 6 Georgia governors, and 5 Confederate generals. Full of narrow winding roads and giant magnolias, it's an atmospheric refuge from urban life, with odd, sometimes grandiose, sometimes whimsical, monuments to the dead.

The Grant Park area has some of Atlanta's nicest restored Victorian homes and is the site of the Cyclorama, a huge circular Civil War painting and Civil War history museum. It's a great window onto Atlanta's Civil War history, as are the historical markers around town, but particularly around Piedmont Hospital, Peachtree Battle Avenue and Northside Drive north of downtown.

For Civil War buffs, the biggest attraction is the sprawling Kennesaw Mountain National Battlefield Park in suburban Cobb County, scene of the major battle leading up to the Battle of Atlanta. There's a lovely little winery, Kennesaw Mountain Vineyards and Winery, just outside the park that's fun to visit.

And then, of course, if you really want to go native, you can always put on your designer shades and roll on over to Phipps Plaza or Lenox Square for the basic Saks-Banana Republic-Gucci-J. Crew-Abercrombie & Fitch-Timberland-Nike Town Atlanta experience.

Venturing into the city's offbeat shops and out-of-the-way cafes

Travelers in Atlanta during the Olympics should check the hours given below; some establishments will have extended hours during the Games.

Restaurants

American Roadhouse, 842 North Highland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 872-2822. Dishes like Low Country crabcakes or Seattle basil salmon usually run around $7 or $8. Wines start around $10 a bottle. Open 7 A.M. to 11 P.M., midnight Friday and Saturday.

Atkins Park Restaurant, 794 North Highland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 876-7249. Open from 11 A.M. until 4 A.M. (3 A.M. on Saturday); the full dinner menu stops at 11, but sandwiches, salads and snacks are served later. Typical fare at dinner is Ragin' Cajun Pasta for $13.95.

Bien Thuy, 5095F Buford Highway, N.E.; (770) 454-9046. Great Vietnamese food. Main courses range from about $6 to about $20. Beer starts at $2. Open daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Chow, 1026 1/2 North Highland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 872-0869. Main courses, such as ginger tuna, around $17 with a salad. Wines from $16 a bottle. Lunch 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. weekdays, brunch 11 to 3 Saturday and Sunday. Dinner, 6 to 10:30 P.M., 11:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday.

El Pastor, 5091B Buford Highway, N.E.; (770) 451-4139. Mexican-style tacqueria. Open 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. daily. Dinner for two with beer, less than $20.

Everybody's Restaurant, 1040 North Highland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 873-4545. Great pizza, starting at $3.50 for an individual cheese pizza. Open 11:30 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Friday and Saturday until 1 A.M.

Flying Biscuit Cafe, 1655 McLendon Avenue; (404) 687-8888. Celestial breakfasts served all the time. Open Tuesday to Sunday 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. Closed Monday. Most dishes, $4 to $8.

George's Restaurant and Bar, 1041 North Highland Avenue; (404) 892-3648. Hamburgers (starting at $5) and bar food. Draft beers start at $1.25. Open 10:30 A.M. to midnight Monday to Thursday, until 1 A.M. on Friday and Saturday and from 12:30 to 10 P.M. Sunday.

Harvest Restaurant, 853 North Highland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 876-8244. Open daily 5:30 P.M. until 10 Sunday to Thursday, 11 Friday and Saturday. Sunday brunch 11 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. Highly regarded American cuisine with entree prices averaging $15; wines start around $15.

Little Szechuan, 5091C Buford Highway; (770) 451-0192. Closed Tuesdays. Open for lunch 11:30 A.M. to 3 P.M. and dinner 5 to 9:30 P.M. Dinner for two with beer, about $20.

Manuel's Tavern, 602 North Highland Avenue; (404) 525-3447. Open 11 A.M. to 2 A.M. Monday to Saturday, 3 P.M. to midnight on Sunday. Steaks, sandwiches, salads. Hamburger, $4.25. Draft beer, $1.75.

Moe's and Joe's Bar and Grill, 1033 North Highland Avenue; (404) 873-6090. Friendly neighborhood beer and burger joint. Open Monday to Thursday 11 A.M. to 1 A.M., Friday and Saturday until 2 A.M., Sunday noon to 9 P.M. Hamburger, $3.50; draft beers start at $1.50.

Surin of Thailand, 810 North Highland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 892-7789. Open weekdays 11:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., Friday to 11:30 P.M., Saturday noon to 11:30 P.M., Sunday noon to 10:30 P.M. Main courses mostly around $6.95, with the most expensive $14.95. Thai beer, $3.

Shops

Back to Square One, 1054 North Highland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 815-9970. Antiques, rustic furnishings. Open 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. Monday to Saturday; Sunday noon to 9 P.M.

Charis Books, 1189 Euclid Avenue, N.E.; (404) 524-0304. Open daily; opening times vary from 10:30 to noon and closing times from 6:30 to 9 P.M.

Junkman's Daughter, 464 Moreland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 577-3188. An "alternative department store." Open from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekdays, 8 P.M. on Saturday, Sunday from noon to 7 P.M.

Maddix Deluxe, 1034 North Highland Avenue; (404) 892-9337. Flowers, chocolates and gifts. Open from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. Monday to Thursday, until 11 P.M. Friday and Saturday, Sunday 11 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. (8 in summer).

Outback Outfitters and Bikes, 1125 Euclid Avenue, N.E.; (404) 688-4878. Open Monday to Wednesday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Thursday and Friday 11 A.M. to 8 P.M., Saturday 10 A.M. to 7 P.M. and Sunday noon to 6 P.M.

Seeing Is Believing Optical and Organic Juice Bar, 1002 Virginia Avenue, N.E.; (404) 874-1262. Juice bar open 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. daily and until 9 on Friday and Saturday. Optical boutique open 10:30 A.M. to 8 P.M. Monday to Thursday, until 10 P.M Friday and Saturday, and from 10:30 A.M. to 7 P.M. Sunday.

Stefan's, 1160 Euclid Avenue, N.E.; (404) 688-4929. Vintage clothing. Open 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. daily and Sunday from noon to 6 P.M.

Studio Five, 439 Seminole Avenue, N.E.; (404) 524-5223. Open Monday to Thursday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., until 10 on Fridays and Saturdays and noon to 6 P.M. Sunday. Folk art gallery, currently featuring wooden cutouts of familiar icons by Howard Finster, which start at $100.

Jimmy Watson's Barber Shop-Jules Jewels, 1037 North Highland Avenue, N.E.; (404) 875-3047. Two businesses under one roof. Jules Jewels opens at noon and closes at 8 P.M. Monday and Tuesday, 9 P.M. Wednesday and Thursday, 10 P.M. Friday and Saturday and 7 P.M. Sunday. The barber is closed Wednesday and Sunday, open 8:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. on other days, until 1 P.M. on Saturday.

Places to See

Atlanta Botanical Garden, 1345 Piedmont Avenue; (404) 876-5859. Open Tuesday to Sunday (daily during the Olympics) from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. Admission $6.

Atlanta Cyclorama, 800 Cherokee Avenue, S.E., Grant Park; (404) 658-7625. Open daily 9:20 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Admission $5.

Kennesaw Mountain National Battlefield Park, Old Highway 41 and Stilesboro Road; (770) 427-4686. Visitors center open 8:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. daily. Admission is free.

Kennesaw Mountain Vineyards and Winery, 1127 White Circle, Marietta, just off Old Highway 41 near the park entrance; (770) 421-8463. Wine tastings and restaurant. Summer hours are 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. from Tuesday to Sunday; open daily July 19 to Aug. 4.

The Malls

Lenox Square, 3393 Peachtree Road, N.E.; (404) 233-6767. Regular hours 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. Monday to Saturday, 12 to 6 on Sunday. Will be open extended hours during the Games.

Phipps Plaza, 3500 Peachtree Road, N.E.; (404) 262-0992. Regular hours 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. Monday to Saturday, noon to 5:30 P.M. Sunday. Will be open extended hours during the Games.

**Graphic**

Photos: Little Five Points, a funky neighborhood populated by college students and skateboarders. (Thomas S. England for The New York Times); A picnic in Grant Park; nearby are some of the city's nicest Victorian homes. (Michael A. Schwarz for The New York Times); A Vietnamese restaurant on Buford Highway, a stretch of road with an international flavor. (Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times) (pg. 13); Outdoor tables at Fellini's Pizza in Candler Park. (Michael A. Schwarz for The New York Times) (pg. 26)

**Load-Date:** June 2, 1996

**End of Document**



[***Fight***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5JD8-BCW1-JBG3-64GX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 28, 2016 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 0; Sports Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 7388 words

**Byline:** By DAN BARRY

**Body**

PART 1

In One Corner

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio -- Numbered balls of chance rattle and rise two nights a week down at the cavernous community hall of Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Orthodox Church. It's called a good bingo when your number comes up.

But that last Saturday before Christmas offered no good bingos. The night was reserved for a boxing event billed as Season's Beatings, which had prompted a newspaper deliveryman named Anthony Taylor to pull up in his clattering Dodge Caravan. Twenty-four years old, 5 feet tall, 115 pounds, about to turn pro.

A fist of nerves, he walked down the glazed-tile stairwell to the finished basement, a space used for church dances and wedding banquets, but now an open locker room. Chandeliers glittered above the fighters trying to warm up and calm down, while the crowds upstairs cheered on the amateurs, including a sleepy-eyed 11-year-old who would knock out his grade-school opponent.

Taylor had longed for this moment. All those years of being picked on because of his size, all those street fights, all that anger needing redirection toward something constructive -- all down to this. He had his hair in ropy dreadlocks and his tiger-patterned shorts, custom-made for $300, pulled high on his hardened torso.

Portable curtains in the basement separated the hometown favorites from the out-of-towners, the A's from the B's. Someone smart about boxing could walk in cold and tell which side was which. The local fighters are usually a notch above, in better shape, expected to win.

But Taylor's been-around trainer, Jack Loew, heard this hammering sound, a whap, whap, whap-whap, from the curtain's other side. He peeked and saw a sinewy teenager in red-and-white shorts pounding the outstretched mitts of his trainer with uncommon discipline. Whap-whap.

''We got a fighter,'' Loew said to somebody.

Taylor was on his own side of the divide, warming up, when the curtain briefly parted to reveal his opponent. They made eye contact.

''Nothing like anger,'' Taylor recalled. ''Both nervous. Just looking at each other.''

The curtain closed.

A Life of Taking Punches and Unleashing His Own

''Five foot even.'' That's how Anthony Taylor describes his height. Not a half-inch higher or lower. Five foot even.

When you're 9 inches shorter than the average man, abuse will find you. But Taylor was determined from an early age to prove his true stature the only way he knew. ''Street fighting,'' he says.

His mother, an assembly-line factory worker, and his father, a handyman, split up before he was in kindergarten, so he bounced around a little. Moving from the small Ohio city of Warren to Youngstown, then down to Jackson, Tenn., he learned that broken families were tough on children, and that bullies were ubiquitous.

''I was always the smallest guy in the neighborhood, so I had a lot of people picking on me,'' Taylor said. ''I really didn't go around looking for trouble. It just seemed to find me because I was so small.''

''And I had a bad attitude,'' he added.

One day the manager of a gym in Jackson saw this small angry kid giving as good as he got, and invited him to do something with those quick hands and quicker rage. The kid began to learn.

''Somebody hit you, hit you really hard, and you want to do something back,'' Taylor said. ''But when you think about it, you can't fight when you're angry. Boxing is a thinking game.''

Taylor followed the amateur circuit -- Florida, Alabama, Arkansas, Nevada -- earning a reputation as a boxer who kept on coming. At a fight one night in Little Rock, his trainer called out, ''Go get him, Tiger.'' The nickname stuck.

He tried a semester of community college, but higher education wasn't for him, at least not yet. Sometimes the classes would run over time, and he'd be late to the gym. College could wait, he figured; boxing could not. He had his career goals.

''To be at the top of the ladder,'' he said. ''Number one. Champion.''

Missing his family back north, Taylor returned to Ohio. He lives with his fiancée, Tiera Glover, their 3-year-old daughter and her two sons in Warren, in a worn house with green plastic furniture planted under the porch's sagging roof.

They cover the $600 monthly rent by delivering 250 copies of The Tribune Chronicle, a Warren newspaper, every morning. And every afternoon, except on days when he can't afford the gas, Taylor drives his knocking Dodge Caravan, with its car seat and little girl toys, the 20 miles to Youngstown -- to Jack Loew's South Side Boxing Club, his cinder-block sanctuary, where boxing gloves hang from nails like holiday ornaments.

The club stands out along a beat-up stretch of Market Street. Some years ago, its owner, Jack Loew, hired a resident of a nearby halfway house for convicts to paint the exterior red and black. The artist also painted a pair of boxing gloves, enveloped in a wreath of stars that can convey dreamlike glory or a concussive haze.

Loew is 56, Youngstown-born, and as squat and solid as his building. He boxed as an amateur before focusing on a college football career that ended after several knee operations. He became a Teamster, lost the warehouse job he thought would last to retirement, worked construction and started his own asphalt-sealing company.

He also opened this club in 1989, as if in homage to what his hometown had once been. Youngstown was a pugnacious steel city of 167,000 when Loew was born, with boxing clubs anchored in many neighborhoods. This is where his childhood friend Ray Mancini -- Boom Boom -- learned how to become a world lightweight champion.

A half-century later, Youngstown is down to a population of 65,000, a hemorrhaging of 100,000 people caused by steel-plant closings, a failure to diversify and the absence, so far, of a sustainable second act. Lost in the exodus were some signature parts of the Youngstown culture, including many boxing clubs.

But Loew took a shot. He opened his gym on Southern Boulevard, moved to an ancient brick building on Erie Street, then settled here, on the city's tough south side. No problems so far, save for that time someone removed a massive tractor tire from the gym and rolled it like a determined Sisyphus up and down the hilly neighborhood -- only to return the tire the next day. His excuse was simple: Just wanted to see if I could do it, Coach.

Two decades ago, a scrappy 9-year-old kid from the south side's Slovak neighborhood came to Loew's gym looking to learn how to box. This kid, Kelly Pavlik, went on to become the Ghost, an electrifying, dominant boxer with a drinking problem. He abruptly quit in 2013, saying he feared the long-term medical impact of his chosen career.

''Kelly picked my door to come through,'' said Loew, who is called Coach Jack by his boxers. ''We were always crowded, but when we won middleweight champion of the world. ...''

No need to finish the sentence: Pavlik's success was good for Jack Loew's South Side Boxing Club. It attracted a lot of locals looking to make their mark, including a superflyweight named Anthony Taylor.

''A 115-pound Joe Frazier,'' Loew said. This is boxing code for saying that Taylor keeps coming at you, takes a punch to give a punch, and has fists that hit like anvils.

Taylor couldn't remain an amateur forever. Loew needed to find him a professional opponent, maybe for the Season's Beatings event that he had set up for the week before Christmas at the Ukrainian hall. But flyweights and bantamweights -- who weigh less than half the reigning heavyweight champion, Tyson Fury -- are hard to come by in this part of the country.

A couple of weeks before Christmas, though, a trainer from Detroit who was bringing in two amateurs for the boxing night offered a solution. He said that he could supply a flyweight who, like Taylor, was itching to turn pro.

Two Partners Engaging in a Dangerous Dance

The ding of a bell in a church hall transformed two slight young men into professional fighters, hired to withstand blows to body and head while trying to pound each other out of consciousness. Their pay for the four-round fight: $300 for Taylor and $500 for his 19-year-old opponent, since he was coming in from 200 miles away.

Moments earlier they had stood with heads bowed, their coaches massaging their backs as the referee went over final details. Then they had tapped gloves, a gesture conveying good-luck solidarity between strangers, known to each other only through a stolen glance across that parted curtain.

Anthony Taylor danced the cautionary dance with his partner, head bobbing, looking for a moment to strike. He prided himself on his patience. But when the opponent tested with a tentative, catlike thrust, Taylor responded with a wild swing that punched only air, betraying his overeagerness.

Then came a split-second scrum, left right left right. Violent contact made. The crowd aahed in approval.

More than 700 people had turned out. Loew, the promoter as well as Taylor's trainer, had charged $20 for general admission and $50 for ringside, while also managing to sell more than two dozen corporate tables. But after covering expenses that included the referee, the hall and ring rentals, and the hotel rooms for out-of-town boxers, Loew would take in just $382 for his eight weeks of work.

At least his choice of location and timing -- a Ukrainian church hall in late December -- ensured a festive touch to the boxing event. A decorated Christmas tree sparkled in the corner. A blue-and-yellow Ukrainian flag hung over the water fountain. A Christmas wreath and bright lights hung beside signs that said, ''Valid Bingo Is Ball Called -- Not Off Monitor'' and ''Early Bird Winner Take All.''

Instead of calls of ''B-14'' and ''O-66,'' though, there arose the grunts of boxers, the whacks of leather against flesh, the cries and sighs of spectators in thrall. Some of the loudest shouts came from Taylor's friends and family members.

''Come on, Ant'! You got this!''

Taylor crouched as he stalked, making his 5-foot frame even smaller before springing like a jack-in-the-box. He connected with a left that sent his opponent back, and kept on coming.

He ducked under a swing, came over the top and delivered another left that knocked the fighter in red and white down into the ropes. As Taylor retreated to his corner, fans were shouting: ''He's done, he's done! Stop the fight!''

Seconds later, Taylor struck again. ''His guard came down, and I hit him with a straight left hand,'' he recalled. A second knockdown, although this time his opponent got up quickly, adjusting his trunks as if the fall had been nothing more than a wardrobe malfunction.

Then Taylor found himself reeling backward, almost comically, after taking a hard left to the head. He responded with a punch that he thought connected for a delayed knockdown; others saw more of a phantom punch and stumble.

Still, Loew recalled, ''If the ref had stopped the fight, I don't think anyone would have complained.''

The bell clanged. Taylor slumped to his corner, exhausted from all that he had expended trying to end the fight. He drank some water and listened to encouraging words from Loew, who struggled to be heard over the boom-boom-hiss music pounding out of the sound system. Then, again, came the bell's beckoning.

Taylor found his opponent waiting for him at the center of the ring, as if awakened by the knockdowns of the previous round. Soon there came a left that bounced Taylor off the ring's blue-and-red ropes.

''Anthony!'' someone pleaded.

But Taylor could not yet find the wind or strength. ''I threw out a lot of gas in the first round by me trying to finish him off,'' he said later. ''You're trying to hurry up and get done with the fight. And that's where the turnaround was in the second round.''

''Knock him out,'' someone in Taylor's corner shouted.

Then: ''Get him! Get him!''

And: ''Let's go, Tiger!''

And: ''Put him down, Ant'!''

Taylor took quick rights to the jaw, another hard right that rocked him, then a left and a right. Gloved fists pounded his many tattoos: the ''R.I.P.'' on his right shoulder that honors a brother shot to death (''Wrong place, wrong time,'' he says); the skull-and-diamond on his left shoulder that reminds him he's a jewel in the rough; the dice and playing cards adorning his chest, along with the inscription:

''Life A Gamble.''

Tension and Triumph, Confusion and Dread

The bell.

Another squirt of water. More of Coach Jack's encouragement, only now sounding urgent. The passing blur of a young woman holding aloft a placard announcing Round 3.

The bell.

And there was Taylor's opponent again, at the center of the ring, waiting.

Taylor connected with a roundhouse left, but his opponent returned with a hard-right insult to the chin. Taylor seemed flat-footed, almost disengaged, as if exhaustion had displaced his purpose.

''Let's go, little man!'' someone called out. But Taylor's coach was more concrete. ''Breathe, breathe!'' Loew was shouting. ''You gotta push it, Anthony!''

Taylor did revive, holding his own until the bell. He was convinced the round was a tossup, but his coach knew otherwise. ''Anthony was gassed in the third round, and took an ass-whipping,'' Loew said.

Now it was the fourth and last round, the final three minutes, and there again was his opponent, waiting. Taylor knew this was it -- ''an all-or-nothing thing,'' he called it.

His dreadlocks swayed as he danced and dodged, as he punched and received punches. It went this way, a study in mundane violence, for most of the first two minutes. Toe to toe.

But then Taylor suddenly had his opponent near the ropes. He threw a right that either glanced off the boxer or missed him entirely. The opponent fell backward to all but sit on the apron.

Trying to capitalize, Taylor threw a left. But the opponent ducked to his right and stumbled forward, head sweeping briefly against Taylor's chest, arms outstretched, looking for something to hold on to, as if the blue mat had been pulled from beneath him. He looped his left arm around Taylor's torso as he fell onto his right knee, his lower body gone limp, his black gloves down in sudden vulnerability.

The referee waved his arms. Fight over! He bent down to help the opponent, who reached up with his right hand. Halfway to his feet, the boxer wobbled and fell back down.

The sudden uncertainty disrupted the order in the ring. The opponent's coach had slipped through the ropes and was now trying to help his fighter, who struggled again to rise, only to sway and fall back against his coach's shins.

My knee, he was saying. My knee.

Loew was also in the ring, yelling to Bernie Profato, the director of the Ohio Athletic Commission, sitting at ringside, that the round hadn't ended, and you can't have people coming into the ring, and that was a knockdown. ...

''Your kid's gotta hit him for a knockdown,'' Profato called back.

Mere noise. The fight was over.

The opponent lay on his back as some people hovered over him, including the ringside doctor -- a dermatologist -- now slipping on a pair of surgical gloves. Taylor, meanwhile, knew only that he had won. He raised an arm and took a few courtly bows.

But a shadow of dread was settling over this decorated bingo hall masquerading as a boxing arena. A fallen man was not rising, not rising, still not rising. His eyes were closed. Medics were climbing into the ring.

''You knew,'' Loew said. ''You knew right then and there.''

You knew right then and there. The loser, this kid from Michigan named Hamzah Aljahmi, now 0-1, was unconscious. And the winner, Anthony Taylor, now 1-0, was sobbing.

PART 2

In the Other Corner

DEARBORN, Mich. -- The amateur boxer slept. Huddled in the passenger seat of his family's sport utility vehicle, he rocked in slumber as his father drove out of Dearborn, then south and east around Lake Erie, verses from the Quran intoning softly from the speakers.

Now and then the boxer would rouse long enough for a snatch of small talk. But soon his eyes would close again, and he would sleep through the December blur of Rust Belt towns and rust-colored fields, right to the edge of the Ohio city where he was to fight his first professional fight.

Youngstown.

This was Hamzah Aljahmi, 19, the oldest child and best friend of the man behind the wheel, Ali Aljahmi. The disabled-parking permit dangling from the rearview mirror hinted of the father's middle-age worries, but no matter how bad things got, he knew that he could always confide in this beautiful man-child beside him, sleeping now to the rutted-road rhythms.

How could he deny his son's passionate dream to box his way to fame and fortune? To become the pride of Dearborn? Of Yemeni people everywhere? This was Hamzah's destiny: to make his professional debut at a Christmastime boxing event called Season's Beatings.

Hamzah's father had followed a different path. Born in Yemen, he had immigrated to Brooklyn, left high school without graduating -- joked around too much, he says -- and begun a life of manual labor. Store work. Factory work. Lifting and moving.

He gravitated to Dearborn, the world headquarters of the Ford Motor Company, where two-fifths of the nearly 100,000 residents are Arab-American: Lebanese, Syrian, Iraqi, Palestinian, Yemeni. Here are the Henry Ford museum and the Arab American National Museum, plants that make the F-150 truck and restaurants that make fahsa, a seasoned lamb stew that is shared with others and scooped with torn pieces of flatbread.

Now Ali Aljahmi was the married father of five, disabled by a job-related injury and living in a ***working-class*** neighborhood, a block from a massive factory. But he was an Aljahmi, a member of a fiercely proud extended Yemeni family with deep roots in two cultures. The Aljahmis, the Eljahmis, the Algahmis, the Aljahims -- all there for him, and he for them.

Above all, he was there for Hamzah, his elder son, the boxer.

Years earlier, when the family was living in Detroit, three kids ganged up on skinny young Hamzah Aljahmi. The boy held his own in the mismatch, prompting an onlooker to give grudging respect: Your son is one tough character.

Sensing a purpose in life, Hamzah began training with one of his idols, Brian Mihtar, a prominent Yemeni-American middleweight boxer known as Brian the Lion, who compiled a 13-1 record, with 10 knockouts, before suspending his career in 2010. He took a liking to this fledgling boxer, who showed both talent and heart.

''Like a brother,'' Mihtar said.

When Mihtar closed his gym, Aljahmi and his father searched the Detroit area for someone who could make the boy pro-worthy someday. They eventually chose Mohamed Hamood, or Coach Mo, a muscular former Marine with a shaved head who builds houses to support his family and his boxing fix.

The amateur's determination and focus impressed Hamood. The boy had phenomenal hand speed, an ability to slip punches, and surprising pop for a flyweight. But his tendency to fight with his chin up often left him dangerously exposed; it was almost as if he were daring to be hit.

Still, Hamood said, ''a very hard worker -- very hard.''

Hamzah Aljahmi fought more than a score of amateur matches, winning most and learning from all. Turning pro became his obsession, his father said: ''All the time, his mind go to the boxing.''

He admired the ferocious boxers of Yemeni blood. Sadam Ali, the tough welterweight from Brooklyn. Mohamed Adam, the young superfeatherweight from Dearborn. His former coach, the Lion, Brian Mihtar. And, of course, Prince Naseem, whose image even served for a while as the wallpaper on Aljahmi's smartphone.

True, the young man had other interests. He attended prayer services. Doted on his mother and younger siblings. Abided high school, barely. Kept girls at a safe but friendly distance. Worked at a Tim Horton's doughnut shop and then at the American Coney Island restaurant, serving hot dogs smothered in chili and onions.

But it was boxing that defined him. He craved cranberry juice, shunned bread and spent most of his spare time in Hamood's gym, in Dearborn Heights, working out, sparring with heavier partners, itching to fight for a living.

''He was bugging me to go pro when he was 17,'' Hamood, 55, recalled. ''And I'd say, 'Let's take our time.' ''

Some friends and relatives approached the inherent violence of Aljahmi's passion delicately, occasionally suggesting that he give up the ring. Others accepted that he knew who he was, and admired him for it. He talked of becoming champion and parlaying his hard-won fame in a way that would help others in need -- in war-ravaged Yemen and beyond.

Remember when he helped to collect clothes for Syrian refugees? And somehow persuaded his father to donate his three favorite coats?

Remember that saying he used to repeat? ''You laugh at me because I'm different; I laugh at you because you're all the same.''

Mohammad Yacoubi, 19, a classmate of Aljahmi's and one of his closest friends, shrugged in mock surrender while trying to explain the young man's charms. He had no enemies, he was respectful to his mother and father, he loved his siblings, and he was loyal to his friends.

''Just a special kid,'' Yacoubi said.

Opportunity came in early December, when Coach Mo Hamood struck a deal to have Aljahmi fight in Youngstown against another amateur who was also turning pro. ''He was ready,'' Hamood said of his young flyweight.

Aljahmi girded for the day. After telling his father that a door had opened, he posted a photograph on Instagram of his application for a Michigan boxing license, along with a note sharing the date of his debut fight -- ''DECEMBER 19th'' -- and asking people to come support him.

''Alhamdulillah.'' Praise be to God.

Making Final Preparations and Planning to Celebrate

As the S.U.V. approached the outskirts of Youngstown, some three hours after leaving Dearborn, Hamzah Aljahmi stirred into consciousness. Looking around, he said that it was his turn to drive.

His father laughed but surrendered the wheel.

Father and son headed to the prefight weigh-in at a government building in downtown Youngstown. The younger Aljahmi's yes-sir-no-sir manner impressed the director of the Ohio Athletic Commission, a retired police officer and former referee named Bernie Profato -- so much so that Profato told him, win or lose, ''You'll be welcome back in Ohio anytime.''

After the weigh-in, Aljahmi joined his coach and the two amateurs from Dearborn, including an 11-year-old with a preternatural punching ability, for some carbo-loading at a Carrabba's Italian restaurant, not far from their rooms at the Red Roof Inn. Aljahmi had pasta with cream sauce.

Before the night was over, the eager boxer posted one last photograph of himself on Instagram. Big smile. Throwing a right fist at the camera. ''Ready for 2mrw fight night everyone keep me in ur prayers inshallah,'' he wrote.

If Allah wills it.

The next morning, Aljahmi and his father ate breakfast at an IHOP -- eggs and turkey sausage for more weight gain -- then returned to the hotel for a short rest and the long wait. Since the next day would be the father's 51st birthday, the two Aljahmis talked about getting a cake.

''Win and we'll celebrate twice,'' the father promised.

With the time drawing near, they drove with Coach Mo and his two young amateurs to the half-century-old community hall of Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Orthodox Church, on Youngstown's west side. Joining them were four friends who had driven from Dearborn in a cramped two-door Toyota.

Down in the hall's chandeliered basement, where curtains separated boxers from the opponents they were about to meet, young Aljahmi chatted away as his coach prepared him for his debut.

While Aljahmi sat with his arms propped on a white towel draped over a chair back, Coach Mo wrapped his boxer's hands in protective gauze, carefully, almost clinically. He then slipped eight-ounce gloves over those hands and tied the strings. Finally, to cut down on the rudeness of leather against skin, he applied petroleum jelly with his fingertips to the unlined brow, the fresh cheeks, and the chin too often left exposed in the rashness of youth.

There was one last detail. With his first professional fight just moments away, Aljahmi still had no nickname. But if his opponent -- a short fighter he had seen when the curtain between them suddenly opened -- was calling himself the Tiger, then how about something just as feral? How about the Lion?

Agreed.

A protective entourage -- his father, his coach, a few friends -- escorted Aljahmi up the basement steps and into the parquet-floored auditorium, a Christmas-decorated bingo hall set up for a boxing event. Now here he was, for the night's first professional fight, a four-rounder in the superflyweight division.

In red-and-white shorts with matching red shoes, the dynamo from Dearborn. The pride of the Yemeni-American community. His father's best friend.

Hamzah ''the Lion'' Aljahmi.

A Sudden Shift in Mood After the Opening Bell

Before the first bell, Aljahmi had told Coach Mo that this was his time. I'm ready, Coach, he had said. Let's get this thing going.

Now it was going, but not well. Aljahmi's opponent was quick, active, and crouched so small that he made for a difficult target. The sight of their Hamzah being pummeled startled his friends, who had been harboring a more abstract understanding of what it meant to box professionally.

Then down Aljahmi went, tagged by a powerful left. His opponent had capitalized on the weakness that Coach Mo had been working on: the ''boxing no-no,'' he called it, of leaving the chin exposed.

''It felt like a movie when he went down,'' Aljahmi's friend Mohammad Yacoubi said. ''He had gone into that ring like a superhero.''

A few seconds later, Aljahmi went down a second time, forcing Coach Mo to make quick assessments. His young boxer was more ''wobbly'' after the first knockdown, the coach later said, after taking a punch that was ''right on the button.'' But the second one?

''He had a little wobble,'' he said. ''But he can go.''

Aljahmi did bounce up quickly. He adjusted his trunks -- as if recalibrating body and mind -- and went back to work. Becoming more aggressive, he delivered a hard left that had his opponent backpedaling.

Then, while trying to avoid a swing that seemed to hit more air than flesh, Aljahmi fell against the ropes. He might have simply tripped, but it was not an impressive way to end the first round. Two knockdowns and one stumble.

He returned to his corner charged with energy.

What did I do wrong, Coach?

''Hamzah, your chin is way up in the air,'' Hamood recalled saying. ''And your right hand is down.''

Aljahmi went out to own the second round, exploiting his opponent's fatigue and blocking out the shouts of a Youngstown crowd eager to see this out-of-towner fall. When the bell rang, he all but ran back to his corner after leaving his weary opponent on the ropes.

''Great job,'' Coach Mo told Aljahmi. ''Let's keep doing what you're doing. Use your jab. No need to wrestle with him.''

Aljahmi looked at his clutch of friends in the seats, smiled, nodded his head -- and returned to the ring to follow his coach's instructions exactly.

Round 3 repeated Round 2. Although his opponent tagged him quickly with a left from nowhere, Aljahmi answered with a hard right to the chin.

''There he goes!'' Yacoubi, Aljahmi's friend, shouted.

Soon another Aljahmi right found purchase.

''There you go! There you go! He's tired! He's tired! Hamzah, he's tired!''

This was true. Aljahmi's opponent was still recovering from having fought so aggressively in the first round. His own coach was shouting for him to push through it -- which he did, briefly, during a late-round flurry.

The bell rang just as Aljahmi uncorked one more punch. A little late, it seemed, but clearly accidental. He tapped his opponent's chest in apology.

Coach Mo gave Aljahmi water and applied more petroleum jelly, that translucent touch of protection, to his eyebrows, cheeks and nose. ''We need this round,'' the coach said, as if to make clear to his boxer the tossup closeness of the fight.

I got you, Coach.

Aljahmi then leaned over, found his father in the crowd, and shook his right glove in a gesture that seemed to say now is the time. Now.

He was so jacked up on adrenaline that he hurried to the center of the ring well before the bell. The blue-shirted referee had to nudge him back a step or two, while his coach called after him that he was the toughest kid he knew.

''Go get him,'' Coach Mo commanded.

The two superflyweights gave it their all, each determined not to lose his professional debut, as the crowd urged them on.

''Give him one, Hamzah!'' Aljahmi's friends shouted. ''There you go! More! More!''

''Get him, get him, get him!''

''Hamzah, get him! Hamzah, he's done! He's done!''

''Keep going!''

Then -- a punch to their friend's head. ''Oooh!''

Aljahmi, who had been dominating, was suddenly backed into a corner by his flailing opponent.

''Get out of the corner!'' a friend yelled. ''Get out of the corner!''

Too late. Their superhero was squat against the apron, dodging swings, lurching forward, grasping to hold on to something unseen, then falling, drooping, legs not cooperating, arms down.

The referee stopped the fight, causing confusion about what had just happened. He tried to help Aljahmi to his feet, but the boxer could not find the strength. Panicking, Coach Mo rushed into the ring.

''Good job, Hamzah!'' he said, mistakenly thinking the bell had rung. ''Get up. You won the fight!''

I can't. My knee. I twisted my knee.

He leaned back, or maybe fell back, onto Coach Mo's shins.

Aljahmi's father and friends had just been shouting that his opponent was ''done''; now they were mute. A moment ago their Hamzah had been controlling the fight; now he was propped against his coach's legs like a rag doll.

A dermatologist serving as the ringside doctor slipped under the ropes and donned surgical gloves. The Lion lay flat on the mat.

Then, Coach Mo said, ''Hamzah closed his eyes.''

PART 3

The Final Bell

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio -- The fearless young boxer feared what he would see, feared how he would be received. He lingered at the threshold of the surgical intensive care unit, unable to take those few short steps to the bedside of his comatose opponent.

The boxer, Anthony Taylor, known for his take-a-punch-to-give-a-punch ferocity, froze under the unforgiving lights of crisis care at St. Elizabeth Youngstown Hospital, where a chorus of beeping monitors and exhaling respirators sang of lives at the precipice. He did not want to be here.

That is, he wanted to be here, and his coach told him that he should be here, but he was frightened. In his gloveless hands he carried the shield of a bouquet, bright yellow flowers that were like dandelions, only nicer.

A nurse asked if he needed help. Soon, a relative of the patient he had come to see invited him into a crowded room. There, in a small bed, with a white bandage wrapped around his head and a blue air tube running from his mouth, was the man Taylor had recently danced and fought with:

Hamzah Aljahmi, 19, his eyes still closed.

Taylor handed the flowers to someone and sat in a chair near the foot of the bed, stunned. To think that less than 72 hours earlier, he and this person had each been paid a few hundred dollars to fight their first professional fight, a four-rounder in the hall of a Ukrainian church. To think how they had stared into each other's eyes while engaged in a most violent form of intimacy.

It could be 24-year-old Anthony Taylor in that bed, not Hamzah Aljahmi. Now Anthony would be spending the holidays with his family, while Hamzah. ...

The visitor began to cry.

Ali Aljahmi, a first cousin, was moved, even impressed, by the sight of this distraught stranger paying his respects. For you to step into this room of anger and grief, Aljahmi thought to himself. For you to come to be with us. Takes a lot of strength.

The cousin led Taylor into the hall to offer comforting perspective. Whatever was happening in that hospital room was Allah's will, he said, and do not doubt that you helped Hamzah to realize his dream of becoming a professional boxer.

One more thing, Aljahmi said. ''You have become family with me forever for this kind of gesture.''

Taylor returned to the room and, for the next hour, talked with the father, an uncle and a few cousins of the man laid out before them, the black of his eyebrows enhanced by an enveloping whiteness of bandages and blankets.

''They told me they wanted me to keep going,'' Taylor recalled. ''That he would want me to keep going, and that I have to honor him and keep him alive by continuing to box.''

The father, also named Ali Aljahmi, would only vaguely remember Taylor's visit, so mind-blurring were his waves of grief. He had been at the fight. He had seen his beloved son, a determined fighter, crumple to the blue mat. Not in direct response to any punch, it seemed, but almost as an afterthought.

The elder Aljahmi had been here in this chilling, antiseptic environment ever since, save for when nurses would gently tell him it was time to leave for the night. He'd return to a hotel whose name he would not remember and try to avoid the many anxious telephone calls from family members and friends back in their hometown of Dearborn.

How is Hamzah? How is Hamzah? How is Hamzah?

The father did not want to answer. If he did respond, it was to tell a version of the truth: ''Hamzah is sleeping.''

Finally, the father telephoned a nephew in Dearborn with the same name as his: Ali Aljahmi, Hamzah's cousin. I need you to bring Hamzah's mother here to Youngstown, Ali. She needs to see him.

The nephew understood what his uncle was not saying. He did as he was told. He packed Hamzah's mother, Jamilah Aljahmi, and other relatives into a borrowed Chevy Cruze and began to drive, listening to them cry because Hamzah had been injured, but knowing that worse news awaited them in Youngstown.

The mother saw her child wrapped in white, as if already prepared for the coffin. She held his feet, felt warmth, and in her profound grief exclaimed that he was alive!

All this was too much for her health, it was decided. A relative drove Hamzah's mother and the other women back to Dearborn. To wait for what was to be.

But the father clung to hope as his son had clung to the ropes. He arose one morning in that strange hotel feeling as though all would be well. These efficient people in lab coats and nursing outfits would find some high-tech equivalent of smelling salts, and his son's eyes would open.

Finally, though, the father let go. Shedding his stoicism, he collapsed onto his son's chest and begged between sobs that Hamzah rise and come with him to IHOP for another restorative meal. Please, Hamzah, he implored. Do not leave your best friend like this.

The shaken cousin, Ali Aljahmi, sought out the neurosurgeon and asked to be told straight, so that the family could prepare. ''He said in 30 years he hadn't seen a brain so damaged,'' he remembered. ''He told me flat-out: Start making arrangements.''

By this point, Anthony Taylor the boxer had said his hospital goodbyes and driven his dented Dodge Caravan the 20 miles back to the weathered white house he rented with his fiancée. Exhausted by it all, he fell asleep, only to awake an hour later to a text message aglow on his phone.

Hamzah Aljahmi was dead.

A Tribute to a Man Who 'Was Everything'

After the autopsy, a Youngstown funeral home arranged to return Hamzah Aljahmi to Michigan, retracing his interstate journey past the deadened brown of a Rust Belt December, to a funeral home in Detroit, close to the Dearborn line.

A handful of relatives and friends, all men, prepared the young body for burial. They prayed as they tended to their somber task, while verses of the Quran emanated from a loudspeaker.

The dead young man was laid upon a table. Fingernails and toenails were clipped. The body was meticulously cleansed and gently rubbed with a scented oil that made the skin glisten -- ''The smell was very beautiful,'' the cousin Ali Aljahmi said. Then it was wrapped in three sheets of white cloth.

The boxer was placed in a cloth-covered coffin made of fiberboard and cardboard, in keeping with an adherence to simplicity. A pleasant perfume was sprinkled over the burial cloth.

Late the next morning, a dark blue Dodge Caravan hearse carried the body the seven miles to the American Moslem Society mosque, a tan-brick building topped with a turquoise dome. Hundreds were already gathering in the parking lot.

Family members shelved their shoes and carried the modest coffin up the stairs, past the small brown donation boxes and into a sectioned-off area reserved for women, at the far back of the cavernous hall. The sounds of weeping escaped the divide.

The coffin, draped in a green-and-yellow cloth, was then moved to one side of the long rectangular hall, where mourners paid their respects to many, many relatives: the extended Aljahmi tribe. The father, Ali Aljahmi, sat in the first chair, and in the second, at the family's insistence, was Mohamed Hamood -- Coach Mo -- Hamzah's grief-shredded trainer.

The mourning paused for the afternoon prayer. Long rows of men and boys, including many not before seen at the mosque, stood shoulder to shoulder on the green-and-gold carpet with patterns pointing toward Mecca. They spilled into the downstairs space and out into the parking lot.

After the afternoon prayer, relatives carried the coffin to the front of the room. The imam led a short funeral service that included prayers for forgiveness, for Hamzah Aljahmi, for all of humankind, and for mercy upon the family.

Allahu akbar. God is great.

It was time for burial. The shoeless pallbearers descended the stairs to meet the December cold and the jostle of thousands. They walked with purpose across the lot, some slipping into shoes as they went, carving a path through a human crush that was affecting traffic along Vernor Highway. Many vied to touch the coffin, while others competed for an honored turn as a pallbearer.

But why so many mourners for a 19-year-old man?

People explain that Hamzah Aljahmi ''died in action''; that he represented the Yemeni embrace of boxing; that he made friends with Arabs and non-Arabs, black, white, male, female; that he embodied an infectious liveliness.

''He was everything, to be honest with you,'' Ibrahim Aljahim, a cousin and community leader, said. Another cousin, Fayez Algahmi, a former honorary consul of Yemen, agreed. ''The way he died, and the thing he died for, touched everyone,'' Algahmi said.

The funeral procession turned right onto Riverside Drive, along which the rusty chain-link fence of Woodmere Cemetery disappears into the distance. Now and then the undulations in the cemetery's brown grass revealed the gray-white tops of tombstones.

Chanting prayers as they walked, the mourners turned left at a gate to enter the cemetery, many of them forming a protective bubble around the raised coffin. The occasional cold breeze ruffled its drape of green-and-yellow cloth.

Near the grave site, relatives opened the coffin one more time, so that the father and a few others could say their final goodbyes. ''I gave him a bunch of kisses on the forehead,'' his first cousin Ali Aljahmi recalled.

In keeping with Islamic ritual, the body was turned on its right side to face Mecca, and some dirt was placed beside it. The coffin was closed, and lowered into its concrete rectangular case. Then mourner after mourner threw dirt three times into the hole, signifying the beginning and end of things.

God is great, they whispered. To God we belong, and to him we shall return.

The communal grieving did not end at the grave. For weeks afterward, streams of people came to the Aljahmi family's simple home to offer condolences and distraction. Among them were many young people seeking some token or relic of their friend the boxer, Hamzah the Lion. A T-shirt. A jacket. A shoe. A ribbon. A trophy.

Of course, of course, the brokenhearted father would say.

''I don't close the door,'' he explained.

A Fighter Finds Comfort in Someone Who Understands

On the tough south side of Youngstown, in the squat cinder-block refuge called Jack Loew's South Side Boxing Club, the boxing life continues for Anthony Taylor. He and other would-be champions punch bags and skip rope, spar with partners and obey the sign that says ''no weapon of any kind'' -- other than fists.

Taylor had taken some time off after the Hamzah Aljahmi fight to get his body and mind straight. His right hand had been damaged, among other parts.

True, the first time Taylor returned to the ring to spar, he froze for a moment. (''I was waiting on him, and he hit me, and hit me again,'' he says. ''And I was like, O.K.'') But now the Tiger is back, shorn of his dreadlocks and preparing for his second professional fight, which is scheduled to be at the same venue, Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Orthodox Church. He'll be taking his chances, once again, in a bingo hall.

''I can't walk in there thinking about what happened,'' Taylor says, as if trying to convince himself. ''You can't change what's happened in the past. I wish I could.''

As Taylor works out, his coach, Jack Loew, sits in his back office, the walls covered with boxing memorabilia, a broken speed bag on his desk. He was the promoter behind that fatal boxing event, and he has wept over Aljahmi's death.

''You don't think about stuff like that,'' Loew says, voice cracking. ''A frigging club show with 115-pounders for four rounds.''

A few loose ends from that night remain to be tied. For one thing, the Mahoning County coroner has yet to release the results of his autopsy (although the weakness in Aljahmi's right leg that night could be suggestive of a left hemispheric brain bleed). This is why Bernie Profato, the Ohio Athletic Commission's director, has not formally closed the case, although he says his own inquiry found no lapses of protocol by the commission he oversees.

Profato is also haunted by the memory of this polite young man, such a model of respect at the weigh-in. But the inherent dangers are made plain in the contracts signed by boxers, including these two first-time pros, Taylor and Aljahmi.

''You're entering a sport where you could be seriously hurt or injured,'' Profato says. ''They know that. That's just the nature of the sport.''

A childhood friend of Loew's comes through the boxing club's door: Ray Mancini, the onetime lightweight world champion, known in Youngstown and far beyond as Boom Boom. Unfairly, he is also known for one fight: Duk-koo Kim, Las Vegas, 1982.

Mancini connected with two hard rights to Kim's head at the start of the 14th round, sending the tenacious South Korean challenger to the canvas and prompting the referee to declare a technical knockout. Incurring a brain bleed known as a subdural hematoma, Kim lapsed into a coma and died four days later. He was 27.

Mancini was 21.

It took years, but Mancini worked his way through the depression and self-doubt that followed. Even though he eventually forgave himself and made peace with the tragedy, he says, others have shown less grace over the years.

''Hey, Boom Boom,'' he mimics. ''Hey, man, let me ask you something. What's it like to kill somebody in the ring? I mean, what's it like to see someone go down and never get up?''

Mancini is 54 now, gray-haired and fit, with various business and entertainment interests. He has come to his friend's club this evening to counsel the young boxer with whom he shares a sorrowful bond. He wants to talk about forgiveness, and loudmouths, and giving up the game if there is even the slightest hesitation in the ring.

Loew heads for the door in search of his boxer Taylor, saying, ''I don't even know where this kid is at.''

Soon Anthony Taylor, fresh from the stutter of speed bags and the whack of skipped rope, is in the back-office quiet, sitting shyly across from the Boom Boom Mancini like a confessor before a priest.

''Really sad for you, man,'' Mancini begins. ''I never met you before, but. ...''

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/03/28/sports/boxing-youngstown-anthony-taylor-hamzah-aljahmi.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/03/28/sports/boxing-youngstown-anthony-taylor-hamzah-aljahmi.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (F1)

Bingo players in the community hall of Sts. Peter and Paul Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Youngstown, Ohio, the site of a bout between Anthony Taylor and Hamzah Aljahmi in December. Above, boxing medals on a blanket in the bedroom of Taylor, nicknamed the Tiger, in nearby Warren. (F2)

Top, Taylor working out at Jack Loew's South Side Boxing Club in Youngstown. Above, the Warren neighborhood where Taylor and his fiancée, Tiera Glover, live with their 3-year-old daughter, at left with one of his title belts, and Glover's two sons. (F2-F3)

Awards won by Hamzah Aljahmi, 19, at left in an Instagram photo from December. (F4)

A mural on a building in Hamtramck, Mich., near Aljahmi's Dearborn home, reflects the area's Arab-American culture. (F4-F5)

Above, Hamzah Aljahmi's father, with scarf, and cousin, in purple shirt, who are both named Ali Aljahmi, during prayers at the Islamic Center of America in Dearborn. At left, a photograph of Hamzah and three of his siblings as children. (F5)

St. Elizabeth Youngstown Hospital, where Hamzah Aljahmi was taken after the fight. (F6)

Above, Ali Aljahmi at his son's grave site in Dearborn last month. Below, Ray Mancini, known as Boom Boom, a former lightweight world champion, with Anthony Taylor. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF SWENSEN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (F6-F7)

**Load-Date:** March 28, 2016

**End of Document**



[***TELEVISION/RADIO;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W5H-SFF0-007F-G3CV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Giving a Guerrilla Journalist the Freedom of Cable***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W5H-SFF0-007F-G3CV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 4, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 35; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1530 words

**Byline:** By WARREN BERGER;

Warren Berger is the founding editor of One, a magazine about advertising.

By WARREN BERGER;  Warren Berger is the founding editor of One, a magazine about advertising.

**Body**

IN the debut episode of "The Awful Truth," the new series created by the guerrilla-style documentary filmmaker Michael Moore, viewers meet Christopher Donahue, a Florida man with a life-threatening pancreatic illness. Mr. Donahue desperately needs a transplant, but his health care provider, Humana, refuses to pay for the operation.

On a conventional newsmagazine program, Mr. Donahue's plight might have inspired grave tones and earnest pleas from a well-coiffed correspondent. For Mr. Moore, it is not just a call to action but an opportunity to create mischief. With cameras rolling, he accompanies the ailing Mr. Donahue on a stroll through the corporate offices of Humana, where Mr. Moore asks a sweating, stonewalling public relations official to help him choose in advance a nice coffin for Mr. Donahue. Subsequently, Mr. Moore stages a mock funeral for Mr. Donahue on the lawn of Humana's headquarters in Louisville, Ky. Mr. Moore himself delivers a eulogy for the man standing beside him: "I remember Chris always used to say," Mr. Moore begins, then leans toward Mr. Donahue and asks, "What did you always say?" Mr. Donahue replies, "I just want a pancreas." Before long, Mr. Moore has so thoroughly embarrassed Humana that the company responds by reconsidering in Mr. Donahue's favor.

Those familiar with Mr. Moore's work, particularly his breakthrough documentary film in 1989, "Roger and Me," and his Emmy-winning series "'TV Nation," will recognize that the basic ingredients remain the same in "'The Awful Truth," which has its premiere next Sunday at 9 P.M. on Bravo. As in the past, Mr. Moore can be counted on to defend downtrodden "ordinary people" like Mr. Donahue while taking aim at rigid (and some might say easy) targets like bureaucratic corporations and double-talking politicians. As ever, his chief weapons are his unblinking movie camera and his wicked, offbeat sense of humor, which usually manages to keep him from seeming sanctimonious as he plays a kind of shlumpy Robin Hood.

Mr. Moore's arrival on Bravo could be viewed as a step down for someone who once occupied a prime-time slot on NBC, then one on Fox, with "TV Nation," which ran sporadically during the 1994 and 1995 television seasons. But Mr. Moore insists that he is pleased to be returning to television on cable, where, he said, he is granted more freedom to take on subjects that might be taboo on broadcast networks.

"This show is going to be everything 'TV Nation' would have been if we didn't have the heavy hand of network standards and practices on us," Mr. Moore declared on a recent evening at a Manhattan editing suite, where he was putting the finishing touches on a scene from "The Awful Truth." The segment shows Mr. Moore bringing a group of Christmas carolers to the headquarters of a tobacco company, where he leads them in song in the lobby. The catch: The carolers, all lung cancer victims, sing with croaky artificial voice boxes, as mortified tobacco executives stand by helplessly and watch. "That's something you've never seen on TV before," Mr. Moore said.

Certainly not on Bravo, whose viewers are accustomed to the more mellifluous singing of, say, Luciano Pavarotti. Some viewers of the arts network are likely to be surprised by "The Awful Truth," whose rambunctious segments include one in which Mr. Moore travels with a group of homosexual men in a recreational vehicle he calls "the sodomobile" into states where sodomy is outlawed and interviews shocked local residents.

"If the show creates a little controversy, we're comfortable with that," said Ed Carroll, the general manager at Bravo, which is producing the series with the British network Channel 4. Mr. Carroll said he believed "The Awful Truth" might help Bravo connect with "viewers who haven't sampled the network before." Although "TV Nation" was never highly rated (Mr. Moore blamed poor time slots for the ratings and the show's ultimate demise), it did attract a following of younger viewers, who responded to Mr. Moore's outrageous pranks and his willingness to challenge authority.

In "The Awful Truth," Mr. Moore's fans are with him not only in spirit but in person. Mr. Moore closes and opens the show and introduces each segment standing before and interacting with a live studio audience, filled with mostly young devotees. During the taped segments, the crowd can be heard tittering and cheering whenever Mr. Moore, camera in tow, begins to advance on the bastions where he is most unwelcome (corporate America, Capitol Hill, the Deep South).

But Mr. Moore is not just a prankster playing to the youth audience, a la Tom Green of MTV, whose idea of humor is to cover himself with food. Most of Mr. Moore's segments touch on serious issues like race, class, free trade, environmentalism or health care. Mr. Carroll of Bravo believes that the channel's sophisticated viewers will respond to that aspect of the show as well as to Mr. Moore's arch humor and cinema verite style. Meanwhile, as he is wont to do, Mr. Moore sees his presence on Bravo in terms of class struggle: an arts channel "should not be the purview of only people from the upper class," he said. He promises to bring not just college students but also ***working-class*** viewers into the Bravo fold.

"They're part of my core audience, too," he said.

Mr. Moore, who invariably wears jeans and a baseball cap, and whose slumped posture and bowed knees make it seem as if he is supporting the weight of the world, remains proud of his modest background, often bringing it up with no prompting. "I didn't go to film school, and I didn't start out at Sundance," he said during a break in his editing session. Sitting like a child -- slumped, sideways, with one leg draped over the arm of a plush chair -- Mr. Moore veered between animated political discourse (true, the murder rate in New York is down, he acknowledged, but only because "they don't count people killed by the police") and personal data.

When he began filming "Roger and Me," Mr. Moore recalled, he was collecting unemployment in Flint, Mich., where he "shopped at K Mart and lived in a $27,000 house." He made the film -- in which he doggedly pursues Roger Smith, then chairman of General Motors, to confront him about the closing of G.M. plants in Flint -- "because I was angry at what General Motors had done to my town, and I was going to do something about it," he said.

"Roger and Me," one of the most successful documentaries ever made, turned Mr. Moore into an unlikely celebrity. But he resisted changing his regular-guy image or his guerrilla-film ways. On "TV Nation," he continued to stage pranks and conduct ambush interviews, often intended to make a political or social point and to make his targets look foolish. He often succeeded, with help from willing victims. (On one "TV Nation" segment, Mr. Moore showed that with a bit of lobbying, he could coax Congressmen to propose legislation designating a national holiday in honor of his series.)

Mr. Moore has drawn criticism for his ambush tactics. The television critic Tom Shales once derided him for "dragging people in front of a camera lens and humiliating them." However, Mr. Moore contends that he doesn't trick his subjects and always allows them to speak freely. "I try to present myself in as nonthreatening a way as possible," he said. "Some people end up saying things they shouldn't say because they look at me and think, 'Well, this isn't going to end up anywhere; look at him, he hasn't even shaved in a week.' "

Mr. Moore doesn't hide his political agenda, which leans heavily toward labor and usually favors liberal positions over conservative ones (though he considers himself politically independent). In the opening episode, he ridicules Kenneth Starr by staging his own more cost-effective Capitol Hill witch hunt, complete with overwrought, finger-pointing actors in Puritan garb. But Mr. Moore makes no apologies for presenting a politically biased show. Citing Comedy Central's "Daily Show," which he considers derivative of "TV Nation" but "without the politics," Mr. Moore said that because that show lacked an underlying serious message or point of view "it ends up just making fun of stupid people."

Ten years after "Roger and Me," the real issue for Mr. Moore may not be one of politics or occasional harsh treatment of subjects but of staying power. Though he has added a few new wrinkles, he remains the same basic character who burst on the scene in his debut film: the labor-loving Everyman, shambling into corporate lobbies and asking rude questions. His schtick, if it's fair to call it that, given his obvious passion, does not seem to have evolved much. Mr. Moore is aware of this and understands the need to reinvent oneself in the fickle media landscape. He insisted that he planned to limit the number of "scenes of Mike going into the lobby and jousting with public relations people," and that he would try some new creative approaches on his show. But no one should expect a kinder, gentler or apolitical Mr. Moore anytime soon. And industry moguls who see someone with a baseball cap and a movie camera coming through the revolving doors would be well advised to hide.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Michael Moore, creator of the irreverent documentary "Roger and Me," in his new series, "The Awful Truth," on Bravo. (Bravo)(pg. 35); A real Washington "witch hunt," as staged for "The Awful Truth." (Beverly Orr/Bravo)(pg. 38)

**Load-Date:** April 4, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Housing Voucher Test in Maryland Is Scuttled by a Political Firestorm - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VSN0-008G-F4KN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 10;  Column 1;  National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1325 words

**Byline:** By KAREN DE WITT

By KAREN DE WITT

**Dateline:** BALTIMORE

**Body**

The theory was elegant, the outcome anything but.

The idea was that by scattering one or two poor families in large middle-income areas, they would disappear like salt crystals in a glass of water, quietly integrating themselves into communities where they would find more jobs, better schools and safer streets.

Instead, a national program that was intended to spend $234 million over two years to move 6,200 poor families to better neighborhoods unleashed a firestorm of protest here over race and class even before any of these families were moved.

As a result, financing for the second year of the program was canceled and Federal officials were left reeling from what could serve as a case study of how failing to lay the groundwork for a program that involves race and class can undercut an experiment.

"Primarily, we learned not to offer a program like this during an election year, when people are looking for a wedge issue and are not above frightening people with questions of race," said Henry G. Cisneros, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. "Secondly, we need to put this into perspective for the community so we can get the correct information out there instead of having the picture painted incorrectly by someone else."

The opposition was started by citizens in several blue-collar towns east of Baltimore who feared that their neighborhoods would be inundated by poor blacks from the public housing projects in the city. The residents were quickly joined by local politicians. Eventually Senator Barbara A. Mikulski, a Maryland Democrat who is chairwoman of a subcommittee that oversees HUD, doomed the program. She said she had not responded to political pressure but she also said the program had become too controversial.

The program was begun in Boston, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Baltimore, but only in Baltimore were any families, only a handful of them, actually moved. They will be the last.

Margery Turner, deputy assistant secretary for research, evaluation and monitoring at HUD, said it was "a sad, discouraging experience." But she still expresses some hope for the idea. "But it's important not to be diverted by short-term flare-ups," she said. "I have a strong, perhaps naive faith in the ultimate power of information."

The program, called Moving to Opportunity, was one of a number of voucher programs. Currently, 1.3 million families receive a total of $7 billion in housing vouchers and the Clinton Administration hopes to substitute this overall concept for all Federal housing programs eventually. In general the Republicans in Congress, too, favor a voucher approach, but they balked at one that involved intrusions into wealthier neighborhoods.

Moving to Opportunity is one of the sharpest departures from decades of Federal housing policy, which had isolated the poor in pockets of poverty and violence.

The program sought to use vouchers to help poor families move to middle-class neighborhoods. It was modeled on a desegregation program in Chicago, the Gautreaux program, which was ordered by Federal courts two decades ago. During that time, the program has moved several thousand families, and has been credited with raising incomes and drastically lowering school dropout rates among the children.

Moving to Opportunity was not intended to be a desegregation program as such, but Mr. Cisneros said he expected it to combat what he called the "spatial segregation" that has resulted from the concentration of poor blacks, especially those in public housing, in center cities. Though 61 percent of the poor in the United States are white, they are not compressed in what Senator Mikulski calls "zip codes of pathology." Only 12 percent of poor whites live in poor neighborhoods in Maryland compared with 75 percent of the poor blacks.

Some sociologists and urban policy experts say that dispersing some poor to middle-income neighborhoods not only benefits the families, but also spreads the fiscal burden of social programs more equitably between city and suburbs. But others note that voucher programs like Moving to Opportunity cannot be the sole solution to the problems of poverty and that at some point the available housing runs out.

Officials are under some pressure to find alternatives to urban housing projects from a spate of lawsuits against HUD and local housing authorities complaining about racial segregation. The most recent one was filed here in Baltimore in January by the American Civil Liberties Union of Maryland. Court-ordered programs in Chicago, Dallas, Cincinnati, Memphis and Boston have spurred programs that have succeeded in helping low-income families escape ghettoes.

Some have started without much opposition. Karla Irvine, executive director of Housing Opportunity Made Equal, said the 12-year program, has successfully placed 900 families in the Cincinnati metropolitan area.

"People are so spread out that we've had very few racial problems," Ms. Irvine said. "We certainly haven't had any angry crowds like in Baltimore."

Here in Baltimore and in the other cities, the Government hoped to duplicate the achievements of the Gautreaux program and document the results by tracking participants for 10 years.

For Robin Dudley, the benefits of the program are already evident. Living in a modest town house in a Baltimore suburb, Mrs. Dudley, a single parent, said she had already seen changes in her three children, Gerrard, 9, Lachaye, 7, and Latish, 4. They liked school and were eager to explore this new green and quiet neighborhood after the crack-infested neighborhood that kept them indoors in Baltimore.

"I was scared to move, scared that there might be prejudice, but I was ready," said Mrs. Dudley, an unemployed high school graduate.

Admirers of the project say the circumstances here were unique. They note that there had been no incidents in Boston, New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. But critics contend that housing vouchers, by their very nature, are slated to generate controversy.

"It runs counter to the social structure of American neighborhoods, which are stratified along social, economic and education levels that people have worked to attain," said Henry Husock, a voucher opponent and director of case studies in public policy at Harvard University's John F. Kennedy School of Government.

Federal officials say they failed to educate the white ***working-class*** communities near Baltimore about the program. The opposition began in blue-collar areas like Essex and Dundalk east of Baltimore.

The residents there believed that the program meant that Baltimore would tear down its public housing projects. People envisioned Baltimore's 18,000 public housing tenants, who are predominantly black, being dumped in their overwhelmingly white backyards. In an area that had already suffered the loss of a steel plant, the idea of black welfare families being subsidized to move into their neighborhoods was untenable.

"When I found about what the program would do, I thought people should know," said Jerry Hersl, a resident of the area who led the crusade against Moving to Opportunity. "The program wasn't to give people in public housing a hand up to move up, but make them equal right off the bat."

The program also ended up, during an election year, being a frequent topic on talk radio.

During one such program, Louis L. De Pazzo, a State Delegate from Baltimore County and at the time a Democratic candidate for the County Council, warned that the county would be flooded with thousands of inner city people who would have "to be taught to take baths and not steal."

E. Farrell Maddox, former chairman of Baltimore County's House delegation, said that while housing vouchers had some value he still opposed them.

"I don't think we should get into social engineering and that's what they do," he said.

Oddly what was lost in all the shouting was the fact that places like Essex and Dundalk are too poor themselves to have been picked as destinations in the program.

**Correction**

An article on Tuesday about the cancellation of a program to move poor families to better neighborhoods misstated the given name of an opponent of the program. He is Howard Husock, not Henry.

**Correction-Date:** April 1, 1995, Saturday

**Graphic**

Photo: Robin Dudley and her children, unpacking after her move into a suburban town house near Baltimore early in March. She is in a program that moved several poor families from the inner city to wealthier areas. She says she already noticed changes in the children, Lachaye, 7, Gerrard, 9, and Latish, 4. (Marty Katz for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 28, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Private Company Given Power to Pick Teachers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-VH50-008G-F12T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 9, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 26;  Column 1;  National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1345 words

**Byline:** By PETER APPLEBOME

By PETER APPLEBOME

**Dateline:** WILKINSBURG, Pa., April 6

**Body**

Faced with desperate problems, the school board of this faded, ***working-class*** Pittsburgh suburb came up with a radical solution: it sent layoff notices to the teachers at one of its four schools and hired a fledgling Tennessee company to pick its own teachers and run the school.

The agreement, approved after the district sought proposals from all comers on how to manage the schools, is the first in the nation in which a private company is being brought in with the authority to replace the teachers in a public school. As such, it goes even further than for-profit ventures like Education Alternatives Inc., the company hired by school districts in Baltimore and Hartford to run their schools using existing teachers. The Edison Project, based in New York, which plans to open its first for-profit schools next year, would largely use existing teachers and work in cooperation with teachers unions.

Not surprisingly, the local teachers union has taken the district to court to block the plan, saying the plan has more to do with union busting than with education. But the bitter battle playing out in this dog-eared district, where only a third of the students score above the national median on standardized tests, gets to the heart of efforts around the country to turn around failing schools: how drastic are the changes necessary, and how much will the existing unions and bureaucracies allow?

Indeed, what the school board opted for here is the fondest dream of many advocates of radical reform, and the biggest nightmare of teachers unions: a system in which school management, hiring and staffing could be contracted out to corporations, to nonprofit educational groups, even to groups of teachers, with the only criterion being that they show results.

"Wilkinsburg is one of the most important cases in American education reform, because it really gets at the issue of who controls public education, the school board or labor," said John M. McLaughlin, an education professor at St. Cloud State University in Minnesota, who publishes a newsletter, "The Education Investor," focusing on for-profit education ventures. "This is a case where a school board has done everything possible to try to initiate a new way of doing business, and now we're going to see if they're going to be able to do it."

Almost no one would argue with the idea that Wilkinsburg's schools are desperately in need of improvement. But in an area where union loyalties run deep, there is little unanimity on just how to bring it about.

Wilkinsburg, a community of aging red brick houses jutting from rolling hills and steep cobblestone streets, is a town of 21,800, about 53 percent black and 47 percent white, just east of Pittsburgh. Once it was known for some of the best schools in the area. But over time, as the town lost population, whites left the schools and labor troubles became routine, the schools deteriorated.

Now the district is virtually all black. It has the highest tax rate in the county, but of 40 students who took the Scholastic Assessment Tests between June 1993 and June 1994, only one scored above the national average of 950 on the combined math and verbal test results. The number of high school graduates plummeted to 60 in 1994 from 225 in 1978.

In March 1994 the school board adopted what was called the Turner Initiative. It called for proposals to dramatically overhaul Turner Elementary School, a two-story brick building with about 400 students. The board said its first choice was to work with existing teachers. But it also explicitly raised the possibility of a new manager hiring its own teachers. Sixteen groups, among them corporations, nonprofit agencies and universities, expressed interest in participating, and five eventually submitted detailed proposals.

The teachers did not submit a proposal, saying the process was a bargaining ploy and was illegal because Pennsylvania law does not give school districts the right to hire someone else to run schools for them. They drew up a plan that included some change but nothing as sweeping as the most aggressive bidders.

The board, using an educational consulting firm in Minnesota as an evaluator, voted on March 21 to select Alternative Public Schools of Nashville, a company run by two Nashville businessmen that has never operated a school. In return for receiving the $5,400 per student that the district now pays to run the school, A.P.S. is promising a longer school year, a longer school day, the use of the school as a social service hub and teacher compensation linked to student performance.

Teachers immediately took the district to court. On March 30 a state court judge ruled in favor of the teachers and issued an injunction forbidding the contract. The district is considering an appeal and other options.

The dispute has divided the town, with opponents of the contract the most vocal.

"A.P.S. is promising things it can't deliver, and the board seems to be on some kind of power trip that's not going to improve the schools," said Lenora Olday, a parent who helped start Wilkinsburg Residents Against Profiteering.

Everyone agrees that the current turmoil reflects years of labor unrest, including a bitter strike in 1991 that led to a major tax increase.

The school board president, Neal Ramsey, said the board had begun the process assuming it could make the changes it wanted with its existing teachers.

"If you were to tell any other workers in America that you can determine the hours you work, where you work, and how you do it, I think most of them would jump at the chance," he said. "I don't say that to badger the teaching profession, but that's what we offered here, and we didn't get a response."

Members of the teachers union said that by introducing its plan to teachers at a bargaining session two days before it was made public, the board had insured that the initiative would be seen as a negotiating gambit, not a serious proposal.

"This has nothing to do with education," said Barbara Bell a teacher at Turner and negotiator for the union. "It has to do with union busting, plain and simple."

Wilkinsburg and A.P.S. say the issue has less to do with privatization than with providing new options for floundering schools.

"Our contention is not that a private business can always run schools better," said William DeLoache, one of the two partners in Alternative Public Schools. "What we do believe is that if you put together a team of people who share a common philosophy and are accountable for what they do, you can deliver a higher quality of education."

Teachers at the school say they are being made the scapegoats for the failings of society and the district itself.

Wilkinsburg is enough of a union town that many people have an instinctive aversion to the board's action and support for the teachers.

But there is also a widespread sense that the problems of the schools are so great and the need for dramatic change so obvious that the children of Wilkinsburg cannot afford to be caught in the middle of routine labor squabbles.

One afternoon this week Betty G. Middleton and Janean Cusaac, who work in the school library, were reading their Bibles during a quiet moment when the library was unoccupied. Both agreed there were some good teachers and some bad ones at Turner. Both said they were not sure the contract with A.P.S. was the best way to go. But both also said they would not send their own children or grandchildren to Turner, and though they would like to think the teachers union could be a force for change, they have not seen enough evidence of it.

"The bottom line is jobs," Mrs. Cusaac said. "They want their paychecks raised, they want their benefits, they want, they want, they want. See, I'm a taxpayer and I'm an employee, so I'm between the Devil and the deep blue sea. But if I go to the store and want a loaf of bread, I can buy Italian bread or German bread or white bread, whatever kind of bread I want. Here, I don't want to say it's just the union, but there's no selection. You've got what's here, and most people don't think that's good enough."

**Graphic**

Photo: Neal Ramsey, president of the Wilkinsburg, Pa., school board, picking up his daughter, Lesans, at Turner Elementary School. (Terry Clark for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 9, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Giuliani, Uncertain on Run for Mayor, Talks Tough on Drugs and Defense***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-7280-002S-X433-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 22, 1989, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 24, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1228 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM GLABERSON

**Body**

After Rudolph W. Giuliani brought a few prosecutions that made waves around the world, critics and admirers both said he was the only prosecutor in the country with a foreign policy.

Now, as the United States Attorney in Manhattan prepares for his last week in the office that made him famous, Mr. Giuliani is about to become the only former prosecutor with not only a foreign policy, but a full domestic policy as well.

In a lengthy interview last week, he talked about the upcoming transformation that is likely to make him one of the most public of private citizens that New York has seen in a long time.

He said, as he has for months, that he would not talk about whether he will run for mayor. But he described a series of detailed views on broad public issues and he defended himself against charges that he is beginning to appear terminally indecisive about his political future. He also made it clear that his appetite for the spotlight may not yet be satisfied.

An Appeal to the Poor

''I certainly think about projecting myself publicly in a different way than I have in the past,'' he said, ''and I think about making contributions in areas in which, because of my position, I haven't been able to do many of the things that I'd like to do.''

The Rudolph Giuliani that people already know wants to put Wall Street criminals in jail and wants to put the Mafia out of business. But the Rudolph Giuliani who is now thinking about introducing himself to the public also believes the Republican Party needs to appeal to the poor. He believes a strong national defense is a top priority ''in a world which is largely totalitarian.'' And, he says, education and treatment are as important as jail terms in dealing with the national drug crisis.

If his views are sometimes hard to classify, he likes it that way. He does not like political labels, he said. ''I've never been called upon to think that way, and I've never been called upon to justify myself that way, so I don't fit myself into a category.''

He described a political evolution that has led him far from the liberal Democratic tradition he followed in his youth. Now 44 years old, Mr. Giuliani was the son of ***working-class*** parents in Brooklyn and he became, in his early 20's, a Kennedy Democrat. In 1968, he briefly, volunteered in the anti-Vietnam War Presidential campaign of Robert F. Kennedy.

At Home With Republicans

It was not long, though, he said, before both he and the Democratic Party had changed too much for each other. He detected, he said, in the party of George McGovern ''an unrealistic attitude about the world.'' Through the 1970's, he drifted - with a stop as a registered independent - toward the Republican Party. There, he said, he now feels at home.

Along the way, he kept up what he says is an avocational interest in the country's international relations (he reads Foreign Affairs magazine for relaxation) and he thought hard about some social and political issues that sometimes touched his work as a lawyer and a prosecutor.

He believes, he said, in ''creating opportunity as a way to solve problems, as opposed to dependency.'' On that subject, he said, he shares some of the economic views of his fellow Republicans, Representative Jack F. Kemp of the Buffalo area, the designated Secretary of Housing and Urban Development; Senator Bob Dole of Kansas, the Senate minority leader, and Gov. Thomas H. Kean of New Jersey. But, he said, his party has not yet worked hard enough to draw the disadvantaged into its fold. ''I think the Republican Party hasn't done a good job of taking its message and converting it into something that is an exciting possibility for poor people. And maybe it means changing the message a little bit in order to accomplish that.''

Controlled, Determined Man

To underscore the point that he was not tossing his hat into the mayoral ring, Mr. Giuliani refused to discuss what he said could only be construed as campaign themes: his stand on abortion, his thoughts on how to deal with the homeless, the economic problems of the city, the death penalty, taxes, gay rights.

But in his answers to questions that he said were ''appropriate'' for a prosecutor to answer, there were what might have been the sounds of a new pragmatic-populist-law-and-order-thro w-the-rascals-out platform being tried out to see how it would sound. ''My observation of government is,'' he said, ''that if people remain in positions of power for too long, at a minimum, it begins to erode their ability to do the job well and you can have the sense, after awhile, that the job belongs to you.''

Mr. Giuliani is a controlled, determined man who will not, if he can avoid it, be forced to say anything other than what he planned to say. But, he insisted, he is not being coy about his political plans. He does, he said, spend some time in the late evening hours thinking about whether he should run against Mayor Edward I. Koch this year, or Gov. Mario M. Cuomo next year, or whether he would be happy as a private lawyer who is involved in public issues.

At some point over the next six or seven months, he said, he knows he will reach a crossroads in his life when he will have to make - or have made for him - some decisions about the direction of his career but, he said, he does not make so much out of his current dilemma as some people do. ''You can put yourself in a state of being unable to decide things if you try to decide it so finely or you're so worried about making a wrong decision.''

A Decision About Mayoralty

He worries very little about making wrong career moves, he said. And he bristled when reminded that some of his critics said his abortive move to run against Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan last year and his unwillingness to talk about the mayoralty this year are indications of indecisiveness or signs that he is not sure he has the stomach for elective politics.

''That just misunderstands me completely,'' he said. ''It's a natural kind of criticism that comes up from people who don't like you, or people who are opposed to you, or people who misunderstand what you're doing. But I enjoy public debate, public discussion and I enjoy developing ideas in a public forum.''

Almost immediately after he leaves the prosecutor's office at the end of this month, he said, he will move toward making a decision about the mayoralty. Critics who portray him as overdeliberating about the decision, he said, do not know him if they have an image of an indecisive man. ''That image is not a correct one,'' he said. ''I'm a very decisive person. I make decisions very easily when I have to make them.''

But then, in the same interview, he talked about another crossroads in his life, many years ago. As a young man, he considered becoming a priest. He decided to go to college instead, he said, but the thought did not leave him and he found himself considering the priesthood again.

''I went through a period like that, almost for four years of, 'yes, I was going into the seminary.' I changed thoughts about the seminary several times. But I never actually, I was never actually in the seminary. I thought about it at different times in my life, sometimes very seriously, and I was sometimes as close to several months away from going in but I always, always kind of put it off, until the thought just finally passed away.''

Rudolph Giuliani has another decision to make now.

**Graphic**

Photo of Rudolph W. Giuliani in his office in New York. (NYT/Marilynn K. Yee)

**End of Document**



[***In Angler's Freezer Since '62, Fish May Refute 'Extinction'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W16-XHM0-007F-G4VS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 15, 1999, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 1384 words

**Byline:** By PAM BELLUCK

By PAM BELLUCK

**Dateline:** CONNEAUT, Ohio

**Body**

Call it nostalgia. Or sentimentality. Or call it an uncanny prescience.

Jim Anthony himself is not exactly sure why he kept a certain fish in his freezer for 37 years, carefully re wrapping it every so often and making sure that his wife did not let it thaw every time she defrosted the freezer.

Somehow, Mr. Anthony, a 63-year-old barber in this ***working-class*** town on the shores of Lake Erie, had a feeling when he caught the fish, a blue pike, back in 1962, that someday somebody might be interested.

"I kept telling my wife it was more valuable as time went on and that's why we needed to keep it," Mr. Anthony said. "It's hard for me to explain, but that blue pike meant a lot to me."

All of a sudden, nearly four decades later, Jim Anthony's blue pike means a lot to other people, too. It has become the central clue in a compelling scientific detective story, one that some scientists hope will have an extraordinary ending: the return of an extinct species.

Blue pike, native only to Lake Erie, were once so prevalent there that they spurred a booming commercial fishing industry in the 1930's and 1940's, catering to demand for the mild, meaty taste of the bright blue fish. But in 1975, blue pike were declared extinct, a casualty, scientists say, of pollution, over-fishing and habitat changes.

Since then, fishermen have occasionally reported seeing what looked like blue pike in smaller lakes in Canada and elsewhere. Some Lazarus-like resurrection? More plausible was the theory that during the blue pike heyday, people transferred small batches of fish from Lake Erie to smaller lakes and they never died out.

Still, fish biologists generally assumed that those blue fish were really a type of walleye, a common fish in Lake Erie, and not the true blue pike. But they could not be sure. They could find no specimens of blue pike preserved in such a way that DNA could be extracted and compared with the DNA of other fish.

And they were intrigued by the possibility that blue pike still existed.

"If we could find and verify the survival of the blue pike, then we could restock them in Lake Erie," said Dieter N. Busch, a fishery biologist who helped spearhead the research as chief of the Lower Great Lakes Program of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service.

Mr. Busch said blue pike had been sorely missed, both for environmental reasons (it filled an ecological niche as one of the few Lake Erie fish to spawn in deep water) and economic reasons (he estimates that the return of blue pike to their previous levels would add more than $150 million to the lake's fishing industry).

"The species was such a valuable species," Mr. Busch said, "it was worth getting an answer."

Research was going slowly. Scientists had blue pike from museums, but they were preserved in formaldehyde, which makes DNA hard to extract. They had scales from blue pike used in unrelated earlier studies, but that DNA was disappointing, too.

Fortunately for science, Mr. Anthony, while snipping hair, chatted to customers about "the blue pike generation." That was the golden age of blue pike, when Mr. Anthony's father sold piles of them from his fish markets in Conneaut (pronounced KAHN-yaht) and popularized the "fish sandwich without bones." After school, Jim pulled on rubber boots and got down to scaling and cleaning fish.

Mr. Anthony, a burly, self-effacing man who worked as a fisherman for his father until the blue pike population started to dwindle in 1957, told his barber shop customers about the 15-inch blue pike he caught with a simple hook, line and night crawler in 1962. Even then, he knew the fish was rare and kept it alive in a bucket while he contacted state wildlife agencies. He offered them the fish but they declined. One agency suggested he release it back into the lake, and he tried, but it was already too weak and died.

Mr. Anthony's wife, Mary Lynn, accepted the fish preservation routine graciously, realizing it was important to her husband. Sometimes while defrosting the freezer, she either moved the fish to another freezer or piled frozen foods on top of it.

"All my customers knew I had a blue pike in my freezer," Mr. Anthony said in his white ranch house not far from the great lake. "They thought I was nuts."

One day last year a customer brought him a local newspaper article about scientists trying to determine whether any blue pike still existed. Mr. Anthony called one of the scientists, Carol A. Stepien, an ichthyologist, or fish zoologist, at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland and offered up his fish.

"It don't look bad for 30-something years in the freezer," Mr. Anthony said. "Except for a little freezer burn."

Dr. Stepien was more concerned with what was on the inside.

As it turned out, "It has great DNA," she said. The research "would be very difficult without his fish."

Dr. Stepien's crew is proceeding systematically, first trying to determine whether the original blue pike is in fact a separate species from the walleye. If the two fish are too closely related, then the walleye might have interbred with the last of the blue pike, making it unlikely that any original blue pike still exist.

Dr. Stepien says she will not disclose her final conclusion until a scientific conference in May. Mr. Busch, however, who now works for the Atlantic States Marine Fisheries Commission, is bolder.

"We are confident that blue pike are a separate species," Mr. Busch said.

The next step, he said, is searching for "suspect blue pike" in various lakes (so far, there have been rumors of blue pike in Ontario, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Tennessee). Fishermen have sent putative blue pike to Dr. Stepien and to the Fish and Wildlife Service, but the DNA of those fish will not be tested until the first phase of the project is complete. Mr. Busch even has a fish someone sent him eight years ago that he says has telltale signs of blue pikeness: a pointy nose, large eyes and a smaller size than a walleye.

"When I unwrapped it, my stomach jumped," Mr. Busch said. "I have seen hundreds of walleye and this was different."

If the scientists find living blue pike, they will focus on ways to reintroduce them to Lake Erie. The lake is cleaner now, but there would have to be an adequate food supply -- the lake herring the blue pike ate tapered off decades ago and Mr. Busch said they might have to restock that, too.

All of this is somewhat controversial with some fishery managers and the fish and wildlife agencies in the states with a border on Lake Erie: Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. They are concerned that before any fish is reintroduced, there is solid proof not only that the fish are blue pike, but that they will not interbreed with walleye or invade the walleye's habitat.

"We would love to have them back, but we want the original ones and that's the key," said Roger L. Knight, supervisor of the Sandusky Fish Research Unit of the Ohio Division of Wildlife. "You can build false hopes and there may be pressure to stock blue fish in Lake Erie, even if we're not sure they are the original blue pike. We're not about to introduce another strain of walleye into our lakes where our walleye are doing fine."

Mr. Anthony knows the investigation could take years, but he is hopeful it will find that the fish of his childhood is still around somewhere.

He winces to recall the waning years of the blue pike, when the fish his father's workers caught contained no eggs or eggs that were deformed.

After he caught his blue pike in 1962, the year after his father died, he tried to conjure up ways to keep the breed from disappearing.

"Every time I'd meet a politician, I'd say, 'Just get me permission to set a net and catch some blue pike and try spawning them in holding tanks,' " said Mr. Anthony, who could no longer set nets because he had given up his commercial fishing license. Later, Lake Erie commercial fishing was banned for a while because of mercury.

"Maybe they didn't think blue pike was really going to die out," Mr. Anthony said, "but I couldn't understand why they weren't doing anything about it."

Since he bequeathed his frozen blue pike, Mr. Anthony has visited Dr. Stepien's lab a couple of times.

"It might sound corny, but I had a lot of feeling in that fish -- it's a part of my life," he said. "Now, they call it the 'Anthony fish.' I like that."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: DNA from Jim Anthony's blue pike is being used as a benchmark. (Phil Long for The New York Times)(pg. A1); Jim Anthony of Conneaut, Ohio, was in a boat about a quarter of a mile from this Lake Erie shoreline when he caught the blue pike in 1962. (Phil Long for The New York Times)(pg. A16)

**Load-Date:** March 15, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Under the Beds of the Reds***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W41-2HR0-007F-G4K4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 28, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7; Page 11; Column 1; Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1512 words

**Byline:** By Paul Berman;

Paul Berman is the author of "A Tale of Two Utopias: The Political Journey of the Generation of 1968."

By Paul Berman;  Paul Berman is the author of "A Tale of Two Utopias: The Political Journey of the Generation of 1968."

**Body**

A COVERT LIFE

Jay Lovestone: Communist,

Anti-Communist, and Spymaster.

By Ted Morgan.

Illustrated. 402 pp. New York:

Random House. $29.95.

The great untold story of the 20th century, even now, after so many books and memoirs, is the story of the heroic anti-Communist left -- the romance of leftists and radical trade unionists who recognized that Communism was a catastrophic byproduct of their own movement, and who mobilized themselves, before anyone else thought to do so, to bring the Communists down. And in that great untold tale, surely no one played a stranger or more dramatic role than the slightly scary Jay Lovestone, the Machiavelli of Machiavellis.

As Ted Morgan tells us in "A Covert Life," Lovestone (1897-1990) was a sturdy son of City College, the president of the student Socialist club, who abandoned Socialism after World War I to help found America's Communist movement. He was shrewd, confident, talented, energetic and unscrupulous, and by the age of 29 he was the top leader of the country's Communist Party. But there he made a fateful error. During the late 1920's the leaders of Soviet Communism were busily trying to get rid of one another in Moscow, and Lovestone sided with his friend Nikolai I. Bukharin, who lost the battle, instead of with Stalin, who won. Lovestone and his comrades from the United States rushed to Moscow in a heat of factional fury, and Stalin ordered that Lovestone, as an ally of Bukharin, be kept in Russia -- doubtless in order to have him killed at a convenient moment.

But Lovestone got hold of a passport and a plane ticket and escaped with his life, and when he got back to New York he tried to rally America's Communists to side with his own leadership against Stalin's. Naturally, he failed. American Communism was strictly a puppet of the Soviet Union, and Lovestone was duly expelled from his own party. He refused to accept the expulsion, though, and instead organized a tiny faction loyal to himself, known formally and grandiosely as the Communist Party (Majority Group), and informally as the Lovestonites. And he and his followers went on regarding themselves as the legitimate Communists, with Bukharin as their international guide. Lovestone's faction had some strength, too -- two or three brainy intellectuals, some well-placed allies among the old-fashioned labor Socialists and anarchists, and a solid base among the dressmakers of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

The Lovestonites were backroom maneuverers. The whole of their strategy was to wait patiently for Bukharin to return to power in Moscow, perhaps at Stalin's side, in the expectation that Bukharin would restore his own comrades to their rightful places at the head of Communist parties around the world. Meanwhile, the Lovestonites did everything they could to keep the mainstream Communists in the United States from taking over the trade unions. They fought a thousand nasty battles. Then, in Moscow in 1938, Bukharin was shot. Lovestone and his comrades gave up on their last illusions about Communism. And from that moment on they devoted themselves to fighting the Soviet Union and Communists everywhere they could, no longer in the interest of achieving a better Communism but in the interest of securing the independence of trade unions.

The battles took place among the needle trades workers of New York and the auto workers of Detroit, where the American Communists had some power. But in the 1940's, with the backing of the garment workers union and the American Federation of Labor, Lovestone and a handful of his followers brought their campaign to Europe. The political situation there was dangerous in the extreme. The Communist parties of Germany, France and Italy came out of World War II with a real strength, especially in the unions, and it was entirely possible that with a few lucky breaks and enough Russian support those parties might come to power, just as Communist parties were doing farther to the east. The United States Government had not yet decided to put up a systematic resistance. The Central Intelligence Agency did not yet exist. And in those circumstances, Lovestone and his righthand man, Irving Brown (the "scholar pumpernickel," as he was called), set up the first effective American effort to undermine the European Communists.

They quietly sought out Socialist and Roman Catholic trade unionists, plus a few shady Marseilles gangster-longshoremen, and supplied them with enough money from the American Federation of Labor to break away from the Communist unions and organize labor federations of their own. Morgan describes those postwar efforts as "Lovestone's finest hour." Doubtless they were. For if Lovestone and his comrades had failed to extend a fraternal solidarity to the European trade unionists, how much stronger would the Communist parties have become? Quite a lot, possibly.

In the late 40's the United States Government did gear up for the cold war, the C.I.A. was organized, and Lovestone's secret agency crossed over into the darker zones of Government conspiracy. He and his network of agents, now all over the world, remained under the official authority of the A.F.L. and then the united A.F.L.-C.I.O., and at the same time were paid on the sly by a probably illegal fund administered by the C.I.A.'s daffy director of counterintelligence, James Jesus Angleton. Exactly who controlled Lovestone's activities over the next decades was not always clear. At different times, as Morgan writes, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the F.B.I. and even the C.I.A. had no idea what Lovestone was up to. Some of his undertakings look attractive enough, in retrospect. During the 1950's, the State Department tended to support the British and French imperialists in their last-ditch efforts to salvage the old European empires around the world. But Lovestone was strictly anticolonialist, notably in regard to North Africa, where he supported Algeria's National Liberation Front against the French.

Then again, he kept up a pointless war against his rivals from the American labor movement, especially Walter Reuther's brother, Victor, who ran an anti-Communist international labor program of his own -- and ran it with a surer instinct than Lovestone for keeping labor's image and ideals intact. During the Vietnam war, the Reuther brothers came to recognize, after a while, that the United States ought to withdraw. But Lovestone was up to his neck in promoting the labor movement in South Vietnam and was incapable of noticing that the war had turned into a disaster. There was always something fanatical about Jay Lovestone. In his eyes, the hour was always late and the time for desperate measures was always at hand. His spying got sillier over time. Still, it's cheering to learn from Morgan that in Lovestone's last years before lapsing into senility, he retained enough independence of mind to sputter with rage when President Ronald Reagan broke the air traffic controller's strike.

Morgan is a popular, not a scholarly, biographer, and there are moments in "A Covert Life," in discussing the arcana of the left and the unions, when he gets out of his depth. He tells us nothing about Lovestonite meddlings in the trade unions of Latin America, where the outcome may have been less than pleasant; and nothing about the Lovestonites in the civil rights movement, where the story was rather honorable. He says almost nothing about the Lovestonites as an intellectual movement. Will Herberg, the Jewish theologian, and Bertram D. Wolfe, the historian, were Lovestonites during the 30's, and they and Lovestone himself gave to their tiny faction a touch of genuine intellectual sophistication. Sidney Hook once told me that Lovestone's faction may have secretly controlled Modern Monthly in the 30's, which preceded Partisan Review as a home for the New York intellectuals. It was the Lovestonites who coined the phrase "American exceptionalism," based on a phrase of Bukharin's, to express their notion that America's labor movement ought to pursue its own course, and not follow any one else's model.

Morgan does tell an amazing tale, though, filled with astounding characters. There is the sensational case of Louise Page Morris, a fashion model from a Boston Brahmin family, who spent 25 years as Lovestone's lover, working for him and for Angleton of the C.I.A. as a secret agent in Iraq and the Middle East -- a woman of real derring-do, who, ever sneaky, merrily two-timed Lovestone with Henry Cabot Lodge, President Dwight D. Eisenhower's envoy to the United Nations. And yet the most sensational of Morgan's characters is plainly Lovestone himself, the conspirator who, "working behind the scenes and out of the limelight, in an office in the I.L.G.W.U. headquarters in New York," became, in Morgan's phrase, "one of the masterminds of the Cold War." He was the man whom Stalin almost nabbed -- the man who just barely got out of Moscow and who, in the name of the American ***working class***, spent the rest of his life exacting revenge, big time, on Stalin and the Soviet Union.

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

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** March 28, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Presenting the Arts to New Audiences***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4MS3-HSY0-TW8F-G2VT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 7, 2007 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2007 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14WC; Column 1; Westchester Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1970 words

**Byline:** By LISA W. FODERARO

**Body**

''QUIET on the set,'' bellows Charisse A. Brown, a statuesque actress with a dramatic upsweep of hair, as she paces back and forth in front of her eager young students. She praises one for reading without his script, then admonishes another for going out of character.

The students, aged 13 to 15, are rehearsing a scene from a play they wrote themselves about a young black waitress who dreams of becoming a dancer in the racially polarized 1960s. And for a moment, as the actors fully inhabit their characters -- bursting with personality and moving with a preternatural fluidity -- you could almost forget that they are juvenile detainees in baggy jumpsuits, housed in Woodfield Cottage, a detention center in Valhalla, for teenagers facing criminal charges.

Through the efforts of the Westchester Arts Council, Ms. Brown is introducing these troubled teenagers to theater and, more broadly, the transformative power of art. As she shakes the hand of each student at the close of her weekly workshop, her large eyes well with tears after one doesn't want to let go.

''I have no kids, and I feel a little bit motherly over them,'' Ms. Brown admitted earlier.

The Westchester Arts Council, a nonprofit group with more than 100 affiliate arts organizations in the county, has a roster of artists -- scores of dancers, dramatists, painters and slam poets -- whom it matches with schools, mental-health facilities, day care programs, homeless shelters, elderly centers and the detention center where Ms. Brown holds her workshops. The artists, who are paid $150 for a half day or $300 for a full day, might work with a group for one event or for the whole year.

The teaching-artists program is part of the council's overall effort to make the arts more accessible. ''A lot of people will say that when they hear the words 'museum' and 'performing arts center' that it's both impressive and intimidating,'' said Janet T. Langsam, the executive director of the council. ''This decentralizes some of the arts activities and brings it out in the community. And some of the perception of our being unwelcoming disappears.''

Throughout the region, arts organizations that once conjured up images of landscape exhibitions and chamber music concerts attended by the tweedy set are working hard to take culture, in all its forms, to the broadest possible public.

''There was a desire to be much more inclusive, to reach out,'' said Ms. Langsam, who is joined in her quest by heads of arts councils in Connecticut and New Jersey and on Long Island -- all inspired by the rapidly changing demographic makeup of the suburbs.

David A. Miller, executive director of the New Jersey State Council on the Arts, said 20 percent of the state's residents are foreign born. ''New Jersey may be the most culturally diverse state in the country,'' he said.

In the 1990s, the state council created a folk arts apprenticeship program through which young artists can study under master artists within their culture. To date, the council has financed more than 75 apprenticeships, centering on disciplines as diverse as African-American storytelling and Puerto Rican bomba music, Ukrainian embroidery and Bengali drumming.

More recently, it established six regional folk-life centers, housed in existing museums or arts centers across the state. ''They are important research arms,'' Mr. Miller explained. ''They allow us to reach into areas to find out where the communities live and what their cultural expressions are.''

This winter the New Jersey council is introducing a new grant category, Building Arts Participation. Groups that currently receive operating support from the council are invited to submit proposals for programs and projects that diversify their audiences.

Susan M. Gogan, executive director of WheatonArts, a nonprofit cultural center in Millville, N.J., plans to apply for a grant to pay for a study on the relationship between cultural identity and arts participation. In the past decade, WheatonArts, through its Down Jersey Folklife Center, has worked with 45 ethnic groups in southern New Jersey.

Experience has shown that despite an impressive turnout for one-time events with particular cultural slants, those in attendance have been unlikely to frequent other kinds of programs.

''One of the points is to define the barriers to participation in our audiences,'' Ms. Gogan said of the study. ''But we also want to identify the barriers within our own organization in terms of how we think about our audiences, how we operate.''

Mr. Miller called the process of diversifying audiences a long-term investment. ''It's largely about making relationships with new communities, and that can take time -- and then it's about trust,'' he said. ''One of the best signs of trust in a community that has felt excluded or on the margins is when they can see that an organization is not only welcoming them into the seats but onto their boards and among their docents.''

FROM Greenwich, Conn., to Huntington on Long Island, heads of art programs and institutions have been on something of a tear to diversify their offerings as well as their audiences in an effort to both reflect and celebrate the remarkable influx of cultures that has transformed the suburbs in recent years.

On Long Island, the Huntington Arts Council revitalized its 41-year-old summer arts festival, which features nightly performances in the town's Heckscher Park, by luring new talent. Last summer, in addition to the usual jazz and classical offerings, the council booked Plena Libre, a Grammy-nominated Puerto Rican big band; Samite, a Ugandan-born vocalist and multi-instrumentalist, and Sol y Sombra, a Spanish dance and flamenco company.

Referring to the latest immigrant groups to arrive in sprawling Huntington, Florence L. Dallari, assistant director of the arts council, said: ''It's very hard to get some of these cultures to come to an event. But this summer we saw a big change in the support of people coming to the festival.''

At the Westchester Arts Council's headquarters in White Plains, the current exhibition, ''Folk Arts: Expressions of the Spirit,'' features works by Westchester residents representing a range of traditions and nationalities: Middle Eastern-influenced mosaics by Haifa Bint-Kadi; meticulously rendered Ukrainian pysanky egg painting by Lesia Kozicky; Japanese calligraphy by Yoshiko Katsumi; Indian rangoli floor designs by Kalindi Patel; and Mexican folk altars by Miguel Cossio, to name a few. At an opening reception in December, Los Palalia, a band from Veracruz, Mexico, performed while partygoers noshed on Indian samosas and Chinese pork dumplings.

One of the artists, Ms. Bint-Kadi, who is Palestinian-American, left Pennsylvania several years ago to be closer to the New York arts scene. She settled on Westchester after learning about the resources available through the arts council. They include studio space for rent in its building, as well as workshops with master artists and artist-in-residence positions in local schools.

''You can definitely see my culture in my work -- I don't hide it,'' said Ms. Bint-Kadi, standing in front of a mosaic depicting the traditional image of the hand warding off the evil eye. ''They celebrated that and said: How can we help you succeed as an artist in a way that makes people appreciate your culture and your art form? An agent wouldn't necessarily do that.''

In Connecticut, the Greenwich Arts Council, a 34-year-old nonprofit organization, has formed partnerships with the New Lebanon Hamilton Avenue public elementary schools, which, despite their location in one of the wealthiest towns in the country, have diverse student bodies. Fifty-five percent of the students at the New Lebanon School, for instance, are Hispanic, and one in four students there are eligible for a free or reduced-price lunch.

In the past three years, dozens of fifth-grade students from both schools have been trained to become docents, or museum tour guides, said Frank Juliano, executive director of the Greenwich Arts Council, which mounts 12 shows a year and produces concerts and theatrical events.

''We ask them: 'What do you see? How does it make you feel? Where was the artist standing when he did this? Why did he do that?' '' he said. ''Then they take their classmates on a tour with the same kind of questioning, and they come back with their parents. What we teach them is visual literacy -- that there are no right or wrong answers when you are talking about art.''

In November, the arts council presented a Latino storytelling workshop and performances for 300 students from both schools. ''It was an opportunity for kids to see and experience how culture is passed from generation to generation,'' said Gene Nyitray, New Lebanon's principal.

In the spring, the council will send dancers into the schools for a novel ''multiple intelligences'' program, with two eight-week sessions planned for each school. The program is designed to teach math through the use of movement and music, Mr. Juliano said, helping youngsters who are not standard rote learners.

Schools are a special focus for the Westchester council, too, particularly those in less affluent districts. One of Ms. Langsam's first big initiatives when she assumed charge of the council was the procurement of a National Endowment for the Arts grant for $250,000 that allowed it to leverage an additional $750,000. The money enabled the council to place artists in schools in Greenburgh, Mount Vernon, Yonkers, White Plains, Peekskill and New Rochelle, working across the curriculum in subjects that would not, on face value, lend themselves to an arts approach.

''Sometimes it's an area they're having the most trouble teaching,'' said Joanne Mongelli, deputy director of programs at the arts council. ''So if it's Colonial studies, the children might explore the differences between Colonial Virginia and Colonial New England by doing an ad campaign, working with a writer and videographer.''

Ms. Brown said she had been ''totally booked'' ever since she signed on with the council as a teacher-artist. On Monday, she visits Clear View School Day Treatment Program in Briarcliff Manor, a school for emotionally disturbed children. On Tuesday, she works with elementary-age children in an after-school program in Yonkers on storytelling and public reading. On Wednesday, it's off to Woodfield Cottage, on the same campus as the Westchester County Jail. On Thursday, she returns to Clear View and heads to the Coachman Family Center, a homeless shelter in White Plains, in the evening. On Friday, it's back to Woodfield.

In trying to take the arts to the broadest audiences it can, the Westchester council has shaken up its traditional definitions of art and culture -- a rethinking reflected in Ms. Langsam's approach from the beginning.

In the early 1990s, after accepting the job as executive director, Ms. Langsam, who was formerly president and chief executive of the Boston Center for the Arts, found herself admiring the neatly laid stone walls gracing the roadsides as she drove between White Plains and her new home in Armonk.

Historically the handiwork of European masons, stone work in Westchester is undergoing a resurgence, Ms. Langsam said, thanks to Central and South American craftsmen. So the council secured a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts and created a traveling exhibition called ''Conversations in Stone,'' in which stonemasons used slide presentations to talk about their work to various community groups.

''It's a way of saying to ***working-class*** people that this tradition you're involved in has real cultural value,'' Ms. Langsam said. ''It's about reaching out to people who have culture but don't even know they have it.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: REACHING OUT Clockwise from top left: a student serves as a tour guide for classmates at an exhibition mounted by the Greenwich Arts Council in Connecticut

folk art by local residents is featured in the ''Expressions of the Spirit'' show put on by the Westchester Arts Council in White Plains

and Charisse Brown, an actress, teaches a drama class at a juvenile detention center in Valhalla. (Photo by Greenwich Arts Council)

(Photographs by Susan Farley for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

SPANNING THE WORLD At the opening of the ''Expressions of the Spirit'' exhibition at the headquarters of the Westchester Arts Council in White Plains, Yoshiko Katsumi, above left, with some of her Japanese calligraphy works and a few of her students, and Haifa Bint-Kadi, a Palestinian-American artist, with one of her mosaics and her daughters Isra Abdo, 10, and Sharazod Al-Salamin, 15. A demonstration of mehndi, the Indian art of body painting with henna, in Middlesex County, N.J., was financed by the New Jersey State Council on the Arts as part of its effort to represent and appeal to the state's ethnically diverse population. (Photographs by Susan Farley for The New York Times)

(Photo by New Jersey State Council on the Arts)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** January 7, 2007

**End of Document**



[***Trying To Stay True to The Street***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3W12-94D0-007F-G4B2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 14, 1999, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Style Desk

**Section:** Section 9; ; Section 9; Page 1; Column 3; Style Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1423 words

**Byline:** By LESLIE KAUFMAN

By LESLIE KAUFMAN

**Body**

WHEN Daymond John, the co-founder and chief executive of Fubu hip-hop clothing, drives through his old neighborhood in Hollis, Queens, he leaves no doubt that he has moved on -- and up.

His Bentley, royal blue with a matching pinstripe on the cream-color upholstery and so new that plastic wrap still covers the wood paneling, makes heads spin in this ***working-class*** enclave. Mr. John shook his head when he saw two women walking by to inspect the car. "I haven't brought it around here before because it makes us look unattainable," he explained.

Appearing attainable is no small concern. Fubu stands for "For us, by us." The company, which was founded in 1992, has prospered by promoting itself as a black-owned label by and for young urban men. The founders, who also include Carl Brown, Keith Perrin and J. Alexander Martin, all from Hollis, insist that "For us, by us" is not a call to racial exclusiveness, but clearly race is part of their appeal. "Customers see our pictures and can relate, whereas they couldn't relate to some 45-year-old man living in Italy," Mr. John, 30, said. "We are just like them. We are the consumer."

In other words, Fubu's origins give it street credibility. And these days, street credibility translates into sales. The company says its revenues rocketed nearly tenfold, from $40 million in 1997 to a stunning $350 million last year, which catapults it beyond a niche market into a league with labels like Donna Karan ($670 million) and Tommy Hilfiger ($847 million.)

But because Fubu's success is so dependent on its homeboy appeal, this wow-wow growth carries risks. If the company is going to expand as much as Mr. John and his partners would like -- and in the last year they've added everything from backpacks to a men's suit line -- it will have to do even more business with middle-class, mainstream America. The problem is that nothing destroys the urban buzz of a label quite so fast as having Westchester teen-agers clamor for it. Tony Shellman, vice president of Enyce, a Fubu competitor, predicts, "Fubu is going to lose its street essence as little Johnny in suburbia starts picking up its stuff."

For now, the brand is having an it moment. Not only is the rapper LL Cool J, a company spokesman, seen wearing Fubu designs (he sports Fubu's signature oversize football and hockey shirts), but also stars like Janet Jackson, Will Smith and Whitney Houston. At night, Mr. John and his partners make the scene with style players like Sean (Puffy) Combs, the rap impresario. They recently received an award for black economic enterprise from Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani. Mr. John, who wore a black, sueded rubber Fubu track suit to Gracie Maison to accept it, took the attention in stride. "Just business," he explained.

Coming up fast, however, are copycat competitors who say they have a better bead on the street's needs than Fubu. These days it seems that every other rap and inner-city entrepreneur is hawking his own line of baggy fashions.

At some of Manhattan's most fashion-conscious emporiums of urban gear, Fubu is already losing ground to challengers like Phat Farm, Mecca USA and Enyce (pronounced en-EE-chay). At Transit, today's must stop-and-shop, on Lower Broadway, Nikki Abreu, a manager, said: "We dont even carry Fubu anymore. It wasn't selling that much. Enyce is the hottest."

Because Fubu is privately owned, it does not have to publish its sales figures, and, in fact, next year it won't. Some analysts speculate that it is a sign of trouble. But Mr. John and his partners don't appear to be panicked by their rivals. Short, thick and supremely confident, Mr. John is the de facto company spokesman and persona. He brags that Fubu has a far closer relationship with customers than other clothing labels have.

"How many companies do you know that get 5,000 E-mail messages a day?" he asked. The E-mail often includes detailed design suggestions. Some of those, Mr. John said, like making a soft leather jacket covered with small embroidered patterns, have been followed up by Fubu.

Mr. John is too smooth to say so, but he clearly keeps close tabs on how his company is faring on the streets. He does not want his Bentley mentioned in this article, for example, because "people might get the wrong idea."

The founders also keep a high profile in the old neighborhood, doing good works like handing out Thanksgiving turkeys and filling the Christmas wish lists of needy local children.

In the end, the Fubu men rely on one another to stay grounded. All of their clothes, whether designed in the house by Mr. Martin or by outside licensees, have to be approved by three of the four partners. They make a wide range of products, from the core men's casual line, emphasizing oversize cuts and bright colors, to footwear and lounge wear (think red satin robes a la Hugh Hefner).

"If we all like it, it'll probably sell," Mr. John said confidently. Whatever the changing public perception, he believes that he and his partners are too rooted in their community to be cut off from it by a little flash and money.

Their life story, as he tells it, is a Horatio Alger tale updated for the VH-1 age. In 1992, Mr. John was waiting tables at a local Red Lobster and working any get-rich scheme he could think of. These included, as he told Vibe magazine this month, dealing crack cocaine. "It wasn't until I started the company that I didn't have something crooked going on," he was quoted as saying by Vibe.

Although being known as a former drug dealer may enhance a rap star's "street cred," it is no asset for a businessman whose clothes are manufactured and distributed by Samsung, the Korean electronics giant. Mr. John declined to comment on the Vibe article. A company spokeswoman, Leslie Short, said, "Those remarks were taken out of context, and frankly I am very angry."

Fubu began modestly enough. The fashion rage at the time was wool hats with their tops cut off and tied with string. When Mr. John saw the hats being sold for $20, he corraled a next-door neighbor, Carl Brown, to help sew up a bunch. The two sold their homemade headwear for $10 a pop in front of the New York Coliseum. They made $800 in a single day, and a clothing label was born.

There were years of struggle as Mr. John and Mr. Brown (whose job now is to handle licensees), joined by Mr. Martin and Mr. Perrin (who now manages celebrity relations), moved into Mr. John's mother's house and sewed logos on hockey jerseys and sweatshirts. Their first break came in 1993, when they convinced LL Cool J, a double-platinum rapper, who grew up a just few blocks from Mr. John's home, to pose in a Fubu T-shirt. It took months more of cajoling and sitting in on video shoots to persuade him to wear the line while performing. When he did, Fubu started taking off. The rapper, a paid spokesman for the company since 1996, managed to pull off a perfect bit of insider subversion by wearing a Fubu hat in an advertisement he did for the Gap a couple of years ago.

Mr. John says the company also found motivation in what the partners perceived as efforts by white-owned outdoor apparel brands like Timberland and North Face, popular with inner-city youths, to distance themselves from the customers who were making them street chic.

Fubu's marketing played off a sense of shared resentment at being ignored. Gritty pictures of Fubu's founders, posed with exposed tattoos, reversed baseball caps and a hint of gang-style menace, started popping up in magazine advertisements and even on the company's labels. The message was clear enough to the initiated.

"I knew what they were talking about, and it made me happy," said Tracii McGregor, executive editor of The Source, a magazine on hip-hop culture. "The way they are marketing is unmistakably black."

But gangsta style has it limitations, said Irma Zandl, president of a youth marketing consulting firm in New York. "There is something about their premise that is a little alienating for nonblacks," she continued. "I've had white kids say to me, 'They don't want me to wear this.' "

David Watkins, president and chief executive of Icon Lifestyle Marketing, a marketing company that focuses on urban areas, said that even if this were true, concessions of any type to the suburban market would be the wrong way to go. So far, Fubu has done well, he said, because "they have let people outside the market come to them, instead of the other way around."

He offered Fubu a bit of Shakespearean advice: "They just have to keep their marketing message the same -- and be true to themselves."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The Fubu team in a promotional pose, from left, J. Alexander Martin, Daymond John, Carl Brown and Keith Perrin. Greg Schilling of Milwaukee, visiting Macy's to buy clothes for his son, 9, checks out Fubu. (Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)(pg. 1); photos (pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** March 14, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Giant Steps***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5HXN-6981-JBG3-619P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 24, 2016 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2016 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 54; FEATURE

**Length:** 6831 words

**Byline:** By ADAM SHATZ

Adam Shatz is a contributing editor at The London Review of Books. He previously wrote for the magazine about the Algerian writer Kamel Daoud.

**Body**

On a late October afternoon in South Central Los Angeles, Kamasi Washington was facing what is for him an increasingly familiar problem: making a lot of big ideas fit into a single space, even one as large as the nearby Club Nokia, a rock-star-size venue where he would be performing in December. His recent triple album, ''The Epic,'' is a nearly three-hour suite for a 10-piece jazz band, backed by a 32-piece orchestra and a 20-person choir. Washington's show promised to be a typical swirl of activity, a sprawling procession of dancers, musicians, DJs and singers unified by the magisterial sound of Washington himself, a 34-year-old tenor saxophonist who has emerged as the most-talked-about jazz musician since Wynton Marsalis arrived on the New York scene three decades ago.

At that moment, Washington was at his aunt's dance studio, trying to figure out where to put all the dancers. Lula Washington -- whose troupe would be doing the dancing, at least if her nephew could convince her -- knew that there would be a crowd onstage, and she didn't want her people to get lost in it. Kamasi listened patiently, then got down on the floor and sketched the Nokia stage, insisting that it was more spacious than she imagined. Maybe a riser here? She looked skeptical. They would work it out somehow, she said, but she did not seem persuaded. (As it turned out, Kamasi's vision exceeded the limits of this particular stage: Lula's dancers did not perform in the show.)

Near the end of our visit, I asked Lula if she knew what the ''epic'' in the album title referred to. ''As a matter of fact, I don't,'' she said. ''Please, do tell.'' I was relieved: Washington had been promising to tell me the story for several days. Since the release of ''The Epic'' last May, Washington has gone from being a well-known local musician to that rarest of musical species: a jazz celebrity, praised by critics and featured on ''The Tavis Smiley Show.'' The timing of the release was providential: Only months earlier, Washington played saxophone on Kendrick Lamar's ''To Pimp a Butterfly,'' for which he also wrote the string arrangements. Lamar's landmark hip-hop album, a harrowing coming-of-age memoir, featured the contributions of several of Washington's bandmates, young Los Angeles musicians for whom the boundaries between jazz and more popular genres are so porous as to be nonexistent. On social media, ''The Epic'' was promoted as a kind of jazz sequel to ''To Pimp a Butterfly.''

I assumed that ''The Epic'' referred to some momentous story from the past or, more broadly, to the sweep of the album's musical ambitions. But as far as I could tell, Washington had never told the story in public before, nor (apparently) had he told his own aunt. We looked at him expectantly.

The answer was more involved than I had guessed. ''After I recorded the music,'' he began, ''I had this dream about a group of young warriors living in a village beneath a mountain.'' He went on: ''At the top of that mountain, there's this gate, protected by a guard. The warriors spend all their time training to kill the guard and seize control of the gate. One by one, they are defeated by the guard. But the last warrior has the power to win, and the guard hesitates for the first time, because he sees that the warrior's heart is good and that his own time has come.''

''That was all in one dream?'' Lula asked.

Kamasi nodded. Actually, he said, he went on to have a series of interrelated dreams, a hall of mirrors in which it turns out that the guard wasn't really killed by the young warrior. He said it would take him three hours -- no, days -- to tell us the whole thing. He planned to turn it all into a graphic novel with an illustrator friend.

I asked what all this had to do with jazz. Kamasi again nodded.

''The guard is the person who protects the music and pushes it forward,'' he said. The hope of the young warrior, he continued, is to take his place and impose his own standards. This explained, perhaps, why the first track of ''The Epic'' is called ''Change of the Guard.'' It begins with a bright series of chords laid down by the pianist Cameron Graves, followed by a tidal wave of reeds, choir and strings. A brash and infectiously bombastic wall of sound, the opening stirs memories of the grand, modal style that John Coltrane patented in the 1960s. When I first heard ''Change of the Guard,'' I was struck by its unabashed evocation of an era that Washington never experienced directly.

Unaware of the manga-style story that inspired the title, many listeners heard it as an allegory of that greatest of American epics, the African-American freedom struggle since slavery. Certainly Washington looked well cast for the part, a bearded, dashiki-clad man with an Afro whose sheer size seemed to convey the magnitude of his ambitions. ''The Epic'' tapped into an intense nostalgia for an era when, as Washington puts it, ''music was a sword of the civil rights movement.'' But it has awakened those feelings in listeners who, in most cases, were not alive to know that era. The audiences lining up to see his band have been unusually large (Washington plays in concert halls, not small jazz clubs), unusually multiracial and unusually young. And they do something that people at jazz concerts seldom do anymore: They dance. When I saw him perform in Brooklyn, the audience roared when he came onstage, as if he were a rock star. (He will, in fact, be joining Guns N' Roses in the lineup at the Coachella festival in April.)

This kind of feverish response explains the hysteria -- and occasional bewilderment -- that Washington's name provokes among jazz people. ''People are talking about this in a way that I haven't heard them talking about anything in a long time,'' the jazz pianist Jason Moran told me. ''It's a moment when black L.A. has something to say, and people are listening.'' He added: ''Our relationship with this country has always been documented through how the music changes. This is a time when black America is on fire, and Kamasi is adding fuel to the flames.''

Like the dream that inspired ''The Epic,'' Washington's own story is a tale of guards and warriors. Every young jazz musician has had to wrestle with the gatekeepers of tradition; jazz celebrates youthful originality, but it also prizes respect, even reverence, for the music's founders. Washington is no less sensitive to the spirits of the past than Wynton Marsalis and the so-called Young Lions who burst onto the scene in the early 1980s, playing a somewhat updated version of 1960s-era small-group jazz in Brooks Brothers suits. Marsalis wanted to revive the fundamentals of blues and swing, which he believed jazz musicians had forgotten during the 1970s, an era of avant-garde and fusion experimentation. Washington, by contrast, conjures the ghosts of 1960s and '70s black-consciousness jazz, of the ecstatic, expressive Coltrane and his successors.

It would be unfair, and a little silly, to ask whether Washington might be the next Coltrane. In any case, there's room for only one Coltrane in the theology of jazz. But with his overt spiritualism and his humble bearing, Washington has reawakened the widespread longing for a Coltrane-like figure who might lead jazz out of the desert of obscurity and restore its spiritual purpose. He is not the first such figure -- Pharoah Sanders, Albert Ayler and David S. Ware have been cast as prophetic messengers in the wake of Coltrane's death in 1967 -- but he is the first to come along in some time. Stranger still, he comes from a city that few people even associate with jazz.

In fact, Los Angeles has a venerable jazz tradition, going back to the Central Avenue scene of the 1940s and the West Coast ''cool'' of the 1950s. But most of the city's better-known players (Charles Mingus, Eric Dolphy, Dexter Gordon) had to head East to make a name for themselves. Washington's father, Rickey, a saxophonist and flutist, was one of those who stayed behind. In early October, shortly after I arrived in Los Angeles, I had lunch with Rickey and Kamasi at a vegan soul food restaurant in Inglewood, a ***working-class***, predominantly black bedroom community near Los Angeles International Airport. They mostly talked about jazz. Actually, Rickey did most of the talking. He reeled off the names of the great musicians who made Los Angeles, his Los Angeles, such a vibrant jazz scene. Men like the pianist Horace Tapscott, the leader of the Pan Afrikan Peoples Arkestra, who used his art to raise the political consciousness of the black community in the 1960s and '70s, and the drummer Billy Higgins, who came home to build the World Stage, a performing-arts center in South Central. These were the musicians who nurtured him and prepared the way for his son. His pride in Kamasi was obvious, but I thought I also detected a rueful note: Rickey supported his family as a music teacher and never earned more than a local reputation. Kamasi didn't say much, until a noisy piece of jazz fusion came on the stereo.

''You know what record this is?'' he asked.

''Yeah, yeah. . . .'' Rickey hummed the tune. ''I don't know who's playing, though.''

''The drummer played in your band. He used to dye his hair blond.''

''Blond hair and played in my band?''

''It's Ronald Bruner Sr.''

Bruner Sr., who played with the Temptations, is the father of two of Kamasi's bandmates: Ronald Bruner Jr., also a drummer; and the bassist and singer Stephen Bruner, who makes brooding, ethereal indie-funk under the name Thundercat and whose nimble playing is all over Kendrick Lamar's latest album. Like the Marsalis brothers, many musicians in the Los Angeles scene come from musical families. Kamasi told me that ''Change of the Guard'' is a tribute to men like his father and Bruner Sr., musicians who ''had something to say but never had a chance to say it'' beyond Los Angeles. Throughout the 1980s, Rickey Washington led a Christian jazz band, which Bruner joined after giving up secular music. When Kamasi first expressed a desire to play, his father sent him to church. ''It's the best place to learn,'' Rickey said. ''You play every week, and you've got to play a groove. It doesn't come any other way but with a groove. They're clapping on two and four, and you're moving to the music. If you listen to Kamasi, you know what the groove is, because it's right in his body.''

I went to hear Washington play gospel a few days later at a Nigerian evangelical church. The stage was bathed in pink and purple lighting worthy of a Prince show. Hundreds of parishioners, overwhelmingly Nigerian, many in African ceremonial clothes, swayed to gospel songs made faster and funkier by Nigerian highlife beats. Washington's solos were modest in length, as befit a sideman, but he kept his big, preacherly sound. Whenever he played, the music came into stirring focus, and his flowing African robes gave him the air of a griot or medicine man.

''I always noticed that 'Trane thing, that spirituality, in Kamasi's playing,'' said the guitarist Greg Dalton, who performs under the name Gee Mack and who once employed Washington in a band. ''You can have all the technique in the world, but if you can't connect with an audience, it doesn't matter. And this man, Kamasi, is a poet.'' The church's pastor wasn't aware that Washington is a rising star of the tenor sax, but as we left the church, a young boy came up to tell us that he had just seen him on television. Washington smiled at the boy. ''Do you play an instrument?'' he asked.

Washington lives in Inglewood, in the same house where he grew up. He now rents it from his father. The lawn is immaculately manicured, the yellow-stucco front entrance nearly hidden by flowerpots. He works on his music in the garage, which he converted with his father into a home studio furnished with a keyboard, a drum set and recording equipment. There are Christian inspirational illustrations on the wall; a dog-eared copy of the score of ''The Rite of Spring'' lies on his desk, and stacks of old vinyl cover the floor. Washington moved back to Inglewood a few years ago, after living in Westwood and Culver City, where he felt ''an undercurrent of racism, like you don't want me here.'' He added, ''This is home, whereas there, I felt like I was in someone else's home.''

That sense of home, of African-American pride and identity, reverberates throughout ''The Epic.'' It's not just the tributes to his grandmother and great-grandmother, or the concluding hymn to Malcolm X, which incorporates Ossie Davis's eulogy as well as one of Malcolm's speeches. It's the album's soaring panorama of black American musical history, from gospel and blues to jazz, doo-wop and funk, offered as a celebration of black beauty in the face of adversity. Its sound is particularly evocative of the early 1970s, when Marvin Gaye, Curtis Mayfield and Stevie Wonder were composing their own epics and jazz musicians like Max Roach were playing spirituals with gospel choirs. The Afro-futurist cover of ''The Epic,'' too, suggests an early '70s LP: a picture of Washington in a black dashiki against an interstellar backdrop, saxophone in hand.

That blend of rebellious intent and retro self-fashioning is hardly unique to Washington. It permeates the cultural renaissance spawned by Black Lives Matter, a movement that has combined Black Power nostalgia with an exuberant faith in the revolutionary potential of technology and social media. ''The Epic'' is arguably the most ambitious expression thus far of this renaissance, whose touchstones also include Claudia Rankine's prose-poem ''Citizen,'' Ta-Nehisi Coates's memoir ''Between the World and Me,'' D'Angelo's album ''Black Messiah'' and Kendrick Lamar's ''To Pimp a Butterfly,'' with its indelible refrain, ''We gon' be alright.'' Not surprisingly, ''The Epic'' has found a particularly receptive following among black intellectuals. As Robin Kelley, a historian at U.C.L.A. and a biographer of Thelonious Monk, puts it, ''In a world where you feel like blackness is under assault and you're looking for a way to express joy, pain and possibility, 'The Epic' speaks to what black people feel inside.'' The writer Greg Tate, who calls Washington the ''jazz voice of Black Lives Matter,'' told me that his music offers ''a healing force, a place of regeneration when you're trying to deal with the trauma of being black in America.''

I mentioned Tate's assessment to Washington as we stood in the midday heat on Crenshaw, a main boulevard in South Central, in front of a Senegalese shop where he has his dashikis made. At the mosque next door, a small group of men was gathered, and an old man was selling baked chicken and cornbread from a cart. ''Music is an expression of who you are, and -- at least in that sense -- I think I epitomize Black Lives Matter,'' he said. ''I'm a big black man, and I'm easily misunderstood. Before I started wearing these African clothes, people would assume that I was a threat and that it was O.K. to be violent toward me.'' He scratched his beard and paused to reflect. ''The harsh reality in our communities is that the greatest representatives of order, the police, are basically against you, so you feel as if you live in a society without order.''

Washington grew up with a constant fear of violence. The middle child of his parents' three sons, he was born in 1981, at the beginning of an era plagued by crack cocaine, gang warfare and police brutality that culminated a decade later in the Rodney King riots. The first house he lived in, on 74th and Figueroa in South Central, was, he said, ''deep in the hood.'' (At one point, Rickey found the body of a prostitute in the backyard.) When he was 3, his parents divorced, and his mother, a chemistry teacher, moved to a better part of South Central. Soon Rickey Washington left, too, moving to Inglewood, and Kamasi split his time between the two homes. Both neighborhoods were a considerable step up from 74th and Figueroa, Kamasi said, but still ''there were gunshots and sirens every night.''

A gifted student in math and science, Washington was at once scared of the gangs and enamored of them. The Bloods and the Crips had emerged after the decline -- or destruction, as many in South Central would say -- of nationalist organizations like the Black Panther Party and exerted an almost irresistible mystique. Some of Washington's friends in junior ­high school carried guns, and he flirted with gangster style and speech. ''I don't think my parents understood how off I was,'' he recalled. What dispelled the glamour of the gangs for him was ''The Autobiography of Malcolm X.'' He was given a copy by a group of men who visited his school; they were from a nationalist organization called Ujima, Swahili for the principle of collective work and responsibility. ''I saw that these ideas weren't random, that there was a force behind them,'' Washington said. ''I realized I didn't want to be a part of our self-destruction. I wanted to be a positive force in the world.''

His turn to jazz was hardly unexpected. ''Kamasi was hearing 'A Love Supreme' before he even knew what he was listening to,'' his father told me. He started out on drums at 3 and began studying the clarinet at 9. But Kamasi says he mostly listened to hip-hop until he was 11, when a friend of his older brother gave him a mixtape of Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers with the trumpeter Lee Morgan. (That friend, Lamar Van ­Sciver, is now a hip-hop and R&B producer.) ''That's when I finally got into jazz,'' he said. ''All of a sudden, I became aware of all this music I had around me at home.'' He studied his father's vinyl collection and taught himself to play Wayne Shorter songs on soprano saxophone.

At 13, Washington announced to his father that he wanted to be a jazz musician. To test his seriousness, Rickey asked his son to sing a Charlie Parker solo. (''I knew if you couldn't sing it, you couldn't play it,'' Rickey said.) Kamasi sang the head and solo of Parker's 1951 bop classic ''Blues for Alice'' note for note. His father's reward was a Conn 6M alto saxophone, the same model Parker played. He played the alto in church for nearly a year, then switched to tenor -- his father's. ''He took my tenor!'' Rickey said. ''A Selmer Mark VI, the best saxophone they make. He didn't realize how valuable it was.'' It's the only tenor Kamasi has ever played.

Coltrane became his obsession. His favorite record was ''Transition,'' a defining work of Coltrane's classic quartet. It was avant-­garde yet still melodic, exhilaratingly expressive but never chaotic. ''He was just treading a line in a way that was powerful,'' Kamasi said. '' 'Transition' was like the rarest of the rare steaks without being raw. You could still eat it.'' He modeled himself on Coltrane, not just his sound but also his legendary practice regimen -- as long as 12 hours a day, with sometimes hours spent on a single scale or even a single note. Washington was soon averaging nine hours a day; as if to summon the master's spirit, he often worked on Coltrane tunes. He and Cameron Graves, who is now his pianist, ''used to compete with each other to see who could practice the most.'' It was a monkish existence, Washington said. ''Becoming a musician is a strange thing. It's not all cupcakes and ice cream. You're trying to master an instrument, and you sometimes can't tell if you're getting better. You love it, but you also hate it.''

It was not long after he took up the tenor sax that Washington met another jazz ''guard'': Reggie Andrews, a music teacher at Locke High School in Watts. Andrews, whose former students included Rickey Washington, had grown frustrated that the city's magnet schools had poached the best young musicians -- including Kamasi Washington, who was discovering Prokofiev and Stravinsky at Alexander Hamilton High School, a prestigious musical academy near Culver City. Andrews began visiting nearby schools and asking the music teachers to identify their best pupils. His idea was to pick them up in his van after school, drive them to Locke and turn them into a group. He called it the Multi-School Jazz Band, and before long it was performing throughout the city. I drove with Washington to Locke, a squat structure surrounded by a wire fence that made it look more like a prison than a school. ''The amazing thing is that white kids were coming down to Locke to rehearse because the band was so good and they wanted to be in it,'' he remembered. ''It was kind of ironic, since we were being bused to their schools.'' Seeing young whites flock to Locke gave Washington a taste of power, an awareness of the cachet he possessed as an African-American musician. In spite of the ''denial of our humanity,'' he realized, ''everybody wants to dress and talk like us.''

The Multi-School Jazz Band reunited Washington with the Bruner brothers and introduced all three to the musicians with whom they would eventually form the Los Angeles jazz underground, including the alto saxophonist Terrace Martin (who wrote and produced much of the music on Kendrick Lamar's latest album), the pianist Cameron Graves, the bassist Miles Mosley and the trombonist Ryan Porter. ''Reggie Andrews realized that there was a brain drain from the community and that we were losing the advantages of being connected to one another,'' Washington told me. After band practice, Washington would go home with Ronald Bruner Jr. and jam in his father's shed. Like Washington, Bruner was driven partly by a sense that his own father hadn't achieved his potential as a musician. ''My father was on the way to becoming the guy, and then he gave it up to play Christian music,'' he told me.

Music was not the only thing Andrews's students had in common: Most of them were growing up black, male and at risk in Los Angeles. ''We could have gone into gangbanging,'' Bruner told me. ''That model was available to us. I was in a situation that got out of control, and a friend of mine died. But that difficulty made everyone stronger. The threat of being caught up in that makes you push harder.''

They had Andrews to keep them on track. A tall, solidly built man now in his late 60s who wears a mustache and a Tuskegee baseball cap, Andrews radiates self-confidence, drive and impatience with excuses. Over breakfast one morning at a local soul-food restaurant, he told me how he made sure his players kept their grades up and emphasized the importance of craftsmanship and professionalism. ''Kamasi can do the Archie Shepp thing or the 'Trane thing and ride that note,'' he said, ''but he knows how to take it back.''

Washington received a different kind of mentoring in Leimert Park, where he and his friends went to after-hours jam sessions. Leimert Park was designed by the Olmsted firm in the late 1920s as a whites-only planned community, but by the 1960s it had become an African-American neighborhood. After the 1965 Watts riots, Leimert Park became a center of the Black Arts movement, a cultural offshoot of the Black Power movement. Lined with fig trees and exuding community pride, Leimert Park was as close to an oasis as you could find in South Central. Even during the crack epidemic, it remained a home to black-owned art galleries, bookstores and clothing shops.

When Washington began going there in the mid-1990s, it was in the middle of a revival. Its mecca was the World Stage, the nonprofit performing-arts gallery established by Billy Higgins and the poet Kamau Daáood, a leader of the Black Arts movement. Higgins and Daáood envisioned the World Stage as an extension of the '60s jazz activism pioneered by Daáood's mentor, Horace Tapscott. It could barely seat 50 people, but it attracted some of the greatest musicians in jazz and helped inspire a scene that cut across divisions of generation and genre. ''We were in Leimert Park every night,'' Washington says. ''We'd get in everywhere without money. I still don't know how we did it.''

In 1999, Washington began studying at U.C.L.A. with the composer Gerald Wilson, who had written charts for Duke Ellington and Ella Fitzgerald. But in his first year, Marlon Williams, Snoop Dogg's musical director, invited Washington to go on tour with the rapper. A former guitarist in the black rock band Fishbone, Williams had already recruited Washington's friend Terrace Martin to put together Snoop's horn section, and Martin immediately called Washington. ''I was a big Snoop Dogg fan, and I knew the repertoire -- I mean, this was dope,'' Washington recalled. Although ''it was cool to make money,'' financial considerations were far less compelling than the promise of adventure. ''I had never been on the road,'' he said. ''I'd been to New York and D.C. once, so it was a chance to go on tour. I was young and on a full scholarship, so I hadn't even gotten to the point of thinking about the economics of the music business.'' Washington continued his studies with Wilson, but he received an equally important education with Professor Snoop.

At the point when Washington got the call, he had been spending most of his time trying to master harmonically demanding songs like Coltrane's ''Giant Steps.'' Now his job was to play apparently simple riffs to ''line up with the groove.'' Playing those riffs, however, was tougher than it looked: Hip-hop was a miniaturist art of deceptive simplicity. ''When you play jazz in school, you talk about articulation, but it's a very light conversation,'' he said. ''The question was about what you were playing, not how you were playing it. But when I was playing with Snoop, what I was playing was pretty obvious -- anyone with ears could figure it out. The question was how to play it, with the right articulation and timing and tone.'' Snoop didn't come to rehearsals or even really explain what he wanted. ''It was all very unspoken. You had to use your intuition to figure out why it didn't sound right. We had to have it right before he got there, because if it was wrong, he'd veto it, and we'd have to just sit there.''

Snoop was particularly demanding when it came to the placement of notes in relation to the beat, and Washington struggled at first to hear the beat the way Snoop did. After a while, though, he began to discern what he calls ''the little subtleties,'' the way, for example, ''the drummer D-Loc would lock into the bass line.'' He continued: ''It wasn't like the compositional elements in Stravinsky. It wasn't about counterpoint or thick harmonies. It was more about the relationships and the timing, the one little cool thing you could play in that little space. It might just be one little thing in a four-minute song, but it was the perfect thing you could play in it. I started to hear music in a different way, and it changed the way I played jazz. Just playing the notes didn't do it for me anymore.'' He came to see hip-hop as a relative of jazz. ''All forms are complex once you get to a really high level, and jazz and hip-hop are so connected,'' he said. ''In hip-hop you sample, while in jazz you take Broadway tunes and turn them into something different. They're both forms that repurpose other forms of music.''

Washington often skips in conversation from Kendrick Lamar to Coltrane, and from Charlie Parker to Stravinsky. The reason that we don't see these connections, he says, is that we're captives of ''preconceived notions,'' the most confining being the very idea of ''jazz.'' Some musicians complain that even the word ''jazz'' deprives them of a popular audience; others see it as an insult. As the trumpeter Nicholas Payton recently put it, '' 'Jazz' is an oppressive, colonialist slave term.'' For musicians like Payton, ''jazz'' is a white establishment label that cuts their music off from other black musical forms; they prefer terms like ''black art music,'' ''black classical music,'' ''black creative music'' or simply ''black music.''

But Washington's criticism of musical categories is at once more expansive and more subtle than Payton's. For Washington, the problem is not merely that categories ghettoize forms of music, but that they prevent us from fully listening. All music, he believes, deserves a fair hearing -- even much ridiculed forms like ''smooth jazz.'' I had brunch one morning with Washington and his girlfriend, Tiffany Wright, an earnest young woman with long braids who established a private elementary school in Wilshire under her own name, the Wright Academy. An insidiously saccharine ballad by the smooth-jazz saxophonist Najee came on. I asked Washington if it bothered him that some people mistook this sort of jazz for the real thing.

''I don't have an aversion to it,'' he said. In fact, he went on, he liked some smooth jazz, notably the saxophone player Grover Washington Jr. (no relation). Gently taking me to task for my snobbery, he noted that Najee, like many smooth-jazz players, had roots in gospel -- and that in any case, no musical genre is entirely devoid of value.

''You want my layman's interpretation?'' Wright volunteered. ''Kamasi is totally nonjudgmental, in all areas. It makes life a lot less stressful.''

That mellow, West Coast inclusiveness is another pointed contrast between Washington and the young Wynton Marsalis, who once declared, ''There is nothing sadder than a jazz musician playing funk.'' When Washington and his trombonist, Ryan Porter, trade riffs, they make no secret of their love of Maceo Parker and Fred Wesley, two of the horn men in the James Brown band. ''It wasn't a mistake to call James Brown's music funk, but I'm not sure it was good for jazz,'' Washington told me. Jazz, as he sees it, is not so much a genre as a way of styling music. Which means that if he is playing Debussy's ''Clair de Lune'' -- as he does in a languorous, brazenly sentimental arrangement on ''The Epic'' -- it's jazz.

Surprisingly, given that Washington toured with Snoop and later Lauryn Hill, one genre you don't hear on ''The Epic'' is hip-hop. ''I was already playing all that,'' he explains. ''When I got to do my music, I wanted to play like me.''

As it happened, his friends from the Multi-School Jazz Band felt the same way, and in 2009 they did what independently ­minded jazz musicians have done since the 1960s: They organized themselves into a collective, the West Coast Get Down. They started out playing at a Hollywood cocktail lounge called Piano Bar, developing a repertoire in front of crowds of 20-somethings who had no interest -- or at least no prior interest -- in jazz. (Eventually the crowds grew so large that the fire marshal was called in.) The collective's founder was Miles Mosley, who plays an upright bass through a wah-wah pedal, but Washington soon established himself as the charismatic leader. He was playing jazz, but it was jazz imbued with the vibrations of the church and the ''little subtleties'' of pulse and timbre that he picked up from Snoop Dogg. It was, in other words, a groove-based jazz, adjacent to the Afro-futurist psychedelia of his friend and collaborator Steven Ellison, a musician who records under the name Flying Lotus. (Ellison is the grandnephew of Alice Coltrane, John Coltrane's second wife and a major pianist and composer in her own right.) You didn't have to be a jazz geek to appreciate it; in fact, it was easier to appreciate if you weren't.

In 2011, after two years of testing their ideas at Piano Bar, Washington and his friends decided that it was time to go into the studio. They all pitched in to rent the Kingsize Soundlabs in Echo Park, canceled all their gigs for December and barely left except to sleep. The musicians weren't paid for their work, because they were all playing on one another's records. By the end of the month, they had 192 songs; 45 were under Washington's leadership. He chose 17 for ''The Epic,'' 14 of them his own compositions. The album came out on Brainfeeder, an independent label run by Ellison.

Ellison didn't blink when Washington told him that his album for Brainfeeder was going to be three hours of music. ''Kamasi is a murderer on the saxophone,'' Ellison said when I ran into him at a concert in downtown Los Angeles.

The music on ''The Epic'' was already quite dense, with three people on horns, two drummers, two bassists, two keyboardists and a singer, but Washington wasn't done tinkering. While touring with Chaka Khan, he began to write choir and string parts. Washington told me that he wanted to evoke Stravinsky's ''Symphony of Psalms'' in the choir and string arrangements, but they're equally reminiscent of Marvin Gaye's ''What's Going On'' and Curtis Mayfield's ''Superfly.'' Above all, ''The Epic'' breathes new life into the black consciousness or ''spiritual'' jazz of the early 1970s, when saxophonists like Pharoah Sanders, Gary Bartz, Joe Henderson and Billy Harper grafted free jazz sonorities onto hard-bop melodies and danceable grooves, often embroidering them with African percussion as well. An expression of the cultural nationalism that spread across urban black communities in the 1970s, spiritual jazz has often been dismissed as Afrocentric kitsch in histories of jazz, but it was popular in black America, and it was the jazz that Rickey Washington played on the stereo at home. It aimed to move the audience but also instruct them. If they didn't get the message, the album titles spelled it out: ''Black Unity,'' ''Black Saint,'' ''In Pursuit of Blackness,'' ''Power to the People.''

In a 1966 essay, ''The Changing Same (R&B and New Black Music),'' Amiri Baraka called for a new ''unity music,'' a synthesis of jazz and black vernacular styles that would ''include all the resources, all the rhythms, all the yells and cries, all that ­information about the world, the Black ommmmm­mmmmm­mmmmm, opening and entering.'' Kamasi Washington is far from being the first musician of his generation to set off in search of that om. Jason Moran, Robert Glasper, Steve Coleman and other East Coast musicians have been working toward such a synthesis for years. But Washington and the West Coast Get Down have managed to strike a chord with audiences in a way that has eluded most of their peers on the East Coast.

Serendipity, of course, has been an important ingredient in their success. As Greg Tate told me, ''You have to go to mysticism to explain how these things come together at the same time: the best heroic jazz origin story since the Marsalis brothers, being on Kendrick Lamar's record and Flying Lotus's label, and Black Lives Matter.'' But the Los Angeles scene would not have had the same impact without Washington's personal charisma, his deeply spiritual sound and his welcoming, Buddha-like aura. He may not be a major innovator, but he is a remarkably forceful communicator: in the words of Kamau Daáood, ''a perfect vessel for the coming together of generations in his music.''

In October, a couple of weeks before Washington would fly to Tokyo on his first world tour, his father organized a dinner with a group of distinguished older jazz musicians. ''When you are chosen,'' Rickey explained to me, ''you need the blessings of your elders.'' (Reggie Andrews had a more down-to-earth explanation: ''Kamasi's about to step into the fast lane, so Rickey wanted him to receive some advice from people who've been there.'') This ''change of the guard'' ceremony took place at the Ladera Heights home of Curtis Jenkins, who runs a business that provides care for disabled children in South Central. In a flight of enthusiasm, Rickey had invited me to attend the dinner. The next day, Kamasi's manager, Banch Abegaze, disinvited me; she said it was for only close friends and family. But she suggested that I stop by later in the evening.

When I arrived, the shades were fully drawn, as if a séance were in session, but inside I found a group of nine older men nibbling on plates of Ethiopian vegetarian food. (The only women there were Kamasi's manager and his girlfriend.) There were paintings of Miles Davis, African-themed artworks and framed photographs of Jenkins with the Obamas and the Clintons. Jenkins, a small, excitable man who grew up in Compton at the time of the Watts riots and studied filmmaking at U.C.L.A., told me that when he first heard ''The Epic,'' it struck him as ''an announcement.'' Not since the days of Davis and Coltrane had he been so moved by a work of jazz. When he read in The Los Angeles Times that Kamasi Washington was the son of his old acquaintance Rickey Washington, he contacted Rickey, who asked him to document Kamasi's concerts on video. He has been traveling with the band off and on ever since. ''Kamasi is a messenger, and his message speaks to something deep within me.'' I asked him what the message was. ''Freedom of thought and action,'' he replied.

After dinner, the men gathered on sofas around Kamasi, who sat in a chair in front of a fireplace. He was wearing a dashiki and a knitted Jamaican cap; he seemed to be deep in thought, his eyes in some far-off place. The first speaker was Bennie Maupin, who played bass clarinet on Davis's ''Bitches Brew'' and a variety of reed instruments in Herbie Hancock's fusion band Headhunters. He began by asking Kamasi to explain the meaning of his name.

''It was intended to be Kumasi, the capital of the Ashanti tribes in Ghana,'' he said. ''To be under the kuma tree is to bring people together, to bring peace.'' Rickey Washington and a friend had gotten lost one night in Kumasi while they were on tour in Ghana in the late 1970s. ''A guy came out of his house and gave them a place to stay for the night,'' Kamasi said. ''The hospitality was higher than anything he'd experienced in Watts, where you might just get robbed. He wanted to name me after that city, but since this was before Yahoo and Google, he misremembered what it was called.''

''Yeah, I was into that whole consciousness thing when I named him,'' Rickey said. ''The kuma tree brings shade, and I prayed that Kamasi would be a person who brings people together.''

''The energy in this music is a healing energy,'' Maupin continued, praising Kamasi's wisdom and kindness, promising to stand behind him and urging him to choose his friends carefully and be mindful of his health. Coltrane, he recalled, had regretted ''wasting so much time'' at the end of his short life.

The composer and flutist James Newton, a burly man with long, graying dreadlocks, was next. ''To have this group of men here for you: Do you realize how heavy that is? And do you realize that Art Tatum, Mingus, Eric Dolphy, Stravinsky and Schoenberg were all once living in a 20-mile radius, here in Los Angeles? Most of these things you know already, but now you've been put in the position of being a great hope. Don't let your children become a casualty of your career or the industry. As Bennie said, we'd all go to war for you.''

Reggie Andrews spoke briefly, reminding Washington that his most successful students had always taken care of their bodies. It was one of several pointed warnings about health: The one white man at dinner was Washington's nutritionist, whom Rickey hired to help Kamasi lose weight. (Two months later, while on tour in Stavanger, Norway, Kamasi would slip on a snow-covered cobblestone road and fracture his fibula, making these warnings seem even more urgent.) Kamau Daáood, a soft-spoken and contemplative man with a white goatee and light-brown eyes, remembered his own mentor, Horace Tapscott, who had ''brought together all the outcasts, all the renegades'' in the Pan Afrikan Peoples Arkestra. He paid elegiac tribute to Tapscott's project, but he also alluded to the failures of his own generation and spoke of the importance of family and responsibility. ''In Horace's band, one section was vegetarian and meditating, but the other was nodding off'' on heroin.

The speeches went on for more than an hour. They were stories of the jazz life, pitched somewhere between sermon and self-admonishment. These elder statesmen were welcoming their friend's son into a very exclusive fraternity, but also warning of the dangers in store. ''This really felt like being down South,'' Newton said. ''Yeah, South L.A.,'' another guest corrected him.

Kamasi listened attentively, speaking only when spoken to: If the young jazz warrior was carrying a weapon, he kept it well hidden. ''It takes some of the pressure off to hear from these men who have been down this road before,'' he told me later, ''since I'm on this journey and I don't know where I'm going.'' But as I watched him that evening, I was struck by how small he suddenly looked, surrounded by the guardians of Los Angeles jazz. At the end of the ceremony, Rickey Washington faced his son and said: ''You have now received the wisdom of your elders. What you do with it is on you.''

Sign up for our newsletter to get the best of The New York Times Magazine delivered to your inbox every week.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2016/01/24/magazine/kamasi-washingtons-giant-step.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2016/01/24/magazine/kamasi-washingtons-giant-step.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: PHOTO (MM54-MM55)

The only tenor saxophone that Kamasi Washington has ever played was once his father's. (MM56-MM57)

Washington at the World Stage performing-arts gallery with his father, Rickey (far left), and his mentors Reggie Andrews (center), a music teacher, and Kamau Daáood (far right), a poet. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY AWOL ERIZKU FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM58-MM59)

**Load-Date:** January 24, 2016

**End of Document**



[***WEINER CONCEDES RACE FOR MAYOR TO AVERT RUNOFF***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H3X-TS30-TW8F-G39Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 15, 2005 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 6; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; THE NEW YORK PRIMARY: OVERVIEW

**Length:** 1494 words

**Byline:** By PATRICK D. HEALY; Jim Rutenberg and Diane Cardwell contributed reporting for this article.

**Body**

Representative Anthony D. Weiner conceded the 2005 Democratic mayoral nomination yesterday to Fernando Ferrer, the top vote-getter in the race, in hopes of averting a potentially destructive runoff election and strengthening Mr. Ferrer's hand as he begins the final eight-week campaign against Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg.

Mr. Weiner's decision, made after a long night of strategizing with aides and his mentor, Senator Charles E. Schumer, came as a surprise to New York Democrats, not least Mr. Ferrer, who was said to be ecstatic. Mr. Ferrer lost a bruising mayoral runoff to Mark Green in 2001, and faced an uncertain bout against the scrappy Mr. Weiner; yesterday, he embraced a nomination that had eluded him in two previous runs for mayor.

In a surprising development, however, city elections officials announced that they were required under state law to hold a runoff despite Mr. Weiner's withdrawal -- at a cost to taxpayers of at least $10 million to pay for sending 6,030 voting machines to 1,409 polling stations and running the special election on Sept. 27. Mr. Ferrer will also stand to collect more than $421,000 in public campaign funds if a runoff is held.

Campaign lawyers for Mr. Ferrer and Mr. Weiner began looking for loopholes yesterday to avert a runoff, which is required when no mayoral primary candidate wins 40 percent of the vote. According to unofficial results, Mr. Ferrer won 39.949 percent of the vote, about 250 shy of 40 percent, in an election that drew just 15 percent of registered Democrats. Some 8,000 absentee ballots remain to be counted, but it is unclear if those votes will help or hurt him.

Mr. Weiner said he would not participate in a runoff even if one were held, calling it ''a waste,'' and Mr. Ferrer's camp said they hoped to have the problem solved quickly so he could turn his sights on Mr. Bloomberg, beginning with a unity rally with Mr. Weiner and dozens of other Democrats on the steps of City Hall this afternoon.

''I am proud to support Freddy Ferrer,'' Mr. Weiner said at a news conference in front of his childhood home in Brooklyn. ''He has the record, he has the brains, he has the commitment, he has the understanding to not only run circles around Republican Mike Bloomberg, but to lift up our city.''

Mr. Ferrer spent yesterday speaking by phone to donors, his advertising team and consultants as they strategized to end 12 years of Republican rule this November with the election of the first Hispanic mayor in city history. Aides also began preparing to roll out new endorsements soon, including one from Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Though Mr. Bloomberg began what amounted to the first day of his general election drive with an overt campaign event, he ended it by trying to revert to a Rose Garden strategy, portraying himself as too busy governing to pay much mind to politics.

Asked in a session with reporters if he had a response to the complaints Mr. Ferrer and Mr. Weiner had lodged against him -- that he was too close to the Republican president; that he had not done enough to help the poor or ***working class*** -- the mayor initially answered with a flat ''no.''

''Seriously, you can call the campaign for those,'' Mr. Bloomberg went on, before giving in only so slightly: ''I think the public knows what's going on in this city. Just take a look at the numbers: the schools are getting better, crime is coming down, we're building housing, a record housing plan.''

Apparently referring to the campaign itself, he said, ''What I've got to do is not get involved in that. I'm going to focus on telling the story and explaining to people what we've done and how were going to continue it.''

Mr. Bloomberg also moved to counter Democratic attempts to link him to President Bush, announcing the formation of ''Democrats For Bloomberg.'' The event was attended by stalwarts of the national Democratic donor base -- the film executives Harvey Weinstein and Jane L. Rosenthal and the investment banker Alan Patricof -- as well as prominent former New York City Democratic officials, like Hugh L. Carey, the former governor, and Claire Shulman, the former Queens borough president.

Even among Democrats supporting Mr. Ferrer, beating Mr. Bloomberg is seen as an awesome and perhaps impossible challenge, given his money and approval ratings of about 60 percent. Even one of Mr. Ferrer's most prominent supporters, who is also a New York officeholder, offered a grim prediction yesterday that the mayor would beat Mr. Ferrer, 53 percent to 47 percent, if Mr. Ferrer did not invigorate his Democratic campaign. This ally's advice: Show more of the creative, imaginative, and aggressive style that Mr. Ferrer exhibited as Bronx borough chief from 1987 to 2001.

The political calculus appeared even more complicated for Mr. Weiner, whose popularity surged during the last two weeks of the campaign to the point where he captured 29 percent of the vote on Tuesday.

According to several of his aides and advisers, Mr. Weiner's decision to withdraw came down to political and personal factors: A hard-fought runoff could damage the eventual nominee and effectively hand the election to Mr. Bloomberg; Mr. Weiner could leave the race on a high note as a uniter of the Democratic Party; the first week of the runoff would be consumed by fights over ballots, and make it hard to raise money; Mr. Weiner, at 41, could run again in 2009 or well after; and Mr. Ferrer would have a far broader support in a runoff from ethnic, labor and political groups.

Late Tuesday night Mr. Weiner spoke with Senator Schumer and tossed around the various options, according to people who were familiar with the conversation. Senator Schumer did not lean on him to bow out, but did say that the runoff would be a no-win proposition for Mr. Weiner, according to one person familiar with the conversation.

Other advisers took the same lose-lose view of a runoff, although a few thought he should go for it, aides said. They worried that if Mr. Weiner won, it would alienate Mr. Ferrer's base of black and Hispanic voters, driving them to Mr. Bloomberg, and if Mr. Weiner lost, he would be damaged politically in the long run. By staying out, Mr. Weiner is seen as helping the party while Mr. Ferrer takes all the risks in the general election.

Another factor was the animosity that Mr. Weiner would have had to deal with. A third Democratic candidate for mayor, Gifford Miller, volunteered support to Mr. Ferrer yesterday morning even before Mr. Weiner dropped out. Mr. Miller and Mr. Weiner tangled often during the campaign, sometimes with an edge in their voices, as two white candidates seeking to appeal to the same blocs of white and middle-class voters.

Another potential foe Mr. Weiner now avoids is the Rev. Al Sharpton, a Ferrer supporter who was preparing to step up criticism of Mr. Weiner today. While the two men get along in private, Mr. Sharpton had wanted to stop Mr. Weiner's momentum so he did not become a greater threat to two Sharpton allies: Mr. Ferrer and William C. Thompson Jr., the city comptroller, who plans to run for mayor in 2009 if Mr. Ferrer loses this election.

''Dropping out was a smart move, the move of a statesmen, and it gives Anthony a lot of goodwill,'' said Mr. Sharpton, who had been lambasting the congressman for voting in 2002 to authorize the war in Iraq.

Other rumors were swatted down by Weiner aides yesterday -- that Mrs. Clinton had urged him to drop out; that Attorney General Eliot Spitzer, a Ferrer supporter, had called (Mr. Weiner and Mr. Spitzer are far from close); and that Representative Charles B. Rangel, a senior Democrat, had offered a plum committee seat to Mr. Weiner in exchange for dropping out. (Mr. Rangel had backed the fourth candidate in the race, C. Virginia Fields.)

Mr. Weiner explained his decision yesterday by saying that, his competitive spirit aside, Democrats needed to unite quickly if they were to overcome the unlimited campaign spending of ''billionaire Republican Mike Bloomberg.''

''It was a difficult decision -- it's in my DNA to keep fighting,'' said Mr. Weiner, standing on the bottom step of his childhood home in Park Slope, where he was known as a sports fanatic. ''But I believe it is the right thing to do.''

Mr. Weiner also played down his policy and philosophical differences with Mr. Ferrer, which were sharp but politely discussed during the campaign.

Mr. Weiner cast himself as being in the vanguard for the middle class and as a native son of predominantly white neighborhoods outside Manhattan. Mr. Ferrer is more traditionally liberal and is putting together a coalition dominated by black and Hispanic voters.

Asked if he still wanted to be mayor someday and might run in 2009, Mr. Weiner showed that his trademark quips were not dulled even though he had had only three hours' sleep.

''I will not be running in 2009 because Fernando Ferrer will be up for re-election that year,'' he said.

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

**Graphic**

Chart: ''Where the Candidates Found Support''FERNANDO FERREROn Tuesday, Mr. Ferrer was just a handful of votes short of the 40 percent needed to prevent a runoff, but Democrats are pursuing various strategies to avoid one.ANTHONY D. WEINERMr. Weiner made a late run in the race, taking 29 percent. Yesterday, he signaled his willingness to concede without a runoff. He scored well in his south Brooklyn home turf and in Queens.C. VIRGINIA FIELDSMs. Fields scored well in largely black neighborhoods like Harlem and central Brooklyn. Her grass-roots campaign took 16 percent of the vote.GIFFORD MILLERMr. Miller failed to dominate even his home turf of the Upper East Side, ultimately pulling in 10 percent of the vote.By Race and EthnicityCharts show breakdown of the three Assembly districts in which each candidate fared best, not the percentage of overall votes received.Areas in which Mr. Ferrer performed best were overwhelmingly Hispanic and black, though he also did well in areas with a greater white population.White: 2%Black: 32%Hispanic: 62%Asian: 1%Mr. Weiner's best performances were in white-dominated neighborhoods, although he found significant support from Asians in the areas where he performed well.White: 76%Hispanic: 8%Black: 2%Asian: 12%Where Ms. Fields did best, the population was predominately black, with significant Hispanic support, but in some largely black neighborhoods she faced considerable competition from Mr. Ferrer.White: 4%Black: 71%Asian: 3%Hispanic: 17%Mr. Miller, a resident of the Upper East Side, found his best results in overwhelmingly white areas, but even there, was generally beaten by Mr. Weiner or Mr. Ferrer.White: 77%Hispanic: 10%Black: 6%Asian: 4%(Graph drawings by James Bronzan and James E. Wilkerson/The New York Times)(Sources by Board of Elections

Census data analyzed by the Queens College Department of Sociology)(pg. B8)Chart: ''Democratic Primary Voter Turnout''The percentage of registered Democrats who voted in this year's mayoral primary and in past mayoral primaries.Sept. 12, 1989REGISTERED DEMOCRATS: 2,202,222DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES: \*\*David N. Dinkins, Harrison J. Goldin, Edward I. Koch, Richard Ravitch49% votedSept. 14, 1993REGISTERED DEMOCRATS: 2,258,410DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES: \*\*David N. Dinkins, Roy E. Innis, Eric Ruano-Melendez22% votedSept. 9, 1997REGISTERED DEMOCRATS: 2,246,987DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES: Sal F. Albanese, Eric Ruano-Melendez, Ruth W. Messinger\*, Roland Rogers, Rev. Al Sharpton\*After a runoff with Rev. Al Sharpton18% votedSept. 25, 2001REGISTERED DEMOCRATS: 2,715,786DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES: Fernando Ferrer, Mark Green\*, Alan G. Hevesi, George N. Spitz, Peter F. Vallone\*After a runoff with Fernando Ferrer29% votedSept. 13, 2005REGISTERED DEMOCRATS: 2,991,140DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES: Christopher X. Brodeur, \*\*Fernando Ferrer, C. Virginia Fields, Gifford Miller, Arthur Piccolo, Anthony Weiner15% voted\*\* Winner(Source by Board of Elections)(pg. B8)

**Load-Date:** September 15, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Immigrant Diversity Slows Traditional Political Climb***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3Y6N-0WF0-00RP-K0P2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 28, 1999, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 1; ; Series

**Length:** 3418 words

**Byline:** By JAMES DAO

By JAMES DAO

**Series:** THE NEWCOMERS -- Last of three articles: Outsiders to Insiders

**Body**

As a teenager, Morshed Alam dodged enemy soldiers to deliver food to Bangladeshi independence fighters. And as a student at Dhaka University in the mid-1970's, he endured police beatings to organize pro-democracy demonstrations against the newly formed nation's military regime.

So it is hardly surprising that Mr. Alam dived headlong into American politics soon after immigrating to Queens 15 years ago. In 1996, he became the first Bangladeshi on a New York City community school board. In 1998, he challenged an entrenched Republican state senator. And when the county Democratic organization opposed his candidacy, he built his own insurgent political club.

"Politics is the same everywhere in the world," said Mr. Alam, who lost the 1998 race but plans to run again next year. "Nobody wants to give up their power. But times are changing."

Ambitious and impatient, sour on local Democrats but enthusiastic about democracy, Mr. Alam is a prime example of a new breed of immigrant politicians from Asia, the West Indies and Latin America who are beginning to take their places at the city's table of power, just as Italian and East European Jewish immigrants did 90 years ago.

Some, like Mr. Alam, are rebelling against established politicians. Others are rebuilding dying political clubs. Still others are entering politics the old-fashioned way by running for ground-floor offices, like a spot on the school board, competing in races that often draw yawns from native-born politicians.

They are scoring small but significant successes. Dominicans control the Democratic clubs of Washington Heights. Asian-Americans hold five elected judicial positions and 15 seats on nine different school boards. And there are now eight people of West Indian descent in the City Council and State Legislature.

But the new immigrants have yet to reach the higher rungs of the city's political ladder. No Asian-Americans, West Indians or Latin Americans in New York City are Democratic county leaders, members of Congress or strong contenders for citywide office. Oddly enough, the thing they are celebrated for, their extraordinary diversity, has weakened their political strength.

Today's immigrants come from more countries and speak more languages than the last great wave of European immigrants. They are more economically varied, with highly educated and skilled people among their ranks. And more than their predecessors, they are eschewing homogenous enclaves, scattering to neighborhoods across the city.

Fractured and dispersed, they have proved more difficult to unite into political movements. In New York, no group approaches the influence of Cuban immigrants in Miami, Mexican immigrants in San Antonio or even Asian-Americans in San Francisco, whose political power has been amplified by their more concentrated numbers.

"There hasn't been a citywide candidate who can jell the immigrants, partly because it is such a diverse community," said John Mollenkopf, a professor of history at the City University of New York.

But the city's political landscape is changing in ways that could catapult more immigrant politicians into office. In 2001, term limits will force 36 of the 51 City Council members from office. Presented with that historic opportunity, political analysts predict, large numbers of immigrants will be registering voters and building organizations -- trying to rouse communities many veteran politicians once felt safe to ignore.

And the immigrants will be there for the rousing. Since 1996, record numbers have applied for citizenship, spurred by Congress's decision to end welfare benefits for certain noncitizens and by the advent of dual citizenship in countries like the Dominican Republic and Colombia, which send large numbers of immigrants to America.

Mr. Alam, a cheerful, rail-thin man of 42 who is an environmental chemist for the city, is hoping to ride that wave to victory.

Last year, he challenged State Senator Frank Padavan, a 13-term Republican who had made an issue of the cost of social services for immigrants. When the Queens Democratic Party refused to support Mr. Alam, he recruited immigrants into his own organization, the New American Democratic Club. With a shoestring budget and little campaign experience, they knocked on doors, gave out literature and helped him win 41 percent of the vote.

A recent meeting of the club showed it to be as kaleidoscopic as the city itself. Among the 35 people eating chicken tikka and basmati rice at Mr. Alam's house in Jamaica were school board members from Korea and Taiwan; an Indian dentist and Pakistani professor; Roman Catholics from Colombia and Black Muslims from Brooklyn.

Their accents were as varied as their faces. They wore business suits, saris and flowing white robes. But they could clearly agree on one thing: it was time to have a voice, perhaps many, in American politics.

"We have to show them we belong," Elizabeth Aivars, a Venezuelan immigrant, told the group. "This is a political organization. We're not embarrassed to say that."

Getting Noticed

Jews and Italians Show the Way

On a November morning in 1914, hundreds of Jewish immigrants gathered along East Broadway in the chill before dawn, singing, dancing and hoping to catch a glimpse of their hero: Meyer London, a Socialist Party leader who had just been elected to Congress from the Lower East Side.

To those immigrants, Mr. London's election was a watershed. He was one of them, a new American who had come from Russia as a youth, the son of a print shop owner, a lawyer for garment workers. His election seemed to validate their yearnings for political influence and economic security.

Two years later, the city's Italian immigrant community elected its first member of Congress, Fiorello H. La Guardia. (Actually, La Guardia could claim a dual heritage; his father was Italian, his mother, Jewish. And in 1933, he was able to build a multi-ethnic, multiparty coalition to become mayor, the first Italian-American to do so.)

To political analysts today, there is an important lesson to be gleaned from London's and La Guardia's first elections: they came roughly three decades after the first waves of East European Jews began arriving in New York City. By that timetable, the Asian, Latin American and West Indian immigrants who began flowing into New York in the mid-1960's are not far behind.

"By the Russian Jewish time clock, 1999 is equivalent to 1915," said Philip Kasinitz, a Hunter College sociologist.

The Italians and Jews became politicized at different rates. Italians, like many Hispanic immigrants today, were relatively slow to naturalize, in part because many did not intend to make America their permanent home. Jews become citizens faster, in large part because they had no intention of returning to Europe. They also brought with them urban traditions of socialist politics and labor organizing that caught on with immigrants in New York City's ***working-class*** streets and sweatshops.

And while the Democratic Party was slow to recruit these Jewish and Italian immigrants, it eventually embraced them, and they it. By the 1950's, the old Democratic machine was dominated by Italians, particularly its last true boss, Carmine G. DeSapio. And Jews became important forces not only in the mainstream organization, but also in the reform clubs that produced Mayor Edward I. Koch.

In the 1960's, when strict immigration quotas were lifted, new waves of immigrants from Asia, Latin America and the West Indies began pouring into the city. And the very diversity of these immigrants has become a major hurdle not confronted by the Jews and Italians before them.

In 1933, when La Guardia was elected mayor, Italians and Jews together represented a third of New York's population. Today, Dominicans, the city's largest immigrant group, are roughly 6 percent of the population; West Indians as a group are about 8 percent. Chinese, the largest Asian group, are less than 4 percent. Unifying them will be a politician's nightmare.

The new immigrants face another challenge: the Democratic Party has been on a steady downward trend. Reform politicians have weakened the party's control over patronage, a fundamental recruiting tool. The modern welfare state has made the clubs' rudimentary social services seem redundant. Paid consultants have taken over the work of running campaigns, reducing the need for immigrant volunteers.

"We can't even fix a parking ticket," said James McManus, whose great-uncle founded the McManus Midtown Democratic Association on West 44th Street more than 90 years ago. "It's no wonder people don't come around anymore."

But for all the obstacles, the new immigrants have had their triumphs. Just this decade, the Dominicans have come to dominate politics in Washington Heights, one of the most concentrated immigrant enclaves.

Dominicans virtually control the three local Democratic clubs and the local school board. They have elected one of their own, Guillermo Linares, to the City Council, and another, Adriano Espaillat, to the State Assembly. And when Representative Charles B. Rangel retires, many local party officials predict, the area is very likely to elect the first Dominican to Congress.

And in the Bronx, the last of the city's true political machines, the county Democratic committee, which is dominated by Puerto Ricans, is trying to build citywide immigrant support behind Borough President Fernando Ferrer, who is considering running for mayor in 2001. He is a long shot, but his efforts may lay the foundations for an immigrant candidate to seek citywide office in the future. And perhaps, like La Guardia, that first successful citywide candidate will have roots in more than one immigrant group.

"This is a group of people who are hungry, who are ready for ownership of a city that has not always been kind to them," said Assemblyman Roberto Ramirez, the county chairman.

Breaking Out

Electoral Success As a West Indian

Who, many historians ask, will be the new immigrants' Meyer London?

One of the strongest candidates would seem to be a bespectacled, pixieish, hard-charging mother from the island of Jamaica: City Councilwoman Una Clarke of Brooklyn, who is aggressively raising money and courting support for a potential challenge to Representative Major R. Owens, a nine-term Democrat, next year.

"They are pushing me to run," she says of her fellow West Indians, pretending she hasn't tried to stoke such talk. "Their plot is to push me so far that I cannot turn back."

In her drive for recognition, Mrs. Clarke, 64, clearly reflects the desires of many of the city's 600,000 West Indians -- particularly in Flatbush and Crown Heights -- to see their growing population translated into political power beyond the City Council or State Legislature. But by taking on Mr. Owens, who is African American, a Clarke campaign could also place her into conflict with central Brooklyn's other major voter bloc.

In the past, politicians from the West Indies -- including Representative Shirley Chisholm, an immigrant from Barbados who represented the 11th Congressional District in the 1970's -- generally viewed themselves as African-American leaders first and Caribbeans second. But for Mrs. Clarke, being from the West Indies seems to come first.

Indeed, Mrs. Clarke, who must leave the Council in 2001 under term limits, has built her career on issues related to the West Indies. In the Council, her signal achievement was to legalize the unlicensed vans that are owned mainly by West Indian immigrants. And recently, she led a delegation to Washington to lobby for trade rules that would benefit West Indian banana growers.

She also aggressively courts immigrant voters, filling her weekends with visits to West Indian festivals and interviews on local radio shows. A service in Harlem commemorating the day of Bahamian independence was typical. Midway through the event, the nation's consul general, Dr. Doswell Coakley, spotted Mrs. Clarke in the second row -- an easy task, given her bright red pillbox hat.

"Una Clarke is term-limited and moving on to other things," Dr. Coakley told the crowd as Mrs. Clarke covered her face with red-gloved hands in mock horror. "She tells me she is Caribbean first, and that we keep her in the fore of our thoughts. We shall."

Mrs. Clarke and her husband came to the United States in 1959 as students, had two children and decided to stay. Politics seemed to come naturally. She first got involved in Parent-Teacher Associations, then helped form an insurgent Democratic club that included Mr. Owens. Later she became head of a community group called the Caribbean Action Lobby.

And in 1991, after the city created a majority-West Indian Council district in central Brooklyn, she defied the county's black-dominated Democratic organization, which supported an American-born black candidate, and won the seat.

"I never saw bias until I ran in 1991," Mrs. Clarke said recently. "When I entered office, the street talk was, 'Why do these West Indians feel they have to be in politics?' "

Now, her daughter, Yvette, 34, is considering running for her Council seat. More than the mother, the daughter moves seamlessly between two worlds. "How do you like my daughter?" Mrs. Clarke asked an acquaintance recently in the lilting voice that marks her as a West Indian immigrant. "Is she an all-American girl? I'm getting there myself. It's taken a long time, but I'll get there."

Working Together

Asian Immigrants Look to Coalitions

The gathering of the North Flushing Civic Association was much like the dozens of civic association meetings held every month in Queens. A group of 60 middle-class homeowners, upset about a proposed Salvation Army church on 32nd Avenue, fired testy questions about increased traffic and ruined vistas at church officials.

But there was something different about this event: the man running it. He was John Liu, a 32-year-old immigrant from Taiwan, the association's president and one of just four Asian-Americans in the room. It is often that way for Mr. Liu, who is trying to become the first Asian-American on the City Council.

While immigrant candidates in heavily concentrated immigrant communities like Washington Heights or Flatbush can afford to focus on their fellow countrymen, Asian-Americans in Queens cannot. Not only are Asian-Americans a minority in most Queens communities; many do not vote. Even in Flushing, where Asian-Americans are nearly half the population, they represent less than 20 percent of the registered Democrats. The rest either are not citizens or have registered as independents or Republicans, making them ineligible for the Democratic primaries that usually determine elections here.

Don Nakanishi, director of the Asian-American Studies Center at the University of California at Los Angles, says that while Asian-Americans are quick to naturalize, they are slow to register to vote. The reasons he gives include a strong emphasis on work over other activities, and a fear of politics from living in authoritarian Asian societies.

Mr. Liu, an actuary, learned those lessons the hard way. In 1997, he was one of two Asian-American Democrats who challenged City Councilwoman Julia Harrison, a Democrat who had sharply criticized Asian-American business owners in Flushing on a variety of issues, including not posting signs in English. The two split the Asian-American vote, making it easier for Mrs. Harrison to win re-election with just 48 percent of the vote.

With Mrs. Harrison required to step down in 2001, Mr. Liu is working much harder to gain support among non-Asians -- not an easy task when many longtime residents bristle at the rapid growth of Flushing's Asian-American population.

So he fills his evenings and weekends with political events where he can meet and greet the borough's Democratic cognoscenti and voters. In addition to his civic association, he sits on the boards of the Queens Symphony and a handful of Democratic clubs, including one linked to the most powerful official in his Council district, Assemblyman Brian M. McLaughlin, whose support he hopes to win.

A stocky, effervescent man with a boyish face and the kind of boundless energy a good politician needs, Mr. Liu arrived in Flushing at the age of 5 when his father, a bank executive, was transferred to New York. Back then, the family was among the neighborhood's only Chinese.

"I didn't want to speak Chinese," he recalled in his unaccented English. "I wanted to be white."

But at the State University of New York in Binghamton, he became active in the Asian-American organization. Angry that the group was receiving far less financing than others, he and friends campaigned to pack the student assembly with Asian-Americans. They won, and the Asian Student Union got a $10,000 budget increase.

Five years ago, he and his wife, a nuclear engineer, bought an 80-year-old Colonial-style home just a few blocks from where he grew up. Sometimes he recalls the racial slurs of his childhood as he walks door to door, trying to drum up support for his incipient campaign.

"People say to me: 'I'm Italian. You are going to know what I need?' " he said. "I say: 'You need regular garbage pickup. You need the schools to be good. And you know what? That's what I want, too.' "

Joining Ranks

Hell's Kitchen Club Takes Latin Flavor

The McManus Midtown Democratic Association on West 44th Street has the musty, other-era feel of someone's well-kept attic. Outside, a red-haired man sells J.F.K. buttons. By the door hangs an oversize drawing of George Washington Plunkitt, the salty Hell's Kitchen district leader whose blunt advocacy of "honest graft" was Tammany Hall's turn-of-the-century motto. Old men sit watching television.

But on a recent evening, there was a distinctly new New York feel to the club's clientele. A family of Mexicans sat on folding chairs inside the door, awaiting help with a housing matter. A few paces away, a club member filled out immigration forms for a Colombian woman. And in the back, a Brazilian man leafed through a sheaf of job openings at city agencies.

Carlos Manzano, the club president, looked on happily. "I did my homework," he said, referring to the job listings he had compiled. "That's what Carmine DeSapio told me. Do your homework."

In one sense, the 33-year-old Mr. Manzano, who builds and manages World Wide Web pages for a living, is something of a political throwback, the last of a dying breed. But in another, he may be the model for something new: immigrants trying to revive the city's political clubs.

Mr. Manzano, who emigrated from Colombia in 1985, joined the club 11 years ago as a student at Queens College, simply because he wanted to learn about American-style politics. He was the club's second Hispanic member. But over the next few years, he recruited other immigrants, largely by providing basic services: citizenship classes, free legal services and assistance in navigating the city bureaucracy.

It was not quite like the old days, when clubs could put a supporter's nephew on the city payroll or get a friendly judge to go easy on a particular case. But the club's Hispanic membership grew steadily to 600, about half of its total.

This Latinization drew grumbles from some of the older Irish and Italian stalwarts. But the effort had the blessing of Mr. McManus, who had installed Mr. Manzano as president and helped elect him a district leader. To him, Mr. Manzano represents not just the future of his club, but of New York City politics.

"Nobody gave the Irish and Italians anything," Mr. McManus said, adding, "So I've been waiting for someone like Carlos to come along and do the same thing for poor and ***working-class*** Hispanics."

With that in mind, Mr. Manzano, whose ever-crisp attire and dignified bearing seem as old-fashioned as his politics, ran last February for City Council in a heavily white district that extends from West 74th Street into Greenwich Village. Derided as "the machine candidate" by his opponents, he finished second in a field of four.

Since then, he has received feelers from other Hispanic leaders about running as a pan-Hispanic Council candidate in Queens. More appealing to him is spending nights at the club. As he prepared to close down at 10:30 on a recent evening, a frail looking, elderly woman walked in and asked for a private meeting.

As they emerged from their talk a few minutes later, the woman began to toddle off, then stopped and gave Mr. Manzano a kiss on the cheek. "You will take care of that, right?" she asked. "Cause if you don't, who will?"

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

**Graphic**

Photos: "Politics is the same everywhere in the world. Nobody wants to give up their power. But times are changing." MORSHED ALAM -- Founder and President, New American Democratic Club, Jamaica, Queens (Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times); "I never saw bias until I ran in 1991. When I entered office, the street talk was, 'Why do these West Indians feel they have to be in politics?' " UNA CLARKE -- City Councilwoman (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times); "People say to me: 'I'm Italian. You are going to know what I need?' I say, 'You need regular garbage pickup. You need the schools to be good.' " JOHN LIU -- President, North Flushing Civic Association (Nancy Siesel/The New York Times)(pg. B11)

**Load-Date:** December 28, 1999

**End of Document**



[***Closing on Sunday: Will It Always Be in England?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3P20-0014-51VN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 13, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 16, Column 3; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1331 words

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

**Dateline:** LONDON, Nov. 12

**Body**

In England, you can buy a newspaper legally on Sunday, but not a book; drugs in a drugstore, but not dental floss; partly cooked tripe at the butcher's, but not fresh meat.

Not, at any rate, according to a law restricting trading hours on Sundays that has been on the books in one form or another for most of the last hundred years. It also requires stores to close by 8 P.M. most weekdays.

Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher tried to do away with all restrictions two years ago, and suffered a rare defeat in the House of Commons even though everybody seems to agree that the existing hodgepodge ought to be cleaned up somehow. This fall, the battle over the law is heating up again, with feelings about private enterprise, class, religion and even race all running high and complicating the issue.

Britain is not the only country in the European Community with restrictions on store hours. Each of the 12 members has laws barring shops of one kind or another from opening on Sundays. In West Germany, most stores also have to close promptly at 6:30 every night and 2 P.M. most Saturdays - and do.

Some Ignore the Law

Here in London, some shopkeepers in some neighborhoods just ignore the law if the local authorities let them get away with it, and open up or sell forbidden items on Sunday. In Hampstead, for example, people come for a walk in the Heath and afterward, a stroll down Hampstead High Street. Linda Bennett, a buyer for Tanners, a leather goods and accessories shop, is one of many shopkeepers who open on Sunday, and it's one of her busiest days. ''It gives people who work a chance to shop on a less crowded weekend day than Saturday,'' she said last Sunday. ''My employees all want to work Sunday because it's only six hours and they make more money per hour.''

Inna Efimov, a shopper who recently moved to London from New York, said, ''I come here on Sundays because I know the shops are open. I miss New York - you can shop there for anything any day of the week.''

But in the cathedral town of York, the authorities prosecute merchants who disregard the law, according to John Rigby, a member of the City Council. As Canon Ralph Mayland, the cathedral treasurer, put it: ''When you walk through York on a Sunday morning, there's no press of people coming out of the shops, no ambulances screaming, and you hear the bells pealing out and you know God is in his Heaven and all is well, really.''

Sunday is not the Sabbath for all, as Mark Benson, a Conservative Party member, found when he quoted from Genesis 2:2 in trying, unsuccessfully, to convince the party conference last month not to call for changes in the law again. ''And on the seventh day God finished his work which he had made, and he rested on the seventh day,'' he read, before being shouted down with ''That was Saturday!''

Jews Can Open on Sunday

Observant Jews who do close their businesses on Saturdays are allowed to open Sundays under existing law; neighborhoods like Hampstead, where relatively many Jews live, may be more tolerant of Sunday openings because of that, according to one of the clerks at Blaze, a clothing store.

London has become more polyglot in recent years, not to everybody's liking. ''Mr. Patel doesn't know about Sunday closing,'' said a Cockney businessman, referring to shopkeepers like those who stay open in the Asian neighborhood of Southall seven days a week.

''The only time I ever close personally is Christmas Day,'' said Balvinder Banwait of Banwait Brothers, a textile shop there. A couple of years ago, the shopkeepers met to decide whether to close one day a week but couldn't agree, and The Broadway, Southall's main street, bustles on Sundays, while Oxford Street, London's main shopping street, is empty.

Small shopowners - 217,000 of them, out of 244,000 retail businesses in Britain - see the pressure for Sunday opening coming not only from immigrants but also big chain stores. Geoffrey J. Mulcahy, group chief executive of Woolworth Holdings, said: ''We find we generate more business over seven days than over six days, and Sunday can quite often be the most important shopping day of the week.''

'Saturday an Absolute Shambles'

''People have never been very good about putting a value on consumers' time,'' said Maurice Healy, director of the National Consumer Council, a Government-funded research group that supports liberalization of trading hours on Sundays and weekday evenings.

''Saturday is an absolute shambles now,'' he said. ''You've got to take Johnny to a soccer game in the morning, Mary has dancing lessons in the afternoon, and somehow you've got to get everybody together to go to Marks & Spencer in the afternoon to buy shoes. What we're saying is that opening up Sunday shopping will allow people to manage their time that much better.''

''It's hard to believe,'' he said, ''but total liberalization now doesn't seem to be politically possible in this country.''

Dr. Michael Schluter, director of a campaign to retain Sunday shopping restrictions that is called Keep Sunday Special, proposes allowing a small number of businesses - gas stations, newsstands, small grocery stores, travel kiosks and garden centers to be open, so that most families will have at least one day a week to spend together undistracted.

''If people go shopping at 12 o'clock, they won't be having Sunday lunch,'' he said. ''There are at least a million married women in retailing, and if they're working they won't cook Sunday lunch - and we're rather doubtful about Dad doing it.''

U.S. Practice Criticized

Dr. Schluter, who studied at Cornell University, said he thought Sunday shopping in the United States was ''a fairly major contributing factor to damage to family life and stability there,'' and said he was fighting the battle against it here ''on grounds of Christian principle.''

Keep Sunday Special's patrons include Anglican bishops and clergymen from smaller Christian denominations, what Mr. Healy called ''***working-class*** religions,'' in England. The leading retail employees' organization, the Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers, is also against Sunday trading, partly reflecting a strong religious strain among its 387,000 members.

The union's opposition is based on the assumption that allowing stores to open on Sundays or late at night would mean that thousands of employees would be forced to work then. ''We feel most shopworkers already work Saturdays, and they shouldn't be asked to work additional hours,'' said Patrick Jones, the union's press officer. The union also dismisses claims that wider Sunday trading would actually create 125,000 full- and part-time jobs.

Even British big business is not unanimously in favor of lifting the ban. Peter T. Lewis, chairman of the John Lewis group of department stores, said he believed the quality of service and operations would suffer if stores opened more days a week.

Scottish Practice Cited

Sir Basil Feldman, a leading businessman in favor of lifting restrictions, pointed out that churchgoing, Presbyterian Scotland could set an example for England and Wales. ''Scotland has never had any kind of restriction on Sunday trading, but it has not been turned into a moral or religious desert,'' he said. ''There are more regular churchgoers per capita there than there are in England and Wales.''

Sir Basil, who made his name in the clothing retail business, runs the Shopping Hours Reform Council, a lobby trying to persuade Conservative Party members of Parliament to press for change next year or the year after.

''We wanted total liberalization, but the Government has made it very clear it will be difficult to get that through Parliament, so we're going to be pragmatic,'' he said.

The Government, anxious not to suffer embarrassment again, is shopping around for consensus on an acceptable compromise before it introduces a new bill next year or the year after. As Timothy Renton, a Home Office official, said recently, that will probably propose ''total deregulation - for part of the day.''

**Graphic**

Photo of shoppers patronizing store on Sunday in the Indian neighborhood of Southall in London. (NYT/Jonathan Player)

**End of Document**



[***FOCUS: Anchorage;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3MT0-0014-5457-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Homesteading Is Alive, and Sort of Well, in Alaska***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3MT0-0014-5457-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 20, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 10; Page 9, Column 2; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1296 words

**Byline:** By ROGER STARR

**Dateline:** ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

**Body**

Homesteading - acquiring ownership of government land by the sweat of one's brow - was a dream of millions of Americans 125 years ago. Even today, some older cities give tax-forfeited, deteriorated ***working-class*** homes to striving families who pledge to restore them. That's called Urban Homesteading, a pale imitation of what still exists in but one state - Alaska.

On a recent trip, a cab passenger in Anchorage learned that the driver was a wilderness homesteader toiling in his off hours on an isolated 40-acre tract 35 miles from downtown.

The cabby knew the state would give the land to him and his heirs in perpetuity, as it will to 21,000 other Alaskans in pursuit of the same hope, if only he heeds the requirements imposed and administered by the Alaska Division of Land and Water Management. What he did not know was that most settlers lured westward by the Homestead Act of 1862 found that their dream of economic independence through land ownership was a tragic delusion.

Pluck, those settlers learned, brings no rain, nor does hard work make unpromising soil fertile. No more than a third of the homesteaders made a go of farming; some found cattlemen who bought their dry land, but most were beaten by topography, weather, disease, lack of capital and, though only rarely, by Indian resistance.

Today, says Gary Gustafson, director of the Division of Land and Water Management, the state does not expect wilderness homesteading to lead to private affluence and general economic development. It does its best to persuade prospects that they make an arduous commitment with little possibility of financial reward.

But the state constitution explicitly encourages widespread land ownership in the furtherance of Alaska's democratic ideals.

''The people who cherish solitary independence and want to escape the pressures of competition and technology will get their own reward, but only if they have the courage, skill and capital to work hard for it,'' said Mr. Gustafson, who has built his own wilderness cabin, though not on homestead land.

Instead of using Conestoga wagons drawn by horses or oxen, modern wilderness homesteaders transport their necessities by float plane in summer, snowmobile in winter. Instead of herds of bison, they may confront oversize bears. And instead of chopping their own logs, roofing their homes with sod, warming themselves around buffalo-chip fires and dispelling the dark with oil lamps and candles, they can fly in with gypsum board, fiberglass insulation, electric generators, gasoline-powered chain saws, stoves and refrigerators to make life a bit easier.

Yet, gradually, despite initially high hopes, the new homesteaders find the Alaskan topography and climate in their own way as daunting as the conditions encountered by their earlier prototypes on the western frontier.

New technologies are helpful in some respects, but very costly. And they leave many hardships unabated - not the least, mosquitoes.

The state does not and cannot promise homesteaders a steady income from farming 160-acre agricultural homesteads or an opportunity to sell 40-acre home sites at a fancy future price.

Land values have risen precipitously within 35 miles of New York's Times Square and Chicago's Loop. But the same will not occur within 35 miles of Anchorage unless thousands of migrants decide to move to the area and someone builds highways or railroads to accommodate them.

When Alaska achieved statehood in 1959, it was given 105 million acres of federally owned land, more than a quarter of its total land surface. Land-rich and development-poor, public or private agencies could finance transportation facilities only if investors felt that economic development would follow, a dubious proposition.

As Mr. Gustafson points out, his division must balance the state's desire to put small parcels of land in private hands against the undesirable consequences of encouraging people to risk their time, savings and even their lives in a venture for which they are not qualified. The invitation is circumscribed: To qualify for the program an applicant must have lived in Alaska for at least one year immediately before the auction.

Even so, when it decides which wilderness areas it will tender to homesteaders each year, the state must hold a lottery to winnow the applicants to match the acreage it is ready to make available.

Lottery winners who hope to meet the requirements of agricultural homesteading may claim 160 acres; those who want homesites can claim 40.

Lottery winners pay a processing fee of $5 an acre for a permit to enter and stake out the land they want (first come, first served). Brush must be cleared from its boundary lines. All homesteaders must have a professional survey of their property, but those who are prepared to pay for the land may buy it outright within two years after they stake it, paying the original state appraisal. Those who do not buy within two years have three more years to buy it, but only at the then-current appraisal price, and only after building a habitable 190-square-foot, all-weather house. Those who do not want to pay anything for the land must not only build the house but also must live in it for 25 months within the five years. Then they get clear patent title. The state's homestead law went into effect in 1985 and Mr. Gustafson and his staff now find that at least one-third of the 21,000 who received entry permits or took steps to acquire property have already defaulted or been foreclosed.

Stanley Bogdan, a part-time driver for one of the two largest taxicab companies in Anchorage, is one whose claim is very much alive. When not showing rural Alaskans their most modern metropolis or talking about bears, salmon and earthquakes with visitors from the lower 48, he can be found - but only with difficulty - on his homestead site. He staked it out after winning in the first lottery, in 1985. By investing $7,000 in construction materials and seaplane transport, he has been able to give up the tent that was his first shelter and move into his minimal house. Call it a cabin, he says modestly.

A bachelor, Mr. Bogdan chose a site at Lockwood Lake, an uninhabited section of Alaska's tundra. He spent $1,350 on three widely separated trips in DeHavilland float planes, each carrying about one ton of material to the lake.

He carries a shotgun and a .44 magnum automatic just in case one of the indigenous black bears or the migratory browns becomes too inquisitive. He is conscious of the dangers - and they abound; snowmobiling, using a chain saw and chopping wood in icy weather are three of them.

Mr. Bogdan said he expects to spend two months on the homestead by the end of this year, catching the end of the moose season, panning for gold, cutting and stacking firewood, improving the cabin and hunting. His present concern is whether he can accumulate the required 25 months of site living without losing the cab - his only visible means of support.

''When it rains,'' he said, referring to a not unusual Alaskan phenomenon, ''I'll catch up on my reading. After it freezes I can travel by snowmobile.''

While he sounds like a sourdough, he was actually born and raised in Tuckahoe, a Westchester County suburb of New York City. He left New York for Florida in 1970, intent on making his grub stake in real estate. From Tampa he went to Houston, from Houston to Alaska, arriving in time to meet the lottery residence requirement.

As he talks about economic potential in the wilderness, it is clear his hopes are based as much on a romantic vision of himself as the pioneer from the East as on any hard fiscal calculation. ''Some day,'' he says with apparent confidence, ''Alaska will have to build a road through here, and this is going to be one of the world's prime vacation resorts.''

**Graphic**

Photos of Stanley Bogdan, part-time Anchorage taxi driver, at the homstead site he staked out after the state's first lottery in 1985; Gary Gustafson, director of Division of Land and Water Management, in his office in Anchorage (NYT/Fran Durner)

**End of Document**



[***CAINE STRETCHES HIS RANGE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-F8C0-000B-Y2M2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 26, 1981, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1981 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 1, Column 4; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 2485 words

**Byline:** By BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

**Body**

In Britain Michael Caine is still seen as the archetypal example of the ***working-class*** lad made good: a male Cinderella, so to speak, or a frog who hauled himself out of the mire and was magically revealed as a dapper young prince. Certainly, he seems supremely qualified to play the lead in ''Victory,'' a professional soccer player unexpectedly promoted to officer rank in the field and then captured by the Nazis.

''There were plenty of parallels I could draw on,'' he says in that inimitable voice of his (flat without being featureless, dehydrated yet not dull, expressively unexpressive). ''He never believed he could become a captain, I didn't think I could conceivably be a famous actor. We're both men of humble origins thrust into situations far beyond our expectations.'' ''Victory,'' about a group of Allied prisoners of war who take on their Nazi captors in a soccer game, opens Friday at the Embassy 5 and the Baronet.

Mr. Caine is only Caine because years ago his agent gave him an afternoon to invent a suitable screen name, and, as he sat in London's Leicester Square drinking tea, he looked up and saw ''The Caine Mutiny'' emblazoned over a cinema. Mutinous he was then; Caine he has been ever since. Actually, he was born Maurice Joseph Micklewhite in 1933, son of a Billingsgate fish porter and a cleaning woman, and brought up in often considerable poverty in drab South London.

Profile of British actor Michael Caine focuses on his upcoming movie "Victory"

During World War II he was evacuated to supposed safety out of town, only to be battered by his substitute parents and rescued by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a charity he supports to this day. A second billet more than compensated, however, and gave him the taste for country life he still retains: fields, farm animals, and a wonderful manor house with a wonderful lady of the manor, who saw and encouraged the boy's precocity, leaving him with another lasting taste, for art and antiques.

Maurice returned to London a loner, an outsider, a dreamer. Nothing was possible. His headmaster, just before thwacking him with a cane, told him, ''you know you're going to be a laborer, don't you?'' Yet everything was possible. The teen-age Maurice became an obsessive reader, devouring 14 or more books a week and accumulating understanding of every conceivable subject. Wine, for instance. Since he lived next to a Salvation Army shelter, there was always plenty of cheap grape around, and some of his friends used to drink it, too. Maurice preferred to save his pennies and buy himself one excellent meal a month, with a claret or burgundy he knew from his studies to be special. To this day he's a gourmet, and no mean cook himself. He has a financial stake in one of the best London restaurants, and a standard pilgrimage for British actors visiting Hollywood is out to the Caine estate in Beverly Hills, there to consume roast beef and Yorkshire pudding their creator concedes to be terrific. ''I'd love to own a hotel,'' he remarks parenthetically, ''I should have been a 17th-century innkeeper.''

But at age 16, when he left school, it looked as if he was indeed doomed to hard labor for a living. Although he belonged to a local youth club which regularly presented plays and although he had appeared in innumerable do-it-yourself productions before he'd so much as entered a real theater, he didn't seriously contemplate the stage as a career. Rather, his dream was of going to sea, as several of his friends actually did, and becoming the British Eugene O'Neill. Everything was still undecided when he was drafted into the army and sent to Korea, where he saw front line action and earned himself a reputation as, he says, ''a Bolshie, a barrack-room lawyer and a know-it-all.'' His sophistication and intelligence tended to cut him off from his fellow soldiers; his accent, background and rebelliousness from any chance of being an officer. ''I began as a private,'' he recalls, ''and had great difficulty clinging onto even that rank.''

Demobilized, he worked in a butter warehouse and began at last to consider the profession his peers derided as fit only for homosexuals and idlers. But how to become an actor? Someone suggested he look into an advertisement for an assistant stage manager in the little Sussex town of Horsham, and he found himself in the wings and sometimes even onstage, all for a wage of 5 a week. The mid-50's found him in the seaside town of Lowestoft, playing the juvenile lead in every style and variety of play and, eventually, marrying the leading lady, Patricia Haines.

His ambitions weren't particularly great at this time. The West End, let alone screen stardom, seemed eons away. ''I didn't go on the stage to play Hamlet,'' he says. ''I thought maybe I could do Cockney coppers and barrow-boys better than the actors who usually played them then. I felt the way a young black man in America would feel seeing his people presented as goons and idiots, the Step 'n' Fetchit thing. ***Working class*** characters in English films and plays seemed always to be caricatures. It annoyed me from a class distinction point of view, and they never got it right, they couldn't do the accent. I thought, well, maybe there was room for people like me.''

Actually, it was already becoming evident that he was capable of more than rendering Cockneys realistic, so off he and his wife went to London, only (he wryly remembers) ''to fall flat on our faces. I wound up working in a laundry. She wound up with a baby. There was an ultimatum: give up the profession, or that's it. I wouldn't, and we parted.'' Around this time Caine hit bottom. He was arrested for nonpayment of child maintenance, and found himself in a cell with a gentleman who had just stabbed his girl friend 28 times, wondering if there was any substance at all in love, marriage, the theater or, indeed, life itself.

Of course there was, and is. After 15 years of sometimes frenetic bachelorhood (''Raising Caine'' was a headline much favored by subeditors as he began to become well-known) he remarried and now proclaims himself a thoroughly content family man. He has a Guyanese wife, who once finished third in the Miss World beauty contest, a 7-year-old daughter, two-and-a-half acres of the best Californian land, and a name that commands well over a million dollars a movie. It has been a hard slog: no less than 33 films in one period of 12 years. It has also, of course, taken luck and skill.

Both commodities accounted for his first major screen success, ''Zulu,'' in 1964. Mr. Caine had been surviving on irregular performances on television, the occasional appearance on the London stage and the odd theatrical tour, when James Saunders's ''Next Time I'll Sing to You,'' in which he happened to be playing the lead, was transferred from a fringe playhouse into the West End and was seen there by Stanley Baker and Cy Endfield. At first they thought he might play a Cockney soldier in their African adventure-saga, but then, as a half-experimental afterthought, they offered him the part of a trim and distinctly upper-crust officer. It was Mr. Caine's big chance, and he launched himself into creating the character with the same conscientious care he brings to every role.

For two weeks he went off to have lunch with guards officers in London, telling them he was researching background, but actually observing ''accents, movements, the way they treated each other, the timing of things.'' Then he began to wonder if the body language wouldn't have been subtly different in Victorian times, an era when class divisions were greater than now, and decided to copy the most privileged man he could think of, namely the Duke of Edinburgh: ''He walks always with his hands behind his back, and in 'Zulu' I walked the whole time like that. No one found it out, but they knew unconsciously who I was, because Prince Philip is so familiar; they'd seen him on the television news. I also realized that privileged people like him speak very slowly, because they don't have to get your attention. You're already hanging on their words. They're not like some little Cockney salesman who's afraid you're going to shut the door in his face.'' The result was an internationally acclaimed performance.

To this day Mr. Caine remains a dedicated people-watcher - ''I spend a great deal of time walking around, sitting on my own, just seeing how they behave'' - and an actor who likes to spend the days before he goes in front of the camera practicing every move, every intonation in the privacy of his room. It is important for him to get the mood right, too. There was a passage in ''Sleuth'' in which he was dressed in a clown's costume, threatened with a gun and systematically degraded by the husband of the woman he hoped eventually to marry. It was demanding enough to appear in movie whose only other character was, in fact, played by the most commanding actor of our time, Laurence Olivier. This particular encounter was something special, as emotionally challenging a scene as Mr. Caine has ever had to tackle.

''You see actors on the screen about to be shot, and they don't do anything. I thought, someone who's going to have his brains blown out must be in abject, snivelling terror. He'd do anything to stop them pulling that trigger. It's a difficult, humiliating thing to do, to burst into years, plead, beg, sob, especially for someone like me, who's not at all like that. But I thought, if you do it halfheartedly, you embarrass the audience. Better go right into it, and take the risk of overdoing it, because actually there's no way of overdoing it. People in certain situations will scream themselves to death.''

So Mr. Caine willed himself into a depression. He went to bed early, mooched about the garden, refused to go out, for fear someone might tell him a joke, and generally ''made myself pretty much a pain as far as my wife was concerned. And when the moment came, he consciously drew on the memory of his father, who died a slow, distressing death from cancer before Mr. Caine achieved the success that would have delighted him. ''I always do that in the tremendous emotional moments, because mixed with all the fear and pain there's also anger. I played a lot of anger into that scene.''

His mother did live to see her son an international star, and something she once told him as a child helps him when he comes to the less obviously upbeat scenes. Be like a duck: remain calm on this surface, and paddle like hell underneath. Mr. Caine works, works consciously and hard, at sustaining the cool, offhanded figure he so often cuts onscreen. ''To me the difficulty and joy of movie acting is to do something really small, and get an effect with that. To minimalize everything, right down to the most tremendous economy. And therefore to force yourself, discipline yourself into relaxation.''

This is precisely what ''Victory'' has allowed him to achieve. The character he plays organizes a soccer team in captivity, and the obvious challenge for Mr. Caine was physical, since this meant playing long stretches of thoroughly realistic matches alongside such celebrated ex-internationals as Pele and Bobby Moore: ''I've never been so footsore, so bloody weary, with a bad back, swollen ankles, pulled tendons. I suddenly realized I was nearly 50, on the field with people 15 years younger than me and already retired.'' But the mental demands of the character he portrays were perhaps greater. ''He's uncomfortable with himself, the sort of person who is always looking to see where others are uncomfortable with themselves, where there's an opening, somewhere for him to smack in. So I tried to play him with great watchfulness, tremendous stillness. Very, very quiet, so that the tiniest movement was a violent act.''

This habit of calculated understatement explains why Mr. Caine is sometimes underrated as an actor. ''People say to me, it must be wonderful being a natural like you, Michael. You see, the better you do, the more realistic you become, the easier it looks. I've often sweated my heart out, and the reviewers have said, there's Michael Caine idling through again.'' But such backhanded compliments, as he tried to regard them, are given him more frequently in Britain than in America, where naturalistic skills are more valued and Mr. Caine's true versatility more recognized.

In England, he's never quite rid himself of the image created by his first starring parts, the East-End Casanova of ''Alfie'' and Harry Palmer, the secret-serviceman of ''The Ipcress File'' and ''Funeral in Berlin.'' Only recently a British journalist began an interview with the sort of question he's come to regard as inevitable: ''What's it like, being a Cockney in America?'' In America itself, he feels he's seen as a person and an actor rather than a class stereotype and remembered for the sheer diversity of the performances he gave in ''The Man Who Would Be King,'' ''The Romantic Englishwoman,'' ''California Suite,'' and others: ''There, when they can't think of an actor to play a part, they ring me.''

That is one reason why he doesn't regret having taken up permanent residence in California. Another, the reason he went into exile in the first place, is the virtual disappearance of an indigenous British film industry. Now he can sit among his flowers (he is a fanatic gardener) content in the knowledge that he's where the work and the respect both are and will, no doubt, continue to be: ''I've survived because I've never got myself into a star personality thing. I've always said, 'What is this character?' rather than 'How can I adapt this character to whatever is successful in me?' So though I've made some bad pictures, they haven't damaged me, because their failure didn't mean I was a personality cult which wasn't working with the public. And now I can afford to be much more selective in what I choose to do.''

Precisely what he'll next choose to do is still unclear. Maybe he'll start setting up some of his own productions. That way, he could perhaps fulfill one of his secret dreams, of becoming a second Cary Grant, an elegant and debonair light-comedy actor. But who knows? In the Caine philosophy it is an article of faith not to live too much for the morrow: ''I was watching Bjorn Borg on TV, and they asked him how he worked out his strategy for a match, and he said he didn't have one, he just concentrated on every point and tried to win it. And I realized I was the same. Let's get this play right, this movie right, this scene right, this take right, this line right. Let's give 100 percent concentration on what's going on that moment. That's the way I've run my career, and that's the way I expect to go on doing it.''

---------------------------------------------------------------------

Benedict Nightingale frequently reports on the cultural scene in Great Britain.

**Graphic**

Illustrations: 2 photos of Michael Caine

**End of Document**



[***A NATION CHALLENGED: THE PRISONERS; Taliban Arab, Like Many, Longs for Home but Faces a Doubtful Fate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44K0-GPC0-0109-T04R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 2, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1B; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 3

**Length:** 1482 words

**Byline:**  By DEXTER FILKINS

**Dateline:** MAZAR-I-SHARIF, Afghanistan, Dec. 1

**Body**

The holy war of Fahad Nasir ends here, in a filthy corner of a lonely room with a bullet in his arm.

The 21-year-old Saudi, only days ago a Taliban foreign soldier, writhes and moans as he grasps the wound and wonders aloud how he has come to this fate.

Last week, Mr. Nasir laid down his gun in Kunduz, the northern Afghan city, where thousands of Taliban soldiers thought the better of fighting to the end.

When the prison where he was taken exploded in riot, Mr. Nasir leaped its walls and raced through the streets of this city's main bazaar.

"Home," he said to himself as he weaved through the stalls in a panic, "I want to go home."

But his smooth Arab skin betrayed him. A gunshot pierced his right arm.

Today, Mr. Nasir lies on the floor of an abandoned home, wrapped in a dirty blanket, with an infection gnawing his limb and Northern Alliance guards debating his future. He has come a long way from his ***working-class*** home in Riyadh, and the pep talk from Osama bin Laden a few months before offers little succor now.

"Can I ask anything of you?" Mr. Nasir inquiries of a visitor. "Before they kill me, would you please contact my parents?"

Such is the predicament of the hundreds of foreign soldiers who fought with the Taliban and who are now imprisoned by the Northern Alliance. They are foreign soldiers in a civil war; their rights are uncertain, and no one -- neither the Northern Alliance, which took them, nor the foreign countries, which spawned them -- seems to want them anymore. Men like Mr. Nasir are the special objects of the victors' hatred; they are seen as the men who drove the Afghan war to its limits and its people to unspeakable acts.

That the ranks of the foreign Taliban held hardened killers seemed clear enough over the last week, when prisoners revolted and killed an American intelligence officer. At least 188 Taliban prisoners died in the ferocious battle that unfolded. More than 80 survivors who had holed up in the basement surrendered on Friday and today after a six-day siege.

Yet many of the men who traveled from foreign lands to fight in the Afghan war give evidence of being less diabolical than deluded, ignorant men on a fool's journey that has landed them in a cell. Many of the men say they heeded the call of aged mullahs who told them to wage a holy war, and the men set off with little sense of where they were going or what their war was about. Some of the foreigners who manned the front lines say they never fired a shot, and many say they tried to leave the very day they landed.

There is no way to verify the details of Mr. Nasir's account. Now that they have lost, Taliban soldiers like him might be expected to play down their roles in the fighting, as the soldiers of defeated armies have done through the ages. As in any war, there were leaders among the Taliban, and followers, too.

The soldiers-turned-prisoners face an uncertain future. While some Northern Alliance commanders say they favor turning the men over to the United Nations, others prefer the old way, when prisoners were a luxury that few of the Afghan factions could afford.

"After we finish talking to them," said Syed Wasiqullah, a Northern Alliance officer in charge of Mr. Nasir and others, "they're finished."

He dragged his finger across his throat.

The presence of the foreign fighters has caught the interest of American soldiers, who are trying to determine if any have links to international terrorist groups.

This week, at a Mazar-i-Sharif compound where American troops are staying, a group of them stood around a captured Pakistani man and pointed a flashlight into his face.

"Get me an Urdu-English translator," an American soldier taking part in the interrogation asked Mr. Wasiqullah.

When the Americans were finished, one of the prisoners asked to use a toilet. After some haggling, the soldiers took him to an outhouse, where they stood over him with a gun while he sat handcuffed inside.

By most accounts here, interrogations of the foreign prisoners have yielded little useful information. From the hundreds of the foreign prisoners searched and interviewed here so far, Northern Alliance officials were able to produce only one document suggesting an affiliation with an extremist group. In the pocket of a man named Karam Ali, a Pakistani, they found a card proclaiming him a member of Jaishi Muhammad, which they called an extremist Islamic group in Pakistan. "Raise your head and make holy war in the name of God," the card read.

The Northern Alliance authorities are confident that when the holdouts from the revolt at the Qala Jangi prison fort are finally interviewed, they will uncover more such affiliations. Until then, the typical foreign soldier locked up in the Northern Alliance cells will cut a far more meager figure.

Mr. Nasir, a high school graduate who often traded jokes with Americans in Riyadh's fast-food restaurants, said he held few political views until he embarked on a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca earlier this year. There, he said, he met a Saudi man named Abu Mali, who told him that Israeli Jews were persecuting Muslims in Palestine. After a long talk, Mr. Nasir said, Mr. Mali urged him to go to Palestine and wage a holy war against Israel.

Mr. Nasir said he would.

"First he said I would have to go to Afghanistan for military training," he said.

Mr. Nasir never returned home. Before leaving, he dialed home and told his father of his idea. His father, he said, became very cross.

"My father ordered me not to go," he said.

A few days later, at his own expense, Mr. Nasir said he boarded a plane to Karachi, the Pakistani port city. Once there, he said, he took another plane with three other Arab men to the Pakistani border town of Quetta, and then rode a motorcycle to Kandahar, the spiritual home of the Taliban. Within days, he said, he was training to be a jihadi, or holy warrior, with about 100 Arabs and Pakistanis at a camp outside the city.

Not all the Taliban prisoners come off as naive as Mr. Nasir. For years, Amzah Zia Shah, another Pakistani prisoner here, drove a bus through the streets of Karachi playing the passionate speeches of Mullanah Massoud Azar, the Islamic radical released from an Indian prison after the hijacking of an Indian Airways passenger jet in December 1999.

When Mr. Azar called for a holy war against the Americans for their bombing of Afghanistan, Mr. Shah quit his job and joined the Taliban.

"I am a religious man, and I waged jihad to acquire virtue," Mr. Shah said in an interview in the prison cell he shares with Mr. Nasir. "If I had died in Afghanistan, 70 virgins would have been waiting for me in paradise."

As it happened, Mr. Shah surrendered in Kunduz, and his face is now swollen and black. Mr. Shah said he fell while walking in jail, but other Taliban prisoners said a Northern Alliance guard had beaten Mr. Shah's face with the butt of his rifle.

Mr. Nasir, the young Saudi, said he could summon no such zeal. He went listlessly through weapons training, waiting all the time to catch a plane for Palestine. He said he did not even know who Mr. bin Laden was when he showed up at his camp to speak.

"He told us it would be a glorious thing to die in the jihad," Mr. Nasir said. "People pointed at him, they told me it was Osama bin Laden, that he is a great man."

It was then, Mr. Nasir said, that his mentors played a cruel trick. His sponsor, Mr. Mali, departed for Saudi Arabia, and those left behind told Mr. Nasir that he would not be going to Israel. There was a holy war to be fought in Afghanistan.

"I told them I wanted to go home," Mr. Nasir said. "I told them I did not want to fight against other Muslims."

Still, Mr. Nasir said he packed his bags and rode to Kabul on the back of a Toyota pickup. From there, he said, he flew aboard a Taliban transport plane to Kunduz, which was rapidly becoming encircled by Northern Alliance troops.

Once in Kunduz, Mr. Nasir said, he managed to find odd jobs that kept him from the front lines.

Mr. Nasir said he was in Kunduz just 10 days when the Taliban forces agreed to surrender. He gave up his weapon, and a truck carried him to the Qala Jangi fort in Mazar-i-Sharif. The riot broke out, and after hiding in a horse stable for two days, he scaled wall and ran. He was a young holy warrior, Mr. Nasir said, and he had never fired a shot.

Lying on his back in his dank cell, Mr. Nasir said he had given up his dreams of jihad, in Israel or anywhere else. He said he did not care for Mr. bin Laden, who he suspects ordered the suicide planes to crash into the World Trade Center, and he wishes he was still the unworldly young man he had been before he began his journey to Mecca.

"You can tell them, I will never come back here again," Mr. Nasir said. "All I want is to sit with my mother, and my father and brothers and sisters."

He moaned again, and the guard asked the visitor to leave.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Prisoners of the Northern Alliance in Mazar-i-Sharif, clockwise from top left: Fahad Nasir, a Saudi Taliban fighter; Muhammed Jamalhuddin, a Pakistani Taliban; Amzah Zia Shah, a Pakistani Taliban; and Abdul Satar Nafisi, a Pakistani who said he was a journalist captured along with Pakistani soldiers. (Photographs by James Hill for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 2, 2001

**End of Document**



[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WS00-008G-F09Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***At the Cineplex It's Dumb, Dumber, Dumbest***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WS00-008G-F09Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 8, 1995, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2;  Page 11;  Column 1;  Arts & Leisure Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1361 words

**Byline:** By Caryn James

By Caryn James

**Body**

FORGET THE THEORY OF relativity. As the new movie "I.Q." tells you, what really matters about Albert Einstein (played by Walter Matthau) is that he is a great little matchmaker, able to see at a glance that his brilliant mathematician niece, Catherine (Meg Ryan), is secretly pining for a local mechanic named Ed (Tim Robbins). Ed is not a stupid guy, but he's no rocket scientist. In the lexicon of current American movies, Ed's lack of erudition is enough to hint that he's a decent man.

"Forrest Gump" is the most successful film to equate low I.Q. with inner goodness, but it has a lot of company on screen. In "Nell," which David Letterman more accurately called "Bride of Gump," Jodie Foster holds the moral high ground as a backwoods woman deprived of education and ordinary language. The doctors who study her discover that book learning is bad, primitivism is good.

"Nell," "I.Q." and "Forrest Gump" are breezy and enjoyable, with vast amounts of surface charm. But underneath, they are chilling in the way they link virtue with lack of intelligence. It is a theme that goes far beyond coincidence. Both "Nell" and "I.Q" were planned long before "Forrest Gump" became a catchword for holy innocence, so the newer films are not clones. Instead, they suggest a virulent anti-intellectualism in the air.

These anti-intellectual films are not the same as the goofy movies like the hit "Dumb and Dumber," a thoroughly uninventive comedy in which Jim Carrey's chipped front tooth and bowl haircut pass for humor. There have always been silly comedies about characters so inept they're funny, from "The Three Stooges" to "Wayne's World" and "Beavis and Butt-head." But films have rarely reveled in their own idiocy with the bluntness of "Dumb and Dumber," whose very title suggests that you just can't be stupid enough on screen.

Though there is a difference between thoughtless, goofy movies and more serious ones, like "Forrest Gump," that think brains are bad, both may flow from similar sources. As the historian Richard Hofstadter noted in his classic 1963 book, "Anti-Intellectualism in American Life," suspicion of intellectuals runs deep in American history, ranging from the evangelical fervor of the colonists to the public distrust of an "egghead" like Adlai Stevenson in the 1952 Presidential campaign. That suspicion recurs in cycles and is especially prevalent when rational thinking seems to fail society.

In movies like "Nell" and "Forrest Gump," with their simple-is-good conservatism, the uneducated heroes reflect discontent with supposedly smart political leaders. (How many Rhodes scholars does it take to pass a health care bill?) They also reflect discomfort with the technological sophistication that threatens to overwhelm everyday life. People who can't yet navigate the information superhighway feel great next to Nell, who can't even drive a car. Viewers are reassured by an Einstein who suggests that physics is piffle next to love.

No one wants to discount the importance of love, emotion and goodness, of course. What is insidious about these films is that they do the opposite, creating a head-heart split that makes intelligence the villain. When people in the movie industry began to wonder why the critically praised "Quiz Show" was a box-office disappointment, a frequent guess was that the film was too intellectual for mainstream audiences.

In fact, honor, not intelligence, was the issue "Quiz Show" explored, and there were other factors, like marketing, that might have let the film down at the box office. But Hollywood's quick response was that viewers don't want to think too hard and won't warm up to characters smarter than they are, whether it's the college professor Charles Van Doren or the knowledgeable ***working-class*** Herb Stempel.

That was not a problem with "Forrest Gump." The film's allure relies entirely on Tom Hanks, an actor so appealing he makes stupidity seem an attractive option. With his low I.Q., Forrest Gump at first appears to be an idiot savant; instead he is a 20th-century American Candide, an innocent for whom everything turns out all right. The Gumpism "Stupid is as stupid does" sounds awfully convincing when it comes from a guy who survives Vietnam, becomes a shrimp tycoon and makes another bundle of money investing in Apple computers.

As he floats through decades of United States history, Gump embodies the American dream: he is an uneducated, self-made millionaire. Gump does have a kind heart. The film's bedrock belief, and most pleasant fantasy, is that simple virtue brings earthly rewards. As Gump stumbles into successes that wilier characters could never approach, his success is always tied to his lack of intellect.

"Forrest Gump" is part of a long tradition of anti-intellectualism in American movies. The new live-action "Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book" and the classic, animated "Jungle Book" are part of that tradition. They are variations on the Tarzan myth, in which a man raised in isolation from the civilized world is all the better for it.

And though Jodie Foster is a far cry from Johnny Weissmuller, the theme of "Nell" is not all that different from that of a Tarzan film; Nell's simple goodness come from her isolated upbringing, away from corrupt society. Directed by Michael Apted, "Nell" is much smarter than a jungle movie.

In fact, the film flatters its audience's intelligence with Nell's teasing private language, which viewers can partly figure out. "Chickabee, chickabee," she says, a word that sounds like chickadee and seems to be some term of endearment. Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson, as the doctors who observe Nell in her shack, find that "eviduh" means evildoer and "ga injuh" is guardian angel. The audience gets to feel as smart as the doctors, only to learn, as they do, that smart isn't everything.

Nell is kind and trusting and has a grasp of emotions the doctors lack. She urges them not to fight with each other. She croons "chickabee" when they are distraught. Eventually, in her private language translated by Dr. Lovell (Mr. Neeson), Nell pleads before a court for the right to return to her simple life, which she prefers to the big, civilized world. In the movie's view, society is full of educated eviduhs, and primitives like Nell are blessed.

There are no primitives in "I.Q." Ed, the mechanic, reads popular-science magazines, making him unlearned only in relation to Einstein and his genius pals. In this film, deftly directed by Fred Schepisi, intelligence is not bad until it interferes with the emotions. Einstein worries about Catherine, who thinks she should marry a man as intelligent as her uncle -- or at least as intelligent as herself. "She's too smart here," Einstein says, pointing to his head. "But not here," he adds, pointing to his heart, and illustrating the great suspicion of the mind on which all these films rest.

BECAUSE CATHERINE WILL never let herself fall for a lowly mechanic, Einstein schemes to convince her that Ed has discovered cold fusion in his spare time -- not Einstein's most brilliant idea but not a bad one either. Ed almost pulls it off. Still, in the way of all romantic comedies, the heroine will come to her senses. In "I.Q." that means leaving her brains behind as she goes off with Ed. He is a vast improvement over her cold-blooded, professorial fiance. The film doesn't provide the best choice of all -- a warmhearted genius, a guy like Uncle Albert.

And despite the film's apparent respect for intelligence, smartness is the butt of some hoary absent-minded-scientist jokes. Einstein and his friends -- Godel, Podolsky and Liebknecht -- trot around Princeton like the cutest of little old men, to whom science is a sideline and matchmaking the soul of life. "Three of the greatest minds of the 20th century, and between them they can't change a light bulb," Einstein says of his friends.

There is an old attitude here as well as an old joke, but it is a powerful idea on screen, and it's growing stronger. With films called "Dummies," "The Stupids" and "The Magnificent Idiot" in the works, there's one thing you can count on: no one will be making a movie called "Smart and Smarter" any time soon.

**Graphic**

Photos: Jodie Foster, far left, as a backwoods creature in "Nell." (Andrew Cooper/20th Century Fox); Tom Hanks, left, as a simple conservative in "Forrest Gump." (Phillip Caruso/Paramount Pictures); In "I.Q.," above, Tim Robbins, right, as a mechanic who woos the niece (Meg Ryan) of Albert Einstein (Walter Matthau). (Demmie Todd/Paramount Pictures)

**Load-Date:** January 8, 1995

**End of Document**



[***FOCUS: Anchorage;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3MY0-0014-549Y-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Homesteading Is Still Alive in Alaska***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3MY0-0014-549Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 20, 1988, Sunday, National Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 8; Page 1, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 1278 words

**Byline:** By ROGER STARR

**Dateline:** ANCHORAGE

**Body**

HOMESTEADING - acquiring ownership of government land by the sweat of one's brow - was a dream of millions of Americans 125 years ago. Even today, some older cities give tax-forfeited, deteriorated ***working-class*** homes to striving families who pledge to restore them. That's called Urban Homesteading, a pale imitation of what still exists in but one state - Alaska.

On a recent trip, a cab passenger in Anchorage learned that the driver was a wilderness homesteader toiling in his off hours on an isolated 40-acre tract 35 miles from downtown.

The cabby knew the state would give the land to him and his heirs in perpetuity, as it will to 21,000 other Alaskans in pursuit of the same hope, if only he heeds the requirements imposed and administered by the Alaska Division of Land and Water Management.

What he did not know was that most settlers lured westward by the Homestead Act of 1862 found that their dream of economic independence through land ownership was a tragic delusion.

Pluck, those settlers learned, brings no rain, nor does hard work make unpromising soil fertile. No more than a third of the homesteaders made a go of farming; some found cattlemen who bought their dry land, but most were beaten by topography, weather, disease, lack of capital and, though only rarely, by Indian resistance.

Today, says Gary Gustafson, director of the Division of Land and Water Management, the state does not expect wilderness homesteading to lead to private affluence and general economic development. It does its best to persuade prospects that they make an arduous commitment with little possibility of financial reward.

But the state constitution explicitly encourages widespread land ownership in the furtherance of Alaska's democratic ideals.

''The people who cherish solitary independence and want to escape the pressures of competition and technology will get their own reward, but only if they have the courage, skill and capital to work hard for it,'' said Mr. Gustafson, who has built his own wilderness cabin, though not on homestead land.

Instead of using Conestoga wagons, drawn by horses or oxen, modern wilderness homesteaders transport their necessities by float plane in summer, snowmobile in winter. Instead of herds of bison, they may confront oversize bears. And instead of chopping their own logs, roofing their homes with sod, warming themselves around buffalo-chip fires and dispelling the dark with oil lamps and candles, they can fly in with gypsum board, fiberglass insulation, electric generators, gasoline-powered chain saws, stoves and refrigerators to make life a bit easier.

Yet, gradually, despite initially high hopes, the new homesteaders find the Alaskan topography and climate in their own way as daunting as the conditions encountered by their earlier Western prototypes. New technologies are helpful in some respects, but costly. And they leave many hardships unabated - not the least, mosquitoes. The state offers warnings of the hardships ahead. It does not and cannot promise homesteaders a steady income from farming 160-acre agricultural homesteads or an opportunity to sell 40-acre home sites at a fancy future price.

Land values have risen precipitously within 35 miles of New York's Times Square and Chicago's Loop. But the same will not occur within 35 miles of Anchorage unless thousands of migrants decide to move to the area and someone builds highways or railroads to accommodate them.

WHEN Alaska achieved statehood in 1959, it was given 105 million acres of federally owned land, more than a quarter of its total land surface. Land-rich and development-poor, public or private agencies could finance transportation facilities only if investors felt that economic development would follow, a dubious proposition.

As Mr. Gustafson points out, his division must balance the state's desire to put small parcels of land in private hands against the undesirable consequences of encouraging people to risk their time, savings and even their lives in a venture for which they are not qualified. The invitation is circumscribed: To qualify for the program an applicant must have lived in Alaska for at least one year immediately before the auction. Even so, when it decides which wilderness areas it will tender to homesteaders each year, the state must hold a lottery to winnow the applicants. Lottery winners who hope to meet the requirements of agricultural homesteading may claim 160 acres; those who want homesites can claim 40.

Lottery winners pay a processing fee of $5 an acre for a permit to enter and stake out the land they want (first come, first served). Brush must be cleared from its boundary lines. All homesteaders must have a professional survey of their property. Those who are prepared to pay for the land may buy it outright within two years after they stake it, paying the original state appraisal. Those who do not buy within two years have three more years to buy it, but only at the then-current appraisal price, and only after building a habitable 190-square-foot, all-weather house. Those who do not want to pay anything for the land must not only build the house but also must live in it for 25 months within the five years. Then they get clear patent title.

The state's homestead law went into effect in 1985 and Mr. Gustafson and his staff now find that at least one-third of the 21,000 who received entry permits or took steps to acquire property have already defaulted or been foreclosed.

Stanley Bogdan, a part-time driver for one of the two largest taxicab companies in Anchorage, is one whose claim is very much alive. When not showing rural Alaskans their most modern metropolis, he can be found - but only with difficulty - on his homestead site. He staked it out after winning in the first lottery, in 1985. By investing $7,000 in construction materials and seaplane transport, he has been able to give up the tent that was his first shelter and move into his minimal house. Call it a cabin, he says modestly.

A bachelor, Mr. Bogdan chose a site at Lockwood Lake, an uninhabited section of Alaska's tundra. He spent $1,350 on three widely separated trips in DeHavilland float planes, each carrying about one ton of material to the lake.

He carries a shotgun and a .44 magnum automatic just in case one of the indigenous black bears or the migratory browns becomes too inquisitive. He is conscious of the dangers - and they abound; snowmobiling, using a chain saw and chopping wood in icy weather are three of them.

Mr. Bogdan said he expects to spend two months on the homestead by the end of this year, catching the end of the moose season, panning for gold, cutting and stacking firewood, improving the cabin and hunting.

HIS present concern is whether he can accumulate the required 25 months of site living without losing the cab - his only visible means of support.

''When it rains,'' he said, referring to a not unusual Alaskan phenomenon, ''I'll catch up on my reading. After it freezes I can travel by snowmobile.''

While he sounds like a sourdough, he was actually born and raised in Tuckahoe, a Westchester County suburb of New York City. He left New York for Florida in 1970, intent on making his grub stake in real estate. From Tampa he went to Houston, from Houston to Alaska, arriving in time to meet the lottery residence requirement.

As he talks about economic potential in the wilderness, it is clear his hopes are based as much on a romantic vision of himself as the pioneer from the East as on any hard fiscal calculation. ''Some day,'' he says with apparent confidence, ''Alaska will have to build a road through here, and this is going to be one of the world's prime vacation resorts.''

**End of Document**



[***Religion Meets Rebellion: How ISIS Lured 3 Friends***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5GPP-VGS1-JBG3-6122-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 18, 2015 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 5943 words

**Byline:** By KATRIN BENNHOLD; Mona El-Naggar contributed reporting. Bernadette Murphy and Madeleine Kruhly contributed research.

**Body**

LONDON -- The night before Khadiza Sultana left for Syria she was dancing in her teenage bedroom. It was a Monday during the February school vacation. Her niece and close friend, at 13 only three years younger than Khadiza, had come for a sleepover. The two girls wore matching pajamas and giggled as they gyrated in unison to the beat.

Khadiza offered her niece her room that night and shared a bed with her mother. She was a devoted daughter, particularly since her father had died.

The scene in her bedroom, saved on the niece's cellphone on Feb. 16 and replayed dozens of times by Khadiza's relatives since, shows the girl they thought they knew: joyful, sociable, funny and kind.

As it turned out, it was also the carefully choreographed goodbye of a determined and exceptionally bright teenager who had spent months methodically planning to leave her childhood home in Bethnal Green, East London, with two schoolmates and follow the path of another friend who had already traveled to the territory controlled by the Islamic State.

On Tuesday morning, Khadiza got up early and put on the Lacoste perfume both she and her niece liked. She told her mother that she was going to school to pick up some workbooks and spend the day in the library. She grabbed a small day pack and promised to return by 4:30 p.m.

It was only that night that the family realized something was wrong. When Khadiza had not come back by 5:30, her mother asked her oldest sister, Halima Khanom, to message her, but there was no reply. Ms. Khanom drove to the library to look for her sister, but she was not there. She went to the school, but the staff said no student had come in that day.

By the time she came back home, her mother had checked Khadiza's wardrobe and found that besides some strategically arranged items it was empty. ''That's when I started panicking,'' Ms. Khanom, 32, said in a recent interview at the family home. Two tote bags were missing from the house. ''She must have taken her things gradually and packed a suitcase somewhere else.''

Early the next morning her family reported Khadiza missing. An hour later, three officers from SO15, the counterterrorism squad of the Metropolitan Police, knocked on the door. ''We believe your daughter has traveled to Turkey with two of her friends,'' one said.

Even then, Ms. Khanom said, recalling the conversation, ''Syria didn't come into my mind.''

The next time she saw her sister was on the news: Grainy security camera footage showed Khadiza and her two 15-year-old friends, Shamima Begum and Amira Abase, calmly passing through security at Gatwick Airport for Turkish Airlines Flight 1966 to Istanbul and later boarding a bus to the Syrian border.

''Only when I saw that video I understood,'' Ms. Khanom said.

These images turned the three Bethnal Green girls, as they have become known, into the face of a new, troubling phenomenon: young women attracted to what experts like Sasha Havlicek, a co-founder and the chief executive of the Institute for Strategic Dialogue, call a jihadi, girl-power subculture.

An estimated 4,000 Westerners have traveled to Syria and Iraq, more than 550 of them women and girls, to join the Islamic State, according to a recent report by the institute, which helps manage the largest database of female travelers to the region.

The men tend to become fighters much like previous generations of jihadists seeking out battlefields in Bosnia, Afghanistan and Iraq. But less is known about the Western women of the Islamic State. Barred from combat, they support the group's state-building efforts as wives, mothers, recruiters and sometimes online cheerleaders of violence.

Many are single and young, typically in their teens or early 20s (the youngest known was 13). Their profiles differ in terms of socioeconomic background, ethnicity and nationality, but often they are more educated and studious than their male counterparts. Security officials now say they may present as much of a threat to the West as the men: Less likely to be killed and more likely to lose a spouse in combat, they may try to return home, indoctrinated and embittered.

One in four of the women in the Institute for Strategic Dialogue's database are already widowed. But if women are a strategic asset for the Islamic State, they are hardly ever considered in most aspects of Western counterterrorism.

The Bethnal Green girls, slender teenagers with ready smiles and London accents, were praised by teachers and admired by fellow students at Bethnal Green Academy.

Khadiza, with straight chocolate-colored hair and thick-rimmed glasses, had been singled out as one of the most promising students of her academic year, according to a letter her mother received after mock exams only weeks before she left. In her bedroom, she kept a copy of a novel that a teacher had given to her with a handwritten dedication inside, dated January 2015: ''Well done for working hard and exceeding your target grade for English language.'' In her spare time she tutored less-gifted peers.

Her bubbly friend Amira was a star athlete and a respected public speaker, once debating the rights of Muslim women to wear veils. She was a regular at the local library, where she read voraciously. (After her disappearance, when the police went to check the list of books she had borrowed, one title, ''Insurgent,'' briefly rang alarm bells -- until the officer realized that it was part of a popular dystopian teenage trilogy set in Chicago.)

''They were the girls you wanted to be like,'' said one 14-year-old from the grade below theirs.

Perhaps that is why everyone failed to respond to the many signs that foreshadowed their dark turn. The families, who noticed the girls' behavior changing, attributed it to teenage whims; school staff members, who saw their homework deteriorate, failed to inform the parents or intervene; the police, who spoke to the girls twice about their friend who had traveled to Syria, also never notified the parents.

They were smart, popular girls from a world in which teenage rebellion is expressed through a radical religiosity that questions everything around them. In this world, the counterculture is conservative. Islam is punk rock. The head scarf is liberating. Beards are sexy.

Ask young Muslim women in their neighborhood what kind of guys are popular at school these days and they start raving about ''the brothers who pray.''

''Girls used to want someone who is good-looking; nowadays, girls want Muslims who are practicing,'' said Zahra Qadir, 22, who does deradicalization work for the Active Change Foundation, her father's charity in East London. ''It's a new thing over the last couple of years. A lot of girls want that, even some nonpracticing girls.''

The rows of housing complexes behind Bethnal Green's main street are home to a deeply conservative Muslim community where the lines between religion and extremism can be blurred, including in at least one of the girls' families. In this community, the everyday challenges that girls face look very different from those of their male counterparts.

The Islamic State is making a determined play for these girls, tailoring its siren calls to their vulnerabilities, frustrations and dreams, and filling a void the West has so far failed to address.

In post-9/11 austerity Britain, a time when a deep crisis of identity and values has swept the country, fitting in can be harder for Muslim girls than for boys. Buffeted by a growing hostility toward Islam and deep spending cuts that have affected women and young people in ***working-class*** communities like their own, they have come to resent the Western freedoms and opportunities their parents sought out. They see Western fashions sexualizing girls from an early age, while Western feminists look at the hijab as a symbol of oppression.

Asked by their families during sporadic phone calls and exchanges on social media platforms why they had run away, the girls spoke of leaving behind an immoral society to search for religious virtue and meaning. In one Twitter message, nine days before they left Britain, Amira wrote,''I feel like I don't belong in this era.''

Muslim girls generally outperform the boys in school but are kept on a shorter leash at home. Many, like Khadiza, have sisters whose marriages were arranged when they were teenagers. Ms. Khanom, now 32, was 17 when she was wed, just a year older than Khadiza. And they wear head scarves, which identify them as Muslims in often-hostile streets.

In their world, going to Syria and joining the so-called caliphate is a way of ''taking control of your destiny,'' said Tasnime Akunjee, a lawyer who represents the families of the three girls.

''It's about choice -- the most human thing,'' Mr. Akunjee said. ''These girls are smart, they are A students. When you are smarter than everyone else, you think you can do anything.''

Since they left their homes, bits and pieces have emerged about the three friends revealing a blend of youthful naïveté and determination.

Khadiza's friend Amira ''fell in love with the idea of falling in love,'' a family acquaintance said. At one point, she posted the image of a Muslim couple with a caption: ''And he created you in pairs.''

Khadiza, by contrast, told her sister in one of the first Instagram conversations after her arrival in Syria, ''I'm not here just to get married.''

The Islamic State has proved adept at appealing to different female profiles, using girl-to-girl recruitment strategies, gendered imagery and iconic memes.

As Muslims, the girls would be treated very differently from women and girls of the Yazidi minority, who are taken by the Islamic State as slaves and raped with the justification that they are unbelievers.

The group runs a ''marriage bureau'' for single Western women. This year, the media wing of Al Khanssaa Brigade, an all-female morality militia, published a manifesto stipulating that women complete their formal education at age 15 and that they can be married as young as 9, but also praising their existence in the Islamic State as ''hallowed.''

Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi, the self-proclaimed caliph of the Islamic State, took a young German woman of Iraqi descent as his third wife and put her in charge of women's issues in the caliphate, according to information circulating among Islamic State-affiliated social media accounts.

Social media has allowed the group's followers to directly target young women, reaching them in the privacy of their bedrooms with propaganda that borrows from Western pop culture -- images of jihadists in the sunset and messages of empowerment. A recent post linked to an Islamic State account paraphrased a popular L'Oréal makeup ad next to the image of a girl in a head scarf: ''COVERed GIRL. Because I'm worth it.''

''It's a twisted version of feminism,'' said Ms. Havlicek of the Institute for Strategic Dialogue, who testified about Western women under the jihadi group, also known as ISIS or ISIL, before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs on July 29.

''For the girls, joining ISIS is a way to emancipate yourself from your parents and from the Western society that has let you down,'' Ms. Havlicek said. ''For ISIS, it's great for troop morale because fighters want Western wives. And in the battle of ideas they can point to these girls and say, Look, they are choosing the caliphate over the West.''

A Friend's Departure

In January 2014, one of Khadiza's best friends, Sharmeena Begum, no relation to Shamima, lost her mother to cancer. Her father soon started courting a woman who would become his second wife.

An only child, Sharmeena was deeply shaken. Until then, she had not been very religious, friends say. ''She was barely practicing before,'' according to one acquaintance of the family. After her mother died, she started praying regularly and spending more time at the mosque.

But there were signs she was not just turning toward religion for comfort. Bethnal Green Academy is a state-funded secondary school with just over 900 students, the majority of them Muslim. At one point last year, Sharmeena had a heated exchange with a teacher, defending the Islamic State. The teacher, also a Muslim, disagreed, and Sharmeena ''flipped out,'' a witness said.

Her closest friends started changing, too.

Khadiza stopped wearing trousers and began covering her hair after the summer vacation, at first only in school but gradually at home as well. It was a big change for a girl who ''loved'' her hair and styled the women in her family on festive occasions.

One day last fall, she asked her older brother Shuyab Alom, a science student who sometimes helped her with homework, what his thoughts were on Syria.

''She asked a very general question as to what I thought about what's happening over there,'' Mr. Alom recalled. ''And I said how it was, the fact that it seems that the Syrian regime, you know, the majority of the people oppose the regime.''

Around the same time, other friends at school noticed the girls' lunchtime conversations changing. One friend, whose passport has since been seized because it was feared that she, too, might go to Syria (she denies this), reported a ''noticeable'' change in attitude.

When Sharmeena's father remarried in the fall, Khadiza accompanied her to the wedding. Soon after, on Saturday, Dec. 6, Sharmeena disappeared.

''She was vulnerable; she had a trauma,'' said Mr. Akunjee, the lawyer, who does not represent Sharmeena's family but is familiar with her case. ''She didn't get a body piercing or a drug-dealer boyfriend. She went to ISIS.''

Khadiza did not tell her family that Sharmeena had run away. When a school staff member called to inform the family that Khadiza's friend had ''gone missing,'' the official did not specify that she was believed to have traveled to Syria, Ms. Khanom, Khadiza's sister, recalled.

Her mother asked Khadiza regularly whether she had received news of her friend. ''And she'd be like, 'Well, I don't know, I don't know,''' Ms. Khanom said. ''And I thought that was weird.''

Sharmeena's father, Mohammad Uddin, said he had been surprised that the other girls had not left with his daughter. He told The Daily Mail he had urged the police and the school to keep a close eye on them, though the police say the formal statement Mr. Uddin gave to them on Feb. 10 -- a week before the three girls left -- held no such warning.

At the time, one officer was charged with getting in touch with the girls, but they were ''uncooperative'' and did not return his calls and messages. He asked the school to set up meetings with them and four other friends. Two meetings took place, one in the presence of the deputy principal and one with a teacher. But even then, Ms. Khanom said, neither the school nor the police told the families exactly what was going on.

Asked about failing to spot the signs of the girls' radicalization, a spokesman for the Metropolitan Police maintained that there had been no indication in the interviews that any of them ''were in any way vulnerable or indeed radicalized.''

''There was no indication that any of the girls were at risk of traveling to Syria,'' the spokesman said.

On Feb. 5, officers gave letters to the girls, seeking their parents' permission to take formal statements from them about Sharmeena's disappearance. But the girls never passed the letters on. Khadiza's was discovered by her sister hidden in textbooks in her bedroom after they had left.

Ms. Khanom was furious. ''I saw the guy who gave her the letter. He said the 15-year-olds were giving him a runaround. And I'm like: 'You're supposed to be someone who's trained in counterterrorism, you know. We don't understand about 15-year-olds giving you a runaround. How does that work?' ''

Eventually the police issued an apology. The commissioner, Bernard Hogan-Howe, said he was sorry that the letters had never reached the parents. A spokesman added, ''With the benefit of hindsight, we acknowledge that the letters could have been delivered direct to the parents.''

As the police and the school were keeping Sharmeena's suspected travel to Syria quiet, Khadiza and her friends began planning to follow in her footsteps.

Girls' Pact and Missed Signs

In messy handwriting on a page ripped out of a calendar, the girls made a detailed checklist for their trip: bras, a cellphone, an epilator, makeup and warm clothes, among other things. Next to each item, they noted cost, including just over 1,000 pounds for tickets to Turkey.

Discovered at the bottom of one of the girls' closets after their departure, the list also appears to contain the handwriting of a fourth girl who had apparently planned to travel but dropped out when her father had a stroke. Since then, a judge has confiscated the passports belonging to her, three other students at Bethnal Green Academy and a fifth girl from the neighborhood.

Like other teenagers, the girls were sensitive to peer pressure. They were what Shiraz Maher, a senior fellow at the International Center for the Study of Radicalization and Political Violence, called a textbook ''cluster,'' making the multiple oversights by the school and the police even more surprising.

If one member of a group of friends has gone to Syria, Mr. Maher said, that is a far more reliable predictor of the friends being at risk of going than variables like class or ethnicity. In clusters like the Bethnal Green group, doubts are drowned out and views quickly reinforced.

Mr. Akunjee, the lawyer, said, ''From December it is pretty clear that there is a pact between the girls.''

Planning their trip appears to have occupied much of their time. Their homework, diligently completed before Sharmeena's departure, came back incomplete in the weeks after.

''I'm amazed that the teachers and police missed that,'' said Mr. Akunjee, who reviewed the homework. ''These are bright girls. Well above average clever. This was a year with exams coming up. Shouldn't the school have informed the parents?'' It is a question the police are asking the school, too.

Khadiza and her friend Amira exchanged many messages on social media. In one post, Amira described the two of them as ''twins.'' In a tweet dated Dec. 20, she posted a hadith on being in a group of three friends: ''If you are three (in number), then let not two engage in private, excluding the third.''

Was Amira worried about her two friends speaking without her and questioning their pact to go to Syria? She was perhaps the most active of the three friends on social media, providing glimpses of the gradual radicalization the group underwent.

In her posts, under the name Umm Uthman Britaniya, typical teenage commentary about fashion, school and her favorite soccer club (Chelsea) increasingly mixed with posts inquiring about how to learn Arabic quickly and what behavior is or is not Islamic.

''Are nose piercings Haram or not?'' one of her posts asked on Dec. 30, meaning were they forbidden under Islam. ''Connnfuuuusseedddd.'' Two weeks later she wrote, ''The Prophet (PBUH) cursed those who pluck their eyebrows.''

But far from portraying an increasingly submissive girl, Amira's Twitter messages featured punchy fist emoticons and empowered language: ''Our abaya game'' she wrote under a photo of four girls proudly clad in Muslim garb, is ''strong.'' In January, she wrote about rape: ''Hearing these stories of sisters being raped makes me so close to being allergic to men, Wallah.''

Around the same time, Khadiza's family noticed that she became ''more quiet.''

''She spent a lot of time on her iPod,'' her sister, Ms. Khanom, recalled. The iPod had been the subject of a dispute between Khadiza and her mother a year earlier. Khadiza had asked for one, but her mother had said no. It took Ms. Khanom to lobby on her behalf.

On her iPod she received a steady stream of images depicting atrocities against Muslim children, from Syria to Myanmar. Her friend Amira posted and reposted several. One of her posts, a photo of a 3-year-old boy, was captioned, ''This always gets to me.''

''Almost every day, I go on Facebook and I'm shown a horrible post somewhere,'' Khadiza's brother, Mr. Alom, said. ''Online you have whole pages and groups and accounts dedicated to these sort of things, where they post pictures, they post videos.''

A lot of young Muslims, he said, feel that ''Islamophobia is a very prevalent thing.''

''And then a group comes to them and says, like: 'This is where you come,' this is where they will be complete. 'It's a home for you.' That appeals to them.''

He continued: ''Yeah, that's the main thing, because a lot of people feel that they are out of place to where they are.''

Bethnal Green is only one subway stop from the moneyed towers of the City of London and stretches into the capital's trendy start-up district. Bearded hipsters are a common sight among the bustling market stalls selling everything from saris to spices.

But four in 10 residents, including Khadiza's and Shamima's families, have roots in Bangladesh. (Amira was born in Ethiopia and spent her early childhood in Germany before moving here when she was 11.) A literalist interpretation of Islam promoted by Saudi Arabia has become more mainstream and has combined with a widely shared sense that Muslims across the world suffer injustices in which the West is complicit.

After the girls vanished, it emerged that Amira's father, Hussen Abase, had been filmed attending an Islamist rally in 2012 organized by a notorious hate preacher, Anjem Choudary, and also attended by Michael Adebowale, one of the two men who hacked a British soldier to death on a London Street in 2013. In the video Mr. Abase, who in March appeared on British television sobbing and cradling his daughter's teddy bear and begging her to come home, can be seen chanting ''Allahu akbar'' (''God is great'') as an American flag is burned nearby.

He occasionally took Amira to marches, too. Among the people she followed on Twitter was Mohammed Mizanur Rahman, who has close links to Mr. Choudary. Both men were charged this month with supporting the Islamic State. Mr. Abase did not respond to an interview request.

''Some parents create the atmosphere for their children,'' said Haras Rafiq, the managing director of the Quilliam Foundation, an anti-extremism research center.

As Amira became more vocal on Twitter, Khadiza became more argumentative at home, on occasion scolding older siblings for acting ''un-Islamic'' or pressing her niece to disobey her mother.

The last time Ms. Khanom saw her sister was five days before she left. Her cousin Fahmida Abdul Aziz had come over, too. ''We were fighting over a bag of Bombay mix,'' Ms. Khanom said, referring to a traditional Indian snack. ''She loves that. I guess she gets that off my dad, because my dad used to love it, too.''

They were sitting on the living room sofa. ''She was in her PJs, you know like a T-shirt and a pajama bottom, and she just literally came, sat herself between the two of us and put her arms around us,'' the cousin, Ms. Aziz said, smiling at the memory. ''You know, just looked at me and just gave me a cuddle.''

The next day, Khadiza asked that her niece come to stay, but Ms. Khanom, the niece's mother, said no because it was a school night. Uncharacteristically, she said, Khadiza texted her niece, urging her to disobey: ''Just jump on the bus and come.''

That same week, Amira implored her Twitter followers in capital letters: ''PRAY ALLAH GRANTS ME THE HIGHEST RANKS IN JANNAH, MAKES ME SINCERE IN MY WORSHIP AND KEEPS ME STEADFAST.'' She posted a photo of three girls in black head scarves and abayas in a local park with their backs to the camera, presumably her and her two friends. ''Sisters,'' the caption reads.

Call Home, Girls

On Feb. 15, just two days before the three girls left, Shamima sent a Twitter message to a prominent Islamic State recruiter from Glasgow, Aqsa Mahmood. The youngest of the three, Shamima is also the most elusive. Little is known about her apart from the fact that she loved to watch ''Keeping Up With the Kardashians'' and traveled to Turkey on the passport of her 17-year-old sister, Aklima.

Ms. Mahmood, who goes by the name Umm Layth (meaning Mother of the Lion) and provides advice on social media to would-be female migrants, has denied recruiting the girls. But her parents' lawyer expressed surprise that the security services, believed to be monitoring Ms. Mahmood's social media accounts, had not reacted to Shamima's approach.

Khadiza's family members say it is unlikely that the girls could have raised an estimated 3,000 pounds, or about $4,700, to cover the cost of their trip on their own. The plane tickets alone, police confirmed, cost more than 1,000 pounds and were paid for in cash at a local travel agency.

Unlike the friend who left earlier, Sharmeena, who had an inheritance from her mother, the three girls had no known source of money, raising questions about whether they were recruited and had outside help.

A suggestion by the counterterrorism chief of the Metropolitan Police, Mark Rowley, that the girls might have stolen from the families did not go down well: ''I felt like punching them; that was a blatant lie,'' Khadiza's sister said.

''Khadiza took some of her jewelry but nothing expensive,'' Ms. Khanom said. She left behind the most precious item she owned, a Swarovski necklace she had gotten for her most recent birthday. She did not touch the money in her sister's bag in the hallway that morning and took nothing from her mother's kitty.

''Nothing was missing,'' Ms. Khanom said.

The police are still trying to establish whether the girls had help online or from a local recruiter. The trouble, investigators say, is that traveling to a conflict zone is not a crime in Britain, nor is encouraging or facilitating travel to a conflict zone, unless a terrorist purpose can be proven.

''If a local facilitator is identified, a likelier ground for prosecution might be child abduction,'' a senior officer said.

The families' lawyer is convinced the girls tapped into a shadowy recruitment network embedded in and protected by the community in East London and were then handled ''point to point.''

In shaky footage, apparently filmed on a hidden camera near the Syrian border and broadcast on A Haber, a Turkish television network, the girls are seen alongside a man in a maroon hooded sweatshirt. Another man, bearded and bespectacled, takes bags out of the trunk of one car and helps load them into another.

''This car,'' he seems to tell them in heavily accented English, then apparently directs them to take passports allowing them into Syria.

The girls, who arrived in Turkey on a Tuesday night and were reported missing by early Wednesday, waited 18 hours at a bus station in an Istanbul suburb and crossed into Syria only on Friday. Police in both Britain and Turkey have faced accusations of reacting too slowly.

Eventually the Turkish police arrested a man on allegations that he had helped the teenagers cross the border. The Turkish news agency Dogan said the man had helped several other Britons cross into Syria for a fee between $800 and $1,500.

''This is not a package holiday,'' Mr. Akunjee said. ''It is a complicated journey.''

He knows this firsthand. One of the first things he did after the families hired him was to travel with relatives of all three girls to Turkey and make a public appeal to the girls to get in touch. The campaign, publicized with the hashtag #callhomegirls, was widely covered in the British press.

''Even I needed fixers to help me set it all up,'' said Mr. Akunjee, who knows Turkey well. (He recently negotiated the release of a British girl held hostage by the Nusra Front.) ''There is no way the girls did this on their own.''

Khadiza's sister, Ms. Khanom, was among those who traveled to Turkey. ''It was like we were retracing their steps,'' she said. When the appeal went out, the families learned that 53 other women and girls were believed to have left Britain for Syria.

''Fifty-three,'' Ms. Khanom said. ''Where are all these girls?''

First Contact

The morning after the families returned to London, a message popped up on Ms. Khanom's Instagram account. Her request to follow her sister, blocked since Khadiza had left for Syria, had been accepted.

Ms. Khanom said she sent Khadiza a private message, asking to let her know that she was safe. Her sister replied and later messaged again, asking about their mother.

''She is on her prayer mat asking Allah to help her find you,'' Ms. Khanom wrote.

''I'll call soon okay,'' Khadiza replied.

''She has not been sleeping or eating since you left,'' her sister wrote.

''Tell her to eat.''

''She is asking do you not want to see her?''

''Of course I do.''

But Khadiza also seemed suspicious of the families' trip to Turkey, making Ms. Khanom wonder if it was really her sister messaging her. ''It's just the way of asking questions about what happened in Turkey: Why did I go? Those kind of things. It just felt like, why would she be asking me these questions, you know.''

At one point, Ms. Khanom tested her: ''Who is Big Toe?'' she asked. Khadiza sent back a ''lol'' and replied: ''Our cousin.''

For a moment it was as if they were back in the same city. ''I kind of forgot she's not here,'' Ms. Khanom said.

She asked her sister to keep in touch. Khadiza promised she would, but insisted that it would always be her initiating contact. ''I don't think she has full freedom,'' Ms. Khanom said.

The next day, Khadiza messaged again.

''I asked her, 'Are you married?' She goes: 'You know me too well. I'm not here just to get married to someone,''' Ms. Khanom recalled. Khadiza said she was ''considering.''

''What do you mean by considering?'' Ms. Khanom recalled asking.

''Looking into getting married,'' the reply came.

''When?''

''Soon.''

From these early conversations, and descriptions of the food they were eating -- fried chicken, French fries and pizza -- the families and authorities concluded that the three girls were in Raqqa, the de facto capital of the Islamic State, housed in one of several hostels for single women. Khadiza said she was living in a nice house ''with chandeliers.''

Ms. Khanom pleaded with her to come home, telling her that the police had assured the families that the girls would not face prosecution.

Khadiza did not believe it. ''They're lying,'' she told her sister.

No Way Back?

At Bethnal Green Academy, a school with a fine academic record, now notorious for having four of its students join the Islamic State, the departure of the girls is gingerly referred to as ''the incident.''

In the week after they ran away, the principal, Mark Keary, called an assembly. Students were upset, and some teachers cried. But it quickly became clear that this was not a place where the issue of the girls' departure would be openly discussed. As Mr. Keary put it that same week, it was ''business as usual'' for the school.

''He brushed over it,'' said one girl who had attended the assembly. Teachers have been threatened with dismissal if they speak out publicly, people in the school said. Mr. Keary declined to comment.

Two weeks after the girls disappeared, the phone rang at the help line of the Active Change Foundation, the organization working on deradicalization and prevention.

It was the father of a student at Bethnal Green Academy. His daughter had overheard a group of girls at lunchtime talking about going to Syria. He said it appeared they were in contact with the girls already there and were planning to join them over the Easter holiday. Hanif Qadir, who runs the charity, informed the local council. On March 20, a judge took away the girls' passports.

It was an early indication that Khadiza, Amira and Shamima seemed to be settling into life in Raqqa.

Since then, all three girls have married, their families' lawyer confirmed. They were given a choice among a number of Western men. One chose a Canadian, another a European. Amira married Abdullah Elmir, a former butcher from Australia, who has appeared in several ISIS recruitment videos and has been named ''ginger jihadi'' for his reddish hair.

All three have moved out of the hostel and live with their husbands. They have sporadic contact with home. The conversations give the impression that the girls have few regrets about leaving their lives in London. But they also hint at hardships like frequent electricity cuts and shortages of Western goods. One recent chat came to an abrupt end because airstrikes were starting.

Khadiza told her sister that she still wanted to become a doctor. There is a medical school in Raqqa, she said. The logo for the Islamic State Health Service mimics the blue-and-white logo of Britain's treasured National Health Service.

In a recent online exchange on Twitter and Kik with a British tabloid reporter posing as a schoolgirl interested in going to Syria, Amira gave instructions that appeared to track her own experience: She advised the ''girl'' to tell her parents that she was going for review classes to escape the house, then fly to Turkey and take a bus to Gaziantep, where she could be smuggled across the border. She recommended a travel agent in Brick Lane, a short walk from Bethnal Green Academy, which would accept cash and ask no questions, and suggested taking along bras because ''they have the worst bras here.''

She also asked if the would-be recruit would consider becoming a second wife to a Lebanese-Australian, a description fitting her own husband, and appeared to mock a minute of silence for the mostly British victims of a recent shooting in Tunisia for which the Islamic State claimed responsibility, with ''Looooool,'' shorthand for ''laugh out loud.''

It is getting harder to know if it is the girls who are communicating. Increasingly their conversations are interspersed with stock propagandistic phrases.

''Have they adapted that language, or is there someone standing next to them?'' Mr. Akunjee asked. ''We don't know. But they're not the people their families recognize. They're not them anymore. And how could they be?''

Standing in her sister's bedroom one recent afternoon Ms. Khanom recalled the girl who had watched ''The Princess Diaries'' at least four times and loved Zumba dancing in the living room.

Her room is unchanged; perfumes and teenage accessories remain on a small chest. Her exam schedule is still taped to the inside of her closet door: math, statistics, history, English. A checkered scarf, which Khadiza had dropped on the morning of her departure in the hallway outside, is neatly folded on a shelf. It still carries her scent.

There are frames filled with photos of her sisters and her nephew, as well as her niece, who has taken her departure particularly badly.

''She's very affected by it, she misses her terribly, Khalummy -- that's what she calls her, Khalummy,'' Ms. Khanom said, referring to a Bengali term of endearment for aunt. ''You know, sometimes she shows anger, sometimes she thinks that, you know, she could have stopped her that morning. She saw her get ready.''

''I don't want to say they're memories because. ...,'' Ms Khanom said, her eyes traveling across her sister's things. ''They're memories, but not as if, like. ...,'' her voice trailing off again. ''I hope and I feel she's going to come back and things are going to go back to normal.''

Get news and analysis from Europe and around the world delivered to your inbox every day with the Today's Headlines: European Morning newsletter. Sign up here.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/08/18/world/europe/jihad-and-girl-power-how-isis-lured-3-london-teenagers.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/08/18/world/europe/jihad-and-girl-power-how-isis-lured-3-london-teenagers.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Recordings at Gatwick Airport showed Khadiza Sultana, left, Shamima Begum and Amira Abase passing through security. (A1)

TASNIME AKUNJEE, a lawyer who represents the families of the three girls. From left, Khadiza Sultana, Amira Abase and Shamima Begum. (PHOTOGRAPH BY LONDON METROPOLITAN POLICE VIA EUROPEAN PRESSPHOTO AGENCY)

A street in Bethnal Green, East London, home to a deeply conservative Muslim community and to the three teenagers drawn to the Islamic State.

Zahra Qadir, 22, who does deradicalization work for the Active Change Foundation, her father's charity in East London. (A12)

Muslims assembled in Valentines Park in the East London suburbs last month for the end of Ramadan.

The East London Mosque, which serves the residents of Bethnal Green, borders London's financial center.

Paymal House is where one of the three girls, Amira Abase, a star athlete, voracious reader and respected public speaker, lived. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW TESTA FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (A13)

**Load-Date:** August 18, 2015

**End of Document**



[***ARCHITECTURE VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3Y80-0014-53H9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***What Does It Take To Make a Landmark?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-3Y80-0014-53H9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 2, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 30, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk

**Length:** 1257 words

**Byline:** By Paul Goldberger

**Body**

Call the city and suburban Homes a block of tenements and it does not seem like a natural candidate for landmark status. Call it utopian housing, however, and it begins to look a lot better. And utopian housing is precisely what this is - since this sprawling series of structures, which runs along the south side of 79th Street from York Avenue to the East River, is one of the most ambitious attempts in the history of New York to create viable housing for the poor. Together with its neighboring complex, the Cherokee Apartments, the City and Suburban Homes stands as perhaps our greatest legacy from a critical moment in both the architectural and social history of the city - a monument to the moment when a solution to the city's housing problems actually seemed possible.

In the first decade of this century, when the 1,300-unit complex was erected, the city faced a catastrophic housing crisis. Cramped, dark and dirty tenements were the norm for the city's poor, many of whom lived in conditions that can barely be called civilized. Social reformers took up the cause of better housing, and - often backed by money from philanthropists - commissioned architects to find alternatives to the traditional tenement building. The City and Suburban Homes, the major project of a limited-profit company underwritten by members of the Astor, Lewisohn, Auchincloss, Rockefeller and Iselin families, was the largest of the so-called model tenements built in New York, and one of the best. This group of six-story walk-up buildings, erected around a series of private courtyards, was designed to assure every family light, air, privacy and a sense of space. To an urban environment that had symbolized only harshness to many people, this complex brought dignity and joy.

All of this is significant today because the City and Suburban Homes, which has gone on housing people well for the better part of a century, is now threatened. An island of ***working-class*** people in the midst of the very gentrified Upper East Side, it may well give way to yet another luxury tower containing yet more luxury apartments. The structures were purchased in 1985 for $43 million by Peter Kalikow, the real-estate developer, who announced plans to evict all of the tenants and replace the old buildings with four 40-story towers; the immensity of the public outcry against that proposal led Mr. Kalikow to put forth a reduced plan under which only one 65-story tower would be built, at the easternmost end of the site overlooking the East River, and the rest of the complex would be retained. Tenants who would lose their apartments to make way for the new building would be moved into the sections of the project that were to be kept.

The revised plan, though it does call for saving the majority of the apartments, would still cut the heart out of the complex. The old buildings, already hemmed in on many sides by new apartment towers, would be overwhelmed by the huge monolith on their own site. The plan satisfied neither the tenants of the City and Suburban Homes nor a coalition of community groups, who have continued to object to Mr. Kalikow's project. The opponents have succeeded in convincing the Landmarks Preservation Commission that the City and Suburban Homes is a worthy candidate for landmark status, and the commission plans to hold a hearing on Thursday. If the buildings are so designated, Mr. Kalikow would need the commission's approval to proceed with any version of his plan.

Although the City and Suburban Homes' somewhat similar neighbor, the Cherokee Apartments, has been a landmark for several years, the City and Suburban Homes is not, at first glance, a typical city landmark. The buildings are not beautiful by conventional standards (although there is some decorative detail on them, they are a good bit less ornate than the Cherokee Apartments, and their beige brick makes them look plain, even banal, from the street). Whether it is a matter of unintentional discrimination against the poor or a more innocent tendency to think of landmarks in terms of the fantasies and dreams about the city that they can inspire, New York has tended to favor elaborate buildings for landmark status, either public structures or buildings designed for the rich. If you think of landmarks only as celebrations of the city's romantic imagery, there is not much that is romantic about a tenement - even a model tenement.

But no view could be more shortsighted, or more limiting of what landmark status should signify. These structures, which were designed by several architectural firms of which the best known are Harde & Short and Percy Griffith, represent the city's best intentions - a commitment on the part of the city's upper class, and its architects, to solving social problems. The City and Suburban Homes are not elegant in the way that so much of the city's turn-of-the-century architecture was elegant. But they are not bad as works of design, either. And no structures reflect nobler aspirations.

And today, if New York needs anything, it is some reminders that architecture can stand for the public good. For this is a time that is in one way not so very different from the era in which the City and Suburban Homes was built - in both periods, the city's housing problem has been acute. In the early years of this century, the problem could be put mainly in terms of the quality of housing - conditions in the slums were appalling, and even most new buildings were constructed to standards that can only be called indifferent to human needs. Now, housing units are more civilized - the problem is that we do not build enough of them, and that many people are without housing altogether.

The most striking difference between the years the City and Suburban Homes was built and today is the extent to which in the earlier era the private sector appeared committed to trying to solve the problem. The families who organized the City and Suburban Homes Company - which built smaller projects between its founding in 1896 and the start of the huge East 79th Street complex in 1901 - wanted not only to help the families who would live in their buildings but also to inspire other, more profit-minded builders to raise the standards of their housing. They recognized that the free market, acting on its own, would do little unless it was pushed. It would be another generation before the onset of public housing, bringing the government into the business of creating improved housing for the poor; until that time, the City and Suburban Homes was the largest single effort in New York or any other city to create decent housing for the poor. These apartments are monuments to possibility - to the belief that architecture can make city life decent for working people.

Today, with only tiny amounts of publicly assisted housing being constructed, we seem in some ways to have slid almost all the way back to the era before City and Suburban Houses was even built, content to let the free market do what it wishes. That all too often means building housing for the well-to-do, and letting others struggle as best they can. And where better to see that process at work than on the site of the City and Suburban Houses on the Upper East Side? It is ironic indeed that the City and Suburban Houses, a philanthropic testament to better housing conditions created because the real-estate market on its own could not do what was necessary, might well be altered or destroyed by those very same market forces - come back to haunt it nearly a century later.

**Graphic**

Photo of the courtyard of the City and Suburban Homes on East 79th Street (NYT/Vic DeLucia)

**End of Document**



[***Where a Cuddle With Your Baby Requires a Bribe***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4H0H-4500-TW8F-G28W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 30, 2005 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1852 words

**Byline:** By CELIA W. DUGGER

**Series:** THE HIDDEN SCOURGE: Taxing the Poor

**Dateline:** BANGALORE, India

**Body**

Just as the painful ordeal of childbirth finally ended and Nesam Velankanni waited for a nurse to lay her squalling newborn on her chest, the maternity hospital's ritual of extortion began.

Before she even glimpsed her baby, she said, a nurse whisked the infant away and an attendant demanded a bribe. If you want to see your child, families are told, the price is $12 for a boy and $7 for a girl, a lot of money for slum dwellers scraping by on a dollar a day. The practice is common here in the city, surveys confirm.

Mrs. Velankanni was penniless, and her mother-in-law had to pawn gold earrings that had been a precious marriage gift so she could give the money to the attendant, or ayah. Mrs. Velankanni, a migrant to Bangalore who had been unprepared for the demand, wept in frustration.

''The ayah told my mother-in-law to pay up fast because the night duty doctor was leaving at 8 a.m. and wanted a share,'' she recalled.

The grand thefts of rulers may be more infamous, but the bitter experience of petty corruption, less apparent but no less invidious, is an everyday trial for millions of poor people across Asia, Africa and Latin America. Increasingly, it is being recognized as a major obstacle to economic development, robbing the impoverished of already measly incomes and corroding the public services they desperately need.

The bribes vary from place to place and in the services affected, but stretch from cradle to grave, according to surveys and anticorruption investigators. People pay to give birth, and to collect their loved ones' bodies from mortuaries, and for everything in between: garbage collection, clean water, medicines, admission to public schools. Even policemen double as shakedown artists.

Such petty bribery acts as a hidden regressive tax, according to research financed by the World Bank Institute, the bank's educational and research arm. In Zambia, for example, poor people paid 17 percent of their incomes in bribes for medical care, while the middle class paid only 3 percent. The comparable figures for Paraguay were 7 percent for the poor and only 1 percent for the middle class.

''The poor not only are paying much more of their incomes to get the same medical services as the middle and richer classes, but they are also discouraged from seeking basic medical care because they can't afford it,'' said Daniel Kaufmann, director of global programs at the institute.

When low-level officials pick the pockets of the poor, it is also often a reliable indicator of greater corruption higher up the bureaucratic and political hierarchy.

Here in Bangalore, a city of 6.5 million known for its booming high-technology industry, pleasant climate and good private schools, local health managers commonly pay bribes to senior bureaucrats or elected officials to get good jobs, say investigators, civic leaders and senior civil servants. The health professionals then exact payments from subordinates and patients, emulating their bosses.

''Most of the district health officers have to pay bribes to get promotions and postings, and they in turn collect bribes from their staff and patients,'' said Hanumappa Sudarshan, the vigilance director for health and education in Karnataka State's anticorruption agency. ''It's a vicious cycle.''

Mr. Sudarshan's boss, Nanjegowda Venkatachala, a retired Indian Supreme Court justice who heads the agency, put it even more bluntly: ''The greed of politicians is ruining the country. There's nothing to mince in this regard.''

No matter where the corruption starts, it moves down through the ranks and finally to the poor, for whom it is an inescapable burden.

Though Bangalore has made progress in fighting corruption, it persists in the hospitals. In the narrow lanes of the slums and ***working-class*** neighborhoods around the 30-bed Austin Town maternity hospital, families with babies and toddlers described their personal experiences of bribery.

Shobha Rani, the doctor in charge, emphatically disputed such accounts in an interview earlier this year. ''I've not come across even one patient who's come here and said I've been charged for anything,'' she said. ''So many times, I've spoken to patients without the knowledge of my staff. I say: 'Tell me the truth. What did you face?' They always give me a good report.''

But people who have used the hospital tell a different story. Nagaratna Hanumanthu, 23, and her husband, Hanumanthu, 28, a sugar-cane-juice vendor with a single name, lost their first baby to a raging fever just two days after he was born. Their anxieties were high last November when their daughter was born at Austin Town.

The moment the baby emerged, the nurses took her away and demanded $7, the parents said. But Mr. Hanumanthu, a tall, imposing man, said he pretended he knew important people and threatened to complain. The nurses backed down, he said.

But then his fears grew that the staff might hurt the baby. ''We had already lost one child, and we were worried we would lose this child, too,'' he said.

Mr. Hanumanthu, who earns about $1 a day, turned to his mother, who makes $11 a month sweeping floors and washing dishes. She gave him money for the bribe.

As he described his ordeal, his glowering presence seemed to fill a dark, cramped room of their home in the slums, where his wife rocked the sleeping baby, Sujata, in a cradle.

It was far from the first bribe he had paid, he said, and certainly not the last.

Every month, he said, he must pay off city workers who threaten to confiscate his pushcart. He has no choice, he said. How else would he make a living? Last summer, he saw what happened to a vendor who refused to move when the city workers told him to. They overturned the man's cart, cracking the motor. He was out of work for three months.

''I've studied up to 10th grade and passed,'' he said bitterly. ''I try to earn a decent living, but because of all the demands, I'm tempted to rob and steal to make money fast. I'm fed up with life.''

A growing number of surveys of poor households, commissioned by nonprofit groups like the Public Affairs Center here in India, are documenting the problems of corruption and poor public services, arming advocates who are fighting corruption with useful information and providing voters with data that helps them hold elected officials accountable.

The center pioneered the use of consumer surveys here in Bangalore to measure the extent and effects of bribery and to give citizens a collective, credible voice about their experience of public services. The approach was the brainstorm of Samuel Paul, who formerly led one of India's premier business schools.

During the past decade, the center has released report cards that that have generated splashy coverage in local newspapers. ''There was power in the information,'' Mr. Paul said.

The idea has been widely copied. Today report cards are used in Ethiopia, Uganda and Zanzibar, in Ukraine, Bangladesh, the Philippines and Vietnam.

Bangalore's success in fighting corruption, under the leadership of a reform-minded government that took office in 1999, has enhanced the appeal of report cards. The center's latest survey, done in 2003, found that bribery had fallen sharply since 1999 and satisfaction with public services had risen, though bribes persisted at shockingly high levels in maternity hospitals.

One necessary step was removing bureaucratic middlemen. Bangalore substantially reduced corruption in property tax assessments by setting simple rules so citizens could estimate their own property values, cutting out inspectors who had demanded payoffs. Property tax collections rose sharply.

Cleaning up the city's 30 maternity homes, which mainly serve the poor, has proved tougher, however.

A 1999 survey by the center found that 9 of 10 families whose relatives gave birth in the hospitals reported paying a bribe, usually to see the baby. The average amount paid has since dropped to $7 from about $16. But 8 in 10 women still reported paying bribes in 2003 -- to have their baby delivered, to see the child after birth, to get their newborn immunized or to obtain medicines that were supposed to be free.

K. Jairaj, who became city commissioner in 1999, said he was appalled when Mr. Paul handed him the original maternity hospital findings six years ago. ''It was the trigger to move the politicians and bureaucrats forward,'' he said.

At the center's urging, the city set up boards of volunteers to monitor hospitals. It also posted citizens' charters in maternity hospitals stating that bribery was prohibited and listing phone numbers for complaints. But the boards were often toothless, and many patients already knew bribes were illegal.

The city's current commissioner, Karuppiah Jothiramalingam, who took office last year with a new government, said he would retrain hospital workers and punish those who solicited bribes. He added, ''This type of action can only be taken on specific complaints.''

But the ingrained habits of bribery persist in part because the poor, powerless in so many aspects of their lives, are afraid to object. They worry that their newborns will get bad medical care from angry health workers. They dread retribution when they return for subsequent births.

Shireen Taj, a car mechanic's wife, had her first baby at Austin Town on Jan. 21. The family said they paid the going rate -- $12 -- to see the boy.

Razia Begum, Mrs. Taj's mother, said that even when Shireen was born at Austin Town 18 years ago, the family paid a bribe to see her, though the price then was the same for boys and girls. ''Now boys cost more, girls less,'' she said, describing the devaluing of females in a society where the male child is often more desired. Sometimes the very poorest people are charged less, she and others said.

''It's a practice there,'' she said. ''My older daughter also paid. So I brought money.'' The nurses and attendants are the ones who ask for the money, while the doctor is never present, families say.

As Razia Begum spoke, an elderly neighbor came to the door. ''If you write about it,'' she said to a reporter, ''they will chase us out of the hospital. Where will we go?''

Several women who had just given birth and their families, interviewed on an open ward at the hospital and shortly after the mothers were discharged, also said they had been asked to pay bribes.

Margaret, a 50-year-old grandmother who uses only one name, said she paid to see her 19-year-old daughter's baby the day he was born, Feb. 16. She earns only $10 a month as a maid and said that she was determined to pay no more than $7 -- and that she did not.

''Though I felt bad and a little angry, a private hospital would have cost at least 2,500 rupees,'' or about $60, she said. The bribe was still costly but, by the calculus of poverty, a relative bargain.

The Hidden Scourge

Articles in this series examine the impact of corruption on democracy and economic development around the world. Audio of Celia W. Dugger, more photos from India and previous articles in the series are at nytimes.com/world.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: At the Austin Town Maternity Home in Bangalore, it is common for nurses to demand bribes to bring newborns to their mothers.

Nesam Velankanni had to pay to see her daughter, Arokya, at her birth 16 months ago in Bangalore, India. She has an older daughter, Ruby, 6. (Photographs by Namas Bhojani for The New York Times)(pg. A8)

**Load-Date:** August 30, 2005

**End of Document**



[***SAVING BUFFALO'S UNTOLD BEAUTY - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4TXW-R070-TW8F-G02R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 16, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1; ARCHITECTURE

**Length:** 2246 words

**Byline:** By NICOLAI OUROUSSOFF

**Dateline:** BUFFALO

**Body**

ONE of the most cynical cliches in architecture is that poverty is good for preservation. The poor don't bulldoze historic neighborhoods to make way for fancy new high-rises.

That assumption came to mind when I stepped off a plane here recently. Buffalo is home to some of the greatest American architecture of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, with major architects like Henry Hobson Richardson, Frederick Law Olmsted, Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright building marvels here. Together they shaped one of the grandest early visions of the democratic American city.

Yet Buffalo is more commonly identified with the crumbling infrastructure, abandoned homes and dwindling jobs that have defined the Rust Belt for the past 50 years. And for decades its architecture has seemed strangely frozen in time.

Now the city is reaching a crossroads. Just as local preservationists are completing restorations on some of the city's most important landmarks, the federal government is considering a plan that could wipe out part of a historic neighborhood. Meanwhile Mayor Byron W. Brown is being pressed to revise a proposal that would have demolished hundreds of abandoned homes.

The outcome of these plans will go far in determining the city's prospects for economic recovery, but it could also offer a rare opportunity to re-examine the relationship between preserving the past and building a future.

Buffalo was founded on a rich tradition of architectural experimentation. The architects who worked here were among the first to break with European traditions to create an aesthetic of their own, rooted in American ideals about individualism, commerce and social mobility. And today its grass-roots preservation movement is driven not by Disney-inspired developers but by a vibrant coalition of part-time preservationists, amateur historians and third-generation residents who have made reclaiming the city's history a deeply personal mission.

At a time when oil prices and oil dependence are forcing us to rethink the wisdom of suburban and exurban living, Buffalo could eventually offer a blueprint for repairing America's other shrinking postindustrial cities.

Touring Buffalo's monuments is about as close as you can get to experiencing firsthand the earliest struggles to define what an American architecture would look like.

The city's rise began in 1825 with the opening of the Erie Canal, which opened trade with the heartland. By the end of the 19th century the city's grain silos and steel mills had become architectural pilgrimage sites for European Modernists like Erich Mendelsohn and Bruno Taut, who saw them as the great cathedrals of Modernity. In their vast scale and technological efficiency, they reflected a triumphant America and sent a warning signal to Europe that it was fast becoming less relevant.

Yet it is the parade of celebrated architects who worked here as much as the city's industrial achievements that makes Buffalo a living history lesson. Daniel Burnham's 1896 Ellicott Square Building, with its mighty Italian Renaissance facade, towers over the corner of Main and Church Streets. Just a block away is Louis Sullivan's 1895 Guarantee Building, a classic of early skyscraper design decorated in intricate floral terra-cotta tiles.

Across town, Henry Hobson Richardson built his largest commission: the 1870 Buffalo State Asylum for the Insane, composed of a pair of soaring Romanesque towers flanked by low brick pavilions. Light and air poured in through tall windows; spacious 18-foot-wide corridors were designed to promote interaction among the inmates, an idea that would be refined by Modernists in their communal housing projects decades later.

But it was Wright who made the decisive leap from an architecture that drew mainly on European stylistic precedents to one that was rooted in a growing cultural self-confidence. Wright built two of those great pillars of American architecture here, the 1904 Larkin Building and the 1905 Darwin D. Martin House.

Although torn down in 1950, the Larkin Building, designed as the headquarters of the Larkin Soap Company, remains one of the most influential designs of the 20th century. Wright invented floor-to-ceiling glass doors, double-pane windows and toilets affixed to the walls for this monument to American business. Massive, forbidding brick piers anchoring the exterior signaled a break with classical historical styles. The light-filled atrium piercing its five floors, with managers visible at their desks at the bottom, turned the traditional office hierarchy on its head.

The Martin House, a Prairie House complex of five buildings on a vast suburban lot, is the domestic counterpart to this vision. No European architect had come close to imagining such a fluid world. A composition of low brick structures, terraces, pergolas and gardens in which man and landscape were in tune, the design celebrated a democratic ideal of family life in which traditional social barriers, and the walls that reinforce them, were finally torn down.

Yet Wright's genius lay in his ability to accomplish this feat while conveying a profound serenity. The low roof and broad cantilevered eaves both beckoned to the horizon and provided shelter. The grid of wood beams in the living room, set just below ceiling level, visually broke down the space into discrete rooms while maintaining a sense of openness. Above all this architecture represented freedom both from Europe's suffocating traditions and from the feelings of cultural inferiority that had defined American architecture since the earliest days of the republic.

This departure from recycled European precedents is reflected in the city's late-19th-century urban planning as well. Buffalo's original plan from the early 19th century was loosely based on Pierre Charles L'Enfant's 1791 plan for Washington, an Americanized version of Paris's system of radiating boulevards. Its civic core, dominated by a mountainous City Hall, reads as an isolated fragment of a City Beautiful plan that was never fully realized.

Olmsted, as much social reformer as landscape architect, had visited John Paxson's Birkenhead Park near Liverpool, a pioneering project designed to better the lives of the city's ***working class***. When he returned to New York, he expanded on that vision in his designs for Central and Prospect Parks, which he conceived as realms of psychological healing that could also break down class boundaries.

In Buffalo he realized an even grander ambition, creating a vast network of parks and parkways that he hoped would have ''a civilizing effect'' on the ''dangerous classes'' populating the American city. Flanked by rows of elm trees, the parkways were broken up by a series of gorgeous landscaped roundabouts, slowing the city's rhythms of movement into something more majestic yet distinctly democratic.

It didn't last of course. By the 1950s Buffalo's economy had already embarked on its long path to disintegration. The completion in 1959 of the St. Lawrence Seaway, which created a more direct route to the Atlantic Ocean, made the Erie Canal obsolete and deprived the city of its commercial lifeline. Economic decline was exacerbated by race riots in 1967 and white flight to the suburbs. By the mid-1970s the inner city was being abandoned.

Even so, many of the city's most revered monuments survived. Despite the destruction of some surrounding structures, the main house at the Martin complex remained intact. Richardson's asylum closed in the mid-1970s, and though one of its wings was demolished to make room for a new hospital next door, the bulk of the building still towers over Olmsted's park.

Today Buffalo is a collection of fragile museum pieces with a covey of local stewards struggling to preserve them as a means to help save the city.

It would not be the first place to see its history as a means of attracting tourist dollars. (Boston and New Orleans are among the obvious precedents.) What makes this historic revival so heartwarming, however, is that it is driven by genuine civic pride in the face of daunting odds.

When a group of private citizens took control of the Martin House in 1992, for example, their ambitions were relatively modest: to restore the main house, one of three structures that had not yet been demolished. As time wore on, the group began to see the entire complex as a singular vision that could not be understood unless it was fully brought back to life .

In the early 1960s its conservatory and pergola had been ripped out to make way for an unsightly apartment complex; in 1994 the group raised the money to purchase the structure, tear it down and rebuild the elements of Wright's complex that had been destroyed. A few years ago they bought the small gardener's cottage that anchored the northwest corner of the site as well.

The project's overall cost soared to more than $50 million from $10 million. But most of the structural and exterior work is now complete, and now, for the first time in decades, you can fully glean the genius of Wright's work.

Other projects have been less high profile but equally exemplary. On the October day I arrived, I met with Monica Pellegrino Faix, a representative of the Richardson Center Corporation, a local nonprofit group trying to save the asylum. The state has committed $76 million to help restore the complex, and the group is now trying to come up with potential uses for its vacant buildings, including using one for an architecture museum.

Later that day I met with a group of local activists who have been rebuilding single-family houses in some of the city's most run-down historic neighborhoods. On Richmond Avenue, one of Olmsted's grand decaying parkways, Harvey Garrett, a strategic planning consultant, spent several years renovating a 19th-century Victorian house before an arsonist set fire to it in 2006. He rebuilt it, and he is now one of the city's busiest community organizers and strongest preservation voices. Dozens of houses are now being renovated along the avenue, and an entire neighborhood that was once considered crime ridden is now livable again.

In a mostly abandoned factory area not far from downtown, Douglas Swift, a developer whose family has lived in Buffalo for generations, recently completed the restoration of a former Larkin warehouse, an early example of concrete frame construction; the project, which is now an office complex, has spurred a range of new development in the area.

What we see is a more egalitarian, diverse and socially tolerant vision of the city. It is both pro-density and pro-history. These residents have come to recognize through firsthand experience that social, economic and preservation issues are all deeply intertwined.

Sadly, not everyone has been so enlightened on this issue. Preservationists raised an outcry this year when Mayor Brown unveiled his plan to demolish 5,000 houses over the next five years as part of an effort to clean up some of the city's poorest neighborhoods. The National Trust for Historic Preservation and the mayor's office are now trying to hammer out a compromise.

And as the preservation movement has grown, it has inevitably gotten involved in bigger, more complex urban issues. The federal Homeland Security Department has proposed an expansion of the entrance to the Peace Bridge, the city's main border crossing into Canada. Preservationists balked. The project, which includes a vast new parking plaza for commercial trucks, would require razing five blocks of Columbus Park, a neighborhood of historic houses mostly built from 1860 through the late 1920s. A 20-foot-high berm would also be built alongside Olmsted's Front Park, which flanks one side of the neighborhood, blocking out sublime views of Lake Erie and the Niagara River.

The National Trust, which opposes the plan, has suggested moving the new parking plaza to the Canadian side of the border -- a possibility that the Canadian government says it will consider -- or rerouting traffic to one of four other bridges. But those prospects appear doubtful.

Meanwhile the city has begun to take a few cautious steps into the present. Toshiko Mori, a New York architect and the former chairwoman of the architecture department at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, is putting the finishing touches on a gorgeous new visitors' center at the Martin House. Gwathmey Siegel & Associates of New York has designed a sleek new zinc- and cast-stone-clad home for the Burchfield-Penney Art Center near the historic district of Elmwood Village, which opens next Saturday.

But how these projects will be forged into a cohesive vision for the city's future is less certain. The best-intentioned preservationists, however determined, can accomplish only so much. Often developers co-opt the achievements of these trailblazing individuals and nonprofit groups by dolling up historic neighborhoods for private gain. The city's rough edges are smoothed over to satisfy the hunger for more tourist dollars. Shiny new convention centers and generic boutiques follow. Yet schools, roads, bridges and electrical and power lines continue to crumble.

Buffalo is an ideal testing ground for rethinking that depressing model. Its architectural heritage embodies an America that thought boldly about the future, but believed deeply in the city as a democratic forum. What's needed now is to revive that experimental tradition.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about the architectural gems by Frederick Law Olmsted and others in Buffalo misstated the name of the designer of Birkenhead Park in Liverpool, England, which Olmsted used for inspiration in creating Central Park in Manhattan and Prospect Park in Brooklyn. He was Joseph Paxton, not John Paxson. The article also misspelled the name of the Louis Sullivan skyscraper that is decorated in intricate floral terra-cotta tiles. It is the Guaranty Building, not the Guarantee Building.

**Correction-Date:** November 23, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: (PHOTOGRAPH, ABOVE, BY TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.AR1)

Three views of Buffalo: above, grain silos

left, a parkway designed by Frederick Law Olmsted

below, Frank Lloyd Wright's 1905 Darwin D. Martin House.

An interior view of Daniel Burnham's Ellicott Square Building (1896), which is also renowned for its Italian Renaissance facade.

Louis Sullivan's 1895 Guarantee Building, above, an early skyscraper decorated in intricate floral terra-cotta tiles, is just a block away from the Ellicott Square Building.

A nonprofit group has received a commitment of $76 million to help restore the Buffalo State Asylum for the Insane (1870), built by Henry Hobson Richardson. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY CENICOLA/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.AR30 and 31)

**Load-Date:** November 16, 2008

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK; Splitting. Screens. For Minds. Divided.***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4BDS-0RR0-01KN-211M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 9, 2004 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Part 1; Column 1; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1711 words

**Byline:**  By CARYN JAMES

**Body**

It seems safe to admit this: I like the crawl, the sometimes inane but often brain-saving text that runs across the bottom of the screen on 24-hour news channels. Although it has become de rigueur to hate the crawl -- even Jim Walton, the president of CNN, has said publicly that he dislikes it -- CNN's research has shown that 70 percent of its viewers favor it. And why not? At times it's your only hope of getting real news.

While Larry King and Kim Novak are blathering away, it doesn't exactly tax your mind to glance down and see that yet another British Airways flight has been delayed by security concerns. The disjunction between the two captures the way we live now: faster than ever, wishing we had eyes in the back of our heads.

Since September 2001, when the crawl appeared and never left, a cluttered screen has become standard for cable news. CNBC usually shows two stock tickers, stock market averages and a talking head, with the speaker sometimes reduced to a passport-size photo in the corner of the screen.

But multiple screens have moved quickly into the arts and entertainment. Film and television screens crammed with text and images are everywhere from the Museum of Modern Art to "Access Hollywood." Once we were couch potatoes, but we are all active viewers now, flipping the remote through channels, flipping our eyes around the screen. Even deciding to ignore the crawl requires an active choice.

Duncan Roy's brash, engaging movie "A K A" splits the screen into a triptych of images throughout, a device that enhances the story of a con man masquerading as a millionaire's son. The director Mike Figgis has made several exciting, ambitious split-screen movies like "Time Code," which divides the screen into four squares with different but connected story lines. On the real-time television series "24" split screens put us in two places at once, watching the counterterrorist heroes and the villains they're chasing. The screen even splits occasionally in Ang Lee's big-budget movie "The Hulk," usually to allow a close-up view of a lab experiment.

The concept itself of course is as old as the three-ring circus, and in film Abel Gance divided the screen into a triptych as early as 1927 for his silent epic "Napoleon." But the extent to which split screens have become commonplace is a major change. There are solid artistic reasons behind this. Multiple images capture the fragmentation of our postmodern world, with its sense that truth is often subjective. The Figgis films work that way, as dazzling immersions into many points of view at once.

But there are more practical reasons, as close by as your computer screen. Television and movies are echoing the cluttered screens of the Internet. Computer users are accustomed to Web sites set up for multiple-choice reading. Video-game players leap around the screen faster and faster. To young people raised with computers, it looks ordinary when MTV inserts an image teasing the next program inside the main screen.

MTV-style visuals have been criticized for promoting short attention spans. "You might almost say quick attention span," Prof. Mary C. Potter of the department of brain and cognitive sciences at M.I.T. said in a phone interview. "Some information can be picked up fairly rapidly, in a fifth or a tenth of a second. We move our eyes around three to four times a second."

That's plenty of time to hop from one part of a screen to another and pick up the essence of a story, though not long enough to retain many details or reason about it later. "If there's some hook or connection like a chase scene, we can go back and forth more easily," she said.

It's even more efficient to move your attention instead of your eyes, said Prof. Daphne Bavelier of the department of brain and cognitive sciences at the University of Rochester, who caused a stir last year with a study that showed playing video games regularly can improve a person's ability to take in objects quickly. As she emphasized in a phone interview, dividing your attention is very demanding if you want to do it well.

"It's easier to get the gist of a story than the details," she said, and more efficient to move your attention rather than your eyes. "It takes at least 120 milliseconds to move your eyes to a new location, but only 30 to 40 milliseconds to move your visual attention," she said. Any way you look at it, that's encouraging news for those of us who simply want to keep the thread of a movie plot straight.

Watching "A K A," it's remarkable how easily you become accustomed to the triptych, partly because the screen does not usually display different scenes but different angles on the same scene. In a two-way conversation, you can see both faces at once and never have to watch the boring back of somebody's head. The triptych is a stylistic flourish that suits the story, in which the ***working-class*** Dean (Matthew Leitch) moves into a fragmented wonderland of lies, half-truths and fake identities when he pretends to be the son of the self-absorbed Lady Gryffoyn (a wonderfully comic performance by Diana Quick, still best known as Julia in "Brideshead Revisited").

Mr. Figgis's "Time Code," shot in real time over one and a half hours, is more challenging and ultimately more satisfying. In this all-star yet decidedly un-Hollywood movie, all strands of the satiric story lead to Red Mullet Productions, a fictional Hollywood company casting a movie.

In one square Salma Hayek plays an actress on her way to an audition, arguing in a limo with her lover, Jeanne Tripplehorn. In two squares we see the audition site -- offices or screening rooms and the filmmakers (including Stellan Skarsgard and Holly Hunter). In the fourth square Mr. Skarsgard's betrayed wife (Saffron Burrows) talks to her therapist (Glenne Headly). Plots overlap and characters from one quadrant turn up in another; the film ends with a violent death and nearly everyone in the same place, but the fragmented screen remains.

When it was shown in theaters in 2000, "Time Code" seemed an intriguing, gimmicky experiment, partly because the soundtrack directed your eye, allowing you to hear only one thread of the story at a time. The DVD offers a far better experience because it lets you choose which soundtrack to listen to as you go: you can leap from one story line to another, or watch one from start to finish. Demanding a pieced-together version of reality, the film's approach reflects its theme: the subjective way relationships function.

Mr. Figgis created an even more complicated, constantly shifting visual surface for "Hotel" (2001), about a group of actors filming Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" in Venice, while a documentary crew films them. Even with digital cameras, it is beautifully shot. The story is less sustained here; it involves the producer's plot to murder the director, and in an even clumsier touch, vampires. Yet "Hotel" has some spectacularly fascinating moments as it veers from what one character calls a "McMalfi" production to scenes rich with Webster's language. (It has not been released on video or DVD.)

Such approaches have ordinarily been confined to festival films like Julie Talen's accomplished 75-minute "Pretend." The film uses as many as 12 boxes on screen, yet also has a strong narrative about two young sisters who pretend that one of them has been kidnapped, hoping to prevent their parents from breaking up, only to have the girl really disappear. The shattered screen captures the disoriented family's emotions and at times a sense of onslaught: we see different angles on the husband and wife screaming at each other in the kitchen while the little girls huddle worriedly in their bedroom.

Increasingly, though, split-screen movies are less avant-garde than mainstream. The Bolivian film "Sexual Dependency" divides the screen in two to present stories of teenagers and sexual awakening, five in sequence. Artistically the film is uneven: three segments shot in Bolivia are sharply written and acted while two shot in New York State are didactic. But it was a box-office hit in Bolivia and is that country's official entry for the Oscars.

There are of course stupid uses of split screens. This week the entertainment show "Access Hollywood" ran a crawl with weekend box-office results just minutes after its story about the samesubject. That is simply aping the form of hard news.

More often split screens shrewdly address an audience ready to jump in. Fuse, a music-video channel competing with MTV, is built on multiple images and interactivity. Its daily music video show "IMX: Interactive Music Xchange," lets viewers buy and sell fake shares of artists online ([*www.fuse.tv*](http://www.fuse.tv)), then runs a ticker revealing each artist's value during the show, complete with mock market symbols (the rapper Ludacris becomes LUDAC). Its new show "4Play" features a screen divided into four like "Time Code," with a music video in one square and extreme sports action in the others. Some things just don't demand your undivided attention. Others do, and since we don't have eyes in the back of our heads, splitting screens may be the next best thing.

Busy Divided

The major films and television shows in the Critic's Notebook article on split screens:

"A K A" is playing through Jan. 15 at Cinema Village, 22 East 12th Street, Greenwich Village, (212) 924-3364. Screenings this weekend are at 3:45 p.m. today through Sunday. Tickets, $9; students, $7; 65+, $5.50. The film is also being shown at the Roxie Cinema in San Francisco. It will open in Denver Feb. 20 and in Miami March 5.

"PRETEND" will be shown on Monday by the Museum of Modern Art at the Gramercy Theater, 127 East 23rd Street, Manhattan. 8 p.m. Admission, $6; free for museum members. Information: (212) 777-4900.

"SEXUAL DEPENDENCY" will be shown tomorrow and Sunday at the Palm Springs International Film Festival. Information: (760) 322-2930 or   [*www.psfilmfest.org*](http://www.psfilmfest.org).

"TIME CODE" is available on DVD. Columbia/TriStar, 2000. 97 minutes. $24.95.

"IMX: INTERACTIVE MUSIC XCHANGE" is on the Fuse cable channel weekdays at 6 p.m. The weekly series "4Play" is scheduled to have its debut on Fuse at 9 p.m. on Feb. 6. The Fuse channel is available through digital cable, as well as the satellite servers Directv and Echo Star.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Four simultaneous frames in a scene from Mike Figgis's film "Time Code." Below, a television screen during a CNBC news program. (Photo by Above, Elliott Marks/Screen Gems; below, CNBC)(pg. E1); Multiple images on a single frame from Duncan Roy's "A K A," which uses a triptych to show a con man masquerading as a millionaire's son. (Photo by Empire Pictures); Scenes in a video-game age: left, a frame in Julie Talen's 75-minute "Pretend," which uses boxes that capture the divisions of a shattered family; right, a CNN report with a menu of choices for a viewer's concentration. (Photo by CNN)(pg. E7)

**Load-Date:** January 9, 2004

**End of Document**



[***NON-WESTERN WORKS DOMINATE FILM ARRAY AT NEW YORK FESTIVAL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-45M0-0014-52W8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 22, 1988, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 15, Column 5; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1319 words

**Byline:** By ANDREW L. YARROW

**Body**

Asian and Eastern European films will occupy a prominent place at the 26th New York Film Festival, opening Sept. 23 at Lincoln Center, and movies from China, South Korea, Portugal and Rumania will be shown at the annual event for the first time.

Eight movies from last spring's Cannes Film Festival will be screened, but - with the exception of Marcel Ophuls, Clint Eastwood and John Cassavetes - few familiar Western directors are included in the festival.

The program marks the debut of 34-year-old Richard Pena as chairman of the five-member selection committee and program director for the Film Society of Lincoln Center, the festival's parent organization.

Mr. Pena, the former director of the Film Center of the Art Institute of Chicago, replaced Richard Roud, the festival director since 1970, who left last October. Mr. Roud's departure capped a period of turmoil for the society. Several members of the festival's selection committee resigned to protest what they considered to be attempts by some officers of the society to compromise the festival's artistic independence, a charge the officers denied. Only one member from last year's selection panel is on this year's committee.

Mr. Pena said of this fall's selections: ''We didn't want to break up or defy what had been. But perhaps we looked a little wider this year than past committees did. There will be more of a presence of non-Western films than in any New York Film Festival in memory.''

Comedy From Spain

The festival will open with a comedy from Spain directed by Pedro Almodovar, whose most recent film was ''Law of Desire.'' His new film, ''Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown,'' deals with the thwarted romances of several women in Madrid.

The festival will close Oct. 9 with ''Red Sorghum,'' an epic by the Chinese director Zhang Yimou. Mr. Pena compared ''Red Sorghum,'' which won the Golden Bear award at this year's Berlin Film Festival, to ''an American western of the 1950's'' and said that it provided a glimpse of China in the 1930's as seen through the eyes of a woman who inherits a winery.

''Zhang is a member of the post-Cultural Revolution generation of Chinese directors who have an avariciousness for Western film styles,'' Mr. Pena said. Other third-world films are ''Salaam Bombay!'' a drama about street children in India by Mira Nair that won a Golden Camera Award at Cannes for best feature film by a new director, and ''Mapantsula,'' by Oliver Schmitz, which follows the misadventures of a small-time gangster in the black townships of South Africa.

Actress in Three Roles

''The Man With Three Coffins,'' by a South Korean director, Lee Chang-ho, chronicles a man's encounters with three women, all played by the same actress. Weaving together memories, fantasies and actual experiences, the movie uses ''a complex, fractured narrative style similar to that of Alain Resnais,'' Mr. Pena said.

''Hard Times,'' by Joao Botelho, provides a Portuguese retelling of Dickens's novel. And the inaugural Rumanian film, ''Jacob,'' by Mircea Daneliuc, is a drama about the hardships of a Rumanian coal miner.

The festival will also present two long-suppressed Soviet films: Andrei Konchalovsky's ''Asya's Happiness'' (1966) and ''Onset of an Unknown Age'' (1967), by Larisa Shepitko and Andrei Smirnov. ''Both are from a fertile period in Soviet cinema, but they were banned until last year,'' Mr. Pena said. ''They offer a darker, more ambiguous depiction of the post-Revolutionary period in Russia than we'd expect of Soviet film makers.''

The Konchalovsky film, a character study set on a Soviet collective farm, he added, ''was so controversial among Soviet film bureaucrats that the Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev had to personally screen it.'' The movie was released, Mr. Pena said, after Mr. Gorbachev ''proclaimed it the best film he'd seen in 10 years.''

Clint Eastwood Film

Perhaps the most eagerly awaited of this year's three American movies is Clint Eastwood's ''Bird,'' a portrait of the alto saxophonist Charlie (Bird) Parker. A retrospective offering is ''Opening Night,'' a 1978 John Cassavetes film never widely shown, about a New York actress, played by Gena Rowlands, who witnesses the death of one of her fans. The third American film is a documentary about the artist Leon Golub by the directors Jerry Blumenthal and Gordon Quinn.

The Danish director Bille August's ''Pelle the Conqueror'' was the winner of this year's Golden Palm, the top award at Cannes; it is an epic drama about the lives of a turn-of-the-century farmer and his son in Denmark.

Marcel Ophuls, who examined the Holocaust in his epic ''The Sorrow and the Pity,'' presents a grim, four-and-a-half-hour study of the Nazi war criminal Klaus Barbie, called ''Hotel Terminus.'' ''Falkenau, the Impossible,'' by Emil Weiss and Samuel Fuller, documents the liberation of a Nazi concentration camp in Czechoslovakia; the film uses 43-year-old films taken by Mr. Fuller.

Three British films - Mike Leigh's ''High Hopes,'' Derek Jarmon's ''Last of England'' and Terence Davies's ''Distant Voices, Still Lives'' - offer perspectives on ***working-class*** life. ''A Winter Tan,'' a work by five Canadian directors, follows the epistolary style of Maryse Holder's ''Give Sorrow Words'' to relate the sexual adventures of a New York schoolteacher in Mexico.

Romantic Entanglements

Among the other features are ''Felix,'' a four-part movie about a man's romantic entanglements, directed by four West German women, and ''Daughter of the Nile,'' by a Taiwanese director, Hou Hsiao-hsien. The only French feature film in this year's festival is Catherine Breillat's ''36 Fillette,'' about a sexually provocative teen-age girl. When the festival was directed by Mr. Roud, a resident of France, it was usually marked by its presentation of many leading French films.

The films previously shown at Cannes are ''Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown,'' ''Pelle the Conqueror,'' ''Salaam Bombay,'' ''Hotel Terminus,'' ''Bird,'' ''Daughter of the Nile,'' ''Mapantsula,'' ''Distant Voices, Still Lives'' and ''La Maschera,'' an Italian comedy by Fiorella Infascelli about an 18th-century nobleman who uses disguises in pursuit of romance.

The opening-night program at 9 P.M. and the closing-night program will be at Avery Fisher Hall; all other films will be shown at Alice Tully Hall. Tickets go on sale Sept. 11, and are $6 and $8 ($12 and $16 for the opening and closing shows). Information: 877-1800, ext. 489.

What's When at the Festival Sept. 23: ''Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown,'' 7:45 and 9 P.M. Sept. 24: ''Felix, '' 1 P.M.; ''Asya's Happiness,'' 3:30 P.M.; ''Mapantsula,'' 6 P.M., ''High Hopes,'' 9 P.M., Sept. 25: ''Mapantsula,'' 2 P.M.; ''High Hopes,'' 4:30 P.M.; ''Felix,'' 7 P.M., ''Sarah'' and ''La Maschera,'' 9:30 P.M.

Sept. 26: ''Sarah'' and ''La Maschera,'' 6:15

P.M., ''Bird,'' 9:15 P.M.

Sept. 27: ''Bird,'' 6:15 P.M., ''The Man With

Three Coffins,'' 9:30 P.M.

Sept. 28: ''The Man With Three Coffins,'' 6:15

P.M., ''The Last of England,'' 9:15 P.M.

Sept. 29: ''Distant Voices, Still Lives,'' 6:15

P.M., ''Ashik Kherib,'' 9:15 P.M. Sept. 30: ''Daughter of the Nile,'' 6:15 P.M., ''Pelle the Conqueror,'' 9:15 P.M. Oct. 1: ''Ashik Kherib,'' noon; ''Pelle the Conqueror,'' 2:30 P.M.; five avant-garde films, 6 P.M., ''Opening Night,'' 9 P.M.

Oct. 2: ''Opening Night,'' 2 P.M.; ''Distant

Voices, Still Lives,'' 4:30 P.M.; ''Daughter of the Nile,'' 7 P.M., ''A Winter Tan,'' 9:30 P.M.: Oct. 3: ''A Winter Tan,'' 6:15 P.M., ''Jacob,'' 9:15 P.M.

Oct. 4: ''Jacob,'' 6:15 P.M., ''36 Fillette,'' 9:15

P.M.: Oct. 5: ''Golub'' and ''Falkenau, the Impossible,'' 6:15 P.M., ''Hard Times,'' 9:15 P.M. Oct. 6: ''Hotel Terminus,'' 6:15 P.M.

Oct. 7: ''36 Fillette,'' 6:15 P.M., ''Salaam

Bombay,'' 9:15 P.M.

Oct. 8: ''Salaam Bombay,'' 11:30 A.M.;

''Onset of an Unknown Age,'' 2 P.M.; ''Hard Times,'' 4 P.M, ''Hotel Terminus,'' 6:30 P.M. Oct. 9: ''Red Sorghum,'' 8:30 P.M.

**Graphic**

Photo of Antonio Banderas and Maria Barranco

**End of Document**



[***G.O.P. IN SENATE HOPING FOR CUTS OF $450 BILLION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WT40-008G-F1GT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 4, 1995, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1995 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A;  ; Section A;   Page 1;   Column 6;   National Desk  ; Column 6;

**Length:** 1234 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL WINES,

By MICHAEL WINES,    Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Jan. 3

**Body**

Senate Republicans said today that they hoped to cut Federal spending by perhaps $450 billion by 1999, wiping out at least 100 programs.

On the day before the 104th Congress convened, in a Capitol even thicker with anticipation than with moving boxes, the Republicans said they would consider spending cuts in every Federal benefit program except Social Security. And they said that even if those savings were offset by the bushel of tax cuts that they also wanted to enact, the Federal deficit could be reduced over the five-year stretch by at least $330 billion.

"I don't think we can do much better" than that, said Senator Pete V. Domenici of New Mexico, the new chairman of the Budget Committee, who appeared today at a news conference with other Republican senators. "But we ought to do at least that well. And maybe we can do a little better."

Mr. Domenici, one of the Senate's foremost budget experts, said he had a mandate from Republican leaders to make deep spending cuts, although a spokesman for the majority leader, Bob Dole of Kansas, said later that the two had yet to agree on a specific figure.

Nor did Mr. Domenici offer details, although he promised they were coming. Still, it was the clearest signal of Republican fiscal intentions since Congress tumbled into the party's hands two months ago. And the figures mentioned dwarfed the $76 billion package of cuts, stretched over the same period, that President Clinton proposed last month.

The Republicans' announcement also gave the party's senators a place in a budget debate that has been dominated until now by the House and its fiery new Speaker, Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia. Mr. Gingrich has been the most public advocate of a greatly reduced Government, and many have predicted that his efforts to upset the established fiscal order would stall in the more staid Senate.

One of the leaders in the Republicans' transition to Senate power, Senator Thad Cochran of Mississippi, said today that those forecasts were wrong. "Don't worry," he said. "We're a part of the revolution."

Mr. Cochran appeared with Senator Domenici when he presented the proposal for budget cuts along with Senators Don Nickles of Oklahoma and Judd Gregg of New Hampshire, two other members of the Budget Committee.

Republicans in the House, who swept to power on a platform of cutting the Federal budget, have yet to estimate how much they want to cut spending. They have called for balancing the Federal budget by 2002, a task that the new chairman of the House Budget Committee, John R. Kasich of Ohio, said would require cuts totaling at least $750 billion.

Although Mr. Domenici refused today to commit the Senate Budget Committee to a specific total of spending cuts or to say where those cuts might fall, he said he had ordered three teams of senators to scour the Government for programs to cut and agencies to sell or shut down. He also said the Senate would vote on a broad outline of tax and spending cuts by March 15.

Mr. Domenici's committee, and the budget panel in the House, can propose only broad limits on Government agency spending and must leave the size and nature of actual cuts up to Congressional authorizing committees. That division of labor has spoiled budget-cutting plans in the past, and Mr. Domenici acknowledged that it could do so again.

But in the news conference, he and other Republicans on the Senate Budget Committee said they were determined not just to unite with the authorizing committees behind one plan, but to dovetail their efforts with the House.

The unanswered question is whether any politicians can agree on cuts in programs, like Medicare, that have the support of the White House and millions of citizens.

Mr. Domenici said they could agree, noting that 42 of the 44 Republicans in the Senate last year supported a package of spending and tax cuts that was the model for this year's effort. He also predicted that the White House would come in line when and if Congress enacted a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget.

Still, an aide to Mr. Domenici later said that the appointment of senators to find further cuts was also a search for a political consensus. That may not prove so easy; another Budget Committee member, Senator Phil Gramm, Republican of Texas, is expected to propose his own budget package soon. And while more moderate Republicans, like Senator Bob Packwood of Oregon, say they support the principle of cutting spending on programs like Medicare, actual cuts may prove more difficult.

Mr. Domenici said, for example, that Republicans expected the White House to try to steal some of their limelight by proposing to eliminate at least one Cabinet department. Republicans probably will propose that, too, he said, but "getting rid of entire departments is much easier for the executive branch to prescribe and recommend than for us."

Senate Democrats today proposed five bills that the new minority leader, Tom Daschle of South Dakota, said were aimed at the needs of ***working-class*** Americans.

One bill would streamline retraining programs for workers; another would make limited changes in health insurance laws, and a third would tighten welfare and child-support rules affecting unwed teen-age mothers and fathers. The others would require Republicans to offer a plan to balance the budget within seven years and impose legal and ethical rules on Congress.

Some of those ideas are already part of the House Republicans' "Contract with America," Mr. Daschle acknowledged today. But he said Democrats thought of them first. And he noted that other parts of the Democratic proposal, like a prohibition on most gifts to members of Congress and an overhaul of the lobbying laws, were backed by Democrats last year but killed by Republican opposition.

For all the talk today, the Senate plans a muted opening session on Wednesday, with a speech by Senator Dole and just a few votes. Most of the action will be in the House, where Republicans plan an 11-hour day devoted to scrapping old Democratic rules and enacting new Republican ones, ordering cuts in staff and voting on the Republican contract.

The new Democratic minority plans to challenge Mr. Gingrich early, by trying to tack onto the agenda the same package of lobbying restrictions and gift bans that Mr. Daschle is proposing. Republicans are likely to bat down that effort, saying they will consider reining in lobbyists and gifts later, after other matters have been dealt with.

There was much celebration tonight among Republicans who attended a party here at the National Building Museum in a "Georgia Salute to Newt." Among those who honored Mr. Gingrich were Michael Huffington, who lost a close race for the Senate from California, and his wife, Ariana. "Newt is a real visionary," Mrs. Huffington said. "He is somebody who is going to make changes that are very dramatic."

At least 2,000 people attended another party at the Grand Hyatt Hotel for the Republicans of the 104th Congress. At that gala, Mr. Gingrich said he wanted members to go on talk-radio programs to counter liberal news messages. The incoming Speaker added: "Once a month I will be having breakfast or lunch, depending on what's more convenient, for the talk-radio hosts, with 20 of our members and their favorite local talk-radio hosts. So that every month we're re-establishing our ties to the people who spend hours talking to the American people."

**Graphic**

Photos: Jonathan Bass, right, 14 months old, watching his father, Representative-elect Charles Bass of New Hampshire, as he checked out a balcony of the Longworth House Office Building in Washington. (Amy Toensing for The New York Times); Senators Don Nickles, left, of Oklahoma, Judd Gregg, center, of New Hampshire, and Pete V. Domenici of New Mexico appearing at a new conference yesterday on proposed budget cuts. (David Scull/The New York Times); The House Speaker-to-be, Newt Gingrich, returning to the Capitol yesterday after a holiday trip to Georgia. (Stephen Crowley/The New York Times) (pg. A14)

Chart: "Budget Math: Four Plans"

The Budget: $1.5 trillion.

The Deficit: $176 billion.

The Five-Year Plans:

President Clinton proposes cutting $76 billion in spending to pay for a $60 billion tax cut, saving $16 billion to reduce the deficit.

House Republicans propose $220 billion in tax cuts and $70 billion in spending cuts. An additional $700 billion in spending cuts or tax increases would be required to balance the budget, a goal for 2002.

Senate Republicans propose spending cuts of as much as $450 billion and unspecified tax cuts.

Senate Democrats, in a proposal announced by minority leader Tom Daschle, call for a balanced budget by 2003. (pg. A1)

**Load-Date:** January 4, 1995

**End of Document**



[***Nurses' Strike Leaves a Town in Need of Healing;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WWN0-008G-F3HD-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Relatives Aren't Speaking, Hospital Workers Are Taunted and Patients Go Elsewhere***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-WWN0-008G-F3HD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 27, 1994, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1315 words

**Byline:** By JACQUES STEINBERG,

By JACQUES STEINBERG,     Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PORT JERVIS, N.Y., Dec. 21

**Body**

Ever since Jeanne Simmons and more than 60 other registered nurses went on strike at the lone hospital in this tiny city, Ms. Simmons and her sister-in-law Carol, a medical records assistant, have been unable to make eye contact, let alone have a conversation.

Life has been no less awkward for Joyce Wyka, another nurse on strike, who has continued to teach Sunday school at Deer Park Reform Church even though one of her students is the granddaughter of a hospital administrator who is also a church member. "I don't want to make the church our battleground," Mrs. Wyka said.

But in a small community like this one at the intersection of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, even the supermarket can become the scene of labor strife. Peggy Gildea, a nurse on strike, swears that a "scab nurse" pushing a grocery cart tried to run her down at the local Shop-Rite.

It has been like that in Port Jervis, population 9,060, since Sept. 1, when more than half the nursing staff walked out at the 105-year-old Mercy Community Hospital, the only hospital for more than 20 miles and the place where people seek treatment for everything from sore throats to broken arms to heart attacks. The strike has divided this ***working-class*** community on a far more intimate level than it would in a big city, with family members and longtime friends in opposing camps.

"You get people who worked together for years and now they're fighting each other," said Carman Prisco, 68, a retired carpenter who has served on the City Council for five years and has lived in largely rural Orange County all his life.

"We're a small community," he added. "You like to see people getting along well. Usually, we do."

The nurses, who are members of Local 1199 of the National Health and Human Service Employees union, say they are striking to achieve three major demands: higher wages, assurances that they won't be laid off and promises that the hospital won't replace them with nurse's aides willing to work for substantially less than the average of $32,000 a year that the nurses get.

But management of the 181-bed Roman Catholic hospital -- which has an estimated $1 million deficit in its $28 million operating budget this year -- has balked, saying the hospital's financial condition is too precarious to grant the nurses the raises and job security that they want.

While the setting is decidedly small town, the issues are not. Around the state and across the country, registered nurses have found it increasingly difficult to get jobs as hospitals pare their nursing staffs to cut costs.

Like scores of other hospitals nationwide, Mercy Community says its revenues and patient population have fallen sharply in recent years as Medicaid payments have declined and managed-care organizations have dictated how much hospitals should be reimbursed. The strike has proved particularly thorny for John Cardinal O'Connor, the Archbishop of New York. While the hospital is controlled by the Sisters of Mercy, a Westchester County religious order, it falls within the archdiocese of the Cardinal, who has traditionally supported organized labor and who opposes the hiring of permanent replacement workers.

The hospital has not said whether it considers the 50 replacement nurses it has hired since September to be permanent, but a spokesman for the archdiocese, Joseph Zwilling, said the hospital has assured the Cardinal that all the nurses on strike will be taken back. To make sure, the Cardinal has dispatched an auxiliary bishop to monitor the situation, Mr. Zwilling said.

Meanwhile, the State Health Department has monitored the quality of care at the hospital and has found "no significant lapses," said Patrick J. Heigel, the director of the state bureau of hospital services.

But such assurances were not enough to sway Pam Gagnon. When Ms. Gagnon went into labor with her second child on Nov. 11, she and her husband, Joe, drove an hour to Wayne Memorial Hospital in Honesdale, Pa., rather than drive the five minutes to Mercy Community, where Ms. Gagnon was born 36 years ago.

"There was a lot of concern about the care," said Ms. Gagnon, a housekeeper, who supports the nurses.

There appears little hope that the strike will be resolved before the new year. The last negotiating session was on Nov. 8, and no talks have been scheduled.

The nurses on strike have hardly been quiet. Many of the hospital workers who oppose the walkout -- including at least 60 nurses who have remained on the job -- report being cursed at, followed home and taunted with anonymous phone calls.

"I'm leaving work one day," said Dorothy Wilson, a medical records secretary who does not support the strikers, and "a beautiful little blonde girl" made an obscene gesture. "It was one of their daughters," she said, referring to the strikers.

On Dec. 1, four strikers who were picketing the law office of a hospital board member, Robert Onofry, were arrested and charged with criminal trespass because, he said, they refused to leave.

At least on the surface, the two dozen or so nurses picketing in front of hospital on a recent afternoon did not appear militant. There was the Sunday school teacher, Mrs. Wyka, 62, a recovery room nurse who has worked at Mercy Community for 35 years. There was Rose Misczuk, a 72-year-old grandmother who has been a staff nurse for 20 years. And there was Mrs. Gildea, 50, the intended target of the shopping cart incident, who is a product of nearly two decades of Catholic school education.

"I think," said Sue Murphy, 37, a married mother of three daughters, "it's probably one of the most empowering things any of us has attempted in our lives."

The seeds of the strike were sown in November 1993, when the 130 or so full-time and part-time nurses at the hospital -- who had no previous union representation -- voted by a ratio of 3-2 to affiliate with Local 1199. Many of those who voted in favor of the union said that they were troubled by the average nurse's salary, which they estimated at $32,000 and described as 20 to 40 percent lower than at area hospitals like Horton Memorial Hospital in nearby Middletown.

The two sides have been unable to agree on a contract ever since. The union, for example, said it had proposed an 8 percent increase in wages over two years. But the hospital, saying that nurses' wages have already increased 32 percent over the last 6 years, countered with an offer of 4 percent. While union leaders have indicated a willingness to reduce their salary demands, they continue to push for safeguards against layoffs and the hiring of nurse's aides -- provisions the hospital says would compromise its flexibility.

The rift grew larger on Dec. 15, when the hospital announced that it was withdrawing its recognition of the union after receiving a petition from "a majority of registered nurses stating that they no longer wished to be represented by Local 1199."

But Thomas Moakler, the president and chief executive of the hospital, has steadfastly refused to disclose how many nurses signed the document. Since the union maintains that more than half of the 130-member nursing staff remains on strike, it has filed charges of unfair labor practices with the National Labor Relations Board.

In this depressed community -- where the median household income of $24,683 is 37 percent lower than in Orange County as a whole -- the strike has provoked mixed reactions.

Some, like Candace Spangenberg, a teaching assistant at Port Jervis Middle School, said she could not imagine crossing the picket line to receive care unless it was for an emergency like a heart attack.

"They're underpaid and what they're asking for isn't unreasonable," Mrs. Spangenberg said.

But Nancy Peck, a hostess who earns $5.10 an hour at the local Wendy's, said the nurses had failed to win her sympathy.

"I have such a yucky, low-paying job," she said. "If I had their paychecks, I'd get my little butt back to work."

**Graphic**

Photos: Two pickets march outside Mercy Community Hospital in Port Jervis, N.Y. More than half the hospital's nursing staff has been on strike since Sept. 1 in a dispute over wages and job security. Now, longtime friends are in opposing camps. (pg.B1); More than 60 nurses are on strike at Mercy Community Hospital in Port Jervis, N.Y., and opinions in the town are split. Candace and Hugh Spangenberg, who both work in the public schools, support the strikers.; "You get people who worked together for years and now they're fighting each other," said Carman Prisco, a City Council member. (pg. B4) (Photographs by Lenore Victoria Davis for The New York Times)

Map of New York State showing location of Port Jervis (pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** December 27, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Where Mexico (Not Salsa) Is King; It May Not Have the Hype But a Regional Music Rules***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:44CF-45R0-0109-T4C9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 6, 2001 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1583 words

**Byline:**  By MIREYA NAVARRO

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

At the bullring-shaped Pico Rivera Sports Arena, the show kicked off on a recent Sunday with a jaripeo or rodeo. But the 5,000 fans filling up the $40 bleacher seats -- the women holding children on their laps, the men in cowboy attire -- were there not for horses but for music.

And when the first of two headliners, Ezequiel Pena, appeared atop a galloping white horse belting out a ranchera song, girls rushed down the aisles with flashing cameras and men tossed their hats into the ring as if they were bouquets of flowers.

"I feel like I'm in my hometown," said Alicia Banuelos, 31, a native of Jalisco, Mexico, as she sat breastfeeding her 1-year-old son.

Pico Rivera could be found anywhere in Mexico, but its address is the San Gabriel Valley in Los Angeles County. The arena's concerts are devoted exclusively to regional Mexican music (the catchall name for ranchera, norteno, banda and other popular music with roots on both sides of the border), which has become the best-selling Latin-music genre in this country.

Fans of Ricky Martin or the Buena Vista Social Club may never have heard of Mr. Pena, or Banda El Recodo or Los Tigres del Norte. These are not the kind of Latin artists who are deemed crossover material or are invited to perform at the Latin Grammys, or who get much radio airplay in big Hispanic centers like New York and Miami.

But this Latin country music -- whose wide range extends from mariachi music, ballads and polka and waltz rhythms to bouncy blends that incorporate pop -- is hardly the poor cousin to fashionable salsa or hip rock en espanol; norteno stars like Los Tigres del Norte sell millions of records, regularly top Billboard's Latin charts and draw tens of thousands of fans to stadiums.

In short, they are among the most popular acts in Latin music today, well known in a wide swath stretching from California to the Midwest, and the line is inching eastward with the growth and dispersion of a Hispanic population that is overwhelmingly of Mexican descent.

The long reach of the music was in evidence even at Madison Square Garden last month, where, far from the horse stables and bleachers of the modest Pico Rivera arena, waiters sold $7 cups of champagne garnished with strawberries, and 14,000 fans watched a slick show by two of ranchera music's biggest stars -- Vicente Fernandez and his son, Alejandro.

"Of 35 million Latinos in this country, 60 percent are Mexican," said J. Gilberto Moreno, former United States director of Fonovisa, a subsidiary of the Mexican media giant Grupo Televisa and the principal recording label for regional Mexican music. "That's the market."

The latest figures from the Recording Industry Association of America show that regional Mexican accounts for 52 percent of all Latin music sales in the United States, which total more than $600 million a year. Spanish-language pop, which includes rock, captures 33 percent of the market, and tropical styles, including salsa, only 14 percent.

Despite its market pull, however, regional Mexican music has not gotten its due, promoters say.

Last year, Fonovisa boycotted the Latin Grammys in protest, saying that regional Mexican music got short shrift in the number of performers during the broadcast. (This year's broadcast was canceled because of the World Trade Center attacks.) Executives also complain that the news media have ignored the music while hyping Latin pop stars who sing in English, a tendency that they say raises questions about what kind of inroads authentically Latin music can make in the United States.

"What's happened is that the media has glamorized what they know and ignored what they don't know," said Jose Rosario, Fonovisa's marketing director.

An often cited problem is that the Latin divisions of major recording labels tend to be concentrated on the East Coast and run by people who do not know or care for Mexican music. But perhaps a bigger problem is image. Even in Mexico, some music scholars note, regional Mexican is associated with rural, ***working-class*** people and is looked down upon.

"The majority of people who buy our music is town folk, people who work in the fields," said Jorge Hernandez, the leader of Los Tigres del Norte, a sextet of five Mexican-born brothers and a cousin who live in San Jose, Calif., and favor flamboyant, glittery costumes in loud colors.

But the sales figures point at a widening appeal, not only because of a Latino population that grew by more than 60 percent over the last decade but also because young Mexican-Americans today are growing up with pride in their roots, recording industry executives say. Major labels like Sony have come up with their own regional Mexican music divisions in recent years and seen sales jump.

"We're selling to the younger and to the older," said Abel de Luna, senior vice president in charge of the regional Mexican division of Sony Discos. "That's why the music is growing."

Its strength is obvious in Mexican-American strongholds like California, where a driver will not find a merengue on the radio dial for many, many miles. Instead, FM stations with names like La Campesina (the Peasant), Puro Mexico and La Raza (the Race) play accordion-based, polka-style sounds or weepy mariachi violins and dedicate songs to los traileros, or truck drivers.

The music regularly plays to thousands. On the Sunday Mr. Pena and Banda el Recodo performed at Pico Rivera in September, Los Tigres del Norte and Priscila y Sus Balas de Plata played at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, while Los Tucanes de Tijuana, a norteno group, appeared at Dodger Stadium.

While New Yorkers are drawn to salsa palaces like the Copacabana, in the Los Angeles area it's the large, regional Mexican music clubs like Lido that lure crowds. A norteno night at Lido recently drew 800 people spread around tables, six-deep along the bar and the dance floor. The crowd was mostly English-speaking people in their 20's raised on Madonna, but at Lido they wore cowboy hats and danced cheek to cheek and side to side in fast-paced, jumpy steps to live bands with names like Conjunto Azabache and Los Camperos del Norte.

"Norteno is my thing, said Dora Hernandez, 20, of Orange County, a Mexican-American. "The environment gets me going."

While regional Mexican music is essentially Mexican folk music, in its broadest definition it also includes American homegrown products like tejano, of which Selena was a major star, and conjunto, which merged the button accordion taken to Central Texas by German settlers in the late 1800's with the traditional Mexican songs of native Mexican-Americans. (Conjunto was the subject of a documentary, "Accordion Dreams," shown in August on PBS.)

The music comes in a wide range of forms, from corridos, ballads dating back to the 19th century, to new combinations like Tijuana's nortec, a techno dance music with accordion and banda's brass sounds. Regional Mexican lyrics can be festive or socially conscious but often revolve around love, women and liquor.

"Country western and Mexican regional are half-brothers, and they don't even know it," said Ralph Hauser Jr., a concert promoter and artist manager whose company runs the Pico Rivera Sports Arena.

The corrido itself has evolved to give rise to one of the most peculiar trends in Latin music over the last 15 years -- the narco-corrido, or corridos about the culture of cross-border drug traffickers from centers like Sinaloa in Mexico and Los Angeles that often glamorize drugs, not unlike gangsta rap.

Elijah Wald, author of "Narco-Corrido: A Journey Into the Music of Drugs, Guns and Guerrillas" (Rayo/Harper Collins), said the narco-corrido could partly take credit for the rising popularity of regional Mexican music. They are now played by nortenos and banda bands and have the attention of young listeners who would otherwise be listening only to rap and R & B, he said.

"The big difference that they've made is that they've taken music that is old-fashioned and made it hip again," Mr. Wald said. "This made country music as hip as rap."

There are also signs that regional Mexican music is gaining nationwide recognition. In February a multimedia exhibition about corridos is scheduled to open at the Smithsonian Institution and then tour 10 cities through 2005. And Los Tigres del Norte have given $500,000 to the University of California at Los Angeles to promote the study and appreciation of the music.

One of the first projects of the university's Chicano Studies Research Center is to digitize thousands of phonograph recordings of Mexican popular music made in the United States between 1904 and 1954.

Mr. de Luna of Sony Discos said the music was featured more in Spanish-language television these days. And while most performers used to come from Mexico, he said, many developing regional Mexican artists are born in the United States and bilingual, increasing the potential for crossover appeal.

But some artists have long enjoyed great popularity among not only Mexicans but also Latinos of all stripes.

At last month's concert at Madison Square Garden, when Vicente and Alejandro Fernandez greeted their fans by calling out the names of Latin American countries, a loud roar came not only from Mexicans, but also from Colombians, Salvadorans and Hondurans.

The music "has a lot of feeling, and it always relates something," said Evelyn Santos, 46, a New York native who grew up in Puerto Rico.

She added, "It always has a story about something that has happened to you or will happen to you."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: From top, clubgoers in Los Angeles dance to the Mexican band Conjunto Azabache; Ezequiel Pena sings at the Pico Rivera arena in Los Angeles; Vicente Fernandez at Madison Square Garden. (Jack Vartoogian for The New York Times); (Above and below, photographs by Monica Almeida/The New York Times)(pg. E1); Alejandro Fernandez, a ranchera star, at Madison Square Garden. (Jack Vartoogian for The New York Times)(pg. E3)

**Load-Date:** November 6, 2001

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5DXK-THJ1-JBG3-61PM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 26, 2014 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 25

**Length:** 5790 words

**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: Nam June Paik: 'Becoming Robot' (through Jan. 4) Close on the heels of a large Nam June Paik survey in Washington last year comes this show, which seems to have two aims in mind: to situate Paik, who was born in Korea in 1932 but spent most of his career in New York, as a prescient imaginer of various forms of digital technology and social media; and to consider his identity as an Asian artist, or at least as a kind of Zen floater who made some of his most interesting work from pixels and sound waves circling through space. 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, 212-517-2742, asiasociety.org/new-york. (Holland Cotter)

&#x2605; Bronx Museum of the Arts: 'Beyond the Supersquare' (through Jan. 11) In the mid-20th century, certain Latin American cities looked like the most modern cities on earth. Not only was their architecture imaginative, so were the ideas behind it: that design could shape civic life; that art and architecture were inseparable; that while Europe and the United States were the cultural powers of the day, South America had a shot at tomorrow. The momentum broke down when a rash of right-wing military coups swept the continent. But the link between art and architecture remained firm and continues to. That's the subject of this subtle, buoyant think-piece of a show of contemporary work, which extends to an open-air pavilion designed by Terence Gower, set in the lush garden of the Andrew Freedman home across from the museum. 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, the Bronx, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Crossing Brooklyn: Art From Bushwick, Bed-Stuy and Beyond' (through Jan. 4) Billed as a ''major survey'' of Brooklyn artists, this 35-person show favors artists who venture outside their studios to do various activities social and otherwise. Much is tepid and didactic, but some things are amusing. Nobutaka Aozaki makes portraits of people using a black marker to add their distinctive features to the yellow smiley face on plastic shopping bags. In a triptych of video self-portraits that she made in an airplane lavatory, Nina Katchadourian lip-syncs to a Bee Gees song. A video by William Lamson in which at certain points he appears to be standing on the calm surface of the Delaware River has a transcendentalist vibe. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Ken Johnson)

&#x2605; Brooklyn Museum: 'Killer Heels: The Art of the High-Heeled Shoe' (through Feb. 15) Whether you view extra-high heels with lust or horror, as objects of empowerment or objectification, this in-depth survey of elevating footwear from past and present, East and West, is a model of the curatorial craft. It examines its subject from several fruitful angles, including unflattering ones, interspersed with excellent labels, relevant objects of art and especially design, clips from famous films and videos both didactic and artistic. Its main flaw: dim lighting dictated by fragile materials means that some shoes are most visible in the catalog. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Roberta Smith)

&#x2605; Brooklyn Museum: 'Judith Scott -- Bound and Unbound' (through March 29) Judith Scott's mesmerizing sculptures sit like large, unopened bundles, contents mysterious, in the Elizabeth A. Sackler Center for Feminist Art at the Brooklyn Museum. In a few, solid forms can be made out under wrappings of yarn, string and fabric strips; others suggest gift-wrapped boulders. You can call them abstract and stop there, or go further and connect them to art history, specifically the history of fiber art, or go further and consider them in the light of Ms. Scott's history: She was born in 1943 with Down syndrome, started making art only in her early 40s and kept making it until her death at 61. However approached, the work is complex and brilliant. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Cotter)

&#x2605; Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

&#x2605; Frick Collection: 'Masterpieces From the Scottish National Gallery' (through Feb. 1) As it did last year with masterworks from the Mauritshuis, the Frick has welcomed 10 paintings from the Scottish National Gallery, in Edinburgh, home to a renowned collection of fine art from the Renaissance to the end of the 19th century. It's a quieter sort of exhibition, exemplified by the under-the-radar entrance of Sargent's ''Lady Agnew of Lochnaw.'' It's also a rangier show, one that isn't as identifiably Scottish as the Mauritshuis works were Dutch -- even considering the commanding Sir Henry Raeburn portrait of a kilted Macdonell clan chief. 1 East 70th Street, Manhattan, 212-288-0700, frick.org. (Karen Rosenberg)

&#x2605; Guggenheim Museum: 'Zero: Countdown to Tomorrow, 1950s-60s' (through Jan. 7) One of the most experimental of all postwar European art tendencies finally receives a full-dress survey in an American museum, one that was built and opened during its first flowering. While the work's pursuit of newness -- moving parts, mirrored surfaces and glowing lights -- wears thin, the seamless pairing of exhibition and architecture is perfect. Both seem alternately radical and quaint. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Smith)

&#x2605; Jewish Museum: 'From the Margins: Lee Krasner and Norman Lewis, 1945-1952' (through Feb. 1) Inspired by a pairing in the museum's 2008 show ''Action/Abstraction: Pollock, de Kooning and American Art, 1940-1976,'' this exhibition orchestrates a profound and sensitive conversation between Krasner and Lewis -- one that takes into account their shared visual language as well as different cultural backgrounds (as a Jewish woman and an African-American man). It also suggests that both artists have long been hidden in plain sight: Krasner as the spouse of an art celebrity, Lewis as a black artist whose paintings were more formal than political. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Rosenberg)

&#x2605; Jewish Museum: 'Helena Rubinstein: Beauty Is Power' (through March 22) The first museum show devoted to the life and art collection of the cosmetics magnate Helena Rubinstein is a master class in modernism-as-marketing -- one that comes with a strong female perspective on 20th-century visual culture. It shows us how Rubinstein adapted Cubism, Surrealism and other avant-garde art and design movements for her personal brand, highlighting new and different standards of beauty and exhorting women to control their own images through makeup and grooming. Mixing biography, business, art, fashion and décor, it recreates rooms from Rubinstein's salons and reassembles parts of her diverse collection, which included African, pre-Columbian and Oceanic artworks. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum.org. (Rosenberg)

&#x2605; Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Assyria to Iberia at the Dawn of the Classical Age' (through Jan. 4) Is art from the past pertinent to present? Absolutely. The evidence is there in this magnificently complex show of art from parts of the Middle East, or as the Met prefers to call it, the Near East, that now include Iran, Iraq, Israel, Lebanon, Syria and Turkey. The exchange of materials, ideas and beliefs traced in shipwreck-salvaged objects here speak of a world as globally networked as our own. The wars depicted in Assyrian relief panels are as horrific as those being fought on the same turf today. Look at any precious thing in the show -- a Babylonian gold pendant, a Phoenician ivory carving -- and know that their equivalents are being looted and sent to destinations unknown today. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Bartholomeus Spranger: Splendor and Eroticism in Imperial Prague' (through Feb. 1) This show is intriguing as much for the story it tells of an eventful and extraordinarily fortunate career as for the works on view, which range from pictures of standard Christian subjects to extravagantly theatrical images of pagan sex and revelry. Working in Prague for the Holy Roman emperor Rudolf II, Bartholomeus Spranger (1546-1611) painted and drew Mannerist-style allegories involving nude and nearly nude gods and goddesses athletically entwined in anatomically improbable positions. His images were copied by expert engravers and disseminated in immense quantities throughout Europe. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

&#x2605; Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Cubism: The Leonard A. Lauder Collection' (through Feb. 16) This no-strings-attached gift of 81 Cubist works more than lives up to expectations. Concentrating on the four horsemen of the Cubist apocalypse (Braque, Gris, Léger and Picasso), it outlines the style's heady transformation of art while giving the museum a foundation in modernism commensurate with its holdings in other eras. It's a stunning show and thrilling event. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

&#x2605; Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Grand Design: Pieter Coecke van Aelst and Renaissance Tapestry' (through Jan. 11) The Met presents its third spectacular show of European tapestries in a dozen years and its first to concentrate on a single artist, the polymath Pieter Coecke van Aelst. It may repeatedly make you gasp, whether at the size or realness of the images, their human dramas and sumptuous surfaces, or simply the immense open space that forms the exhibition's spine. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Making Pottery Art: The Robert A. Ellison Jr. Collection of French Ceramics (ca. 1880-1910)' (through March 15) Nearly all the 40 works in this show -- from a collection recently donated to the museum -- are in a traditional form of vases, bowls and platters. They represent a marvelous variety of styles and influences, including Art Nouveau, Arts and Crafts, classic Chinese traditions and European folk art. What they share is a love for processes and materials and a candid way with the human touch. Most intriguing of all is a curiously clunky small vase by Paul Gauguin, who might have been the George Ohr of European ceramics if he'd stuck with it. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: Amie Siegel: 'Provenance' (through Jan. 4) Stylish aesthetics and fashionable conceptualism trump documentary realism in ''Provenance,'' an extremely suave film by Amie Siegel. The 40-minute movie is an instance of institutional critique, an art genre that tries to expose and subvert the workings of the capitalist art market. Specifically, it's about the scandalous trade in furniture produced for Chandigarh, the utopian city in northern India designed by Le Corbusier and his team and built between 1951 and 1965. Although visually and emotionally captivating, it leaves obscure details that a more conventional documentary would bring to light. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

&#x2605; Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Thomas Hart Benton's ''America Today'' Mural Rediscovered' (through April 19) The prickly American Regionalist Thomas Hart Benton had his share of detractors. But even they would probably acknowledge that his early mural ''America Today'' is the best of its kind, a raucous, cartwheeling, wide-angle look at 1920s America that set the standard for the Works Progress Administration's mural program and has remained a New York City treasure. Now installed at the Met in a reconstruction of its original setting (a boardroom at the New School for Social Research), it captivates with period details (from the cut of a flapper gown to the mechanics of a blast furnace) and timely signs of socioeconomic and environmental distress (exhausted coal miners and hands reaching for coffee and bread). 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Rosenberg)

MoMA PS 1: 'Bob and Roberta Smith: Art Amnesty' (through March 8) Bob and Roberta Smith is the cognomen of a British artist who specializes in humorously mocking art institutions and the conventional attitudes they tend to promulgate. The ostensible idea of this show is to give people an opportunity to officially retire from making art and to ceremonially discard works of art they own but no longer want. Unloaded works are displayed along with jazzy signs painted by Mr. Smith on all kinds of surfaces. One proclaims, ''Joseph Beuys conclusive proof not everyone is an artist.'' 22-25 Jackson Avenue, at 46th Avenue, Long Island City, Queens, 718-784-2084, ps1.org. (Johnson)

Morgan Library & Museum: 'The Untamed Landscape: Théodore Rousseau and the Path to Barbizon' (through Jan. 18) Nearly 150 years after his death in 1867, this 19th-century French landscape painter receives his first retrospective in the United States. The show features only drawings and oil studies, but it provides a lucid and revelatory summary of his sensibility and achievement. Rousseau loved nature and drawing with equal passion, and this exhibition is suffused with a determination to explore all that is both ardent and brilliant. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Smith)

&#x2605; El Museo del Barrio: 'Marisol: Sculptures and Works on Paper' (through Jan. 10) This 30-piece survey, organized by the Memphis Brooks Museum of Art, makes virtues of the artist's restlessness and eclecticism. It includes her underappreciated works on paper alongside sculptural tableaus that combine woodcarving and assemblage (for instance, ''The Family,'' a funky nativity scene from 1969 that is dominated by a neon-haloed, heavily bedazzled Virgin). It could have done more, however, to explore her Latin American folk-art influences and Venezuelan roots, which deserve at least as much scrutiny as her ties to American Pop art. 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org. (Rosenberg)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'What Would Mrs. Webb Do? A Founder's Vision' (through Feb. 8) Paying tribute to museum founder Aileen Osborn Webb (1892-1979), a well-connected philanthropist, patron of the arts and, in the museum's new parlance, a ''maker,'' this collection show rich in midcentury objects also brings to life Mrs. Webb's craft-related activities and organizations beyond the museum. (She had founded the American Craft Council in 1939 and, before that, organized cooperatives of craftspeople up the Hudson in Putnam County during the Depression.) With her vision of a museum connected to various networks and marketplaces, Mrs. Webb affirmed craft -- or ''making,'' or whatever you call it -- as a deeply social activity and a source of economic self-empowerment. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Rosenberg)

&#x2605; Museum of Modern Art: 'The Forever Now: Contemporary Painting in an Atemporal World' (through April 5) Despite being predictable and market-oriented in its choice of 17 artists, this museum's first painting survey in decades is well worth seeing. About half the artists are exceptional and the rest are represented by their best work. Based on the premise that all historical painting styles are equally available today, the exhibition has been smartly installed to juxtapose different approaches: figurative and abstract, digital and handmade, spare and opulent. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

&#x2605; Museum of Modern Art: 'Henri Matisse: The Cut-Outs' (through Feb. 10) A popular image of the elderly Matisse is of a serene, bespectacled pasha propped up in bed and surrounded by doves and flowers. But in the years around 1940, he must have felt he was living a nightmare. He and his wife of more than four decades separated. He underwent debilitating surgery for cancer. During World War II, he fled south to Nice, only to have that city threatened with bombardment. Through everything, he worked on. It is this Matisse -- the invalid, insomniac, night-worker and waking dreamer -- we meet in the marvelous, victory-lap show that has arrived in New York from London, trailing light, praise and lines around the block. 212-708-9400, moma.org; admission is by timed tickets. (Cotter)

Museum of Modern Art: 'The Paris of Toulouse-Lautrec: Prints and Posters' (through March 22) In his printed works, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec chronicled and publicized the music halls, theaters, circuses, operas and cafes of Paris with terrific verve, sly wit and surprising subtlety. This enthralling show presents approximately 100 examples drawn from the museum's permanent collection. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

&#x2605; Museum of Modern Art: 'Robert Gober: The Heart Is Not a Metaphor' (through Jan. 18) This 35-year retrospective, haunting 13 beautifully-installed galleries at the museum, presents tenderly handmade sculptures and installations more real than surreal that are as American as apple pie -- with the sugar left out. Their familiar yet startlingly altered forms -- including playpens, sinks and easy chairs -- and truncated human limbs and bodies, have a sharpness that continually bring us up short, conjuring memories both private and shared, including the attacks of Sept. 11. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Smith)

&#x2605; Museum of Modern Art: 'Sturtevant: Double Trouble' (through Feb. 22) Among the first things you see in MoMA's taut, feisty retrospective of the American artist Elaine Sturtevant is work by far better known figures: Joseph Beuys, Jasper Johns, Marcel Duchamp. In each case, however, the pieces are by Ms. Sturtevant herself, who spent much of a long career adopting and adapting the art and styles of others to create a body of work entirely her own, one which raises questions about the value of art, about the hows and whys of producing it, and about the degrees to which quasi-replication can be an exercise in flattery, parody, objectivity, originality and love. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Cotter)

Museum of the Moving Image: 'What's Up, Doc? The Animation Art of Chuck Jones' (through Jan. 19) One of the great producers of animated cartoons in the predigital era, Mr. Jones created Road Runner and Wile E. Coyote and made movies starring previously existing characters like Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck. This entertaining show includes 136 original drawings and paintings and has 23 video versions of films directed by Mr. Jones showing in whole or in parts in a screening room and on monitors throughout. 35th Avenue at 37th Street, Astoria, Queens, 718-784-0077, movingimage.us. (Johnson)

&#x2605; Neue Galerie: 'Egon Schiele: Portraits' (through Jan. 19) Of the approximately 125 items in this terrific show, there are only 11 oil paintings, which is a good thing. Except for a large picture of his wife, Edith, in a colorful striped dress, Schiele's works on canvas are dark and turgid. But his drawings are nimble and nuanced. Working on paper with pencil, charcoal, ink, gouache, watercolor and crayons, he portrayed himself and others with infectious avidity. There's hardly a single sheet here that doesn't warrant close looking for its virtuoso draftsmanship and psychological acuity. 1048 Fifth Avenue, at 86th Street, 212-628-6200, neuegalerie.org. (Johnson)

&#x2605; New Museum: 'Chris Ofili: Night and Day' (through Jan. 25) This intoxicating midcareer survey presents six distinct bodies of paintings and drawings, as well as a few sculptures, tracing a remarkable development. It reveals an artist restlessly pushing his art to new extremes of decorativeness and harshness, darkness and threat, funky extravagance and suavity. Painting itself undergoes several transmutations. Race, religion, pop culture and nature are touched on. Color triumphs in several forms. The art is never shortchanged. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

New-York Historical Society: Annie Leibovitz: 'Pilgrimage' (through Feb. 22) No living celebrities are portrayed in ''Pilgrimage,'' but lots of celebrated figures from the past are indirectly represented, from Thomas Jefferson and Emily Dickinson to Eleanor Roosevelt and Robert Smithson. In the spring of 2009, Ms. Leibovitz set out on a two-year journey that took her to about two dozen historic sites in the United States and Britain. Most of these were house museums dedicated to famous individuals, where she photographed the rooms they inhabited and objects they owned and used. Though often poetically atmospheric, these pictures are disappointingly less lively than her portraits of famous entertainers. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Johnson)

Rubin Museum of Art: 'Francesco Clemente: Inspired by India' (through Feb. 2) The first Clemente retrospective in New York in more than a decade ties the peripatetic Italian-born painter to a single country. At just 20 works or so, it's not exactly comprehensive. It is, however, thoroughly immersive. The installation, in the Rubin's skylit top-floor galleries, evokes the structure of an Indian temple with a combination of large and small spaces; it has an open central area of paintings, intimate nooks for sculpture and a ''sanctum'' of watercolors. This finely articulated sense of place is the most novel aspect of an exhibition that otherwise, like many previous Clemente exhibitions, seems to coast on his cosmopolitan charms. 150 West 17th Street, Chelsea, 212-620-5000, rubinmuseum.org. (Rosenberg)

Sculpture Center: 'Puddle, pothole, portal' (through Jan. 5) Inspired by the cartoon art of Saul Steinberg and the movie ''Who Framed Roger Rabbit?,'' this 23-artist show invites viewers to consider the ways and wherefores of comical art. It's generally more droll than laugh-out-loud funny. Consisting mostly of three-dimensional objects, it focuses on comedic art's formal properties like absurdist contradiction, exaggerated scale and dysfunctional mechanics. Sculpture Center, 44-19 Purves Street, Long Island City, Queens, 718-361-1750, sculpture-center.org. (Johnson)

Skyscraper Museum: 'Times Square, 1984: The Postmodern Moment' (through Jan. 18) In this smart, pithy show, 20 architectural panels capture the essence of another show, the ''Times Tower Site Competition'' held by New York's Municipal Art Society 30 years ago, when over 500 architects made proposals for the famous triangular site in Times Square. Philip Johnson and John Burgee were proposing a suave 4.2 million-square-foot ensemble of four skyscrapers that would help ''clean up'' the surrounding urban squalor, and they favored an open square at the center of their project. The Municipal Art Society protested the proposal by asking for alternatives to replace the Times Tower. The dispute proved a turning point in New York's urban history and, more broadly, in American architectural history, as the postmodernism of the Johnson towers gave way to a highly eclectic, free-for-all postmodernism devoid of his mansards or triumphal arches. 39 Battery Place, Lower Manhattan, 212-968-1961, skyscraper.org. (Joseph Giovannini)

Galleries: Uptown

&#x2605; 'Local History: Castellani, Judd, Stella' (through Jan. 17) Despite a flimsy premise that proposes a shared, and Minimalist, history, this exceptionally beautiful exhibition is a must-see. Its numerous early works by the American artists Frank Stella and Donald Judd and the Italian Enrico Castellani, revisit a point in the early 1960s when the artwork's three-dimensional nature was redefined. Dominique Lévy Gallery, 909 Madison Avenue, at 73rd Street, 212-772-2004, dominique-levy.com. (Smith)

Galleries: 57th Street

&#x2605; Pablo Picasso: 'Picasso and Jacqueline: The Evolution of Style' (through Jan. 10) This exhibition is fairly candid about the fact that its raven-haired, green-eyed subject (Picasso's last companion and second wife, Jacqueline Roque) is not so much a muse as she is an art-historical Zelig. In paintings from the mid-1950s, she is a odalisque in Turkish costume, in tribute to Picasso's great rival Matisse (who died in 1954) and to Delacroix, whose harem fantasy ''Women of Algiers in Their Apartment'' inspired a substantial and varied group of Picasso paintings and etchings. At other times, she appears to us as a prim Goya Madrileña in a black head scarf or as a calmly exhibitionist member of Manet's luncheon party. Pace galleries, 32 East 57th Street, Manhattan, 212-421-3292, and 534 West 25th Street, Chelsea, 212-929-7000, pacegallery.com. (Rosenberg)

Galleries: Chelsea

&#x2605; Pablo Picasso: 'Picasso and the Camera' (through Jan. 3) This gallery's fifth Picasso show organized by the artist's biographer John Richardson is supposed to be a sweeping assessment of Picasso's relationship to photography. But it's a messy, fragmented affair, with a cluttered installation by the Broadway set designer David Korins. Viewers who can see past the slanted columns covered in blown-up photographs will, however, find some fantastic paintings, including the colorful Synthetic-Cubist canvas ''Instruments de Musique sur un Guéridon,'' the 1932 acrobatic nude ''Le Repos,'' and a marvelous series of 1939 portraits of Dora Maar in a strangely shaped red hat. Gagosian Gallery, 522 West 21st Street, Chelsea, 212-741-1717, gagosian.com. (Rosenberg)

&#x2605; Martin Puryear (through Jan. 10) Late in long careers, some artists settle for delivering signatures rather than fresh work, but not Martin Puryear. His first solo show was in 1972, and for his latest, which is also his debut at Matthew Marks Gallery, he has come up with an exploratory group of sculptures and etchings. They are all ingenious variations on a single historical image, the so-called Phrygian cap, the soft, red conical hat that became an emblem of anti-loyalist resistance and antislavery sentiment during the French Revolution. The result is work that's political, playful, sweet to the eye and deep. 502 and 522 West 22nd Street, 212-243-0200, matthewmarks.com. (Cotter)

Galleries: Other

&#x2605; Chris Verene: 'Home Movies' (through Jan. 17) Mr. Verene has been photographing members of his extended family and circle of friends in his hometown, Galesburg, Ill., regularly for the past 30 years. Along with eight photographs resembling enlarged snapshots from a personal photo album, this show presents something new and different: a 30-minute video titled ''Home Movies.'' Made with low-budget cameras, it's a riveting, sad and sometimes comical series of short, documentary portraits of poor, white, ***working-class*** people getting by in a time of pervasive economic hardship. Postmasters, 54 Franklin Street, TriBeCa, 212-727-3323, postmastersart.com. (Johnson)

Public Art

'Archeo' (through March) Shortening the word archaeology, this exhibition focuses on technology and obsolescence. Marianne Vitale's sculptures made from steel components of railroad switches known as frogs are one highlight; Jessica Jackson Hutchins's neo-hippie assemblages with found ceramics and a hand-woven hammock another. Across the bar from the Standard Hotel, Josh Kline takes the most activist stance, with smoothies made from prescription drugs and consumer products, while a mural by the veteran artist Ed Ruscha -- a new commission separate from ''Archeo'' -- announces ''Honey, I Twisted Through More Damn Traffic Today,'' perhaps capturing the ethos of the tourist-clogged High Line. At the High Line, enter at Washington and Gansevoort Streets, art.thehighline.org. (Martha Schwendener)

Out of Town

&#x2605; Dia:Beacon: 'Carl Andre: Sculpture as Place, 1958-2010' (through March 9) Minimalism was the late 20th century's great hope for a heroic American art on the Abstract Expressionism model. Carl Andre was one of Minimalism's founders. This career survey of his low-to-the-ground modular sculptures looks terrific in Dia's sonorous, sunlight-washed spaces. It also poses the question of how such monument-minded art can feel so modest, intimate -- even delicate. The real treat here is the chance to see dozens of manuscript pages of Mr. Andre's 1960s poems, which he referred to as ''typewriter drawings.'' Carefully shaped on the page in lines and blocks, they are evidence of a sculptor-to-be at work. 3 Beekman Street, Beacon, N.Y., 845-440-0100, diaart.org. (Cotter)

&#x2605; 'Luminós/C/ity.Ordinary Joy: From the Pigozzi Contemporary African Art Collection' (through Jan. 8) For this new Harvard art gallery, the architect David Adjaye has transformed two awkwardly configured ground-floor offices into a small but viable exhibition space, and, doubling as curator for the inaugural show, packed the space with sterling work culled from a problematic private collection. The Cooper Gallery fills an important globalist gap at Harvard, where African art has otherwise no consistent presence. Ethelbert Cooper Gallery of African & African American Art, 102 Mount Auburn Street, Cambridge, Mass., coopergalleryhc.org. (Cotter)

&#x2605; Museum of Fine Arts, Boston: 'Goya: Order and Disorder' (through Jan. 19) The snapshots of savagery that the news media withholds -- of torture and rape in progress -- Francisco Goya placed front and center in his art. In ''The Disasters of War,'' he is a virtuoso of violence, shading it, savoring it, prodding it toward us with blunt intent. If these prints and even more harrowing images from his private albums of drawings were the entire contents of ''Goya: Order and Disorder'' it would make for a punishing visit. Instead, this terrific exhibition adds portraiture and religious painting to form the broadest view of the artist's career in America in more than two decades. 465 Huntington Avenue, Boston, 617-267-9300, mfa.org. (Cotter)

&#x2605; National Museum of African Art: 'Conversations: African and African American Artists in Dialogue' (through early 2016) 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)

&#x2605; Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts: 'David Lynch: The Unified Field' (through Jan. 11) The director of ''Eraserhead,'' ''Blue Velvet,'' ''Mulholland Drive'' and other great movies, Mr. Lynch started out with aspirations to be a fine artist. After three semesters studying painting at Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1966 and '67, he quit to pursue film, but he never gave up on painting, and since completing ''Inland Empire'' in 2006, he's been especially busy making nonmoving art. A must for Lynch completists, this show presents about 90 paintings and drawings dating from 1965 to the present. 118 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, 215-972-7600, pafa.org. (Johnson)

&#x2605; Philadelphia Museum of Art: 'Paul Strand: Master of Modern Photography' (through Jan. 4) This museum, which mounted the last major Strand retrospective in 1971, has given us an elegant and convincing reappraisal. It depicts Strand as a modernist turned humanist, and a photographer who was just as much a cinephile. Drawing from the Philadelphia museum's sizable Paul Strand Collection (most of it acquired since 2010), this show of some 250 prints takes in the full sweep of his career and some three-quarters of the 20th century. It includes film excerpts and a generous sampling of his photo books, projects that feed back into the early photographs and reveal longstanding interests in duration and narrative. Benjamin Franklin Parkway at 26th Street, 215-763-8100, philamuseum.org. (Rosenberg)

&#x2605; Rhode Island School of Design Museum: 'What Nerve! Alternative Figures in American Art, 1960 to the Present' (through Jan. 4) This revelatory exhibition focuses on four groups of artists who rejected New York-style abstraction and conceptualism in favor of offbeat sorts of figurative representation: the six-artist group the ''Hairy Who,'' which exhibited in Chicago from 1966 to '69; nine artists associated with the San Francisco-born trend known as Funk; the four art- and zine-producing members of the noise band Destroy All Monsters (1973 to '77) of Ann Arbor, Mich.; and the Providence, R.I., four-man collective Forcefield. 20 North Main Street, Providence, R.I., 401-454-6500, risdmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Last Chance

&#x2605; Institute of Contemporary Art: 'Dear Nemesis, Nicole Eisenman 1993-2013' (closes on Sunday) The American artist Nicole Eisenman came of age in the multicultural 1990s. This spicy, tightly edited midcareer survey starts with her sardonically funny, Ashcan-style pictures of Amazons in revolt from that time. It then moves through the continuously experimental painting and sculpture she has done since, work in which the very definition of portraiture and history painting are exploded. In addition, there's a small selection of incendiary archival material gathered by the collective called Ridykeulous, which Ms. Eisenman founded with the artist A. L. Steiner in 2005. University of Pennsylvania, 118 South 36th Street, 215-898-7108, icaphila.org. (Cotter)

Moby: 'Innocents' (closes on Wednesday) The most compelling images in this show of large color photographs by the pop musician Moby feature people wearing plastic, Halloween-type animal masks and wrapped neck to floor in white fabric. They are supposed to be members of a post-apocalyptic cult called ''The Innocents.'' Emmanuel Fremin Gallery, 547 West 27th Street, Chelsea, 212-279-8555, emmanuelfremingallery.com. (Johnson)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/12/26/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-dec-26-jan-1.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/12/26/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-dec-26-jan-1.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD PERRY/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (C23)

**Load-Date:** December 26, 2014

**End of Document**



[***A Newcomer Breaks Into the Liberal Arts: Criminal Justice;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V7X-6M00-007F-G3CK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***With a Little Help From the Movies and TV, a Subject That Once Got No Respect Attracts Students***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V7X-6M00-007F-G3CK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 5, 1998, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Ideas/Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section B;  ; Section B;  Page 7;  Column 1;  Arts & Ideas/Cultural Desk  ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1527 words

**Byline:** By FOX BUTTERFIELD

By FOX BUTTERFIELD

**Dateline:** NEWARK

**Body**

At first glance, Bernice Jones is not your typical college student. At 33, she is a little old, and she arrived for her criminal justice class at Rutgers University straight from work at the Essex County Prosecutors Office, neatly dressed in a navy blue suit, blue pumps and matching handbag.

There is also what she delicately calls "my family background in the criminal justice system." Her two brothers (one of whom has since died) both served time in prison for drug convictions and the father of her 2-year-old daughter is serving a 10- to 15-year sentence for armed robbery.

But both her job and her family situation do make Ms. Jones representative of the multitude of students flocking to criminal justice courses, making criminal justice the fastest growing major in the nation, according to the Academy of Criminal Justice Sciences, a professional organization.

From an obscure discipline scorned by most academics with only two small doctoral programs as recently as 1970, criminal justice has exploded to 350,000 undergraduate majors at colleges and universities, said Freda Adler, a professor of criminal justice at Rutgers and a former president of the American Society of Criminology.

In part, the appeal of criminal justice is a result of the huge growth in crime since the 1960's, the prison building boom and the fascination with criminals. These factors have combined to create a major new job market for police officers and prison guards. For some students, like Ms. Jones, criminal justice also offers a way to understand the lives of those around them better.

But at another level, the flood of new courses and students is a reflection of the intellectual success of criminal justice. Ten to 20 years ago academic criminologists and law enforcement authorities thought the police could do little to fight crime, but now many new ideas have proved successful in reducing the country's high crime rate.

Among these seminal theories was the suggestion by Prof. James Q. Wilson of the University of California at Los Angeles and George Kelling of Rutgers University that the police concentrate on "fixing broken windows," meaning that they could avert more serious crimes like murder by arresting people for petty crimes like vandalism. At the same time, Prof. Herman Goldstein of the University of Wisconsin pioneered the concept of community policing, that police officers, instead of sitting in their patrol cars waiting for a 911 call after a crime has occurred, should be involved in their communities, thereby preventing crime.

Some of the ideas have come directly from the police themselves. Foremost among these is the management strategy introduced by William J. Bratton when he was Police Commissioner of New York City in the 90's, under which he insisted on the rapid collection of crime statistics and then held his local police commanders responsible for crime control in their areas. Like community policing, this got his officers more involved in their neighborhoods.

On a different track, Gerald Patterson, a psychologist at the Oregon Social Learning Center in Eugene, demonstrated how early intervention with troubled children, particularly getting their parents to do a better job of monitoring and supervising their behavior, could prevent delinquency. And John Braithwaite at the Australian National University in Canberra has introduced a less punitive alternative to jail and prison by bringing criminals together with their victims to mediate a resolution, an idea being rapidly copied in cities around the United States.

The popularity of criminal justice on campus has cut deeply into traditional fields like sociology and psychology. And it has emerged as a "cash cow" for college administrators, said Donna Hale, a professor of criminal justice at Shippensburg University in Pennsylvania and past president of the Academy of Criminal Justice Sciences.

At Shippensburg, criminal justice has become the second largest major, after education, with 409 undergraduates in a total enrollment of 6,700.

"We could easily be the largest, if the administration gave us the resources, because there are so many students transferring here for criminal justice and there are so many students on the waiting list," Ms. Hale said.

One of the factors that seems to set criminal justice apart from some traditional fields is the makeup of the student body, according to those teaching. At both urban, inner city schools like Rutgers, where many of the students are black or Hispanic, and rural universities like Shippensburg, where most of the students are white, the teachers say the majority of those majoring in criminal justice are from ***working-class*** backgrounds and are the first member of their family to go to college.

The appeal is jobs as police officers, prison guards, probation officers, private security company employees or F.B.I. agents.

"I'm interested in the private prison field," said Michael Bonavota, a 22-year-old senior who took Ms. Adler's class. "It's a growth field with good job opportunities. As long as there are criminals, there will be prisons and jobs."

Ms. Hale and other specialists in criminal justice are quick to admit that their field has also benefited from movies, television and widely covered trials like that of O. J. Simpson. "The largest single impact on criminal justice enrollment in the past 10 years was 'Silence of the Lambs,' " said Timothy Flanagan, dean of the College of Criminal Justice at Sam Houston State University in Texas.

Rebecca Thaxton, a student who was also in Ms. Adler's criminal justice class at Rutgers, is an administrator for an investment bank by day but wants to become a profiler for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Her inspiration comes from watching the NBC show "Profiler," which is about a beautiful, blond F.B.I. agent who solves gruesome murders through psychological analysis of demented killers' minds.

"When I'm teaching," Ms. Hale recounted, "I ask students why they take the class and what they want to be. It used to be they wanted to be police officers or state troopers. Now they all want to be F.B.I. profilers. They see it on TV; it's very glamorized."

Criminal justice as a subject dates back to the 1890's when the University of Chicago's famous School of Sociology began studying deviance in society. But it remained the poor stepchild of criminology until the late 1960's when President Lyndon B. Johnson's Commission on Law Enforcement and Criminal Justice recommended that police officers be college graduates to cope with the explosion of violent crime in the nation.

In 1968, as a result of the commission's findings, Congress created the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which spent $7 billion, much of it going to new departments of criminal justice at colleges and universities to improve education for the police, Ms. Adler recalled. As part of this surge, she helped create a School of Criminal Justice at Rutgers in 1974.

While the border between criminology and criminal justice is sometimes hard to define, Lawrence Sherman, chairman of the Department of Criminology and Criminal Justice at the University of Maryland, describes criminal justice as "applied criminology, that portion of criminology that specializes in studying the police, the courts and prisons." The broader, older field of criminology is more focused on the study of what causes crime and criminal behavior, issues like poverty, the family, neighborhoods, gangs and increasingly, biology.

Criminal justice is still looked down on by some academicians and is still not taught at some prestigious schools like those in the Ivy League. But Mr. Sherman says it has "really become a liberal art," explaining that "it combines sociology, psychology, history, economics, politics and statistics" and uses the scientific method.

With all the interest in crime, criminal justice studies have taken on a gold rush feel. At Franklin Pierce College in New Hampshire, the administration long lobbied the faculty to create a criminal justice major because it was one of the most frequently requested majors at college job fairs and looked like a way to attract applicants.

"The administration presented a message that we had to respond to the market demand and offer a criminal justice major," wrote J. Forbes Farmer, a professor at Franklin Pierce, in a bulletin for the Academy of Criminal Justice Sciences. "Like other small liberal arts colleges, the administration was promoting strategies to survive the enrollment and financial crunch of the 1990's." In 1996, the faculty finally and reluctantly approved, Mr. Farmer said, a decision greeted ecstatically, he recalled, by school officials.

At Rutgers, Kimberly Robinson, a sophomore from Newark, is thinking about majoring in criminal justice. A big reason, she said, is that "I grew up around crime." Her brother is in prison, her three uncles are each serving life sentences and her father has been incarcerated four times.

"At a personal level, I felt I just didn't understand the criminal justice system," Ms. Robinson said. Now, she added, "I'm so interested in criminal justice, it's the only class where I stay awake."

**Graphic**

Photos: Bernice Jones, inset, who works in criminal justice, prepares to visit her daughter's father in prison. Above, Ferguson Prison in Midway, Tex. (Photographs by Andrew Lichtenstein/Sygma, for The New York Times)(pg. E7); Freda Adler, a professor of criminal justice, teaches at Rutgers University. The United States has 350,000 undergraduates majoring in the subject. (Keith Meyers/The New York Times)(pg. E9)

**Load-Date:** December 5, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Despite Squeeze on the Middle Class, A Suburb's Young Voters Like Bush***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-41W0-0014-546R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 17, 1988, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 8, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1205 words

**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ST. CHARLES, Mo., Sept. 16

**Body**

Dawn Bethmann sees the cost of day care for her two children as the obstacle to getting back to college for her nursing degree. Lisa Stinson, a neighbor, worries about affording the down payment on a house and about how her husband's job does not provide health insurance.

Their concerns should be music to the ears of Gov. Michael S. Dukakis of Massachusetts, whose Presidential campaign is largely pitched to the squeezed middle class in neighborhoods like the one where Mrs. Bethmann and Mrs. Stinson live in this city of 40,000 people near St. Louis.

But they are part of the Democrats' problem, not their solution. They are both unequivocally for Vice President Bush, and for exactly the same reason.

''I am ***working class***, but I like the way the economy goes when the Republicans are in,'' Mrs. Bethmann said. ''In my lifetime, since I was old enough to understand, the economy hasn't done well when the Democrats are in. We've had a good living for the last eight years.''

Carter Presidency Recalled

Mrs. Stinson said Jimmy Carter ''is the only other President I've known,'' and added: ''I think about how bad everything was when Carter was in. Reagan seemed to do so much good for the economy.''

Mr. Dukakis, the Democratic Presidential nominee, cannot afford to lose too many voters like Mrs. Bethmann and Mrs. Stinson. Most of the poll takers expect this year's election to be decided by voters like them, in suburban neighborhoods like the one where they live.

In the Bethmanns' and Stinsons' neighborhood, a nest of brick duplexes tucked away behind a strip of shopping centers and fast-food joints, people work hard for their $20,000 to $30,000 a year - and for the young couples, that usually means both partners work. In such neighborhoods, the ''good jobs at good wages'' that candidates talk about are what everyone wants.

Mrs. Bethmann, who is 28 years old, held her 10-month-old son Jacob and watched her 3-year-old daughter Brittani play in front of her house as she told about her hopes of going back to college to get her nursing degree. The problem, she says, is day care.

High Cost of Day Care

''I've really shopped around and the best price I can get is $106 a week,'' Mrs. Bethmann said. Somehow she and her husband, a house painter who was working Thursday night on a side job, will scrape the money together. If she does not go back to school soon, she said, her old college credits will lapse and she will have to start all over.

Around the corner, Mrs. Stinson, a cheerful 21-year-old mother of two, said her biggest complaint was that she had to spend almost half of her $200-a-week salary on day care. But she cannot stop working, she said, because while her husband's construction job pays better, it does not carry the health and insurance benefits provided by her job teaching mentally retarded adults.

St. Charles is one of the most rapidly growing cities in the country. The city, 15 miles northwest of St. Louis, is typical of many of the newer suburbs, which once saw themselves as being outside the metropolitan sprawl.

Of course, not everyone in this neighborhood, even some of the 1984 Reagan voters, are for Mr. Bush. Sherman Jones, a painter and a union member in his late 30's, is firmly for Mr. Dukakis.

Trade Policy Called Unfair

''I voted for Reagan the last time and I don't think he's helping out the union workers,'' Mr. Jones said. ''I don't like this tax system, either. It seems the more you make, the less you pay.''

But the central issue for Mr. Jones, whose wife works in an automobile plant, is Japan's trade practices. ''Our stuff goes over there and it's triple taxed,'' he said. ''It's not fair.''

Mr. Jones, who says he does not even like the way Japanese cars look, was admiring a new Chevrolet in his driveway with a friend, Ed Allen, a machinist.

Mr. Allen said he did not like either Mr. Bush or Mr. Dukakis and, when asked to choose, replied, ''You got a coin?''

But in the end, Mr. Allen said, he expects to vote for Mr. Bush because of gun control - Mr. Allen is a gun owner and a hunter - and because of the crime issue, especially the death penalty.

''I'm pretty hard core on capital punishment,'' Mr. Allen said. ''Bad people stomp on good people and it seems like they get away with it.''

Support for the Pledge

Few voters here raised another issue that Mr. Bush presses - requiring students to say the Pledge of Allegiance. But one who did was Joseph Stinson, Lisa Stinson's 25-year-old husband. He offered eloquent testimony to why the issue seems to have caught on with so many Americans.

''Little kids in school have to be taught things,'' Mr. Stinson said. ''One of them is that there were a lot of good people who died for this country. You've got to remember that, you've got to remember your past, or you're not going to have your country anymore.'' Mr. Stinson said he would vote for Mr. Bush.

The Republican Presidential nominee's seeming advantage with younger voters in the neighborhood appeared to be offset, to some degree, by a slight Dukakis edge among older voters. And even Mr. Bush's supporters worry, in Mrs. Bethmann's words, that the Vice President ''is too upper, upper class, too much for big business.''

And the message from here is that Mr. Dukakis would do well to keep hitting away at Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana, Mr. Bush's running mate.

Only one voter of two dozen interviewed along the Chestal Street mentioned Mr. Quayle as an asset. She was a nun, Sister Georgine Gaffney, who shares a house with a group of nuns. She said she liked the 41-year-old Vice-Presidential nominee because he is young and sees Senator Lloyd Bentsen of Texas, Mr. Dukakis's running mate, as ''kind of a senior citizen.''

'He's Not Stable Enough'

Far more typical was the view expressed by Margie Snyder, who is retired. ''He's a little immature, a bit too much of a hothead,'' she said of Mr. Quayle. ''He's not stable enough yet.''

The other message from Chestal Street is that all the carefully choreographed attacking and counterattacking by Mr. Bush and Mr. Dukakis is going down very badly with the voters.

No civics teacher or editorial writer could be tougher on the two nominees than was Tony Hollander, 67, who delivers advertising mockups and does other chores for a local newspaper.

''They're not talking about issues, they're not campaigning on what they want to do for this country,'' said Mr. Hollander, who nonetheless expects to vote for Mr. Dukakis. ''They're acting like a couple of school kids, a couple of second-graders, blaming each other for this and blaming each other for that.''

The Message Is Economics

But the message that most people in the neighborhood insisted on was economics.

Kerry Mayden, 24, said he makes about $20,000 a year laying floors for a living, and plays rock music for fun. On Thursday night he was sitting on the couch in his living room with his 3-year-old son Nicholas, listening to the hard rock being laid down by David Bowie.

''Dukakis seems like a nice guy and everything,'' Mr. Mayden said, but he added that he plans to vote for Mr. Bush because the Democrats ''will be bad for the economy.''

Like many people his age, Mr. Mayden loves Ronald Reagan. ''If he had another term,'' said Mr. Mayden, ''I'd vote for him again.''

**Graphic**

Map of Missouri indicating St. Charles (NYT)

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VC4-KBJ0-007F-G4B3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Signs of Renewal in the Latest British Invasion***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3VC4-KBJ0-007F-G4B3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 20, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;  ; Section 2;  Page 13;  Column 1;  Arts and Leisure Desk  ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1451 words

**Byline:** By WILL JOYNER;

Will Joyner, a former editor for Arts and Leisure, writes frequently about film and television.

By WILL JOYNER;   Will Joyner, a former editor for Arts and Leisure, writes frequently about film and television.

**Body**

THIS week, five films that can legitimately be described as British will be showing in American theaters. Given the anxiety of holiday marketers, that number is in itself an eye-popper. What's more surprising, though, is that not one of these British films is about expendable laborers trying to salvage self-regard in a renovated upland city, or about young professionals contemplating themselves in the sleek surfaces of the new London.

These films -- "Elizabeth," "Little Voice," "Shakespeare in Love," "The General" and "The Theory of Flight" -- don't represent anything as grand as the renaissance of a national industry that looked so healthy in the 1960's and then again in the 1980's. The vagaries of multinational financing and staffing make such a notion a dated one anyway. But the films' variety -- from sly revisionism on the Elizabethan era to speculation about love and Lou Gehrig's disease -- is the sign of a heartening creative reawakening. The sort of Yank Anglophile who thinks back to classics like "Room at the Top," "Sunday, Bloody Sunday," and "My Beautiful Laundrette" more readily than to television's "Upstairs, Downstairs" should at least start paying closer attention to the new images of Britain that are sneaking now onto movie screens in the United States.

Early this year, the British cinematic presence here was less distinct, and less encouraging. "Nil by Mouth," the actor Gary Oldman's grim depiction of his origins amid a ***working-class*** mire of violence and addiction, was an impressive directorial debut but almost willfully incoherent, in structure and dialogue. Mike Leigh's "Career Girls" had a razor-sharp poignance because Katrin Cartlidge and Lynda Steadman were so perfectly in form as newly mature women who meet again and reflect on their dissolute student days. That movie nevertheless felt like a minor chapter in Leigh's admirably idiosyncratic chronicling of contemporary, class-skewed England.

More to the point, and more disturbingly, a film called "Twenty-four Seven," the debut of a young director, Shane Meadows, found its way into American release. Set in decayed Nottingham, "Twenty-four Seven" starred Bob Hoskins as an alcoholic who tries to align his own recovery with that of a crew of unemployed miscreants by reopening a boxing club. Despite a searing performance by Hoskins, the film left the impression that it was simply a black-and-white, indie-hip exercise on a socio-cultural theme that had recently been more adeptly explored in "Brassed Off"(out-of-work miners maintain their identity through a brass band), "The Full Monty' (out-of-work steelworkers maintain their identity through bump-and-grind dancing) and, in its own way, "Trainspotting" (out-of-work young people maintain their identity through heroin).

The implication was that the same amusing-but-painful, stiff-upper-lip movie was going to be made over and over again until all Britons were somehow integrated into the post-industrial economy. Then, in late spring, from across the genre spectrum, came "Sliding Doors" and "Shooting Fish." For all their quirky angles and the charms of Gwyneth Paltrow and Kate Beckinsale, respectively, these films implied that the London romantic comedy was still following a course set four long years ago by "Four Weddings and a Funeral." It was a relief when "The Land Girls," an earnest, well-made drama about the home front during World War II, appeared in early summer. "The Land Girls" may have been predictable, but it was what the British predictably do best: evoking that part of the 20th century in which Britain was still arguably the center of the world.

Earlier this fall, the best British film to open in United States theaters, "Velvet Goldmine," was actually an American film, or, at least, was directed by an American, Todd Haynes. That film -- a scary fable about the glam-rock scene in the London of the early 70's, starring Jonathan Rhys-Meyers and Ewan McGregor, financed on both sides of the Atlantic -- represents a good argument for no longer even speaking of British film, or American film, or Irish film. These days, anyone who, through the good graces of Working Title or BBC Films or Miramax, can avoid the Hollywood maw and put together a distinctive piece of work occupies creative territory that is, practically speaking, just as special as a homeland. "The General," which opened on Friday, presents the same argument: although it was directed by an eminent Englishman, John Boorman, the movie is, after all, about a notorious Irish gangster, Martin Cahill; it was filmed in Dublin, and it stars a red-hot Irish actor, Brendan Gleeson. And Boorman himself lives in Ireland.

That said, "The General" does have the feel of a film made by a British director. Cahill's brutal story is told almost as that of an Everyman, with an odd but effective mix of intimacy and restraint; the details of Irish political life are present, certainly, but are rendered in a peripheral manner that would be unimaginable if the subject matter were in the hands of a romantic, of Irish directors like Neil Jordan or Jim Sheridan. "The General" is British in the sense that it is planted in a tradition that also includes memorable works like Karel Reisz's "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning" (1960) and Tony Richardson's "This Sporting Life" (1963), which also center ambivalently on rogue heroes.

The four other British films in American theaters now may not be as accomplished as "The General," but they perhaps say even more about where one should search hopefully for a renewed British cinema. "Little Voice," Mark Herman's adaptation of the play about an emotionally damaged young woman with a gift for imitating great singers, has some of the same overly melodramatic structure of his "Brassed Off." Here, however, there is a range of darker, more intricate acting -- especially on the part of Jane Horrocks in the title role, Brenda Blethyn as her hysteric mother and Michael Caine as a never-has-been promoter -- that tempers Herman's sentimentalism, making for a more mature movie.

As for approaches to Britain's past, it's possible to imagine a stock, pedantic screen account of the young Elizabeth I, but Shekhar Kapur's "Elizabeth" is surely not that. The Protestant-Catholic gamesmanship that surrounded her ascendancy is depicted in all its soul-staining terror, and Cate Blanchett, although she's as gorgeous as ever, leads the way in working against any notion that beauty and truth and goodness were the order of the day. As for "Shakespeare in Love," no one will accuse John Madden of not venturing from the traditional approach to a British icon that he took to such fine effect last year in "Mrs. Brown."

If there is still such a thing as British film, then one of the primary things going for it is a large pool of extraordinary actors -- if they can be persuaded to touch base between more lucrative Hollywood sojourns for long enough to make movies. In that regard, "The Theory of Flight," which opens on Wednesday, is greatly encouraging.

It's a small, eccentric film but boasts two big, talented stars, Helena Bonham Carter and Kenneth Branagh, who clearly relish art as much as opportunity. As flawed as the film may be -- and the metaphor-heavy attempt by a troubled artist (Mr. Branagh) to build a flying machine gets a bit much -- Ms. Bonham Carter, who plays a victim of Lou Gehrig's disease, offers up ample revelatory moments. Her performance is a reminder that a British film is often the occasion for an acting accomplishment that's larger than the movie itself; Robert Carlyle's powerful presence in Michael Winterbottom's "Go Now" is another example from the last year.

Flight imagery abounds in the current crop of British films -- in "The General" and "Little Voice," pet homing pigeons carry the burden -- and in this context, the irony is obvious. British cinema has always had trouble keeping its best directors from flying the coop -- or, more accurately, has had trouble persuading them to persuade Hollywood that the coop's an interesting spot to revisit, as their Irish counterparts have managed to do with movies like "The Boxer." One of Britain's best directors, Stephen Frears, had a movie open on Friday. It's called "The Hi-Lo Country," and the title refers to New Mexico, not the Lake District.

Perhaps the best wish that one could make for British film is that Mr. Frears turn back to another film based on a Roddy Doyle novel, or that Mike Newell return home from "Donnie Brasco" and "Pushing Tin," his forthcoming movie about American air-traffic control.

On the other hand, who needs them? There's a lot to be said for simply looking forward to January and Ken Loach's "My Name Is Joe."

**Graphic**

Photos: Early in the year, Mike Leigh's "Career Girls," with Mark Benton and Lynda Steadman, above, and Gary Oldman's "Nil by Mouth," with Charlie Creed-Miles, Jamie Forman and Ray Winstone, left, did not provide much encour-agement about the state of British film. A current crop of imports is more prom-ising, including "The Theory of Flight," with Kenneth Branagh and Helen Bon-ham Carter, below at left, and "Elizabeth," with Cate Blanchett, below.

(A. Rogers/Fine Line Features)(Jack English/Sony Pictures Classics)(Joss Bar-ratt/October Films)(Alex Bailey/Gramercy Pictures)(pg. 13); Bob Hoskins, left, with Danny Nussbaum in "Twenty-four Seven." (Joss Barratt/October Films)(pg. 20)

**Load-Date:** December 20, 1998

**End of Document**



[***In Furor Over Prize, Novelist Speaks Up For His Language***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-TNM0-008G-F2JK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 29, 1994, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C; ; Section C;  Page 15;  Column 6;  Cultural Desk ; Column 6; ; Biography

**Length:** 1377 words

**Byline:** James Kelman

By SARAH LYALL,

By SARAH LYALL,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** GLASGOW

**Body**

No sooner had James Kelman's novel "How Late It Was, How Late" won this year's Booker Prize for fiction than a full-scale furor erupted. One of the judges, Rabbi Julia Neuberger, declared that the book was unreadably bad and said that the awarding of the prize, Britain's most important, was a "disgrace." Simon Jenkins, a conservative columnist for The Times of London, called the award "literary vandalism." Several other critics sniped that the book should have been disqualified because of its heavy use of profanity.

Meanwhile, the British literary establishment huddled together defensively as Mr. Kelman appeared in a business suit at the black-tie Booker affair and, in his heavy Scottish accent, made a rousing case for the culture and language of "indigenous" people outside of London. "A fine line can exist between elitism and racism," he said. "On matters concerning language and culture, the distinction can sometimes cease to exist altogether."

Part stream of consciousness, part third-person narrative, sparsely punctuated, devoid of chapters and written entirely in the words and cadences of ***working-class*** Glasgow, "How Late It Was, How Late" does make for hard reading, which seems to explain some of the objections. But other critics have greeted the novel, the story of a down-and-out Glaswegian former convict who has a run-in with the police and wakes up to discover that he has suddenly gone blind, as a literary triumph. Writing in The Independent, Janette Turner Hospital called Mr. Kelman a "poet and magician" and said the book was a "passionate, scintillating, brilliant song of a book."

It is nothing new for Mr. Kelman's work -- which includes four other novels, a number of plays and about 100 short stories -- to generate strong reactions, both for and against. He has been compared to James Joyce, to William Kennedy and to Samuel Beckett, but when the first Kelman short story was accepted by a magazine at York University in 1972, the printer refused to print it because of the profanity. And in the mid-1970's, one publisher urged him to write more accessibly, saying, Mr. Kelman recalled in an interview in his home in a suburb of Glasgow, that "work written in Glaswegian dialect doesn't sell in America."

For the author, a slight man with haunting eyes and a grave manner that gives way easily to sardonic humor, the central issue is cultural imperialism through language. Recalling times when Glaswegian accents were banned from the radio, or when his two daughters were reprimanded in school for using the Scots "aye" instead of the English "yes," he said it was wrong to call the language of his work "vernacular" or "dialect."

"To me, those words are just another way of inferiorizing the language by indicating that there's a standard," he said. "The dictionary would use the term 'debased.' But it's the language! The living language, and it comes out of many different sources, including Scotland before the English arrived."

As angry as he might be about the criticisms, Mr. Kelman said that the Booker Prize had given him a useful opportunity to air his views about language and about the disenfranchised people who are his subjects. It has helped the book sell more than 20,000 copies in hard cover in Britain, and it certainly has raised the author's profile among publishers in the United States, where "How Late It Was, How Late" is to be published by W. W. Norton on Dec. 12.

The $30,000 prize has also had happy financial consequences for the often broke Mr. Kelman, who left school at the age of 15 and worked at a number of manual jobs even as he began writing some 20 years ago. Having spent his life in a series of apartments, he was able to move six months ago to a large house with its own garden. He has also invested in a new computer to replace his creaky grime-covered one, and his wife, a social worker for homeless people, has been able to reduce her working hours. What's more, Mr. Kelman said, the Booker brings a special kind of prestige to someone like him, one of a group of strong writers to emerge from Glasgow in recent years, including Jeff Torrington and Alasdair Gray.

"The meaning of the prize comes from other people," said Mr. Kelman, who chain-smokes cigarettes that he rolls himself. "I was aware of its importance from writers both from this community in Glasgow and the extended community in Scotland, and also other communites that you could say were in similar situations. Friends of mine who are Afro-Caribbean or from India or Pakistan, or Irish or American people, said they were amazed, astonished and delighted that this statement could have been made from the center of the city of London."

Particularly annoying to Mr. Kelman (although Mr. Kelman does his best not to look annoyed) has been the renewed criticism that his writing is shoddy and somehow subliterary. Referring to Mr. Kelman's protagonist and narrator, Sammy, Mr. Jenkins of The Times, for instance, said the book represented "the ramblings of a Glaswegian drunk." And another journalist took it upon himself to count how many times a particular obscenity appeared in "How Late It Was," arriving at the impressive number of 4,000.

"Some people say my work has no value," Mr. Kelman said. "They find a way of saying it's not literature, just oral tradition. Or perhaps that because you write from the point of view of people whose language is debased, then your language is debased, and therefore you're a debased writer, or really not a writer at all."

"I've won a major prize before," he went on, referring to the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, which he won in 1989 for his novel "A Disaffection," "and one of the people associated with it asked me if I ever revised my work."

Yes, Mr. Kelman said, he does revise, even more so because the language he uses is so singular. Well into his cigarette, perhaps his 10th in two hours, he launched into a fierce defense.

"In order to fight against the house style you have to justify every single comma," he said. "Every comma in my work is my comma. Every absence of a comma or full stop or semicolon or colon is my absence. You have to be much more precise and bloody pedantic. You have to revise and revise and proof at every bloody stage to insure that everything's spot on, especially because you're working in what other people regard as inconsistent ways, so you have to be really sure."

He stamped the cigarette out and began to roll another one. "You have to trust the fact that you're a writer."

Brooding in a Burr

From "How Late It Was, How Late," by James Kelman:

Ye wake in a corner and stay there hoping yer body will disappear, the thoughts smothering ye; these thoughts; but ye want to remember and face up to things, just something keeps ye from doing it, why can ye no do it; the words filling your head: then the other words; there's something wrong; there's something far far wrong; ye're no a good man, ye're just no a good man. Edging back into awareness, of where ye are: here, slumped in this corner, with these thoughts filling ye. And oh christ his back was sore; stiff, and the head pounding. He shivered and hunched up his shoulders, shut his eyes, rubbed into the corners with his fingertips; seeing all kinds of spots and lights. Where in the name of. . . .

He wondered what station he was in. He hadnay been up to taking notes on the drive. But it was probably Hardie Street. Who cares. Naybody would have gave him a sensible answer if he had asked. Ye cannay make contact with them; all ye would have got was sarcasm and wee in-jokes. It wasnay just in the poky that happened I mean Sammy once went to work in a factory for 10 minutes, down in England, and that's the way it was. It would have took a 10 stretch to know what they were all giggling about. . . .

People got wound up awful easy. Ye noticed that a lot. Tam was actually younger than Sammy; no much, but still and all. And there he was. He didnay even realise it was a wind-up. the sodjers; that was all they were doing, winding him up. Tam just hadnay twigged it. He knew better too that was the problem, he was experienced. It was just how they caught ye unawares. So it didnay matter, how long in the tooth ye were man it didnay matter, know what I mean, if ye got caught unawares.

**Graphic**

Photo: James Kelman, author of "How Late It Was, How Late," in Edinburgh. (Ken D. Paterson for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 29, 1994

**End of Document**



[***THE DEMOCRATS IN ATLANTA;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4CB0-0014-52GV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Democrats, After Lean Years, Are Optimistic as They Gather***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4CB0-0014-52GV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 17, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 1, Column 4; National Desk

**Length:** 1278 words

**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ATLANTA, July 16

**Body**

The Democrats who open their national convention here Monday have been chastened by defeat, tempered by four years of searing internal debate and buoyed by the hope that their long period in opposition is about to end.

To the surprise of many in the party, their prospective Presidential nominee, Michael S. Dukakis, is in an unusually strong position to win the election. His edge over Vice President Bush in most national polls over the last three months defies the traditional view that a prosperous country at peace would never be prepared to turn on the incumbent party.

''This is not the 1978 Democratic Party that the Republicans long to run against,'' said Peter D. Hart, a leading Democratic poll taker, referring to a time when the Democrats' popularity was ebbing. ''It's the 1988 Democrats, and they look a whole lot better, partly because the agenda has moved their way and partly because they're smarter and a lot more disciplined.''

Largely Avoids Dissention

Despite a long nominating campaign the Democratic Party largely avoided tearing itself apart over issues that had burdened it for a quarter of a century: civil rights, foreign intervention and questions about personal morality, notably abortion.

In 1988, many Democrats believe that the popular mood is far more in tune with what they offer than it has been for some time. In the late 1970's and early 1980's the political agenda was dominated by President Reagan's call for lower taxes and a smaller government. Now voters seem much more eager to turn to government to help resolve a series of social problems, including drug abuse, education, child care and health care.

The Democrats have tried to ease this process by repackaging their ideas, much as Reagan Republicans spruced up Calvin Coolidge's low tax, laissez faire economics under the ''supply-side'' banner. Democratic candidates now rarely speak of ''spending'' and talk incessantly of ''investments'' in everything from children to roads.

In foreign policy, President Reagan's opening to the Soviet Union has legitimized disarmament and made it more difficult for the Republicans to attack the Democrats as insufficiently vigilant toward the Soviet Union.

The party's prospective ticket seems aimed squarely at the two traditionally Democratic groups that have repeatedly defected to the Republican Party.

Mr. Dukakis, the Governor of Massachusetts, has demonstrated a strong appeal to northeastern ethnic voters who began showing their alienation from the Democrats as far back as 1952, when Dwight D. Eisenhower ended two decades of Democratic rule.

Speaks to Whites

And Senator Lloyd Bentsen, the conservative Texan whom Mr. Dukakis chose as his running mate, speaks to the white southerners whose restiveness dates from 1948 and early disputes over civil rights.

Mr. Dukakis's campaign itself embodies the way in which the Democrats have moved toward a consensus - if not on how to govern then at least on what they need to say to win.

As the campaign proceeded, he freely borrowed ideas from his opponents. Aspects of the Rev. Jesse Jackson's populism and of Rep. Richard A. Gephardt's nationalistic economics, of Gary Hart's renovated liberalism and of Bruce Babbitt's workplace democracy have worked their way into the standard Dukakis speech. If the Democratic candidates once known as ''the seven dwarfs'' did not help produce a giant, they did help Mr. Dukakis transform himself into someone whom the voters could imagine as the next occupant of the White House All this is true, and yet some in the party, and many outside it, wonder whether it will be so easy for the Democrats to overcome the legacy of defeat, whether their latest remaking of themselves is merely a way for the party to paper over fundamental shortcomings. The Democrats for most of the 1980's found themselves ill-equipped to confront Ronald Reagan, seen by many as the most effective spokesman for a political cause since Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Mr. Reagan took from the Democrats their most potent issue, economic growth. And he transformed the most basic American values - family, work, neighborhood - into Republican codewords.

The Democrats have spent much of their time since Walter F. Mondale's 1984 defeat trying to reclaim those issues and the constituencies they rallied. Paul G. Kirk Jr., the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, railed against ''exotic issues'' and ''narrow agendas,'' widely interpreted as being aimed at the party's special lobbies, advocates of gay rights and abortion, ethnic and racial caucuses.

In their place, Mr. Kirk sought to expand the influence of elected officials. ''The most important thing that's happened is a shift in the center of gravity in the party from the activist wing to the governing wing,'' said Al From, executive director of the Democratic Leadership Council, a group of mainly moderate and conservative Democrats.

The push to the center, however, was only part of the ideological ferment. In addition, once controversial positions are now part of the party consensus that there is little need to do further battle.

For example, while some Democrats continue to oppose legal abortion, they have no illusions that their position could be accepted as party policy. And the pro-civil rights consensus is now accepted even by some of the most conservative Democrats in the South, since they find themselves increasingly dependent on black votes for election victories.

In the meantime, party liberals have redefined the progressive agenda. The new liberal agenda is cast as a defense of working families, and liberals increasingly defend social programs in the name of the needs of children. And the liberals' critique of big business and what they call a culture of greed has grown more resonant in a period of corporate takeovers and insider trading scandals.''

Complementary Strategies

Without so planning it, the party liberals and the centrists have found that the emerging strategies were more complementary than contradictory. Both groups have sought to gain ground with the swing voters who gave President Reagan his election victories: Middle and ***working class*** whites.

Parallelling the ideological ferment was a vast change at the technological level. After years of being outspent by the Republicans and less organized than them, the Democrats sought to rebuild their fund-raising apparatus and with it their technical capacity to help candidates win elections.

None of this might have mattered as much as it has if the Iran-contra scandal that involved selling arms to the Iranians and giving the proceeds to the Nicaraguan rebels, had not occurred. Coming on the heels of the Democrats' success in recapturing the control of the United States Senate in 1986, the scandal created a decisive shift in political mood. President Reagan's popularity dropped sharply when the scandal broke and never fully recovered.

The 1988 primaries took place in this context, and the battles among the Democratic candidates did little to disrupt the harmonious mood. Now Mr. Jackson is offering Mre. Dukakis and his party the final test of whether that harmonious spirit, constructed step by step over the last four years, will prevail.

While the party's leadership is concerned most of all with the swing voters whom Mr. Dukakis needs to win the election, Mr. Jackson is asking the party to remember its base, the blacks and the white liberals who stood by the Democrats through years of defeat.

What is involved is a classic political test: whether a party can reach out for the converts it needs while also satisfying its faithful. That, finally, is the matter that may be settled at the convention here next week.

**Graphic**

graphs of percent of democratic groups describing their views as liberal (pg. A1); graph comparing poll results of questions asked to Democrats and Republicans (pg. A17

**End of Document**



[***INSECURITY FOREVER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-X7V0-008G-F3DR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Rise of the Losing Class***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-X7V0-008G-F3DR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 20, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Week in Review Desk

**Section:** Section 4; ; Section 4;  Page 1;  Column 1;  Week in Review Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1414 words

**Byline:** By LOUIS UCHITELLE

By LOUIS UCHITELLE

**Body**

WHEN Karl Marx described an increasingly miserable and exploited ***working class***, he never imagined that his oppressed workers might someday include Ivy League M.B.A's tossed out of $200,000-a-year jobs.

But a changing economy is gradually linking highly educated managers and technicians with high-school- trained assembly-line workers and office clerks. The link is in their common place in an increasingly competitive economy that no longer values workers as much as it once did. What they share, public opinion polls show, are feelings of uncertainty, insecurity and anxiety about their jobs and their incomes.

A class consciousness may be emerging from this shared anxiety -- an awareness among millions of Americans that they occupy the same unsteady boat, even if they are doing well in high-paying jobs. Labor Secretary Robert B. Reich, giving the phenomenon a name, describes "the anxious class" as "consisting of millions of Americans who no longer can count on having their jobs next year, or next month, and whose wages have stagnated or lost ground to inflation."

But the growing sense that people of different levels of salary, education and skill may be victims of the same economic forces lacks two crucial elements of class consciousness as the term has historically been used: a class vocabulary and a class enemy. The traditional adversaries -- big business, owners of capital, managers -- are no longer viewed that way.

Instead, business is seen as also a victim, caught in a global competition that forces cost-cutting and layoffs. That sort of thinking showed up in focus group sessions and follow-up interviews with 2,400 workers of various levels of income and skill for a soon-to-be released study directed by Richard Freeman, a Harvard labor economist, and Joel Rogers, a professor of law and sociology at the University of Wisconsin.

'My Boss Is Trying'

"They tell us, 'My boss is trying hard, but there is nothing he can do, either,' " Mr. Rogers said. "That does not mean they don't see their employer as often unfair and cruel. But then they say he does not have the ability to protect them, which is much different than saying, 'He could protect me if he wanted to but he chooses not to.' "

It is this forgiving attitude toward management that distinguishes today's unhappy workers from their forebears. If the boss were the target, it would be easier to know what to do: People might take action in groups. But public opinion polls show that while Americans are increasingly angry about their economic insecurity, neither business nor the forces that make companies so hard on workers are the targets of this anger. It is directed instead at government, immigrants and the poor, among others.

The 1994 electoral uprising suggested that if there is a class enemy it is an ill-defined political class, a combination of government and media that are seen as imposing their social and cultural views on an alienated populace. But this modern populism, unlike the 19th-century movement that provided the name, sidesteps the main source of discontent: the economic changes that define America's new anxious class.

"You would think that in a free enterprise system, there would be more criticism of its warts," said Florence Skelly, vice chairman of DYG Inc., a polling company founded by Daniel Yankelovich. "Instead, we say that government should be run more like a business. And we deal with the boss by ousting the Congressman."

The anxiety, uncertainty and insecurity that characterize the new class consciousness show up in different ways in public opinion polls. Although the economy is growing briskly and unemployment is down, only 31 percent of those surveyed this month by Louis Harris & Associates see this improvement. "Over and over, people tell us they are concerned about their jobs, that they don't feel secure, that the economy is doing badly," Humphrey Taylor, Harris's chairman, said. "For most people, if the economy is not synonymous with jobs, it is at least highly coordinated with jobs."

Secretary Reich, who has argued that education and training provide the best assurance of job security, contends that most members of the anxious class have only high-school educations. But he, too, now acknowledges that education is less and less of a buffer against the joblessness and stagnant incomes that are drawing people into a sense of shared uncertainty.

A variety of statistics shows that the incomes of college-educated people have been failing in recent years to keep pace with inflation. Men in their early 50's with four years of college, for example, have been stuck for 10 years at the same income, adjusted for inflation, according to the findings of Frank Levy, a labor economist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"In the old days, in the 1950's and 1960's, if you lost a job, you could get another, paying less, and within a few years your rising income would soon get you back to your old level," Mr. Levy said. "It was a safety net."

Two major polling operations -- the University of Michigan's Consumer Surveys and the University of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center -- describe the anxiety and insecurity that emerge from life without this safety net, even among people with good jobs at good pay. Ask such people about their current economic circumstances, and many reply positively. But ask them what they think the future holds for them or their children, and the anxiety surfaces.

The Fearsome Future

"For the first time in 50 years, we are recording a decline in people's expectations," said Richard T. Curtin, director of the University of Michigan's Consumer Surveys. "And their uncertainty and anxiety grow the farther you ask them to look into the future."

The source of these feelings, and the nascent class consciousness, appears to be rooted mainly in layoffs, both real and expected. Over the last decade or so, layoffs have spread from blue-collar workers and the less educated across the income and education spectrum.

"Every day people open the newspaper and see that some major company has laid off workers," Mr. Taylor said. "I am sure that downsizing is now seen as a permanent function of management, and that is new."

Americans in the past dealt with labor problems differently than they do today, reflecting a different class structure. During the Depression, the thousands laid off at Ford Motor Company, for example, saw Henry Ford as the enemy and the source of a solution. They agitated for relief pay from Ford or shorter hours for those still working, to make room for those laid off.

Sense of Entitlement

"People thought of themselves as having rights from companies," said Joshua Freeman, a labor historian at Columbia University. That sense of entitlement grew even stronger in the early decades after World War II, and collective bargaining -- or simply bargaining with management in the case of nonunion companies -- became the arena for arguing out wages, pensions, health insurance, vacations, hours and job security.

That system is disappearing today. Career-long attachments to one employer, a notion born in the 1920's, are no longer the norm. The new class consciousness makes less distinction between workers and managers. Rights are relative, at best. An increasingly conservative electorate has reduced government's role in regulating the economy. Unions have lost influence and membership.

And against a background of rising competition, corporate America has gained the power to reorganize and relocate and downsize, almost at will -- leaving, as Mr. Freeman put it, "no structure to deal with the new anxiety and uncertainty."

What people do is try to cope, by themselves, said Ms. Skelly, of DGY. Self-employment is one solution, DGY's polls show, and that is a rising trend. "They try, on the job, to hide any chinks in their performance," she said. "They work longer hours and take work home, without letting the boss know, to give the impression that they can do difficult tasks quickly. There is nothing like, 'We are all in this together.' There is too much competition. People talk of their vulnerability to friends and spouses, but not to co-workers."

And many Americans feel in their hearts that the layoffs might be justified. "There is a sense among people that we are inefficient and bloated," Ms. Skelly said. "And until they feel that is no longer true, they are reluctant to criticize the forces that are cutting out the fat and the inefficiencies."

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** November 20, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Escape From Puberty***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-X990-008G-F001-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 13, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7;  Page 10;  Column 1;  Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1442 words

**Byline:** By Lore Dickstein;

Lore Dickstein is a freelance writer and critic.

By Lore Dickstein;   Lore Dickstein is a freelance writer and critic.

**Body**

THE BOOK OF INTIMATE GRAMMAR

By David Grossman.

Translated by Betsy Rosenberg.

343 pp. New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $22.

BEFORE Sigmund Freud shattered the myth, a child was considered an innocent and pure creature. Ignorant of the raging sexuality of the adult world, the child existed in a heavenly bower of bliss, unsullied and free of sin. It is no accident that angels -- think of those adorable cherubs and putti, rosy-cheeked and hairless -- are usually portrayed as children. But the cradle fell from the bough long ago, and writers have been picking up the pieces ever since.

This stunning new novel by the Israeli writer David Grossman belongs in the pantheon of great books that feature a definitively post-Freudian child as the protagonist. Prepubescent Aron Kleinfeld, omniscient, wise beyond his years but wracked with terror and inchoate longing, joins the line of hypersensitive literary juveniles that includes Oskar Matzerath in Gunter Grass's "Tin Drum" and David Schearl in Henry Roth's "Call It Sleep." This is not the kind of company a mother would want her child to keep. These children bring trouble and grief; they know too much; they break the bonds of parental love.

In his previous novel, the brilliant, phantasmagoric "See Under: Love," Mr. Grossman also presented a child as hero: the tortured 9-year-old Momik, who tries to tame the imaginary Nazi Beast living in his cellar. In terms of sensibility, Momik has a lot in common with Aron in "The Book of Intimate Grammar"; post-Holocaust children, they both misinterpret adult behavior, misread signals and draw conclusions that are wildly inaccurate. But while Momik grapples with the consequences of the Holocaust, which even adults can scarcely comprehend, Aron has a smaller, more domestic field of battle: the Jewish family and his own burgeoning sexuality.

Aron Kleinfeld is 11 years old and on the cusp of puberty when "The Book of Intimate Grammar" opens. It is the mid-1960's, the years just before the 1967 war. Aron is a bright, inquisitive boy whose rich fantasy life and daring make him the leader of the pack. The only son in a seemingly unexceptional nuclear family, Aron lives with his ***working-class*** parents, older sister and paternal grandmother in an apartment in Jerusalem. Everyone has high expectations for Aron.

The events of World War II, a constant in Mr. Grossman's fiction, hover in the background like a dark, low-hanging mist, obfuscating the past. Aron's father, Moshe, an office worker and a former baker, escaped from a Russian labor camp, arriving in Israel after the war a starved, penniless refugee. He was taken in literally off the street by his future wife, who fed him like a goose destined for slaughter. Aron's mother, Hinda, a now-familiar type in novels about the Jewish family romance, is a domineering, manipulative, suspicious woman; she is a fanatical housekeeper, an obsessive purveyor of food. (As might be expected, food plays a major role in this novel.) Grandma Lilly, now senile, was once a sexy actress and dancer who had her son, Moshe, out of wedlock. She hid out from the Nazis in a cellar in Poland and then spent years in a detention camp on Cyprus.

Precocious, dreamy Aron develops a number of stratagems to escape from this happy family constellation. His favorite, and the one that will be his undoing, is a Houdini act in which he escapes from a locked trunk. (Metaphors of imprisonment and release are recurrent themes in this novel.) Aron carries around strips of onion peel in his pocket, which he fingers to read people's thoughts. He develops a private language -- his book of intimate grammar -- for a self-induced fugue-like state he calls "Aroning." Here, deep within himself, he feels safe: "It was like being in a glass bubble," he muses with pleasure, "every second lasted an hour, and the secrets of time were revealed." In this magical cocoon of suspended animation, his mother's voice, whose "sound waves encircled him like iron rings around a pole," cannot reach him. And his troubled obsession with his father's crude pornographic playing cards vanishes.

Looming in the near future is Aron's bar mitzvah, his rite of passage into adulthood. The corrupting influence of adult sexuality is all around him; his friends enter puberty with a vengeance, their voices crack, hair sprouts under their arms, they grow inches before his eyes. He views his father's fleshy, corpulent body with horror: this is what he will become. Repelled, frightened, Aron balks and becomes every mother's nightmare: he stops growing. Years pass, but he never steps off the precipice into puberty; His physical development is arrested at age 11.

Significantly, the portion of the Torah Aron recites for his bar mitzvah (while wearing a pair of shoes with elevator lifts) is a passage from the prophet Isaiah in which an angel, in an act of purification, touches his mouth with a glowing stone. "Lo," the angel proclaims, "this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin is expiated." This becomes Aron's talisman, his protective mantra; it is also a nod of acknowledgment to Henry Roth -- the same passage recurs a number of times in "Call It Sleep." Absolved of sin, Aron will never have "unclean lips"; he will remain free of the dark mysteries of adult sexuality.

But not even divine intervention can help Aron, who has become a walking reprimand to his family's suffocating love and attentiveness. Aron's relatives, who have gathered for his bar mitzvah party, are portrayed as slavering and crude grotesques, hypocrites who profess love but exude malignancy. In a devastating, brilliant scene, Aron observes them, coldly, from deep within his private fantasy world: "He'd always thought it was a family sham, but today a thin membrane seemed to peel from his eyes and he could see something new here, a delicate beauty, even compassion, because everyone knew everyone else's secrets, everyone was a hostage in someone else's hands, at their mercy or their cruelty. . . . The air was full of tiny darts, phrases waiting to burst with poison, compliments with false bottoms, the caress of secrets shared and carefully circumvented topics."

Stuck in the lost paradise that was his childhood, Aron retreats further and further into his own mind. His body retains all the food his mother cooks, creating the longest and most hilariously painful period of constipation in literary memory. The magical thinking that he had once thought of as a "colorful market" becomes filled with distracting "chirring" noises and voices. Reality -- here the imminent war -- becomes more distant and muted. In his increasing dissociation, Aron develops a series of compulsive tics and engages in self-mutilation. When he speaks aloud, he feels it is "like a bad translation, an unfaithful rendering of himself."

Aron Kleinfeld's preternatural existence can only end in disaster. But the author's fascination with the idea of a timeless, prelapsarian childhood appeared in his previous novel. Under the encyclopedia entry "adolescent dormancy" in "See Under: Love," Mr. Grossman described childhood as "a period of special inspiration . . . as opposed to adulthood, which doomed one to shameful conformity. Even the surface characteristics -- the toughening of skin and hair, the ossification of the bones, the increasing sex drive -- seemed to him like the bars around the cell in which the adult imprisons the child."

TOLD entirely from Aron's solipsistic perspective, "The Book of Intimate Grammar" is written in a lyrical, flowing prose that is rich in metaphor and studded with earthy Yiddish slang. Mr. Grossman's balance between the poetic and the profane is perfect. The translation, by Betsy Rosenberg, is seamless and finely nuanced. While less ambitious than "See Under: Love" (which remains Mr. Grossman's masterpiece), this new novel is its stylistic twin; the beauty and intelligence of the writing are dazzling. "The Book of Intimate Grammar" is Mr. Grossman's third work of fiction, following "The Smile of the Lamb" and "See Under: Love." He is also the author of two books of journalism on the Israeli-Palestinian dilemma, "The Yellow Wind" and "Sleeping on a Wire."

Despite its narrow domestic focus, "The Book of Intimate Grammar" is rich and dense, full of startling perceptions and dark, ironic wit. It is a complex book containing multiple layers of meaning. It can be read, at once, as a tale of magic realism, a parable about the damage left in the wake of the Holocaust, a psychological portrait of a child's descent into madness and, finally, as a comical but searing indictment of the Jewish family.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** November 13, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Madison Avenue's New Directors***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4G30-0014-53Y2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 26, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 3; Page 10, Column 1; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1269 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

**Dateline:** VOORHEES TOWNSHIP, N.J.

**Body**

WHEN Ann and Kenneth Hall were looking for high-quality child care for their daughter, Courtney, they went through three baby sitters and two child-care centers, and interviewed the directors of a dozen nonprofit and for-profit facilities. When Courtney was four, they found the Greentree Learning Center on Route 73 here.

''It was hard to find high-quality care, but we knew it when we found it,'' Mrs. Hall said. That was three years ago, and although the center charges more than others in the area and is farther from their home, the Halls are now sending their 5-year-old son there.

Entrepreneurs are betting that parents like the Halls will turn a growing demand for superior child care into profits. Within the last year, at least a half-dozen venture capitalists have bought, started or invested in child-care centers, convinced there is money to be made in providing high-quality - and high-priced - child care to parents in affluent neighborhoods.

These investors are drawn to the $12 billion child-care business by what Dana Friedman, a senior research associate at the Conference Board, calls ''the dramatic numbers.'' According to the Census Bureau, 57 percent of mothers with children under the age of 6 - or 52.9 million women - are working. More than half of the 5.1 million mothers with infants under the age of 1 are working.

''To the venture capital people, it's not just that an increasing number of women with young children are working,'' Ms. Friedman said, ''but that they're married. The demographics show an increase in two-earner families in the middle-income group.''

Roger Neugebauer, publisher of Child Care Information Exchange, in Redmond, Wash., said investors are gearing their centers to two-earner couples ''in the $70,000-and-up'' bracket. ''It seems to be a yuppie phenomenon, focusing on providing top-quality service for top dollar,'' he said.

But Michael J. Connelly, a managing director of the investment banking firm of Lepercq, de Neuflize & Company, which set up a child-care company last year, said the target group is wider than that. ''A lot of ***working-class*** people are willing to make great sacrifices to pay more,'' he said.

Lepercq's American Family Service Corporation bought Greentree Learning Centers Inc. in February for $3 million, which included the real estate. The company, which now operates six centers in New Jersey, provides full-time care for 700 children aged 6 weeks to 6 years and plans to buy other groups of child-care centers in the next year around the country. Mr. Connelly estimated that Lepercq will spend about $6 million within the next five years to expand its network.

But experts say is still too early to determine if there really are profits to be made in the upscale child-care business. Although many of the new entrepreneurs are charging more, they are also paying workers more and locating their centers in high-rent areas.

''I don't know that there are enough extraordinary locations to get that many upscale couples,'' said Ann Muscari, a vice president of Kinder-Care, the largest national chain, with 1,135 centers, which runs centers for children of all income groups.

Ms. Friedman was also skeptical. ''Nobody has convinced me yet that this is that easy a business to make money in,'' she said. ''You have to charge parents a lot of money to pay the staff what it should be paid. And there's a limit to what you can charge.''

Other questions have been raised. The presence of entrepreneurs in this business has led to concerns that a two-tier system of child care is emerging in this country, for the haves and have-nots. Those seeking to expand upscale for-profit child care claim this will raise standards - and salaries - industrywide, but critics fear that a two-tier system will reduce the quality of the work force in the future and say policy makers should find ways to provide quality care for all.

The high-quality, high-cost strategy adopted by the new child-care entrepreneurs, Mr. Neugebauer said, involves paying workers as much as 30 percent above local going rates so the companies can attract the best teachers, prevent a high rate of staff turnover, and thus foster a higher standard of care. In child care, labor can amount to 60 to 80 percent of the total budget, and qualified workers are in increasingly short supply.

According to Mr. Neugebauer, the new investors are looking for better than a 15 percent profit margin a year for their child-care investments. ''The vast majority of for-profit centers are operating closer to the 8 percent range,'' he estimated.

THIS could mean that investors will ultimately have to accept lower profits or abandon the industry. But one lure of the business is that child-care centers generate stable profits without requiring steady infusions of capital.

This is not the first wave of change in the child-care business. In the last decade, the proportion of for-profit centers has grown. Mr. Neugebauer estimated that of the nation's 60,000 to 70,000 child-care centers, ''more than 50 percent are in the for-profit sector,'' up from 40 percent in 1976. More than 100 companies trying to establish child-care chains have gone out of business since 1970, he said.

One of the new players in the child-care business is Robert Lurie, president of Resources for Child Care Management in Berkeley Heights, N.J., who said he wants to create the best child care ''without any compromises,'' and believes ''there is a market for this in most metropolitan areas.''

HIS strategy is ''to spend the most so we can charge the most.'' His company runs the on-site child-care center at the Campbell Soup Company in Camden, N.J., and will manage a center planned for the Johnson & Johnson Company in New Brunswick, N.J. In addition, with the backing of Dennis Smith, a New Jersey investor, Mr. Lurie has opened in Miami Lakes, Fla., the first of 7 to 10 Enrichment Centers scheduled to open in East Coast office parks.

Another entrant in the field is Corporate Child Care Inc., of Nashville, which has investment support from two venture capital firms, the Massey Burch Investment Group and Nelson Capital Investments. Its principal founders were Lamar Alexander, the former Governor of Tennessee, and Bob Keeshan, television's Captain Kangaroo, and its strategy is to market high-quality, corporate-subsidized child care as a way for employers to attract and retain workers.

Among the other new players in the quality child-care field are Bright Horizons Children's Centers Inc. in Boston, which operates five centers and plans to expand in New England, and Step By Step Early Learning Enrichment Centers in Irvine, Calif.

Some owners of small groups of child care centers are selling out to entrepreneurs. But others have a different agenda. ''We knew we had extended ourselves as far as we could, and we needed outside money,'' said Christine Ferguson, chief operating officer of Greentree Learning Centers. ''We didn't have room to grow, and they had financial, legal and marketing expertise,'' she said, referring to American Family Service.

Like many who have sold centers to entrepreneurs, she and her partner received cash and stock. A condition of the deal, Mr. Hopper said, was the continuing involvement of Greentree's founder and manager.

Although the centers will be offered marketing expertise, Mr. Hopper believes that ''word-of-mouth is the most important'' means of marketing.

''That's how we heard about it,'' said Steve McClintock, a marketing representative for Resorts International whose 3-year-old son attends Greentrees in Voorhees. ''Other parents said it had a great reputation.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Greentree director Caprice Colonna kisses Kyle Hall, 5 (NYT/Frank C. Dougherty)

**End of Document**



[***Taking the Starch Out of Status***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V3N-3NC0-007F-G0J4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 15, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Magazine Desk

**Section:** Section 6; ; Section 6; Page 68; Column 2; Magazine Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1446 words

**Byline:** By Joseph Nocera

By Joseph Nocera

**Body**

In the spring of 1996, two young men named David Filo and Jerry Yang, both still in their 20's, became overnight multimillionaires. They did it, of course, the way everybody becomes an overnight multimillionaire nowadays. They started an Internet company in their spare time --just for fun, they called it Yahoo! -- and after securing some venture capital, they completed an Initial Public Offering, or I.P.O., to use the initials that even schoolchildren can now toss off on the playground. Yahoo! stock opened for business at $4.33 a share (split-adjusted, I scarcely need to mention), and by the end of that first day, the stock had risen 154 percent. That's a bigger first-day gain than even during Netscape's fabled I.P.O. Presto! Filo and Yang, who held 31 percent of the stock, were suddenly worth a combined $270 million. If that's not the classic definition of "New Money," I don't know what is.

New Money. Now there's a phrase you don't hear anymore. Once upon a time, though -- 50 years ago, just 10? -- New Money was a term that was meant to contrast with Old Money, and there was no doubting which was preferred, at least among the taste makers on the East Coast. New Money was grasping and crass (think: your typical Texas oilman); Old Money was refined (think: David Rockefeller). New Money yearned for respectability; Old Money had it. New Money flaunted its wealth; Old Money believed there was no greater sin. Old Money had status that New Money could only dream about.

In the 1950's and early 1960's -- an era, please recall, when personal income was taxed at rates as high as 91 percent -- the act of trying to get rich quick, by, say, striking oil in Texas, was regarded with suspicion, if not outright hostility. An oilman who stumbled on black gold was viewed, with enormous condescension, as lucky more than smart -- more akin to a gambler than a titan of industry. Real wealth was something accrued over generations, not days. The self-made man stood several orbits outside the nation's elites. The typical entrepreneur couldn't get a decent table at "21" unless he bought the joint -- as the entrepreneur Marshall Cogan did in the 1980's.

Today, it's Old Money that has become ever so slightly disreputable -- with its associations of undeserved connections, "coupon clipping" and third and fourth generations that were messed up because of their inherited wealth. Meanwhile, the act of trying to get rich quick by, say, starting an Internet company has become virtually the sole requirement for entering the ranks of the nation's elite. Now the assumption is that the richer you are, the smarter you must be and the more status you have. It's not a matter of privilege, or birthright, but merit -- or at least that's how it is now seen. Consequently, the word "entrepreneur" has become a term of praise rather than opprobrium.

Billionaires or near-billionaires -- like Bill Gates; Jeff Bezos, the head of Amazon.com; Scott McNeely, the head of Sun Microsystems; and even Filo and Yang -- have become something akin to national heroes. Think about it: when mothers used to tell their children that they could grow up to be anything they wanted, they usually cited the Presidency as the greatest possible aspiration. Now mothers are more likely to tell their kids that they can grow up to be the next Bill Gates.

How does this sort of thing happen? How does the entire culture change the way it views money? One theory, proposed by Nelson W. Aldrich Jr., the author of the 1988 book "Old Money: The Mythology of America's Upper Class," is that Ronald Reagan began the shift in attitude. As Aldrich observes, Reagan was a self- made man who surrounded himself with other self-made men, like his Treasury Secretary, Donald Regan (and later White House Chief of Staff), who had risen from a ***working-class*** childhood in Cambridge, Mass., to become the chairman of Merrill Lynch. These men, in turn, promoted the values of the self-made man -- "Market Man," Aldrich calls him -- and set about rousting the patrician elites from their business enclaves. Aldrich cites in particular the rise of the hostile takeover movement in the 1980's -- which a different administration might have put a stop to, but which the Reagan Administration tacitly encouraged. It overthrew one family-dominated company after another, "all in the name of greater efficiency."

Aldrich's theory is fine so far as it goes, but a more powerful factor, it seems to me, was that business simply became cool in the 1980's -- and has remained so ever since. And this had nothing whatsoever to do with Reagan or with the government's promoting the values of the self-made man. It was because out in Silicon Valley, a new kind of industry was being born. It wasn't dirty or slick. It didn't require digging holes in the ground. Instead, it was a futuristic industry that was clean and fun. It took place in an office -- or more famously in a garage. The only equipment required was a computer and a brain. It was run by a bunch of wide-eyed kids who captured the public's imagination. They weren't just out to make money: they were idealistic and were going to change the world -- or so they said. And, oh yes, it turned out to be the greatest creator of instant wealth this nation has ever seen. In a sense, New Money became respectable the moment it was connected to a California computer start-up instead of to a Texas oil well.

On the whole, the respect given to New Money is laudable. In a country that claims to celebrate achievement, it is nice to see business achievement getting its due. The old entrepreneurs used to say that "money is a way of keeping score," and to an astonishing degree, the culture now accepts that idea. At the very least, it's a good thing that we're no longer so quick to sniff at the making of money -- an activity, after all, that drives our economy (and puts food on our tables).

And yet, I can't help missing something. For underlying this change are all the old issues that have always formed the subtext of Old versus New -- issues of class and "sophistication." It wasn't the Texas oilman's riches that caused the elites to shun him; it was his tastes. He preferred a slab of beef to foie gras; he listened to country music instead of to Chopin; and when he wanted to buy some expensive artwork for the house, it was more likely to be a Western Remington sculpture than a European Impressionist painting. The elites saw the entrepreneur's wealth as less attributable to real skill than to his happening upon the right hole in the ground.

The new entrepreneurs are nothing if not tasteful. Their industry revolves around "brain power." It is populated by kids who have gone to the best schools (or, better yet, have dropped out of the best schools, as Gates did: he was too smart for Harvard). They live in big, elegant homes. Ultimately, New Money has joined the ranks of the elites because most of the new billionaires are elitists. They don't think they are, but they are. The have the same general tastes and sophistication that used to mark Old Money.

I remember when I first realized this, about 10 years ago, while I was working on an article about Steve Jobs. I was living in Texas and had gained a great fondness for the old New Money men I'd met there -- oil prospectors, flamboyant real-estate types and the like -- a fondness I still retain. But Jobs, I could instantly see, wasn't like them at all. He was, instead, an exemplar of the new New Money ethos that had begun to reign in California. There was nothing crass or grasping about him. He wore jeans, but the casualness was studied. His tastes were understated and modern. When we went out to dinner one night, he took me to a place that served nouvelle cuisine and ordered a beautiful bottle of wine. Then he drove in a sleek foreign import to his big, elegant home.

And there was this: Jobs professed to care not at all about money. This has also become part of the Silicon Valley ethos -- everybody there claims not to be doing it for the money. "I was pretty comfortable before," Marc Andreessen of Netscape told Fortune magazine two years ago -- when he was worth about $100 million. "I'm just sort of more comfortable now."

So, has New Money acquired the values that used to be associated with the Old? I suppose so. But I've got to tell you, it makes me long for the Texas oilman. There was something finally, reassuringly democratic about the notion that anyone lucky enough to hit a gusher could become an instant millionaire. And in his willingness to be loud, to admit that he wanted to get rich, he was at least being honest. Can the New Money boys in California really say the same?

**Graphic**

Photo: Silicon Valley-ites, like Filo (right), care as little about money as Old Money did. (Mark Richards)

**Load-Date:** November 15, 1998

**End of Document**



[***What We Look Up To Now***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V3N-3NB0-007F-G0J2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 15, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Magazine Desk

**Section:** Section 6; ; Section 6; Page 59; Column 1; Magazine Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1542 words

**Byline:** By Andrew Sullivan

By Andrew Sullivan

**Body**

Growing up in England, I used to hear a phrase that is still likely to evoke a wince from me when uttered in the right accent. "Where are you from?" the stranger would inquire, eyebrows arched, knowing that as soon as I opened my mouth, an entire closetful of baggage -- class, region, schooling, lineage -- would come tumbling helplessly out. Which is why, I suppose, it came as something of a relief when I arrived in America, and people began to ask the question out of genuine curiosity, as if it might be a source of earnest conversational interest, or merely a means for them to ask me if I knew their cousin who once lived in Hemel Hempstead.

After a while, the question acquired its own new form of irritation, which is why, I suppose, I unconsciously abandoned my native accent. But my initial, liberating inference -- that this indicated some stupendous lack of class-consciousness among my new neighbors -- was soon revealed as inaccurate. If by "class" you mean a desire to fix another person quickly and effectively in her place in society, preferably beneath you, then Americans had simply devised something a little more subtle and a little more individual than their European forefathers. They had discovered status.

Status, after all, is that apparently oxymoronic idea of democratic class. If class is fixed, determined by where you have been, and largely a function of your past, status is eminently fluid, tells a great deal about where you are going and is largely about the future. In the world of capitalism, class is your net worth; status is your stock price. In the world of language, class is about accent; status is about vocabulary. The former is hard to change; the latter is liable to fluctuate from hour to hour. It can be adjusted in a flash, and often is.

Class is inherited; status is acquired. So it is hardly a surprise that acquisitive America should be the place where status has found its most fertile environment. The Old World clings, even in its latest cultural and technological twitchings, to what it once was. It is only a matter of time before a figure like Paul McCartney ultimately capitulates to a knighthood. But for Americans, such a title misses the point. Status is when you don't need a knighthood. Status is when a knighthood limits, rather than elevates. Perhaps this is what made Diana Spencer such a natural American. She reinvented the monarchy as a status symbol, not a class privilege. She made it hers; she turned royalty itself into something that can rise or fall on the whims of the status market, rather than fixed forever in the pantheon of class. She was an American.

Class, after all, is a given. It resonates with a world that doesn't really change. In a society in which class dominates, hierarchy is largely fixed and largely involuntary. You can't help your parents, or the high school they sent you to, or the godforsaken part of the sodden English countryside in which you absorbed your lower-middle-class accent. So class is both a source of crippling insecurity if you have it, and intermittent anger if you don't. Even the brightest of English aristocrats fears he is the recipient of the ultimate affirmative action; and even the ablest of ***working-class*** entrepreneurs has got used to bumping her head against a thousand stuccoed ceilings and developed chronic chippiness as a result. But in each case, of course, class is also the ultimate copout. Failure can always be attributed to others' resentment, or others' power. Class, in this sense, is the mother of all excuses.

Status, on the other hand, is horribly empowering. If you don't have it, it is hard to blame anyone but yourself. It is not buyable. It is equated more with who returns your phone calls than how much capital you have acquired. Although status can often be translated into money, the reverse is a great deal trickier. Which is why it is false to say that America has simply replaced a class system with a money system. Americans have come up with an alternative to both money and class that hovers unpredictably between the two.

And in the past few decades, as subcultures have replaced a national culture, status has become even more complex. Today, there is no longer a single criterion of status in, say, sports. Status on ESPN is not the same as on ESPN2. The braggadocio of the network end zone is light-years away from the baggy-shirted insouciance of the roller-hockey star. In the indie film world, status carefully mocks itself; in Hollywood, it still preens. In lower Manhattan at 3 A.M., it means knowing the right dive; in Malibu at 12 noon, it means being ushered to the right banquette. For the K-Street lawyer, status is being on time; for the TriBeCa partier, it is being the right sort of late.

So status has become nerve-rackingly fragile, a source of simmering anxiety. I think of my own trade of journalism, which in its later solipsistic years has come to be as obsessed with status (as well as the arbiter of it) as any other field. And so the career-making questions proliferate. Is status related to how many times you appear on television or how few? Is it a function of taking your makeup off, or leaving it partly on? Does it rest on how long you have been at the paper, or how fast you are rising? Have you sold 100,000 books or earned a plaudit in The Washington Monthly? Or both? The answers to these questions are a constantly changing function of fashion and bravado, spin and reflection. And they are liable to be recast by anyone with the energy, nerve and talent to insist on a new criterion.

This is what I mean by democratic. In America, grunge can swiftly replace glam in the status wars, and Leno can just as easily trump Letterman. In these frantic, status-fraught days, there is no longer the calming unifier of Carson. (There is even the option of Conan.) In our various ways, we intuit these cultural microclimates and race to stay up with them. The perky mention of the latest Todd Solondz movie in the office can be a breakthrough or a humiliation, depending on our judgment (and the office). The social success of casual Friday -- too undone? too done up? -- can depend on the minutest shifts in fashion or office politics. Being gay in Minneapolis may convey status; being gay in St. Paul might be fatal.

Technology itself bends to our social insecurity. The answering machine, once the hip medium for communication, is supplanted by the E-mail bin. The Web denizen looks down on the Internet parvenu. Before long, the status-craving Web user who writes "kewl" becomes hopelessly uncool, while the AOL user, once derided, becomes the matter-of-fact norm.

Today, even our bodies morph with status. For the class-conscious (one thinks immediately of the English), the body is almost an irrelevance, an unchanging, clammy, misshapen blob that performs the task of conveying the accent from one geographical location to another. For status-conscious Americans, the body is a walking nervous disorder. Too fat, too thin? Are breasts in or out? Does beauty bespeak shallowness or coolness? Even once-calm American men are now consumed with the status of their physiques. Manliness formerly bowed to a simple standard: the more understated, the more amateur, the more effortlessly shaped by natural physique, the more secure the status of a man.

But now, nothing is so easy. Magazines parade an army of abdominals, turning manliness into a function of effort rather than absent-mindedness. (Even that most authentic of male status symbols -- the home-run record -- was achieved with the help of a pharmacological accessory.) The cigar, once the ultimate class symbol, became, for a while, the ultimate status symbol. Post-Monica, it might revert once again. Once upon a time, any sport would do to affirm one's masculinity. Now, there is a whole lockerful of neuroses. Is squash more elevated than pickup basketball? Do I have to climb a rock face? Is running more male than the Stairmaster?

At times, of course, this exercise proves so dizzying -- and produces so much stress -- that we simply opt out. We buy our clothes at the Gap Online store; we watch the networks; we eat at Popeye's; and pretend the iMac has not been invented. We dress down in the office and read old books that nobody is buzzing about. What Tocqueville once identified as an American lurch for uniformity in a world of freedom might more plausibly be described today as a search for status security in a world where sending the wrong cultural signal could be calamitous for our status. So Ikea's generic furnishings endure as surely as the baseball cap on the male pate. And khakis both intimate style while guaranteeing no faux-pas. They're status insurance.

But then we realize that this status-slumming (I plead guilty) is itself a form of status. It proclaims to the world that we are impervious to such status symbols and therefore above them. We ironize status even as we crave it. We go to the Hair-Cuttery and eat at Au Bon Pain as the ultimate anti-status status. We publish special issues of magazines to display to the world our insouciance toward the whole concept -- and so pretend to hover, grandly, above the spectacle.

But status is inescapable. Even the hermit is posturing somewhere.

**Graphic**

Photo: (James Wojcik)

**Load-Date:** November 15, 1998

**End of Document**



[***3 Museums That Tell Venice's Story***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4920-0014-51HX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 31, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Page 16, Column 1; Travel Desk

**Length:** 1301 words

**Byline:** By ALBERTA EISEMAN; Alberta Eiseman, a writer who lives in Connecticut, is a native of Venice.

**Body**

Venice offers such extraordinary works of art in diverse settings that even the most ambitious sightseer must make choices. For those who appreciate viewing art in the context of history, three museums will provide insight into the development of this island city. These are the Correr Museum in the Piazza San Marco, the Museum of the Venetian 18th Century in Ca' Rezzonico on the Grand Canal, and the Naval Museum near the Arsenal, at the eastern end of the city. Admission to each museum is about $2.40.

Correr Museum

The Correr Museum, Venice's civic museum, is in the complex of buildings that edge three sides of the Piazza San Marco - the famed Procuratie, once homes for the Procuratori, high officers of the Venetian Republic. Named after the nobleman Teodoro Correr, who bequeathed his collection to the city in 1830, the museum, which opened in 1922, consists of three sections: a historical collection, a gallery of paintings and the Museum of the Risorgimento, as the period from the defeat of the Venetian Republic by Napoleon in 1797 to its annexation to the United Kingdom of Italy in 1866 is called. This latter section, which continues the city's history through World War II, is open only to school groups.

The first floor is dedicated to the historical collection - room after room of paintings, prints, maps, documents, fragments of ships and buildings, costumes, furnishings, armor, weapons and flags. The first room, the galleria, is hung with maps and views of this almost unaltered city, from 15th-century drawings and woodcuts to current photographs. The galleria and the several rooms that follow retain their neo-classical decorations . One section houses works by the sculptor Antonio Canova, including ''Daedalus and Icarus,'' executed in 1779 when he was 22 years old. Another room is devoted to early stone carvings of that enduring symbol of Venetian power, the winged Lion of St. Mark, some dating from the 11th century. One, with a narrow slot as a mouth, was used for posting secret accusations of tax evasion.

Also shown are painted trade signs of several craftsmen's guilds: the oar makers, for example, and the boat builders, who are shown standing knee-deep in water as they work. The barbers are portrayed shaving the Doge's whiskers.

The Doge, the Venetian Duke, is much in evidence. We see portraits of dozens of these chiefs of state wearing their rich robes and horn-shaped caps, and paintings depicting them at work - holding an audience, visiting a monastery or church, attending banquets or leading processions on land and sea. Coins minted under every Doge from 1172 to 1797 are on display.

In the second floor gallery, the Quadreria - quadro means painting - the works are displayed in chronological order, tracing the growth of painting in Venice as well as the mainland influences that helped shape it.

Of special interest is the room devoted to the Bellini family, with canvases by the father, Jacopo, and his offspring, Gentile and Giovanni. Close by, in a small room by itself, is the collection's most renowned work Vittore Carpaccio's ''The Courtesans,'' also known, more politely, as ''Two Venetian Ladies.'' The ladies are portrayed with their pet birds and dog on a roof terrace.

Correr Museum, Piazza San Marco; telephone 256225. Open Monday, Wednesday and Thursday from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; Friday and Saturday from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sunday from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M..

Closed Tuesdays.

Museum of the Venetian 18th Century

Just as the Correr Museum is enhanced by the setting of the Piazza, so does the Grand Canal play a lead role in a visit to the Museum of the Venetian 18th Century, in Ca' Rezzonico. Ca' Rezzonico is an imposing palazzo some 10 minutes' walk from the Accademia bridge or one stop on the No. 1 vaporetto. The building was begun in 1667 by Baldassare Longhena, the finest architect of his day, and completed by another architect almost 100 years later for a different owner, the newly wealthy Rezzonico family. Yet the building appears all of a piece, supremely graceful despite its massive size.

The rooms are gilded, carved and frescoed in the exuberant style of the 1700's, and furniture, decorative objects, tapestries, sculptures, paintings, even frescoes were brought in from elsewhere to re-create the mansion's golden days.

The first floor, which, was used in palaces for entertaining, features several rooms with ceilings painted by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. One, a light-flooded, airborne composition known as the ''Nuptial Allegory,'' celebrated the 1758 marriage of Ludovico Rezzonico to Faustina Savorgnan, the event that transformed the ambitious lords of the manor into true Venetian aristocracy.

The second-story rooms are less majestic, more attuned to family life, though on a grand scale, but they are just as rich in art treasures. The central room acts as a gallery for the display of important canvases by such artists as Francesco Guardi, Giovanni Battista Piazzetta and Luca Carlevaris. Two Canalettos, purchased by the municipality five years ago, are among the very few by this master to remain in the city of his birth.

Then comes what many consider the most delightful art experience in the city: the Longhi Room, a collection of 34 small vignettes of everyday life painted by Pietro Longhi. The artist celebrates drawing-room gossip and family musicales; fine ladies at the dressmaker's or reclining abed, as a liveried servant serves the morning cup of hot chocolate. The ***working class*** is represented as well: spinners and laundresses; a woman who sells fritole, a fried dumpling, and a housewife turning out a potful of polenta. Ca' Rezzonico, Grand Canal, Dorsoduro; 24543. Open Monday through Thursday and Saturday from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. and Sunday from 9 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.

Closed Friday.

Naval Museum

The Naval Museum celebrates the source of Venetian military and commercial power. Housed in one of the old granaries of the Republic, it displays fragments and models of watercraft for peace and war, as well as some of the ships and boats themselves, complemented by engravings and paintings of related subjects.

Most of the models of historic ships, for which the Museum is famous, are displayed on the first floor. One room is devoted to a large-scale model of the Bucintoro, crafted in 1873. This was the splendid ceremonial barge, all carved and gilded, in which the Doge rode on such occasions as Ascension Day, when he would cast a gold ring into the Adriatic to symbolize the marriage of Venice to the sea.

Gorgeous galleys and brigantines, pennants and flags, hand-wrought ship's instruments, noble figureheads, all share space with paintings of the many naval victories that brought Venetian rule to the easternmost shores of the Mediterranean.

The third floor is devoted to the gondola. Several from different centuries are on view, along with exhibits on their construction and a model of the squero, the boatyard, at San Trovaso, where gondolas are still being built and repaired.

The museum recently opened a section nearby, across from the entrance to the Arsenal - the vast, walled dockyard that at its peak employed as many as 16,000 men and could turn out an armed galley each day. An ancient structure used in the past for the making of oars now shelters numerous intact war and passenger vessels boats from the the mid-19th century and the early 20th century.

Under huge wooden beams and tall brick arches, visitors wander around such unusual craft as the ornate ceremonial barge that carried Vittorio Emanuele II, first ruler of the newly formed Italian Kingdom, on his visit to Venice in 1866, the year when the city became part of the young nation.

Naval Museum, Campo San

Biagio, Castello; 700276. Open Monday through Friday from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., Saturday 9 A.M. to noon. Closed Sunday.

**Graphic**

Photos of winged lion of St. Mark, the city's symbol, from the Correr Museum's Room of the Lions; Canova sculpture (Franco Tanel/Agenzia Contrasto); in the Naval Museum, in an old granary, mostly devoted to the gondola; the Museum of the Venetian 18th Century, Panini's ''Interior of St. Peter's.'' (Marco Bruzzo/Agenzia Contrasto)

**End of Document**



[***HOFFA WILL LEAD TEAMSTERS AFTER CHIEF RIVAL CONCEDES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V8B-7C30-007F-G4K3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 6, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 1; Column 6; National Desk; Column 6;; Chronology

**Length:** 1117 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

By STEVEN GREENHOUSE

**Dateline:** ALEXANDRIA, Va., Dec. 5

**Body**

James P. Hoffa won election today to the presidency of the teamsters' union, the job that his powerful father held for more than a decade, after the younger Hoffa's main opponent conceded defeat.

With the concession from Tom Leedham, Mr. Hoffa, a labor lawyer from Detroit, will take the helm of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, one of the nation's largest unions.

The victory returns the Hoffa name to the head of a union that Federal officials had long called the nation's most corrupt, particularly when Mr. Hoffa's father, James R. Hoffa, led it from 1957 to 1971.

Michael Cherkasky, the Federal election monitor, said that with slightly more than half of the ballots counted here in Alexandria this evening, Mr. Hoffa had 125,008 votes, or 55 percent, while Mr. Leedham, head of the union's warehouse division, had 89,950 or 39 percent. A third candidate, John Metz, a St. Louis teamsters' leader, had 14,021 votes, or 6 percent.

In conceding defeat, Mr. Leedham said: "The returns have made it clear that our campaign for rank-and-file power ran out of time. Hoffa Jr. campaigned for four years, spent $6 million and had a famous name, but in six short months we came from nowhere to build a grass-roots campaign for rank-and-file power."

Mr. Hoffa's lead was expected to expand on Sunday as votes are counted from the Midwest, which is Mr. Hoffa's home turf and was his father's stronghold. About 420,000 votes were cast, with counting expected to be finished on Sunday or Monday.

Mr. Hoffa won the race in his second attempt, having lost narrowly in 1996 to Ron Carey, the incumbent. That election was overturned and a new one ordered when a Federal monitor found that three Carey aides had misappropriated more than $700,000 from the teamsters' treasury to help the Carey campaign. Mr. Carey was later expelled from the union and Mr. Leedham replaced him as a candidate. Mr. Hoffa will serve the remaining three years of Mr. Carey's five-year term.

This year, Mr. Hoffa received 65,196 votes in the East, Mr. Leedham received 43,611 and Mr. Metz, 7,192. Ballots from the West were being counted today and ballots from Canada are to be counted late Sunday or Monday.

Mr. Hoffa, a graduate of the University of Michigan Law School, ran on a platform promising to reunite the badly splintered union and to give back more power to state and local teamster organizations.

Mr. Leedham styled himself as an anticorruption reformer in the fashion of Mr. Carey when he first won the union's leadership in 1991, and Mr. Leedham promised to involved the rank and file far more in negotiations and other union activities.

Mr. Hoffa flew to Washington from Detroit today, and his campaign aides said he was not planning to speak publicly until Sunday or Monday.

At a news conference today, Tom Pazzi, Mr. Hoffa's campaign manager, said, "I would characterize our attitude as a continuation of what it's been, which is a quiet non-hysterical confidence, We are looking forward to, not merely winning, but to running the union in an effective way and making some progress. That prospect is a sobering one."

Jody Rodriguez, a ballot observer who works at a Yellow Freight trucking terminal in Columbus, Ohio, offered this assessment: "We feel like Jimmy's the messiah of the labor movement. He's for the ***working-class*** people, and he's the guy who's going to rebuild this union. There's nothing wrong with having an educated attorney heading the union instead of truck drivers because that will help us even the playing field with companies."

It will not be easy to restore the teamsters to their power of old, largely because the union's membership has slipped to 1.4 million from 2.3 million in the 1970's and the overall power of the labor movement has declined.

But Mr. Hoffa's supporters say they hope that he is the man who will lead the resurgence of labor and attract hundreds of thousands more workers to the teamsters banner.

"I think he'll do the same thing his father did, build up this union," said Danny Moussette, a teamsters' official from Chicago who began driving trucks in 1960.

The Hoffa camp and the Leedham camp demonized each other. The Leedham forces called Mr. Hoffa a corrupt tool of the teamster old guard, which provided him with much of his campaign support. The Hoffa supporters called Mr. Leedham a corrupt Carey lieutenant because he was part of the 1996 Carey slate and Mr. Carey had named him head of the warehouse division.

"I think we've done well enough that we've shown the reform movement will stay alive," said David Eckstein, a Leedham slate member who was director of field services under Mr. Carey.

The estimated number of votes cast this year, 420,000, was down from 480,000 in the 1996 election. Teamster officials attributed the decline to two factors: cynicism arising from the Carey scandal and the fact that the current campaign did not have the same heat and fury as the battle between Mr. Hoffa and Mr. Carey.

The teamsters union has long been considered one of the nation's most powerful labor organizations not just because of its size but also because its members handle goods that affect every nook and cranny of the economy.

Its members include long-haul truck drivers, police officers, warehouse workers, food-processing workers, garbage collectors, flight attendants, even the actors who play Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck at Disney World.

This year, the Hoffa camp spent almost $1 million, while the Leedham campaign spent about one-fourth that amount.

Mr. Hoffa narrowly won the South, with 14,282 votes to 13,197 Mr. Leedham and 1,062 for Mr. Metz. Mr. Hoffa ran more strongly in the East, after having lost it by 21,000 votes to Mr. Carey in 1996.

Federal officials have played a role overseeing the union since 1989 when the teamsters signed a consent decree allowing Government oversight to settle a lawsuit charging that the union had made a "devil's pact" with organized crime.

James R. Hoffa became the nation's most famous union leader not only because he greatly expanded the teamsters size and clout but also because he won the first nationwide master freight contract and helped double the wages of many teamsters.

But Mr. Hoffa was also widely known for his ties to the underworld. He was convicted of mail fraud and jury tampering, and law-enforcement officials say he helped arrange for the teamsters' pension and welfare funds to lend tens of millions of dollars to organized-crime figures.

Mr. Hoffa disappeared in 1975, in what was widely viewed as a mob killing. His son has denied any ties to organized crime and has repeatedly insisted that as far as he knows, his father was framed by the Government and did not have dealings with crime figures.

**Graphic**

Photos: James P. Hoffa greeted a teamster last night after winning the election. (Justin Lane for The New York Times)(pg. 1); James P. Hoffa with union officials at a diner in Middletown, N.Y., in October. Mr. Hoffa won election yesterday to lead the teamsters, which has 1.4 million members and is one of the nation's largest unions. (Edward Keating/The New York Times); Ron Carey; Tom Leedham.(pg. 36)

Chart: "Labor Leaders"

1991

Ron Carey, a former United Parcel Service delivery man from Queens, becomes the first person to win the teamster presidency in an election by rank-and-file members.

1996

DEC. 11 -- Mr. Carey wins a second term as president, despite a strong challenge from James P. Hoffa. Mr. Hoffa's father, James Riddle Hoffa, right, was the union's presi-dent from 1957 until 1971. In 1975 he vanished, presumed a mob victim.

JAN. 10 -- A court-appointed election official confirms Mr. Carey's re-election with 52 percent of the vote.

1997

MARCH 26 -- A Federal grand jury in Manhattan begins investigating whether a contribution to Mr. Carey's campaign was illegal.

AUG. 7 -- A court-appointed monitor voids Mr. Carey's election and orders a new vote.

AUG. 22 -- Federal investigators claim top Carey advisers were the architects of an unusual fund-raising plan. Later, three aides plead guilty to funneling illegal contributions.

NOV. 17 -- A new court-appointed monitor bars Mr. Carey from running for re-election, finding that he backed a plan in which more than $700,000 in union funds were diverted to his own campaign. With Mr. Carey out of the race, Tom Leedham, chief of the teamsters' warehouse division, emerges as a candidate.

NOV. 26 -- Mr. Carey steps down as president.

DEC. 3 -- The Federal Government appoints a new monitor to oversee election, and to investigate Mr. Hoffa's finances.

1998

APRIL 28 -- The Federal monitor rules that Mr. Hoffa is eligible to remain in race forpresidency, but also finds that Mr. Hoffa engaged in some improprieties in the 1996 union election.

MAY 22 -- Mr. Leedham officially joins the race.

NOV. 2 -- 1.4 million election ballots mailed.

DEC. 5 -- With early returns showing Mr. Hoffa with a substantial lead, Mr. Leedham concedes the election. (pg. 36)

**Load-Date:** December 7, 1998

**End of Document**



[***In the Other Wisconsin, Too, Jackson Has Appeal - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-50H0-0014-50KF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 26, Column 3; National Desk

**Length:** 1088 words

**Byline:** By E. J. DIONNE Jr., Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LA CROSSE, Wis., April 2

**Body**

What happens in the Wisconsin primary is often determined in places like this, far from the fiery liberal precincts of Madison and the ***working-class*** wards of Milwaukee or Kenosha.

This is the other Wisconsin, the part that is small town and rural, where people often like their politicians moderate. It is in this Wisconsin that Jimmy Carter won his hairbreadth victory in 1976 over Representative Morris K. Udall of Arizona, a more liberal candidate who counted in vain on this state's progressive tradition.

If Senator Albert Gore Jr. of Tennessee, the most conservative or least liberal of the Democratic candiates, is to do well in Wisconsin, he has to do it in places like La Crosse, a Mississippi River city of 48,000 people 125 miles northwest of Madison, the state capital.

The Talk Is About Jackson

But in La Crosse, like just about everywhere else in this state, the talk is about the Rev. Jesse Jackson. And that is bad news for Senator Gore, who counts on places like this in his hope of emulating Mr. Carter's success in 1976.

''My mother is voting for Jesse Jackson, my sister is voting for Jesse Jackson,'' said State Representative John D. Medinger, who supports Mr. Gore. ''I can't even convince my own family to vote for Al Gore.''

Brent Smith, the Democratic county chairman, also supports Senator Gore. But Mr. Smith said that in the last few days he had received two dozen calls from people who wanted to know how and where they could see Mr. Jackson. ''I'm just amazed at it,'' he said. ''It's widespread.''

When the Jackson campaign wanted to call off a rally here, their local organizers pleaded with them not to. And when Mr. Jackson arrived at the airport here at 10 P.M. Friday, several hundred people were waiting to hear him, drawn not by fancy advance teams but by genuine passion.

'Truman Couldn't Win' Either

''They said Truman couldn't win -he wasn't electable either,'' said Joe Kielas, a machinist from Galesville. ''And they said we couldn't elect a Catholic as President.''

Linda Caponigro, who runs a laundry with her husband, voted for Ronald Reagan in 1984. This time, she said, she is for Mr. Jackson. ''You get all these lawyers and big-business figures in there,'' she said, ''and they don't understand small-business people and farmers and ordinary people.'' Mr. Jackson, like Mr. Carter and Mr. Reagan before him, has the virtue of never having been a lawyer.

What is happening here is the transformation of Jesse Jackson. No longer is he a candidate who appeals almost exclusively to blacks and graduate students and the left. Now he is a phenomenon and a media star who draws support from people who cannot really quite explain why they like him; they just do.

''I just like almost everything about him,'' said Avis Rifenberg, a woman in her 60's who went to the airport here to see Mr. Jackson. ''He acts like he's an honest man, and that's the main thing.''

The Stereotypes Are Broken

As it was for Ronald Reagan, this sort of vague but palpable good will is the surest sign that a candidate has broken the stereotypes that others would use to define, and thus limit, his candidacy. Just as Ronald Reagan ceased to be the ''conservative former actor'' that his opponents made him out to be, so Mr. Jackson is no longer just the ''liberal black minister.''

None of this means that Mr. Jackson will win the nomination, or even that he will win Wisconsin. The polls still show Gov. Michael S. Dukakis of Massachusetts with a lead. And many of Senator Gore's supporters here argue that their candidate is being vastly underestimated, just as he was in the Southern primaries.

Moreover, having the most enthusiastic support does not necessarily mean having the best chance of winning, as many political firebrands have discovered. The votes of the quiet count just as much as the votes of the noisy; candidates who do not stir emotions often prove to be more broadly acceptable than those who do.

That is certainly the hope of Gore and Dukakis supporters, and judging by the response at the Jackson rally, Mr. Dukakis is still very much on the minds of many potential Jackson voters.

Joan Callaway, a teacher in La Crosse, said she came to the rally in part because she was still trying to decide between Mr. Jackson and Mr. Dukakis.

So is Gil Werner, who is 60 years old, runs a home improvement business and speaks reverentially of Franklin D. Roosevelt and with great respect for Mr. Carter, whom he describes ''as the cleanest candidate who ever sought the Presidency.''

Mr. Werner says he likes Mr. Jackson because ''there is some compassion for the poor in him.'' His first choice, however, is Governor Cuomo of New York. ''I'd go for Cuomo just like that,'' Mr. Werner said. ''He's the big boy as far as I'm concerned.''

In the meantime, Mr. Gore's supporters - even Mr. Medinger, who can't deliver his sister and mother - think their candidate is gaining some ground.

Mark Meyer, a member of the City Council here, said he had rarely seen so many voters so undecided so late in the contest. That, he thinks, will work in favor of his man, Mr. Gore. ''Give voters a choice between Dukakis, Jackson and Al Gore,'' he said, ''and I think Al Gore is looking good.''

Perhaps. But what is quite remarkable about what is happening in Wisconsin is that Mr. Jackson is in the minds of so many voters - ''in the mix,'' as politicians like to say. They are thinking of him not as a fringe or protest candidate, but as someone they really may vote for, for Presdident.

Select Group Is Nearly Split

For the last 10 years, a group of La Crosse's leading citizens, most of them Republicans, have met just before primaries and elections to predict the outcomes as part of a betting pool. They call themselves the ''Select Council on Election Predictions,'' and they take their predictions and side bets seriously. It is a group that does not have any romantic feelings about populism.

They met at lunch on Friday and produced a near split: four of them said Mr. Jackson would win here, and three picked Mr. Dukakis.

Just a month ago, Mr. Jackson could have lost in Wisconsin but come out with such a strong white vote that everyone would have noticed. Now, expectations have gone so high, so fast, that a defeat would be devastating. There can be no double standard for Jesse Jackson anymore.

But that alone is remarkable. He is head to head with Mr. Dukakis and Mr. Gore in a white state and has a fair chance of beating them both. Whatever happens down the road, Mr. Jackson can say that in Wisconsin, his time has come.

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article yesterday about the primary in Wisconsin incorrectly characterized what could happen to Jesse Jackson's campaign if he loses, describing such a result as ''devastating.''The original passage said: ''Just a month ago, Mr. Jackson could have lost in Wisconsin but come out with such a strong white vote that everyone would have noticed. Now, expectations have gone so high, so fast, that a defeat, still very possible, would be a defeat.''  
**Correction-Date:** April 4, 1988, Monday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photo of Walter F. Baltz exchanging political-bet money with Joe Heim, a fellow member of the ''Select Council on Election Predictions'' in Lacrosse, Wis. Other members are Paul Lowery, Peter Hurtgen and M. William Gerrard (NYT/Timothy Jacobsen)

**End of Document**



[***FILM VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y1D0-008G-F0PW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***What We Don't Know About TV Could Kill Us***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y1D0-008G-F0PW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 18, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2;  Page 13;  Column 1;  Arts & Leisure Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1444 words

**Byline:** By Caryn James

By Caryn James

**Body**

LATE IN THE MEDIA-CRAZED murder spree that is "Natural Born Killers," Mickey and Mallory Knox (Woody Harrelson and Juliette Lewis) point their guns at Wayne Gale (Robert Downey Jr.), the unctuous Australian star of a tabloid television show. That series, "American Maniacs," has helped make Mickey and Mallory pop-star murderers. Now Mickey turns on the reporter and speaks the truest lines in Oliver Stone's film. He says: "Killing you and what you represent is a statement. I'm not exactly 100 percent sure of what it's saying." But it's a statement, all right.

It wouldn't be fair to reveal whether Mickey pulls the trigger on Wayne, but his confusion about what the trash-TV reporter represents is a perfect reflection of the film's own problems. "Natural Born Killers" seems to say something about the insidious influence of the media -- tabloids and celebrity journalism in print as well as on television. Yet under its entertaining flash-and-dazzle surface, the film's statement is "TV can be a bad influence." No kidding.

"Natural Born Killers" is the first and the least thought-provoking of several films this season that grapple with the love/hate relationship of audiences to the media. Mr. Stone's sensory assault of a movie was followed by Robert Redford's elegant, profound "Quiz Show," which opened on Wednesday. And coming to the New York Film Festival on Oct. 6 is "The Troubles We've Seen," Marcel Ophuls's playfully serious documentary about reporting from Bosnia. When works as different and ambitious as these share a common subject -- that television can turn mass murder, the American dream or even war into entertainment -- the attention to television comes to resemble an obsession.

It's too easy to suggest, though, as "Natural Born Killers" does, that television is the Devil. (A kindhearted American Indian, about to be murdered, sees the words "demon" and "too much TV" superimposed on Mickey.) A sophisticated depiction of television must portray the attraction as well as the repulsion it evokes. Television wouldn't be an overwhelming influence, after all, if people didn't love to watch it.

"Quiz Show" understands television's allure and more; the film's grip on the audience echoes the intense connection between Americans and their favorite shows. The story of how the patrician Charles Van Doren disillusioned the nation when it learned that his game-show victories were rigged goes beyond a simple attack on television. In "Quiz Show" the telegenic Charles Van Doren takes the even grander shape of the movie-star-handsome Ralph Fiennes. This subtle actor's golden-boy manner suggests much about the heroic images -- deeply rooted in American history and dreams of upward mobility -- that television captured and enhanced in the 1950's.

When Herb Stempel (John Turturro), the belligerent loser from Queens, tries to blow the whistle on the deception he has also taken part in, no one -- especially the Harvard-educated Government investigator Richard Goodwin (Rob Morrow) -- wants to believe that this pathetic creature could be morally superior to the glittering, born-for-stardom Van Doren. The film chooses not to believe it, either. Think of how much less palatable, less mainstream the picture would have been if the central character were Stempel, that hard-to-love, charmless man.

"I have deceived my friends, and I have millions of them," Van Doren tells a Congressional committee in the film. No one stops to question the dizzying truth of that remark. In a way that is both real and absurd, television created bonds of friendship and loyalty between the star and his viewers. Struggling with his conscience, Van Doren goes from hero to fallen hero and remains the All-American no one wants to think badly of.

The strength of Paul Attanasio's script is that it depicts the way immense social issues were played out on the television screen in the days when television was still young. "Quiz Show" is the story of social problems that hadn't yet shattered the calm surface of the Eisenhower years: Protestants vs. Jews, money vs. intelligence, entertainment vs. learning, upper class vs. ***working class***. The brilliance of Mr. Redford's direction is that he captures all this just the way television itself did -- smoothly, the calm surface belying epic battles beneath.

The opening and closing scenes suggest a perilous mass-media journey through history. At the start, crowds rush home to watch the quiz show "Twenty-One," and the NBC network proudly announces that the show is carried "coast to coast." Mr. Redford doesn't lean on the fact that we're witnessing the birth of the global village. He simply places us there.

As the final credits appear, faces of audience members laugh in eerie slow motion, magnified and horrendous. We are looking at ourselves as a hapless audience, appalled at our former naivete. "Quiz Show" stays with you, resonating long after you've left the theater, while the kinetic dazzle of "Natural Born Killers" is gone in a flash.

Yet Mr. Stone, too, has made the movie his subject demanded. "Quiz Show" depicts Van Doren on the cover of Time; "Natural Born Killers" depicts Mickey and Mallory on Newsweek. Not much else has stayed the same. Historically, Mr. Stone's story picks up long after "Quiz Show" ends. Television has turned into a forum for instant, disgusting celebrity, in which Charles Manson is a ratings king.

What the film misses is a sense of why television is alluring, of how a mass-murderer can become a star. The more Mr. Stone strains to say something important, the more the intended satire and substance elude him. He seems to have confused a big idea with a broad, simplistic one.

Critics who have been wringing their hands about the film's violence and shallowness dismiss it too easily, though. "Natural Born Killers" is a hit, its box-office appeal creepily echoing the popularity of shows like "American Maniacs." Surely Mr. Stone intended this mirroring effect, but reflecting the appeal doesn't come close to explaining it.

The perverse appeal of "Natural Born Killers" seems to be that it creates the illusion of making a provocative statement. Yet it never challenges the audience's conventional assumptions about television. The film plays into viewers' fascination with tabloid TV as well as their sneaking suspicion that it's bad for them; "Natural Born Killers" presents itself as a guilty pleasure that audiences don't have to feel guilty about.

And the seductive style provides an edge the film doesn't earn. Mr. Downey is so smarmy, funny and convincing that he makes us forget what a cheap, easy target his character is. The ultra-quick cuts, the cartoonlike inserts, the backdrops of newsreels that connect Mickey and Mallory to World War II are portentous, yet anyone who analyzes the film's lame satire won't be surprised by any of it.

THE BANALITY OF THE film's influence is creepier than anything in the movie. Five days after the film opened and became the No. 1 movie in the country, The New York Daily News ran a front-page story about an accused murderer, under the headline "Natural Born Killer." Two days later, after a man who was convinced that television was poisoning his mind killed an NBC stagehand, the New York Post's page 1 headline read "TV Networks Zapped My Brain" and New York Newsday's front-page headline was "TV Drove Me Crazy." No one can blame Oliver Stone for the way his film is used, but the movie's shallowness encourages a simple-minded view that TV is bad.

The subject of television's influence demands a more complex treatment. Marcel Ophuls, whose previous films have been authoritative historical documents about World War II ("The Sorrow and the Pity" and "Hotel Terminus"), has thrown himself into the subject, too.

"The Troubles We've Seen" is more than a series of interviews with television and newspaper reporters covering Bosnia. Mr. Ophuls interweaves these scenes with newsreels and clips of mainstream movies: Bing Crosby sings "White Christmas" in "Holiday Inn," and the Marx Brothers romp through "Duck Soup." "The Troubles We've Seen" creates the sense of trying to grab history as it swirls around us. Demonstrating that history is created through a mix of movies and reportage, Mr. Ophuls uses the documentary form to consider the difficulty of establishing anything like documentary truth.

If the sense that history is fluid seems obvious, consider the remark of a star anchor on French television. He justifies reality-based programs by telling Mr. Ophuls, "Show me a reality show that reconstructs a reality that didn't exist." The producers of "Twenty-One" and Wayne Gale himself couldn't have said it better.

**Graphic**

Photo: Ralph Fiennes as Charles Van Doren in "Quiz Show" -- Facing a disillusioned public. (Barry Wetcher/Hollywood Pictures)(pg. 22); Woody Harrelson, center, in "Natural Born Killers" -- He knows he's making a statement; he's just not sure what it is. (Sidney Baldwin/Warner Brothers)(pg. 13)

**Load-Date:** September 18, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Commercial Property / 275 Seventh Avenue;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V3N-3ND0-007F-G0MW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Medical Clinic Leases Lower Floors to Modernize***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V3N-3ND0-007F-G0MW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 15, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Real Estate Desk

**Section:** Section 11; ; Section 11; Page 9; Column 1; Real Estate Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1467 words

**Byline:** By By JOHN HOLUSHA

By By JOHN HOLUSHA

**Body**

THE clinic in the sky is coming down closer to earth. For decades the Union Health Center has occupied six floors near the top of the 27-story building at 275 Seventh Avenue, between 25th and 26th Streets, in an area that is at the confluence of the Garment District and Chelsea.

The center provides health care for 31,000 active members of the main clothing workers union and 60,000 retirees in the New York area. But it has gone without remodeling for over 30 years and was designed for a type of assembly-line medicine not in keeping with modern practice.

Meanwhile, office tenants being squeezed out of midtown by rising rents are looking at locations in Chelsea and other areas of Midtown South.

"With its eclectic mix of former industrial and back-office/loft properties, Chelsea now boasts an availability rate of 2.1 percent, down from 15.8 percent a year ago, and a rental rate of $31.81 per square foot, a year-over-year increase of 94.3 percent," according to a recent report by Newmark & Company Real Estate.

At 25th Street, 275 Seventh is a little north of the heart of Chelsea, but the trends in the neighborhood are clear. An old Veterans Administration ambulatory care center at the southwest corner of Seventh Avenue and 25th Street is being converted into housing.

So Union Health is going to vacate the 21st through 26th floors of the building. The space will be gutted and offered to commercial customers who are willing to pay for fine views of the Empire State Building to the east and the Hudson River to the west.

The center might have been moved elsewhere, but the current location is close to the subway lines that can bring patients in from their ***working-class*** neighborhoods in Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx and the West Side of Manhattan. Beside, the labor organization the center is affiliated with, the Union of Needletrades, Industrial and Textile Employees, owns the building, and the clinic's medical services are closely aligned with the union's social programs.

The health center is operated as an independent, nonprofit corporation, said Paul Cheng Jr., the chief financial officer. "We are a tenant of the union and we pay rent," Mr. Cheng said.

Moving from the upper to the lower floors will trim the rent bill somewhat, said Dr. Darrell R. Halverson, the chief executive of the center. Dr. Halverson added that because of the union ownership the rent is already somewhat below the market rate, which he said ranges from about $20 to about $28 a square foot in the neighborhood.

When renovations are complete, the center will occupy the fourth, fifth and part of the sixth floors of the building. Because of the wedding cake design of the building, the center will occupy on two and a half lower floors about the same 68,000 square feet it had on five floors in the tower.

The $14 million project is being financed by the New York State Dormitory Authority, which is authorized to back nonprofit ventures in addition to dormitories. "Starting in January 1999 we will have a big mortgage we will have to pay back," Mr. Cheng said. "As a nonprofit we could have never afforded conventional financing."

THE lower floors are being gutted to adapt a manufacturing building, which was once known as the Lefcourt Clothing Center, to the demands of modern medicine. The fourth floor is about one-third taller than others in the building, suggesting it was built as showroom space.

In addition to new quarters, the leaders of the clinic are using the interior design to install a new approach to delivering medical care. "We are adding services, like obstetrics and gynecology and pediatrics," Dr. Halverson said, "and that affects the architectural plan." He said that the clinic, which dates back to 1911 and claims to be the oldest union-affiliated health center in the country, provides care for people who might fall through the cracks of the city's medical establishment. Just as at the turn of the century, its patients are largely immigrants, with the difference that today's immigrants are from Latin America and Asia, rather than from Italy and Eastern Europe.

"We provide health care through thick and thin for people who could not afford it otherwise," said Dr. Halverson. Indeed, he said, the drug-resistant tuberculosis of today is reminiscent of the turn of the century TB outbreaks that led to the founding of the health center.

The new floors are being designed to accommodate a system of medical care that emphasizes prevention rather then cure.

"The old system was based on a conveyor-belt mentality," Dr. Halverson said. "We'd load 40 people on a bus, bring them here and run everybody through the same series of tests. That was a misapplication of resources."

He said it is now clear that a 28-year-old Latino male is likely to have different medical needs than a 50-year-old Asian woman who has been working for years in a noisy environment where hazardous chemicals are used.

"We used to have the annual physical by the union doctor," he said, "and many immigrants thought this was good health care."

He said the new approach was much more individual, with a lot more emphasis on family history and medicines taken and lifestyle. After conducting these interviews, primary care doctors can order tests based on each person's likely condition.

Taking personal histories and asking questions is a complicated undertaking given the number of languages spoken by the recent immigrants. All signs and printed materials in the health centers are in English, Spanish and Chinese.

"Almost everybody in primary care is bilingual or trilingual," Dr. Halverson said. "But even so, I employ 25 translators." He admits that using translators is less than ideal, even if it is necessary. "With three people in the room, something gets lost in translation."

The medical space will have two of its own elevators to separate the patients from the rest of the tenants, a task now more or less performed by lobby guards.

The fourth floor will have a block long waiting room facing on Seventh Avenue and will be dedicated to primary care. Two sets of examining rooms are farther back in the building with a secure area for doctors' offices at the far eastern area.

Each of the examining rooms with be equipped with a computer terminal on which information on patients, their ailments and treatments will be displayed. The display will include a picture of the patient to minimize confusion among patients with similar names. "We want to make sure that the Mrs. Yen that's in the room is the right Mrs. Yen," Dr. Halverson said.

Nevertheless, the new design has had to provide room for 30,000 paper charts because of the prohibitive cost of entering the old data into the new system. "We have tried to move away from paper, " Mr. Cheng said, "but paper, like nicotine, is addictive."

All new charts, however, will be electronic.

The system is designed to reduce delays in moving people through. If the primary care doctor prescribes medicine, the system alerts the pharmacy so that medicines will be ready as the patient is walking out.

The fifth floor, which is connected to the fourth by a steel and glass staircase (the infirm can always take an elevator) is devoted to specialty medicine, including a big gym near the offices of orthopedic specialists and other doctors concentrating muscle-skeletal disorders.

This is a big area for workers in an industry where they operate machinery that often requires moving the hands and arms in the same motion over and over. This type of work often leads to carpal tunnel syndrome and other repetitive motion disorders.

"We are putting physical therapy where it belongs," Dr. Halverson said of the gym's location near the doctors' offices.

Because of the scope of the problem, Dr. Halverson said the union would often order therapy for workers, even when insurance coverage is in dispute. "The union takes people in so they get therapy and fix the problem," he said. "Afterward they will go after the employer's insurance. They don't always get paid, but the union considers that part of its social mission."

This attitude and the union's history of helping immigrants adapt to a new land helps in staffing the specialists' offices. Unlike the primary care doctors, who are on salary, the specialists have independent practices where they could probably make more money than devoting part of the time to the health center.

"Many of our specialists are the sons and daughters of immigrants, whose parents were members of the union," Dr. Halverson said. "They have a lot of loyalty to the union."

He said the basic objective of the new facility was to give the working poor something higher-income people take for granted: good medical care in reasonably pleasant surroundings.

"We are building a medical home for people who never had one before," Dr. Halverson said.

**Graphic**

Photos: Dr. Darrell R. Halverson, chief executive of Union Health Center, in the fourth-floor waiting room now under construction at 275 Seventh Avenue.

The clinic is vacating the 21st to 26th floors, which will be leased to out-side tenants. (Photographs by Jack Manning/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 15, 1998

**End of Document**



[***NEW JERSEY GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4RC0-0014-53YT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 15, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 12NJ; Page 28, Column 1; New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1285 words

**Byline:** By Frank Emblen

**Body**

'MACK AND MABEL'

A new version of ''Mack and Mabel,'' starring Janet Metz and Lee Horsley, will open Wednesday at the Paper Mill Playhouse in Millburn and run through June 26.

Written by Jerry Herman and Michael Stewart, the creators of ''Hello Dolly,'' the musical tells of the tempestuous romance between the silent-film pioneer Mack Sennett and his leading lady, Mabel Normand, in Hollywood's early days.

Mr. Herman also wrote the words and music for ''Mame'' and ''La Cage aux Folles.''

Robert Johanson is the director and Larry Blank the music director.

Performances will be Wednesday through Sunday at 8 P.M., Thursday matinees at 2 and Saturday and Sunday matinees at 3. An audio-narrated performance for the blind is scheduled for 3 P.M. on June 25.

Tickets are $16 to $30. The playhouse is on Brookside Drive.

Information: (201) 79-3636.

BRUBECK IN MONTCLAIR

The Dave Brubeck Quartet will perform next Sunday evening at the Montclair Art Museum.

Mr. Brubeck will play the piano and his son, Chris, will be on bass and trombone. Bill Smith will play the clarinet and Randy Jones, drums, during ''An Evening With the Dave Brubeck Quartet.'' The concert begins at 8:30.

Tickets are $30 and cover drinks and hors d'oeuvres, which will be served during intermission.

The museum is at Bloomfield and South Mountain Avenues.

Information: (201) 746-5555.

NYACK STREET FAIR

More than 300 dealers in arts, crafts and antiques are expected to participate in a Nyack, N.Y., street fair today from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. Many will set up tables along Main Street, from Franklin Street to Broadway, as well as in the parking lots of Chemical Bank and the Post Office.

Information: (914) 928-9494/95.

PIANIST AT PRINCETON

Andre-Michel Schub, the pianist who won both the Van Cliburn and Naumburg international competitions, will return to his alma mater Thursday evening for a recital.

Mr. Schub, 35 years old, was born in France, came to the United States with his family when he was 8 months old and now lives in New York City. He graduated from Princeton University in 1973.

Thursday's recital will begin at 8 P.M. in Richardson Auditorium.

Tickets are $11 to $16 (students, $6).

Information: (609) 452-5000.

ASIMOV ON AGING

The writer Isaac Asimov will address the eighth annual conference of the Northeastern Gerontological Society in New Brunswick Saturday.

Mr. Asimov, who has written 372 books, more than half of them nonfiction, will speak at 1 P.M. at the closing luncheon of the two-day conference at the Hyatt Regency Hotel. His topic will be ''The Society of Age.''

The theme of the conference is ''Technological Innovations in an Aging America.''

Mr. Asimov earned a doctorate in chemistry at Columbia University and is a professor of biochemistry at Boston University's School of Medicine.

The public is invited to the luncheon. Tickets are $25.

Luncheon information: (201) 744-5524.

Conference informaiton: (203) 576-4223.

COLLEGE GOLF BENEFIT

Dominican College in Rockland County, N.Y., will hold its ninth annual Golf Outing tomorrow at the Dellwood Country Club in New City, N.Y.

The outing, a benefit for the college's liberal arts and professional programs, begins with a continental breakfast. The $150 fee covers the breakfast, golf cart, locker-room facilities, a full buffet luncheon, open-bar cocktail hour and a roast beef dinner.

Prizes will be awarded to golfers in various categories. Telephone to reserve a tee-off time between 8 A.M. and noon.

Information: (914) 359-7800.

JAZZ AND ALL THAT

Classes in jazz, ballet and modern dance, as well as drama and multi-arts, will be offered for all ages at Bergen County Community College in Paramus Saturday.

The seventh annual Danceathon/ Family Festival of the Arts, sponsored by the Center for More Than Dance Education, will have food available from 9:30 A.M.

In addition, Mickey and Minnie Mouse, clowns, face painters, palm readers, crafts displays, sing-a-longs, folk dancing and music will be on the scene all day.

Admission and all classes are free. The college is at 84 Euclid Avenue in Hackensack.

Information: (201) 342-2989.

IRONBOUND FESTIVAL

''A Gift to the Ironbound Community'' is the apt title of a free street festival being sponsored Saturday by the Consistory of St. Stephan's United Church of Christ in Newark.

The festival will be held from 10:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. at the church, Ferry Street and Wilson Avenue. The Clowns for Christ, a troupe of 15 from Ocean Grove; ''Brother Buckwheat'' of Hudson, N.Y., and Joe Fischer, a magician from Belleville who performs on cable television, will provide entertainment. Free refreshments will be served. Information: (201) 344-2586.

INDIAN DANCERS

The Powhatan Renape Nation will present ''Songs in the Circle of Life'' at 7:30 P.M. Friday in Westampton Township, Burlington County.

The evening will feature the American Indian Dance Theater of Los Angeles, a company of 26 dancers, singers and musicians. The poet Joy Harjo is also on the program.

The event willl be at the Rankokus Indian Reservation. Admission is $6 ($2 for the elderly and children 5 to 12). The gate opens at 6 P.M.

To reach the reservation, take Exit 5 from the New Jersey Turnpike or Exit 45-A from I-295 to Rancocas Road, where the signs mark the entrance to the site.

Information: (609) 261-4747.

PLAY READING IN MADISON

Playwrights Theater of New Jersey in Madison will present a staged reading of ''Rounds,'' by Sean Michael Rice, Friday and Saturday at 8 P.M.

The play, about four ***working-class*** black men planning to watch a boxing match on TV and their metaphorical sparring with each other when the set breaks down, was brought to the attention of the Playwrights Theater by Olympia Dukakis, who is considering it as a production by her Whole Theatre Company in Montclair.

The playwright will discuss the play after each performance.

Admission is free, but reservations are suggested. The theater is at 33 Green Village Road.

Information: (201) 514-1940.

ALL KIDS THEATER

''Taking the Bait,'' a musical that portrays a group of young people and the fateful choices they make on one particular night, will be presented by the All Kids Theater of New Jersey in Sparta, beginning Friday.

The Sussex County chapter of Mothers Against Drunk Driving is sponsoring the show at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, 85 Conestoga Trail.

Performances are at 7:30 P.M. Friday and Saturday, on May 27 and 28 and at 2 P.M. on Sunday and May 28. Tickets are $2.50 for adults and children, with grandparents admitted free when accompanied by grandchildren.

Refreshments with the cast will be offered after each performance.

Information: (201) 579-5734.

JEWS IN CENTRAL AMERICA

A forum on ''The Plight of Jews in Central America'' will take place tomorrow evening at the Jewish Community Center on the Palisades, 411 East Clinton Avenue, Tenafly.

Participants include Jaime Darenblum, Roberto Stein, Jean-Claude Kahn and Moses Mizrachi, who are the presidents, respectively, of the Jewish communities of Costa Rica, Guatemala, El Salvador and Panama; Gilberto Goldstein, a Honduran Congressman and chairman of the Finance Committee of the Liberal Party of Honduras, and Edgar Heinemann, president of the Chambers of Commerce of Guatemala and Central America. The free program begins at 8 P.M. Information: (201) 569-7900.

SELF-PUBLISHING

Laura Boss will speak on ''Small Presses, Subsidy Publishing and Self Publishing'' Thursday at Montclair State College.

Ms. Boss, editor and publisher of Lips magazine and the only American invited to attend the Macedonia Poetry Festival last year, will discuss the route to commercial publication.

The program begins at 7 P.M. at the college's Alumni House, 34 Normal Avenue. The fee is $5 ($2.50 for the elderly).

Information: (201) 754-4829.

**End of Document**



[***New Jersey Q & A: Dr. Lawrence Feinsod;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-TVT0-008G-F3GR-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Seeking Fairness in School Financing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-TVT0-008G-F3GR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 21, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** New Jersey Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13NJ; ; Section 13NJ;  Page 3;  Column 1;  New Jersey Weekly Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography; Interview

**Length:** 1371 words

**Byline:** Dr. Lawrence Feinsod

By TOM TOOLEN

By TOM TOOLEN

**Body**

DR. LAWRENCE FEINSOD, the Superintendent of Schools in Madison and a leading educator in the state, is president of the Garden State Coalition of Schools, which represents more than 100 mostly affluent suburban districts. The coalition was founded to help such districts maintain their current level of financing in the attempt to devise a new method of distributing state funds to public schools.

The redistribution was ordered in a July 12 ruling by the New Jersey Supreme Court that found the state's 1991 school financing law, the Quality Education Act, unconstitutional. The court told Gov. Christine Todd Whitman and the Legislature to fashion a new law by September 1996.

The court said that the purpose of the new law would be to close the spending gap between schools in wealthy suburbs and in poor, mostly urban districts known as special-needs school districts, and that the gap must be closed by the 1997-98 school year.

The ruling has created a challenge for Governor Whitman, who has promised to reduce the New Jersey income tax, and for the Legislature. The ruling did not surprise many educators, who said parity must be achieved between rich and poor districts. But many educators in the more affluent districts fear that they will lose state financing to the poorer districts.

Dr. Feinsod said that whatever solutions the coalition came up with would have to be "fair to all the young people in the state, from rich, poor and middle-class school districts."

"We must make sure that all the children come up winners," he said.Dr. Feinsod and the coalition members will be meeting soon with Governor Whitman and the legislators to try to formulate a policy. In the search for ways that the school system can save money, Dr. Feinsod mentioned a loosening of state regulations in such areas as special education and asbestos removal. He also suggested that districts could save money by eliminating the annual vote on school budgets.

In a recent interview in his Madison office, Dr. Feinsod discussed his educational goals.

Q. Exactly what is the Garden State Coalition of Schools?

A. It is a group of concerned educators and lay people who represent 100 New Jersey school districts which have more than 200,000 students enrolled.

Q. What is the purpose of the coalition?

A. The purpose is to make sure that all of the state's school districts have their fair share of funding. People have tried to make it sound as if we are against the poorer urban districts' getting funding. On the contrary, we want urban districts to get everything they need. What happens to the poorer districts directly impacts on the more affluent districts.

Q. Is it true that the coalition represents suburban districts that have plenty of money?

A. Many of our districts are in towns that are ethnically mixed and very much blue collar and ***working class***. Yes, there are some affluent districts in our coalition, but I would say the majority of the towns involved are middle-class towns.

Q. What is your biggest fear about the court-mandated decision?

A. Our biggest concern is that the Legislature and the executive will come up with a funding formula that provides more for the poorer districts -- called special-needs districts -- but at the same time cuts down on funds for surburban districts, many of which are functioning splendidly right now. It would be like robbing Peter to pay Paul.

Q. What is the coalition doing, and are there any paid members?

A. There is only one paid member, Lynne Strickland, a respected educator. The rest of the people are volunteers. The Garden State Coalition of Schools is a nonprofit organization aimed at helping solve the school funding problem in New Jersey in a manner that is fair to all of the state's school children.

Q. How can you do that when so many others have tried and failed?

A. You are quite right about that. I won't presume to have the answers to a question that state government has failed to answer for the past 20 years. But I think we have some first steps.

First, I think the state should cut out the bureaucratic waste in the educational system. We are simply too regulated, and rules are imposed on each school district, but no one knows how to implement them. The local educators are overwhelmed with paperwork.

Let me give you an example. In our own district, Madison, one of the schools had a music room, but the ceiling was a few inches too low, according to state building codes. So we were not able to use it. It would have cost $50,000 to raise the ceiling just those two inches. We didn't want to waste precious resources with it, so we just moved the music activities to another room.

That's an example of a waste, because there was nothing wrong with that room but a regulation had been set in stone by bureaucrats. Much money can be saved that way. There are millions of things that we could do to save money.

In addition, we have to take a look at the way school districts are funded. Property taxes are the main source of school funding, but they are not fair at all.

For instance, many of our citizens who have grown old in the suburbs may be living in a $300,000 house for which they paid $30,000 25 years ago. Their income is very low, but they are called affluent because they have a valuable house. That is not fair or right.

Q. What specifically can the coalition do to save money so that the wealthier districts don't suffer any losses?

A. Well, there are a great many specific actions the coalition is proposing to save money so that no school district loses funding. One would be to lift the state mandates on many school districts. In other words, if the state mandates certain rules that have to be followed, the state should fund the implementation of those rules.

Take asbestos removal, for instance. Now let me make it clear that I am not against removing asbestos in schools. Rather, it is a very good thing, and the schools must remove it.

But what I am saying is that there is so much paperwork involved and so many levels of bureaucracy in the asbestos removal program that it costs the local school districts twice as much as it should. I would say millions of dollars could be saved by cutting the red tape in the asbestos removal program.

Q. Any other specifics?

A. One of the biggest savings for the state's school system would be to look at the structure of special education. Again, I am 100 percent in support of educating each and every child in the state, but the cost has been increasing 15 to 20 percent a year for special-education students. There has to be a cap put on these increases. The school district sends a child to public school, and sometimes it can cost $150,000 a year to educate that child.

The regulations have to change. Either the state should take over the education of special students, or caps should be put on the cost of educating those students.

Another specific savings could be accomplished by doing away with the vote on the school budget. It cost the school districts thousands of dollars in extra work to hold elections each year. It costs the local districts to pay poll workers, to rent voting machines, to pay the staff overtime and many other costs.

If a school district budget comes in under the caps, why should there be a vote on the budget? The public does not vote on the state budget, the county budget or the municipal budget. Why should the school budget be voted upon? We are trying to lobby the legislators about changing that.

Q. Are you optimistic that Governor Whitman and the Legislature can come up with a good formula on school financing?

A. Yes, I tend to be optimistic about that. I believe that the coalition members are cautiously optimistic that the Governor and the Legislature will recognize the difference between good public policy and poor public policy and do the right thing.

Profile

Born: Aug. 3, 1946, in Maplewood.

Education: B.A., Rutgers University, 1967; M.A., Kean College, 1982; M.A., Fordham University, 1984; Ph.D., Rutgers, 1980.

Career: Teacher, Linden, 1968 to 1972; teacher, Holmdel, 1972 to 1974. Superintendent of Schools in Mount Arlington, 1975 to 1984; Superintendent in Madison, 1984 to present.

Family: Married to Rebecca Feinsod, a teacher. Two children, Rebecca, 18, and Bess, 15.

**Graphic**

Photo: Dr. Lawrence Feinsod, the Superintendent of Schools in Madison, also heads the Garden State Coalition of Schools, which represents more than 100 suburban districts. (Norman Y. Lono for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 21, 1994

**End of Document**



[***G.E. Becomes a General Store for Developing Countries - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GMX-MFD0-TW8F-G2KR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 16, 2005 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 2; Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1; Instant Infrastructure

**Length:** 1730 words

**Byline:** By CLAUDIA H. DEUTSCH

**Body**

Last month, officials from Vietnam called on David L. Calhoun, who runs General Electric's brand new infrastructure unit. They huddled in a room at the Waldorf-Astoria to go over a fairly formidable shopping list. The delegation left without placing an order, but Mr. Calhoun said, ''I'm pretty sure we're going to get a near-term hit in airplanes, and a longer-term hit in energy.''

Jeffrey R. Immelt, G.E.'s chief executive, is clearly counting on him to get multiple hits, and from multiple countries. For the first time, G.E. has rolled aircraft engines, rail products, water, energy, oil and gas equipment, and even some finance units, into one all-encompassing collection of businesses, aimed at helping developing countries come of age.

''One of the biggest reasons behind creating the infrastructure unit is to offer one-stop shopping to developing countries,'' Mr. Calhoun said.

In fact, revving up sales in emerging countries has become the overarching goal behind many of the seemingly unconnected changes that Mr. Immelt has made at G.E. lately.

The legacy of John F. Welch Jr., his celebrated predecessor, was to turn G.E. into a hugely profitable company that sold products and services primarily to companies in the United States and Europe.

Mr. Immelt, just four years into his job, is already shaping a company that may become best known for selling products and expertise to a whole new set of customers: the governments in the developing world, and the businesses they run.

He has little choice: G.E. is running smack into the law of big numbers. In 1981, when Mr. Welch, took the helm, G.E. was earning $1.7 billion on revenue of $25 billion. By the time Mr. Immelt took over on Sept. 7, 2001, G.E. was topping $28 billion in earnings and $130 billion in revenue. Analysts expect it will exceed $170 billion in sales this year.

Mr. Immelt has often promised that G.E.'s revenue will grow at least at an 8 percent annual clip, and that its profits will grow even faster. Skeptics abound. ''That's a pretty herculean task, and the odds are against his delivering,'' warned Robert Friedman, an analyst with S.&P. Equity Research, who has a hold recommendation on G.E. shares.

Indeed, Mr. Immelt knows that G.E.'s traditional customers -- the airplane manufacturers that buy engines and services, the hospitals that buy CAT scanners, the utilities that buy turbines -- cannot provide that growth. But the governments of China and India, or even Vietnam and Abu Dhabi, with their vast needs for power, rail and air transportation, clean water, health care and, eventually, consumer finance, just might turn to G.E., one of the few true conglomerates, to meet all those needs.

G.E. already gets about half of its revenue from outside the United States. But only about $25 billion, or 15 percent, comes from emerging countries. Mr. Immelt has said he expects that figure to more than double by 2010.

More important, he wants at least 60 percent of G.E.'s incremental revenue growth to come from such countries, and analysts applaud that thought. ''The developing world is G.E.'s best option for delivering sustainable double-digit growth over the next 5 to 10 years,'' said Deane M. Dray, an analyst at Goldman Sachs who rates G.E. shares as outperform.

Ferdinando Beccalli-Falco, chief executive of GE International and its self-described ''minister of foreign affairs,'' insists that G.E. is in prime shape to exercise that option. ''We're hitting the sweet spot between the needs of these countries and our product portfolio,'' he said.

That sweet spot could quickly sour, of course. Dealing with volatile governments and cultures is rarely as easy as dealing with customers like Boeing, or even Airbus. ''One thing we learned from the Roman Empire, the geopolitical risks get more dangerous as you move farther from Rome,'' said Richard D. Steinberg, the president of Steinberg Global Asset Management, which counts G.E. shares as its largest holding.

Still, despite the caveat, ''G.E. is taking the right route to growth,'' Mr. Steinberg said.

Other investors agree. ''Developing countries provide perfect opportunities for G.E. to leverage its strength and size,'' said Roger R. Threlfall, a senior managing analyst at the Dreyfus Corporation, which holds G.E. shares.

So just as Mr. Welch expanded G.E. by offering to help corporate customers thrive, Mr. Immelt has been offering the leaders of developing nations help in building their economies. ''I'm fast becoming G.E.'s chief sales rep,'' Mr. Immelt said.

Indeed, most of the management and marketing changes he has made, although seemingly unrelated at first glance, are aimed at helping G.E. develop a company-to-country marketing approach.

He has invested in industries he calls ''growth engines'' -- many of them, like water, security and health care, with particular appeal to developing countries. He has inaugurated an internal ''imagination breakthrough'' program, asking G.E.'s executives to come up with new ideas for growth, including better ways of doing business in the developing world.

One plan that G.E. expects will soon yield $100 million in sales involves shipping unassembled locomotives to Russia, India and China, and hiring locals to assemble them.

Mr. Immelt split the cumbersome GE Capital into four businesses, a move he described as making the financial services arm more transparent to investors, but that he now says makes it easier to meld ''financial strategies and industrial assets.''

For example, the units that lease airplanes or that finance energy systems now report to Mr. Calhoun, as do the units that make aircraft engines and oil and gas systems. That makes it easier to start the ball rolling on financing as a developing country is warming up to the idea of buying planes or turbines.

Mr. Immelt also introduced, amid much hoopla, an ''eco-imagination'' program, in which he promised that G.E. would create more environment-friendly products as well as curb pollution emanating from its own operations. He already predicts that G.E. ''is going to get a bunch'' of the $80 billion that it expects China to spend on fuel-efficient, low-pollutant products.

''We wanted a marketing campaign that could span lots of our divisions, and hooking it to the environment seemed logical,'' Mr. Immelt said.

Then, last month, he tied the seemingly disparate initiatives together. He said that, as of July 5, G.E.'s 11 businesses would be consolidated into 6: GE Industrial; GE Commercial Financial Services; NBC Universal; GE Healthcare; GE Consumer Finance and, perhaps most important, GE Infrastructure, the one with the headiest growth prospects.

The consolidation may yield savings of $200 million to $300 million in administrative costs, adding as much as 2 cents a share to G.E.'s earnings next year.

''Jeff has transformed the portfolio so that the company is again focused on the industrial end,'' said Daniel J. Rosenblatt, an analyst with Babson Capital Management, which holds G.E. shares in several growth funds.

The reorganization was a back-to-the-future move of sorts, in that the new setup is more reminiscent of the eight business sectors that existed under Reginald H. Jones, Mr. Welch's predecessor, than of the 13 businesses that Mr. Immelt inherited four years ago.

''Jack got rid of the strategic planners, the multiple staff support positions, all the bureaucracy that existed with the old sectors,'' said Noel M. Tichy, a professor at the University of Michigan Business School. ''Jeff has simplified the structure to make it easier for customers to understand.''

Mr. Immelt's changes do bring risks. Although energy and aircraft-related financing will be part of GE Infrastructure, GE Capital retains the final say on whether any customer poses an ''acceptable risk'' for a loan, a hurdle that may be hard for developing countries to overcome. ''If a customer asks for financing, we will bring everything we have to bear to try to get it,'' said Mr. Calhoun, who is on the GE Capital board.

The environmental push, meanwhile, may refocus a spotlight on an issue that has dogged G.E. for years: whether it should be responsible for dredging the Hudson River to remove chemicals that it legally discharged some 30 years ago.

Mr. Immelt said that G.E. had made a ''defined set of commitments'' to the Environmental Protection Agency and has set aside money to clean up the Hudson. But many environmental groups still criticize G.E. for what they see as recalcitrance, and have branded the eco-imagination project as primarily a public relations campaign.

Moreover, G.E. must set up assembly plants and otherwise invest in the developing world. ''These are cash-consuming areas, so the immediate return on total capital might be low,'' said Steven J. Schneider, the president of G.E.'s Asia Pacific operations.

In addition, G.E. faces competition from companies like Nalco in water, United Technologies in aircraft engines and Siemens in health care.

Still, for G.E., the allure of selling to the developing world trumps the risks. Such deals would extend the life cycle of many products. Mr. Immelt noted that older aircraft sell well in Russia, while India is a prime market for lower-end X-ray machines.

The strategy can shelter G.E. from the impact of soaring oil prices, in that ''higher oil prices will enable the OPEC countries to spend large sums on their own infrastructure,'' said David A. Bleustein, an analyst at UBS Investment Research, who rates G.E. a buy.

And, by selling infrastructure in developing countries now, G.E. may also be increasing the chance that, if and when wealth trickles down to the ***working class***, those people will turn to G.E. for credit cards, loans and other consumer finance assistance.

Mr. Immelt concedes that the G.E. brand, for now, is fairly obscure in those countries. ''Because we don't sell consumer products, we just aren't as well known outside the U.S.,'' he said.

G.E. is already finding ways to remedy that. The research center it opened in Shanghai last year includes a huge atrium in which G.E.'s products are showcased. G.E. will soon double the center's size.

''We still locate our centers where we can get access to the best minds,'' Mr. Immelt said. ''But, yes,'' he conceded, ''these days, at least 20 percent of the decision is marketing.''

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

**Correction**

An article in Business Day on Saturday about General Electric's international sales efforts misstated the company's 2001 earnings. They were $13.684 billion, not $30 billion.

**Correction-Date:** July 18, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: Making aircraft engines and the loans to finance their purchase are areas that fall under the same executive. (Photo by Sara D. Davis/Associated Press)

David L. Calhoun leads the infrastructure unit, which focuses on sales to emerging countries. (Photo by General Electric via Bloomberg News)(pg. C4) Drawing (Illustration by The New York Times)(pg. C1)Chart: ''Looking Abroad''Foreign sales are a growing share of General Electric's business. Most of those sales are in Europe, but the company is seeking to expand its business in fast-growing developing nations.Graph tracks General Electric's revenue for both the United States and Foreign countries from 2001-2004.Foreign:2001: 41%2002: 40%2003: 45%2004: 47%Graph tracks FOREIGN REVENUE, 2004Europe: 55%Pacific basin: 22%(Includes China, India and Japan)Americas: 13%(Canada, Central and South America)Other: 10%(Includes Middle East and Africa)(Source by General Electric)(pg. C4)

**Load-Date:** July 16, 2005

**End of Document**



[***CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YMS0-008G-F52T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Across the Spectrum Of Dance in France***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YMS0-008G-F52T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 1994, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C; ; Section C;  Page 9;  Column 1;  Cultural Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1484 words

**Byline:** By JOHN ROCKWELL,

By JOHN ROCKWELL,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS

**Body**

In July it seems there are more tourists than Parisians in Paris, American tourists especially. So it was appropriate that the San Francisco Ballet was booked as the final dance attraction at the premier dance forum in town, the grand and storied Palais Garnier opera house. The San Franciscans finished their engagement on July 10, and on July 17 the Palais Garnier was closed for renovation and won't reopen until February 1996.

On the surface this is a typically eclectic American company, with a diversity of style reflected in its two programs here. Still, George Balanchine remains the father of classical dance in the United States, and the Balanchine connection in San Francisco is especially strong, with two longtime New York City Ballet dancers as artistic directors: Lew Christensen, who died in late 1984, and Helgi Tomasson.

The San Franciscans opened with Balanchine's "Bugaku" (1963), and if the dancers seen on July 6, Katita Waldo and David Palmer, did not erase memories of the formal purity and sensual extravagance of Edward Villella and Allegra Kent, this was still a handsome testimonial to the staying power of Balanchine's erotic blend of Classical symmetry and ethnic kitsch.

For Balanchine to "close in beauty," the Garnier's dance season, as Le Figaro put it, served to highlight the differences between French and American dance. American dance, and ballet in particular, still seems wedded to formalism in ways the more overtly theatrical, Expressionistic Europeans have long abandoned. And while the French developed an involvement in Expressionism later than the north-central Europeans, they seem increasingly drawn to it.

New Slant in Paris

Of course a Gallic form of Classicism -- pretty, precise and newly confident -- still prevails at the Paris Opera Ballet, which with its current generation of etoiles and its productive school is internationally admired. But where Paris has really made strides is in modern dance. And as is increasingly common throughout the world, choreographers here are busily erasing distinctions between ballet and modern dance.

While Rudolf Nureyev deserved credit for revitalizing the Opera Ballet's repertory, Patrick Dupond, his successor as dance director, has extended Nureyev's innovations. This season has seen at least three distinctive programs at the Garnier: a Nijinsky evening including a reconstruction of his last ballet, "Till Eulenspiegel"; a full-fledged return to the company by Roland Petit with a program of three new ballets, and the young French choreographer Angelin Preljocaj's first full-length ballet for the company, "Le Parc."

The Nijinsky evening offered two of the four ballets the great Russian dancer choreographed for Diaghilev, "Till Eulenspiegel" and "Le Sacre du Printemps," along with "Petrushka," the Fokine-Diaghilev ballet in which Nijinsky created the title role. The "Petrushka" and "Sacre" were both revivals of recent Paris re-creations, the former the Fokine original as transmitted through Bronislava Nijinska and restaged by Serge Golovine, with the original Alexandre Benois sets and costumes recreated; the latter a Paris restaging of the Millicent Hodgson and Kenneth Archer re-creation first done for the Joffrey Ballet.

The "Till" was another Hodgson-Archer production, with Miss Hodgson doing her best to bring the only sketchily documented choreography to life and her husband, Mr. Archer, recreating the Robert-Edmond Jones decor. This was a ballet, set to the Richard Strauss tone poem, that had only been seen in the United States, where the Diaghilev troupe was on tour in 1916. It made for an amiable 18 minutes, with Mr. Dupond winning warm notices for his dancing of the title character. But it would take a braver person than most of the critics on hand to judge how close it really came to Nijinsky's intentions.

Mr. Petit, whose relationship with the Paris ballet establishment has long been testy, has been honored in Paris this season, with an engagement by his Marseilles company as well as the evening of Petit creations at the Garnier. The opening "Passacaille," to music of Webern, had a kind of zippy formalist charm. But otherwise, Mr. Petit's idiom looks dated these days, with its jazz-dance flavorings and aspirations to Existentialist angst (a ballet called "Camera Obscura" based on Nabokov and set to Schoenberg).

Mr. Preljocaj (of Albanian origin, his name is pronounced here as prel-zho-KAZH) is much talked about, but "Le Parc" was overshadowed by a messy squabble in which he resigned the directorship of the Ballet du Nord in Lille before actually taking over, following strenuous protests from the dancers and local politicians. Residual tension between ballet traditionalists and modern-dance innovators is not dead yet.

"Le Parc" was interesting in that it seemed two ballets in one, perhaps all by itself reflecting tensions within the French dance esthetic. At the center was a sequence of pas de deux for two of the Opera Ballet's greatest stars, Laurent Hilaire and Isabelle Guerin. These were ingenious, compelling and sexy. But they were set in a park populated by, among others, four strangely attired "gardeners" who looked like the rock band Devo and seemed to represent extraterrestrial forces or some such. The duets were wonderful; their theatrical context was pretentious and silly.

Good Eye for Collaborators

Outside of Paris, the most interesting of the municipal companies is the Lyons Opera Ballet, and that is largely because its director, Yorgos Loukos, has a terrific instinct for picking resident choreographers. The previous one, the Frenchwoman Maguy Marin, ended a two-year term on Dec. 31, and her successor, the American Bill T. Jones, picked up where she left off. Both were active this season in Lyons and in Paris, to generally stimulating effect.

Miss Marin's best could be seen at the Theatre de la Ville in Paris, where her wonderful version of "Coppelia," first seen in the spring of 1993 for the opening of the new Lyons Opera house, enjoyed an enthusiastic reception. With her own company, Miss Marin presented an eveninglong piece called "Waterzooi" at the performing-arts center in the ***working-class*** Paris suburb of Creteil. This found Miss Marin exploring the overtly theatrical territory of the Belgians, Dutch and Germans, to less engaging effect: the speeches and skits got in the way of the dance, and vice versa.

Mr. Jones not only crisscrossed Europe with his own company, but presented "An American Evening" in Lyons, a program repeated in Creteil. It offered new dances for the Lyons company by Stephen Petronio, Susan Marshall and Mr. Jones, who appeared as the central figure, isolated and fantasized about, in his own piece. For an American viewer, the program as a whole was a reaffirmation of movement: not necessarily solely for its own sake, since all three choreographers have stories to tell or messages to convey, but at least of inherent choreographic interest.

William Forsythe, the Frankfurt-based American who is beloved by the Parisian dance audience, has something of that quality, too, that ability to blend choreographic abstraction with theatricality. But to this taste he's been in Europe too long, simultaneously seduced by the European penchant for theater and shaping and extending that penchant himself.

The highlight of Mr. Forsythe's engagement at the Theatre du Chatelet was the appearance of the redoubtable Sylvie Guillem, the long-fled etoile of the Paris Opera Ballet, in his "Herman Schmerman." Miss Guillem dances the same ballet with the Royal Ballet in London, and her elastic, super-sinuous body and Mr. Forsythe's choreography seem destined for each other. But what made the casting touching here was her dancing the part created for Tracy-Kai Maier, Mr. Forsythe's wife, who died of cancer in February.

Newness and Nudity

As if to reaffirm the dangers into which theatrically inclined choreographers can fall, there was the Theatre de la Ville engagement of Karine Saporta. Miss Saporta is one of the most admired of the younger French choreographers. She has her own company, which appeared here, but she also does ballets and even operas (Lully's "Phaeton" for the Lyons Opera last year).

"L'Impur," her new work, consisted of the travails (deeply symbolic, to be sure) of a character danced by Nathalie Rousset, who ran through the piece, and at one point up an aisle, buck naked. Miss Rousset has a voluptuous figure, and the reason she was running was that she was being constantly imperiled by big, virile, ominous-looking (and fully clothed) SS officers. Concentration camp accouterments -- barbed wire, guard towers, searchlights -- filled the stage, and Holocaust film clips flickered on the back wall.

The whole thing, with its none-too-subtle sadomasochistic sex, French modishness and documentary horror, left a bad taste. Holocaust chic? It was a long way from Balanchine.

**Graphic**

Photos: Isabelle Guerin and Laurent Hilaire in "Le Parc," the choreographer Angelin Preljocaj's first full-length work for the Paris Opera Ballet. (Jacques Moatti) (pg. C9); A scene from "I Want to Cross Over," a work by Bill T. Jones (at extreme right) for the Lyons Opera Ballet. (Gerard Amsellem) (pg. C10)

**Load-Date:** July 27, 1994

**End of Document**



[***HOME VIDEO/NEW RELEASES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-50J0-0014-50PX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 3, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 34, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Review

**Length:** 1298 words

**Byline:** By PATRICIA T. O'CONNER

**Body**

The Right Hand Man

Starring Rupert Everett, Hugo

Weaving, Arthur Dignam, Jennifer

Claire, Catherine McClements, Ralph

Cotterill, Adam Cockburn, Tim Eliott.

Directed by Di Drew. 1987.

New World Video.

99 minutes. $79.95. Rated R.

Love, loyalty and death among the upper classes in 19th-century Australia are the chief concerns of Di Drew's beautifully photographed film, which won an Australian Oscar for its cinematography.

As the movie opens, Harry Ironminster, a passionate horseman and the terminally ill, diabetic son of a lord, loses control of a pair of spirited horses, costing Lord Ironminster his life and Harry his right arm. Harry (Rupert Everett) hires a coachman (Hugo Weaving) to exercise his beloved horses, and an unusual friendship springs up between the two men.

The Times's reviewer, Walter Goodman, found the dialogue a bit stilted, but said ''the cast does earnest combat with Helen Hodgman's romance-magazine script.''

As the leading man, he said, ''Rupert Everett makes a weary and rather wearying hero, but then he is supposed to be wasting away. Catherine McClements, as the doctor's daughter, is a lively new presence from Australia who may be given less foolish things to do in her next movie.

Jennifer Claire plays Lady Ironminster as though she were trying out for 'Dynasty'; still, what is to be done with a character who dines at a baronial table and spends the whole movie worrying about 'the death of the Ironminster name'?

''The burden of being toughly, softly romantic as the right-hand man is too heavy for Hugo Weaving.''

But with the help of Peter James's camera, Mr. Goodman said, the director ''gives us a rough-and-tumble Australian town, scrubby outdoors, smoky indoors.'' Still, viewers may ask why ''doesn't rich young Harry go off to London where, as the doctor's scientifically-minded daughter informs him, a researcher is having some success in helping diabetics? He's just too tired to think about it. And he'd hate to be parted from his horses.''

Innerspace

Starring Dennis Quaid, Martin Short,

Meg Ryan, Kevin McCarthy, Fiona

Lewis, Vernon Wells, Robert Picardo,

Wendy Schaal. Directed by Joe Dante.

1987.

Warner Home Video.

119 minutes. $89.95. Rated PG. Some

mildly suggestive scenes.

Joe Dante's science-fiction comedy about a scientist who is miniaturized and travels through another man's body ''has all the brashness of a hit, if not all the luster,'' Janet Maslin wrote in The Times.

Dennis Quaid portrays Lieut. Tuck Pendleton, the Navy man who participates in an experiment whose aim is to inject him into the bloodstream of a rabbit. But something goes awry, and instead he ends up inside a supermarket clerk named Jack Putter (Martin Short).

''There are some memorable special-effects episodes,'' the reviewer said, ''notably one involving Jack's stomach acid and another in which Jack and Tuck manage to share a drink.''

Subplots have Jack falling for Tuck's girlfriend (Meg Ryan), and a gang of industrial spies trying to learn the secrets of miniaturization.

Mr. Dante's ''view of pop culture seems both mischievous and appreciative,'' Ms. Maslin said, ''and there are times when his film conveys that with great buoyancy (fittingly enough, one of its key scenes takes place in a shopping mall).

''At other times it has a busy and perfunctory tone, one that might have been alleviated by a more streamlined screenplay and a sharper sense of why any of this should matter.''

No Man's Land

Starring D. B. Sweeney, Charlie

Sheen, Lara Harris, Randy Quaid, Bill

Duke, R. D. Call, Arlen Dean Snyder,

M. Emmet Walsh, Al Shannon.

Directed by Peter Werner. 1987.

Orion Home Video.

106 minutes. $89.98. Rated R.

In the dangerous and high-class game of auto theft (Porsche division), the heroes and the villains are sometimes hard to tell apart. In this slick thriller, a young undercover cop named Benjy Taylor (D. B. Sweeney) joins a car-theft ring run by Ted Varrick (Charlie Sheen) that is so exclusive it pilfers only Porsches.

''Though set in Los Angeles,'' Caryn James said in The Times, ''the film has a familiar, television look and feel - two handsome partners, cops, criminals, fast cars and a marginal romance. The twist in the buddy-car-chase formula is that here the good guys tend to blur into the bad.''

The real villains, she said, ''are the rival thieves, undistinguished types who are older and less attractive, who kill people and are not status-conscious about their stolen cars. Benjy, the middle-class cop, is easily seduced by Ted's high life of private clubs and fancy clothes, and just as easily seduces Ted's sister.'' Both actors have risen to more demanding parts, the reviewer said, and here ''they can relax and walk through roles no one expects to be surprising.'' Yet the film's heart, she said, ''is clearly with the enticing Ted. As he drives off in a Porsche owned by someone with hopeless, easy-listening taste in music, he tosses a Jack Jones cassette out the window and says, 'They deserve it.' '' But the film can't maintain this level of cynicism, and ''it doesn't have the flair to turn high style into a reason for living.''

Rita, Sue and Bob Too

Starring George Costigan, Siobhan

Finneran, Michelle Holmes, Lesley

Sharp, Kulvinder Ghir, Willie Ross,

Patti Nicholls, Paul Oldham, Bryan

Heeley. Directed by Alan Clarke. 1987.

Lorimar Home Video.

92 minutes. $79.95. Rated R.

This hard-bitten British import is neither romantic nor sentimental, but a rather unvarnished portrait of the seamy side of life in ***working-class*** England. Bob (George Costigan), a married Englishman, gets ideas one evening as he drives his family's two baby sitters home. And the baby sitters, Sue and Rita (Michelle Holmes and Siobhan Finneran), turn out to have the same ideas.

The film ''may have the makings of a naughty romp,'' Janet Maslin said in The Times, ''but it's no more genuinely carefree than the heroines themselves.''

''Alan Clarke, drolly directing Andrea Dunbar's thoroughly unsentimental screenplay, seems to see the two girls' sauciness as a rebellion against the conformity that is everywhere around them,'' she said. ''That the menage a trois, which begins so inauspiciously, creates so much trouble has more to do with everyone's underlying misery than it does with bad luck or bad judgment.''

Rita and Sue, Ms. Maslin said, are ''played with heart, humor and substance by two game, burly-looking actresses'' who make the characters ''a down-to-earth duo.'' The movie ''ends on a cheerful note that, under the circumstances, seems thoroughly unconvincing. But if the film is about how Sue and Rita finally find their niche, then the ending does make for a certain symmetry.''

SHORT TAKES

Spaghetti House

Axon. 103 minutes. $69.95. Not rated.

A group of waiters is trapped in a restaurant pantry with a crew of black bandits after a robbery attempt goes awry. This Italian-made, English-language farce stars Nino Manfredi, Rita Tushingham, Rudolph Walker and Derek Martin.

Heart

New World Video. 96 minutes. $79.95.

Rated R.

A down-and-out fighter (Brad Davis) schedules a bout with a rising star (portrayed by Bill Costello, a professional lightweight boxer), not suspecting that his faithless manager (Steve Buscemi) has double-crossed him.

The Big Town

Vestron Video. 110 minutes. $89.98. Rated R.

A small-town kid who's good with dice gets caught up in the world of gambling in Chicago, circa 1957. Matt Dillon stars, backed up by Suzy Amis, Bruce Dern, Lee Grant, Tommy Lee Jones, Tom Skerritt and Diane Lane.

Cold Steel

RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video. 90

minutes. $79.95. Rated R.

Brad Davis portrays a Los Angeles policeman whose father is murdered by a revenge-seeking psychotic who blames the cop for his disfiguring injuries.

Jonathan Banks is the heavy, and Adam Ant, the rock musician, plays the maniac's sidekick.

**End of Document**



[***THE 1998 ELECTIONS: NEW YORK STATE -- THE DEFEAT;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V19-W300-007F-G1HP-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***D'Amato Fails, Finally, To Confound Rivals***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3V19-W300-007F-G1HP-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 4, 1998, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B; Page 1; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 5; ; News Analysis

**Length:** 1482 words

**Byline:** By JAMES DAO

By JAMES DAO

**Body**

For most of his 18 years in Washington, Alfonse M. D'Amato has been the Senator who never quite fit in. He was a conservative from a state of moderates and liberals, a machine-bred politician in an institution sprinkled heavily with Ivy League-trained debaters, a colorful showman whose predecessors and colleagues, from Herbert H. Lehman to Daniel Patrick Moynihan, were more muted and highbrow.

But until yesterday, Mr. D'Amato, a Republican, had confounded his enemies time and again with sheer wiliness, energy and gall. Once the outsider, he had become the consummate Senate inside player. Dogged by ethics investigations, he had turned inquisitor into President Clinton's Whitewater dealings. Dismissed by his critics as a clown, he had learned to champion the hopes and resentments of suburban and upstate voters who had carried him to victory three times before.

Yesterday, those voters failed to answer his call one last time, heeding instead the message of his Democratic challenger, Representative Charles E. Schumer, that Mr. D'Amato could not be trusted, had been in office for too long and had embarrassed himself too many times.

At Republican headquarters at the Hilton Hotel and Towers in Manhattan last night, news of Mr. D'Amato's loss dampened the victory celebrations for Gov. George E. Pataki. Even late in the evening, some party loyalists insisted that Mr. D'Amato might still pull it off, as he did in 1992, while others fretted that upstate New York would be hurt by the Schumer victory.

Trying to silence boos at the mention of Mr. Schumer's name last night, Mr. D'Amato told supporters in his concession speech: "He is our Senator and we want him to be as effective as he can for all the people of this great state. Now remember that, that is the key -- doing the business of the people."

Surveys of voters leaving their polling places show that Mr. D'Amato lost support almost across the board from 1992, but particularly among Jewish voters, despite his heavy campaigning in Jewish neighborhoods in the campaign's final weeks. It also appeared that Mr. Schumer did a better job of holding on to Democratic voters than Robert Abrams did in 1992, when a quarter of Democrats voted for Mr. D'Amato.

Mr. D'Amato, 61, lost in large part, political analysts said, because Mr. Schumer was the toughest candidate he had ever faced. Mr. Schumer, a nine-term Democrat from Brooklyn, did not match Mr. D'Amato in spending -- he had spent $14 million on the campaign by mid-October while Mr. D'Amato had spent $20 million -- but he was much better financed than Mr. Abrams was in 1992. He had also deftly positioned himself as a moderate who could appeal to independent voters and centrists from both parties and tirelessly countered each of Mr. D'Amato's attacks.

But clearly, part of Mr. D'Amato's problem was Mr. D'Amato. Years of investigations into his ethics and his numerous high-profile gaffes, like using a Yiddish vulgarism to describe Mr. Schumer and then denying it, had made him dangerously unpopular with a large segment of voters. Several political analysts also suggested that bringing together Holocaust survivors to criticize his rival's record on Jewish issues hurt the Senator considerably more than Mr. Schumer, who is Jewish.

Even Mr. D'Amato's advisers were so convinced about the negativeness of his image that they kept him from speaking in his own television commercials and relied heavily on more popular surrogates, like Gov. George E. Pataki, to carry his campaign message.

But the cartoonish image of Mr. D'Amato that voters saw during this campaign did not do complete justice to his personality and style. New York's junior senator is a man often defined by paradoxes. His bitterest rivals reviled his hardball campaign tactics, then carefully studied and mimicked them. Democrats called him sleazy, yet found that he was true to his word when they did business with him. He could be profane and loutish in public, but gentle, even tender, in private. He was brutally vindictive toward his enemies, but doggedly loyal to friends.

Though a fundamentally conservative politician who staunchly opposed abortion and gun control and consistently advocated tax cuts and harsh criminal penalties, Mr. D'Amato has always found ways to moderate his image. No ideologue, he was guided by a pragmatic philosophy born of the place that nurtured his politics, Nassau County.

The grandchild of Italian immigrants, Mr. D'Amato was born in Brooklyn but brought up in Island Park, in the heart of middle-class Long Island. After he helped put himself through Syracuse University and Law School by working as a janitor, no Manhattan law firm would hire him. He returned home, getting a job as a lawyer for Nassau County government. Those experiences forever shaped his political views.

From his early years in government on, he strove to articulate the fears of middle-class homeowners infuriated by property taxes and worried about losing economic ground and the anger of small business owners beleaguered by regulations. He echoed the resentments of ***working-class*** parents toward the "liberal elites" who seemed to control their schools, their newspapers, their banks and government offices.

Perhaps better than anyone in the Senate, Mr. D'Amato understood that to these voters, Congress was a distant and abstract place. So he constantly searched for people -- breast cancer patients denied insurance benefits, Holocaust survivors trying to reclaim stolen assets -- whose gut-wrenching cases he could champion.

Win or lose, he invoked their stories as evidence that he was a fighter for regular citizens.

A man whose first job came through the patronage system, he ran his Senate office like a Nassau County ward heeler, returning calls from almost any elected official, honoring the requests of big-city mayors and small-town supervisors alike when they asked for help -- and expecting their support in return.

"I hate him," said Frances Werner, the former chairwoman of the Queens Republican committee whom Mr. D'Amato helped to oust. "But when he says he'll do something, he comes through."

At times, Mr. D'Amato tried to break out from his image as "Senator Pothole," embracing larger issues, such as banking law or Israeli policy. But history may remember him best for his missteps, from croaking "Old MacDonald had some pork" during a 1994 Senate debate to using broken English to mock Lance Ito, the judge in O. J. Simpson's criminal trial, during a 1995 radio interview.

What also defined Mr. D'Amato for many voters was his brass-knuckles political style. When he ran for the Senate for the first time in 1980, he did not shy away from reminding voters that the four-term Republican incumbent, Senator Jacob K. Javits, was 76 years old and in failing health. In each election since then, he has lambasted his opponents as liberals, as well as "wimp" in the case of Mr. Abrams in 1992, and the Yiddish insult in the case of Mr. Schumer this year.

Democrats, and many Republicans, argued that many of the people he helped over 18 years were campaign contributors, particularly financial services companies regulated by the Senate Banking Committee -- of which he is the chairman. In 1991, the Senate Ethics Committee faulted him for allowing his brother, Armand, to use his Senate office and stationery to help a client.

But the Democrats also privately conceded that they admired the ways he fudged or fine-tuned his political positions to pick off Democratic voters while holding down his conservative base. He embraced some centrist positions, but on one issue, his opposition to abortion, he remained firm, though that was out of step with the thinking of most New Yorkers.

Fighting for breast cancer research money won over many women angry with his opposition to abortion. Pushing to reduce automated teller machine fees helped counter assertions that he was too friendly to big banks. Advocating civil rights for homosexuals balanced accusations that he was an extreme right-winger.

Perhaps the oddest paradox of his long career was that this year, as he sat atop one of the most potent political organizations in the country, Mr. D'Amato had to depend on high-profile surrogates, like Mr. Pataki, to woo back voters who had grown weary of him. In a testament to his success in delivering for New York City over the years, Mr. D'Amato even managed to bring Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani and former Mayor Edward I. Koch -- despite their long history of bickering -- to campaign together for him.

On Monday, as he stumped with Mr. D'Amato in Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, Mr. Koch was asked if this year's race was as close as in 1992, when Mr. D'Amato won by a single percentage point. "Closer," replied Mr. Koch, a look of worry crossing his face.

But Mr. D'Amato, pugnacious to the end, cut Mr. Koch off. "We're in better shape than we were in '92," he said, then turned away.

**Graphic**

Photos: SWITCHING ROLES -- Conceding to Charles E. Schumer, Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato got a hug from his former protege, Gov. George E. Pataki, right, who had little problem winning re-election yesterday. (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)(pg. B11); A PLEA REJECTED -- Voters yesterday rebuffed Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato's bid for a fourth term. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Chart: "Losing the Race By Missing City Voters"

Although Charles E. Schumer lost narrowly to Alfonse D'Amato in upstate counties, his strong showing in New York City gave him the Victory. Chart shows the number of votes for Schumer and D'Amato through out certain counties in New York state. (pg. B11)

**Load-Date:** November 4, 1998

**End of Document**



[***When Children Kill Children: Boy, 11, Is Wanted in Chicago***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y6C0-008G-F0C7-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 1, 1994, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 1239 words

**Byline:** By DON TERRY,

By DON TERRY,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, Aug. 31

**Body**

Someone stepped out of the shadows between two storefront churches on the city's far South Side the other night and started shooting wildly at a knot of teen-agers playing football.

When the gunfire stopped, a 14-year-old girl lay dead, killed by a bullet apparently meant for someone else. At first, the shooting appeared to be another senseless, though increasingly common, story of an innocent slaughtered in the street.

But the slaying of Shavon Dean has become more than that. It has shaken this city and made many here fear for the future, not because of the victim's tender years but because of the even younger age of her suspected killer, an 11-year-old boy.

The suspect, who police say belongs to a gang, stands 4-foot-8, sports a tattoo that says "I love mommy" and has an arrest record that could belong to a middle-age thug.

And ever since the shooting last Sunday night, the boy has eluded the police and their growing child-hunt.

"This is a tragedy for everybody on both sides," Shavon's aunt, Ida Falls, said today. "That boy is 11 years old. He don't know no better. The gangs tell him what to do and he does it. He's just a child, a child that killed a child."

The boy, who has not been identified by the police because of his age, lived around the corner from Shavon and is known in the neighborhood for causing trouble. He is also a suspect in the shooting and wounding of a teen-age boy earlier on Sunday in another skirmish in what seems like a never-ending gang war here.

But gunplay and funerals are not confined to big cities and their street gangs. In the apple-growing community of Wenatchee, Wash., about 160 miles east of Seattle, two 12-year-old boys were recently accused of killing a 50-year-old migrant farm worker.

The boys, the police say, shot the man 18 times with two stolen pistols after he told them to stop making noise and, they boys said, threw a rock at them.

In each case, the common thread is the ability of children to get their hands on guns.

Shavon Dean lived in a ***working-class*** neighborhood of single-story homes with neat lawns. But so much gunfire had rattled the area in the days leading up to her slaying, residents say, that most parents were telling their children to stay on their tree-shaded street -- where it was supposed to be safe. One of the churches on 108th Street had even erected a curbside basketball hoop so that teen-agers on the block would not have to go to school to play and risk being caught in a crossfire.

"When I was coming up," said Kenneth Reed, 22, "I had role models, somebody to look up to. It ain't that way any more. Now, you look up to the person with the biggest gun."

The 11-year-old boy wanted in Shavon's death has the kind of scarred personal background often associated with later violence.

"This is a tragic, tragic case" the Cook County Public Guardian, Patrick T. Murphy, who represents children and the elderly in the courts, said today. "This is a kid who has had nothing going for him his entire life."

The boy grew up amid gangs, drugs and rising unemployment. Mr. Murphy said the boy's mother was 15 when she first gave birth; she was 18 when he was born. Martha Allen, a spokeswoman for the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services, said that when the boy's mother was 21 he and four of his siblings were taken from her because of neglect and, in the cold code of bureaucracy, "risk of harm.".

The boy and his siblings were placed in the custody of their grandmother, who is now 46. She told The Chicago Sun-Times: "They are lying that he is supposed to have done some shooting. He's a nice kid, until he gets with the wrong group."

'A Time Bomb'

According to child welfare documents, when the boy was 3 and taken from his mother to be put into his grandmother's care, he had several cigarette burn marks on his neck, shoulder and buttocks and other signs of physical abuse. "This kid was a time bomb waiting to explode," Mr. Murphy said. "He was turned into a sociopath by his family."

In the last eight years, officials say, the boy and an older brother have often run away from their grandmother's home, and late last year the boy was made a ward of the state.

He was placed in a group home on the city's North Side, but ran away in March and stayed on the run for several weeks, when he was picked up in a stolen car and held in a juvenile detention center. He was released in July, but was later arrested on an armed-robbery charge, and two days after that on a burglary charge. At the time of the shootings last Sunday, the authorities were planning to send him to a juvenile center out of the state.

His troubles with the law began at least two years before. In early 1992, he was arrested on a shoplifting charge. That same year, the police arrested him on charges of criminal damage to property and robbery. In 1993, he was arrested on a charge of attempted armed robbery.

At a news conference to discuss the city's crime-fighting programs, the police superintendent, Matt Rodriguez, said that while no motive had been found for the shooting that took Shavon Dean's life, older members of street gangs often recruited children to sell drugs and carry out shootings; this helps older gang members avoid arrest and the harsher sentences that adults receive.

"The 11-year-old is dangerous," Superintendent Rodriguez said, "but he is still an 11-year-old."

Mayor Richard M. Daley of Chicago said the state's juvenile justice system should be changed to "keep kids away from abusive and negligent parents and off the streets."

"This young kid," the Mayor said of the 11-year-old, "has fallen through the cracks."

The 11-year-old knew Shavon, said her aunt, Mrs. Falls, who stood near a street shrine of flowers and handwritten messages of grief and love to Shavon. Mrs. Falls said she took the boy and 12 other children to a local police station about three weeks ago to watch a film on crime. She said that she had liked the boy, who seemed quiet, but that the police had asked her not to bring him back because he had picked fights with some of the other children.

All morning today, neighbors and strangers stopped at the impromptu memorial to Shavon, mourning her but some also finding tragedy in the life of the boy accused of killing her.

"You can't just point the finger at the boy," said Johnnie Williams, 18. "You got to point the finger at the grown-ups who put the gun in his hands. Everybody knew Shavon and everybody knew the boy. We feel bad for both of them. Two lives been cut short here."

Shavon was to have started high school next week. She wanted to work in and maybe someday own a beauty shop. She was remembered as a friendly girl with a smile that could chase a tear.

On Sunday night, shortly before 9 o'clock, Shavon, a cousin and several other youngsters were walking the 50 yards from her aunt's house to Shavon's house when the shooter stepped out of the darkened lot between the First General Assembly Church of the First Born and the True Church of God Holiness in Christ.

As the bullets from the semiautomatic pistol, "too many, too fast to count" in the words of a witness, ripped the air, Shavon's cousin, Felicia Falls, 18, shouted to run. She and the others got safely inside Shavon's house, but Felicia soon realized that "somebody was missing."

"I looked out and saw Shavon lying curled up on the sidewalk," Felicia said. "I knew she was dead. I broke out hollering so God could hear me and stop this craziness."

**Graphic**

Photos: Shavon Dean, 14, who was killed Sunday night on a Chicago street.; Ida Falls, left, whose 14-year-old niece, Shavon Dean, was shot to death on Sunday night in Chicago in attack apparently intended for someone else, comforted the victim's mother yesterday at the site of the shooting. (Paul Merideth for The New York Times) (pg. B10)

**Load-Date:** September 1, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Lower East Side Housing: Plans and Conflict***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4RG0-0014-544W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 14, 1988, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 33, Column 2; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1273 words

**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

The buildings, both vacant, stand side by side on East Ninth Street between Avenues C and D, symbols of the contrasts and complexities of housing on the Lower East Side.

At one, owned by a private developer, workers are busy rebuilding the interior. At the other, owned by New York City, the only sign of activity is the occasional furtive exit by a young man after a drug deal.

As the city's housing shortage continues, developers are showing increased interest in the Lower East Side, for generations a home to New York's immigrants and its poor. Today the neighborhood contains tracts of vacant land and abandoned buildings, much of it owned by the city. But the city has not acted on a plan, announced with fanfare four years ago by Mayor Koch, that would use the area's growing appeal to benefit its most impoverished residents.

A Cross-Subsidy Plan

The plan called for a community-wide cross-subsidy, under which vacant city land would be given to private developers to build new housing that would then be rented or sold at market rates. In return for the property, the developers would rebuild abandoned, city-owned shells in the neighborhood. The rebuilt housing would be for poor and ***working-class*** families. In all, 2,000 new apartments were to be created.

Delays in the plan, conceived in 1982 by a coalition of local groups concerned about gentrification on the Lower East Side, illustrate some reasons why it so difficult to build housing in New York.

Negotiations were slowed by a debate over whether one low-income apartment would have to be produced for each new market-rate unit. (It will.) Municipal officials were also worried that the land might not be sufficiently valuable to encourage developers to build all the new low- and moderate-income housing the officials hoped to create. (That remains uncertain.) There has also been some of the finger pointing that characterizes many housing efforts in New York. Some city officials contend that the local community board is difficult to work with. And, city officials say, the Lower East Side, with its diverse ethnic mix and long tradition of political activism, is a difficult place in which to build the kind of community consensus needed for the creation of publicly-assisted housing.

Charges of Stalling

In turn, community board members assert that city officials began to take the plan seriously only in the last two years. And some members suspect that municipal officials are deliberately stalling the cross-subsidy plan so they can first obtain approval for another proposal, under which the developer Samuel J. LeFrak would build 1,200 apartments on a vacant site south of Delancey Street.

Many community groups most supportive of the cross-subsidy plan oppose the LeFrak proposal, because it would produce publicly-subsidized apartments primarily for middle-income families.

Abraham Biderman, who became the city's Commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development in January, declined to comment about assertions that the cross-subsidy plan is being held hostage to the LeFrak proposal.

Mr. Biderman said that the cross-subsidy would move forward, but that he did not know when. Crucial details must still be worked out, he said, including precisely how the city should link the timing of the rebuilding of the vacant structures to the new construction on empty land.

Gentrification Continues

Many housing advocates on the Lower East Side, already concerned about changes in their neighborhood in recent years, question the city's commitment. While the planning continues, they say, more young professionals and artists move into their neighborhood.

Developers are rehabilitating buildings to be used for market-rate housing on sites that, just a few years ago, were overwhelmed by blight and drug trafficking. Some streets still are. The building under renovation on East Ninth Street, for example, is on a virtually empty strip. Nearby, at the corner of Avenue C and East Fourth Street, not far from vacant buildings where the drug trade is brisk, another developer is creating an apartment building out of an abandoned yeshiva.

''Every block here has its story, and the story is always the dichotomy between the wealth that's looking to come in and the poor who are being forced out,'' said Carol Watson, a member of the local planning board, Community Board 3, and the Lower East Side Catholic Area Conference, a coalition of church organizations.

The cross-subsidy plan was devised six years ago by the Joint Planning Council, a coalition of 35 groups on the Lower East Side, out of concern over gentrification that began in the early 1980's when, after several years in which buildings were abandoned and the population declined, rents began increasing, especially in the western part of the neighborhood, near First Avenue and Avenue A. Little Interest Until Last Year When it was first conceived, the cross-subsidy plan called for all city-owned property to be reserved for low-income households. In June 1984, the proposal was approved, in principle, by the local community board. The following month, the Mayor announced his own plan, under which some vacant city-owned sites would be sold to developers and the revenues used to renovate city-owned apartments.

Members of the community board and the Joint Planning Council said city officials demonstrated little interest in the proposal until January 1987, when Paul A. Crotty, then the Housing Commissioner, summoned them and said he wanted to negotiate final details within six months. ''Crotty was the first one who took it seriously,'' Ms. Watson said. Mr. Crotty resigned early this year to return to his private law practice.

On June 23, 1987, an agreement was reached. The city would give empty lots to developers, who would compete for the sites by offering to rebuild abandoned city-owned structures.

In all, 1,000 new market-rate apartments would be created on the vacant land, and another 1,000 renovated apartments would be created in the empty buildings. Half the renovated units would go to low-income households, defined as those with total annual incomes under $15,000, and half would be for moderate-income households, those earning between $15,000 and $23,000 a year.

The cross-subsidy involved sites in the area bounded by 14th Street, Delancey Street, Avenue A, Forsyth Street and the East River.

City Late With Proposal Request

A first round of the program was formulated. Three vacant city properties would be sold, and 200 new apartments would be built on them. In turn, 200 other apartments would be created by completely rebuilding between 10 and 15 abandoned structures. The city would also pay a subsidy of as much as $5 million to help renovate the shells.

A draft request for proposals from developers was to be given to the community board for review in January, board members say. The city has not completed the draft.

''I believe that there will be nothing done until this LeFrak business is done,'' Ms. Watson said.

Critics of the LeFrak plan, which was made public in February, note that the city has offered a subsidy of $20 million for the 800 middle- and moderate-income apartments to be built by Mr. LeFrak, while it has offered only $5 million for the 1,000 low- and moderate-income units to be created through the cross-subsidy plan. City officials said that the $5 million applied only to the first round of the cross-subsidy, and that additional subsidies might be considered.

''We feel like we are the keepers of this neighborhood - the ethnic diversity, the low-income nature of the community,'' said Lisa Kaplan, a member of the community board and the Joint Planning Council.

**Graphic**

Photo of an abandoned city-owned lot currently being used as a parking lot on Avenue A in Manhattan (NYT/Sara Krulwich) (pg. 33); map of lower Manhattan indicating area of planned development (pg. 34)

**End of Document**



[***33 Years Later, Draft Becomes Topic for Dean - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4B2H-CV30-01KN-234Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 22, 2003 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 2; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1387 words

**Byline:**  By RICK LYMAN and CHRISTOPHER DREW

**Body**

In the winter of 1970, a 21-year-old student from Yale walked into his armed services physical in New York carrying X-rays and a letter from his orthopedist, eager to know whether a back condition might keep him out of the military draft.

This was not an uncommon scene in 1970, when medical deferments were a frequently used avenue for those reluctant to take part in the unpopular war in Vietnam. And this story would have little interest save that Howard Dean was the name of the young man. Now, 33 years later, he finds himself a leading Democrat in the quest for the party's nomination to be president of the United States.

Dr. Dean got the medical deferment, but in a recent interview he said he probably could have served had he not mentioned the condition.

"I guess that's probably true," he said. "I mean, I was in no hurry to get into the military."

But now that he is running for president, in a race when many Democrats believe they need a candidate with strong national security credentials to challenge President Bush, the choices Dr. Dean, a former Vermont governor, made 33 years ago are providing ammunition for critics.

Senator John Kerry and Gen. Wesley K. Clark, two of his strongest challengers for the Democratic nomination, have recently started running advertisements highlighting their military experience. And all the Democratic candidates except Carol Moseley Braun had to face the possibility of being drafted during the Vietnam War.

In the 10 months after his graduation from Yale, time he might otherwise have spent in uniform, Dr. Dean lived the life of a ski bum in Aspen, Colo. His back condition did not affect his skiing the way the rigors of military service would have, he said, nor did it prevent him from taking odd jobs like pouring concrete in the warm months and washing dishes when it got cold.

Even the candidate's mother, Andree Maitland Dean, said in a recent interview about his skiing after receiving a medical deferment, "Yeah, that looks bad."

But, she said, that is the nature of his condition. It is aggravated by certain kinds of physical activity but not all kinds, she said. The condition is called spondylolysis, a low-back pain that sometimes radiates into the legs, according to the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons' online information site.

Dr. Dean said it was the military's decision to grant him the deferment, but he also said he was eager to get it. Had he wanted to serve, he probably could have.

Ever since the first politicians who came of draft age during the Vietnam War rose to the national stage, the question has been a recurring one: Did you serve in Southeast Asia, or did you take a different path?

Dan Quayle, the Republican vice-presidential candidate in 1988, was criticized by opponents who said he hadused family connections to land a spot in the Indiana National Guard, which he denied doing. In 2000, George W. Bush drew similar attacks and issued a similar denial for landing his spot in the Texas Air National Guard. And Bill Clinton's machinations to avoid military service led to accusations that he was a draft-dodging product of the 1960's, a label he was never entirely able to shake.

In each case, the answer did not prevent the candidates from winning. But Mr. Quayle was running with the senior George Bush, a former World War II pilot with combat experience, and by the time Mr. Clinton and George W. Bush sought the presidency, the cold war had ended and defense had receded as an issue. The terrorist attacks of 9/11 and the war in Iraq have changed that, and national security will probably rival the economy as a major issue in next year's campaign.

Dr. Dean may well draw the early heat on the issue because he has pushed near the front of the Democratic pack. Beyond that, two of his opponents -- General Clark, a West Point graduate who served in Vietnam and rose to command NATO forces, and Mr. Kerry, who served two tours in Vietnam and came away with a Bronze Star, a Silver Star and three Purple Hearts -- regularly remind voters of their military credentials.

The other candidates are less likely to make it an issue because they did not serve in Vietnam either.

Like Dr. Dean, Representative Dennis J. Kucinich of Ohio was declared ineligible for a medical reason, a heart murmur. He said he was disappointed not to be able to serve, though he later turned against the war.

"I come from a ***working-class*** family," Mr. Kucinich said. "Military service is more or less taken as a given." Ms. Braun, a former senator from Illinois, was, of course, ineligible for the draft because she is a woman.

Young men with low draft lottery numbers had only a handful of choices to avoid military service. One was to flee the country, to Canada or elsewhere, as a relative handful did. Others chose National Guard service, if they could get it.

For many who did not wish to serve, a medical deferment was the easiest route of escape.

In a 1970 article in The New York Times, Curtis W. Tarr, the director of Selective Service, said the rising number of medical deferments -- from 24.2 percent of those examined in 1966 to 40.7 percent in July 1969 -- was causing alarm in Washington.

"It's one of the real inequities left in the system," Mr. Tarr said, because young men from wealthier families could afford to pay for tests that might uncover some deferrable medical condition.

Dr. Dean was born on Nov. 17, 1948, and his eligibility for the draft was determined by a lottery held on Dec. 1, 1969. His birth date was 143, and in 1969 people with numbers as high as 195 were drafted from this group, which was composed of men born between Jan. 1, 1944 and Dec. 31, 1950, according to the Selective Service. In 1970 the highest number taken was 125, and in 1971 it was 95. Three subsequent lotteries were held to cover those born in later years.

The back condition that apparently led to Dr. Dean's deferment had been discovered years before his armed services physical.

"When he was in high school, Howard developed these back pains and we decided we had to find out what it was," his mother said.

Dr. Dean went to an orthopedist, who diagnosed spondylolysis.

Many have the condition without feeling any symptoms, the Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons site says. Others develop a sense of muscle strain in the lower back, usually after periods of extreme physical exertion. Treatment usually involves little more than taking a break from the physical activity that caused the condition, after which it fades away, although it can recur. In some cases, surgery is warranted.

"I developed back pain when I was running track" in high school, Dr. Dean said. "It wasn't there all the time, but it was there some of the time."

In early 1970, more than a year before Dr. Dean's student deferment was due to lapse, he decided to see where he stood.

If approved for service, he said, he thought he might try Officer Candidate School, as a Yale friend had done. He said he had never considered the National Guard.

So, he came to his physical armed with X-rays and a letter from his orthopedist.

"It was like a scene from the movie 'Alice's Restaurant,' " Dr. Dean said. "There was every kind of person you can imagine. Guys who weighed 375, guys who were 6-feet-5 with hair down to their knees and needle tracks up and down their arms."

Dr. Dean said he saw a young man sharing his urine specimen with a fellow draftee. "I mean, that is what it was like," Dr. Dean said. "Welcome to the U.S. Army, boys."

The future governor followed everyone through the various stages of the physical, eventually handing his packet to a military orthopedist.

A few weeks later, a letter arrived informing him that his draft classification had been changed from 2-S, the student deferment, to 1-Y. Under that classification, he was qualified for military service only in case of extreme national emergency, meaning that he effectively moved to the very back of the line.

As for those months skiing, Dr. Dean said such activity did not exacerbate his back condition, as running did. And, yes, he said, the pain does sometimes come back, especially now that he is getting older.

"Sometimes you'll see, when I get out of the plane or the car, that I walk and there's a bit of a limp for the first few yards," he said. "If I sit in one position for too long, it bothers me now."

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

**Correction**

Because of an editing error, an article on Nov. 22 about the military draft history of former Gov. Howard Dean of Vermont misstated the years in which bearers of certain lottery numbers were called during the war in Vietnam. Men with 195 and lower were drafted in 1970, not 1969. Those with 125 or lower were drafted in 1971, not 1970. Those with 95 or lower were drafted in 1972, not 1971.

**Correction-Date:** December 1, 2003

**Graphic**

Photos/Chart: "FOR THE RECORD: Questions of Service"The military service or draft status of the Democratic presidential candidates during the Vietnam era: Served in Vietnam Wesley K. Clark, 58After West Point, Oxford and Army training, served in the First Infantry Division in Vietnam from May 1969 to February 1970. Won a Silver Star and a Purple Heart. John Kerry, 59While still at Yale, enlisted in the Navy in 1966, and served two tours in Vietnam, winning three Purple Hearts, a Bronze Star and a Silver Star. He returned to become an outspoken opponent of the war. Served in the National Guard or received student deferments Richard A. Gephardt, 62Joined the Missouri Air National Guard after his student deferment lapsed in 1965. Became a lawyer in the judge advocate's office and stayed in the National Guard until 1971. Joseph I. Lieberman, 61Received student deferments from 1961 through 1967 while at Yale and Yale Law School. After finishing law school, received a parental deferment with his wife pregnant. Received medical deferments Howard Dean, 55While a senior at Yale in 1970, told authorities of a back condition, spondylolysis, and received a medical deferment. His draft lottery number was 143, meaning he would have been likely to be drafted, according to the Selective Service. Dennis J. Kucinich, 57Was declared ineligible for the draft because of a heart murmur found during a high school physical for the football team. He applied for the exemption when he got his draft card. Draft ending as they became eligible John Edwards, 50Received a relatively high number in the draft lottery when he became eligible in 1972. The draft ended before he was called up. Al Sharpton, 49Was eligible in the 1972 lottery, when his number was 103, a relatively safe number since even in the previous year, the draft reached only as high as the number 95. Carol Moseley Braun was not eligible for the draft because she is a woman. (pg. A11)

**Load-Date:** November 22, 2003

**End of Document**



[***A First: Dual Gubernatorial Primary Fights***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-Y3H0-008G-F2W0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 11, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13CN; ; Section 13CN;  Page 1;  Column 1;  Connecticut Weekly Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1375 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE JUDSON

By GEORGE JUDSON

**Body**

AFTER a summer when it barely attracted the interest of voters, the 1994 contest for governor will make history on Tuesday, as Republicans and Democrats decide each on a candidate Connecticut's first dual gubernatorial primary battle since the state authorized primaries nearly 40 years ago.

The primaries are aftershocks of Lowell P. Weicker Jr.'s victory as an independent in 1990, which established a third major party, A Connecticut Party. Just as Mr. Weicker injected a new dimension of choice into the state's politics then, this year Republican and Democratic challengers fought off party leaders' efforts to decide nominations at convention, insisting that party members be given a direct voice.

As a result, a fuller spectrum of Connecticut politics will be put before the state's 704,000 Democrats and 478,000 Republicans on Tuesday. Democrats will be choosing between State Senator John B. Larson of East Hartford and State Comptroller William E. Curry Jr. Republicans will decide between John G. Rowland, the former Congressman from Waterbury who was the party's nominee in 1990, and the Secretary of the State, Pauline R. Kezer. While all four candidates promise to cut taxes and to get tough on criminals, their differences in style and substance amount to referendums on the direction each party should take. And with A Connecticut Party offering Lieut. Gov. Eunice S. Groark as its candidate, voters are again given the choice of independence from both major parties. Also, former State Senator Tom Scott, who has crusaded against a state income tax, announced last week that he would be an independent candidate in November as well.

Other Contests

The gubernatorial candidates, however, do not have the primary ballot to themselves. Republicans, choosing a candidate to oppose United States Senator Joseph I. Lieberman, a Democrat, in November, will decide between Dr. Gerald Labriola, a retired pediatrician and former candidate for Governor who won the convention's endorsement, and Dr. Joseph Bentivegna, an opthalmologist new to politics.

Democrats have a contest for Secretary of the State between State Representative Miles S. Rapaport of West Hartford, their convention-endorsed candidate, and Julie Tashjian, who held the office from 1983 to 1991. In the Fifth Congressional District, Democrats may choose between State Senator James H. Maloney of Danbury and State Representative Thomas S. Luby of Meriden to oppose the Republican incumbent, Representative Gary A. Franks of Waterbury. Mr. Maloney is the convention-endorsed candidate.

The polls will be open in every town and city from 6 A.M. to 8 P.M.

Challenge for Democrats

For Democrats, who finished third in 1990 after holding the Governor's office for 32 of the previous 36 years, 1994 is a year to try to reassert the party's competence to lead the state. Mr. Larson, the convention winner, is offering himself as an updated traditional Democrat, skilled in the legislative process and confident that government works in the public's best interest.

President pro tem of the Senate for eight years, Mr. Larson was a legislative leader during Connecticut's boom years in the 80's, when state spending soared, and during its recession, when a billion-dollar deficit led Governor Weicker to push a personal income tax through the Legislature.

Mrs. Groark has criticized Mr. Larson's leadership in the years leading to the deficit; he emphasizes his efforts to protect working families from the income tax, which was designed in part to help business by shifting some of its tax burden to individuals. An opponent of the income tax in 1991, he now proposes a 25 percent tax cut for middle-income families totaling $287 million, so that their children may have the same opportunities that he had growing up in a ***working-class*** home in East Hartford in the 1950's and 60's. "An honest opposition to an income tax; an honest proposal to cut it," a television commercial for Mr. Larson proclaims.

Mr. Curry, a former State Senator who was elected Comptroller in 1990, agrees with Mr. Larson on many issues, among them the need to improve public schools, to create jobs and to fight crime, a key concern for voters despite a significant drop in reported crimes in recent years.

He, too, proposes a tax cut, but a much bigger one. He says the state could reduce local property taxes by $1 billion through economies in its own operations and the reduction of its mandates on local governments.

Mr. Larson and Mr. Curry have differed politely on the merits, and the plausibility, of their tax plans in a series of debates. But the greatest difference between them may be Mr. Curry's perception that government is "broken" -- not working in the public's interest -- and needs to be fixed.

Coming from the Democrats' progressive wing, which has grown up since the 70's largely outside the party leadership, Mr. Curry offers himself as an outsider who has the inside experience needed to do that fixing. The rejection of the party in 1990, he says, was a message that voters want change. "If you bought a car that turned out to be a lemon," he has said, "the question is whether you go back to the same old dealer, or do you move on? This is the party's chance to move on."

The Republican Choices

For Republicans, who saw Mr. Weicker bolt their party and win the Governor's office last time, 1994 glimmers as the best opportunity to win the office since 1970. Four years ago Mr. Rowland lost to Mr. Weicker by fewer than 33,000 votes; this year he has held large leads in early polls.

In 1990 Mr. Rowland campaigned not only against an income tax, but also against any tax increase. This year he says he has a plan to phase out the income tax over five years. "We lived without it for 100 years, we don't need it now," he has said.

He has also promised to cut the corporate income tax and the inheritance tax, the latter move meant to stop wealthy elderly residents from changing their residence to states like Florida.

These cuts would be made possible by slashing state spending, which Mr. Rowland sees as a good end in itself. Connecticut's most conservative Congressman during his three terms from 1985 to 1991, he advocates a much smaller role for state government, and a larger one for local governments.

But his focus so far has been crime. No community is safe from violent crime, he tells suburban audiences, accusing prisons of coddling felons to the point that "the wrong people are scared." He wants to impose life sentences on felons convicted of two violent crimes and to cut prison costs by contracting to send inmates to other states.

But Mrs. Kezer, a former State Representative who was elected Secretary of the State in 1990, says Mr. Rowland is too conservative to win in a moderate state like Connecticut, where only two Republicans have won statewide elections since 1970. Those two are herself and Mr. Weicker when he won three terms in the Senate as a maverick liberal. Unlike Mr. Weicker, Mrs. Kezer has stayed with the party but has angered its leaders by challenging Mr. Rowland.

Term Limits Are Favored

Mrs. Kezer has proposed to cut state spending by 10 percent in her first two years while cutting the income tax by 10 percent in each of four years. She would give the public a greater voice by bringing referendums, initiatives and recall elections to Connecticut while imposing term limits on elected officials and restricting the influence of lobbyists.

But Mrs. Kezer is most of all challenging her party leadership's commitment to Mr. Rowland and his conservative philosophy. Her argument that Mr. Rowland cannot win a general election, and that therefore he should not be nominated, has led to some pretty personal arguments.

After the 1990 election, Mrs. Kezer says, she, as a winner, worked to improve government in Connecticut, while Mr. Rowland, as a loser, turned a lackluster record in Congress into consulting work for the state's military contractors that raised his income to $392,000 in 1992 and $362,000 in 1993, years when those companies were laying off thousands of workers.

Mrs. Kezer, in a radio commercial, described Mr. Rowland's new career as peddling his influence. The leadership's response was that she had taken the campaign "into the gutter."

**Graphic**

Photos: The Republican gubernatorial contenders are Pauline R. Kezer and John G. Rowland, far left. (Photographs by Steve Miller for The New York Times); The Democratic candidates are William E. Curry Jr., above left, and John Larson, left. (Carl David LaBianca for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 11, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Paris East: The Bastille And Beyond***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:440J-WBC0-0109-T1M4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 16, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 6; Part 2; Column 3; Sophisticated Traveler Magazine; Pg. 45

**Length:** 1561 words

**Byline:**  By Frederick Turner; Frederick Turner has written frequently on France for The New York Times.

**Body**

Some 40 years ago, when I first saw Paris, few tourists braved the east side of the city, and virtually everything in that direction beyond the Hotel de Ville was terra incognita, except on Bastille night, when you might attend the huge rally in the tacky place. Now, though, much of the area has been renovated, beautified and boutiqued (some would say with a vengeance). A walk through it, along the Canal St.-Martin to the Bois de Vincennes, by way of the Promenade Plantee, gives the stroller a long view of this reinvented part of the city.

This is not, to be sure, a walk through a theme park. There are intersections to negotiate, places where the municipal cacamobiles never seem to sweep, the vast, whizzing expanse of the Place de la Bastille to find your way safely around. But this is, after all, a living, working city we're in, however much it may feel like an inexhaustible museum.

The Canal St.-Martin begins at the Jaures Metro stop at the Place de Stalingrad. The names and the gritty look of the surroundings here tell you that you're on the edge of old-time, ***working-class*** Paris, the Paris of popular uprisings, of the Communards. The entrance to the canal itself is announced by a cement plant. But after this less than conventionally scenic introduction, you're out in the sun along the canal, and a modest serenity envelops you. While huge barges somehow squeeze through the nine locks down to the Seine, you walk the rough, cobbled quay in the dappling light of plane trees and the occasional cypress, past solitary fishermen hunched under their caps, hanging their long poles above the canal's green ripple; under slender bridges, some of which swing aside to accommodate the bulkier vessels; through vest-pocket parks less than a hundred yards long. You pause abreast of a lock to watch the slow, ordered process as a boat is lowered through, or simply to take in the steady hiss of the waters of the little dam, spilling endlessly between algae-covered walls.

And you have company in these pleasures. The fishermen, of course, who seem almost permanent fixtures. Joggers and dog walkers. Lovers entwined in amorous knots it will take time to untie. Gaggles of students in their identifying black, laughing, smoking ferociously in their presumed immortality. Atop the bridges people lean against the railings, watching the barges or maybe merely the play of sun and shadow on the water and the quai. In the little parks, almost dark beneath the plane trees, men sit smoking on benches while behind them kids play Ping-Pong on stone tables.

If you're along Quai Valmy between noon and 3, you'll find the corner cafes and bistros buzzing. Years ago, my wife, Elise, and I chanced into La Marine, at the corner of Valmy and Rue Dieu, and have been happily returning ever since. It's one of those neighborhood bistros that, although supposedly disappearing from the city, on deeper inspection prove to be heartily alive: smoky, noisy, utterly Parisian, down to the flour-dusted sack of baguettes from the neighboring baker stashed next to the bar.

At Rue du Faubourg du Temple the canal goes underground, emerging only on the other side of the Bastille, where it merges with the Seine. Not long ago, this was a somewhat grim, gray stretch. Not now. On the other side of Faubourg du Temple, you pick up a wide median of gardens, fountains and children's playgrounds that dramatically changes the prospect, turning a trudge into a true stroll: grandmothers and nannies pushing prams, elderly men playing boules, kids playing soccer, soignee women toning up their Mediterranean tans on the benches. You still have the umbrageous bordering trees along Boulevard Richard Lenoir, but what you notice more are the high, furbelowed 19th-century apartment buildings. They make handsome company.

If you're along this way on Thursday or Sunday morning, you'll encounter the astonishing visual richness of the outdoor market. Here, stretching down to the Bastille, are displayed great, fragrant wheels of cheese, cookware, baguettes, mattresses, flowers, wristwatches, African statuary, pyramids of fruit, lingerie, shellfish and shoes. You shoulder through crowds

of women with shopping carts, old men with string bags and berets, and, on Sunday, families fresh from Mass, shopping for the midday meal. At the market's far end you find yourself in the tall, green shadow of the Bastille column and across from the flashy expanse of the Opera Bastille, which has so changed the character of the place.

If this is a Sunday and your walk has engendered an appetite, you could do one of two things here. You could walk counterclockwise into the tiny Rue de la Bastille for lunch at Bofinger, unquestionably the city's handsomest traditional brasserie. Or, practicing a few blocks of severe discipline, walk clockwise around the place onto Rue de Lyon and then, shortly, onto Avenue Daumesnil and the Viaduc Cafe, which has a jazz brunch until 4 p.m. My preference is for the former, but I'm older now, and the grand, flower-decked Belle Epoque ambience of Bofin-ger is easier on me.

The Viaduc Cafe is part of one of the most creative pieces of urban renewal I know of. The cafe is nestled within a stone arch that originally formed part of a 19th-century elevated railroad. By 1970 the railroad had ceased operations; soon enough it became a danger and an eyesore, and there were persistent calls for its demolition. But happily there were other voices raised as well, arguing that the outmoded artifact had commercial and aesthetic potential. When the large-scale redevelopment of eastern Paris was launched under Jacques Chirac, then the mayor, in 1983, provision was made for transforming the railway into an arcade of artisans' shops with a park atop it. Now called the Viaduc des Arts, it runs from the Opera complex to Rue de Rambouillet, 50 shops and a pair of restaurants. In the seven years since the first shop opened, I've noticed a kind of creeping commercialism, but there are still art restorers here, printers and bookbinders, cabinetmakers and glass blowers.

From the arcade's shops there are several stairways leading up to the park, the Promenade Plantee, which runs for nearly three miles with zigs and zags, ups and downs, almost to the entrance of the Bois de Vincennes. In some places the Promenade is only as wide as the old railbed and is planted with flower beds and shrubs, interspersed with fountains and narrow reflecting pools. A series of trellises leads your eye along. Elsewhere, it widens into small, terraced gardens that hang out over the busy avenues below, bowered rest areas and a circular park, the Jardin de Reuilly, ringed with flowers and high-rise apartment buildings.

The whole experience of it is oddly, delightfully, like taking a stroll through the city's treetops. You look into the upper stories of apartment buildings, see the wash that's been strung up out of view of the street, notice the often intricate details of the roofs and cornices of older buildings. Occasionally, you find an old building sinking into ruin where the pigeons have made themselves at home. Where the Promenade crosses streets below, there are viewpoints where you can step aside and gaze down along the tree-fringed thoroughfares -- and you might be reminded of those elevated street scenes painted by Monet and Pissarro.

If all along you've denied yourself the pleasures of the palate -- something I myself can hardly imagine -- there is still opportunity to indulge, as in Paris there always is. Near the Promenade's end, it crosses above Avenue du Docteur Arnold Netter. If you descend the steps here and turn left up the avenue, you will in three blocks arrive at the intersection of Avenue de St.-Mande, and there, on its far side, discover one of those banks of shops found only in Paris. Inside, in stunning profusion, lie all the materials for a marvelous picnic, which you could have at the Promenade's end in the Square Charles Peguy.

Some friends with whom I've taken this walk have arrived at its end claiming fatigue. But these are generally the ones who have lingered too long at Bofin-ger. Once, a friend spotted the Gare de Lyon from the Promenade and insisted we descend to the gilded splendors of its brasserie, Le Train Bleu. This was a mistake for him, and he failed to finish the walk. In any case, help for the weary is at hand in the form of the Metro, either the Michel Bizot stop or, a bit more conveniently, Porte Doree, at the intersection of Avenue Daumesnil and Boulevard Poniatowski.

The Porte Doree stop, though, has a kind of hazard, because from it you can peek down Daumesnil to the Musee National des Arts d'Afrique et d'Oceanie; and beyond that are the long, verdant reaches of the Bois de Vincennes. Here, then, lie yet further delights, despite the condition of your feet.

At the end of his life Hemingway looked back to his early days in the city and wrote that there is never any end to Paris. Nor is there.

BREAKING for LUNCH

Brasserie Bofinger, 5-7 Rue de la Bastille (telephone: 33-1-42-72-87-82; fax: 33-1-42-72-97-68), is open daily. Lunch for two, with wine, is about $90.

Cafe de la Marine, 55 bis Quai de Valmy (33-1-42-39-69-81), is closed Sunday. Lunch for two, with wine, is about $30.

Viaduc Cafe, 43 Avenue Daumesnil (33-1-44-74-70-70), is open daily. Lunch for two, with wine, is about $80.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The Rotonde de la Villette, built as a tollhouse in the 18th century, on the Canal St.-Martin.; Clockwise, from upper left: A bust of the 19th-century actor Frederick Lemaitre at the Rue du Faubourg du Temple, where the canal goes underground; the Viaduc des Arts, tucked beneath the Promenade Plantee; the Jardin de Reuilly, with the promenade in the background; the Sunday morning outdoor market; the Quai Valmy; near the Place de Stalingrad, where the Canal St.-Martin begins. Center: A working barge. (Olivia Froudkine for The New York Times Map (Rodica Prato)

**Load-Date:** September 16, 2001

**End of Document**



[***On the Block***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M5N-KS10-TW8F-G2KH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 22, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14; Column 3; The City Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1820 words

**Byline:** By JENNIFER BLEYER

**Body**

NOT since the Dodgers departed in 1957 has there been a slugfest in Brooklyn like the one over Atlantic Yards.

The plan is colossal -- 16 high-rise buildings and an 18,000-seat basketball arena on 22 acres near the borough's busy downtown -- and fans and opponents have matched its magnitude with their own statistics. The developer, Forest City Ratner, which is also the development partner of The New York Times Company for its new headquarters in Midtown, says that the $4.2 billion project will bring 4,000 permanent jobs, billions of dollars in tax revenue and more than 6,000 units of housing. Opponents counter that the plan will corral $2 billion in public money and tax breaks, crowd 15,000 new residents into the area and clog local streets with thousands more cars.

Ever since the idea was floated in 2003, the sides have also framed their appeals broadly, citing big-picture concerns about urban policy and socioeconomic justice.

Less noticed amid the large numbers and loud clamor is the sound of the street: the skepticism and dread, or hope and excitement, of people who live and work near Atlantic Yards.

But that sound is there, on the neighborhood's sidewalks and stoops, in its stores and coffee shops, in its kitchens and parlors. There is the Nets fan dreaming of walking to home games. The mother worried about steering her stroller across an even busier Flatbush Avenue. The teacher hoping that one apartment in the tall towers has her name on it. And the gardener fretting over the shade thrown by those same towers. JENNIFER BLEYER

THE GARDENER

Jon Crow

Coordinator, Brooklyn Bear's Community Garden

Back in 1982, the East Pacific Street Block Association worked to create the garden. There was a lot of prostitution, drug dealing, vagrancy in the area. Broken glass, used condoms, crack vials. People got together and little by little tried doing something nice.

Because we were surrounded by nothing, there was really nothing we couldn't grow. We were basking in sunshine. The original garden was lots of vegetables, trees, shrubs and flowers. And because we were such a diverse population of gardeners, there were plants that were more typical of Cuba or Japan or Greece. Now we have about 21 little vegetable boxes and planting areas. We have a goldfish pond and a waterfall.

Our fear is a few things. One is shade. The project would take away our sunshine until about noon every day. So from enjoying 12 or more hours of full sun, we're going to be down to 6 or 8. And in Los Angeles, one of Frank Gehry's buildings raised the ground temperature of the surrounding area to over 125 degrees because of the material and the glare.

We don't know what kind of environment we'll be in that people would want to garden. Would you want to do a vegetable garden next to Madison Square Garden?

THE APARTMENT SEEKER

Mildred Coleman

Teacher, Crown Heights

My family is originally from South Carolina, but we migrated to New York in the 50's. We landed in Brooklyn, and this is where we stayed. I grew up in Williamsburg, and then I moved to Crown Heights. I teach third grade between 8 a.m. and 3 p.m., and I'm a day-care worker from 3 to 6.

When they came up with this Atlantic thing, I said, this is great. This is a place where I could live in peace. Crown Heights is fine, but it's not comfortable like what I need. I've heard they're supposed to build this complex that gives you a laundry room, places to exercise, places to shop.

I'm hoping I'm a candidate. After being a teacher for 22 years, that's what I need. I need comfort. I don't have it where I'm living.

I remember years ago when I was a little girl, Downtown Brooklyn had Loehmann's and all those nice places, and you had to dress up to go to Junior's.

If that's what Atlantic Yards is going to do, if it's going to bring back a certain culture and standard we had years ago, I think that's great.

THE RETIREE

Mildred Davis

Resident, Fort Greene

In 1942, I was 18, going on 19. My husband came from Washington to go to school for photography. In Washington, we lived in neighborhoods of two-story private homes. I didn't like Manhattan. I was disoriented with all the skyscrapers and the tall buildings. So we moved to Brooklyn. I felt it was a better place for my kids, and a warmer community than I had found in Manhattan.

Sixty years ago there was a bill passed by two politicians, Mitchell and Lama, so working people could afford good housing. What's happening now is developers are going to take over, and people like me on a fixed income will be pushed out. The Mitchell-Lama building I'm living in will soon be developed into something higher priced.

I would like to stay in the community, but unfortunately I'm not eligible for senior citizen housing. That means I pay fair market.

This is a neighborhood I loved. I just don't know what the future holds for me and people like me, who can't afford the high prices of the high-rises.

THE BASKETBALL FAN

Kelly Burwell

Resident, Crown Heights

I was born in Brooklyn Jewish Hospital in Prospect Heights 36 years ago, and they brought me straight to Lincoln Place in Crown Heights. I've been there ever since. I have my own business doing garbage removal and demolition.

I'm looking forward to Brooklyn having a professional basketball team. The Knicks broke my heart so many times. I left them when Patrick Ewing was still playing and went over the water to New Jersey. I go as often as I can. Every time I get free time from work and the Nets have a home game, I go to the Continental Arena. I have five nephews, and they're all Nets fans. When I get Nets tickets, I take my nephews and we chant, ''Brooklyn Nets! Brooklyn Nets!''

It'll be great the year they first play as the Brooklyn Nets. I believe they're going to win the championship because of all the hype. We could walk right to the Atlantic Yards from our house and watch a basketball game. That's a beautiful thing. The fans, we're going to be ready for them.

THE INVESTOR

Christopher Morris

Real estate developer

I want to be ahead of the game, so I want to be where all the action is. I have five properties in Brooklyn close to the stadium, which I bought for a total of $15 million. I bought two properties that are three blocks from the Atlantic Yards for about $4 million. One I'm turning into condominiums, 24 condos. I wouldn't have bought that property if it weren't for the Atlantic Yards. Mr. Ratner has brought a whole change to this neighborhood.

Is it good? Yeah, it's good for businesses. The smallest guy on the block selling something is going to sell more. All real estate investors are going to sell more. Everybody's property is going to go up in the next 10 years. Property in the range of a million will become $2 million, maybe $4 million.

THE MOTHER

Sarah Caylor

Resident, Fort Greene

We used to live on the Upper West Side in a big complex where we didn't know anyone. The first time we came to Fort Greene, we totally fell in love with the neighborhood. Here, we know everyone who lives in our building. We run into people when we walk down the street.

Parents with young children seem to come out of the woodwork here. My child is Felix. He's 8 1/2 months old. We go to Fort Greene Park pretty much every day, and I take him on the swings or hang out on a blanket. I've seen renderings where the skyscrapers would cast shadows over a third of the park, covering the entire playground, for half of the day. I can't imagine that the grass would be as green or it would be as nice a place to hang out.

Sometimes we cross Atlantic at South Portland and walk a few blocks to Fifth Avenue to run errands. There are a lot of cute little kids' shops there. When I'm crossing now, it's O.K., but I can imagine it being a lot worse -- like some intersections I try to avoid like the plague. If there's more traffic in the area, it's just more dangerous. It's not the type of situation I imagined raising a child in.

THE HOMEMAKER

Audrey Doyle

Resident, Fort Greene

We've lived here for 21 years, about five blocks from the rail yards. I'm a homemaker, and my husband works in computers. When we first moved in, a lot of the area was run-down, and crime was very high. Over the years, things have changed a lot.

I feel mostly positive about the changes. Fort Greene still has a varied population. People in public housing and people who own $2 million brownstones live side by side. I absolutely like that mix. I have friends and acquaintances in the neighborhood who are white from the Midwest, and some who immigrated from Argentina or India, and quite a few Caribbean neighbors.

There's a Chinese family on the street and a few doors down there's a Japanese family. There are a lot of ***working-class*** people who have owned the houses they live in for a long time, mostly African-American. And there's a lot of street life, people walking around or sitting on stoops or kids playing outside.

If there's a huge development plunked down in the middle of our neighborhood, the tone of the whole area will gradually change. People who can afford very high housing prices have to be well off, and I would suspect that most of those new people would be white. I'm fearful of the neighborhood changing so much that we wouldn't want to live here.

THE MERCHANT

Ludlow Beckett

Owner of Yu Interiors, Fort Greene

I've been open since December 1999. I sell home accessories with a lean toward 50's and 60's vintage modern. Our customers are mostly from the neighborhood, but we get a lot from Park Slope, Carroll Gardens, all the brownstone neighborhoods. A lot of them come by car. My concern is, if they can't park, will they stay?

It's not just that I work here, but I live here also, and I have to drive around sometimes two or three times just to find parking. We've seen a few larger buildings go up in the area, and parking has become an issue. It can only get worse.

THE BUSINESS HOPEFUL

Brian Saunders

Resident, Crown Heights

I live and grew up in Crown Heights. My father came to the United States from the Caribbean in the early 70's. He started off having a lounge, and I think it's in my blood. Basically, I've managed bars and restaurants in Carroll Gardens and the Village.

What I've been hearing is they'll help individuals who want to open small businesses in the footprint of the project, whether by reducing the rent or helping you with a business plan. I heard they want it to be like mom-and-pop places.

I'd like to have a little lounge in the community, something nice and upscale with a ''Cheers'' atmosphere. I want a place where people from those condos can come down and relax. Not a big club blaring music. Something for 50 or 75 people at most.

That's my goal. Financing and capital play a big role in opening up something, and I don't have the capital to jump-start it. If I can get in with help in terms of rent and the development of my dream, I'm with it.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: STREET-CORNER VIEW -- Nine neighbors, from a merchant to a mother to a Nets fan, all see Brooklyn's Atlantic Yards plan through lenses colored by their own lives. (Photographs by Josh Haner/The New York Times)(pgs. 1,8)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Changing the Face of West Berlin***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-4XX0-0014-5226-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 14, 1988, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 1, Column 4; Home Desk

**Length:** 1338 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH GIOVANNINI

**Body**

IT was a do-it-yourself Saturday last month as ordinary West Berliners moved ordinary furniture into a new apartment building on Wilhelmstrasse, a short block from the Berlin wall. On the bleak street, once the site of the headquarters of the Gestapo and the S.S., the sight of people balancing armchairs on their shoulders and threading sofas through narrow doorways was an almost miraculously normal scene.

Parts of West Berlin have not been reconstructed since World War II, whether because of troubling Nazi associations or an uncomfortable proximity to the wall, or because they were the site of planned highways. Over the last nine years, however, the city of West Berlin and the Federal Republic of Germany have subsidized a huge $1.2 billion building program to house about 30,000 people in these areas.

The 80 buildings, conceived by internationally known architects within an unusual set of guidelines, have become a virtual open-air exhibition of contemporary architecture, urban planning and public housing. About 40 more will be completed over the next three years.

The seven-story apartment house on Wilhelmstrasse, by the Italian architects Aldo Rossi and Gianni Braghieri, and others like those by the New York architects John Hedjuk, Peter Eisenman and Raimund Abraham, have normalized many districts with family and street life, and lightened the spirit of the neighborhoods. The program, the International Building Exhibition Berlin 1987, or I.B.A., has helped restore West Berlin's status as a cultural metropolis.

Under the direction of the independent Berlin Building Exhibition Limited Company, created by the Berlin Senate and financed by West Germany and the city of West Berlin, leading architects from 10 countries were invited to compete in designing the apartment buildings. The architects submitted plans, which were judged by a jury made up of architects, with local citizens as observers.

''The idea was to show the people of Berlin that the city can build for the same money much more interesting buildings, in a more humane context, than was done under old policies,'' said Josef Paul Kleihues, a Berlin architect and planner who helped devise the guidelines. Most new apartment buildings in West Berlin - including all those in the I.B.A. project - have been partly subsidized by the Government, as a part of its policy to encourage investment in the city.

Planners, architects and visitors from around the world have visited to see the buildings, the most complete realization of post-modernist planning ideas of the 1970's and early 80's. Designed like pre-World War I buildings to form a solid facade along the street, with courtyards in the center, the structures have re-established a better sense of neighborhood.

''The buildings respect the history of the area, the old town and street plan, even the traditional height of old buildings and their physiognomy,'' said Wolfgang Suchting, a former coordinator on Mr. Kleihues's I.B.A. staff and now a city planner for the Berlin Senate.

He noted that the buildings are not large, in contrast to those of the 1960's, which are huge sculptural apartment blocks set in parklike grounds.

On Wilhelmstrasse, the furniture that wound its way up the staircases, sometimes wedging in the turns, landed in modest apartments. Most of the units run front to back, allowing cross breezes and double views.

In a one-bedroom apartment occupied by an elderly couple, a small entry leads to a long, narrow living room with a terrace and a generous bedroom off the bathroom. Floors are finished in wood parquet, and bedrooms in a fine-print floral wallpaper.

''I would have preferred the rough plaster,'' said one resident, who asked not to be named. She already had a telescope set up in the kitchen, trained on a long view into East Berlin, across the no man's land of barbed wire behind the wall.

The I.B.A. exhibition, which was celebrated last year as part of the 750th anniversary of Berlin's founding, is the latest incarnation of the city's longstanding housing traditions. Extensive state-sponsored housing projects transformed Berlin in the 1920's, as did the urban renewal projects of the 50's and 60's.

Occupied by working- and middle-class residents, government-subsidized housing in West Berlin carries no class message; the buildings are widely dispersed throughout the city. Potential residents, who must have incomes below certain levels to qualify, rent directly from the builders, who retain ownership of the apartments and select the tenants.

Some projects, like a rambling 10-story structure designed by the Los Angeles firm Moore Ruble Yudell after old steep-roofed German buildings, have proved so popular that there were many more applicants than apartments.

I.B.A. has been divided into two programs, each responsible for about 6,000 apartments. Old I.B.A., run by Hardt-Waltherr Hamer, a Berlin architect, in the ***working-class*** area of Kreuzberg, is focused on the rehabilitation of structures and the construction of new buildings to fill in gaps.

The projects have involved the participation of local residents. ''The residents finished some of the apartments by themselves, for much lower rent,'' Mr. Suchting said.

Mr. Kleihues organized the second program, New I.B.A., in areas with vacant blocks: the Tegel, Pragar Platz, southern Tiergarten and southern Friedrichstadt districts. His program has focused on the re-creation of traditional streets, blocks and squares. A city block developed by a single builder, for example, would be divided into several sites, each given to a different architect. The designs had to conform with a prescribed volume and location, ''But the style was the responsibility of the architect,'' Mr. Suchting said. On a block of the Rauchstrasse near the Tiergarten, nine buildings by eight architectural firms line the surrounding streets; the middle of the block is a large open semipublic park typical of many of the projects. Designs by architects with so many backgrounds guaranteed diversity. ''Berliners were at first skeptical about I.B.A., and until two or three years ago the program was a subject of heated debate,'' said John Ruble, a partner in Moore Ruble Yudell, one of six American firms involved.

Robert A. M. Stern of New York and Stanley

Tigerman of Chicago designed two villa-like apartments near the complex by Moore Ruble Yudell.

''Some architects were criticized because they seemed preoccupied with style, pursuing their own interests, not the public's,'' Mr. Ruble said. ''There was a perception that international stars were coming to Berlin to design 'architectural graffiti.' ''

Mr. Kleihues said: ''I was very happy to be criticized in the beginning, and not in the end. People really seem to love the projects now.''

Mr. Hedjuk, head of the school of architecture at Cooper Union in New York, said: ''I put a strong effort into designing the interiors, for layouts that worked. I wasn't interested in gymnastics of the outside.''

He designed a cluster of towers organized into duplexes, flanked by wings with steel awnings arranged into a human face. The complex is a short distance from one by his Cooper Union colleague Peter Eisenman, whose New York firm, Eisenman/ Robertson, designed a building near Checkpoint Charlie that has a fragmented and densely gridded facade.

For Mr. Hedjuk and Mr. Eisenman, as for a number of other I.B.A. architects who previously designed mostly small projects, the Berlin commissions have been major building opportunities. Mr. Hedjuk said the architects had strong support from I.B.A.'s administration, and that the contractors were very skilled.

''You had a sense of how things in the past were built,'' he said. ''You couldn't complain your building would have been better 'if only . . .' ''

''You can quibble about some things about I.B.A.,'' said the New York architect.

''But let's face it: they had a plan to house a lot of people properly, and in about 10 years they've done it. That's a great achievement anywhere; it would be nice to have that here.''

**Graphic**

photos of buildings in West Berlin (NYT/Joseph Giovannini) (pgs. C1 & 12)

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5H6S-X681-JBG3-611G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 23, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 18

**Length:** 7146 words

**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)

? 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; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.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)

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. (Roberta 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: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe'(through Nov. 1) 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)

? 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: '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 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 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)

? 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

Robert Indiana: 'Sign Paintings 1960-65'(through Oct. 31) 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)

? '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: Chelsea

Billy Childish: 'flowers, nudes and birch trees: New Paintings 2015'(through Oct. 31) 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)

? Josh Smith: 'Sculpture'(through Oct. 31) 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)

Galleries: Other

Eduardo Paolozzi: 'House of Expectations'(through Nov. 1) 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)

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)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed'(through Oct. 31) 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)

? '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

Justin Adian: 'Fort Worth'(closes on Saturday) Titling his show after his hometown, this somewhat mysteriously hot young artist moves to an upper-echelon gallery without blowing it, by stepping up the ambition, scale and execution of his shaped, upholstered relief-paintings. The historical hybridity of these svelte nominally specific objects still nags: Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Tuttle and Ree Morton seem to have put their heads together, with Ron Gorchov kibitzing. Skarstedt Chelsea, 550 West 21st Street, Chelsea, 212-994-5200, skarstedt.com. (Smith)

? 'Dia 15 VI 13 545 West 22 Street Dream House'(closes on Saturday) This terrific show restages a famous sound and light installation by La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, a work whose origins date to the 1960s. On entering the dimly lit gallery, you are immediately enveloped by an intensely powerful sound, a roaring, droning, pulsing noise with such a deep bass that you feel it in your body as well as in your ears. At the far end of the space is a work by Jung Hee Choi, a slowly changing hallucinogenic projection on a perforated black screen. Prepare to have your consciousness altered. Dia: Chelsea, 545 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-989-5566, diacenter.org. (Johnson)

Lee Friedlander and Pierre Bonnard: 'Photographs & Drawings'(closes on Saturday) Pairing these great artists may work better as an idea -- or in the terrific catalog -- than on the walls: the photographs tend to overwhelm the smaller, quieter works on paper. But their landscape views of respectively the American Southwest and the South of France share an interest in linearity and convey the lines of nature with special effectiveness. Pace/MacGill Gallery, 32 East 57th Street, ninth floor, Manhattan, 212-759-7999, pacemacgill.com. (Smith)

? 'Gego: Autobiography of a Line'; Senga Nengudi(closes on Saturday) This entrancing exhibition immerses you in the magic, technical genius and impeccable sensitivity conveyed by Gego's sculptures and wall pieces, constructed from thin wire and other bits of found hardware. The show features her 1970-71 ''Chorros'' (or, ''Jet Stream'') series, not seen in New York since 1971. Her works are complemented by a display of new sculptures in nylon, mesh and sand by Senga Nengudi that are attenuated recyclers of the everyday in their own right. Dominique Lévy, 909 Madison Avenue, at 73rd Street, 212-772-2004, dominique-levy.com. (Smith)

? Samara Golden: 'A Fall of Corners'(closes on Sunday) An elevated walkway takes viewers into the midst of Ms. Golden's spectacular, topsy-turvy fun house of an installation. It seems the floors of four different rooms have rotated 90 degrees and converged to form the four walls of the gallery's big, boxy main exhibition space. Mirrors covering the gallery's actual floor, rolling clouds video-projected above and below and a thunderous soundtrack add to the sensory overload. It's as if you've entered a scene from Christopher Nolan's movie ''Inception.'' Canada, 333 Broome Street, between Bowery and Chrystie Street, Lower East Side, 212-925-4631, canadanewyork.com. (Johnson)

Mark Grotjahn: 'Painted Sculpture'(closes on Thursday) This talented painter's pitting of modernist abstraction and Expressionism against the crucial influences of African art is best when he pits oil paint against bronze, in this case casts of cardboard boxes for flat-screen TVs. The conceptual and inspirational stratagems are several (see the titles). The results are preposterously gorgeous and not a little perverse. Anton Kern Gallery, 532 West 20th Street, 212-367-9663, antonkerngallery.com. (Smith)

? 'Japanese Propaganda Kimonos, 1905-1941'(closes on Saturday) Celebrating Japanese military might, the garments in this fascinating show bear lively compositions reflecting international styles like Art Deco and Depression Moderne. In patchwork patterns and suavely muted colors, they depict fighter planes, battleships, anti-aircraft artillery, aerial landscapes, maps and cute child soldiers. Edward Thorp, 210 11th Avenue, at 24th Street, Chelsea, 212-691-6565, edwardthorpgallery.com. (Johnson)

? Mike Kelley(closes on Saturday) Illuminated variations on the miniaturized and bottled, Kryptonian city of Kandor that Superman kept in his Arctic Fortress of Solitude lead to a major installation called ''Kandor 10B (Exploded Fortress of Solitude).'' A dark, bunker-like construction with a walk-in, cavernous interior, it's accompanied by a 24-minute video showing the sadomasochistic activities of some zany, fancifully costumed people within and around the ''Exploded Fortress.'' Produced in 2011, the year before Mr. Kelley's suicide, the two works together exude a caustic spirit of misanthropic comedy. Hauser & Wirth, 511 West 18th Street, 212-790-3900, hauserwirth.com. (Johnson)

Rachel Khedoori(closes on Saturday) It is well worth enduring the first two floors of this talented artist's current show, where she lurches a little too close to Liz Larner's linear sculptures and then to Sol LeWitt's photographs of generic architecture (and maybe Rachel Harrison's), to reach the third. There, Ms. Khedoori pursues her interest in transforming space, using wallpaper, video projection, mirrors and a lowered door. Hauser & Wirth, 32 East 69th Street, Manhattan, 212-794-4970, hauserwirth.com. (Smith)

? Ron Nagle: 'Five O'Clock Shadow'(closes on Saturday) This large and stunning exhibition of the bonsai-size sculptures of Mr. Nagle -- whose chief medium is glazed clay -- shows off his inventive way of contrasting colors, forms and textures in ways both seductive and slightly that evoke food, furniture, body parts, spindly succulents and oozing drips of blood, chocolate, motor oil or just glaze. It should challenge some museum to do the full-dress retrospective he deserves. Matthew Marks Gallery, 522 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-243-0200, matthewmarks.com. (Smith)

? David Nelson(closes on Saturday) The New York artist David Nelson (1960-2013) was primarily a painter until 1993, when his longtime partner David Knudsvig, also an artist, died of AIDS. In the years that followed Mr. Nelson began to work in distinctive forms of sculpture and photography before moving back to painting again. This survey, organized by Joseph Berger, director of 80WSE, and Nancy Brooks Brody, is a loving tribute and a very beautiful thing. 80WSE, New York University, 80 Washington Square East, Greenwich Village, 212-998-5747, steinhardt.nyu.edu/80wse. (Cotter)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein'(closes on Sunday) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

Trevor Paglen(closes on Saturday) Mr. Paglen's work might be described as making covert phenomena visible. A cinematographer on the Oscar-winning documentary ''Citizenfour'' (2014), here Mr. Paglen focuses on the underwater communications cables that the National Security Agency has been accused of tapping. Along with photographs of cables in the Bahamas and the Caribbean Sea are nautical charts displaying the layout of cables off the coasts of New York and California, as well as a plexiglass ''Autonomy Cube,'' which is connected to a Tor network that allows anonymous communication. Metro Pictures, 519 West 24th Street, Chelsea, 212-206-7100, metropicturesgallery.com. (Schwendener)

Jackie Saccoccio: 'Degree of Tilt'(closes on Friday) With sharp, inventive color combinations and a technique that involves more than you initially realize, this artist belongs to a generation that is finding new ways to explore the convention of all-over abstract painting. Alternately diaphanous and concrete, parts of her intricate compositions involve weaving together thin pours of paint while tilting the canvas at different angles. Hence the title of this show. Van Doren Waxter, 23 East 73rd Street, Manhattan, 212-445-0444, vandorenwaxter.com. (Smith)

? Pinaree Sanpitak: 'Ma-lai'(closes on Saturday) An influential presence in Southeast Asia, and particularly in Thailand, her home country, Ms. Sanpitak embeds cultural specifics in abstract forms. In her second New York solo, she takes as her theme the image of floral garlands made for Thai ceremonial occasions, from weddings to funerals, transforming them into origami-like cloth wall hangings and minimalist paintings accented with dried blossoms. Garlands of real flowers, fresh when the show opened, link cast metal versions of the breastlike forms that the artist has used repeatedly over her three-decade career. Tyler Rollins Fine Art, 529 West 20th Street, Chelsea, 212-229-9100, trfineart.com. (Cotter)

? Dana Schutz: 'Fight in an Elevator'(closes on Saturday) Combining Cubist abstraction and funky expressionism in dissonant, gaudy colors, the paintings in this exuberantly adventurous show range from the broadly sociopolitical to the intimately personal. The chaotic altercation represented by ''Fight in an Elevator,'' from which the exhibition takes its title, is based on the famous surveillance video of Beyoncé's sister Solange attacking Jay Z in a Manhattan elevator. ''Shaking Out the Bed,'' an aerial view of a couple spooning in bed, is a grand picture of domestic bliss and disorder. Petzel Gallery, 456 West 18th Street, Chelsea, 212-680-9467, petzel.com. (Johnson)

? Richard Serra: 'Ramble Drawings'(closes on Saturday) In the past this artist's drawings have waged an uneven battle in terms of scale, weight and aggressiveness with his looming sculptures. His latest drawings favor gentleness and modest size while an extraordinary variety of texture, space and light affirm his abiding interest in process and materials. A show to get lost in. Gagosian Gallery, 980 Madison Avenue, at East 77th Street, Upper East Side, 212-744-2313, gagosian.com. (Smith)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Everything, Everyday: Artists in Residence 2014-15'(closes on Sunday) During their residency year, these three artists have worked in assemblage mode, using both physical and psychological matter as their raw materials. Eric Mack has worked out a hybrid of painting and sculpture from distressed clothing, rope, pegboards, packing blankets and pigment to create a threatening-to-fall- apart dance of heavy and light. Lauren Halsey's ''Kingdom Splurge,'' a mirrored grotto lined with pastel-tinted boulders and beauty shop ads, is a Afro-futuristic Emerald City. Sadie Barnette, in a series of meticulous graphite drawings, spins out a complex, first-names-only family tree and pieces together her own past from memorabilia related to her father. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange'(closes on Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

? Wolfgang Tillmans: 'PCR'(closes on Saturday) With a title taken from DNA technology that suggests photography as an endlessly multiplying, mutable form, the German photographer mounts an unusually ambitious, vulnerable show, aiming for a new degree of full disclosure. His display of around 175 carefully cross-referenced images in all sizes, and including abstraction, turns two large side-by-side spaces into an open book about his life and his art's unlimited possibilities. Don't miss the short video at the end. David Zwirner, 525 and 533 West 19th Street, Chelsea, 212-727-2070, davidzwirner.com. (Smith)

? Warlimpirrnga Tjapaltjarri: 'Maparntjarra'(closes on Sunday) Mr. Tjapaltjarri, born in 1958, is a Pintupi artist and ritual healer from the Western Australia desert making a stunning New York gallery debut. His Aboriginal Dreamtime paintings accrue from thousands of delicate concentric lines into undulant, intensely optical expressions that are topographical, abstract and beyond category. Salon 94 Bowery, 138 Bowery, at Stanton Street, Lower East Side, 212-979-0001, salon94.com. (Smith)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/23/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-23-29.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/23/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-23-29.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY ESTATE OF ARKADY SHAIKHET, NAILYA ALEXANDER GALLERY, COLLECTION OF ALEX LACHMAN)

**Load-Date:** October 23, 2015

**End of Document**



[***HEALTH: Infant Care;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5020-0014-54NN-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Why Fewer Blacks Choose to Breast-Feed Than Do Whites***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5020-0014-54NN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 7, 1988, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 7, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1375 words

**Byline:** By WARREN E. LEARY, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, April 6

**Body**

From a generation of bottle babies has come a resurgence of interest in breast-feeding in the United States. But not all babies have the opportunity to benefit from this natural approach to nurture and nourishment because of a largely unexplained racial disparity in nursing practices.

Studies consistently show that blacks are less than half as likely as whites to breast-feed and that they tend to nurse for a shorter period, but explanations for this vary. Researchers trying to determine the effects of ethnicity on the choice of infant feeding say many social and economic factors appear to be involved.

Prenatal training, family income, age, education, employment, marital status and a host of factors influence the decision to commit to breast milk instead of bottled formula in the crucial first year of a baby's development, experts say. Added to this are cultural differences that have rarely been studied but are receiving increasing attention from social scientists.

The latest figures, from 1987, show that 62.2 percent of white mothers nursed their babies while in the hospital, as against 50.6 percent of Hispanic mothers and 24.9 percent of black mothers, according to Julie Stock of the La Leche League International, a breast-feeding advocacy group with members in 50 countries.

Sharp Differences Found

And a new study by Federal scientists found sharp differences between blacks and whites in the practice of breast-feeding even when such factors as education and income were taken into account.

Breast-feeding fell out of favor in the United States in the 1940's and 1950's, initially because an increasing number of women joined the work force in World War II and found it inconvenient or inappropriate to nurse their children, Ms. Stock said.

''People also believed whatever science could offer, like baby formula, was better than what nature had to offer,'' Ms. Stock said. ''This was also the time when much of the care of women and babies went from being women-based, such as midwives and female members of your extended family, to male-based doctors who had no training or feeling about breast-feeding.''

A new interest in breast-feeding emerged in the late 1970's as scientists documented more advantages. Many white middle-class women also started giving birth after delaying pregnancy, and this group generally advocated breast-feeding as more natural and better for babies.

These mothers tended to discount potential drawbacks to nursing, such as the rare cases of maternal breast infections, or the occasional possibility that some chemicals might be passed to babies, including such things as drugs, nicotine, caffeine and alcohol.

Indeed, most doctors believe the benefits of breast-feeding far outweigh the possible drawbacks.

Various studies indicate that breast-fed babies are more resistant to respiratory and digestive system illnesses and have better tooth and mouth development, fewer allergies and better bonding with the mother. For mothers, nursing stimulates hormones that help them relax and burns as much as 500 calories daily to help with postpartum weight loss, experts said.

Peer Pressure Is Cited

With these advantages and renewed interest in nursing, why is the incidence of breast-feeding among blacks so low? Some professionals believe that more black women, particularly those from ***working-class*** environments with lower incomes, would nurse if the act were considered more acceptable by their families and peers.

Dr. Antoine K. Fomufod, of the pediatrics department at Howard University College of Medicine in Washington, said renewed interest in breast-feeding started with upper-income people who have come to expect it as the norm and have few reservations. Women in this group, including blacks, have taught their husbands and families about breast-feeding, and they have support from their peers, he said.

''It takes time for these attitudes to spread to other groups,'' Dr. Fomufod said. ''A woman's family, her circle of friends, is important. If she starts breast-feeding on the advice of professionals at the hospital, she may stop when she gets home and finds the people there are embarrassed or nonsupportive.''

Education Aimed at Mothers

Most breast-feeding education is aimed at mothers, but there is little effort to reach the husbands, male companions, parents and friends to show them that nursing is superior to bottle feeding and socially acceptable, said Dr. Fomufod, who is also director of the nursery at Howard University Hospital, an institution that primarily serves blacks.

''My experience at this hospital with black professionals is that almost 100 percent breast-feed,'' he said. ''When comparing groups, you have to consider a lot more things than race. Economic factors must be taken into account, such as, is the mother a major source of income and does she have to go back to work right away.''

The new study by Government scientists, published this month in the journal Pediatrics, suggests that the level of education is a big factor in whether black women choose to breast-feed. But even when considering this and all known factors that influence the decision, whites still are twice as likely to breast-feed as blacks, said the report by researchers at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development. #688 Black Women Involved In their study, Dr. Natalie Kurinij, Dr. Patricia Shiono and Dr. George Rhoads looked at 668 black women and 511 white women who delivered their first child at three Washington area hospitals from 1984 to 1985. Almost 85 percent of the white mothers and 49 percent of the black women initially chose breast-feeding, figures substantially higher than national averages because the people served by the hospitals generally represented higher socioeconomic groups, the researchers said.

Black women showed a bigger drop-off from breast-feeding than whites, with 26 percent of the blacks ending nursing a month after leaving the hospital, as against 10 percent of the whites. At the end of seven months, half the white mothers reported that they were still doing some breast-feeding while only 26 percent of the black women who started nursing continued, the study found.

In this group the white mothers, on average, were about five years older, had three years more schooling, had a higher family income and were more likely to attend childbirth classes and to receive prenatal care from a private physician or health maintenance organization than their black counterparts.

More Education a Factor

Dr. Kurinij said that in the sample as a whole, those with a college education were 2.6 times more likely to breast-feed than those with a high school education or less. And those with a graduate school education were 5.2 times more likely than high school graduates to nurse.

Looking at black women as a group, those who attended childbirth classes, who were 25 years old or older or were married were twice as likely to breast-feed, the researchers found. Even when these factors were considered, they said, whites still were twice as likely as blacks to breast-feed.

Employment also seems to be a factor in explaining why fewer black women nurse and why those who do give it up sooner than whites, Dr. Kurinij added. Most of the whites in the study were professional women and many of the blacks held clerical jobs. Professionals often can take longer maternity leaves, which would encourage breast-feeding, and they might have more flexible hours and options at work when they did return so that they could continue nursing.

Women who supplement breast-feeding with formula tend to stop nursing sooner than those who breast-fed exclusively, studies show. In the Washington study, black women were much more likely to start formula supplementation in the hospital than whites, 53 percent to 27 percent. The researchers said this appeared to reflect the policy of some hospitals to encourage supplements for convenience, as well as a lack of maternal confidence and motivation to breast-feed.

''The present data suggest that more support and advice for breast-feeding and less use of formula supplementation during the hospital stay may improve duration of breast-feeding, especially among black and poorly educated women,'' the report concluded.

**End of Document**



[***LONG ISLAND OPINION;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-51W0-0014-53M3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Survivor's Duty Is Not to Forget***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-51W0-0014-53M3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 27, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 12LI; Page 28, Column 3; Long Island Weekly Desk

**Length:** 1284 words

**Byline:** By RUTH MINSKY SENDER; Ruth Minsky Sender lives in Commack.

**Body**

''MY name is Ruth Minsky Sender. I am a Holocaust survivor.''

The introduction I have used many times before to address a student body echoes in the sudden stillness of the classroom.

Before me now is a high school Holocaust class. Curious, bewildered eyes stare at my neat gray suit, soft lavender blouse, light brown hair falling in soft curls. Silently their eyes search for traces of the shaved head, the sunken cheeks, the rags.

''I do not look any different than your mothers, grandmothers, teachers,'' I begin. ''I too am a mother, grandmother, teacher, writer. Still, I am very different; I am a Holocaust survivor.'' I take a deep breath. ''As a Holocaust survivor I carry a heavy burden, the burden of remembering and a painful duty.'' I swallow hard. ''The duty of passing on those memories so the world would learn and it should never happen again.''

All eyes are on me. Not a sound is heard.

''As I share the horrors of degradation, the stories of courage, of spiritual resistance against evil,'' my voice quivers lightly, ''no matter how painful, I the survivor make you today witnesses. Together we take on the painful duty of remembering, of standing guard against indifference, against prejudice, against injustice.''

My eyes fall on the book on the desk before me: ''The Cage,'' by Ruth Minsky Sender. I see the barbed wire of the death camps again. I see the faces of my family, their eyes wide with horror. I hear their agonizing voices calling to me: ''We perished. You survived. You are the witness. Remember. Remember.''

I look at the tense young faces before me, and pictures of cattle cars flash before my eyes. Cattle cars filled with young children, me, my little brothers, saying our last goodbye. My eyes well up with tears. We must not let that happen again. ''You must remember. You must tell our story.''

I feel the presence of those who perished by the Nazis - my mother, little brothers, aunts, uncles, cousins, teachers, friends. Their tormented voices call to me. ''Remember. You must bear witness. It is your duty.''

My voice takes on a sudden strength. ''Each Holocaust survivor, each liberator of the Nazi death camp has the duty to remember; remember; remember.''

On the desk before me is a journal I brought with me. I feel overwhelming outrage as I pick up the journal with trembling hands.

''This journal, published by neo-Nazis in California, dares to deny that millions of innocent men, women, children were all murdered by the Nazis.

''They try to tell me that the horrors I witnessed never happened. They try to tell me that my family never perished, that there was no Holocaust. This journal, filled with ugliness and lies, was taken out of a garbage basket, where the chairman of social studies in a Commack junior high School had thrown it in outrage. This was mailed to the school with a letter urging him to persuade his teachers to use this literature in their classrooms.

''I happened to speak that day to the student body, as I often do. I spoke of what hate, prejudice, indifference lead to. Of those who teach hate. How people could be taught to hate.''

Before my eyes flashes the smiling face of my childhood friend, blond, blue-eyed Harry.

''I was 13 when the Nazis marched into Lodz, a huge industrial city in Poland. I grew up in a Jewish ***working-class*** neighborhood that later became part of the ghetto. I had two sisters and four brothers. Harry was an only child. He spent most of his time at our home. His mother and grandmother, who was our landlady, were our best friends.

''They were of German descent. We were Jews. We shared each other's holidays, shared joy and sorrow. They spoke Yiddish, as did all of the people in that neighborhood, knew Jewish history, Jewish customs. We were family.

''The Nazis proclaimed anyone who has Jewish ancestors, even if they converted to Christianity, is a Jew. They must wear the yellow Star of David, vacate their homes if they are outside the area designated for Jews.

''Within three months, our best friends changed. They moved into the best section of Lodz, took whatever they could from their Jewish friends and neighbors, and Harry, my friend Harry, dressed in the brown uniform of the Nazi youth, with a night stick in his arms, came to see us. His blue eyes were strangely cold. From his mouth came a rush of the same ugly words we heard from the Nazi radio stations. I was horrified.

''Harry, you were my friend, you were my brother, you grew up among Jews. How can you repeat that ugly propaganda?''

For a moment, only a moment, he looked a little ashamed. Then a Harry I never knew, in a voice I never heard, replied.

''Germany is my Fatherland.

I'll do anything for my Fatherland.''

''I cried. I cried for him, I cried for me.'' My voice cracks. ''If someone like Harry, his mother and grandmother, could be brainwashed, could learn to hate the people they knew, respected, loved, what can those hateful lies of neo-Nazis do if we ignore them?

''You who listen to, read personal accounts of survivors, become the witnesses. Remember. The Holocaust did happen. It can happen again if we ignore the signs, if we keep silent, if we remain indifferent.''

My mother, a strong believer in a world of justice, a world of brotherhood, insisted that ''a world full of people will not be silent.'' I feel tears grasping my throat. The students wait in silence.

''She was wrong. The world she trusted was silent. She perished. She was taken out of the ghetto during a Nazi raid in 1942. I never saw her again. She became a statistic. I learned after I was liberated from the death camps that the people taken from Lodz in 1942 were gassed in trucks in the town of Chelmno.'' Tears are blinding me. The students' eyes are on me as I quickly wipe my tears. My voice is low.

''If you happen to see the documentary 'Shoah,' there is a scene of quiet fields in Chelmno, only numbers appear across the screen. Numbers of those murdered there.''

''When you see those numbers, remember they were people. Think of them as people. Think of my mother, a loving, compassionate woman who believed in a world that will not be silent. We must learn from history. In my mother's words, 'As long as there is life there is hope.' We held on to hope surrounded by death. We fought moral decay by teaching values. The human spirit helped us survive.''

I speak of secret study groups. Of hidden libraries. Of hope for tomorrow. Of horror. Of separation. Of still searching for traces of my family. Eyes filled with horror, eyes filled with tears stare at me in silence.

''In the cage of the concentration camp, I wrote poetry of anger, of hope. I shared those poems with the other inmates. They risked their life to find scraps of paper, to hide the poems from the Nazi guards. I would like to share one poem with you now.'' I open ''The Cage'' and read.

Why?

All alone, I stare at the window

Feeling my soul in me cry

Hearing the painful screams of my heart

Calling silently: Why?

Why are your dreams scattered, destroyed?

Why are you put in this cage?

Why is the world silently watching?

Why can't they hear your rage?

Why is the barbed wire holding me prisoner

Blocking to freedom my way?

Why do I still keep waiting and dreaming

Hoping . . . maybe . . . some day . . .

I see above me snow-covered mountains

Majestic, proud and high

If like a free bird I could reach their peaks

Maybe from there the world will hear my cry . . . Why?

I hold the book tightly in my hands. ''Please, please never stop asking, 'Why?' '' The students sit in silence. They took a painful journey with me. They too are drained. Suddenly they all rise, applaud. A girl walks toward me, puts her arms warmly around me. ''We will remember,'' she whispers hoarsely. ''We will bear witness.''

**Graphic**

Photo of ''Holocaust'' by George Segal

**End of Document**



[***ART / ARCHITECTURE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TWN-WDW0-007F-G49H-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Far From 'the Troubles,' Agitprop for Both Camps - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TWN-WDW0-007F-G49H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 37; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1511 words

**Byline:** By ELIZABETH HAYT;

Elizabeth Hayt is an art historian and critic.

By ELIZABETH HAYT;   Elizabeth Hayt is an art historian and critic.

**Body**

IN 1973, Danny Deveny, a member of the Irish Republican Army, was arrested for bank robbery after being shot and wounded by security forces in Northern Ireland. Sentenced to eight years at Long Kesh, a British prison outside Belfast, Mr. Deveny lived in one of several hundred Nissen huts surrounded by barbed wire like a World War II internment camp. Housing 30 men together, the huts were rundown, cold and occasionally rat infested. A change of bedsheets was rare, and outbreaks of scabies were common. Prison guards routinely brutalized the inmates, strip searching them and setting police dogs on them.

Under these conditions, Mr. Deveny, now 46, became a political artist. Self- taught, he not only painted portraits of I.R.A. heroes on the Long Kesh walls but also decorated prison-issue handkerchiefs with politically subversive cartoons. The contraband, easy to smuggle out, earned Mr. Deveny a reputation throughout Belfast as an activist and propaganda painter, a role he fulfills to this day.

Mr. Deveny's work -- enormous, bold political murals and slogans embellishing buildings and walls -- can now be seen for the first time in New York. He, along with Marty Lyons, his collaborator since 1990, have painted murals at the Douglas Fairbanks Theater on West 42d Street, where "A Night in November," a one-man show about the conflict between Northern Irish Protestants and Catholics written by Marie Jones, is playing.

All around the theater, Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons, who is 36 and also from Belfast, where he started out as a muralist for Sinn Fein Youth in 1980, have produced a panorama of Northern Irish history, re-creating the graffiti-strewn walls of Belfast. In the wake of the 1996 cease-fire, and perhaps because they are far from home, Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons have dared to do what was once unthinkable: they have fused Catholic and Protestant imagery on the same walls.

In the front courtyard, the artists have depicted a narrative charting the 70-year conflict dividing the North. The epic unfolds with scenes of significant events, people and places, including references to the 1919-21 War of Independence, the British paramilitary presence and beer-guzzling skinheads wearing the colors of the Union Jack. The men are caricatures of bigotry.

The pictorial history culminates in a symbol of peaceful resolution, a representation of Gerry Adams, President of Sinn Fein, the political arm of the I.R.A., and David Trimble, leader of the pro-British Ulster Unionist Party. The two men are shown shaking hands -- a gesture they have actually yet to make. "It's symbolic of what I want," said Mr. Deveny.

The dramatic impact of this wishful image may not be apparent to American audiences. But to those from Northern Ireland, where segregation between Catholics and Protestants has been institutionalized, and where approximately 3,400 people have been killed since 1969, when the so-called Troubles began, the murals are unprecedented.

"You will never see anything like that ever, anywhere," said Dan Gordon, the star of "A Night in November" and a Protestant native of East Belfast. "I've seen both sides, but never this mixture of very strong Unionist or Protestant images beside very strong Nationalist or Catholic images."

IN Northern Ireland, murals not only color a bleak landscape devastated by decades of guerrilla warfare; they are also a primary means of agitprop for both the Protestants and Catholics. In Belfast, there are currently nearly 300 murals, according to Jack Conway, a political anthropologist at Connecticut College who has documented them.

"The murals serve both political and esthetic functions," Mr. Conway explained. "The ***working-class*** people of Belfast in both communities depend on the muralists to provide analysis of political events. Murals are messages of the struggle. Most political murals, like those of the Mexican Diego Rivera, have been painted in the aftermath of the conflict; in Northern Ireland, however, the murals have been an integral part of the conflict."

So much so that to paint a mural is to risk one's life. In 1980, a 16-year-old Belfast youth was shot painting a wall. Northern Irish security forces have repeatedly threatened Catholic muralists, holding them at gunpoint. As a mural of an I.R.A. hero was being unveiled in West Belfast in 1992, Protestant militants attacked, killing a Catholic bystander. Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons's work is frequently defaced. "On the Falls Road in Belfast, we've had to repaint our mural of Bobby Sands seven times after being paint-bombed," Mr. Deveny said, referring to the I.R.A. martyr who was the first of 10 men to die on a hunger strike at Long Kesh in 1981, protesting the treatment of political prisoners.

Like the German Expressionist Otto Dix, who made battlefield sketches during World War I, Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons are accustomed to working under the threat of violence, forcing them to complete a mural as quickly as possible. Although they were slowed by the matinee crowds that gathered to watch them paint the Fairbanks, they said, it took only four days for the artists to do the paintings behind the theater and 10 to finish the courtyard mural, measuring 50 feet by 11 feet.

"They work really fast because they are targets when they're doing this," said Ed Burke, one of the play's four producers, who had hired the artists to paint background murals for the 1996 movie "Some Mother's Son." "They could be shot at."

With haste in mind, Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons never execute preparatory sketches, no matter how grand the scale of the mural. However, they did know the dimensions of the walls around the theater in advance, enabling them to preconceive the main images. "We knew 60 percent of what we were going to paint and the rest was impulse," confirmed Mr. Deveny. "A mural has to be visually focused. One strong image I've had in my head: the skinheads. They go to the core of what racism and prejudice is all about. Then you wander off and do the rest. It sort of links itself together as we go along."

While Mr. Deveny acts as the political strategist and theorist, Mr. Lyons, who prefers to let his partner do the talking, offers a painterly sensibility. "We will debate what colors to use and the composition," explained Mr. Deveny. "Marty is very instinctive and I have a planned view about what will work in a political way. But people can't tell the difference in our work in terms of style."

Their style is social realism, the preferred language of revolutionaries, making their paintings appear deceptively simple. But Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons unconsciously depend on certain avant-garde strategies, imparting to their murals a sophistication that belies their accessibility and popular appeal.

Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons direct their art toward a mass audience, bringing to mind the 1930's photomontage artist John Heartfield, who circulated his radical imagery through a German workers' publication. Like Heartfield, they lift readily identifiable images from their original popular context, juxtaposing them to create new meanings that are satirical, incendiary or heroic.

To achieve his revolutionary objectives, "to educate, agitate and liberate," Mr. Deveny draws images from a personal archive of books, magazines and video documentaries that he has collected since prison. "Everyone remembers the little girl being napalmed in Vietnam, and we have the same thing in Ireland: shock imagery, which people always remember and associate with tragedy and injustice," he said. "We try to make the image very simple so people can connect to it."

Indeed, behind the Fairbanks theater, the artists have covered the walls with powerful, political icons. In one mural, the Protestant King Billy, who triumphed over the Catholic King James II in 1690, is flanked by two Loyalist paramilitary men and the inscription "No Surrender." Opposing the image, on the far side of the wall, is the smiling face of Bobby Sands. "We wanted to balance this mural, to give both sides, because everyone is responsible," said Mr. Deveny.

A sense of communal responsibility is, in fact, expressed in the production of the Belfast murals. Because Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons are not compensated for their political work -- volunteering their creative talents is a full-time guerrilla effort, and they rely on their wives to support them -- neighbors provide the artists with materials, like leftover house paint. In fact, local children generally participate in painting the murals, transforming them into a form of performance art specific to the site. Murals consecrate symbolic places, like Bobby Sands's home, a well-decorated spot.

Despite the fact that Mr. Deveny and Mr. Lyons are internationally known political artists -- Basque and Chicano painters have gone to Ireland to seek out their work, which has been shown on international television -- the two men remain committed to the Republican struggle. "The murals are not about me," said Mr. Deveny. "They're about the people whose story I'm trying to tell. I'm very fearful of letting them down."

**Correction**

A picture caption on page 37 of the Arts and Leisure section today with an article about political murals on Theater Row misidentifies the artist pictured with a mural at the Douglas Fairbanks Theater. He is Danny Deveny, not Marty Lyons.

**Correction-Date:** October 18, 1998, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photo: Marty Lyons with one of the political murals that he and Danny Deveny have painted at the Douglas Fairbanks Theater. (Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 18, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Log On, Rock On***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TTS-0KV0-007F-G114-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 8, 1998, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Circuits

**Section:** Section G;; Section G; Page 1; Column 1; Circuits; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1443 words

**Byline:** Dave Stewart

By MICHEL MARRIOTT

By MICHEL MARRIOTT

**Body**

IT has been more than a decade since Dave Stewart, the bearded half of the 80's electro-pop duo the Eurythmics, made himself and Annie Lennox into international darlings of a fledging music video medium that gave birth to MTV. Now, Mr. Stewart, who at 46 appears no less the determined musician of his younger days, is once again teasing at the creative edges of yet another emerging mass medium: the Internet.

Last month, Mr. Stewart helped to start an Internet site he calls the Sly-Fi Network. The site's logo is a pair of retro-techno-styled headphones that Mr. Stewart, who has a flare for the whimsical, sometimes wears. The wacky headphones also grace the cover of his new album, aptly named "Sly-Fi," some of which can be heard on the network's Sly-Fi Hi-Fi section; the album is distributed and sold only on the Internet.

Recently, Mr. Stewart, not wearing the headphones, did a cybercast on his site from an 18th-century church turned recording studio in London. He did appear with his British ***working-class*** brogue and swept-back blond hair, inventing a new song and, as always, reinventing himself.

"I've always sort of like got my ear to the ground and listening for how things are progressing," Mr. Stewart said in a recent telephone interview from his studio in London. One of the things he has taken particular notice of has been the Internet, the "first place," he says, "that I've ever felt that I really belong."

While some others fear that the Internet's vast computer network will ultimately isolate people at their keyboards, Mr. Stewart said he is convinced that quite the opposite is more likely. "To me it's a brilliant opening up of the world," he said of cyberspace in general.

As if to prove his point, Mr. Stewart, who long ago acquired a reputation as an artful tinkerer with new technologies, helped to create the Sly-Fi Network ([*www.slyfi.com*](http://www.slyfi.com) or [*www.davestewart.com*](http://www.davestewart.com)) to involve people in his music and art, he said. Far from being just another on-line rock star fan club, the site -- part of Mr. Stewart's deal with Digital Artists, a new label at N2K Encoded Music, which is part of a major on-line entertainment company, N2K Inc. -- is designed to be a gathering point for artistic adventure. Mr. Stewart says the site, or network as he calls it, is aiming at nothing less than establishing alternative means of artistic freedom, expression and collaboration.

Increasingly, major recording artists, most notably David Bowie and the artist formerly known as Prince, have been expanding the boundaries of what musicians can do with the Internet. In that spirit, Mr. Stewart, a singer, songwriter, producer, photographer, filmmaker, screenwriter and lecturer who has worked on projects with people as diverse as Bob Dylan and Kevin Spacey, said he wants to test those boundaries even further on his network. He calls it his "multimedia playground."

"What gets him excited, and me too, with this medium is that it absolutely has no rules," said Nick Turner, vice president of N2K's Music Boulevard Network, West Coast. "With this medium you make up the rules as you go along. It is so free to experiment and try things."

In an instance several weeks ago, Mr. Stewart trained a video camera on his studio for 24 hours, giving anyone linked to his site a desktop view into his world. Pushing the technology much further, he recently invited people to help him write a song over the Internet. He posted only the name of the song-to-be, "Get Over Yourself," and the date and time when he would begin the collaboration on line.

What followed was a live cybercast from his London studio, which he has dubbed Sly-Fi Mission Control. Reminiscent of the packed BBC studio where the Beatles' "All You Need Is Love" was broadcast in the late 1960's, Mr. Stewart's studio was similarly crammed with people joining in on the music making.

And you didn't have to be there. He received E-mail from as far away as Japan as suggestions about lyrics and digital beats for the song-in-progress streamed into the studio. And as the cybercast went on for hours, Mr. Stewart dutifully read, edited and incorporated lyrics that spilled out of his computer's printer.

"I think it was a great, interesting experience in the world being connected," Mr. Stewart said. "It is amazing to have people in the world joining in on something." Four hours after he finished the song, he made it freely available on his network. He said he decided to give the song away because so many people helped to write it that it would be impossible to credit everyone responsible for it.

Mr. Stewart's site also offers two software programs, Res Rocket and Mixman Studio, that encourage on-line visitors to get yet more directly involved in his music. Res Rocket, designed more for professional musicians, permits people in different locations to plug in their MIDI-enabled instruments and play together on line and in real time -- a musical teleconference.

"Imagine," Mr. Stewart said, "if you were a kid and you live in some town in Alaska and you want to be in a band, but none of your friends play the bass." With Res Rocket, which can be downloaded from his site, he said the same youngster could be "jamming with somebody who lives in New Orleans." The other program, Mixman Studio, permits a more solitary interaction with Mr. Stewart's music.

Mixman is a real-time sound mixer that can splice and blend up to 16 samples of music at a time, resulting in a piece of original recorded music. Mr. Stewart supplies 16 samples of some of the music on his new album, including bass lines, vocal tracks, keyboard chords and percussion. With the program, a computer keyboard becomes a kind of mixing board, its makers say.

But will such technological gadgetry destroy the soul of the music?

Mr. Stewart, whose signature production style often blends what he characterized as "weird hybrids" like a drum machine and a symphonic orchestra, says absolutely not.

"It's what you do with it," he said. "I remember when synthesizers came out and people said, 'Oh, it's the death of rock-and-roll.' And then when CD's came out, 'Oh, that's the end.' Now the Internet and people say, 'That's the end -- nobody will be able to talk anymore.' "

Mr. Stewart said that through his music and Sly-Fi, he is proving wrong the skeptics of the marriage of music and the Internet. Next he plans to hold a kind of songwriting tutorial on line. "I'll answer people's questions on line about songs that I have written," he explained.

In the meantime, he is showing the music video for the album's first single, a dark but somehow upbeat autobiographical song called "Happy to Be Here." The video can also be found on a tour of Mr. Stewart's virtual apartment. That can be found on his music CD itself when the disk is placed in a computer's CD-ROM drive.

(Hint: the music video is in his TV set).

Candy Dulfer, the Dutch-born fusion jazz saxophonist, said she was not surprised that Mr. Stewart invited the world into his creative processes. After years of collaborating with him the old-fashioned way, in brick-and-mortar studios, she said she discovered that he was "just that kind of person"

"Every time I'm there," she added, "he seems to have new and exciting things happening and it's all about the music." In a video interview stored on his site, Mr. Stewart says: "Sly-Fi to me is kind of a diary, an extract of things that I am doing in my life. It's something that you would come across on the Net and say, 'What the hell is that?' "

Already, Mr. Stewart has released a frenetic short film he made for the Sly-Fi TV section of the network. In quick-cut style, the film sweeps through original images that include a Eurythmics montage, scenes of Timothy Leary's house (where he was a frequent guest), footage of Jon Bon Jovi in a London taxi and pictures he took of Demi Moore on a beach in Goa for a fashion magazine. There is even a shot of Mr. Stewart in an Andy Warhol-like wig.

"A bit like Warhol, I've been obsessed with documenting things and filming stuff," said Mr. Stewart, who edits his films in his London apartment, the same one featured in all its mod sensibility on his CD's virtual tour. He said he plans to produce and post the new films to his site every couple of weeks or so and play host to a range of events.

Right now Mr. Stewart is holding an on-line contest. The winner gets an all-expenses paid trip to London to be his guest presenter on Sly-Fi TV's Halloween special.

Yet as he is the hub of a wildly spinning world of bits, bytes and beats, Mr. Stewart says that it is not as complicated as it might seem. "I'm just a traditional singer-songwriter," he said, "using contemporary methods."

**Graphic**

Photos: Dave Stewart, wearing the headphones that serve as the logo for his Internet site. (Anoushka Fisz)(pg. G7); POP STAR TURNED WEBMASTER -- Dave Stewart, formerly half of the Eurythmics, now displays his quirky musical talents on the Internet. (Anoushka Fisz)(pg. G1)

**Load-Date:** October 9, 1998

**End of Document**



[***A Unified Theory Of Nicole Kidman***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49X8-MHX0-01KN-20FG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 2, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1713 words

**Byline:**  By A. O. SCOTT

**Body**

LAST spring, Nicole Kidman completed her transformation from a gifted actress into a movie star, a process all the more mysterious for having occurred in plain sight. She seemed to have been around forever, and then, all of a sudden, there she was: her blue eyes glimmering on the cover of every glossy on the rack; her slender hands clutching an Oscar, her name inscribed at the very top of the Hollywood A-List. In the coming months, she will extend her run as a leading on-screen Quality Lit heroine, appearing in Robert Benton's adaptation of Philip Roth's novel "The Human Stain" (which opened Friday) and Anthony Minghella's "Cold Mountain" (Dec. 25), based on the best-selling, award winning Civil War novel by Charles Frazier. At this point, those movies may depend more on her than she does on them; her luster will only be enhanced by their success, and is unlikely to be diminished if they fail.

Ms. Kidman's ascension has not happened by accident; it has resulted from a series of canny and admirably risky strategic choices -- throwing her reedy voice into the musical numbers in "Moulin Rouge," hiding the fine bones of her face behind prosthetic latex to play Virginia Woolf last year in "The Hours," subjecting herself to Lars von Trier's sadistic mischief in "Dogville" (opening next year) -- which could have yielded embarrassment as readily as triumph. However arguable the individual merits of these movies may be, the bravery of her participation in them is hard to deny.

Indeed, the plucky, disciplined indomitability she brings to her performances, even more than the artistry she displays within them, may be the secret of her appeal, the source of her bond with the audience.

Watching her on screen, we don't necessarily root for the characters Ms. Kidman plays -- they are, as often as not, doomed in any case -- so much as we cheer for the woman playing them. She has made her success the object of our desire.

She has done this by refusing to follow the usual paths trod by ambitious, good-looking women who manage, against heavy odds, to become movie stars. The road most traveled -- though hardly the easiest one -- is the sweetheart route, which passes, with occasional detours into wilder terrain, through buoyant romantic comedies and redemptive melodramas. While there are many varieties of sweetheart -- Meg Ryan, Julia Roberts, Renee Zellweger and Kate Hudson are among those with credible recent claims on the title -- the crucial attribute is a certain kind of warmth, at once sexual and sympathetic, something grown men can swoon over and grown women can identify with.

For a while, in pictures like "Days of Thunder" and "Far and Away" (both star vehicles for her former husband, Tom Cruise), it seemed as though Ms. Kidman, with her strawberry curls and Down Under earthiness, was heading in this direction. But her on-screen manner was too wary, too chilly; the closest she has come to the sweetheart archetype has been in Gus Van Sant's "To Die For" (1995), in which she subverted it completely, playing a perky, sexy, ingratiating woman who was also a ruthless social climber, a sociopath and a murderer.

That villainy was, until "The Hours," Ms. Kidman's most brilliant disguise, but she is not typically an actress who burrows so deeply into her characters as to be unrecognizable from one role to the next. Like other members of Hollywood's Australian diaspora -- Cate Blanchett, Naomi Watts, Russell Crowe and so on -- she has a knack for accents, but her reputation does not rest on the sort of shape-shifting virtuosity that has brought Mr. Crowe and Ms. Blanchett so much acclaim. She may sound different in each movie -- upper-crustily British in "The Hours" and "The Others," liltingly southern in "Cold Mountain," mumblingly New England in "The Human Stain," generically American in "Eyes Wide Shut" and "Dogville" -- but she is always essentially recognizable, always, in classic movie-star style, herself.

In "The Human Stain," as in "The Hours," she struggles against her natural charisma, but in this case it gets the better of her. Her character, Faunia Farley, is a cleaning woman worn down by sorrow and abuse, who enters into an unlikely, mutually rejuvenating love affair with Coleman Silk, the disgraced classics professor played by Anthony Hopkins. Coleman first sees Faunia at the post office, where the camera glimpses her face through disheveled brown curls. And Ms. Kidman's face betrays her, making her drab hooded sweatshirt and worn blue jeans look more contrived than the elaborate period costumes she has worn at other times. Of course, a film in which Mr. Hopkins plays a black man is probably not aiming for perfect naturalism. Nonetheless, Ms. Kidman is not quite convincing as a worn-down, grief-stricken ***working-class*** woman. Despite her numbed affect and her outbursts of raw emotion, the movie star (and recently hired face of Chanel No. 5) keeps peeking out from under the character. But it may not hurt that we confuse her with her characters. It may be exactly what we want from her.

Ms. Kidman's physical transformation into Virginia Woolf seemed so impressive -- and was so extravagantly praised -- in part because it seemed so unlikely, because she had not struck anyone, until then, as the kind of actress who could disappear so completely on screen. In another respect, though, theVirginia Woolf imagined by Michael Cunningham, David Hare and Stephen Daldry was exactly the type of woman Ms. Kidman has been most adept at playing. She has shown an astonishing appetite for misery; her resume of leading roles reads, for the most part, like a catalog of the varieties of female suffering. In "Dead Calm" (1989), Philip Noyce's brutally claustrophobic thriller, she was a young wife raped and menaced by a psychopath on board a drifting yacht. In "The Portrait of a Lady," Jane Campion's 1996 feminist Gothic interpretation of Henry James's novel, she was Isabel Archer, whose innate American good cheer is stifled by the scheming and corruption of her satanically passive-aggressive husband and his duplicitous former lover. Satine, the good-hearted courtesan in "Moulin Rouge," coughed blood into her handkerchief while romantically dying of tuberculosis. Alice Harford in "Eyes Wide Shut" (1999) was berated and humiliated by her arrogant, self-deceiving husband. The World War II-era mother in "The Others" (2001), whose husband was missing in battle, had to defend herself and her light-allergic children from a houseful of menacing, invisible ghosts. Grace, the heroine of "Dogville," is a fugitive from big-city gangsters who is sheltered by the citizens of a small Colorado town only to be shackled, abused and reduced to sexual and household servitude. Faunia Farley, in "The Human Stain," ran away from home at 14 to escape her sexually abusive stepfather and ended up married to a deranged Vietnam veteran; their two children died in a fire, and Faunia is ravaged by grief and guilt. In "Cold Mountain," Ada, a 19th-century Appalachian Penelope, endures the deprivations of wartime on a remote farm while the wounded soldier who loves her makes his way slowly back from the battlefield. Next summer, Ms. Kidman will star in a remake of "The Stepford Wives," which is being promoted as satire but which nonetheless, if the 1975 original is any indication at all, looks like a variation on her favorite theme.

These women are not just unhappy; they are persecuted -- by men, by fate, by history, by plain bad luck, and it is hard to think of another film actress since the heyday of Joan Crawford who has demonstrated such a pronounced affinity for heroic masochism and romantic martyrdom. Like Crawford, though, Ms. Kidman possesses a steely grace that disarms our pity even as her infinite vulnerability solicits it. Her characters are willful and resilient in ways that make it difficult to see them simply as victims. It hardly seems accidental that Mr. von Trier chose her to portray the first of his heroines willing or able to take revenge on her would-be destroyers. After the meek, mousy goodness of Bjork (in "Dancer in the Dark") and Emily Watson (in "Breaking the Waves"), Ms. Kidman's toughness and reserve give "Dogville" a prickly dramatic energy missing from those earlier parables of battered innocence. Grace, who is the daughter of a ruthless and powerful big-city gangster, is too provocative, too interesting, to be merely innocent.

Something similar could be said of Virginia Woolf -- who, after all, was not just a nut case who talked to flowers or a suicide-in-waiting, but also a ferociously witty and perceptive novelist -- and, indeed, of just about every other character on the list. Rae in "Dead Calm" fights back against her attacker. Isabel Archer, rather than flee the trap of her false, cold marriage, affirms her commitment to it, sacrificing her future happiness in the name of her sacrosanct freedom of choice. Satine in "Moulin Rouge"gives her life for love, for art and for Baz Luhrmann's absurd and heartfelt pop-Bohemian ideals. That beleaguered mother in "The Others" is tormented by phantoms and she is also, herself, a ghost, with a streak of Medea-like monstrosity underneath her fierce maternalism.

Inevitably, at least in the eyes of the audience, the women Ms. Kidman has impersonated on screen are haunted by the specter of her off-screen life. For as long as there have been movie stars, it has been their fate to offer up a measure of their privacy, willingly or not, for public consumption, to perform in the gossip columns as well as in the theaters. And the consummation of Ms. Kidman's stardom, playing a series of wronged, unhappy but nonetheless stoic and resilient women, came at the precise moment of the breakup of her marriage to Mr. Cruise, an event that may have nothing to do with her acting, but that has become part of the persona we see beneath the various characters.

We identify them with her, but we also distinguish them in a way that is ultimately reassuring. Their misery is a sign of her independence, her courage, her victory over unpleasant circumstances, and our applause is the measure of our compassion. These women suffer so beautifully -- and nothing, it seems, makes Ms. Kidman, or her adoring public, happier.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Nicole Kidman, clockwise from left, in "To Die For," "Cold Mountain," "The Hours," "Dogville," "Moulin Rouge," "Eyes Wide Shut," "The Portrait of a Lady" and "The Human Stain." (pg. 1); Jude Law and Nicole Kidman play sweethearts separated during the Civil War in "Cold Mountain." (Photo by Phil Bray/Miramax Films)(pg. 30)

**Load-Date:** November 2, 2003

**End of Document**



[***WEEKENDER GUIDE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5840-0014-520D-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 19, 1988, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1263 words

**Byline:** By Andrew L. Yarrow

**Body**

FRIDAY

IN THE DRAGON'S YEAR

Two days into the Year of the Dragon, the Chinese Lunar New Year is still being celebrated at the Asian American Arts Center, at 26 Bowery, south of Canal Street. Several programs of traditional Chinese music, dance and folk tales are to be presented this weekend. Regional Chinese New Year songs will be sung by Hu Xiaoping; dances from Tibet, Mongolia and northwestern China will be performed by Mao Jie-ming; Margaret Wolfson and Paula Chan Bing will offer musical renditions of Chinese folk tales, and Fong Kuang-yu will present excerpts from Chinese opera in a concert called ''D'Asia Vu'' tonight and tomorrow at 8. Tickets are $7. Because it is said to be customary to mark the New Year by sharing one's performing abilities, the center will present a free series of performances on Sunday at 2 P.M. by a folk dancer, a mountain singer, a fortune teller, a martial artist and others. In addition, the center's exhibition of Chinese embroidery, jewelry and other folk arts is on view through March 11. Admission is free. Information: 233-2154.

OBSERVING BLACK HISTORY

Black History Month is being observed with several readings and concerts this weekend at the Castillo Cultural Centers, an organization dedicated to presenting American and international ***working-class*** culture, at its locations in Harlem and lower midtown. A poetry reading about personal and collective black history, called ''Literary Jam: Poetry, History, Power,'' will be held tonight at 8, at the Harlem Castillo Center, 2032 Fifth Avenue, at 125th Street. About a dozen writers will read their works in the midst of a giant collage of paintings. Tickets for this event are $5. The Louines Louinis Haitian Dance Theater, a reggae band called Agyei from St. Croix, a Haitian folk-music group, and other musicians will take part in ''Melange: A Caribbean Celebration'' tomorrow at 9 P.M. at the Castillo Center at 7 East 20th Street, 10th floor. Tickets are $10. Information: 505-0170.

Saturday

GREEENING OF MANHATTAN

Whatever one may think of the way they spell their name, the Green Guerillas have dedicated the last 14 years to the greening of this seemingly ungreenable city. This coalition of urban gardeners sprouted from a neighborhood movement that created the Liz Christy Bowery-Houston Garden at the northeast corner of Houston Street and the Bowery in 1973. This community garden -with plant-lined paths, trees and even a pond - is to be the site for a free winter wildlife watch on Saturday at 1 P.M. The watch will be led by Steve Garber, author of ''The Urban Naturalist.'' Admittedly, not much wildlife is expected in lower Manhattan for this event, but visitors will learn how to look for and decipher the telltale signs left by woodpeckers, turtles and other animals, as well as how plants and animals survive the winter. Refreshments will be served after the hourlong workshop. Information: 674-8124.

AUDIBLE IMPORTS

One Japanese import whose principal effect on the balance of trade is the musical enrichment of its American audiences is the Tokyo String Quartet, which will perform at the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Whitman Hall, on the Brooklyn College campus, Saturday at 8 P.M. This internationally renowned quartet - whose roots date to the Tokyo School of Music, though it was actually organized in New York at the Juilliard School in 1969 - will present Mozart's Quartet in D Minor (K. 421); Beethoven's Quartet in E flat (Op. 127), and Debussy's Quartet in G minor (Op. 10). Tickets are $20, $16, $14 and $10. A free preconcert lecture about the works to be performed will be given by Bruce C. MacIntyre, a Brooklyn College music professor, at 7 P.M. in the nearby Levenson Recital Hall. The center is one block from Flatbush and Nostrand Avenues, near the Flatbush Avenue station of the IRT No. 2 and 5 trains. Information: (718) 434-1900.

ALL-DAY CINEMA

In a day and age when everyone is a budding screenwriter and no cocktail-party conversation seems complete without mention of the ''negative costs'' of some film, a one-day seminar in the business basics of making a motion picture is likely to serve some salutary purposes. A seminar covering the many steps involved in financing a film is to be presented by the American Film Institute, at the Mark Goodson Theater of the city's Department of Cultural Affairs, 2 Columbus Circle, on Saturday from 9:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. The class is geared to film makers-to-be as well as to those already involved in the movie industry, and will explore film budgets, independent and studio financing, presales and completion bonds. It will be taught by Gary J. Prebula, a writer, director and film professor at California State Univeristy at Long Beach. The cost is $100 ($80 for film institute members). Information: (800) 221-6248.

Sunday

THOMAS HAMPSON SINGS

Thomas Hampson, a baritone who made his Metropolitan Opera debut in 1986, gives his first recital at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday at 3 P.M. as part of Lincoln Center's ''Next Generation'' series. As its name might imply, the series is intended to introduce the next generation of rising young artists, and Mr. Hampson's recent critically acclaimed appearance in the Met's production of ''La Boheme'' certainly identifies him as a rising young artist. He is to be accompanied by Geoffrey Parsons, a pianist, in a program that includes five rarely heard songs by Meyerbeer, four Haydn songs in English, Debussy's ''Trois Ballades de Francois Villon'' and four different interpretations of ''Des Knaben Wunderhorn,'' a cycle of German folk poetry set to music by Mahler, Brahms, Schoenberg and Richard Strauss. Tickets are $10. Information: 874-6770.

TOURING A MANSION

Otto Kahn, the turn-of-the-century financier whose philanthropy saved the Metropolitan Opera from bankruptcy, was also a member of the city's Gilded Age gentry whose fabulously elaborate mansions lined upper Fifth Avenue. Since 1934 the 80-room, Italian Renaissance-style mansion, at 1 East 91st Street, has been the home of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, a venerable private girls' school. On Sunday afternoon the school will open for public tours, followed by tea and scones. Guides will be in 19 rooms of the 70-year-old structure to answer questions about the period furnishings, architectural details and how the Kahn family and their 40 servants used the house. Visitors may enter through the Burden mansion, 7 East 91st Street, a neo-Renaissance home that is part of the school and connected to the Kahn mansion. Tours begin every 10 minutes, from noon till 4 P.M. Tickets are $15 ($7.50 for students and the elderly). Proceeds are to benefit the school's landmarks fund. Information: 722-4745.

REALLY TRASHY THEATER

Toys, packaging materials, appliances and garbage are Paul Zaloom's actors, rubber bands in a birdcage are his prisoners, and puppets are his sidekicks in a wild, absurd production of comedy and political satire to be presented on Sunday at 3 P.M. at the Prospect Park Picnic House, near Prospect Park West and Third Street in Brooklyn. The Brooklyn-born comedian will savage large chunks of our political culture in his ''Theater of Trash'' and ''Safety Begins Here.'' He will be accompanied by Montague Chadbourne, a mind-reader whose repertory of psychic sleight-of-hand includes a technique known as ''dermal-optical perception,'' by which he supposedly can identify objects hidden in the audience. The performance is part of Celebrate Brooklyn's February mini-series of Sunday-afternoon comedy, and tickets are $5. Information: (718) 788-0055.

**Graphic**

Drawings

**End of Document**



[***Gore Campaign Becomes Hopscotch in Search of a Dramatic Showing***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-52P0-0014-50HW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 20, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 26, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1238 words

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

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, March 19

**Body**

Senator Albert Gore Jr. scored the victories he had hoped for on Super Tuesday, winning five states and propelling himself into the front rank of the Democratic Presidential candidates.

But that was 11 days ago, and the sequel has been an anticlimax. Mr. Gore finished a distant fourth in Illinois last Tuesday and placed third in the Kansas caucuses today. He seems unlikely to do any better in the Michigan caucuses next Saturday and is ill-placed for the Wisconsin primary April 5.

Some of the party leaders who support him, including some of those who first promoted his candidacy, are beginning to ask, as one of them did this week, ''Is this just a regional candidate, or at best a Vice-Presidential nominee?''

It is clear, and some of the candidate's advisers admit it, that Mr. Gore spent so much of his money and energy on the Super Tuesday effort that he made no real plans for how to follow up a strong showing if it came. The Rev. Jesse Jackson and Gov. Michael S. Dukakis of Massachusetts, on the other hand, were busy organizing up North.

'Panting for Breath'

''We came out of the South panting for breath,'' an aide to Mr. Gore said.

Mr. Gore, 39 years old, has seen this campaign differently from the start. He more or less skipped Iowa and New Hampshire to concentrate on the South, and got away with it; while the voting on Super Tuesday, March 8, did not win the game for him, or even put him ahead, it thrust him dramatically into the race. And he insists that he has a further strategy that will win him the nomination.

To the outsider, the Tennessean's campaign schedule has a look of desperation. In the week beginning last Thursday, he has campaigned or plans to do so in seven states and Puerto Rico, hopping from one place to another in search of an upset or a surprise, anything to be noticed.

A Busy Day in Topeka

In Kansas on Thursday, as in so many places, he found himself confronted by the better-financed, better-organized campaign of the better-known Mr. Dukakis. But Mr. Gore put in a characteristically vigorous day: marching in the St. Patrick's Day parade in Topeka, green carnation in his lapel; speaking to the State House of Representatives; visiting the little town of Hays and taking the opportunity to point up his own youth by recalling that the two youngest presidents in American history, Theodore Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy, had also campaigned there; rushing on to Pueblo, Colo., where caucuses will be held April 4; taping a network television broadcast, and finally, flying across the country to Washington, arriving about 2 A.M.

On Friday, Mr. Gore left shortly after dawn for a day's stumping in Puerto Rico. None of his rivals accepted the Popular Democratic Party's invitation to a candidates' day, partly because all of the 33 delegates to be elected in Sunday's primary will be uncommitted. There are two rival slates: one that favors statehood leans toward Senator Paul Simon of Illinois and is given a good chance to win 9 delegates, and another that favors the current commonwealth status likes both Mr. Gore and Mr. Dukakis and is considered likely to take the other 24 district votes.

Gore Looking Down the Road

Puerto Rico will do nothing for Mr. Gore in the momentum derby. But he is looking far down the road, to the period between the California primary on June 8 and the opening of the Democratic National Convention on July 18. He hopes to be in a position then to go after the uncommitted delegates, to whom he says ''electability will mean everything.''

Among them will be big groups, like the 600-odd super-delegates drawn from among elected officials and others, and small groups, like the Puerto Ricans, led by Gov. Rafael Hernandez Colon, with whom Mr. Gore had a long lunch Friday.

But to get to that stage, Mr. Gore needs to have something approaching 1,200 to 1,300 delegates, and he cannot amass anything like that unless he can win ''on the road,'' as the professionals say, in at least two or three of the remaining big Northern states.

Single Speech in Detroit

Mr. Gore is not putting much into Michigan. He flew to Detroit today for a single speech, then returned to Washington; he will spend half a day there Tuesday and make a final visit Friday. Mr. Gore's camp argues that Mr. Dukakis has more to lose in the state than Mr. Gore does, because Mr. Dukakis is backed by Mayor Coleman Young of Detroit and other prominent Michigan officials.

But that is gamesmanship. If Mr. Dukakis needs to do well soon to erase the memory of his Illinois failure, Mr. Gore, still third in delegates, needs to show something in the North before New York votes on April 19, and neither candidate can afford to let Mr. Jackson keep rolling along.

The Wisconsin race features a duel between Mr. Dukakis and Senator Paul Simon of Illinois, the surprise victor in his home state, for the allegiance of Wisconsin's historically progressive voters. Mr. Jackson will be there, too, which might leave an opening on the right-center for Mr. Gore, should he choose to risk an all-out effort. But thus far there is no sign that he will do so.

So it appears that the decisive moment for Mr. Gore will come in the two weeks from April 19 to May 3, with 671 delegates at stake in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Indiana, with a moderate-conservative Democratic tradition, might be an ideal target state, as John Livengood, the party chairman there, has suggested, except that it comes so late.

Victory Somewhere Is Urgent

Other problems are money and name recognition. Despite Super Tuesday, reporters who canvassed ***working-class*** Democratic neighborhoods in Illinois found that Mr. Gore was almost completely unknown. That is one reason a victory somewhere is so urgent. On the money front, the Tennessean has no chance at all of matching Mr. Dukakis, but Mr. Gore said in an interview flying back from San Juan Friday night that his success in the South had brought in $700,000 and was still generating contributions.

Mr. Gore's message remains unchanged: identification on economic issues with ''the little guy'' and a somewhat more conservative stand on national defense than his rivals. Like them, he criticized President Reagan's deployment of American troops to Central America this week, but he focused on the decision-making process, not on the notion of showing strength.

That kind of steady centrism might well sell to ethnic and blue-collar voters in New York and Pennsylvania, but they have to know about it, and about the man demonstrating it, to vote for it. That will take money and a campaign better focused than Mr. Gore's has been since he left his native South.

Strategic Advice Sought

His campaign manager, Fred Martin, talked last week to several senior Democrats and asked them for strategic advice. At least one urged him to send Mr. Gore to New York for a major speech that would generate headlines and then to settle down to exploit them in New York and one other major state.

Others believe, in this season of omnipresent free advice, that he ought to dramatize the differences between himself and Mr. Dukakis, so as to set up himself up clearly as the rallying point for those who find Mr. Dukakis too cool or too liberal or too technocratic. The Tennessean has toyed with those tactics once or twice, suggesting that Mr. Dukakis would lose the South (and the election) exactly as George McGovern and Walter F. Mondale did, but he has not used them lately.

**End of Document**



[***Mexican Challenger: Bold Words, Pale Presence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V6Y0-008G-F0TW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 1994, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A;  Page 3;  Column 1;  Foreign Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1290 words

**Byline:** Diego Fernandez de Cevallos

By TIM GOLDEN,

By TIM GOLDEN,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** MEXICO CITY, July 26

**Body**

Barely two months after he came out of nowhere to mount what many Mexicans considered the most serious challenge to the governing party in 65 years, Diego Fernandez de Cevallos has done something nearly as astonishing.

He has almost disappeared.

Having limited his public appearances in June and stopped campaigning almost entirely in the first half of July, the tough-talking lawyer who will represent the right-of-center National Action Party in the Aug. 21 presidential election has picked up his pace only modestly.

While his two main rivals hurry from rally to rally, Mr. Fernandez, 53, barnstorms almost reluctantly, spending long hours in provincial hotel rooms and his Mexico City office, receiving visitors, giving radio and newspaper interviews and talking strategy with his aides.

The Mystery Platform

What that strategy could be, however, has become one of the more talked-about mysteries in Mexico.

"I don't want to say this guy is in his corner, sitting out the count like Sonny Liston, but it sure looks that way," said Federico Estevez, a political scientist here. "There's nothing happening there." (He referred to the boxing title fight in 1964 in which Liston, the heavyweight champion, failed to answer the seventh-round bell against a young Cassius Clay.)

The more reliable of Mexico's opinion surveys suggest that Mr. Fernandez may remain within striking distance, though they show him with only about half the roughly 45 percent support they give the governing-party candidate, Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de Leon.

Having shot from third place in the polls with his combative performance in the first televised debate among major candidates on May 12, Mr. Fernandez insists he can still pull out victory with a strong finish.

Scant Optimism Elsewhere

Yet the same polls suggest that his popularity has begun to slip with his public profile.

A second debate now appears unlikely, and more important perhaps are the dubious strategy and weak organization that many political analysts and even some of Mr. Fernandez's supporters see behind his stretch of relative inactivity.

It is a mix, they say, that underscores the great difficulty Mexico's oldest opposition party has had in taking advantage of widening demands for change in a tumultuous political year, and one that casts doubt on its ability to surge past the machine of the far richer and more powerful Institutional Revolutionary Party (known as PRI) in the campaign's last weeks.

"I cannot explain it," said Javier Livas, a National Action leader from the northern city of Monterrey who challenged Mr. Fernandez for the party's presidential candidacy last year but has supported him since.

"I went to him and said, 'Diego, I cannot understand why you are wasting the little television time that you have available,' " Mr. Livas said in an interview. "There are times when they only put his photograph on the news because he is not out doing anything. He doesn't have the election won, and if he continues like this, he can lose."

Working Behind the Scenes

In a long interview on Sunday night, Mr. Fernandez protested that such criticism was unfair.

He and his aides admitted to having cut back their campaigning, but they said it was ridiculous to even think they might have given up. They have been working on policy proposals, they said, struggling for more air time on television networks that favor the governing party, and trying not to bore the voters in a race that is already more than eight months old.

"It cannot be said that because of the lack of big rallies I have fallen like a stone," Mr. Fernandez said. "Political exposure is like exposure to the sun: half an hour can be good, but if you expose yourself too much, you can get burned."

"If they are giving me so little time," he said of the two main television networks, "better to disappear and let the people clamor for my presence."

People close to Mr. Fernandez's campaign say he has pressed his party to focus more of its limited resources on television advertising, and has been answered mostly with demands that he visit the countryside.

No Second Debate Likely

A civil-litigation specialist whose chief political experience came during one three-year term in Congress, Mr. Fernandez acknowledged that he had also spent considerable time preparing for a second television debate. The encounter was expected to concentrate on economic policy, the strong suit of Mr. Zedillo, a former Minister of Planning and Budget.

Notwithstanding earlier promises of more than one debate, though, Mr. Zedillo has given every indication short of a flat refusal that he will try to evade the challenge. And with less than a month to go, time is on his side.

"There is not going to be a second debate," one senior official of the ruling party said, speaking on the condition that he not be identified. "I can tell you that with almost 100 percent assurance."

In the first debate, Mr. Fernandez attacked Mr. Zedillo as the product of an authoritarian political system, and described Cuauhtemoc Cardenas, a PRI defector who represents the leftist Democratic Revolutionary Party, as more of the same.

Sometimes Speaking Softly

Mr. Fernandez's pursuit of a rematch has been almost meek by comparison. On Sunday he said "it does not matter" if he is denied.

Similarly, he has been almost discreet at times in his complaints about the election authorities' slowness to address the pro-PRI slant of television news, to pursue reports of illegal Government support for the ruling party and to authorize independent election observers.

Despite having recently endorsed new voter rolls and a Government-sponsored pledge of democratic conduct that were widely seen as helping to legitimize the election, Mr. Fernandez said he was "in no way satisfied" that the conditions for a fair vote had been met.

"The competition has not been equal, it has not been just, it has not been fair," he said.

Yet Mr. Fernandez said he felt compelled to muffle his criticism lest he raise expectations of fraud and thereby discourage opposition voters.

Sometimes Speaking Loudly

Such logic -- like that behind the scaling back of his campaign -- seems not to have persuaded voters who thought a man with his tough image might finally end the political dominance of the PRI.

Commanding a small outdoor stage on Sunday in a ***working-class*** suburb of Mexico City, Mr. Fernandez shouted to a crowd of several hundred, "There is no one and nothing that can stop us!"

What pushed through the drab rainy afternoon, though, looked like something less than a steamroller.

"When they had the debate, I started to think he was an option," said Fernando Guani, 19, a plumber at the rally. "But it was like a firecracker. It went off and that was it."

Later, inside a nearby auditorium, the crowd brought together by a group called Christian Peoples Solidarity was warm and excited. But in a suburb of 1.25 million people, the auditorium was not filled.

Nothing to Fear

At the end of the rally, when he fielded questions from the audience, the one that silenced the house came from a local garbage recycler named Francisco Javier Vazquez. A supporter of the National Action Party, he wondered aloud what had happened to its campaign.

"Are you afraid?" he asked Mr. Fernandez.

"I sincerely am not afraid of anything," the candidate finally answered. If he just went from stump speech to stump speech, he said, "I could finish the campaign without being known by more than 10 percent of the population. I have given preference to the mass media."

Mr. Vazquez was not convinced. "After the debate, everyone realized when he won that there are men who can change Mexico," Mr. Vazquez said. "But in a month, he hasn't appeared. The responsibility is very great. I think he got frightened."

**Graphic**

Photos: The campaign of Diego Fernandez de Cevallos, the presidential candidate of Mexico's leading opposition party, began to stumble just as political observers were beginning to describe him as having a good chance of ending more than six decades of rule by the Institutional Revolutionary Party. Campaign appearances by the candidate, like this rally and speech in a Mexico City suburb, have become less frequent, and Mr. Fernandez's supporters have begun to question his desire for office. (Photographs by Stephen Ferry/Gamma Liaison, for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 27, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Public Face of Terror Suspect: Low-Key Family Man***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TR6-G9D0-007F-G0NX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 27, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 6; Column 3; Foreign Desk; Column 3;

**Length:** 1475 words

**Byline:** By RAYMOND BONNER

By RAYMOND BONNER

**Dateline:** NAIROBI, Kenya, Sept. 26

**Body**

His business card said he was the director of Africa Help, a nongovernmental relief organization, and he told friends that he supplemented his income by trading in precious stones. He lived unspectacularly in a close-knit middle-class housing development. A father of six, he sent the oldest to a primary school, where his wife was active in the Parent Teachers Association.

That was the public face here of Wahid el Hage, an American-educated urban planner who said he once worked for the cities of Tuscon, Ariz., and Dallas, and whose American wife yearned for her native land.

Out of the public eye, according to recent Federal indictments, Mr. el Hage was a leader in the Kenyan branch of a terrorist organization, Al Qaeda, which is run by Osama bin Laden, the man believed to be the mastermind of last month's bombings of the American Embassies here and in neighboring Tanzania.

Mr. el Hage has not been charged in connection with the bombings, but he has been indicted on multiple counts of lying about his relationship to members of the bin Laden organization. On Thursday, he pleaded not guilty in Federal district court in Manhattan.

As the investigation into the bombing unfolds, it emerges that the face of terrorism in the 1990's is not that of a young, unemployed firebrand. Rather it is a middle-class family man, well integrated into the community. While plotting terrorist actions against the United States, the perpetrators have jobs, even if they are covers, sign contracts, live in good neighborhoods, marry and have children while covertly plotting terrorist actions against the United States, according to the indictments.

One of Mr. el Hage's top aides was Haroun Fazil, who wrote reports directly to Mr. bin Laden while living with Mr. el Hage, according to the indictments. A few weeks before the bombing, Mr. Fazil, who taught Mr. el Hage's children the Koran, moved with his wife, two small children and ailing father-in-law into their own place, a modern, two-story house on a half-acre lot in a suburb on the north side of Nairobi It was there that the bomb was partly assembled, according to the indictments.

The Fazil family kept to themselves. No one suspected anything.

In 1994, Mr. Fazil and Mr. el Hage went to a wedding in the coastal city of Mombasa. The bride was a Kenyan woman. The groom was a commercial fisherman, Mohamed Saddiq Odeh. He had also moved to Kenya in 1994, the same year as Mr. el Hage, and had been set up in business by Al Qaeda, and then returned the income to the terrorist organization, according to the indictments. He is now in jail in New York, charged in the bombing of the American Embassy in Nairobi.

After the ceremony, Mr. el Hage drove the bride and groom home.

"He was just an ordinary, quiet, middle-class person," a family friend, Abdul-Aziz bin Franklin, said about Mr. el Hage.

"I'm almost 100 percent sure they were not involved, certainly not his wife," said Nuru Abdul-Aziz, Mr. bin Franklin's Kenyan wife. When there were television reports about terrorism, Mr. el Hage's wife, an American whose maiden name is April Ray, expressed strenuous disapproval of terrorism and Islamic militancy, Mrs. Abdul-Aziz said.

A convert to Islam, like her husband, Mrs. el Hage dressed from head to toe in black, with only an opening for eyes, Mrs. Abdul-Aziz said. She described her friend as a housewife who spent a lot of time cooking Arabic food and was homesick for America. "She talked about America like it was heaven," said Mrs. Abdul-Aziz, who added that she did not know where Mrs. el Hage came from in the United States.

Mrs. el Hage often gave clothes to Nairobi's street children, Mrs. Abdul-Aziz said, even though the el Hage family was not -- ostensibly, anyway -- well-off.

The two families met through their children, who were attending the Nairobi Muslim Academy and were excited about the fact that they had American fathers, Mr. bin Franklin said. Mr. bin Franklin, who was born in Beasley, Ark., and graduated from U.C.L.A. with a degree in bacteriology, immigrated to Kenya in 1979, and converted to Islam a year later.

According to papers he filed with the Kenyan Government, Mr. el Hage was born in Sidon, Lebanon, on July 25, 1960. When he came to the United States is unknown. He attended the University of Southwestern Louisiana from 1978 to 1986, receiving a bachelor's degree in urban planning, the university said by telephone on Friday. From 1987 to 1990, he worked as an urban planner for the city of Tucson, and from 1990 to 1992 for the Dallas Planning Committee, Mr. el Hage said in papers he filed with the Kenyan Government. On Friday, a spokesman for the Dallas planning office said there was no record of Mr. el Hage having worked there. Officials in Tucson said they could not immediately confirm Mr. el Hage's story.

In New York, a Federal prosecutor suggested that the Government had evidence that indirectly tied Mr. el Hage to a mysterious 1991 killing in Brooklyn -- and thus, potentially, to the blind Egyptian cleric Sheik Omar Abdel-Rahman and the circle of Islamic militants convicted in connection with the 1993 bombing of the World Trade Center.

The victim, Mustapha Shalabi, had been Sheik Abdel-Rahman's sponsor when he entered the United States and had also run an organization that raised money and recruited volunteers for the rebels fighting the Soviets in Afghanistan.

But the two split in 1991, when the Sheik demanded that half the money be diverted from the now-victorious Afghans to be used instead to overthrow President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt. In March of that year, Mr. Shalabi's body was discovered in his home in Seagate, Brooklyn, beaten, shot and repeatedly stabbed.

The Assistant United States Attorney, Patrick J. Fitzgerald, said at a hearing at which Mr. el Hage was denied bail that Mr. el Hage had arrived in New York about a week before Mr. Shalabi's body was found in order to take over direction of the Alkifah refugee organization.

In 1993, Mr. el Hage was in Sudan, where he met Mr. bin Laden and became his personal secretary, according to the indictment.

The next year, Mr. el Hage and his family moved to Kenya. He signed a one-year lease on house No. 1523 in Fedha Estates, an "upper-***working-class*** development," as a Fedha officer described it, on drab, flat land east of downtown Nairobi.

The rent for the first year was 20,000 Kenyan shillings, payable in quarterly installments, increased to 25,000 shillings the next year, the equivalent of about $500 a month at today's exchange rate.

The owner of the house, Abdi Ali Dere, recalled in an interview that sometimes Mr. el Hage would be a month or two late with his rent. Otherwise there was nothing about Mr. el Hage that made him stand out from other tenants, Mr. Dere said.

Mr. bin Franklin also thought his friend seemed to be struggling financially, and he and his wife, in the Muslim tradition of helping the less well-off, would often take the large el Hage family chicken and other food. "I kind of wondered how he was managing financially," Mr. bin Franklin said.

Mr. el Hage's business card said that he was the director of Africa Help, a nongovernmental organization that was said to be engaged in health and education projects in several Kenyan towns.

American and Kenyan officials have said that some Muslim relief agencies are fronts for terrorist operations, and after the bomb blasts here, the Kenyan Government ordered six nongovernmental organizations to cease activities and expelled some of the leaders. The organizations have challenged the order in court, except for Africa Help, which also went by the name Help Africa People.

In the registration papers Mr. el Hage filed with the Kenyan Government, Mr. el Hage said the organization's main office was in Heidelberg, Germany. The German Embassy here said it had no information about the organization. The Kenyan Government had no contacts for the organization other than Mr. el Hage.

Mr. el Hage listed Aadil Habib as one of the organization's local officers. During questioning by a grand jury looking into Mr. bin Laden's activities, Mr. el Hage denied ever knowing Mr. Habib, according to the indictment. The indictment says Mr. Habib, who was also known as Abu Ubaidah al-Banshiri, was a military commander in Al Qaeda organization, and that he died in a ferry boat accident on Lake Victoria in 1996.

Mr. el Hage's friend in Nairobi, Mr. bin Franklin, did not know any of that, nor have any reason to suspect Mr. el Hage.

Until August a year ago.

That was when the F.B.I. came to Mr. el Hage's house here and questioned him about his relationship to Mr. bin Laden. The agents took his laptop computer, Mr. el Hage told Mr. bin Franklin.

After the questioning, Mr. el Hage gave the landlord the required month's notice, sold off some appliances, and left Kenya.

"He left in a hurry," said Mr. bin Franklin.

**Load-Date:** September 27, 1998

**End of Document**



[***In Fort Greene, Prosperity Is Bittersweet; Some Blacks Reap Profits As Others Lament Change - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43W5-3200-0109-T0HF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 31, 2001 Friday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1434 words

**Byline:**  By ANDY NEWMAN

**Body**

On a recent sweet summer evening on a sidewalk in Brooklyn, two acquaintances, middle-class black men approaching 40, got to talking. The conversation turned, as it often does in Fort Greene, to the three R's: race, riches and real estate. They played the license-plate game.

"Look at these cars," said Dezo El, pointing at the sedans and S.U.V.'s hugging the curb of South Elliott Place. "Vermont. My man here is from Connecticut. That car over there says Virginia. The woman across the street has North Carolina plates."

The other man nodded his agreement. "I don't mind when a community changes," said the man, a photographer with a salt-and-pepper beard who gave his name only as Gregory. "But the way it's changing, it's not changing for me and you. It's changing for them." He turned to a passer-by, expecting an amen. But the passer-by, Earl Avery, was having none of it.

"You can't say it's not changing for the better for us," Mr. Avery said. "A lot of black folks who owned homes here took the money and ran, moved to Staten Island or down South or wherever. I live here, and it's changing for the better for me."

The difference between the men is that Mr. Avery, 44, a solidly built former gym teacher who scrimped and saved his way out of the Fort Greene projects, is a homeowner himself -- he has several buildings in the neighborhood -- while Gregory is an increasingly skittish renter.

The city's latest wave of gentrification is hitting Fort Greene full force, pushing tenants of all races from their brownstone apartments even as it lines DeKalb Avenue with hip new restaurants.

But in a twist on the standard script, some of the prime beneficiaries of the boom in Fort Greene (besides the real estate agencies that form an economic development zone unto themselves) have been middle- and ***working-class*** blacks: nurses and mailmen and civil servants who bought their houses cheap in the 60's, 70's and 80's and kept the community together while most other black neighborhoods in the city were falling apart.

"The very people who bought their brownstones during white flight are the same people who are making money selling to the upper classes now," said Jerry Minsky, a senior vice president of the Corcoran Group, the Manhattan real estate giant, who runs its new Fort Greene office.

Although it may be heartening to think of Grandma riding off into the sunset with a suitcase full of cash, the new order has created hard feelings. And it has brought a growing fear that Fort Greene -- a home of the black American dream with a proud history of racial integration, art and culture -- is becoming just another yuppie haven.

When Mr. Avery said that he would rent one of his apartments to the first person willing to fork over $1,500 a month if the black tenant currently paying $800 moved out, Gregory all but called him a traitor.

"That's the problem," Gregory snapped. "You got people like you renting to whoever can pay the rents, and it's mostly white folks, and there goes the neighborhood."

In fact, the white influx into Fort Greene is not as far-reaching as it may seem. In the center of the neighborhood, south and east of Fort Greene Park, where about a quarter of its 35,000 residents live, the white population has jumped 47 percent since 1980, while the black population is down 8 percent, according to the census. But over all, not even counting the overwhelmingly nonwhite projects, the percentage of Fort Greene residents who are white has increased only to 25 percent from 23 percent since 1980, and the percentage of blacks has dipped only slightly, to 59 percent from 63 percent.

The common denominator of the newcomers is not race but money. Household income tripled from 1980 to 1997, the most recent year for which statistics are available, to $55,650 from $18,250, in 1997 dollars, according to the census. The couples who pack the tables at Chez Oskar and the Butta Cup on DeKalb and stroll beneath the plane trees among the million-dollar homes on South Portland Avenue are as diverse and as striking as a Benetton ad.

But perception, to a certain extent, is reality. Earlier this summer, the opening of a sushi restaurant, that beachhead of white urban culture, was widely viewed as a sinister omen.

"The day that the sushi restaurant opened, it was packed, and the customers were predominantly white," said Letitia James, a black candidate for City Council whose campaign office on Greene Avenue is just down the street. "And I heard people in their conversations that night -- 'What it is, we're being pushed out.' "

Notwithstanding Mr. Avery's sunny outlook, many longtime homeowners who have decided to stay put feel bittersweet. Crime is way down, and there is an undeniable joy in watching one's home equity balloon. But even though they want to stay in the neighborhood, they say the neighborhood they love is disappearing.

"Most of the people here now are in and out, don't have time to talk," said Gail Fields, a nurse in her 50's who lives on Adelphi Street in a house her parents bought in 1953. "People don't stay, I guess because they can't afford the rent. You don't really bond with anybody."

Fort Greene is also changing in ways that are not so immediately obvious. On Ms. Fields's stoop, her daughter, Tanyika, 30, sat with three old friends. They all said they welcomed the improvements in the neighborhood.

"They built up the parks around here, made it better," said one of them, Denise Maynor, 38, a bookkeeper. "We've got more trees on our block."

But after a few minutes, she let slip that she did not live in Fort Greene anymore. She had been living with her parents and needed more space for her three children, so she moved to a three-bedroom in Crown Heights, where she pays $710 a month.

"You can't live here," she said flatly. "You have to have like four incomes."

Just as there are plenty of whites who have also profited from the transformation of Fort Greene, there are many white residents who bemoan it. "The spirit of avarice and greed has taken over yet another wonderful New York neighborhood," said Velta Kanepajs, 53, a retired hospital administrator who was forced out of her duplex in July by a landlady who raised the rent for the next tenant to $2,400, from $1,400. "They're going to choke on their bags of money."

The unease in the neighborhood has bubbled over a few times. In early summer, white paint was splattered on a billboard outside the new Corcoran office showing two of the company's white executives surrounded by smiling children, only one of them black. "It coincided with a time when there was the sushi restaurant opening," Mr. Minsky offered by way of explanation.

In February, tenant organizers held protests against another broker, Realty on the Green, for trying to evict Leonor Rodriguez, 67, her mother and her terminally ill son from the building it had just bought.

Last year, several of the trendier black-owned stores on Fulton Street were hit with graffiti warning, "We're taking back our neighborhood."

But for the most part, those in Fort Greene who do not like the way their neighborhood is changing do not seem to know what, if anything, can be done. They hold forums on gentrification and displacement, but little has come of them.

"I wish we had a miracle answer for it, but it's very complex," said Vivian Becker, executive director of the Pratt Area Community Council, an advocacy group that helped more than 700 tenants in Fort Greene, Clinton Hill and Bedford-Stuyvesant, including Ms. Rodriguez, fight eviction in the year ending June 30, about 250 more than the year before.

Meanwhile, every moving day brings an army of yellow vans.

As August rolled around, Ms. Rodriguez stood in her kitchen knee-deep in boxes, packing off to an apartment in Queens she had never seen.

Up the street, John Paul Tutela and his two housemates, recent graduates of New York University, were moving out of their duplex. But Mr. Tutela, who is white and was bound for medical school, said he would love to return.

"There's a brownstone for sale on the block," he said, "and I was thinking of trying to get some investors together because this neighborhood is definitely going to increase."

A few days later, his words would be echoed by Mr. Avery.

"It's not like white people got a conspiracy saying, 'Let's buy everything,' " he told his neighbor Gregory. "Since you're a brother first, why don't you get together a group of people, an investment group, and help black people buy buildings in the neighborhood?"

Gregory seemed to ponder Mr. Avery's words for a while. Then he said goodbye, got on his bike and rode off.

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

**Correction**

An article on Friday about gentrification in Fort Greene, Brooklyn, misstated the surname of a nurse who lives in a house her parents bought in 1953. She is Gail Peterson; Fields is the name of her daughter Tanyika.

**Correction-Date:** September 6, 2001

**Graphic**

Photos: Restaurants on DeKalb Avenue and the rising value of brownstones are signs of gentrification in Fort Greene, Brooklyn. The transformation is displacing tenants like Maria Teresa Guerra, 91, above. Eviction proceedings against her family set off protests. (Ting-Li Wang/The New York Times); (Ruth Fremson/The New York Times)(pg. B1); "You can't live here," Denise Maynor, left, said of Fort Greene, sitting with her friend Jaineen Sims. "You have to have like four incomes." (Ruth Fremson/The New York Times)(pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** August 31, 2001

**End of Document**



[***A DIFFERENT DIXIE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5590-0014-50WB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Few but Sturdy Threads Tie New South to the Old***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5590-0014-50WB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 6, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Page 1, Column 1; Week in Review Desk

**Length:** 1276 words

**Byline:** By JOHN HERBERS

**Dateline:** JACKSON, Miss.

**Body**

''TELL about the South. What's it like there. What do they do there. Why do they live there. Why do they live at all,'' asked a Harvard student in William Faulkner's ''Absalom, Absalom!'' questioning his Mississippi roommate about the enigmas of a violent and defensive region.

More than half a century later, the South, in many respects still a mystery to outsiders and indeed to many who live here, is under perhaps its most intense scrutiny since the civil rights movement of the 1960's swept through it like a conquering army. Southern politicians organized Super Tuesday, the Presidential primaries and caucuses that will take place simultaneously the day after tomorrow in 20 mostly Southern and border states, and the question is once again raised, ''What is the mind of the South?''

Those who moved away at the height of the civil rights movement of the 1960's find the changes startling on return. An overt politics of race has given way to a politics of gain, and huge metropolitan areas have brought unprecedented prosperity to many.

Some long-term trends have made the region more like the rest of the nation. The percentage of blacks has steadily declined, because of both black postwar migration to economic opportunities in Northern cities and the influx of whites from other regions, who are moving South in increasing numbers. Personal incomes, while still lagging, have moved steadily closer to the national average; the enfranchisement of blacks has moderated politics; and the big landowners who once ran the state governments and powerful committees of Congress have been largely replaced by metropolitan moderates.

Conservative Values

Yet there are threads that tie the New South to the old. The conservative values imposed on the population by a now almost extinct agrarian elite persist in the hearts and minds of most whites, both the poor and the rich.

It was conservative state legislators who created Super Tuesday, in an effort to secure a Democratic nominee that the South would accept - largely because many whites of Democratic tradition were fleeing to the Republican Party or registering as independents. The rise of the fundamentalist right, always a factor in the psyche of the South and a force in its politics, fits in with the old conservatism. The religious right will remain a power to be reckoned with no matter how Pat Robertson, the former television evangelist from Virginia, does on Tuesday.

The central cities of the South, like those of the rest of the nation, are filled with poor, jobless blacks. But the South has an additional inequity. Its old agricultural ''black belt,'' named for the color of its rich soil, is a land of the idle poor, white as much as black, displaced from the farms by machines. Dip into it anywhere from eastern Texas to the Virginia tidewater and you find the same conditions. Meanwhile, masses of unemployed blacks are no longer migrating to Northern cities because conditions there are equally abysmal for them.

In the recently published ''Politics and Society in the South,'' the political scientists Earl and Merle Black cite studies of the extent to which ***working-class*** Southern whites have the same values and symbols as the upper classes. In surveys by the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center, whites of all classes reacted favorably to such symbols as ''police, whites, Southerners, military, conservatives and Republicans.'' Blacks were warm toward ''Democrats, people on welfare, civil rights leaders and liberals.''

White Flight

The division, the authors concluded, confirmed why so many would-be reformers have been unable to build coalitions of poor blacks and whites. Moderate Democrats who occupy statehouses and seats in Congress are elected with a minority of the white vote. A typical example would be Harvard-educated Ray Mabus, elected governor of Mississippi last year with only half the white vote but 90 percent of the black vote. In Presidential elections, meanwhile, the Democrats have been losing the South because the party's recent candidates have been considered too liberal and too aligned with interests that the old conservative strain of the South mistrusts.

The Republican Party began growing in the South after the Goldwater defeat of 1964, when rustic insurgents took it over from blacks and the upper middle class. It is now said to be dominated by those of established wealth. In ''Politics and Society in the South,'' Earl and Merle Black wrote that ''Southern Republicanism is the party of Southern Living,'' a magazine fat with ads and pictures of beautiful homes and lavish social events.

This gives credence to the observation a few years ago by Walker Percy, the novelist, that the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. did more to liberate Southern whites than blacks: When whites realized that desegregation had never been a real threat because they still controlled the economy, they could end their obsession with race and pursue other interests.

In the March issue of Southern, a magazine that examines the social fabric of the region, Geoffrey Norman writes of the moderation: ''If the Southern white male is still conservative, in his fashion, it is not the desperate kind of conservatism. . . . There is something especially frightening about a man who believes he's got nothing to lose. The white Southern male doesn't think that way any more. . . . Now he thinks about protecting what he's got. And now he understands the soft economic message in words like 'incentive.' He's gone from hitch-ups, to double-knits, to Polo in two generations and sometimes you miss the old fire, which was about equal parts whiskey, blood, hate and hormones.''

POWER SHIFT

Distribution of the vote. Metropolitan Counties \*2\*Rural areas areas with small Less More cities than 30% than 30% black black   1920 4% 16% 53% 27% 1980 54  16  20  10

THE PEOPLE

FEWER NATIVE SONS…

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  | Whites born outside the South |
|  | Blacks |
|  | 1950 | 1960 | 1970 | 1980 |
|  |
| Alabama | 3% | 5% | 6% | 8% |
|  | 32 | 30 | 26 | 26 |
|  |
| Arkansas | 9 | 10 | 12 | 18 |
|  | 22 | 22 | 18 | 16 |
|  |
| Florida | 30 | 30 | 42 | 51 |
|  | 22 | 18 | 15 | 14 |
|  |
| Georgia | 4 | 6 | 8 | 12 |
|  | 31 | 28 | 26 | 27 |
|  |
| Louisiana | 5 | 5 | 6 | 9 |
|  | 33 | 32 | 30 | 29 |
|  |
| Mississippi | 3 | 5 | 6 | 8 |
|  | 45 | 42 | 37 | 35 |
|  |
| North Carolina | 3 | 5 | 7 | 11 |
|  | 27 | 24 | 22 | 22 |
|  |
| South Carolina | 3 | 6 | 8 | 12 |
|  | 39 | 35 | 30 | 30 |
|  |
| Tennessee | 4 | 5 | 7 | 11 |
|  | 16 | 16 | 16 | 16 |
|  |
| Texas | 9 | 10 | 14 | 20 |
|  | 13 | 12 | 12 | 12 |
|  |
| Virginia | 11 | 14 | 18 | 21 |
|  | 22 | 21 | 19 | 19 |

(asapercentageofpopulation)

...IN A NEW CLASS ORDER

Employment in the South (as a percentage of the labor force)

|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | **1940** | **1950** | **1960** | **1970** | **1980** |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Agrarian landowners | 10% | 8% | 4% | 2% | 1% |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Agricultural and |  |  |  |  |  |
| household |  |  |  |  |  |
| workers | 32 | 17 | 11 | 5 | 2 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Industrial |  |  |  |  |  |
| and service |  |  |  |  |  |
| workers | 36 | 44 | 47 | 48 | 45 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| Professionals |  |  |  |  |  |
| and white-collar |  |  |  |  |  |
| workers | 23 | 31 | 38 | 45 | 52 |

THE POLITICS

THROWING OPEN THE COURTHOUSE DOOR. . .

Registration, turnout and result in Presidential election years.

| **Registered\*** | **Voted\*\*** | **How they went** |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  | **Blacks** | **Whites** | **All Southerners** |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1940 | 3% | ! | 22.4% | Roosevelt | 78.2% |
|  | (est.) |  |  | Willkie | 21.6 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1960 | 29.1 | 61.1 | 40.3 | Kennedy | 50.5 |
|  |  |  |  | Nixon | 46.0 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1964 | 1965: passage of | 45.5 | Johnson | 49.5 |  |
|  | Voting Rights Act |  | Goldwater | 48.7 |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1968 | 1971: 26th Amend- | 50.9 | Nixon | 34.6 |  |
|  | ment lowered voting |  | Wallace | 34.3 |  |
|  | age to 18 |  | Humphrey | 30.9 |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1972 | 62.0 | 69.2 | 44.5 | Nixon | 69.6 |
|  |  |  |  | McGovern | 28.9 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1976 |  |  | 46.4 | Carter | 54.0 |
|  |  |  |  | Ford | 44.7 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1980 |  |  | 46.6 | Reagan | 52.0 |
|  |  |  |  | Carter | 45.0 |
|  |  |  |  | Anderson | 3.0 |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 1984 | 66.2 | 75.3 | 48.1 | Reagan | 62.3 |
|  |  |  |  | Mondale | 37.2 |

\* Black registration as percentage of black voting-age population; white registration as percentage of white voting-age population.

\*\* As percentage of the electorate.

! Registration not required or no records kept in many states.

...AND LETTING IN REALIGNMENT

Party identification among white Southerners of voting age.

|  | **Democrats** | **Independents** | **Repubublicans** |
| --- | --- | --- | --- |
|  |  |  |  |
| 1952 | 78% | 13% | 9% |
| 1956 | 68 | 16 | 15 |
| 1960 | 61 | 18 | 21 |
| 1964 | 64 | 21 | 15 |
| 1968 | 50 | 36 | 14 |
| 1972 | 47 | 35 | 18 |
| 1976 | 47 | 35 | 19 |
| 1980 | 43 | 34 | 23 |
| 1984 | 33 | 38 | 29 |

**Graphic**

Maps showing demographic changes in South, 1920-1980

**End of Document**



[***TV and Politics: 2 Cities Give Hint of the Impact***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5G90-0014-51JK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 13, 1988, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Page 27, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1254 words

**Byline:** By ANDREW ROSENTHAL

**Body**

Iowans besieged by politicians and their electronic messages since before 1988 began, are growing weary of the prolonged Presidential campaign. In Texas, voters are still trying to sort out just who is running for the White House.

But a taste from the well of public opinion in the two states shows that residents of Des Moines and Dallas have at least one thing in common: They think the Presidential race has already gone on too long, even before the first ballots are cast.

Further, the barrage of political advertising and news coverage that has hit Iowa does not seem to have made up many more voters' minds than in Texas, where the airwaves are still relatively free of politics.

Identifying Candidates' Themes

To explore the axiom that television news coverage and paid advertising are critical to getting voters' attention and shaping their perception of a campaign, informal, unscientific interviews were conducted over the past four days with dozens of residents in the two cities.

In a ***working-class*** section of Des Moines, where the party precinct caucuses Feb. 8 are the first real test of the political season, voters seemed better versed in the personalities and issues, as well as the status of the race. Although many of the 20 Iowan interviewed said they were trying to ignore political ads, they could still identify themes that the candidates are trying to get across.

In Dallas, where the Presidential primary was moved up to March 8 along with many other Southern states, most of the approximately 15 people interviewed had trouble naming the Presidential contenders and few said they were following the campaign.

''Last summer, people asked me, when are people going to get interested in this, and I said, early fall,'' said Sandy Kress, chairman of the Dallas County Democratic Party.

''Then in fall, they asked, and I said, the end of the year. Now I'm saying, the first week of February. Golly, if they don't get interested after Iowa, I don't know what I'm going to say then.''

'Talking to a Bunch of Farmers

Of course, more than television may be at work here. Iowans have grown accustomed to an active involvement in preconvention politics since their caucuses started attracting wide notice in the 1970's. Texans on the other hand are not used to much attention, because in past campaigns their votes came late in the game. This year Texas is among about 20 other states holding nominating contests on March 8, a date politicians have dubbed ''Super Tuesday.''

In Iowa, virtually every candidate is running television ads. Campaigning is a major item every night on the evening news and every morning on the front page of The Des Moines Register.

''My mother came from Illinois and said, 'Boy, you've got a lot of political commercials,' '' said James Smith, a 29-year-old real estate salesman. ''I'm seeing a lot of them, but the thing that sticks in my mind are the ads in a rural setting with the guy standing on a bale of hay and talking to a bunch of farmers.''

Senator Bob Dole, a Kansas Republican and Representative Richard A. Gephardt, a Democrat from Missouri, are emphasizing their Middle West backgrounds and agrarian expertise. Mr. Dole's commercials contain the slogan, ''He's one of us.''

'No Abe Lincoln Any More'

Although many of those interviewed criticized such appeals, those candidates' commercials were mentioned most often, particularly one in which Mr. Gephardt talks about South Korean import duties on American cars. In the commercial he suggests that South Korea might change its policies if American tariffs raised the price of a Hyundai to $48,000.

Senator Paul Simon, an Illinois Democrat, also touts his regional roots, and Representative Jack F. Kemp, a Republican from upstate New York has used small-town scenes in his television commercials.

''They are not just like us,'' Mr. Smith said. ''There's no Abe Lincoln any more. Second, I wouldn't want anybody 'just like us.' I would hope we can get somebody with a little more experience.''

Sean Anderson, a 23-year-old service station attendant, said: ''Reagan's whole campaign was based on reducing the deficit and he didn't do it. Now everyone wants us to think they understand us. But when they get to Washington, they're going to do what they want.''

But for some voters, the message was effective.

''I kind of like Dole even if he is Republican,'' said Patricia McKinney, 52, as she leafed through a thick folder on the candidates printed by a lobbying group. ''He seems like maybe he really is for the little man. Then, again, I just read in the paper that he may have more money than the rest of them, so who knows?''

No One to Support

Sipping coffee in her kitchen with a friend, Rita Weinberg, 74, ran through the political ''media messages'' and said she had not found anyone to support.

''Paul Simon seems to be trying to tell us he's honest, and I think I believe him,'' she said of the Senator whose advertising paints the image of a gutsy newspaper editor turned politician.

''Maybe he had to tell a few lies to get elected,'' she said, ''but other than that, honest. Still, I don't know if that makes him a good President.''

Mrs. Weinberg also expressed some bewildered admiration for Gary Hart's ability to get press attention. ''He says he has no money, no organization except his put-upon wife and he's getting right on the front page,'' she said, gesturing at a newspaper on the table.

In Dallas, Presidential politics is not yet so pervasive, although the national network news carries a large dose, and local stations increased coverage in the past week because of reports that some names on nominating petitions for three Republican candidates may have been false. Did Someone Miscalculate? ''The hard-core politicos are involved,'' said John Sparks, political director for WFAA-TV. ''But John Q. Public is just starting to take notice. I look for the end of January, early February before things really start to pick up.''

Many Texas politicians have hoped that with the state holding its primaries on ''Super Tuesday,'' voters would take greater interest in the Presidential campaign.

But Mr. Kress of the Democratic Party thinks ''everyone miscalculated,'' and those interviewed in the suburb of Garland did not express much interest in the big day's finer political ramifications.

''It doesn't matter much to me,'' said Howard Dietel, 61. ''I think it's after the conventions that it really counts.''

Of those interviewed in Dallas, only one, a man who shouted ''Bob Dole'' over his shoulder as he rushed into a supermarket, said he had decided on a candidate.

''I know there's one with a 'G' in his name who talks about the trade deficit, and I like that,'' said Maxine Scott, presumably referring to Mr. Gephardt. ''But the last time I was really interested was Kennedy in 1960. There's no one like that now, who really grabs you and says, 'I should be President.' ''

Terry Samuels, a 28-year-old air conditioning repairman, said all he had done was eliminate candidates for the White House.

''I don't think a preacher should be in there,'' he said. ''I don't want a black in there. I don't want somebody who's messing around with somebody's woman. So we're narrowing things down quite a bit, aren't we?''

Like those interviewed in Des Moines, the Dallas residents thought the political season was too long.

''It's like the way Christmas starts right after Halloween,'' said the Rev. Lee Grady, a 52-year-old minister. ''There's a danger of people getting burned out way ahead of the game and not paying attention.''

**End of Document**



[***Poor Face Grim Choices as Pakistan's Economy, and Government, Unravel***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TH8-KD20-007F-G0K5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 30, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 12; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1502 words

**Byline:** By BARRY BEARAK

By BARRY BEARAK

**Dateline:** ISLAMABAD, Pakistan, Aug. 28

**Body**

During such a tumultuous week, it might be expected that people here were preoccupied by the American missile attack in neighboring Afghanistan. After all, dozens of Pakistanis were among those killed in the barrage that fell on what the United States says were terrorist training camps.

But this is not the case, for people in this country have concerns far more immediate.

The world's newest nuclear power also has one of the world's worst credit ratings, and with the possibility of default looming on its $30 billion foreign debt, Pakistan's economy is quickly coming unspooled. Many people here, whether pundits or politicians or shopkeepers, say they believe that the Government itself may unravel next.

With confidence in Prime Minister Nawaz Sharif in a seeming free fall, it is common to hear predictions that something dramatic is about to occur, though people are at a loss to suggest what that might be. They refer to what has happened elsewhere: social unrest in Indonesia; the emergence of theocratic states in Iran and Afghanistan. They mention a familiar staple of Pakistan's past: the military takeover.

"If this is an economic meltdown, as many say, Pakistanis who have stashed money away overseas -- or who have relatives living overseas -- are likely to leave," said Abida Hussain, a former Ambassador to the United States and now a member of Mr. Sharif's Cabinet. "The institutional framework of government, already so stressed out, might come under unbearable pressure. Radical religious elements would try to profit off this.

"At the same time, people ask if the military would take over. I'll quote the answer given me by a young officer who is my friend. I asked him, 'Do you guys have the guts to impose military rule?' And he said: 'Of course, we do. But what would we get out of it but a lot of criticism?' The military's choices are no less grim than the Government's."

As usual, those with the grimmest of choices are the nation's poor. Abdul Khaliq, 35, is a barber in the ***working-class*** city of Rawalpindi, near Islamabad, Pakistan's ornamented capital. "The feudal landlords and politicians have looted our country until there is nothing more to loot and they leave us with nothing but our poverty," he said.

Mr. Khaliq's barber shop is an 8-by-8-foot room with a single chair. Electrical wires, frayed as old rope, hang from the ceiling. He has halved the price of a haircut to about 33 cents, but customers seldom venture inside. "They have no money," he said.

Next door is a tiny vegetable stand run by Mohammad Farooq, 42. His shelves are stocked with only small amounts of ginger, tomatoes and cabbage. People have been buying much less these last few weeks. The price of onions has doubled. Potatoes have tripled.

"What is a man to do in a country like Pakistan, get a rifle, kill yourself, kill your family, kill someone else?" he said angrily. "My wife has pains in her ear. Medicine helps, but I have no money for medicine. I tell her she must live with the pain."

While foreign news programs repeatedly showed Pakistanis protesting against the American missile attack, such rallies have been few and quite small. Even now, many people in Rawalpindi have never heard of Osama bin Laden, the Saudi-born millionaire the United States believes was behind the bombings of the American Embassies in Kenya and Tanzania. Certainly, a vast majority never knew who he was before last week.

The man most people speak of is Mr. Sharif, who was elected by a huge margin in February 1997 but has recently found his popularity plunging. Voters, a discouraged lot, had at the very least presumed him to be less dishonest than his predecessor, Benazir Bhutto, who faces corruption charges here and in Switzerland. Many also supposed that a millionaire industrialist might know something about running a government.

But these days even a supporter like Ms. Hussain, the Minister for Population Welfare and Science and Technology, is spare in her praise of Mr. Sharif's leadership.

"This Government is probably cleaner than any in the past," she said. "But the cleanliness is at the top. Lower down, it's business as usual."

In its 51-year history, Pakistan has been a democracy only sporadically, with elected governments trading turns with military dictatorships. Corruption seems an unbreakable habit: politicians gorge at the public trough, landowners and industrialists refuse to repay mammoth loans from national banks, less than 1 percent of the population pays income tax. Almost 70 percent of the budget goes toward interest on debt or for the military.

These conditions have created a shaky economic scaffolding. Nevertheless, Pakistan, with about half the population of the United States, has usually managed to muddle through by begging and borrowing -- and forever promising to clean up its act.

Mr. Sharif has made such promises, and while even his critics say he has made some progress, his efforts at reform strike most as insufficiently bold.

With his support withering, and the economy already slowed by Asia's economic crisis, Mr. Sharif enjoyed a spurt in popularity after May 28, when Pakistan spurned United States offers of financial aid and tested nuclear bombs, matching earlier trials by its enemy, India. America imposed economic sanctions on both nations, and the International Monetary Fund suspended disbursements -- castigations that have been harder on Pakistan than its rival.

Mr. Sharif implored his countrymen to economize, to drink two cups of tea a day instead of three, to cook with one spoonful of oil instead of two. He announced ways to raise revenue, including the recovery of those billions in loans owed by the country's elite.

But efforts to collect have largely been a flop, a failure all the more irritating to the public since among the well-heeled deadbeats was the Prime Minister. He has refused to repay his loans with cash, instead turning over assets that critics say he has overvalued. Calls for a comment from Mr. Sharif's Information Minister were not returned.

Desperate for revenues, the Government increased prices for petroleum and electricity. At the same time, the value of the rupee has plunged by 30 percent. Inflation has hit hard.

With $3 billion in foreign debt coming due, Pakistan is in danger of defaulting. Last Wednesday, the United States expressed support for a deal among international lenders that would rescue Pakistan from its payments crisis.

Such last-ditch debt-juggling has saved Pakistan in the past, and while the I.M.F. and others usually demand economic reforms to accompany their loans, many complain that such requirements are half-heartedly enforced here.

"The I.M.F. and the World Bank bend over backward to appease these regimes," said Najam Sethi, editor of a weekly newspaper, The Friday Times. "At every step of the way, the Government lies to these agencies and the agencies surely know they are being lied to."

But it has been difficult for the West to forsake a place like Pakistan, with so many illiterate people and so little health care. This is all the more true now that the nation is carrying a tin cup in one hand and nuclear bombs in the other.

"Pakistan and its creditors are locked in this unfortunate, self-defeating embrace," said Paula Newberg, an author who has written extensively about Pakistan. "What appears to be convenient in the short term may be worse for the long term. This pattern of bailouts keeps getting repeated, and in the meantime Pakistan's structural problems are never solved."

In the narrow stalls of the Rawalpindi market, with haggard old men and bony horses pulling heavy carts through the streets, people wonder if some virtuous Islamic leader might come along to save the country. Mohammad Jameel, 40, a shopkeeper, said he would welcome a fundamentalist government, but then was unable to name any Islamic leader he would deem worthy. Pakistan does have fundamentalist Islamic parties. They have yet to fare well in elections.

In what some here see as cynical politics, Mr. Sharif has begun to portray himself as newly zealous. Today, in a speech before Parliament, he said the cure for the nation's social ills was a constitutional amendment to makes its laws more closely reflect Islamic teachings.

Pakistan's Muslims are split among Sunnis and Shiites, with the Sunnis in a great majority, as they are in almost all predominantly Muslim countries. Yet even within these groups, there are sects. They would be hard to unify under any banner, let alone a fundamentalist one. Most Pakistanis prefer less-strict interpretations of the holy Koran.

"The armed forces are a deciding factor, and I don't think they would welcome an Islamic resurgence," said Aziz Sidique of the Human Rights Commission of Pakistan, a private group, in Lahore. "I wouldn't rule out a military takeover. What has prevented it so far is that now they have the opportunity to influence decisions without taking responsibility for them.

"It is not so appealing to take responsibility these days in Pakistan."

**Graphic**

Photo: Pakistanis are so preoccupied with an economic crisis that many had not heard of Osama bin Laden before the American Embassy bombings. Anti-American protesters in Islamabad carried his picture. (Agence France-Presse)

**Load-Date:** August 30, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Billy Graham Returns, to Find Evangelical Force in New York - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4GFK-7F80-TW8F-G3BF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 21, 2005 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1764 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL LUO; Laurie Goodstein contributed reporting for this article.

**Body**

When a fiery young preacher named Billy Graham first journeyed to New York City in 1957, his national reputation had already been building. But he arrived in this famously secular city -- regarded as something of a graveyard for evangelists -- feeling more than a bit of trepidation.

''No other city in America -- perhaps in the world -- presented as great a challenge to evangelism,'' he wrote in his memoirs. He confessed during his opening sermon at Madison Square Garden that he had been ''frightened'' by the prospect of coming.

Now, nearly a half century later, the Rev. Billy Graham, 86, his once-booming baritone reduced to a scratchy whisper, is set to preach to New York City once again, for what he and his aides say is probably his final crusade. But after preaching his story of God's love to more than 200 million people in 180 countries and territories, he comes this weekend to preach in Flushing Meadows, Queens, to a drastically changed city, according to many pastors and academics.

It is a New York that while still populated by considerable concentrations of Roman Catholics, Jews, Muslims and others, is alive with a varied, vibrant and, by many accounts, growing population of evangelical Christians: young and old, wealthy and dirt-poor, immigrant and native-born.

''I have had people say to me, 'Oh, it must be hard living in New York because there are no Christians there,''' said Tony Carnes, a Columbia University sociologist and a writer for Christianity Today, an evangelical magazine. ''I said, 'You don't understand what's going on. The city has really changed.'''

The change is evident every Sunday at the sprawling campus of the Christian Cultural Center in the Canarsie section of Brooklyn, built in 2000 in the style of a suburban megachurch, with a restaurant, a coffee shop and an outdoor garden with ponds stocked with Japanese koi. More than 10,000 flock there every week to praise God. It is evident at a warehouse in Flushing occupied by Faith Bible Ministry, where six services are held every Sunday, in English and three dialects of Chinese, for more than 700 congregants.

And it is evident in any drive through Harlem and the Bronx, where large charismatic Latino churches, as well as their smaller storefront siblings, spring into view. Among them are La Sinagoga in East Harlem, a historic center of Pentecostalism in the city; John 3:16 in Longwood, the Bronx, a thriving congregation of several hundred; and Fountain of Salvation in Washington Heights, an influential church here as well as in Latin America.

''Even though we live in a city of darkness, within the darkness, there is light as well,'' said Esther Castro, a longtime member of La Sinagoga.

Mr. Graham, in a recent interview, said pastors in New York had been calling on him to come to the city, assuring him that his audience was eager and growing.

''They just felt after 9/11 there was a search on the part of many people for the purpose and meaning in their lives,'' he said. ''And they felt that a crusade like this could be one thing that could speak to a lot of people. They said their churches are growing, and a thousand new churches have sprung up since I was in New York, especially in various ethnic groups.''

Precisely tabulating how many evangelical Christians there are in the city -- and what exactly constitutes such a Christian -- is notoriously difficult. In a study commissioned by the Christian Cultural Center, the church in Canarsie, Mr. Carnes set out in 2003 to conduct a census of the city's evangelical churches. Mr. Carnes and his staff went through the city, visiting churches and dropping off surveys in five languages, asking about their theological beliefs and attendance.

Defining an evangelical can sometimes be problematic, Mr. Carnes acknowledged, especially since the word has acquired so much political baggage. Evangelical churches are typically defined by their emphasis on doctrine, including the authority of Scripture and the importance of personal conversion. Meanwhile, Pentecostal and charismatic churches emphasize manifestations of the Holy Spirit, like praying in tongues.

Mr. Carnes included all three types of churches in his tally of what are essentially theologically conservative Protestant churches in the city, and in all he counted more than 7,000.

Vivian Z. Klaff, a professor of sociology at the University of Delaware, analyzed a separate batch of data from a 2000 study conducted by the Association of Statisticians of American Religious Bodies. Counting up the results of membership surveys sent to churches, denominations and councils, Mr. Klaff estimated there were about one million evangelicals, Pentecostal or charismatic Christians in the city, the vast majority of them from historically African-American denominations.

In any case, the number is hardly trivial. And it was armed with this portrait of the growing ranks of the faithful that Rev. Robert J. Johannson, of Evangel Church in Long Island City, Queens, and the Rev. Marcos Rivera, of Primitive Christian Church in Manhattan, went last year to Mr. Graham's mountaintop retreat in North Carolina to issue an official invitation.

''We went down and said, 'God is moving in New York,''' said Mr. Johannson. ''The church is growing.''

But evangelical leaders have been frustrated, he said. Despite what they sense are their growing numbers, evangelicals still can feel invisible in the city, Mr. Johannson said. They see Mr. Graham's visit as a chance to change that.

''He has the ability to give a city an awareness that something is happening,'' Mr. Johannson said.

The invitation this time contrasts markedly from when Mr. Graham came to New York in 1957 at the behest of a besieged and shrinking cadre of evangelical and main-line denominational leaders, pastors said. At the time, the church was losing congregants in droves -- to the suburbs, for instance.

But what was intended to be a crusade of several weeks stretched into a stunning summerlong run before capacity crowds at Madison Square Garden that catapulted Mr. Graham to national prominence. Even after the crusade, however, churches in the city continued to struggle. It was not until the 1980's and 90's that evangelical faith began to grow in the city, pastors and academics said.

Unlike most of the rest of the country, where the image of evangelical Christians is of people who are white and middle class, in New York City, conservative Christian faith has become quite polyglot.

Fueled by a large influx of immigrants, for example, there are more than 100 African churches in the city alone.

''Things got very intense in the 1990's when you had pretty much a doubling of the sub-Saharan African population in New York City,'' said the Rev. Mark R. Gornik, a Presbyterian minister who is writing his doctoral dissertation at the University of Edinburgh on New York's African churches.

The result has been churches like the Flatbush congregation of the Redeemed Christian Church of God, pastored by the Rev. Nimi Wariboko, where more than 300 people, mostly Nigerian immigrants, worship every Sunday, with many of the congregants swathed in kente cloth and dancing to an African beat.

''When you walk in, you might think you're in an African church in Africa,'' he said.

Since the mid-1960's, evangelical Korean churches have proliferated in Queens, numbering more than 250 in that borough, according to one recent count. Some of the city's largest evangelical churches, such as the Korean American Presbyterian Church of Queens and Full Gospel Church of New York, both roughly 4,000 strong, hold services in Korean. But now, Chinese-language congregations are also beginning to spread, as more people arrive from China.

''A lot of folks from overseas, they come from a more simplistic background,'' said the Rev. Henry W. Kwan, who pastors First Baptist Church in Flushing, a congregation of about 1,000 people with services in English, Chinese and Spanish. ''When they come to America, many of them it's the first time they're exposed to genuine freedom. Because of this exposure and this openness, they grab the opportunity and take up, to me, a sincere and genuine evangelical faith.''

But the emergence of evangelical faith is not entirely limited to the ***working class*** communities outside Manhattan. Redeemer Presbyterian Church, started in the late 1980's, by the Rev. Timothy Keller, draws several thousand on weekends, mostly young professionals, to its services in Manhattan. The Journey, a Manhattan church that started after Sept. 11, 2001, now draws about 1,000 people to its Sunday services and Bible studies, and has many actors and artists in its congregation.

But the Christian Cultural Center, in a gritty neighborhood in eastern Brooklyn, is perhaps most emblematic of the resurgence in evangelical faith in the city. It is believed to be the largest church in the city, claiming more than 24,000 members. Located opposite several auto body shops, the center's tan facade rises out of the neighborhood like a mirage.

The church began in 1978 as a small Bible study in a storefront in Brooklyn. The Rev. A.R. Bernard, a Panamanian immigrant, left his Wall Street job to start the congregation, calling it the Brooklyn Household of Faith. The congregation moved several times. In 1989, with about 625 registered members, it was in an old supermarket in Crown Heights.

Mr. Bernard runs a celebrity Bible study in the city, attended by the likes of Angela Bassett and Star Jones. On Father's Day, the basketball star Jason Kidd, along with his wife, Joumana, and their three children, arrived for worship.

''When the mayor of New York City tells me he can't go anywhere in his office without meeting someone from my church, that says a lot,'' Mr. Bernard said.

Interviews with several pastors and their congregants indicated that even if their church's roots and the language of their prayers are far different from those of Mr. Graham, many plan to see him during his three day's of preaching in Flushing Meadows this weekend, where as many as 70,000 are expected each day.

Still, the prevailing culture of this city is still unsure of what to make of evangelical Christians, most churchgoers interviewed agreed. They can be treated with contempt and other times curiosity.

Mickey H. Sanchez, 26, who works for a city councilman and attends Redeemer Presbyterian Church, said he finds that people are often confused when they discover that he's an evangelical.

''That you're in New York as an evangelical, it has to be processed by them,'' he said.

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

**Correction**

A picture caption yesterday with an article about evangelical Christians in New York City referred imprecisely to the people pictured at the Korean American Presbyterian Church of Queens. They were attending a youth event in advance of this week's Billy Graham crusade; they were not necessarily members of the church.

A front-page article on June 21 about evangelical Christians in New York City referred imprecisely to Tony Carnes, a sociologist and a writer for the magazine Christianity Today. (The error also appeared in articles on Dec. 13, 2004, and Nov. 5 and 14, 2004.) He is the director of a social sciences seminar at Columbia University; he is not on the faculty.

**Correction-Date:** July 1, 2005

**Graphic**

Photos: Natasha McNeil, center, prays at the Christian Cultural Center, a church in Canarsie, Brooklyn, that attracts thousands of worshipers. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. A1)

Members of the Korean American Presbyterian Church of Queens. Koreans are among those swelling the ranks of evangelical Christians. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** June 21, 2005

**End of Document**



[***New Financial Tool Revives Old Block***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-56S0-0014-544P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 27, 1988, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 33, Column 5; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1296 words

**Byline:** By ALAN FINDER

**Body**

Five years ago, the block on Underhill Avenue in the Prospect Heights section of Brooklyn looked like many streets in New York City's most devastated neighborhoods. Opposite an elementary school stood two small apartment buildings that, though deteriorating, were still occupied. They were flanked by three abandoned shells.

Today, because of a creative financing arrangement, all five buildings have been rebuilt. The neat four-story structures, which are home to 39 families, represent a significant experiment in financing housing and controlling the effects of gentrification.

The financing method, called a cross-subsidy, involves the use of revenue from the sale of cooperative apartments in some of the buildings to help keep rents in the other buildings affordable to low- and moderate-income families.

Using the Market's Strength

The developer of the housing complex, the New York Urban Coalition, has sold renovated apartments in the three abandoned buildings to middle-income families at below-market rates. Solely households with incomes below $44,000 a year were eligible. The coalition works on behalf of the poor in housing, education and neighborhood development.

Cross-subsidies are increasingly being used for housing. They rely on the strong real-estate market to create demand for cooperative apartments in neighborhoods where, just a few years ago, such sales would have been virtually unthinkable. The cross-subsidies also rely on a commitment from sponsoring groups to use revenues from the sale of co-ops to renovate apartments and keep down rents for those less well off.

''It's using the strength of the market to help solve the problems of those who can't afford housing,'' Alexander B. Grannis, Democrat of Manhattan and chairman of the Assembly Housing Committee, said. ''That's the most appealing part of it.''

The coalition, along with a co-sponsor, the Prospect Heights Neighborhood Corporation, also wanted the housing complex to be a model for reducing economic and racial dislocation in neighborhoods undergoing rapid change. Underhill Gardens, as the complex is known, was intended to show that middle-income people could be attracted to a community without forcing out the poor who were already there.

''We wanted to demonstrate that mixed-income development was an appropriate way for a community like this to develop, and that gentrification did not have to mean displacement,'' said Richard M. Cherry, executive vice president of the coalition.

Retaining Racial Balance

The apartments - on the block between St. Marks Avenue and Bergen Street - have been purchased by a broad spectrum of people, including government workers, a police officer, a photographer and a candidate for a doctorate in social work, said Khadijah Matin, the property manager of Underhill Gardens. The majority of purchasers are black, but many are white, Ms. Matin said.

''That was very important to us - to do a project like this that would retain the balance, the racial and economic mix, that characterizes Prospect Heights,'' said Gregory Cohen, a project developer at the Urban Coalition. The neighborhood, northeast of Prospect Park, is bounded by Park Slope, Crown Heights and Bedford-Stuyvesant.

Because the cost of land, financing and construction has outstripped the income of many New Yorkers in recent years, producing housing for low-, moderate- and even middle-income families in communities such as Prospect Heights has become dependent on government assistance and creative financing.

Cross-subsidies are at the core of several government housing programs. The city and state each offer low-interest financing and tax abatements to developers willing to set aside 20 percent of the apartments in new buildings for low- and moderate-income families; the remaining apartments are sold or rented at market rates.

Similar Ventures Planned

Developers at Battery Park City and on the Upper East and West Side have taken advantage of the programs, Commissioner of Housing Preservation and Development, Abraham Biderman, said. In all, 1,770 apartments for low- and moderate-income people have been created through the programs.

The city plans to use cross-subsidies in large sections of the Lower East Side and the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. The proposals call for selling vacant city land to developers for market-rate housing. The city would use the proceeds from the sales to renovate hundreds of apartments in vacant buildings for low- and moderate-income households in those neighborhoods.

Cross-subsidies in such neighborhoods, in effect, provide poor residents ''with an opportunity to cash in on gentrification for their benefit,'' Mr. Biderman said.

''We're looking to do much more with this concept in the future,'' he added.

Mr. Cherry said: ''In a city where real-estate values have been inflating, and will probably continue to, we have to capture this increased value and make use of it for lower-income people. It's the least costly way of subsidizing low-income housing.''

How It Was Done

The coalition's plan was deceptively simple. It began to assemble the property in 1983. Two buildings were bought from a private owner and the other three from the city. The financing was provided by 10 sources, including the city, which provided loans at 1 percent interest, and the Community Preservation Corporation, an agency created by major banks to lend money for housing in distressed neighborhoods.

The two occupied buildings were renovated, with tenants being shuttled into vacant units while work was going on in their apartments. The renovations cost $28,000 an apartment.

The vacant buildings were rebuilt at an average construction cost of $46,500 an apartment and were sold as co-ops. Including the cost of buying the five buildings and financing the rehabilitations, the coalition spent $2.2 million.

The co-ops were offered for sale a year ago, and all but one of the 24 have been sold. Their financing was set up to make it more likely that moderate- and middle-income people would be able to afford down payments. The apartments, most of which have two bedrooms, sold for an average of $36,000, requiring down payments of $7,200.

Rents of $487 a Month

The real cost to the buyer, however, is greater.

The coalition decided to set up the financing with an underlying mortgage on the cooperative that is almost equal to the apartments' combined purchase price. Thus, monthly maintenance fees are relatively high, to help pay the underlying mortgage. A two-bedroom apartment that recently sold for $40,000, has a monthly maintenance fee of $500.

Even so, the real cost per unit - the purchase price plus the underlying mortgage - is still less than half that of other renovated apartments on the market in the neighborhood, said Ms. Matin.

A second financing arrangement enabled the coalition to use money from the co-op sales to maintain affordable rents in the two rental buildings. The group decided to keep down the cost of maintaining the two buildings, and, thus, the rents, by restricting the size of the mortgages on the buildings.

Instead of a typical development strategy used by nonprofit agencies -mortgaging 90 percent of the cost of buying and renovating the buildings -the coalition mortgaged 75 percent of the costs and used some of the co-op sale revenues to pay the remaining 25 percent.

The result: rent for each of the 16 rental apartments is $487 a month. All but three of the tenants have qualified for Federal subsidies that require them to pay 30 percent of their income for rent. The Government makes up the difference.

Some of the tenants receive public assistance, and most are ***working class***, according to Ms. Matin. She said, ''We wanted to show to those who are renters that rehab doesn't mean that they have to go elsewhere.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Gregory Cohen of the Urban Coalition, and Khadijah Matin of Underhill Gardens in an apartment at 295 St. Marks Avenue in Brooklyn (pg. 33); the entrance to the newly renovated building at 79 Underhill Avenue in the Prospect Heights section of Brooklyn (NYT/Chester Higgins Jr.); map of the area in Brooklyn where the Underhill Gardens is located (pg. 36)

**End of Document**



[***One Patch of Russia's Economic Crazy Quilt***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TPB-G490-007F-G4DD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 23, 1998, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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

**Length:** 1490 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL R. GORDON

By MICHAEL R. GORDON

**Dateline:** KRASNOYARSK, Russia, Sept. 18

**Body**

With the rugged stoicism that typifies this vast Siberian territory, Nina V. Popova thought she could ride out Russia's economic storm.

But last week tax inspectors barged into her small food shop. After poring through her ledgers, they warned her she had violated Gov. Aleksandr Lebed's new "anti-crisis" decree.

"They said we can only charge 10 percent more than we pay for the food," she said. "But we have to pay for electricity and heat. We have to pay for security, and we have to pay salaries. If they force this decree on us we simply won't survive."

Russia's financial crisis has not only rocked Moscow's political establishment. It has also stirred many of Russia's far-flung regions to set their own economic course and establish price controls.

A former general, presidential hopeful and the new governor of this Siberian region, Mr. Lebed has led the charge. Angry at the soaring prices that have stunned Russians, Mr. Lebed has not just declared war on inflation. He has tried to make it illegal.

He is hardly alone. From the northwestern city of Novgorod to the western territory of Yakutia, authorities are taking a page out of the socialist playbook and intervening to set prices.

Russia is fast becoming a crazy quilt of zones with Draconian price controls, territories with milder price restrictions and regions with no controls at all.

The populist decrees have brought a measure of comfort to consumers shocked by sharp jumps in prices for food and medicine.

"We may infringe on the rights of people but it is in their interest," Mr. Lebed said in interview. "The strict measures have played their role and soon will be abolished."

But the stop-gap controls also contain the seeds of new problems. Stores and factories complain they are being denied the profit they need to weather Russia's raging economic storm. Shortages have emerged, as producers ship their goods to regions where prices run free.

Virtually nobody thinks the controls are a substitute for a national strategy to rescue Russia from its economic malaise.

But with Prime Minister Yevgeny M. Primakov still struggling to form a national Cabinet, there is no overarching plan.

Mr. Lebed owes his job to Krasnoyarsk's economic distress. Tapping the deep well of discontent, Mr. Lebed scored an upset victory over the region's incumbent Governor in a bitterly contested race last spring.

An immense region one-fourth the size of the United States, Krasnoyarsk has some of the nation's largest factories along with Siberia-size economic problems. But Mr. Lebed assured the voters that the region need an experienced crisis manager, not an economist.

Certainly, Mr. Lebed has been sorely tested. With the collapse of the ruble, tax revenues plummeted. Panic buying cleared the shelves of baby food and cold medicine, leaving the region with dangerously small reserves.

Last week, residents in the city of Krasnoyarsk, the administrative capital of the region, found themselves without hot water when the authorities ran short of coal.

The only bright spot came when Mr. Lebed hosted a glitzy popular music festival, which was sponsored by one of Russia's leading television networks -- a brief distraction in what promises to be one of the toughest winters in years.

Chastened by his region's economic woes, Mr. Lebed no longer talks confidently about single-handedly turning the situation around. Krasnoyarsk, he says, needs a greater share of the nation's tax receipts and lower rail and electricity tariffs to thrive over the long term.

It is Mr. Lebed's short-term plan, however, that has led Krasnoyarsk's citizens to draw the political battle lines. Anxious to quell the economic turmoil sweeping the nation, Mr. Lebed has decreed controls on the price of meat, fish, bread, flour, cereal, pasta, beverages and coal.

The measures officially took effect a week ago when the order was published on the front page of the regional newspaper Krasnoyarsk Worker.

Under Mr. Lebed's system, producers who want to raise the wholesale price of goods need to appeal to a panel of government officials at least five days in advance. Officially, no ceiling on wholesale prices was set. But a Lebed aide has proclaimed that producers should be satisfied with a profit of 2 percent.

Retail prices are regulated according to a formula. Shop owners are not be allowed to sell their food and beverages for more than 10 percent more than what they paid for them. And Krasnoyarsk's tax inspectors are conducting spot checks to make sure.

Mr. Lebed has emerged in recent weeks as the most popular alternative to the Communists in the public opinion polls. But his brand of capitalism is both populist and exceedingly vague. "I am certainly on the verge of breaking the law, but I think my measures are justified," Mr. Lebed said earlier this month. "The emergency situation is compelling me to take emergency measures."

Defending his price controls, Mr. Lebed said they were needed to head off a wave of frenzied buying by consumers desperate to stock up before prices soared even further.

Another goal, he said, was to stop profiteering by local producers, who were taking advantage of the crisis to ratchet up their prices even though they have been somewhat insulated from the effects of Russia's falling currency. The aim, he insisted, was not to set the price of imported goods.

"Why should milk become more expensive? Has the price of cows gone up?" he said in an interview.

Mr. Lebed is not the only one to turn to price controls. Kaliningrad has declared a state of emergency. The tax police in Novgorod have prowled through the city, fining shops for exorbitant prices.

In the southern Russian city of Stavropol, fights broke out when consumers and merchants banded together against government inspectors, who they complained were interfering with local trade.

Even pricey Moscow has imposed a 20 percent limit on the markup for basic staples, though city officials insist it is more of a guideline than a law.

Still, Mr. Lebed's decree has been assailed by his critics, who say it shows his penchant for simplistic and authoritarian solutions to complex economic problems.

"This shows that no member of the Lebed team thinks in economic terms," said Aleksei M. Kleshko, a member of the Krasnoyarsk City Council."They only know how to deal with the crisis through administrative means."

To be sure, many local factory directors and shop owners are unhappy.

"The Government acts just like it did in the days of Soviet power, when business people were considered bourgeois speculators," said Yevgeniya Kuznetsova, the president of Pikra, a local beverage company and the first factory to be privatized in the Krasnoyarsk region.

After the ruble collapsed, the upgrading of the factory's beer production unit was stopped in mid-stream after a German factory refused to provide any more equipment on credit.

That has increased the factory's need for cash. Meanwhile, sales have fallen, as consumers have cut back on their purchase or beer and soft drinks so that they can stock up on flour, grain and cooking oil.

Ms. Kuznetsova said her company will be skating too close to the edge if it is restricted to a profit rate of 2 percent. Already, she has gone to a four-day work week to reduce costs.

"The government does not seem to worry about the collapse of small and medium business," she said bitterly.

At her small shop down the street from Pikra, Ms. Popova is more distressed than angry. A sturdy woman with an engaging manner, she voted for Mr. Lebed because of his promises to bring order to Krasnoyarsk.

Ms. Popova is already something of a survivor. She set up her food store in a ***working class*** district earlier this year after the investment company she was working for went bankrupt. Her store sells sausages, bread, alcohol and cooking oil. Saleswomen receive just 360 rubles a month (about $24 at current exchange rates) for their 12-hour-a-day jobs. Because the volume of sales is low and because her store also has to pay for utilities and an alarm system, Ms. Popova needs to mark up her goods by 20 percent just to break even, she said.

The Krasnoyarsk tax police, however, were not impressed by her arguments. After shuffling through the shop's balance sheets, they told her the store was exceeding the 10 percent mark-up allowed for salt, sugar and cereal. No fines were levied yet, but Ms. Popova was summoned to the local tax office to do some explaining.

"All summer long I told our saleswomen they should be patient and that I would increase their salaries a little bit in the fall," she said. "Now, I may have to fire some of them."

Still, Ms. Popova is reluctant to assign the blame to the gruff-talking Governor.

"I pinned hopes on him because I thought he would be tough," she recalled. "But he turned out to be too tough. He's not an economist, though, and this was probably done by his team. I still hope to prove to him that this is not right, and I might even vote for him again."

**Graphic**

Photos: Gov. Aleksandr Lebed has established price controls in Krasnoyarsk, one of many Russian regions with their own economic policies. (James Hill for The New York Times)(pg. A1); In the Russian region of Krasnoyarsk, residents sell home-grown fruits and vegetables on the street to earn extra income, left, and managers of the Pikra beer and soft drink plant complain that price controls are too strict. (Photographs by James Hill for The New York Times)(pg. A12)

Map of Russia showing location of the Krasnoyarsk region: The Krasnoyarsk region is one-fourth the size of the United States. (pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** September 23, 1998

**End of Document**



[***UKRAINIANS ELECT A NEW PRESIDENT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YW10-008G-F3VN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 12, 1994, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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

**Length:** 1414 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN ERLANGER,

By STEVEN ERLANGER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** KIEV, Ukraine, July 11

**Body**

A former director of the Soviet Union's largest missile factory won Ukraine's presidential election on Sunday after promising to cooperate more closely with Russia and to speed economic reform.

The victory by the industrialist, Leonid D. Kuchma, shocked nationalists, who fear he will push Ukraine back into Moscow's orbit. He denies any such intention but he must deal quickly with a deepening split between nationalistic western Ukraine and the Russian-speaking eastern part of the country.

Mr. Kuchma, a former Prime Minister, defeated Ukraine's first President, Leonid M. Kravchuk, who was forced to call early elections in the middle of a steep economic decline. Mr. Kuchma got 52 percent of the vote, to 45 percent for Mr. Kravchuk.

Both men are former Communists. But Mr. Kravchuk, who was fervently supported in the western half of Ukraine, campaigned as an experienced statesman and the best guarantor of sovereignty, stability and unity. He accused Mr. Kuchma of a dangerous willingness to accommodate Russia over issues like the former Soviet fleet in the Black Sea, a source of dispute between Russia and Ukraine.

Mr. Kuchma promised an alternative to the current economic disaster, including an immediate cut in taxes. He also focused on the collapse of living standards. Economic output fell by 30 percent in the first four months of this year, workers are not being paid on time and the national currency, once equal to the ruble, is now worth less than 5 percent of a ruble.

Mr. Kuchma said that Ukraine's history and its failure to modernize had left it dependent on Russia for energy, timber, raw materials and industrial orders, and that closer economic ties and a free-trade agreement were a prerequisite for Ukrainian well-being. Those who voted for him seemed less interested in joining Russia than in getting Russian business.

Like the populist President-elect in Belarus, Aleksandr Lukashenko, Mr. Kuchma criticized the corruption and complacency of Government while ordinary people suffered.

As in Belarus, which also held its presidential election on Sunday, the incumbents in Ukraine were penalized for their failure to effect real change in this newly sovereign state, thus undermining the idea of sovereignty itself.

From the Communist Elite

Mr. Kuchma and Mr. Kravchuk were both members of the old Communist elite. But while Mr. Kravchuk was a party bureaucrat and a secretary for ideology, Mr. Kuchma spent his life in industry, working as the missile factory's party organizer before rising to director, a job won through merit even in the Soviet Union.

The election results highlight the deepening split between eastern and western Ukraine, heightening fears among diplomats that Ukraine may split, with the eastern part and the Crimean peninsula in the south realigning with Russia.

Mr. Kuchma's first task will be to reassure western Ukraine and the passionate nationalists there that he intends to protect their interests. He began this evening upon arrival in Kiev, calling the campaign's divisions between east and west "criminal," implying it was Mr. Kravchuk's strategy to exploit regional fears.

'We Can Overcome This Split'

"If we act intelligently, we can overcome this split," he said. Ukraine is one of the largest countries of Europe, with a population of 52 million, of whom 11 million are ethnic Russians, mostly ***working-class*** voters concentrated in the east.

While Ukraine has agreed to rid itself of inherited nuclear weapons, most of which are useless for defense anyway, it remains the world's third-largest nuclear power. During the campaign, Mr. Kuchma also raised questions about the need for rapid ratification of the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, which was promoted by Mr. Kravchuk. Any such hesitancy is bound to worry Washington.

At the same time, Mr. Kuchma has promised compliance with an agreement by Ukraine, Russia and the United States to rid Ukraine of nuclear weapons.

Today's result will please Moscow, which has had a bumpy relationship with Mr. Kravchuk. Mr. Kuchma, for instance, has said that Ukraine has no real use for the Black Sea Fleet and that he would be content to sell Ukraine's share to Russia for gas and oil and to lease the fleet's headquarters at Sevastopol to Moscow.

Doing the Numbers

According to official preliminary results announced late today by the Central Election Commission, Mr. Kuchma received 52.15 percent of the votes and Mr. Kravchuk had 45.06 percent. Turnout was 69 percent, two points more than during the first round two weeks ago. Final results should not affect the outcome.

"Leonid Kuchma has become the second President of Ukraine," said Igor Tseluiko, a secretary at the Central Election Commission.

Mr. Kuchma, 55, won about two-thirds of the votes in eastern Ukraine, where ethnic Russians dominate, and nearly 90 percent in Crimea, where the population is 70 percent ethnic Russian.

Mr. Kravchuk, 60, took most of the votes in western Ukraine, which was only Sovietized after World War II. In the Lviv region, for instance, he received 94 percent of the vote. There, Mr. Kuchma is regarded as a "traitor" to Ukraine who may undermine the country's hard-won independence. Mr. Kuchma has denied any such intentions.

They Voted, Didn't They?

Mr. Kuchma's aides tried to calm passions. About Crimea, for instance, they stressed that 70 percent of the population voted in Ukrainian election. Thus one aide said: "The question is moot whether Crimea will remain in Ukraine or not. It's resolved."

They noted that he is also working to improve his weak spoken Ukrainian.

Mr. Kravchuk, despite his ideological past, took the country to independence as the Soviet Union broke up. He was elected President in a landslide in December 1991 for a five-year term. But his ambivalent efforts at economic reform were stalled by an unchanging party, the bureaucratic elite and a Parliament held over from the Communist era.

Mr. Kuchma's 11 months as Prime Minister were marked by a frustrating failure to begin even modest economic reforms, nearly all of which were blocked by Parliament and the Cabinet. He resigned last September and broke with Mr. Kravchuk, and their relations have been bitter.

After a severe miners' strike over poor pay and conditions, Mr. Kravchuk agreed to early elections. The parliamentary voting this spring went against him, however, producing a majority of neo-Communists and eastern Ukrainians as the nationalists and democrats in the Rukh movement splintered over policy and personalities.

Tending Toward the Middle

The parliamentary results caused Rukh to throw its support unambiguously to Mr. Kravchuk. Mr. Kravchuk, a noted political strategist, then moved to the left, naming a former Communist Prime Minister, Vitaly A. Masol, to run a new Government.

Mr. Kravchuk also called for closer economic ties to Russia, while Mr. Kuchma softened calls for Ukraine to adopt the ruble as its currency.

But Mr. Kuchma kept his eastern base and did surprisingly well in the central farming district, which had voted in the first round for the neo-Communist parliamentary speaker, Aleksandr O. Moroz. Mr. Moroz, who also ran for President in the first round, has talked of a parliamentary state, dispensing with a presidency.

Mr. Kravchuk got a big boost on Saturday, the day before the vote, when the major industrial democracies, meeting in Naples, approved $4 billion in aid to Ukraine, subject to progress on economic reform, and an initial $200 million to help Ukraine shut down the nuclear reactors at Chernobyl.

But the support came too late.

A Need for Sausages

Mr. Kuchma spent most of his career at Yuzhmash, the missile factory in Dnepropetrovsk, in eastern Ukraine, 300 miles from Kiev, which he took over in 1986 after two decades on the shop floor. In the 1950's, President Nikita S. Khrushchev boasted that it turned out missiles like sausages.

It will be Mr. Kuchma's task now to turn out sausages, or at least to make them affordable in a country where the average monthly wage is $15, compared to $100 in Russia.

In a recent interview, Mr. Kuchma said: "The main thing is to stop lying to the people. A genuine leader is not one who knows how to tell beautiful lies, but rather one who can bravely tell the truth, even in the most difficult times."

Like Winston Churchill, one of his heroes, he said: "I am not promising the Golden Kingdom for tomorrow. But what I promise I will fulfill, without searching for 'objective reasons' as to why something cannot get done."

**Graphic**

Photo: Leonid D. Kuchma, a former Prime Minister and an industrialist who promoted closer ties to Russia, spoke to reporters in Kiev, Ukraine, yesterday after he was declared winner in the presidential elections. (Agence France-Presse) (pg. A6)

Map of Ukraine showing location of Kiev. (pg. A6)

**Load-Date:** July 12, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Politics With the Beat of the Bronx;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-05R0-008G-F3J9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Willie Colon, Salsa Star, Makes a Bid for a Congressional Seat***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-05R0-008G-F3J9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 25, 1994, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 25;  Column 2;  Metropolitan Desk;  Second Front; Column 2; ; Second Front

**Length:** 1351 words

**Byline:** By MIREYA NAVARRO

By MIREYA NAVARRO

**Body**

In his first major campaign appearance as a candidate for Congress, the trombonist-singer Willie Colon barely shook hands. Instead he was grabbed, squeezed and kissed as he zigzagged up Fifth Avenue on June 12 in the Puerto Rican Day Parade, ambushed by grown women who hopped in excitement after touching him, bearhugged by men who shrieked "Willieeee! Ven aca!" ("Come here!").

Mr. Colon, an international salsa star, announced this month that he will challenge Rep. Eliot L. Engel in the September Democratic primary for the 17th Congressional District seat in the Bronx and Westchester County. His fans were not surprised. For much of his nearly three decades as a musician, Mr. Colon has offered social commentary with a 3/2 Afro-Caribbean beat, railing against military despots, exposing unsavory slices of barrio life, finding inspiration as readily in AIDS as in child beggars in Bogota.

But now Mr. Colon, a 44-year-old native of the Bronx, will test whether a musical appeal that transcends age and gender can carry over to politics, and across ethnic lines. The district is equal parts black, Hispanic and white, and not all of them listen to salsa. Mr. Colon is of Puerto Rican descent.

"I listen to Frank Sinatra," said Paolo Polombo, 51, an Engel supporter and chairman of the Italian-American Federation of the Bronx and Westchester, which represents 20 organizations.

'I Will Vote for Him if . . .'

Said Angel Vegas, 39, a teacher and Colon fan: "I will vote for him if he deals with housing, AIDS, education and unity for people in New York."

Mr. Colon says he was prompted to enter politics by what he views as disturbing trends. One is what he calls a regression in race relations, another misplaced government priorities like cutting back schools and social programs while spending billions in foreign aid.

He says he is also looking for new challenges after his enormous success as a bandleader and record producer. "Sometimes writing a song is not enough," he says.

Mr. Colon, who released his first album at age 16, now has 10 gold albums (a gold album signifies 500,000 copies sold) and 10 Grammy nominations to his name. "Siembra" ("Sow"), recorded with the singer Ruben Blades, has sold more than three million copies worldwide.

Mr. Blades recently pursued his own political aspirations by running for president of Panama (he lost). Mr. Colon says it should not come as a surprise that both he and Mr. Blades wanted to enter politics, since their musical collaboration stemmed from "that confluence of ideas and ideals." Those ideals have led Mr. Colon over the years to raise money for drug prevention, become active in environmental groups and lend his celebrity to the campaigns of President Clinton and former Mayor David N. Dinkins.

Wanted: Coalition

In his first try for public office, Mr. Colon says he needs a coalition to win, and political analysts agree. They say the race offers a test of the ability of black and Hispanic residents to come together in city politics, an effort that has often been thwarted by rivalries between the two groups.

Mr. Engel, a liberal Democrat who is seeking his fourth term in Congress, has the backing of the Bronx Democratic organization and won his last primary with more than 70 percent of the vote and the general election with more than 80 percent. His is a scattered district that covers parts of the Bronx, Yonkers, Mount Vernon, Pelham and New Rochelle and includes low-income pockets like the South Bronx, affluent areas like Riverdale and the huge residential complex Co-op City, the Congressman's political base.

But Mr. Engel is a white incumbent facing for the first time a minority opponent in a district redrawn in 1992 to give minority groups greater political influence. The voting-age population in the area is 36 percent black, 34 percent non-Hispanic white and 26 percent Hispanic.

"That district is a microcosm of the citywide challenge to be able to build multiracial coalitions," said John H. Mollenkopf, a professor of political science at the City University of New York Graduate Center. "Neither blacks nor Hispanics are going to be a majority by themselves."

Counting on 3 Endorsements

Mr. Colon, who said he has collected the necessary signatures to get a spot on the primary ballot, is counting on the endorsement of three important black leaders -- Assemblyman Lawrence B. Seabrook, City Council member Lawrence A. Warden and the Rev. Al Sharpton, who has vowed to "call on my people to show real unity, above race."

Many familiar with Bronx politics say the black leaders don't think the race is winnable because the district's demographics have not changed enough for black and Hispanic voters to offset the traditional higher turnout of white voters. Instead, they note, black leaders are building alliances with Hispanic voters now for a candidacy in the future.

Mr. Seabrook, who had planned to run but decided against it after being elected chairman of the Black and Puerto Rican caucus in February, denies it. "The numbers are there," he said. "The district was carved out for a minority congressman."

Mr. Colon has high-name recognition and his own financial resources to throw into his campaign. (Mr. Colon estimates he will need to spend $600,000; Mr. Engel plans on spending $200,000.) He says he has the support of Local 1199 of the hospital workers union and District Council 37, the city's largest municipal union. He also has the encouragement of many Hispanic elected officials, although most have yet to publicly endorse him.

Talk of Building Bridges

So far Mr. Colon has been vague on issues. He talks about wanting to "build bridges" between ethnic groups and focusing on small community problems that affect quality of life. When asked to name some of the problems during an interview, he answered: "I have an idea of the tone and the kind of representation that the district needs. I'm not going to tell them what their problems are. I want the people in this district to come forward so we can develop a progressive agenda."

Mr. Colon, who lives in New Rochelle with his wife and three sons, calls Mr. Engel "out of touch," but he is reluctant to criticize him. The incumbent seems equally shy. He says he likes salsa and has one of Mr. Colon's tapes, "American Color."

"You can't help living in the Bronx and not liking salsa music and listening to it," said the Congressman, an accordion player.

Mr. Engel, 47, says the issue in the campaign should be his record. He calls himself a "hands-on legislator" who has five offices in the district to address its concerns, helped win a waiver from Federal insurance law that saved the city's public hospitals $500 million last year and has pursued "the ***working-class***" interests of his constituents as a member of the House Committee on Education and Labor and the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

He notes that Mr. Colon became a Democrat just last year after switching from the Liberal Party, and that he votes sporadically and skipped voting for Governor in 1982, 1986 and 1990.

"That's an indication of lack of participation, and that's something," he said.

But few of Mr. Colon's admirers seem worried about his qualifications, and they say that Mr. Colon, a high-school dropout who went on to huge success, knows the vicissitudes of the poor.

"When one has spent much of life on the streets, one knows much more," said Victor Batista, 21, a transit guard who said he will vote for Mr. Colon.

Reginald Fant, a volunteer from Local 1199 who is gathering nominating petitions in black neighborhoods, agrees. "He has the same bumps and bruises," he said. "It's easy to endorse him."

Still, Mr. Colon's electoral strength rests on fans.

Mr. Colon said he had been worried someone would yell out "Where's your trombone!" during the Puerto Rican Day Parade. Until then, he hadn't known what the reaction would be among audiences he now calls constituents.

But many fans flashed him a thumbs-up sign. He thinks they approved.

"A lot of times people don't want to let you make that crossover," he said. "But they were urging me on to do it. They put all doubts to rest."

**Graphic**

Photo: Willie Colon is hoping that his popularity as a musician will help him in his race for Congress. He greeted supporters as he marched June 12 in the Puerto Rican Day Parade. (Philip Greenberg for The New York Times)(pg. 25)

Graph: "AT A GLANCE: 17th Congressional District" racial and ethnic makeup and results of the 1992 presidential vote for the 17th Congressional Group. (Source: Census Bureau)

**Load-Date:** June 25, 1994

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TP0-5580-007F-G3BB-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Proponent of an Ever-Potent Lodestone: Bad Taste***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TP0-5580-007F-G3BB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 20, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;  ; Section 2;  Page 17;  Column 1;  Arts and Leisure Desk  ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1428 words

**Byline:** By VICKI GOLDBERG;

Vicki Goldberg is the author of "Power of Photography: How Photography Changed Our Lives."

By VICKI GOLDBERG;   Vicki Goldberg is the author of "Power of Photography: How Photography Changed Our Lives."

**Dateline:** BALTIMORE

**Body**

TWO of the cast members are small, with elaborate beards, pirate-style bandanas, enough leather to upholster a couch. One has a nose ring and a silver tooth up front. One wears jeans beneath leather pants strategically cut out to show off both his denimed bottom and his front.

Turns out they are not what they seem but drag kings, or female performers who cross-dress as men: Sharon Niesp, who's appeared in several of John Waters's films, and Maureen Fischer, better known as Mo B. (for Bodacious) Dick. Well, you don't expect Miss Manners on a John Waters set.

This film is "Pecker," filmed in Mr. Waters's hometown of Baltimore, where he has made all 13 of his movies, most famously "Pink Flamingos," his 1972 cult classic. "It's about a photographer called 'Pecker,' " the publicity agent explained one day on the set in December. "No," he went on, though no one had objected, "it's not what you think. He used to peck at his food as a child." Of course.

"Pecker," which opens on Friday, is a comedy about a young fellow (Edward Furlong) who's a short-order cook in a sub shop and takes pictures all the time, of rats caught in flagrante delicto (Mr. Waters often employs rats for his films), a woman shaving her thighs on a bus, his own sweetly dysfunctional ***working-class*** family, that sort of thing. When he is "discovered" by a chic Manhattan art dealer (Lili Taylor) and becomes the sensation of the New York art world, Pecker's everyday Baltimore life, including his relationship with his girlfriend (Christina Ricci) who runs -- well, rules -- the local laundromat, is threatened.

Mr. Waters has earned respect by being outrageous, though his more recent films are no longer quite so tasteless -- not, shall we say, so regressed. (When I mentioned to him that someone had recently raved to me about his 1988 film "Hairspray," he smiled a wry smile and said, "I accidentally made a family movie.") His last two films, "Cry Baby" and "Serial Mom," were official selections at the Cannes Film Festival. His films, considered hip, do well abroad. "Bad taste," he says, "is universal."

On the set, in a Baltimore bar, Mr. Furlong gives his real-life girlfriend Jackie -- she tutors the 8-year-old Lauren Hulsey, who plays Pecker's little sister -- a swift smack on the lips before heading into the movie's thrift shop, the Bargain Hut. One of the drag kings is casing out the clothes on a rack, especially a man's V-neck sweater, but falls back into character as Mr. Waters calls out "Full Pecker!" Mr. Furlong straightens up and swaggers a bit.

Mr. Waters, Baltimore's riposte to propriety, is 52 years old, six foot one inch tall, downtown-casually dressed, and thin, but not so thin as his moustache, which looks as if it was drawn by an eyebrow pencil. On a two-room set, he watches the actors in the next room on a black-and-white television monitor, falling into director's body English, waving his hand deprecatingly at the action when he doesn't like it. ("Keep it manly," he shouts at one of the drag kings in the other room; she shakes her head "no" at him on the monitor.) Even when he's been waving he reassures the cast: after parceling out lots of instructions, he says, "Otherwise, everything was grand!" During his early films, when characters were competing to be vile, he'd be yelling, "Louder! Louder! Meaner!," but even then he'd be laughing.

The people on this set are happier with their director than Harriet was with Ozzie. They say he's gentle, kind, compassionate, exacting but easy, laid back, fun, funny, a riot. To protect the little girl in the cast, he has people say "beep" when the script calls for foul language. The closest he gets to angry is: "You don't have gum in that scene, do you? It drives me crazy with that gum. Oh, it's carrots?" Then, glumly, "I have gum paranoia now." The carrots are for little sis, a rabid sugar addict who has been converted to a vegetable addict. Mr. Waters is directing her on how to "snort a radish."

No one has ever seen him tense. Asked about this, he says: "In high school I always had N's. 'Needs improvement in self-control.' I had straight N's.' " At New York University, he was thrown out on suspicion of smoking marijuana (when he realized the campus police had been stationed by his room, he called The Daily News to tip them off) but has since been asked back to lecture twice, which he says makes his parents quite happy.

Now Mr. Waters is setting up a crowd scene. "Just get them there, Bobby," he tells Robert Stevens, his director of cinematography. "Geography, not filmmaking." To the actors, he says in a mocking tone, "If one person looks at the camera, I promise you, I'll take billboards and write your name on them." Then as an aside, "That's my Miranda warning."

It was natural for Mr. Waters to make a film about a photographer: he is one himself and has had shows here and abroad. In July, Gavin Brown's Enterprise, a gallery in the West Village, showed Mr. Waters's pictures of the floors marked with colored tapes to indicate where the actors should stand in "Pecker." His first photographs were of movie moments on the television screen; he recombined them into short sequences of images he thought were truly memorable, which sometimes meant the credits, or the countdown before them. ( "Director's Cut," a book of these pictures, was published last year.)

To make Pecker's photographs, he hired Chuck Shacochis, who works at the Baltimore shop where Mr. Waters has his own photographs developed. He showed Mr. Shacochis pictures by Matt Mathurin, Weegee and Diane Arbus to give him an idea what he was looking for, then told him to do his own thing. To make the pictures suitably beat up, Mr. Shacochis printed them through an old piece of scratched-up glass.

Mr. Waters uses a lot of local talent. "You go all around the country," he says, "and then it's right at home, like the Wizard of Oz." He says the extras are better in Baltimore, which he long ago dubbed the "Hairdo Capital of the World." "These people look like real people. In Hollywood, they all look like actors who can't get jobs. They all look ludicrously handsome." A house was found that was just right for Pecker's family, but the owner's son was on home detention and wearing an electronic bracelet, and they had to get the parole board's permission to move everybody. Then they had trouble getting a hotel to take him.

Across from the bar, the crew remodeled an abandoned house as the Pelt Room, a lesbian strip club. When the sign went up saying "We Take It All Off!," people tried to pay to get in and children were peeking through the window. In Maryland, it's illegal to have both liquor and pubic hair (at least on view) in the same establishment, so in the film the club gets closed down.

This is a low-budget film, about $6.5 million. But Mr. Waters has more leeway than he used to have. Van Smith, his costume designer, says that in some of the early pictures, Divine's costumes were glued or stapled together; for "Pecker," Todd Oldham and Comme des Garcons helped dress the New York art-world denizens. Mr. Waters once modeled for Comme des Garcons in Paris; he felt, he says, "like Don Knotts meets 'Mahogany' " (a reference to the designer played by Diana Ross in a movie you may have forgotten). Still, a lot of the actors wear their own things. Patricia Hearst, who plays a New York art collector, has been in three of his movies and arrived on the set with two outfits by Claude Montana.

Mr. Waters, prized by his public -- he says that when "Pink Flamingos" was released on video in 1997 and he made an appearance in New York, the line was three blocks long, and everyone in it was 22 years old -- is prized by actors as well. Lili Taylor says, for example, she signed on to "Pecker" even before reading the script.

Edward Furlong did read it, and says it's really rare to find one that makes him laugh. And besides, he'd never worked on a film that wasn't dark. (He's appeared in "The Grass Harp," "Little Odessa" and "American Heart.") Christina Ricci's mother was such a John Waters fan herself that she showed her daughter some of his movies and had her read his articles at the age of 10 or 11.

Mr. Waters has already written the script for his next film, "Cecil B. DeMented," about teen-age Hollywood terrorists attacking the film industry. Mr. Waters always writes his own scripts because, he says, "I don't want to do anything from someone else's obsessions." While Hollywood has endured assaults on many fronts, John Waters can be counted on to add insult -- and laughter -- to injury.

**Graphic**

Photos: MODEL OF IMPROPRIETY: The director John Waters on the set of "Pecker" in Baltimore, where he has made his 13 movies. (M. Ginsburg/Fine Line Features) (pg. 17); WAGES OF FAME: Christina Ricci, far left, and Edward Furlong, standing, in John Waters's "Pecker." (M. Ginsburg/Fine Line Features) (pg. 20)

**Load-Date:** September 20, 1998

**End of Document**



[***THE NEW SEASON/ ART;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TM7-PJV0-007F-G009-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Writing in Light on the Tenement Walls***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TM7-PJV0-007F-G009-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 13, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 107; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1495 words

**Byline:** By AMEI WALLACH;

Amei Wallach's third book will be a memoir of her German Jewish family.

By AMEI WALLACH;  Amei Wallach's third book will be a memoir of her German Jewish family.

**Body**

SHIMON ATTIE listens with the rapt, I-feel-your-pain concentration you pay a psychotherapist to give you. In fact, he was a psychotherapist once, in San Francisco, before he gave it all up and moved to Berlin seven years ago to become a full-time artist. He quickly attracted international attention there with his project "The Writing on the Wall": in an East Berlin neighborhood, he projected pre-Holocaust photographs of its onetime Jewish ***working-class*** inhabitants onto buildings that had withstood the ravages of World War II, the neglect of the Communist years and the real estate rush that followed reunification.

The illumination of present realities through a scrim of past losses became Mr. Attie's theme. In the Borsgraven Canal in Copenhagen, he submerged huge close-up portraits of Jews who had been dramatically rescued by Danish fishermen in 1943 and of contemporary emigres from the Balkans and Pakistan who were being held in crowded container ships in Copenhagen harbor, awaiting the fate of their asylum applications.

Now, at the invitation of the nonprofit public-art organization Creative Time, Mr. Attie is turning his attention to New York. Beginning Oct. 22, and for at least three weeks, he will project his laser installation "Between Dreams and History" onto tenement buildings and an old synagogue at the intersection of Ludlow and Rivington Streets. The lights will literally write on the walls the handwritten memories, dreams, prayers and songs of the tangled communities that jostle for emotional and political ownership of the Lower East Side.

All summer Mr. Attie has been listening to the voices of the neighborhood. He listened as Mary Auyeung, wearing pearls and a crocheted sweater instead of the turquoise silk robes in which her group of Chinese seniors usually performs, stood on the scuffed linoleum floor of an Allen Street senior center and sang: "There are easy times, there are hard times. The water keeps on running, but the flowers die."

He listened as seniors awaiting their Yiddish lesson amid metal cabinets bleeding rust at the Educational Alliance competed to produce the most harrowing reminiscences. Charlotte Rick momentarily silenced the others by recalling when, "If you did something bad, by the time you got home your mother knew about it, and there was no telephone." He listened to Rosana Pena, a 15-year-old Dominican-American, who dreamed that there was a flood on the Lower East Side and sharks were swimming around the buildings and apartments. And he listened to the jokes, the yearnings and the horror stories of newly arrived Chinese teen-agers, who, rat for rat, sweatshop for sweatshop, could match anything the Jewish seniors recalled.

"Write it down," Mr. Attie would say, flashing his cheek-to-cheek smile, his body bent forward at attention. "Can you write it in Yiddish? Will you write it in Mandarin?"

He wasn't interested in oral history. "There's already an industry of that on the Lower East Side," he points out. "This is an art project. Basically my job is to reflect back to the culture images of itself."

It was the poetics of the collective unconscious Mr. Attie was after, and when his first round of group interviews elicited little but hard-time stories, he changed to questions like, "Can you remember a children's nursery rhyme?" Or, "If a genie came out of a magic lamp and granted you any three wishes in the whole world, what would you wish for?"

The handwritten responses were culled and cut and then drastically edited again in response to the realities of a limited budget, even though at $220,000, this is the most expensive single-artist project Creative Time has undertaken.

Technology accounts for much of the expense. Norman Ballard, the pyrotechnician for "Beauty and the Beast" on Broadway, spent the summer developing special-effects systems that, using a computer, will translate the drawings and writings of community residents into writing in laser light.

By July, as Mr. Attie and the Creative Time staff spent late nights watching technical tryouts from tenement stoops ripe with the odor of uncollected garbage, it became apparent that the real handwriting was unreadable. The balance Mr. Attie wanted was between legibility and magic. "I want it ghostly," he directed one night from his stoop. "That's the esthetic I'm after. I want to give form to these memories that float between us and in us, to create a situation that seems literally to be written out of thin air."

Anne Pasternak, executive director of Creative Time, says she invited Mr. Attie to work in New York because "I thought his work uncommonly thoughtful and visually very strong."

"And this is an artist we had an opportunity to expose to a larger audience before anyone else did," she said.

She was just in time. This fall, in addition to the "Between Dreams and History" project, Mr. Attie will be showing intimate photographs from his life in San Francisco in an exhibition at the Jack Shainman Gallery in Chelsea from Oct. 17 through Nov. 14. Also in October, Verve Editions of Burlington, Vt., will publish "Sites Unseen: Shimon Attie's European Projects."

Next year, the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston will organize a traveling retrospective of Mr. Attie's work, and he will create a project centered on the institute's building, which was once a police station with holding cells in the basement.

New York offered no such obvious solution when he first arrived to scout for locations for "Between Dreams" in the fall of 1996.

"Boy, it was tough going -- there's nothing in Europe like New York, the landscape, the velocity, the density, the scale," recalls Mr. Attie, who, at 41, could sit for a Picasso self-portrait (tall version): same cropped skull, same intense brown stare, though rather more limpid, and a fashion sense that tends to black-and-white Greek fisherman stripes. "I was pounding my head against the wall: 'I'm just not going to do a poster on a bus that subverts advertising or some post-modern strategy like that.' I was struggling."

He was drawn to the Lower East Side, both esthetically, for its antique human scale and its foot traffic, and because it resonated with family history. His grandparents were Syrian Jews who arrived on the Lower East Side in 1910, before moving to Flatbush in Brooklyn. As a self-described "red-diaper baby" he missed "the kind of progressive Judaism I grew up with, which is about identifying with the underdog."

So when he happened on the Educational Alliance Building, and found, as he put it, "these old Yids telling me to tuck in my shirt, there was instant rapport. 'Oh, my God,' I thought, 'You're home!' " And the next thing he thought was that for years in Europe he had been doing projects about the populations so brutally eliminated there. "And these people are living," he realized. "I've got to do a project that gives voice to their memories while they're alive."

Had he stopped there, he would have rendered yet another one-dimensional version of what Liz Sevcenko calls "the canonic Lower East Side story." Ms. Sevcenko is a public historian who creates interpretive programs for the Tenement Museum and the Eldridge Street Synagogue. "The story has its elements," she explained. "It has your pushcart, and it has your model immigrant who worked in a fish store and didn't have a bathroom. This immigrant is European." However, she points out, Puerto Ricans and Chinese have also populated the neighborhood since the beginning of the century.

By the time Mr. Attie was introduced to Ms. Sevcenko, he was attuned to what he calls "the city's cacophony of voices, a mixture of mutually existing claims and stories and histories," and persuaded Creative Time to hire her. As the project progressed, it began to accommodate the latest layer of immigrants to the Lower East Side -- the artists, fringe actors and hipsters.

The building from which lasers will beam onto Ludlow Street belongs to Dov Davidoff, a 27-year-old actor. The balcony that will hold the laser equipment that writes on Rivington Street facades is currently sublet by Nathaniel Frank, a Ph.D. candidate in history from Brown University, who is alert to the danger that "the richness and vitality of the neighborhood could become washed out if it becomes too hip."

Electricity comes from Navia's Deli, which specializes in Gen-X vegetarian staples like Tater Tots and meatless sloppy Joes and is owned by Navia Nguyen. ("I'm Vietnamese. I was, like, the first Asian supermodel.") A half-hour video made by the film director Christopher Beaver of the interviews and experiments that went into the making of "Between Dreams and History" will play simultaneously on the television screens of neighborhood bodegas and laundromats.

If it succeeds, like the best of evanescent public projects, from Christo and Jeanne-Claude's "Wrapped Reichstag" to Mr. Attie's "Writing on the Wall," this one will animate real anxieties in real time. Not to mention a sense of wonder.

**Graphic**

Photos: IN THEIR OWN WORDS -- Shimon Attie's "Between Dreams and History," seen in a computer rendering, draws on interviews conducted over the summer. The installation begins Oct. 22. (Photograph by Shimon Attie/Digital Manipulaiton by David Waitz); DREAM CASTING -- The artist Shimon Attie on the Lower East Side, the subject of his new work. (Jean Christian Boucart for The New York Times)(pg. 114)

**Load-Date:** September 13, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Seeing London on a Tight Budget***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5B40-0014-51NW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 7, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 10; Page 9, Column 1; Travel Desk

**Length:** 1277 words

**Byline:** By RAYMOND J. BLAIR; RAYMOND J. BLAIR is associate editor of The Times Record in Brunswick, Me.

**Body**

LONDON may be dreary and drizzly in winter but it tingles with the excitement of concerts and theater and things to do. Question: Can an American enjoy an inexpensive holiday there with the dollar so sick? Answer: Yes, but you have to work at it.

When I began in early October to plan a week's London vacation for myself in December, the British pound cost a little over $1.60 - high but manageable, I thought. A travel agent in my hometown, Brunswick, Me., told me about a special $398 round-trip fare on British Airways from Boston's Logan International Airport to London's Heathrow, leaving on a Wednesday and returning on Thursday the following week.

I decided to extend the trip a day and return on the Friday. This cost an additional $25 because the airline considered Friday part of a weekend. Taxes - a $3 United States departure tax and another $10 to clear United States customs on the return -brought the air fare to $436.

In addition, there was available through British Airways a single room - there are some advantages to traveling alone - with Continental breakfast, radio, a television set and private bath, at the Tavistock Hotel. This, I learned, is a 500-room tourist establishment in the Bloomsbury section near the British Museum and the University of London. The price was right - $29 a night or $232 for an eight-night stay, much cheaper than the bed-and-breakfast places I'd been investigating.

There was one catch: The air-hotel package had to be bought by Oct. 31 and, no matter what happened to me or the exchange rate before departure Dec. 9, it was nonrefundable. I bought the package, for $668, and hoped for the best.

My travel agent told me the Boston-London fare on British Airways in November and December and from Christmas through March - an advance purchase excursion, or APEX, fare - would go to $492 including tax. In April and May, she said, the fare would rise to $662 weekdays and $712 weekends, including tax, and from June through September, to $762 and $809. But by buying the package by Oct. 31, I got the lower fare. Fares on the three United States carriers on the route - Trans World, Northwest and Pan American - would be about the same, the agent said, but summer charter fares, $100 to $200 lower.

The dollar weakened steadily against the pound through November and into December. When I exchanged $20 for pounds at Logan Airport before my flight, the rate was $1.88. I paid a $1 fee, and got back only 10 pounds and 20 cents in change.

I did only a little better at a Thomas Cook exchange bureau on my arrival in London. When I traded $200 for pounds, I had to pay a fee of 2 pounds, 15 pence, and, at an exchange rate of $1.86, I received only 105 pounds, 23 pence. A modest lunch of chicken pilaf at Yialousa Taverna, a Greek restaurant on Woburn Place near my hotel, cost $10.70. Suddenly, I was facing the reality of the falling dollar. Chastened, I spent $5 at a nearby grocery store on crackers, milk, bananas and a sandwich so I could eat dinner in my room. The room, when I finally got into it after a three-hour wait, turned out to be about 12 feet by 14, very plain, with a bathroom only 6 by 8 feet with an oversize tub with shower.

Although the room looked onto a dreary courtyard, it was quiet and had a desk and chair and a large-screen color television set, which eventually hooked me on ''EastEnders,'' the smash hit series about ***working-class*** Londoners that is now on PBS.

My resolve to economize lasted about an hour. Overcome by euphoria on my first night in London since 1984, I hurried by bus to Royal Festival Hall to hear the American conductor Andrew Litton lead the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in music by Brahms and Sibelius. Tickets ranged from the equivalent of $7.45 to $37.20. I blew $23.20 on a seat in the second row of the stalls, or main floor.

The concert was wonderful, as was the view when I walked back along the Hungerford Bridge over the Thames to the Embankment Underground station. The hall, on the south bank of the river, shone in its floodlights. An illuminated Christmas tree and a string of red and white lights lit up the Embankment, and on the horizon Big Ben and St. Paul's Cathedral glowed. It was a magical sight, but it had been an expensive evening.

The complimentary Continental breakfast next morning at the Tavistock was cold white toast or rolls, marmalade or jelly, fruit juice and coffee. Accustomed to a hearty breakfast, I invested in a box of cereal to eat before going down to the dining room each morning.

I explored Bloomsbury, spent $9 on a lunch of ravioli bolognese in La Bardigiana, a tiny, smoky, crowded trattoria on Bernard Street, and took the Underground to Sloane Square, where, a friend had told me, there was an interesting ''fringe'' theater - the equivalent of New York's Off Off Broadway.

In pricey Belgravia, I settled for what I thought would be an inexpensive dinner of pizza and coffee in a Pizza Hut. It cost $13.60, including tip. What was billed as the world premiere of ''The Way to Go Home'' by a group called Paines Plough, the Writers' Company, was playing at the ''fringe'' Theater Upstairs in the attic of the Royal Court Theater. It cost me $11.15 to sit through this tedious play about two confused Scottish women wandering through Turkey, pursued by a crazed C.I.A. type. Fortunately, though, one of the women eventually shot the C.I.A. man between the eyes and the play staggered to a close.

A high point of my visit was a gorgeous performance of Handel's ''Messiah'' by a group called the Sixteen at St. John's, Smith Square - a Baroque structure built in the 18th century as an Anglican church, gutted in the blitz and restored as a concert hall. My $9.30 ticket was a bargain.

Another highlight, and free save for a few pence in the collection, was a choral mass at St. Paul's Cathedral. The sun, appearing for the only time that gloomy week, shone through the vast sanctuary as the robed choir sang, and the organ played, William Byrd's ''Mass for Five Voices.''

And it was fun to hear, from a fairly good $9.30 seat at Barbican Center, the London Symphony Orchestra perform works of Beethoven and Mozart. But the tube line I thought would run that Sunday night didn't, and I wasted $6.50 on a taxi. I made up for it by enduring a stand-up dinner of coffee in a paper cup and a plastic-wrapped sandwich in the Barbican lobby for $3.50.

The United States announced another record trade deficit, the dollar continued to plummet and I paid $1.91 in my last purchase of pounds. The man at Thomas Cook said some exchange bureaus were charging over $2.

Maggie Smith was very funny in Peter Shaffer's ''Lettice and Lovage'' at the Globe, although Leicester Square, full of drunks and fast-food joints, was more tawdry than I'd remembered. I had foolishly bought my ticket at my hotel, however, and a $3.70 agency fee was included in the $17.70 price. And my seat in the upper tier was so high up that many of the lines were lost in the laughter below.

But the incredible riches of the British Museum and the Tate Gallery were free, and a journalist friend took me to lunch in Samuel Johnson's dark old pub, the Cheshire Cheese, off Fleet Street, before I toured Johnson's house. And the visit ended happily with a concert of Christmas music by the Royal Philharmonic, heard from a good, $13 seat in Royal Festival Hall.

Counting the $86 for the limousine from Brunswick to Boston, and back, but not including $50 I squandered on a pair of fire engine red driving gloves at Selfridge's department store on jam-packed Oxford Street, my eight and a half days enjoying London had cost me exactly $1,128.48.

It was a pretty good buy, I figured.

**Graphic**

drawing

**End of Document**



[***FESTIVAL REVIEW; Pinter's Silences, Richly Eloquent***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43KP-33K0-0109-T2R9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 27, 2001 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Part 1; Column 3; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1550 words

**Byline:**  By BEN BRANTLEY

**Body**

WELL, they have come up in the world, haven't they? Look at them, all tarted up in designer swank and swilling Champagne. And in a fancy, noisy restaurant, to boot, where you can't even hear those famous silences that have long defined their tribe.

But make no mistake. The high-end hedonists who are whooping it up so entertainingly in a fat little play called "Celebration" are definitely Pinter people. They are as brutal and scared and loutish and lonely as any of their predecessors, and they too demonstrate the principle that dialogue is less a two-way street than a juxtaposition of speakers talking their way through separate mazes.

So don't let appearances fool you. The ritzy loudmouths in "Celebration," Harold Pinter's most recent play, and the quieter ***working-class*** mumblers of "The Room," the first drama by Mr. Pinter ever produced, have everything in common beneath the surface. And what a treat and a revelation it is to see these two sets of folks, separated by more than 40 years, confirming their similarities on the same stage in the same evening.

The double bill of "Celebration" (2000) and "The Room" (1957), which runs through tomorrow at La Guardia Drama Theater, is the latest gift from the Pinter Festival at Lincoln Center, and it's something to cherish. First staged by the Almeida Theater Company in London last year, these works testify to a remarkably consistent vision.

Even in his mid-20's, it seems, Mr. Pinter had found his voice and rhythms; more remarkably, he has held on to them. Watching "The Room," which is set in a threadbare boarding house, and "Celebration," which takes place in an upscale restaurant, you feel no comparative wistfulness, on the one hand, or embarrassment, on the other.

You don't begin to think, "Oh, what a shame that he's lost that young freshness and audacity." Or, "What a clumsy, earnest lad he once was." The man who wrote "Celebration" may have seen a bit more of the world than the fellow who wrote "The Room," but he's still looking out at it through the same merciless eyeglasses.

Polished to a reflective sheen under Mr. Pinter's direction, with a cast that seems to have stepped straight from its author's dreams, this double bill is as purely pleasurable a slice of Pinter as you're likely to see.

Not that it ranks with a fully shaped masterwork like "The Homecoming," the festival's ravishing highlight of last weekend. But how often do you hear a Pinter play eliciting the nearly nonstop laughter that "Celebration" does -- and not uneasy titters but outright belly laughs? While you'll likely remember "Celebration" as a comedy, its creepier elements remain with you as well, a sense of a world of predators and victims, of intimate strangers and hateful love-making. As for "The Room," a more obviously ominous work, you'll find yourself chuckling in recollection of such images as the alarm on an old man's face when he sits in a perfectly ordinary chair.

These mixed responses are reminders that Mr. Pinter helped do away with the generic distinctions in theater. Small wonder that those who like their plays with clearly marked labels (comedy, tragedy, mystery, farce) have never had much use for him. Mr. Pinter insists that life is both a horror show and a laugh riot. Because he's so confident in knowing that he's right, he can expertly have it both ways.

"Celebration" focuses on two groups of diners in a restaurant that London critics were quick to point out is very like the Ivy, a fabled theater gathering place in the West End. As it happens, these revelers have just come from performances of either the ballet or the opera.

Not that they can remember a darn thing about what they saw, including the titles. A man who was at the ballet does note that "none of them could reach the top notes," while a woman observes about the opera she's seen: "Well, there was a lot going on. A lot of singing."

It goes without saying that these gilded, foul-mouthed souls are just as myopic when it comes to their own table mates (and for that matter, their food), with conversations that usually connect only on the surface, if there. At one table, we find Lambert (Keith Allen) and Julie (Susan Wooldridge), who are celebrating their anniversary with Matt (Andy de la Tour), who is Lambert's brother and married to Prue (Lindsay Duncan), Julie's sister.

At the next table is a younger couple, Russell (Steven Pacey) and Suki (Lia Williams, late of "The Homecoming"). Suki turns out to have some shadowy bond with old Lambert. Russell is a banker, while Matt and Lambert have the classically Pinteresque professions of "strategy consultants," which means, as one of them says, that "we don't carry guns."

Drifting serenely among these conversations are the restaurant's soigne hosts, Richard (Thomas Wheatley) and Sonia (Indira Varma), who don't even flinch at their customers' combination of scurillousness, lewdness and sentimentality. There is also, most crucially, one very chatty waiter (Danny Dyer), who keeps asking if he might interject a word here and there. It is our great good fortune that he does.

Nothing really happens in "Celebration," even by Pinter standards. It's basically all talk, exchanges of insults, skewed platitudes and highly suspect memories described with placid certainty. The subjects, on some level, are almost invariably sex and power. And yet it all packs the tickling wallop of perfectly orchestrated slapstick.

Each performer, first of all, behaves badly beautifully. Ms. Williams's stork-legged gamine, whose ditziness has a razor's edge, is a particular delight, but they're all splendid. As is often true with Pinter, what makes the dialogue soar is how close these wild strings of non sequiturs come to seem to reality.

Listen closely to the talk at a Manhattan power den like Le Cirque late some night, and it probably won't sound so different. Mr. Pinter has also come up with the funniest exercise in name-dropping ever, pricelessly executed by Mr. Dyer's waiter, who recites the famous people known by his grandfather (from Kafka to the Three Stooges) in Homeric catalogs.

An air of familiarity also clings to the wintry world of "The Room," which begins with a bleak-faced woman named Rose (Ms. Duncan) serving breakfast to her husband, Bert (Mr. Pacey), while sustaining a classic Pinter dialogue that is really a monologue (or is it the opposite?). She talks; he doesn't. And yet there's the illusion that a conversation is going on.

Hunched self-protectively in a ratty cardigan and head scarf (and looking nothing like the cleavage-flaunting Prue in "Celebration"), Ms. Duncan is riveting. As Rose natters her way through a thicket of banalities -- about the food, the weather and her husband's job as a driver -- she emerges as a haunted Pinter prototype, a woman who has retreated into a muffling insularity through terror of the unknown. The unknown, by the way, includes her own past.

There are visitors, of course, to make life seem even more perilous. (Watch Ms. Duncan's stricken paralysis when she hears a knock at the door.) Among them, most memorably, is Rose's fretful old landlord, Mr. Kidd, played with Dickensian relish by Henry Woolf.

Mr. Woolf (previously seen at the festival in "Monologue") directed the very first production of "The Room," in which he originated the role of Mr. Kidd, at the University of Bristol in 1957. He has not, to say the least, grown stale. Every student of acting should watch what Mr. Woolf does when Mr. Kidd first sits down, in a chair he may or may not be familiar with. It's an exemplary, seriously funny duet between a man and a piece of furniture.

The warming presence of Mr. Woolf may be the most obvious link between past and present. But the sense of continuity between the plays runs deep. At the center of each is a resonant fear: of change, of the past, of the future. It's evident when Rose speaks about there being no reason to leave her small, shabby self-contained universe, where "no one bothers us."

And you hear it in the voice of the waiter in "Celebration" when he is asked if he's worried about being fired. "To be perfectly honest, I don't think I'd recover if they did a thing like that," he says. "This place is like a womb to me. I prefer to stay in my womb. I strongly prefer that to being born."

Well, who wouldn't, given what a scary place everyone is born into? Thank heavens we have Mr. Pinter, who continues to make walking through the darkness such an oddly enlightening experience.

THE ROOM AND CELEBRATION

Two one-act plays written and directed by Harold Pinter. Sets by Eileen Diss; costumes by Dany Everett; lighting by Mick Hughes; sound by John A. Leonard. Harold Pinter Festival, part of Lincoln Center Festival 2001, presented by Lincoln Center. A production of the Almeida Theater Company, London. At La Guardia Drama Theater, 65th Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

THE ROOM

WITH: Lindsay Duncan (Rose), Steven Pacey (Bert Hudd), Henry Woolf (Mr. Kidd), Lia Williams (Mrs. Sands), Keith Allen (Mr. Sands) and George Harris (Riley).

CELEBRATION

WITH: Mr. Allen (Lambert), Susan Wooldridge (Julie), Andy de la Tour (Matt), Ms. Duncan (Prue), Mr. Pacey (Russell), Ms. Williams (Suki), Danny Dyer (Waiter), Nina Raine (Waitress), Emilie Strawson (Waitress), Thomas Wheatley (Richard) and Indira Varma (Sonia).

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Almeida Theater productions of Harold Pinter's work: Above, Keith Allen and Lindsay Duncan in his latest play, "Celebration," and, left, Steven Pacey and Ms. Duncan in his first, "The Room." (Photographs by Alastair Muir)(pg. E1); Singing at the ballet: Susan Wooldridge, left, Thomas Wheatley and Lindsay Duncan in Harold Pinter's "Celebration" at Lincoln Center. (Stephanie Berger for The New York Times)(pg. E2)

**Load-Date:** July 27, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Culture Zone;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TM7-PJX0-007F-G01T-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Out of Order***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TM7-PJX0-007F-G01T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 13, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Magazine Desk

**Section:** Section 6; ; Section 6; Page 38; Column 2; Magazine Desk ; Column 2;

**Length:** 1617 words

**Byline:** By Daniel Zalewski;

Daniel Zalewski is an editor of The Times Magazine.

By Daniel Zalewski;  Daniel Zalewski is an editor of The Times Magazine.

**Body**

Wandering around the Pierre Bonnard retrospective currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, I found myself in search of lost time. MOMA's curators, in hanging the show's 82 paintings, rejected the cradle-to-grave chronology that typically anchors a career survey. Instead, Bonnard's luminous works were grouped thematically -- landscapes in one gallery, still lifes in another -- with a pointed disregard for dates. Youthful efforts from the 1920's were tossed together with canvases painted around 1947, the year of Bonnard's death. The Frenchman's last completed painting, a small, dappled image of a blossoming almond tree, was stuck into the center of the show. The result was an imaginative but odd survey, one in which innocence and experience commingled as one.

Of course, that was partly the point. Museum curators -- and art historians in general -- have recently grown wary of the old-fashioned retrospective. Early career, middle career, late career. How boring! It's seen as far more exciting to hang shows with an eye for the striking juxtaposition, even if a sense of the artist's life gets lost in the shuffle. (Witness the Whitney museum's mix-and-match Edward Hopper survey in 1995.) This fashionable resistance to chronology represents more than a desire to jazz things up, however. The apprentice-to-master narrative that traditionally governs a retrospective, it is said, falsely suggests that artistic lives are marked by constant progress, that later work is somehow a sage synthesis of all that came before. After all, for every artist who flowers in old age, another fizzles.

These critiques have some merit. Nonetheless, as the MOMA exhibit sent me ricocheting from decade to decade, I began to suspect I was missing something. Was there a period when Bonnard was particularly florid in his output? When, exactly, did he become close friends with Matisse? Were the sunflower hues of "Cafe 'Au Petit

Poucet' " (Gallery 2) painted around the same time as the vibrant golds of "Large Yellow Nude" (Gallery 5)? Was Bonnard's art affected -- at all -- by the two World Wars he lived through? The show rebuffed such questions. In one placard, the curators acknowledged that Bonnard "went through stylistic changes," but insisted that these shifts were "finally less important than the way he treated his key subjects."

MOMA's concern was not with Bonnard's personal trajectory but with his purely formal innovations: the visual games embedded in his busy interiors, the bold color contrasts in his still lifes.

And yet, much of the appeal of retrospectives is that, like biographies of artists, they offer an opportunity to explore connections between art and life. Consider Bonnard's bathroom portraits (presented out of sequence in two adjoining galleries). In these obsessive works, Bonnard painted his wife, Marthe, eternally in the guise of a young, healthy woman -- even as she fell victim to a prolonged bout with tuberculosis. As a result, there is an added poignancy to Bonnard's later portraits; they are paintings in a clearly elegiac mode. Although a 1925 portrait of Marthe bathing has a somber feel -- she appears confined to a watery tomb -- Bonnard's later variations on this theme display an almost bizarre brightness. The bathroom tiles glitter like Byzantine mosaics and Marthe's submerged flesh glistens with illusory radiance (despite the fact that she was disintegrating before his eyes). As Bonnard aged, the gap between image and reality often grew distended; at times, disturbingly so. Yet such connections were all but impossible to make with MOMA's scrambled presentation.

The same afternoon I visited MOMA, I attended "An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine," a retrospective at the Jewish Museum in Manhattan. (The show closed in August, but reopens on Sept. 27 at the Los Angeles County Museum.) Here, the curators were even more aggressive about tossing away the time line, organizing the retrospective according to "critical reception." As the exhibit's wall text explained, Soutine's earliest champions in the 1920's celebrated him as a Jewish "primitive" whose raw portraits of ***working-class*** subjects contrasted with prettified salon paintings of the day. Paintings that supported this view were placed in the first gallery. After the painter's death in 1943, art critics began to view his talents differently, seeing Soutine's deliriously abstracted landscapes as his peak achievements. Images in this vein were placed at the end of the show. The problem is, Soutine painted many of these expressionist landscapes years before the "primitive" offerings in the first gallery. Confused?

The resulting show felt a bit like Martin Amis's novel "Time's Arrow": completely backward. To wit, Roberta Smith, a Times critic, recommended that visitors could best apprehend Soutine's development by walking through the exhibit from back to front. Fortunately, she pointed out with a dash of sarcasm, "the show is small enough for Soutine's progress to be reconstituted in the mind."

Kenneth E. Silver, an art historian at New York University who was one of the Soutine show's curators, admits that the primary impulse for shuffling the deck was "chronology fatigue." As he puts it, "It's a feeling that has really welled up in my generation of curators." More than anything else, however, Silver was determined to have the retrospective end with a bang -- even though Soutine's life had ended with a whimper. "His style became progressively less daring, in my view," he says. "With a chronological approach, what you would feel as you exited the show is deflation, the sense of a fall from grace. I didn't think that did Soutine a service." At the same time, Silver acknowledges that his temporal sleight of hand "may have misled some visitors about Soutine's life." He recalls with a laugh: "I recently met a woman at a party who loved the show. She told me how much she liked Soutine's early work. But as we talked, I realized that she meant the late work!"

The origins of Silver's chronology fatigue can be traced to the academy, where various theorists have lately portrayed "linear narratives" as oppressive constructs. In a 1995 issue of Art Journal, Patricia Mathews, an art historian at Oberlin College, declared: "Chronological surveys typically misrepresent the history of art as a seamlessly coherent narrative." More generally, she argued, "art historians have fetishized a chronological, diachronic model based on causality and often teleology that supports a linear model of history and an elitist, exclusive lineage of art." Uh-oh.

The upshot of this kind of thinking is that at many top schools, Art History 101 -- conventionally a yearlong march from the Romans to Rauschenberg -- has been all shook up. In revamped surveys from Harvard to Northwestern, the story of art is presented not as a series of periods and movements but as a gallery of themes: the representation of women one week, religious allegories the next, with perhaps a class on abstraction to follow. Works by Caravaggio, Charles Ray and Michelangelo might be squeezed into a lecture on homoeroticism.

Such comparisons, when smartly done, can be illuminating. But for the newcomer, a collage-like approach to history can produce more confusion than enlightenment -- especially when the student has no idea when the Enlightenment actually took place. (Not to mention if it came before or after the Renaissance.) After teaching a nonchronological survey course in 1995, the Berkeley art historian Svetlana Alpers wrote a favorable article about the experience. But she did include the following caveat: "I think one thing that has been lost is the sense that art itself has a history." Such laments are increasingly rare. Indeed, the name "art history" has at many schools been replaced by the term "visual studies."

It's not just people in the art world who are loosening their grip on chronology. The desire to twist time out of joint has even permeated -- of all places -- the biography business. Alain de Botton's whimsical "How Proust Can Change Your Life," published last year, presents a chopped-up, anecdotal biography slyly disguised as a self-help manual. Hermione Lee's vigorous "Virginia Woolf" (1997) is constructed as a series of essays that, in keeping with its modernist subject, avoids a flatly chronological progression. Larry Tye's new "Father of Spin," a portrait of the public relations guru Edward Bernays, also upends the traditional formula, skipping Bernays's childhood and beginning in medias res -- on his wedding day.

Ignoring chronology has its pitfalls, however; as Ron Chernow noted in a Times review, "Bernays's parents aren't fully introduced until page 115, and we don't get a basic description of his appearance until page 142."

The writer Donald Barthelme famously proclaimed that "collage is the central principle of all art in the 20th century," so it's no wonder that the slice-and-dice approach has been embraced by everyone from artists to biographers, novelists to curators. And, admittedly, there's something refreshing about exhibitions like the Bonnard and Soutine. After seeing these radical retrospectives, the straight-up Edward Burne-Jones show recently on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art felt plodding by comparison. Ultimately, though, the nonchronological retrospective -- and fragmented history -- strike me as oxymorons. In her Art Journal article, Patricia Mathews asks: "Are the questions of who did what when really the most important information for a student to absorb in their first art history course? I think not." Maybe it puts me behind the times, but I think I'd say yes, they are.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** September 13, 1998

**End of Document**



[***In Brooklyn and L.I. Communities, a Sense of What's at Stake in Debate Over Census***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3TBS-7PN0-007F-G30F-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 9, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 34; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1487 words

**Byline:** By JAMES DAO

By JAMES DAO

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, Aug. 8

**Body**

Nestled near Stony Brook Harbor on Long Island's North Shore, the hamlet of St. James wears its suburban tranquillity on a monogrammed sleeve. Its shady streets adjoin manicured lawns. Volvos and minivans sit outside two-story homes. Nearly all of the people are white and middle or upper class.

The Crown Heights section of Brooklyn is 50 miles to the west and a world apart. Brown apartment buildings rise six stories from crowded sidewalks. Teen-age girls jump rope to boom box music on car-lined streets. The residents are overwhelmingly black and ***working class*** or poor.

There is one other difference: St. James is as solidly Republican as Crown Heights is Democratic to the bone. And that clash has everything to do with a heated debate in Washington over how the Federal Government should count people in the 2000 census.

At its heart, the debate is over a scientific polling technique known as sampling. Demographers say sampling could significantly increase population counts for poor urban areas like Crown Heights, but often at the expense of affluent suburban communities like St. James, which might see their counts reduced.

Congressional Democrats and President Clinton are demanding that the Census Bureau augment the 2000 census with sampling to more accurately count groups that have historically been undercounted, like renters, black people and immigrants -- the kinds of people who populate places like Crown Heights. Not insignificantly, those groups tend to vote Democratic.

"It's the civil rights issue of the next decade," said Representative Carolyn B. Maloney, a Manhattan Democrat who has championed sampling. "If you're not counted, you're not represented. And if you're not represented, you're not getting the dollars."

But Republicans want the 2000 census done the old-fashioned way: a straight head count, which, they contend, is the only way to insure accuracy. Under that method, forms are mailed to households counted in the previous census; if the form is not returned, a census taker visits the home in person. The system tends to overcount people in affluent suburbs like St. James, demographers say. Again, not insignificantly, such suburbs are the bastion of the Republican Party.

Last week, the Republican-controlled House voted to allow spending on the census only through March 31 as part of a tactic to persuade the White House to drop its plans to use sampling in 2000. The bill would enable the Republicans to block future funds for the census. Mr. Clinton has pledged to veto any bill that tries to prevent sampling.

In Washington, debate has often focused on the possibility that sampling would help Democrats gain a seat or two in the House. But demographers and political analysts say sampling's greatest impact will be felt in state legislatures and city councils across the country. That is because of the stark demographic and political differences between communities like Crown Heights and St. James.

With sampling, urban areas like Crown Heights would see their share of a state's population increase, most demographers agree. And since legislatures use the census to draw legislative districts, New York and other Democrat-dominated cities would stand to gain seats in their state legislatures, while the number of safe Republican seats in the suburbs would decline.

"The opposition of the Republicans to sampling is predicated on the belief that blocking sampling will give them a better chance of controlling state legislatures," said Reynolds Farley, a demographer and vice president of the Russell Sage Foundation, a Manhattan center for social sciences research.

The political consequences of sampling could be significant in some states. In New York, for example, the Democrats already dominate the Assembly. But the Republicans hold a five-vote majority in the Senate. Demographers say sampling might give urban areas one or two new Senate seats, which Democrats would be favored to hold. And a shift of just two seats could upset the Senate's political equilibrium by putting pressure on moderate Republicans to vote Democratic, analysts said.

"There's a big, big difference between a margin of five seats and a margin of three," said Hank Morris, a Democratic political consultant. "It massively changes the mind-set of the Senate majority leader, no matter how right wing or antiurban he is."

The census is also used to calculate funding from a wide range of government programs. If sampling caused the population to shift from the suburbs to the cities, it would change the way Albany and Washington allocate money for schools, health care and other important services.

A similar dynamic would be at work in other states with large cities, particularly Illinois and California, demographers say. In New Jersey, Essex and Hudson Counties would gain population from sampling while Bergen and Ocean Counties would lose. And in Connecticut, cities like Hartford, New Haven and Bridgeport would gain population under sampling while their suburbs would probably lose.

New York City would be one of the nation's biggest beneficiaries of sampling in 2000, possibly gaining 250,000 or more people. But two of the biggest potential losers are also in New York: Nassau and Suffolk Counties, which would have seen their populations trimmed by 9,900 and 8,500, respectively, had sampling been used in 1990, when the previous census was taken.

The increase in New York City's population could be enough to shift control of two Assembly seats and one Senate seat to the Democrats. The changes in Long Island's population would probably not be enough to trigger a loss of legislative seats, but they could force the redrawing of districts.

National Republican Party officials have tried to drum up opposition to sampling by circulating data showing that the technique could help Democrats win more than 200 seats now held by Republicans in state legislatures across the country.

But in New York, the sampling debate has put Republican officials in a bind.

Though Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani supports using the technique because of its obvious benefits for the city, Gov. George E. Pataki and Senator Alfonse M. D'Amato have remained silent on the issue, largely because sampling would reduce the political clout of the suburbs, the base of power for both men, Republican officials say.

Under the Clinton Administration's sampling plan, the Census Bureau would try to get responses from 90 percent of the nation's residents using the traditional head-counting method. It would then use scientific polling techniques to estimate the number and characteristics of the remaining 10 percent.

In 1990, the census missed 8.4 million people, according to Federal estimates. Though the reasons are not entirely understood, demographers say poverty, lack of family stability, high mobility and mistrust of government all contribute to people's failure to fill out census forms.

Many of those factors are concentrated in urban populations. The Census Bureau estimated that 14 percent of black men between the ages of 30 and 34 were not counted in the 1990 census, the highest undercount of any group. In general, renters are undercounted more than homeowners, blacks more than whites, noncitizens more than citizens and young people more than the elderly.

Indeed, one of the most undercounted census tracts in 1990 in New York was a sliver of Crown Heights bordering Prospect Park on the west, known as Tract 213. Had sampling been used in 1990, the tract's population would have been 5,696, rather than 5,234, nearly a 9 percent difference.

The 1990 census told enumerators these things about that section of Crown Heights: The population was 93 percent black. A third of the families lived below the poverty line. One in five households were on welfare. And 98 percent of the residents lived in rented apartments.

A walk through Tract 213 offers some hints as to why many residents do not fill out their census forms. "The Government already knows enough about me," said a man who shares a basement apartment on Carroll Street with several other men, declining to give his name. "What more do they need?"

But the census has also traditionally double-counted people: about four million in 1990, according to the Census Bureau.

Many of those were people who owned two homes and filled out forms at both; others were college students who were counted at campus as well as at their parents' homes. The double-counted tend to be elderly, white and middle class or well-to-do.

St. James is the kind of affluent suburban community where virtually every family returns its census form, and a few turn in two. The 1990 census showed that a portion of St. James known as Tract 1350.03 was 99 percent white. Nearly 9 out of 10 families lived in their own homes, and 3 out of 4 had two or more vehicles.

Had sampling been used in 1990, the tract's population would have been trimmed from 4,006 to 3,956, a 1.2 percent reduction.

**Graphic**

Chart: "AT A GLANCE: Two Census Tracts a World Apart"

Crown Heights in Brooklyn and St. James in Suffolk County would be affected differently by census sampling. Statistics from the 1990 census.

Tract 213, Crown Heights

POPULATION -- 5,234

Black -- 4,851 (92.7%)

White -- 173 (3.3%)

Asian -- 48 (0.9%)

Hispanic \* -- 545 (10.4%)

25 AND OLDER -- 2,949 (56%)

HOUSEHOLDS RECEIVING PUBLIC ASSISTANCE -- 18%

FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN IN POVERTY -- 33%

HOUSEHOLDS THAT RENT -- 98%

MEAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME -- $27,336

Tract 1350.03, St. James

POPULATION -- 4,006

Black -- 0 (0.0%)

White -- 3,995 (99.7%)

Asian -- 11 (0.3%)

Hispanic \* -- 117 (2.9%)

25 AND OLDER -- 2,628 (66%)

HOUSEHOLDS RECEIVING PUBLIC ASSISTANCE -- 3%

FAMILIES WITH CHILDREN IN POVERTY -- 0%

HOUSEHOLDS THAT RENT -- 13%

MEAN HOUSEHOLD INCOME -- $61,215

\*May be of any race.

(Source: Census Bureau)(pg. 34)

**Load-Date:** August 9, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Bridging a Racial Rift That Isn't Black and White***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4M1K-GSR0-TW8F-G2RM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 3, 2006 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 2113 words

**Byline:** By RACHEL L. SWARNS

**Series:** THE LATINO SOUTH: A New Rivalry

**Dateline:** WILLACOOCHEE, Ga.

**Body**

The ministers close their eyes and raise their voices to the heavens and, for a moment, they are colorless. Two men who grew up desperately poor, who picked tobacco in the fields and hauled boxes at Wal-Mart and whose life journeys ultimately led them to the Lord and to each other.

''It's like praying with a brother,'' said the Rev. Harvey Williams Jr., 54, who is black.

''He looks out for me and I look out for him,'' said the Rev. Atanacio Gaona, 45, who is a Mexican immigrant. ''In the eyes of the Lord, there are no colors.''

In this immigrant boomtown in Atkinson County, about 45 miles north of the Florida border, the ministers have forged a rare friendship that transcends the deep divide between blacks and Hispanics here.

For centuries, the South has been defined by the color line and the struggle for accommodation between blacks and whites. But the arrival of hundreds of thousands of Hispanic immigrants over the past decade is quietly changing the dynamics of race relations in many Southern towns.

The two pastors find that the fault lines that separate their communities sometimes test their friendship and challenge their efforts to bring blacks and Hispanics closer together.

Blacks here, who had settled into a familiar, if sometimes uneasy, relationship with whites, are now outnumbered by Hispanics. The two groups, who often live and work side by side, compete fiercely for ***working-class*** jobs and government resources. By several measures, blacks are already losing ground.

The jobless rate for black men in Georgia is nearly triple that of Hispanic men, labor statistics show. More blacks than Hispanics fail to meet minimum standards in Atkinson County public schools. And many blacks express anguish at being supplanted by immigrants who know little of their history and sometimes treat them with disdain as they fill factory jobs, buy property, open small businesses and scale the economic ladder.

''If you have 10 factory openings, I would say Hispanics would get the majority of the jobs now,'' said Joyce Taylor, the Atkinson County clerk, who is black. ''And if you look at the little grocery stores, there are more Hispanic businesses than black businesses.''

''It's kind of scary,'' said Ms. Taylor, 44, whose daughter was laid off from a factory here. ''My children, looking forward, it may be harder for them.''

Some Hispanics say African-Americans treat them with hostility and disparage them with slurs, even though blacks know the sting of racism all too well. They say many blacks are jealous of their progress and resent the fact that whites, who dominate the business sector, look increasingly to Hispanics to fill work forces. Blacks say employers favor immigrants because they work for less money.

An Area of Intense Feelings

The killing of six Mexican farm workers in a robbery last year in Tifton, about 30 miles away -- and the arrest of four black men in the case -- has heightened the friction. Nothing so violent has occurred here, but some Hispanics say black criminals focus on immigrants in this town, too.

Speaking of blacks, Benito Gonzalez, 51, a Mexican who has worked alongside them at a poultry plant, said: ''They don't like to work, and they're always in jail. If there's hard work to be done, the blacks, they leave and they don't come back. That's why the bosses prefer Mexicans and why there are so many Mexicans working in the factories here.''

Such images stoke the debate over how to overcome tensions, which flared nationally this year when some African-Americans expressed anger and unease as immigrant groups hailed efforts to legalize illegal immigrants as a new civil rights movement. Although the push in Congress to create a guest-worker program has stalled, concerns about competition between black and immigrant low-wage workers remain.

Those feelings resonate with particular intensity in the South, home to the nation's largest share of African-Americans and its fastest-growing population of immigrants, according to an analysis of census data by William H. Frey, a demographer at the Brookings Institution.

The two Pentecostal ministers who pray together are men of faith who say they believe that blacks and Hispanics should be allies in the struggle to overcome discrimination and economic adversity, even though they acknowledge that interethnic unity is often hard to come by.

Mr. Williams, a thoughtful man who studied psychology in community college, ruminates in a weekly newspaper column on topics like spirituality, ethnic relations and his recovery from cocaine addiction 20 years ago.

Mr. Gaona, whose boyish looks belie his intensity, left school after second grade to help his father work the fields in Mexico. He entered the United States illegally and started picking tobacco here when he was 24. Over the past decade, he has received his citizenship and built his church from the ground up.

The two men met working on a Wal-Mart warehouse floor in neighboring Coffee County around 1993 when Mr. Gaona was starting to deepen his faith and Mr. Williams, already a pastor, was looking for a ride to work.

Neither expected much from the acquaintanceship.

Mr. Gaona, who said his perceptions of black Americans were shaped in Mexico by news reports of crime and violence in poor urban areas, recalled, ''I was thinking: 'He's black. Who knows what he wants from me?' I was just trying to keep my distance.''

Mr. Williams said he never envisioned a friendship because he had never known blacks and Hispanics to be friends.

''I think I probably saw him as being a Hispanic,' he said, ''and I was only going to get so close.''

Over the next five years, in their hourlong weekday commuting trip in Mr. Gaona's 1988 Oldsmobile and later in Mr. Williams's 1982 Ford station wagon, they discovered common ground. Both are divorced fathers. Mr. Williams has two sons and two daughters. Mr. Gaona has five boys.

Both grew up poor, working in the fields. And both were trying to advance at Wal-Mart and searching for pathways to God. It was Mr. Williams who helped persuade Mr. Gaona to quit Wal-Mart to open the first Spanish-language church in this town.

Today, the men are remarried, full-time ministers who chat by telephone and disregard the diners at local restaurants who still gawk at the sight of a black man and a Hispanic man eating together.

But they also remain painfully aware of the fear and prejudice that remain in their communities.

Mr. Williams, who leads a working- and middle-class congregation of teachers, Civil Service workers and factory workers at the Union Holiness House of Deliverance, shakes his head as he describes the jokes about Mexicans with poor hygiene that circulate among some black people he knows.

''It was not so long ago that we were the object of jokes,'' Mr. Williams said. ''I'm constantly having to remind people.''

Mr. Gaona, whose flock at the Iglesia Alfa y Omega is dominated by factory and farm workers, says his members often describe American blacks as moyos, a derogatory Spanish term that sometimes refers to a black insect. He used the term, too, he admits, before he found God and his friend Mr. Williams.

''Every now and then, I remind them that we need to respect people, no matter how they look or their color,'' Mr. Gaona said. "But mostly, we don't know them, and they don't know us. There's no real communication going on.''

Gaps and Similarities

The tension simmers just below the surface in the quiet communities of bungalows and trailers where the two churches are situated. Five years ago, these neighborhoods were overwhelmingly black. Today, Hispanics and blacks account for 21 percent and 19 percent of the county population of about 8,000, respectively.

Lyrical Spanish chatter competes with the sweet Georgia drawl as blacks and Hispanics share streets, assembly lines, classrooms -- and hardships -- that could prove to be the basis of community and political alliances. The two groups appear more likely to be poor than whites. About 36 percent of Hispanics and 31 percent of blacks live in poverty in Atkinson County, census data shows; 17 percent of whites are poor.

The two ethnic groups report experiencing some discrimination from non-Hispanic whites, who account for 60 percent of the population, and they view the blue-collar jobs in the factories that manufacture industrial fabrics and mobile homes as steppingstones to prosperity.

School administrators and sociologists suggest that the gap between blacks and Hispanics in employment and education may stem in part from immigrant parents who push their children harder to succeed in schools and the immigrant zeal to find work, regardless of how much it pays.

Many black adults, who typically have more formal education than new immigrants, seethe at the disparities. In a town where neighborliness is entrenched, blacks and Hispanics often treat one another warily.

It is hard to envision such tension in the ministers' friendship, particularly as they laugh amid the wooden pews in Mr. Williams's church. But in many ways, they, too, keep their distance.

Despite more than 10 years' friendship, the two have never dined in each other's home. Their wives and children have never met, nor have their congregations.

Mr. Gaona does not know the black families who live near him. And he has never addressed Mr. Williams's congregation, even though his friend has invited him several times. The minister says he feels uncomfortable preaching in English.

Mr. Williams, who has spoken at his friend's church twice, says there is more to it. (Mr. Gaona's English, after all, is quite good.)

''There's still a barrier there,'' Mr. Williams said.

He said the worshippers in Mr. Gaona's church seemed reluctant to mingle with him after his guest sermons there several years ago.

''They are like standing on the side, you know, with their heads down as if waiting for me to leave,'' he recounted. ''They're uncomfortable. And that's one reason for not visiting him any more than I do.

''It's one of my goals in life, to break down these nationality walls. But people are pretty divided. I just don't know if that's going to change.''

Mr. Williams concedes that he, too, strives to do better. He does not know the name of the Hispanic family that lives near him. For a time, he refused to wave to Hispanic drivers on the road because they often hurt his feelings by ignoring him and the Southern tradition of greeting strangers. He has since decided to wave -- no matter what.

His wife, who did not grow up around immigrants, still feels a bit uncomfortable socializing with Hispanics, despite his long friendship with the Hispanic pastor.

A Shoulder to Lean On

Mr. Gaona said he was recently taken aback when his 5-year-old came home from school and described his black classmates as moyos, the aspersion.

'' 'Why you need to call them like that?' '' Mr. Gaona said he asked his son. ''I'm trying to share with him that's not right. But that's what he hears.''

Still, on most days the two men put aside such awkwardness and focus on supporting each other.

When Mr. Gaona's computer became infected with a virus, he called Mr. Williams, who stopped by to help repair it. When state officials refused to renew his brother's driving license because his immigration papers were not in order, Mr. Gaona called Mr. Williams in frustration.

Mr. Williams relies on Mr. Gaona to interview Hispanic immigrants who ask to rent his church's social hall for parties. And it was his respect for the Hispanic pastor that helped persuade him to use his newspaper column to chastise Americans who disparaged the newcomers.

''I believe that rather than be angry or envy those who have came to America and found success, we ought to be learning from them,'' Mr. Williams wrote.

As the ministers meandered through their changing neighborhoods one afternoon, they considered taking their friendship to another level by preaching a joint service for their congregations. Though they knew it might never happen, they envisioned Spanish speakers and English speakers, newcomers and long timers' holding hands and praying beneath the oak trees.

On that sultry summer afternoon, it felt good to dream about the possibility. Somehow, it felt like it just might be the start of something.

''We'll get together one day soon and do one out in the open,'' Mr. Gaona said.

Mr. Williams replied: ''That sounds good. That sounds good. We'll do that.''

The Latino South

This is the second article in an occasional series looking at aspects of Hispanic life in the South. Other articles will deal with economic and social trends.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: The Revs. Atanacio Gaona, left, and Harvey Williams Jr. in Willacoochee, Ga., where the two men each have a church. They have forged a friendship that transcends the divide between Hispanics and blacks.

Mr. Gaona's church, top, in Willacoochee, where Hispanics are a growing presence, according to census data. At a lumber company, Gregorio Hernandez, left, a Mexican immigrant, worked alongside Jesse Daniels. (Photographs by Erik S. Lesser for The New York Times)(pg. A19)Map of Georgia highlighting Willacoochee. (pg. A19)

**Load-Date:** October 3, 2006

**End of Document**



[***50 Years Later, the Value of the G.I. Bill Is Questioned***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-06M0-008G-F480-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 22, 1994, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk;

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 7;  Column 1;  National Desk;  Education Page; Column 1; ; Education Page

**Length:** 1340 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,

By WILLIAM CELIS 3d,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** SAN ANTONIO

**Body**

Returning home from World War II service as a gunner on an Army Air Forces bomber, Mike M. Machado went to St. Mary's University here with all expenses paid.

"My rich uncle sent me to college -- Uncle Sam," said Mr. Machado, now 70 years old, who went on to earn a law degree and become a state judge. Under the G.I. Bill, he received full tuition of $85 a semester and a monthly stipend of $250 that covered the living expenses of his family of four.

Almost 50 years later, Jacqueline Williams got out of the Air Force and entered a two-year college, but the $4,800 a year she receives under the G.I. bill did not begin to cover her tuition. It will cover even less when Ms. Williams begins a nursing program this fall at Incarnate Word College here, where the tuition is $13,500. She draws from Federal student loans and holds two jobs to pay her expenses.

A half century after Congress passed the G.I. Bill, a debate over the legislation's relative worth is growing. The bill, formally titled the American Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944, is credited with elevating a generation of ***working-class*** veterans to the middle class. It opened higher education to the masses, fueled a housing boom and turned renters into homeowners through low-interest, no-money-down mortgages.

Bill's Economic Value Erodes

But today the legislation has lost much of its economic impact and, as a result, much of its appeal to veterans.

After World War II, the bill's benefits stretched over 48 months, compared with 36 months now. The $50 monthly benefit for a single veteran in the 1940's has increased in the last 50 years, to $400, but the increase has not made up for the rapid rise in inflation. Mr. Machado's $250 a month after the war is now equivalent to $2,107, according to the Labor Department's Bureau of Labor Statistics.

"The G.I. Bill's purchasing power has just evaporated," said Phil Boudon, a spokesman for the American Legion, which was instrumental in pushing President Franklin D. Roosevelt to support the bill.

Representative G. V. (Sonny) Montgomery, the Mississippi Democrat who is chairman of the House Veterans Affairs Committee and is a World War II veteran himself, said, "It doesn't really get the job done."

It rankles veterans, too, that the G.I. Bill has evolved to resemble life insurance. First-year servicemen and women need to invest $100 a month for 12 months to be eligible for education benefits, which they can take advantage of while in the service or up to 10 years after discharge.

But the program has built up a surplus in the Treasury. Only 35.2 percent of the eligible participants -- those on active duty and veterans -- used their benefits last year, according to the Department of Veterans Affairs.

Since 1985, when the current legislation was passed, about half of all eligible veterans have used their educational benefits. They have been awarded $1.6 billion in educational benefits from 1985 through January, but $1.9 billion more sits unused in the Treasury.

Legion Would Double Benefits

The rising complaints by veterans about the erosion in benefits have prompted the 3.1-million member American Legion to lobby Congress to revise the bill again. It proposes doubling the benefit, either by extending the stipend period to 72 months, or by raising it to $800 a month.

The Department of Veterans Affairs said it was aware that the G.I. Bill does not pay for all education costs, but it declined to comment on the American Legion's proposal.

For a wide swath of American society in the years immediately after World War II, the legislation was Government at its best.

For the nation's colleges and universities, it provided a long and profitable boom. In 1940, only 4.6 percent of the population had attended college for four years or more, according to the Education Department, compared with 23.2 percent of the population in March 1991, the most recent period for which statistics are available.

Institutions like Marlboro College in Marlboro, Vt., were founded to accommodate the new demand for higher education after World War II.

"Without the G.I. bill, Marlboro would have never been started," said Roderick Gander, its president. From 55 veterans in 1947, who attended classes in cow barns, the college, a private liberal arts institution, has grown to 250 students, he said.

Boom in College Building

The G.I. bill also caused enrollments at existing institutions to swell. At the University of Miami, enrollment jumped to 7,000 in 1946 from 1,900 in 1945. At the time, the university, which is private and nonsectarian, was just 18 years old. The boom in enrollment stuffed its limited classrooms, but tuition payments from the G.I. Bill, along with additional assistance from the Federal Government, helped finance the building of many campus structures that are still in use.

The G.I. Bill provided the biggest boon, though, to two-year colleges. By 1947, there were 328 community colleges in the nation, up from just 58 three years earlier; enrollment in these institutions -- which provided the bulk of job-training opportunities for returning veterans -- ballooned to 500,000 in 1947 from 251,290 in 1944, according to the American Association of Community Colleges.

In San Antonio, the G.I. Bill contributed significantly to the city's seven colleges and universities. It is the only city in the nation with five military bases -- Fort Sam Houston, Randolph Air Force Base, Lackland Air Force Base, Kelly Air Force Base and Brooks Air Force Base -- and its 1.3 million residents include 74,000 active and retired military personnel. Here, the G.I. bill's decline is sharply felt.

"The benefits are not enough for one person," said Ms. Williams, the former Air Force accounting specialist from San Antonio. Ms. Williams, 29, is a single mother who works two jobs -- as a clerk during the day at Randolph Air Force Base and a grocery bagger in a supermarket at night .

Facing Loss of Benefits

After attending St. Philip's College, a two-year public institution in San Antonio, Ms. Williams will begin attending the nursing program at Incarnate Word College, a private and more expensive Roman Catholic institution. Her G.I. Bill benefits will run out in eight months, a year before she gets her nursing degree.

"I don't know how I'm going to do it," Ms. Williams said. "But somehow I'll manage."

Another current G.I. Bill beneficiary, Chad W. Zuliani, manages to get by with the support of periodic loans from an older brother. He also supplemented his G.I. Bill benefits by working last semester as an assistant at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery in San Antonio.

"The bottom line is that I couldn't do this on my own," said Mr. Zuliani, 27, who left the Air Force two years ago after serving four years as an ophthalmologist's assistant. Hoping to become an athletic coach at the college level, he, like Ms. Williams, worries about stretching his benefits to finish college.

Veterans in College Decline

Not surprisingly, colleges and universities can no longer rely on the G.I. Bill to help increase enrollment. At St. Philip's College here, the percentage of students who are veterans was down to 14 percent in the current academic year, from a high of 85 percent after the Vietnam War.

Alfonso T. Carmona, who now heads the veterans affairs department at St. Philip's, spoke about what the G.I. Bill had meant to him. A retired Air Force captain, he grew up in Galveston, Tex., as one of eight children in a poor family.

Mr. Carmona used the G.I. Bill to attend college while he was still in the Air Force. After earning his bachelor's degree in Spanish and social science at William Carey College in Mississippi, he became a commissioned officer.

"My salary doubled and our quality of life improved," Mr. Carmona said.

Mr. Machado, the Texas judge who grew up poor in San Antonio, said: "If it hadn't been for the G.I. Bill, a lot us would not be lawyers, doctors or engineers." Without it, he said, the best he could have hoped for was a good blue-collar job.

"The G.I. Bill," he said, "changed my life."

**Graphic**

Photos: Fifty years ago, the G.I. Bill paid for the college education of Mike M. Machado, left, now a judge in Texas, and living expenses for his family of four. Today, the bill will pay for less than half of Jacqueline Williams's tuition in a nursing program, so she works two jobs to support her family of three. (Photographs by Craig Stafford for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 22, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Berlin's Vital Cafe Culture***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1PJ0-008G-F24T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 20, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Travel Desk

**Section:** Section 5;; Section 5; Page 10; Column 1; Travel Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 2005 words

**Byline:** By J. S. MARCUS;

J. S. MARCUS lives in Berlin.

By J. S. MARCUS; J. S. MARCUS lives in Berlin.

**Body**

PRENZLAUER BERG -- at last -- is living up to its reputation. Since the fall of the wall, this former ***working-class*** district in the north of eastern Berlin has invariably been described as an island of trendiness in the persistently dreary, still Communist-looking East. Until recently, though, visitors from the West tended to be disappointed. Aside from choosing among a small number of restaurants, bars and live-music venues, many of which opened in the chaotic months of 1990, there was not a whole lot to do except walk around and marvel at the relative intactness of the buildings. (Compared with other parts of Berlin, the neighborhood sustained only moderate damage in World War II, and the Communists did not have enough money after the war to do much tearing down and rebuilding.)

In the past six months, however, the pace of change there has speeded up dramatically. Streets that seemed hopelessly deserted a year ago are now full of new businesses. The turn-of-the-century underground railway line that connected Prenzlauer Berg to western Berlin before the building of the wall was finally reconnected last November, making the rest of the city feel much closer. Dozens of new cafes, restaurants and bars -- or places calling themselves cafes but really combining features of all three -- are regularly attracting people from both halves of Berlin. The best of these places are strikingly designed and offer excellent food, yet somehow manage to maintain an intimate, accommodating atmosphere quite different from their more severe counterparts in western Berlin.

Prenzlauer Berg was one of the great worker districts laid out around the old city (today's Berlin Mitte) in the second half of the 19th century. Developers built vast apartment complexes, often several houses deep. The larger, brighter "front house" apartments were for middle-class tenants, while the much more numerous "back house" apartments, which could be forbiddingly dark and never had their own bathrooms or toilets, were for the working classes; the ground-floor rooms were usually saved for shops, and basements became beer cellars.

Prenzlauer Berg was thronged before the war, but by the late 1980's it had taken on an abandoned feeling. In the years leading up to the construction of the wall, people fled to West Berlin, or on to West Germany. Few of Prenzlauer Berg's apartments were modernized after the war and in the 1980's many people moved out of their apartments and into the new vast concrete suburbs in the east of East Berlin, where they could have their own bathrooms and central heating. Even today, four years after the "turning point," as Germans call it, a fifth of apartments in Prenzlauer Berg do not have their own toilets, and nearly half have no bath or shower; most people heat with coal.

Young East Germans began moving into Prenzlauer Berg in the late 1970's and especially in the 1980's, squatting in the many derelict apartments and trying to open up alternative-style cafes and galleries, which were often closed down by the state on various pretexts as soon as they became popular. Artists, writers and hangers-on moved in, and Prenzlauer Berg became the closest East German equivalent to what Germans call a scene. That part of its reputation was quite sullied in the past few years after it became known that prominent people in the scene had been working for the Stasi, or secret police, but it also proved to be the beginning of what exists there now.

Students, artists and squatters, having heard about Prenzlauer Berg, began to move there in the early 1990's; East Germans who had gone to the West returned to East Berlin and settled there. Today Prenzlauer Berg has a young, even international population (Western Europeans and Americans have also recently made themselves conspicuous) who form a core public in the new, vital cafe culture that has emerged.

Pasternak

The owners of Pasternak, the new Russian cafe on the Knaackstrasse, across the street from the Water Tower -- once a dormitory for the employees of a water works and now an apartment building, the tower is a symbol of Prenzlauer Berg -- wanted to make a neighborhood cafe out of an old police station. They were so successful that, since opening last August, they have begun to acquire a national reputation.

Pasternak specializes in Russian food, but is harmoniously eclectic. The stuccoed ceiling, mauve-painted walls and large leather sofa give it a Belle Epoque feel; there is a thin ribbon of flowered wallpaper that I thought vaguely suggested the pattern on a Ukrainian Easter egg, but which one of the owners chose because it looked so American. The cafe is filled with a wonderful aroma of Russian tea, which has been brewed down to a concentrate, Samovar style, and can be ordered Russian-style with apple or strawberry preserves.

From noon to 4 P.M., Pasternak is very much like a cafe; breakfast is offered as well as salads, Russian appetizers (Russian-style sauerkraut, pirogi and hard-boiled eggs with salmon caviar) and Russian cakes. In the evening Pasternak becomes a rather elegant restaurant with a small but excellent menu, including borscht, beef stroganoff, pelmeni (somewhat like pirogi) and blinis. Food is served until 11, after which, until 2 A.M., Pasternak turns into a bar with a clientele of all ages; anyone between 20 and 60 would feel comfortable there, unlike many places in western Berlin, where people on either side of 40 tend to avoid each other when they socialize. On Tuesday night, starting at about 7 or 8, there is live Russian music.

Pasternak, 22-24 Knaackstrasse; telephone 441-3399. Breakfast $5 to $8, dinner entrees from $8 to $14, calculated at 1.7 marks to the dollar. Underground station: Seenefelder Platz.

Anita Wronski

A few steps away from Pasternak on the Knaackstrasse, Anita Wronski attracts a younger, more resolutely fashionable crowd. Once an industrial laundry, Anita Wronski (not named for a real person) has been turned into a large, chic two-story room with two 16-foot windows looking out onto the Water Tower. Like Pasternak, Anita Wronski is a cafe in the daytime, offering different kinds of breakfasts and homemade cheesecake, and a restaurant and bar at night. The high ceilings, terra cotta and steel gray walls, and 1920's light fixtures (which the owners found in the garbage outside the German Historical Museum on Unter den Linden), give the cafe a futuristic feel. Dinner is served from 6 to about 1 A.M., with a menu offering many good vegetarian dishes, like whole wheat Pfannkuchen (thick pancakes) with fresh spinach and goat's cheese.

For dessert, there is traditional apple strudel, which people in Berlin like to eat with warm custard, and vanilla ice cream with homemade raspberry compote.

On Sunday there is a breakfast buffet from 10 to 3.

Anita Wronski, 24-26 Knaackstrasse,; 609-7589. Daily from 10 A.M. to 11:30. Breakfast $4 to $6, dinner entrees $5 to $7. Station: Seenefelder Platz.

Cafe November

The rooms housing Cafe November, on the Husemannstrasse, used to be a butcher shop and, for a while, a typical Berlin corner bar, until a few young East Germans in their 20's got together and converted it into a sleek cafe. People go there for the excellent Italian coffee (brewed in an old-fashioned, hand-pumped machine), the imaginative food (beef goulash served with saffron rice; chocolate mousse topped with kiwi puree), and the unusual atmosphere, which is created, in part, by the cafe's unique wax lamps. The lamps' designers, partners in a new design firm, came across some disarmed Soviet mortar shells at a junk dealer's and decided to turn them into a row of overhead lamps using paraffin tubing for shades. They were so pleased with the results that they built larger beehive-like chandeliers out of brass and paraffin to go with them. Both the overhead lamps and the chandeliers use 25-watt halogen bulbs (50-watt bulbs made the wax melt.) The effect is fantastical -- like candles turned inside out and then upside down. Cafe November serves a large, popular breakfast buffet on Saturday and Sunday, and stays open quite late, attracting a young, mixed clientele.

Cafe November, 15 Husemannstrasse; 442-8425. Daily 10 to 3 A.M. Breakfast 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. ($7), dinner 6 P.M. to 1 A.M. ($7 to $9). Weekend breakfast buffet 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. Station: Eberswalderstrasse.

Cafe Eckstein

Like most Berlin cafes, Cafe Eckstein has a small menu of omelets, baguettes and cakes with a few entrees, like schnitzel ($7), in the evening. The cafe, just off Schonhauser Allee, Prenzlauer Berg's main shopping street, is a wonderful place to spend an hour or two in the afternoon and a lively bar late into the night.

The owner, who is a master carpenter, knocked down the walls of an old storage room that had once been a cluster of abandoned shops, and then lined the old storefronts with seven 14-feet-tall windows; the interior is built mostly of varnished pine, adding to the bright, airy atmosphere. Cafes and bars in Germany are usually affiliated with a particular brewery and consequently only offer one beer on tap. Cafe Eckstein, though, serves four beers on tap: a dark and very strong Bavarian beer, a pilsener from Saxony, a typically pale and bitter Frisian beer from north Germany, and a local pilsener.

Cafe Eckstein is at a diagonal with its corner, leaving a large empty space on the cobblestone pavement, where tables are put out in the warm weather. Cafe Eckstein opened in June, and last summer people sat outside until 4 or 5 in the morning.

Cafe Eckstein, 73 Pappelallee; no telephone. Daily 10 A.M. until around 3 A.M. and later in the summer, (food until midnight). Entrees $3 to $7. Station: Eberswalderstrasse.

Weinstein

Situated a few streets from Cafe Eckstein, the Weinstein wine bar opened last fall. Weinstein is a wholesale wine dealer in the day, its front room dominated by several 25-liter distillers' bottles filled with fruit brandy from Wurttemberg in southern Germany, and by the owners' collection of 200- and 300-year old, delicately colored schnapps bottles. French, German and Spanish wine, usually from small private vineyards, are sold by the bottle until closing.

Weinstein, though, specializes in wine from less commonly known regions, like Southern Moravia in the Czech Republic, whose vineyards were considered among the finest of the old Habsburg Empire, and the Tokay-growing region of Slovakia, which under a peculiar arrangement in the days of the Soviet bloc, was compelled to ship its wines to Hungary to be sold as Hungarian Tokay. A quarter liter of Southern Moravian Grunner Veltliner is $2.50.

From 3 to about 7 P.M. you can try one of the seven kinds of Tokay ($1.50 to $5 a glass), or have a glass of pear brandy ($3.50); after 7 Weinstein opens its back room and becomes a traditional wine bar.

Like Pasternak, Weinstein has quite an eclectic decor: the front and back rooms' long tables are reminiscent of a Czech beer hall, while the tiles and general color scheme are Spanish. The back room is dominated by what I think could safely be called a contraption: Weinstein also used to be a butcher shop, and the owners restored and then hung a set of wooden pulleys attached to a gas pipe, which used to serve as a lamp as well as a way to haul things up from the basement. It now looks like a very mysterious sculpture. Light appetizers are served at night, including Topinky, a strong Czech garlic toast, though the owners plan eventually to turn the basement into a restaurant.

Weinstein, 33 Lychener Strasse; 441-1842. Daily 3 P.M. to 2 A.M. Appetizers after 7 P.M. ($3 to $5). Station: Eberswalderstrasse.

In freely mixing elements of the old and the new, Prenzlauer Berg's cafes are creating a kind of post-1989 cosmopolitanism, a contemporary, open-ended atmosphere that feels like "after 'after the wall.' " Which is also, perhaps, a good way to describe the general pace of life in Prenzlauer Berg, where -- for now, at least -- people are more likely to have cable television than bathrooms.

**Graphic**

Photos: Cafe Eckstein offers four beers on tap and serves food until midnight. Cafe Pasternak, in a former police station, specializes in Russian food. Anita Wronski is a cafe in the daytime and a restaurant and bar at night. (Photographs by Gunter Schneider for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** February 20, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Who's in Running For Council Seat? Almost Everybody***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43JD-8FH0-0109-T0F3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 21, 2001 Saturday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 6; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1570 words

**Byline:**  By N. R. KLEINFIELD

**Body**

Dr. Kendall Stewart had a hammertoe waiting. He is a podiatrist by profession. He will fix whatever bothers the foot. He took a bit of time to talk politics, for he is running for City Council in the 45th District in central Brooklyn.

Like who isn't. So is an elementary school teacher. So is a rent examiner. So is a college professor. So are several political aides. So is a beverage store owner. On and on.

You do all you can. In the compact waiting room of the Medical-Surgical Foot Center where Dr. Stewart works was a sign announcing the doctor's political aspirations and urging those waiting with afflicted feet to "please make a contribution for his campaign."

Dr. Stewart said quite a few patients had chipped in money. Some, he acknowledged, were torn. After all, if he wins, they lose a doctor.

"I've been working in the community for the past 20 years plus," said Dr. Stewart, 50, pressing his cause. "I'm involved. I'm an advocate for the things that don't happen."

He spoke about education reform, and then had to excuse himself. The hammertoe.

In the new age of term limits, New York politics has truly become a lively participant sport. In few places of the city is that more vividly on display than in this largely West Indian, ***working-class*** district of 150,000 people, which sprawls across parts of Flatbush, East Flatbush, the Flatlands and Midwood. Here the Council contest sometimes seems about as congested as a one-day sale at Macy's. When someone knocks on your door, odds are it is yet another City Council candidate looking to sweet-talk for your vote.

Nine people have declared their candidacies, and others might still enter the fray. After the primary on Sept. 11, it could take days for the losers to conclude their concession speeches.

With council members restricted to two consecutive terms, two-thirds of the Council seats are available this year, including that of Lloyd Henry, who is finishing his second term in the 45th District. Instead of the familiar two or three candidates in a race, many districts have five or six, and in scattered cases there are 9, 10, a dozen. Some candidates do not even know how many people they are competing against.

"I honestly don't know," said Ernest Emmanuel, 49, a rent examiner for the state and a candidate in the 45th. "At one point, I think it was 15. I suppose it looks good on your resume: City Council member."

Actually, council members are paid $90,000 a year, and can hold down other jobs as well.

Early on, something like 15 people did make rumblings about running. Nine filed petitions with the Board of Elections: eight for the Democratic primary in this Democratic stronghold, and Sal Grupico, a 66-year-old beverage store owner, on the Republican and Conservative lines. Independent candidates -- anyone can invent a party -- have until Aug. 21 to file petitions, and therefore more might join the fun. As Mr. Henry put it, "Everyone wants my seat."

No question. It's crowded.

At this stage, it is anyone's guess who the front-runners are. In past Democratic primaries in the 45th, only about 8,000 voters have cast ballots. With so many competing, the vote could be so splintered that the margin of victory could be close to invisible. It's winner take all. The victor could prevail by 100 votes. Or 50. Or 1.

The other day, Samuel E. Palmer, 54, was handing out leaflets outside the subway on Flatbush Avenue near Brooklyn College. He teaches at Public School 138. He is willing to leave the classroom behind if the voters will put him in City Council.

"I would never be doing this except for term limits," he said. "I am very active in the community and I see this as an opportunity to expand what I do."

A block away was a rival, Kevin S. Parker, 34, on leave as special assistant to State Comptroller H. Carl McCall. One more subway stop away was another rival, Anthony Alexis, 29, who recently resigned as legislative director for Councilwoman Tracy L. Boyland.

Another sweetener this election year is a new campaign law that matches funds at the rate of four to one for small contributions. This has made it easier for candidates to run. And thus the 45th has been the scene of endless breakfasts, barbecues and gospel concerts, as candidates have trolled for money.

Still, imprinting one's name on voters is not easy. "It's hard to have a debate," said Christian B. Hylton, 31, a candidate who has been the legal counsel for Councilman Walter L. McCaffrey. "If you ask a question and give everyone two minutes to answer, that's 16 minutes for one question."

And City Council races are rarely high profile. During some random walks through the district, several dozen people were asked who was running. No one could name more than one or two candidates. Most could name none. In fact, hardly anyone could even name his or her current council member.

Walter Garner, 65, a well-mannered retired mechanic, said he surely voted four years ago for the present representative, but he was stumped when asked his name. Nor could he name anyone in the current race. "Whoever wins, it doesn't matter," he said. "They do what they want to do, not what you want them to do."

In gauging how people will vote, one peculiar line of thinking was going around the district, which might be called Island Voting.

Most of the candidates, like many residents, have immigrated from one of the islands in the Caribbean. So the thinking is that nationalistic voters with bonds to Barbados might go with Samuel A. Taitt, 53, a communications professor at Kingsborough Community College who was born in Barbados. Those connected to Jamaica might opt for Jamaican-born Mr. Palmer. And so forth.

"If it works this way, I'd win," Mr. Emmanuel declared. He's from Haiti, the biggest island represented in the race. His wife is from Jamaica, the next largest. It should be pointed out that Mr. Emmanuel has been separated from his wife for years and that they are getting a divorce. But he said she supported him wholeheartedly in the race.

Officially, the candidates play down the likelihood of many voters being silly enough to vote by geography, especially those candidates from the smaller islands. "We're talking about issues, not islands," Mr. Alexis said. He is from Trinidad, which is a fraction of the size of Haiti and Jamaica.

Nonetheless, it is not unknown for candidates, upon meeting voters, to mention their island connections, direct and indirect.

"You're Guyanese? So is my campaign worker here."

"Oh, you're from the Virgin Islands? My communications director is from the Virgin Islands."

Thus far, there have not been wide differences in the main issues the candidates have been speaking about -- things like housing, education, health care, immigration, economic development. "I don't think the candidates can be separated on issues," said Vaughan P. Toney, 46, a candidate who is on leave as Mr. Henry's chief of staff. "It's not like anyone is saying he's for less funding for education. It will be who will best represent them."

Mr. Toney and the other candidates who currently work in government have been stressing that it is important to know the system. The candidates who are not in the system are stressing that it is high time for an outsider.

Candidates have been hustling to round up endorsements. Mr. Toney, for example, has been endorsed by Mr. Henry. Dr. Stewart, who ran in 1997 against Mr. Henry, is a Democratic district leader and has the support of the party. Mr. Emmanuel has proclaimed the backing of Abner Louima, whose fateful encounter with the police occurred in the district.

Residents are being deluged with campaign literature. Mr. Parker, for instance, gives out a card with his name and picture above a handy list of all the days that parking rules are suspended in the city this year. "In the next two months, people will get more campaign literature than they ever have in their life," he said. Candidates are talking about ringing 2,000 doorbells, 5,000 doorbells, 20,000 doorbells. "I'll ring Lloyd Henry's door," Mr. Parker said. "I doubt he'll vote for me."

The clear long shot on Election Day is Mr. Grupico, the Republican candidate. "I don't know if a Republican has ever won in the district," he said. "I had trouble finding 200 Republicans to sign my petition. I think most of them are gone and dead."

Though he has never run for office before, he already has acquired the politician's unbridled optimism. "I think I can do it," he said.

The other evening, Samuel Taitt was hitting the sidewalks in East Flatbush, going door to door. Occasional rain spit from the skies. A Mister Softee truck crawled by, playing its hurdy-gurdy music.

Mr. Taitt came across some people who said they were definitely voting for Sam -- Sam Palmer. Then he came across some people who said they would vote for him. He came across a woman who a campaign worker said had signed his petition, but when he said, "So you've signed my petition," she said, "Did I? I've signed so many of them."

He came across Errol Mitchell, who was relaxing on his porch, clutching a screwdriver. "Hi, how are you," Mr. Taitt said. "My name is Sam Taitt, and I'm running for City Council."

Mr. Mitchell said, "I think the field is too crowded."

"What you have to do is vote for the best candidate," Mr. Taitt said.

"Based on what?"

"Based on who can best represent you."

"Sam, good luck," Mr. Mitchell said.

"Don't wish me luck," Mr. Taitt said. "Wish me success."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Dr. Kendall Stewart, a podiatrist and a candidate for City Council, has a sign in his waiting room soliciting contributions for his campaign.; Kevin S. Parker, now on leave as special assistant to State Comptroller H. Carl McCall, campaigning recently at a subway stop in Brooklyn.; Samuel A. Taitt, right, a professor at Kingsborough Community College and a candidate for City Council, campaigning door to door.; Samuel Palmer, a schoolteacher, stumping for votes in a grocery store on Utica Avenue in Brooklyn. (Photographs by James Estrin/The New York Times)(pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** July 21, 2001

**End of Document**



[***A Leafier Place To Bloom***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G77-HK20-TW8F-G3CF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 22, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14LI; Column 1; Long Island Weekly Desk; Pg. 14; ART

**Length:** 1671 words

**Byline:** By BENJAMIN GENOCCHIO

**Body**

THE North Fork has undergone many changes in the last decade, with more upscale shops, restaurants and even art galleries cropping up in Greenport, for example, which for years was best known as an old ***working-class*** seaport.

But unlike the towns of the South Fork, the area is not known as a refuge for artists. Yet these days it is home to a number of artists, among them Michael Combs, a successful young New York City sculptor who went there seeking cheap, ample studio space and a break from the monotonous grisaille of city buildings.

New York artists have been migrating to the city's leafier surroundings for over half a century; Jackson Pollock moved to the Springs section of East Hampton in 1945, and Richard Prince moved to an abandoned ranch-style building on 80 acres in Rensselaerville, N.Y., near Albany, in 2001. But moves like Mr. Combs's -- to towns not particularly recognized as havens for artists -- are the latest wrinkle in this exodus. And he is far from alone in taking shelter in an unlikely place.

Timely evidence of this development may be found in ''Greater New York 2005,'' the behemoth survey of more than 150 emerging artists, all from the greater New York area, at the P. S.1 Contemporary Art Center in Long Island City. Some live in the recognized artists' outposts of the last decade, like Peekskill and Beacon, N.Y., or Jersey City. But others have chosen unexpected towns -- Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; Asbury Park, N.J., and Greenport.

At first, artists like these make the move in search of studio and living space, a commodity so expensive and rare in New York. But although many find they miss the cultural stimulation of the city, they also discover, in some cases to their surprise, that they can concentrate on their work more intensely in calmer surroundings. Some even find new inspiration.

What follows is a profile of a selected group of young, emerging artists who have moved to an unlikely town. Some are included in the ''Greater New York'' survey, while others are represented by recognized city galleries and have blossoming careers. But all have shifted their creative center of gravity away from New York.

The North Fork

For some artists, leaving New York City is all about access to cut-rate studio space. But for others, like Mr. Combs, it is also about setting up shop in an alternative environment as a source of creative nourishment. Born in Huntington and raised in Southold, Mr. Combs, 34, comes from a long line of local boat builders, duck hunters and decoy makers. His works are a spin on that heritage, consisting of intricately carved wooden objects with social and environmental messages.

Mr. Combs had often thought about returning to Long Island during a decade in the city. But he did not make the move until late 2001, when he was offered a studio in Southold, the entire second floor of an old carriage barn owned by a friend. He rents a house in nearby Greenport, where he lives with his wife and young son.

He was drawn there, he said, ''by the natural beauty of the location and degree of serenity and solitude that living out here affords.''

Mr. Combs still keeps a loft in Manhattan. But his creative center is on the North Fork, he said, where he now makes his sculptures in a light, airy space measuring 30 feet by 30 feet, several times the size of his former city studio.

''Just being here I feel alive, energetic and anchored to my roots,'' he said.

He also finds being on the North Fork conducive to work. ''I was very much surprised when I first started working here how much I could get done,'' he said. ''It also helped me appreciate the city more, using it for what it offers, like the cultural scene, then heading back up here. It is a nice balance.''

Mr. Combs exhibits locally and in the city. Recently, he had a major installation at the Parrish Art Museum in Southampton and has an exhibition that closes June 5 at the Icehouse Gallery in Greenport. He also had work in an exhibition at Exit Art in Manhattan earlier this month.

Norwalk, Conn.

''Right now I am really interested in artists who have studios outside of New York,'' said Joe Fig, a sculptor who moved to Norwalk two years ago. ''Given I no longer live in the city, I am curious to see how they work.''

Norwalk offers a curious mix of old industrial areas, a nascent downtown arts district, and -- heading toward New Canaan -- elegant homes, stone walls, rivers and woods. Here, Mr. Fig, 37, found what he was looking for: peace, quiet and studio space.

And if any artist deserves a studio, it is Mr. Fig, who makes exact, intricate, three-dimensional sculptural models of famous artists' studios. Past subjects include the studios of Chuck Close, Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns and Andy Warhol. He has also done the studios of contemporary artists like Fred Tomaselli.

The idea for these sculptures came to him in the late 1990's, when he was living in Brooklyn and working on his art in his living room. He said he envied artists with big, light-filled studios, so began making models as a kind of comment on his own lack of space. Dealers and curators loved them, and his art career was made.

With money from the sale of his sculptures, Mr. Fig bought a rickety 1939 Cape Cod house on one and a half leafy acres in Norwalk. He turned the two-car garage into a studio, putting down a plywood floor, applying Sheetrock and then insulating the walls and ceiling, and finally installing a heater. When the weather is nice, he opens up the garage doors to let air and sunshine in.

At the moment he is building a model of the studios belonging to the well-known painting couple Eric Fischl and April Gornik, who recently moved out to North Haven, on the South Fork, where they have built a house and dual studios perpendicular to each other.

''They are among the most beautiful studios that I've ever seen,'' Mr. Fig said.

Aside from regular exhibitions at his New York City gallery, Plus Ultra in Brooklyn, Mr. Fig had a show this past year in Boston, another in Santa Monica, Calif., and another at the Bass Museum of Art in Miami Beach. He is also working with Swiss collectors on a collaborative commission with Ilya and Emilia Kabakov, Russian artists.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

''My work has definitely gone in a good direction since we came here,'' said Huma Bhabha, a 42-year-old sculptor, speaking with a hint of surprise mixed with pride. ''I have just got a gallery in New York to represent me, had my first show with them, and have been showing more in the last year or so than ever before.''

Ms. Bhabha was sitting in a spacious studio off the living room of her third-floor loft-style apartment in a converted department store, its sunny windows looking out over buildings and a parking lot. Here she makes her figurative mixed-media sculptures, some of them on display in ''Greater New York.''

Ms. Bhabha came here two years ago with her partner, Jason Fox, also an artist, after their landlord threatened to triple the rent on their TriBeCa studios. They were drawn initially by the city's abundance of industrial buildings for rent, many at affordable prices, but they have since come to appreciate its character and charms.

''When we first came here, I used to joke that we had gone into the witness protection program or something, because we were living in this strange, quiet place where we didn't know anyone,'' said Mr. Fox, 40. ''But it worked out O.K., as there aren't so many distractions, and you can concentrate more on what you are doing.''

Since 1991, Mr. Fox has shown his figurative paintings at Feature Inc. in Manhattan. His work is also included in ''Greater New York.''

The couple return to the city regularly, mostly for socializing, but they say they are always glad to go back to Poughkeepsie.

''New York is so competitive for artists, and you feel like you are always in a race,'' Mr. Fox said. ''You are very aware of it down there, but up here we can sort of decompress. Even though it is not that far away, it feels sort of far away mentally.''

Asbury Park, N.J.

To many people, Asbury Park is a blue-collar shore town where Bruce Springsteen had his start. But these days it is also home to Robert Melee, a well-known artist who made a significant sum -- he would not say how much -- from a sale of his artwork to the British collector Charles Saatchi.

Mr. Melee, 38, took his money and bought a run-down house in Asbury Park in 2000, converted it into a boutique studio-home and designed the renovation himself. He said the house was so cheap that he charged the down payment on a credit card. He now has two bedrooms, a large living room, a studio and a shady garden near the beach, 58 miles from New York City.

Raised in nearby Sayreville, Mr. Melee is widely known for his attention-grabbing videos of his mother. But he also makes Op Art bottle-top paintings as well as furniture-like sculptural units decorated with family photographs, videocassettes and television monitors. (This is what Mr. Saatchi bought.)

His work is featured in ''Greater New York,'' and he has exhibited recently at New Museum and Andrew Kreps Gallery in Manhattan, as well as the Milwaukee Art Museum.

Mr. Melee returned to his home state after 17 years living in New York City, he said, because he was tired of having no space.

''I feel like I sacrificed so much for so long living in the city, and it was only after I made the decision to move down here that I realized that I could have contact with the cultural scene there but also have the kind of home and work space I had always wanted,'' he said.

He has also experienced an uptick in his outlook since moving to Asbury Park, he said.

''My new home-studio space has really inspired me,'' he said. ''I feel incredibly content here, which I think has come partly from having no social distractions and partly from being able to take more than three steps in any direction without hitting a piece of furniture. Having that contentment makes you feel grounded and centered, which in turn feeds creativity.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Michael Combs, known for his intricate carvings, works in a Southold carriage barn. The osprey, top, is a work in progress. The 1880's skiff, top right, has been handed down through the Combs family. (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)

In 2000, after 17 years of living in New York City, Robert Melee bought a run-down house in Asbury Park, N.J., and turned it into a home-studio. He is known for his attention-grabbing videos of his mother. But he also makes Op Art bottle-top paintings as well as furniture-like sculptural units decorated with family photographs, videocassettes and television monitors, like the one at left. Charles Saatchi, the British art patron, collects the Melee units. (Photo by Jill C. Becker for The New York Times)(pg. 14)

Huma Bhabha and Jason Fox, above, live and work in a loft-style apartment in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. They are moving his painting called ''Concert for Eternal Happiness,'' in the studio, above, where Ms. Bhabha tinkers with a sculpture, right. Two years ago, Joe Fig, below, moved to Norwalk, Conn., where he constructs miniatures of other artists' studios, like the one belonging to Eric Fischl and April Gornik in North Haven, on the South Fork. (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. 15)

**Load-Date:** May 22, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Where There's No Car, There's a Bus;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0NH0-008G-F04X-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Navigating and Surviving the Suburbs: Taking the No. 60 in Westchester***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-0NH0-008G-F04X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 13, 1994, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1235 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER,

By JOSEPH BERGER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WHITE PLAINS, May 12

**Body**

On weekday mornings, buses like the No. 60 weave through the fraying urban neighborhoods of Mount Vernon, New Rochelle and Yonkers and fill up early with women who are heading out to clean the homes and care for the babies and tend the frail in the more prosperous villages farther north in Westchester County.

The passengers sit in cocoons of silence, gazing dreamily at the scene reeling film-like out the tinted windows, their bodies swaying gently as the bus rounds a curve or halts a little too suddenly. Some leaf through The Daily News or listen to radios or chat with other regulars. A few take naps, knowing their journey will be a long one.

Although suburban life was built around the car, about 55,000 people in Westchester prove every day that you can survive in the suburbs without one. They take the bus to and from work, to and from school, to and from the mall, enduring bus stops in January's blasts of snow or August's furnace-room heat.

Workers and the Elderly

They are most definitely not a cross-section of Westchester. They are poorer, older and more likely to be immigrants, women and black or Hispanic, a survey done in 1990 for Westchester's Transportation Department found. Many do the jobs most of those who can afford to own cars would prefer not to do.

They are people like Lula Blue and Donna Carr. Ms. Blue, a health aide for an elderly woman in Elmsford, spends an hour and a half on two buses to get to her job from her home in New Rochelle. Ms. Carr, who immigrated from Jamaica six months ago, takes a bus from Boston Post Road and 216th Street in the Bronx to her job as a cafeteria worker at the Mamaroneck Avenue School in White Plains, an hour and half trip each way.

The long journeys are part of their daily rhythm, as inevitable as a rising and setting sun, and they do not complain.

"I read sometimes," Ms. Carr said. "Mostly I sit and think."

John and Margaret Kenyon are not working people, but they too are bus regulars. They gave up their car 14 years ago when they turned 70.

"We were getting too old and the insurance was too high," Mr. Kenyon, a retired postal worker, said.

But everyday brings a new adventure on the bus. On one recent morning, the Kenyons, he sporty in a newsboy cap, she more prim in a linen sunhat, headed from their home in New Rochelle to buy a few items at a new Bradlee's department store in Yonkers.

"We'd never seen it before," Mrs. Kenyon said.

Making a Day of It

By car, Bradlee's is a 15-minute excursion to the west. But by bus, they had to travel far to the north to go south and west eventually. Such circuitousness is one of the wrinkles of bus service in Westchester, which is designed to run between towns rather than to blanket whole neighborhoods the way buses often do in New York City. You can get to White Plains, the county seat, from almost anywhere, and getting around Westchester's cities -- where there are large numbers of people who do not drive -- is not that difficult. But it is hard to plan a trip from say, Port Chester to Scarsdale.

The Kenyons took the No. 60 to the White Plains TransCenter, which has the dim, forbidding ambiance of a parking garage, and waited there for the bus that runs down Central Avenue, Westchester's main shopping strip. At Bradlee's, Mrs. Kenyon bought another white sunhat. Mr. Kenyon bought a pair of grass shears. Carrying their trove in white plastic bags, they headed home. The trip took two hours each way, but they had made a day out of it.

"It's very convenient," Mr. Kenyon said of the bus service. "They're right on time. They're clean. Most of the bus drivers are courteous."

Westchester has 328 buses that navigate 58 routes covering 846 miles, including one express route that runs from White Plains to Wall Street and several that just ferry people to village railroad stations. Eight years ago, the system was christened the Bee Line to give it a name that riders might identify with. Yet, most passengers still refer to it simply as "the Bus." Whatever its name, the system is actually seven separate bus companies that have contracts with the county's Transportation Department.

The buses carry 28.4 million passengers a year. With a basic fare of $1.15 a ride, the system took in $30 million last year, less than half of its operating expenses. Like almost every other public transportation system in the country, the Bee Line is heavily subsidized by local, state and Federal governments.

Hewing to Schedules

The trick to mastering the bus system is knowing the schedule. Unlike New York City's system, where bus riders head for a bus stop and keep their fingers crossed that a bus will come soon, Westchester buses hew to a tight schedule. During most of the day, the No. 60, for example, comes every half-hour. Veteran riders memorize the times that buses show up, and most say the buses are generally on time.

The schedule is the bane of Melissa Sullivan's social life, however. Miss Sullivan, a 20-year-old sophomore at Westchester Community College, knows that when she visits a friend in say Bronxville, she must cut the visit short to catch the last bus leaving for her home in Larchmont. Even in the daytime when she catches a bus to college, she said, some drivers will come several minutes too early, and if she is not at the bus stop early, she will have to wait a half-hour for the next bus, a wait made more dismal by bad weather.

"And there's no booth at my bus stop," she said.

She and her mother, a secretary, used to own a car, but "it died," she said, and they will have to rely on the buses until they save up enough for a car.

"I used to hate taking the bus, but it's now part of everyday life," she said.

Similarly, the only thing Mr. Kenyon laments about surrendering his car is that he can no longer attend the weekend concerts at the State University at Purchase. He can get to the concerts, but there are no buses late enough to take him back to New Rochelle.

Time to Socialize

Annie Lynch, a 30-year-old teacher's aide, genuinely looks forward to her rides on the bus, even though each way is an hourlong odyssey. She works at the Westchester School for Special Children in Yonkers, which would be a 15-minute ride from her home in Mamaroneck if she had a car. But she does not mind the long ride because she regularly encounters a hospital attendant who has become her friend.

"I just like to take the bus," she said. "I like to socialize with people."

One of the more farflung travelers is Susan Jankowski, who works as a "floating" cafeteria worker for a food service compnay. On any day, she not only does not know whether she will be working as a cashier or a waitress or kitchen worker, but she also does not know at which company she will be working. Yet, lacking a car, she has to get to wherever work is by a series of buses or a bus connection to a commuter railroad. She has worked as far away as Stamford.

Of course, not everyone on the bus is ***working-class***, old or a student. Eriko Sato, a stylishly dressed woman in her 30's, was at the White Plains TransCenter the other day, looking suitably lost for someone who had never been there before.

She lives in Manhattan, but was here to catch a bus to Neiman Marcus a few blocks away from the TransCenter. There is no Neiman Marcus in New York City and she had her eye on a particular shoulder bag that the store carried. Luckily, she also had a whole day to spend getting to the store and back.

**Graphic**

Photos: Passengers settled into their seats recently on the Bee Line No. 60 bus, where some nap, read papers or ruminate during the 90-minute trip from the Bronx to White Plains in Westchester County. (pg. B1); Juan Castro sharing the rear seats of the No. 60 bus with Janae Crudup, left, her sister, Shadreya, second from left, and Ashley Janowski, right. For families without a car in the suburbs, the bus is their only transportation. (pg. B2) (Susan Harris for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 13, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Hungarian Arrests Set Off Debate: Should '56 Oppressors Be Punished?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-12M0-008G-F12N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 3, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1;  Page 10;  Column 1;  Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1353 words

**Byline:** By JANE PERLEZ,

By JANE PERLEZ,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** BUDAPEST

**Body**

Almost 40 years after the searing days of the 1956 Hungarian uprising, Arpad Baliczay recalls with cinematic detail how as a 15-year-old he fought the Soviets on the streets of this city, armed with a machine gun and grenades and dressed in a stolen police uniform that engulfed his slender frame.

He is 53 now, one of the youngest veterans of the uprising, and with as much fervor as he tells the stories of the deadly days at the barricades, he believes that those who betrayed the revolution should be punished.

"The people who lost family, those who suffered, should be asked this question, not those who sat in armchairs through it all," Mr. Baliczay said over a shot of vodka in a cafe not far from the scenes of his battles.

The Hungarian Government agrees with him. More than four years after the collapse of Communist rule, the Government has opened cases against people accused of involvement in the reprisals of 1956, when Moscow sent the army to crush a popular revolt of Hungarians seeking to trade democracy for Soviet oppression. In the last two months, a dozen people suspected of taking part in mass shootings of unarmed Hungarian civilians have been arrested. Government officials have said that more will be arrested and that the investigations are far from over.

Premier's Prosecution Urged

Justice Minister Istvan Balsai said the Prime Minister at the time, Andras Hegedus, who signed the documents formally inviting the Soviet troops to restore order and who is now a 72-year-old pensioner, should also be prosecuted.

These moves by the right-of-center Hungarian Government touch one of the most sensitive nerves in post-Communist Eastern Europe: What should be done about those who collaborated with the Soviet rulers and committed crimes in the name of Communism? Is it primitive revenge to seek these people out? Or is it justice?

In Poland, the first post-Communist Government decided to let bygones be bygones and took no action against those responsible for enacting martial law in 1981. In the Czech Republic, the debate still simmers, with lists released from time to time of those believed to have served in the secret police. In Romania, Albania and Bulgaria, senior party officials have been charged and convicted, though some have also been freed.

Erich Honecker, the East German Communist leader, was tried but released because of failing health and lives in exile in Chile. And East Germany's former spymaster, Markus Wolf, was convicted of treason last year and sentenced to six years in prison. He remains free on appeal.

But nowhere is the discussion as emotional as in Hungary, where the region's most significant armed uprising against Communist rule was followed by repression in which thousands were killed and several hundred thousand fled to the West.

Debate Among Hungarians

In living rooms and cafes some are asking: If Paul Touvier, a Nazi collaborator, can be tried in France for crimes against humanity on charges that he ordered the execution of seven Jews, why can't Communists who ordered and took part in the shootings in 1956 also be tried? Others counter that in a country that is struggling economically and striving to join the West, it is time to make peace with the past.

The Hungarian Government has added to the emotion by releasing a compilation of 1956 documents called "Firing Into a Crowd, 1956." In a room in the Justice Ministry, where documents lie piled on the floor and others are locked in safes around the walls, a legal historian, Frigyes Kahler, has been researching the cases from a variety of sources, including Communist Party papers.

"We know of 65 massacres so far, and we've not yet finished our investigations," he said.

The basis for the Government's plans, according to legal experts, is a decision by the Hungarian Constitutional Court late last year that the 1949 Geneva Conventions on crimes against humanity apply to the events of 1956. Hungary is a signer of the conventions.

Political Factors Seen

But the Government's actions may not be motivated entirely by moral and legal issues. As it nears the end of its four-year term and faces elections in May, the Government of Prime Minister Peter Boross appears to have geared up an anti-Communist campaign in the hope of appealing to nationalist sentiment and cutting into the growing popularity of the political party of the former Communists.

Two opposition parties without Communist roots, the Alliance of Free Democrats and the Young Democrats, have said they oppose the prosecution of former Communists.

In Hungary, there are sharp differences of opinion. Mr. Baliczay, for instance, does not particularly support the current Government and is not a member of any of the veteran organizations that have pushed for trials. But he feels strongly.

"These weren't just ordinary crimes, these were war crimes," he said.

Sandor Kopacsi, the city police chief in 1956 who sided with the hero of the uprising, Prime Minister Imre Nagy, and who served seven years in prison, sees little point to the Government's arrests.

'Picking on Little Guys'

"I think it is important to have as much knowledge about the time as possible and make it public," said Mr. Kopacsi, 72, who divides his time between Budapest and Canada, where he was eventually allowed to emigrate and wrote a best-selling account of his experiences in 1956, "In the Name of the ***Working Class***."

"I am amazed they are picking on the little guys instead of trying to find the commanders or the higher-ups who gave the orders," said Mr. Kopacsi, who has been heavily decorated by the Government since 1989.

One of the cases that has raised the most interest is that of Mr. Hegedus, who said in an interview that he had been forced by the Soviet Ambassador, Yuri V. Andropov, later the leader of the Soviet Union, to sign a document inviting the Soviet troops into Hungary to put down the uprising.

Mr. Hegedus said Mr. Andropov came to him after the uprising started and five days after Mr. Nagy had succeeded him as Prime Minister. "Andropov wanted a signature from Nagy, but he refused," he said. "I signed it as Prime Minister on Oct. 28, and they backdated it."

Lived in Moscow Afterward

Shortly afterward, Mr. Hegedus was taken away on a Soviet military plane with some other Hungarian Communist leaders to Moscow, where he lived for several years before returning to Hungary.

"Morally I hold myself responsible for the political mistakes," Mr. Hegedus said. The document he signed was a sham, he said.

In mid-March, Mr. Hegedus was asked to visit the prosecutor's office, where he was questioned on several matters from 1956, he said. "Obviously I must know a lot of things due to my position, and I am willing to tell," he said. "I trust the cases will be judged according to legal terms and not the current mood."

In a sign of how intertwined the 1956 drama has become, Mr. Kopacsi said that while he was on a different side from Mr. Hegedus in 1956 -- they had heated telephone arguments during the uprising, he recalled -- he would now gladly testify on his behalf if he was brought to trial.

"Hegedus did not testify against me," Mr. Kopacsi said of his own 1957 trial with Mr. Nagy, when Communist bosses were witnesses against him. "And I admire his stand against the invasion of Czechoslovakia." Mr. Nagy was executed in 1958.

Militia Members Arrested

The people arrested so far, most of them elderly and poor, are suspected of having been members of militias that took part in shooting unarmed demonstrators in provincial cities.

Lawyers here say lack of evidence and the passage of time will make successful prosecutions difficult.

"The fact you were part of an armed group doesn't mean you fired," said Prof. Andras Sajo, chairman of the legal studies department at Central European University here.

But because the application of the war crimes convention has passed the test of constitutionality in Hungary, it would be hard for any government, including a new government of different political complexion, to drop the cases, Professor Sajo said. "Most of the cases will collapse, but it will take a long time to close this book."

**Graphic**

Photos: Sandor Kopacsi, shown at left with his wife, Ibolya, was the Budapest police chief in 1956 who sided with the uprising and served seven years in prison. Andras Hegedus, above, signed the document inviting Soviet troops to come in to put down the uprising. (Laszlo Beliczay for The New York Times)

Map shows the location of Budapest.

**Load-Date:** April 3, 1994

**End of Document**



[***'You're Right, Dear.' 'If You Say So, Dear.'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:43NW-0Y50-0109-T13Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 5, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1477 words

**Byline:**  By RENEE TAYLOR and JOE BOLOGNA

**Body**

THE comic actors and writers Renee Taylor and Joe Bologna, who have collaborated together onstage and off since the 1960's, have brought their latest show, "If You Ever Leave Me . . . I'm Going With You!," to Broadway, where it opens tomorrow night under their direction at the Cort Theater. It's a delayed encore of sorts, after their 1968 Broadway show, "Lovers and Other Strangers," which was subsequently made into a movie. What happened to them -- and their arguments -- in the ensuing years is one of the subjects of their current play. What inspired them to write is another, described in this conversation, which they have also written.

RENEE TAYLOR -- Joe, on Aug. 11 we will have been married 36 years. Do you think working together all that time, as writers, actors and directors, has helped or hindered our marriage?

JOE BOLOGNA -- Without a doubt, it has helped. Any time we have an argument, we know we'll get some fresh dialogue out of it. When I fight with you, I try not to repeat myself. The longer we stay married, the harder that is to do. So our fights seem to be getting shorter.

TAYLOR -- That's good for the marriage, but bad for the writing.

BOLOGNA -- True. But, hey, you can't have everything. Besides, working so close with each other is also very practical. I can have an affair with my director, writer and co-star at the same time. That saves a lot of wear and tear at my age.

TAYLOR -- I think it helps when you're doing something you always dreamed of. Ever since I was a little girl, I had a strong sense that I wanted to write.

BOLOGNA -- About what?

TAYLOR -- My mother. When I was 5, she told me to go next door to our neighbors' apartment in our building on Pelham Parkway in the Bronx, to let them see how pretty I was in my new red, white and blue sailor suit with the wooden whistle, and then show them how talented I was when I sang the song "50 Cents."

Even at 5, I knew they might not be too interested in my looks and performance, since these particular neighbors had a daughter of their own who seemed neglected. But to make my mother happy, I knocked at their door. Both husband and wife answered. I dutifully presented my outfit with a curtsy, and sang: "I took my girl to a fancy ball,/ It was a social flop . . . "

They slammed the door in my face. I ran home crying to my mother, who thought she was comforting me when she said: "Don't cry, Renee. You'll get revenge someday when you open on Broadway and we don't invite them." I made a mental note that my mother was so out of touch that I knew I would write about her someday.

When I was 19, and about to appear on Broadway for the first time, in "The Rehearsal," a Restoration comedy that the program said was "by George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, and Others" -- you know what kind of reviews that got -- anyway, before the opening, my mother said to me, "Be sure to invite our old neighbors from Pelham Parkway."

I said, "But I thought you told me that not inviting them would be our revenge."

She said: "Why be vindictive? Let them come and eat their hearts out."

BOLOGNA -- I loved your mother. If she had been Eugene O'Neill's mother, he would have written more comedies.

TAYLOR -- Yeah, but he would have drunk more.

BOLOGNA -- How about you? Do you like working with your husband?

TAYLOR -- Are you kidding? My other dream was not so much to have a husband as it was to have a boyfriend for life. Especially since I never had one to escort me to my junior or senior prom. I was a pudgy teenager to whom boys would tell their problems about their relationships with other girls but never ask out. So I went to both those proms with a second cousin on my father's side. The next day the kids at school would ask, "Who was the old guy you went to the prom with?" I would say: "He's not old. He just has that disease that ages you."

BOLOGNA -- I didn't go to my prom either. I grew up in a ***working-class*** Italian-American household in Brooklyn. All the men were always out earning a living, so the child-rearing was left to the Italian-American women. I was the only boy -- surrounded by my mother, grandmother and a slew of sisters, aunts and cousins, all constantly pinching my cheek, squeezing me to their bosoms and saying, "Oooo, he's so cute!"

TAYLOR -- That sounds wonderful.

BOLOGNA -- It was wonderful and a half. The problem was I felt I had to hold that feeling at bay or I might get devoured. On the other hand, I thought that all I had to do was show up and women would adore me. So when I reached puberty I was at a loss, because not only could I no longer hold the feeling at bay, but I realized I would actually have to talk to a girl before she went, "Oooo, he's so cute!" I decided to enter the priesthood. But then my vocation became locked in mortal combat with my sex drive. My sex drive won in a landslide.

TAYLOR -- Did you think you would someday write about all those women in your family?

BOLOGNA -- When I began to write, the person I found myself writing about was my father. Growing up, I was really mad at him because he was always working and rarely home. I was certain he didn't love me. Then, one day, when I was 16, and I sided with my mother in a fight they were having, he looked at me with tremendous hurt and left the apartment. At 3 o'clock in the morning, he stumbled home, blind drunk and bawling like a baby. My father was the toughest man I have ever known. Seeing him like that, I realized how easy it had been for me to wound him and it suddenly hit me how much he loved me.

From then on he could do no wrong. I began to realize that all his tender feelings were expressed in metaphor. For example, when we did have time together, he'd take me to the fights. He'd goad his favorite fighter on, yelling, "Work the eye! Work the eye!" Once, we went for clams afterward, and he said to me, very vulnerably: "I want you to know something, Joey. If a bully ever picks on you in the schoolyard -- work the eye!" Every night I prayed that no bully would bother me.

TAYLOR -- You're a lot like him, you know. I remember a month after we started dating, we stayed up all night, drinking wine, talking personally. You looked at me with tears in your eyes and said haltingly, "Renee, I never told any woman this before . . . I really love . . . I really love . . . "

I was so moved that you were going to express your feelings for me.

"I really love my father," is what you said. The moment I met him, I couldn't wait to write about him too.

BOLOGNA -- Do you remember, when we first started writing together, you used to send me messages through the dialogue?

TAYLOR -- Like what?

BOLOGNA -- We're living in Woodstock, N.Y. It's snowing out. We're trying to make sense out of what we're writing. You hand me a draft in which, out of nowhere, the female character says to the male character, "I'm so hurt that you don't notice what I'm wearing whenever we work together."

TAYLOR -- Ah-ha! But do you remember what I was wearing when I wrote that?

BOLOGNA -- Of course. You were wearing blue pajamas.

TAYLOR -- I was wearing a red nightgown. You were wearing blue pajamas.

Joe, which do you think is hardest: writing, acting or directing together?

BOLOGNA -- Directing each other onstage. Directing each other on film is no problem because when the take ends we can look at the video playback and discuss it. Onstage, we have to wait until the end of the play. I have to fight the urge sometimes to stop in the middle of a scene and say, "Renee, what the hell play are you in?"

How about you? Is it easy for you to take my direction?

TAYLOR -- I think you are the most brilliant director I've ever worked with. And often, when you have no idea what you're talking about, I find it touching.

And you? How do you like taking my direction?

BOLOGNA -- You are the most inspirational director I've ever worked with. Another actor might be confused when you come to rehearsals dressed like Marlene Dietrich but sounding like Erich von Stroheim. I find it challenging.

TAYLOR -- People always ask me, "Who has the last word when you write together, you or Joe?"

BOLOGNA -- What do you tell them?

TAYLOR -- I tell them: "Neither. The audience always has the last word." If a speech doesn't make the audience laugh, cry, go "Ooh!" or "Aww!" we cut it.

BOLOGNA -- People always ask me, "From whose point of view do you write?" I tell them: "Both. There's Renee's truth, there's my truth and then there's the truth. If we stay away from the last one, we're fine."

TAYLOR -- Flaubert said, "There is no truth, only perception."

BOLOGNA -- He was funny.

TAYLOR -- You know what I think is nice? Whenever people ask us who wrote which lines, you always say that I write the funny stuff and you write all the exposition.

BOLOGNA -- Well, you always say the same thing about me. But we both know who wrote what, don't we?

TAYLOR -- I'll never tell.

BOLOGNA -- Neither will I.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Renee Taylor and Joe Bologna in "Made for Each Other," the 1971 comedy film for which they also wrote the screenplay. (20th Century Fox)(pg. 30) Drawing: Joe Bologna and Renee Taylor open tomorrow night on Broadway in their show "If You Ever Leave Me . . . I'm Going With You!" at the Cort Theater. ($; Copyright Al Hirschfeld, drawing courtesy of the Margo Feiden Galleries, New York.)(pg. 5)

**Load-Date:** August 6, 2001

**End of Document**



[***25 St. James's Street - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G5R-7BM0-TW8F-G2KJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 15, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 6; Column 1; Magazine Desk; Pg. 30; THE WAY WE LIVE NOW: 5-15-05: FIRST PERSON

**Length:** 1819 words

**Byline:** By Herbert Muschamp

Herbert Muschamp is a columnist for the magazine.

**Body**

I lucked out in London. In 1969, I met Derek Jarman the day after I got off the plane. Jarman, who had yet to embark on his career as an independent filmmaker and social diarist, volunteered to be my tour guide around the city. He'd studied with the great architectural historian Nikolaus Pevsner. He loved to walk as much as I did. The rambles we had!

England had sloshed through a soggy summer. By late August, when I arrived as a third-year student at the Architectural Association, the parks were bursting with green and so many flowers that it looked like Easter. On our first outing, a Sunday, Jarman and I traversed the city through the great emerald quartet: Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, Green Park and St. James's Park. Then we ducked into the deserted London streets. Destination: 25 St. James's Street, headquarters of the Economist Group, publishers of the peerless magazine.

Designed by Peter and Alison Smithson, this complex of buildings was the first work of Modern architecture to appear in the district of St. James's, the British court's official base, but more highly esteemed by many of Her Majesty's subjects as the home of Lobb the bootmaker. Every architecture student had to see it. Along with James Stirling's history-faculty building at Cambridge and the London Zoo aviary, in Regent's Park, the Economist Group, as we all called it, was among the most highly publicized designs of the 1960's. The complex even had a bit part in the decade's coolest movie, Michelangelo Antonioni's ''Blow-Up.'' Unquestionably the most photogenic symbol of Italian alienation to be found in all of London, the Economist buildings appear in the movie's opening scene as the backdrop for a careering truckload of mute protesting mimes.

Jeffrey Kipnis, the architecture critic, told me many years later that this band of extras included students from the Architectural Association. Several students of that era would twinkle brightly in my own firmament -- Bernard Tschumi, Rem Koolhaas, Will Alsop and Zaha Hadid, to name a few. It has taken four decades for some of them to be widely heard. But the mimes have found their voices.

London was having a moment in architecture. In the eyes of the public it was scarcely a blip compared to the waves of change that invigorated popular music, movies and fashion during the 60's. Still, architecture was feeding off the same postimperial energy that had stirred those antic waves. The grim industrial wasteland of the postwar welfare state had been psychologically displaced by the Yellow Submarine. Drug busts were common, but heaviness was not an option. You could never have opened a movie called ''Blow-Down.''

Archigram was designing mobile buildings that would glide like hovercraft or stalk across cities on hydraulic metallic stilts. Cedric Price had designed a Fun Palace with floors that rose like elevators and a moving crane that lifted the walls away like theatrical scenery. For a time, nearly every other student project at the A.A. sported at least one crane: a little anchor of practicality lowered down from the land of cuckoo clouds.

Up! Up! Up! Up! Up like Warhol's silver helium balloons! Up like Twiggy's hemlines! Up like a blue and white Pan Am Clipper jet! Up the steps to the plaza of the Economist Building. Whee! It was like touching down in a treehouse.

Antonioni got this much right. The central feature of the Economist headquarters was a stage: an urban platform on which interesting things might happen. Raised above street level, the plaza was ringed by three buildings of varying dimensions, ranging from low-rise to high-rise: a bank, apartments and offices were housed separately within the three structures.

The architectural vocabulary was Miesian. The windows were framed by a grid of mullions and spandrels that articulated the structure. But the corners of the buildings were chamfered, and the mullions were fitted with vertical limestone strips. The overall effect was lighter than Mies, but lightness was a Miesian concept.

So was the infusion of industrial forms with luxury. In his design for the Barcelona Pavilion, Mies had shown that modern cool and traditional class could be strikingly combined. The Seagram Building, completed in 1958, gave the idea of pragmatic elegance a more durable form and certainly a more conspicuous one.

But the origins of this aesthetic were also partly British. Adolph Loos, the great Viennese Modernist, was inspired by British tailoring. In his work, expensive materials and craftsmanship took the place of applied ornament, which he had famously condemned as a ''crime.'' Lobb the bootmaker was more than the Economist's neighbor, in other words: Lobb was a philosophical partner in anticrime.

I became more familiar with the Smithsons' work as an occasional weekend guest at a thatched cottage in Wiltshire for which the couple had designed a modern wing. The Lacket, as the house was called, is an illustrious footnote in Bloomsbury history. Lytton Strachey borrowed the cottage when he needed a quiet place to work on ''Eminent Victorians.'' Virginia Woolf had been legendarily shoved into a bush by the front door. You could pretend to make out an indentation: a sacred apparition as far as I was concerned.

Wayland Young, my host, was a secretary of housing for the Labour government and a noted author of books on sex scandals. I believe it was in the former capacity that he'd become acquainted with the Smithsons and others in their circle of New Brutalists, as this group of architects was called. Theo Crosby, another member of the group, had designed a wing for Young's London townhouse. Another literary landmark, this terrace house once belonged to J. M. Barrie. ''Peter Pan'' was written there. The Darlings' house was supposed to have been modeled on it. Up! Up!

The Smithsons' addition to the Lacket was serene. Invisible from the street, it consisted of a narrow bedroom wing that extended from the back of the house to a large living room, in effect a separate pavilion, with walls of glass. The bedrooms were small, nautical in flavor, with stained orange plywood walls. They opened off a corridor enclosed on one side by a wall of glass.

The living room resembled a clearing in a wood. It was heated by radiant pipes set into the floor, which was raised about a foot above the ground. The windows looked out on a hollow. Peculiar rock formations and an unusually temperate microclimate gave the area the appearance of a primeval forest. The radiant heating caused condensation to form on the glass, blurring the panorama into a leafy, soft-focus green.

The Economist plaza was similarly charmed. From it, we gazed out over the past as if from a future prospect. And since we felt ourselves to be part of a future then unfolding, the place almost felt like home, as if the elevation was giving us a leg up on our own horizons. The effect was about as brutal as Diana Rigg in a catsuit. You could easily envision her in this space, going through karate poses while David Hemmings snapped away to the sound of the Yardbirds. You could envision whatever you liked.

The Smithsons described the space as a charged void. That is precisely how it felt: a volume charged with the energy of pure potential. Who knew what forms might emerge from it, or what forms architecture itself might take if people let it happen?

In 1953, at a meeting of the International Congress of Modern Architecture, the Smithsons mounted a spirited attack on the rigid rationality of modern city planning. Machine technology no longer seemed so romantic, nor could it be controlled by the rationalist guidelines devised by modern architects and planners.

Soon thereafter, they found themselves the ringleaders of a similarly disaffected group of architects calling itself Team X. They were quick to understand that by embracing populist culture, they could break down the rationalist grid. Still, the Smithsons were architects, and in the 50's, being an architect meant equating social reform with large urban projects. How could it have been otherwise? After two wars, a global depression and the collapse of the British Empire, social equality appeared to be as much a historical inevitability as it was a moral imperative. Bombed-out areas of London were conspicuous reminders of the need for housing and urban renewal.

The Smithsons didn't get to realize a large-scale urban plan until the 70's with Robin Hood Gardens, a housing estate in East London. The name was ill advised, the design Orwellian. The place became notorious for crime. The poor were robbing the poor, perhaps because they themselves had been robbed of the public dimension that city dwellers should be entitled to for free.

Streets in the air, a concept that the Smithsons had been promoting for years, might have gone somewhere if it hadn't invited comparison with streets on the ground. But the separation of circulation from the street's rich mix of social functions was precisely the sort of rationalist solution that the Smithsons had earlier attacked. And the device reinforced the separation of ***working-class*** families from folks who could afford to add nice modern wings to their thatched-roof country cottages.

The Smithsons had thought themselves into an existential bind. Architecture meant the welfare state. Pop culture meant climbing out of it. Architecture meant leveling down. Pop meant you could swivel your hips all the way to the top. And eventually architecture did learn how to swivel its hips. It learned how to absorb the complexities and conflicts of urban life, qualities that are experienced below the level of conscious awareness. The street in the air might have been a dead end, but the urban platform floated into a future that is still unfolding.

The Pompidou Center in Paris was the first of them to materialize. Before long, it was drawing as many visitors as the greatest platform of them all, the Eiffel Tower. But the proliferation of the platform as a contemporary genre has occurred only recently. Coop Himmelb(l)au's multiplex cinema for Dresden is an outstanding example. Others include Rem Koolhaas's design for the Seattle Public Library, the addition to the Ontario College of Art and Design by Will Alsop, and Diller Scofidio & Renfro's Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston.

These projects draw on many sources. I am not proposing the Economist plaza as the world egg from which they were all hatched. But no single space more fully encapsulates the promise of a time when the architects of these projects were developing an awareness of their potential. No other design reveals with greater clarity that modern rationalism was a beginning as well as an end. Rationalism made a place for transcendence in the modern city: it is a drilling platform for expectation. Properly positioned, the apparatus of reason lets contemporaneity bubble up from the depths of urban nature.

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

**Correction**

An article on May 15 about Modern architecture in England reversed the identities of designers of property owned by Wayland Young, a former secretary of housing. Peter and Alison Smithson designed a wing of Young's London town house, Theo Crosby a wing of Young's country cottage.

**Correction-Date:** June 26, 2005

**Graphic**

Photo: The plaza of the Economist Building, London. (Photograph by John Offenbach)

**Load-Date:** May 15, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Common Denominator;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V7S0-008G-F11G-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Rep. Lowey Builds Bridges Between the City and the Suburbs***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-V7S0-008G-F11G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 13, 1994, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1311 words

**Byline:** Nita M. Lowey

By JOSEPH BERGER,

By JOSEPH BERGER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** WHITE PLAINS, April 12

**Body**

Nita M. Lowey's Congressional district stretches like a long-necked swan from the emerald lawns of Harrison in central Westchester, down a ***working-class*** sliver of the Bronx and through an immigrant corridor in Flushing to the tidy homes of southern Queens -- a distance of 25 miles and at least as many sociological somersaults.

While that may seem a tortured piece of gerrymandering, it fits Mrs. Lowey as snugly as her own life. She grew up five blocks from Yankee Stadium, raised her children and met her political mentor, Mario M. Cuomo, in Queens and moved up to Harrison, where she began a successful bid for Congress just six years ago.

"It's a life-span Nita Lowey district," she likes to say.

Still, the 18th Congressional District is not a simple one to represent, mostly because it combines New Yorkers and suburbanites, which some cynics think are essentially two different subspecies. Mrs. Lowey -- who shares the distinction of bridging New York City and the suburbs with Representative Eliot L. Engel of the 17th District and Representative Gary L. Ackerman of the 5th -- said she attacks this problem by finding issues that touch both universes.

"More than ever before I realized I had to treat this area as a region," she said.

The waters of Long Island Sound lap equally against the Bronx, Queens and Westchester shores of her district, so she has pressed for Federal money to clean up estuaries. When Senator Frank R. Lautenberg of New Jersey tried to reroute planes away from Newark Airport -- and over her constituents -- she successfully intervened with Federal aviation officials.

Sometimes, of course, the wings of her district come into conflict. When New York City and New Rochelle were rival suitors for a new UNICEF site, Mrs. Lowey pushed for a compromise that would keep executive offices in the city and move back offices to New Rochelle. Ultimately, UNICEF stayed put at the United Nations.

She insisted that she has had little problem reconciling the concerns of her Westchester and New York City constituents, and that, in fact, they have many interests in common.

"People who work in Manhattan take Metro-North in, but they end up taking the subways down to Wall Street," she said. "When you walk through Manhattan the crime in the city affects people everywhere."

What would she do if she absolutely had to choose between providing Federal money for New York City's subways or for the suburban commuter railroads?

"I'd cut agricultural subsidies deeper," she said without a moment's hesitation.

Yet, Mrs. Lowey, an upbeat, energetic Democrat with sharp political instincts, never forgets that like other members of Congress, she is local before she is regional or global. And she gets praise, even from Republicans, for attending to the block-by-block, person-by-person needs of the district, which was carved so oddly in an attempt in 1992 to create an adjoining Congressional district where blacks would be in the majority.

Mrs. Lowey spends several days a month sitting in one of her four offices as constituents come by to plead their causes. On two recent days she saw or visited:

\*Three volunteer firefighters from the Bronx side of the Throgs Neck Bridge who wanted help in obtaining surplus Federal equipment.

\*A black-suited rabbi seeking ways to finance a new social center for the Bukharan Jewish community in Rego Park, Queens.

\*Three solemn insurance salesmen from Westchester worried about her stand on health care reform.

\*A struggling defense contractor in Mount Vernon who wanted help in securing Federal loans.

In two offices, in Rego Park and White Plains, she keeps seven aides who pounce on the complaints and appeals for favors. She also keeps two small unstaffed offices in Yonkers and the Bronx.

"She's around, she's responsive, she's effective, and that's generally the way to stay in office," said one Westchester Republican officeholder who asked for anonymity lest he offend party leaders. "If I could, I'd vote for her."

Elements of Cohesion

Deborah L. Bohren, Mrs. Lowey's district director, says problems the office handles are the same across the district, ranging from stray mail to lost Social Security checks. Queens, she says, seems to have the highest proportion of retired Federal employees who call whenever pensions get snagged. The Northeaster of December 1992 ravaged more homes in low-lying areas of the Bronx and Westchester, and she was asked to intervene with the Federal Emergency Management Agency.

Her district, although largely white and middle class, is quite hybrid. Westchester is the wealthiest section, with a median family income of $60,781. Her strip of the Bronx is the whitest, and not as well-educated as the other parts, with a comparatively low 37.1 percent of residents having completed college. In her part of Queens, 18.7 percent of residents are Asian and 15.2 percent are Hispanic; 1 out of 10 people there live in poverty, double the rate in Westchester.

Howard L. Wolfson, Mrs. Lowey's press secretary, noted that Mrs. Lowey's Queens neighborhoods resemble middle-class areas of Yonkers where he grew up, so the viewpoints held across her district may be more similar than in one combining farms and urban ghettos. Another reason for an absence of city-suburban conflicts, he says, is that Federal money is often allocated by category -- cities with populations over or under 500,000, for example. Thus, Westchester cities like Port Chester and Yonkers are more likely to be rivals for community policing funds than Port Chester and New York.

It is in the area of international issues that Mrs. Lowey is most often faulted -- for her support of the North American Free Trade Agreement for example -- and she remains determinedly focused on the local. Her concern about local jobs is why she found a visit to the Tennyson Machine Company in Mount Vernon, on the edge of her district, so rewarding.

The squat factory is a family business that shapes precision parts for nuclear-powered ships and medical instruments. As Mrs. Lowey weaved around a floor littered with metal shavings, machines whirred away amid the smell of burning metal.

Despite the hubbub, Tennyson is barely surviving the post-Cold War cuts in military spending, having laid off 15 of its 50 high-skilled employees. Larry Castiglia, Tennyson's president, has been stymied in efforts to obtain Small Business Administration loans.

"I feel like we made it through the worst portion, but now I'm not going to make it because I can't get the money to keep going," he told Mrs. Lowey.

Mrs. Lowey, dressed in a teal suit and loafers, quickly discerned that many of the workers were constituents. "You know what makes me feel good," she said. "Almost everybody's local. I'm going to fight for these jobs."

She informed Mr. Castiglia that there was a $3.2 billion Federal program that provided loans for military contractors converting to non-defense production. And from her car phone she called the pivotal official.

She felt even more at home with Rabbi Yitzchak Yehoshua, chatting breezily about their Passover seders.

"At my grandfather's seder they used to sing and sing and sing, and the seder went on until 2 o'clock in the morning," she said wistfully. "At home, our seder's finished and we eat by 8 P.M."

Rabbi Yehoshua, who represents 3,500 families who immigrated from cities like Tashkent and Samarkand in the Bukharan region of the former Soviet Union, came with a shopping list of requests. He told her that the Bukharans were spilling out of their synagogue. An empty lot where a social center might be built was available, but construction would require $1 million.

Mrs. Lowey advised him to approach big private donors, but later wondered whether social-welfare money might be available from the Federal Government. The experts in tapping such financing, she advised him, are officials of the Satmar Hasidic community.

**Graphic**

Photo: Representative Nita M. Lowey calls her Congressional district, the 18th, "a life span" district, because it reflects her political and family roots in the Bronx, Queens and Westchester. She conferred with aides at her office in White Plains. (Joyce Dopkeen/The New York Times)

Chart: "Nita Melnikoff Lowey"

Born: July 5, 1937

Hometown: Born in the Bronx; lives in Harrison, N.Y.

Education: Bronx High School of Science; B.A., Mount Holyoke College.

Previous experience: Assistant Secretary of State in New York, 1985-87. Worked in the department's antipoverty division from 1975 to 1987.

Activities: Active in several charitable organizations and in Jewish and pro-Israel causes; active in women's rights. Enjoys swimming and reading.

Family: Married to Stephen Lowey, corporate lawyer in Manhattan; has three children, Dana, 31, associate producer for Geraldo Rivera Show, Jackie, 29, a special assistant in the United States Department of Transportation, and Douglas, 27, a bond trader.

(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** April 13, 1994

**End of Document**



[***GROWING UP THANKLESS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NNY0-0017-52V6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 1, 1987, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1305 words

**Byline:** By MARILYNNE ROBINSON; Marilynne Robinson, the author of the novel ''Housekeeping,'' is working on a nonfiction book about contemporary Britain.

**Body**

THE RADIANT WAY

By Margaret Drabble. 408 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $18.95.

IT is highly characteristic of English writers to put together in the same work two worlds that draw on two distinct levels of consciousness. Shakespeare did this sort of thing repeatedly. In Dickens, Conrad and their heirs the unaccustomed landscape is often dreamily transformed into something shameful or fearful. The Other becomes, explicitly or implicitly, a projection of the uncountenanced aspects of the Self. Where these two worlds are presented as Disraeli's Two Nations - the rich and the poor, ''between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones or inhabitants of different planets'' - the problem, the stereotyping of classes, is made evident.

Margaret Drabble's 10th novel, ''The Radiant Way,'' sets the lives of a few contemporary gentlefolk against a stylized backdrop of the varieties of modern sorrow feared and abhorred under the name of decline. That word, conjuring invidious momentum, is the simple machine that gives the modern impulse of reaction its startling power.

The novel describes a British urban wasteland, invoking the substratum of experience where since Sir James Frazer and Freud and T. S Eliot, dream, myth, art and psychosis have often been said to merge.

The figures in the realist foreground are Liz Head-leand, a fashionable psychiatrist; Esther Breuer, an art historian; and Alix Bowen, a minor functionary in the good-doing sector. Their greatest bond and distinction is that they attended Cambridge together in the 1950's. The novel insists that we identify with them. They are brilliant, and they move in brilliant society - we are told, though the prose in which we are given their thinking is careless and prolix, and their thoughts are entirely conventional except as they are deficient in commonplace magnanimities and compunctions. Each of the women is in her way a notable success, and all float free of the general ruin, that famous stagnation that is both the British disease and the Thatcher cure. These women enjoy rights of citizenship in the First Nation -rights that include, above all, immunity from the misfortunes of the Second Nation.

Things are not simple, however. There are ligatures of blood and mere coincidence that bind these worlds together. Liz Headleand, whose story is the center of this diffuse narrative, has a problem of identity. A classic Drabble heroine, she endured her childhood in a crabbed, spent Northern town called Northam. Since Cambridge her successes have included a distinguished marriage and inclusion in a marginal but authentic part of the British nomenklatura. The narrative worries at the problem of legitimacy of her claim to the status she has achieved. She is, after all, a product of the now-discredited postwar idealism. In ''the brave new world of Welfare State and County Scholarships,'' she and her friends were ''the elite, the chosen, the garlanded of the great social dream.''

''The Radiant Way'' begins with a 1979 New Year's Eve party at Liz's house, a slightly ambivalent celebration of the new post-idealist era. It is a time of winnowing. The language of Darwin and Herbert Spencer is of use. In the course of the novel, characters of foreign extraction leave the country, a ***working-class*** professor finds himself returned to the north and toil at the educational coalface with the disadvantaged and illiterate. Brahmins fall back on old resources, finding what comfort they can in wealth and advantage.

How will Liz fare? Lady Henrietta Latchett makes her feel like a peasant and steals her husband. But in the end Liz triumphs quite effortlessly. Her husband comes back, having lost his lady (who had cash-flow problems) and his job to boot. But Liz has found she prefers the company of her cat.

The matter of her origins is altogether more perplexed, however. Liz knows nothing of her father, and her mother has something below-stairs about her and is somehow traumatized into virtual speechlessness and immobility. Her condition seems in fact an advanced form of the Pinteresque narrowness and vacancy of other Northam lives we are shown. She embodies everything Liz wants to be free of, with special reference to region and class.

Liz the psychiatrist regards her mother with bitterness and contempt, is overjoyed by what she mistakes for news of her death, ignores her despite her emotional problems and urges her sister, who lives in Northam, to do likewise, on the grounds that their mother deserves no better from them. This would be mean-spirited enough if the mother had been negligent. But in fact it was she who lofted Liz into that sphere where she is so happily at home. Somehow this inert and indifferent woman got her two daughters elocution lessons and groomed Liz for a place at Cambridge - no small feat. After her death her daughters find news clippings that tell how their father was accused of a minor sexual offense and how he afterward committed suicide. Pathetic, they conclude, as they burn the clippings.

All this stirs memories of inappropriate behavior by him toward them (associated for Liz, oddly enough, with the child's book ''The Radiant Way,'' which was also the title of an early, idealistic documentary made by her husband to stimulate educational reform). To illustrate the fact that things could have been worse for them, Liz ''regaled Shirley with one or two worse cases that had come her own way. Stunned children, reeling from confrontation with bull-headed minotaurs.'' A pretty moment, truly. It is no surprise by now that these weird sisters have not a word of compassion for their mother's unenviable life, even when they learn the secret of it. The point is made that Liz is right to deny these compromising parents, even to refuse them all sympathy. She is herself alone. And the reader is left to wonder what this creature is that is being held up to our admiration.

If Sophocles ever wrote a true word, or Freud ever had a useful insight, then one is not easily rid of one's family. Liz's discovery of the truth of her origins could be described, in the terms of the book, as mythic or as psychoanalytic self-discovery. That it is neither seems a flat denial of ancient and modern cultural wisdom, odd in a novel that invokes both, and in a character supposedly steeped in both. THE book alludes to the current view that Britain is post-Christian, and toys with a notion of polymorphous mythic energy stirring in the rubble.

As usual, the new mythology appears to offer, in Nietzsche's phrase, a transvaluation of values. A serial murderer leaves headless women seat-belted in abandoned cars. The psychotic art of the murders recalls to Esther Breuer, the art historian, themes from myth and particularly paintings of Christian martyrdoms. Alix Bowen, reflecting on a troubled young acquaintance whose severed head is left in the seat of Alix's car, pities the murderer, who has been instrumental in the young woman's powerfully willed martyrdom. This death is the last in the series, so presumably all the other women, most of them black, had manipulated the poor murderer, obliging him to remove their heads. Blaming victims is not new or clever, but it is a serviceable antidote to dread, compassion and collective guilt - the sort of encumbrances the times invite us to be rid of, so that we may brave this new world where flourish Liz, Alix, Esther and their ilk.

The emotional withdrawal proposed to us in ''The Radiant Way'' is truly radical. Cast off familial and social bonds and what is left? Liz Headleand doing lunch, being brilliant, though somehow never in our hearing. This novel is a valuable specimen of a new consciousness. It has no other claim on the reader's attention.

**Graphic**

Photo of Maregaret Drabble

**End of Document**



[***More Room to Grow Creatively***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4G77-HK30-TW8F-G1VS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 22, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14WC; Column 1; Westchester Weekly Desk; Pg. 14; ART

**Length:** 1637 words

**Byline:** By BENJAMIN GENOCCHIO

**Body**

POUGHKEEPSIE is best known as an old, ***working-class*** Hudson River town that time and stagnation have left in disrepair and disrepute. But these days it is also home to Huma Bhabha and Jason Fox, a successful New York artist couple who were looking to escape the punishing cycle of ever-rising rents on their Manhattan studios and a depressing tenement apartment.

New York artists have been migrating to leafier surroundings for more than half a century; Jackson Pollock moved to the East End of Long Island in 1945, and Richard Prince moved to an abandoned ranch-style building on 80 acres in Rensselaerville, N.Y., near Albany, in 2001. But moves like that of Ms. Bhabha and Mr. Fox -- to towns not particularly recognized as havens for artists -- are the latest wrinkle in this exodus. And they are far from alone in taking shelter in an unlikely place.

Timely evidence of this development may be found in ''Greater New York 2005,'' the survey of more than 150 emerging artists from the greater New York area now on exhibit at P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center in Long Island City. Some live in the recognized artists' outposts of the last decade, like Peekskill and Beacon, N.Y., or Jersey City. But others have chosen an unexpected town or area -- like Poughkeepsie, Guilford, Conn., Asbury Park, N.J., and the North Fork of Long Island.

Artists make the move in search of space for studios and living -- so expensive and rare in New York City. Although many find they miss the cultural stimulation of the big city, they also discover, in some cases to their surprise, that they can concentrate on their work more intensely in calmer surroundings. Some even find new inspiration.

What follows is a profile of a group of young and emerging artists who have moved to unlikely regional towns. Some are included in ''Greater New York,'' while others are represented by recognized city galleries and have blossoming careers. But all have shifted their creative center of gravity away from the city.

Poughkeepsie

''My work has definitely gone in a good direction since we came here,'' said Ms. Bhabha, a 42-year-old sculptor. ''I have just got a gallery in New York to represent me, had my first show with them, and have been showing more in the last year or so than ever before.''

Ms. Bhabha was sitting in a spacious studio off the living room of her third-floor loft-style apartment in a converted department store, with sunny windows looking over buildings and a parking lot. Here she makes her figurative mixed-media sculptures, some of which are featured in ''Greater New York.''

Ms. Bhabha came here two years ago with Mr. Fox after a New York landlord threatened to triple the rent on their TriBeCa studios. They were drawn initially by the town's abundance of industrial buildings for rent, many at affordable prices, but have since come to appreciate its character and charm.

''When we first came here I used to joke that we had gone into the witness protection program or something, because we were living in this strange, quiet place where we didn't know anyone,'' Mr. Fox said. ''But it worked out O.K., as there aren't so many distractions and you can concentrate more on what you are doing.''

Since 1991, Mr. Fox, 40, has shown his figurative paintings at Feature Inc. in New York City. His work is also included in ''Greater New York.''

The couple return to the city regularly, mostly for socializing, but are always glad to go back to Poughkeepsie.

''New York is so competitive for artists, and you feel like you are always in a race,'' Mr. Fox said. ''You are very aware of it down there, but up here we can sort of decompress. Even though it is not that far away, it feels sort of far away mentally.''

Norwalk, Conn.

''Right now I am really interested in artists who have studios outside of New York,'' said the sculptor Joe Fig, who two years ago moved to Norwalk, a quiet town with a curious mix of old industrial areas, a nascent downtown arts district, and, heading toward New Canaan, elegant homes, stone walls, rivers and woods. ''Given I no longer live in the city, I am curious to see how they work.''

Mr. Fig moved to Norwalk in search of peace, quiet and studio space. And if any artist deserves a studio, it is Mr. Fig, 37, who makes exact, intricate, three-dimensional sculptural models of famous artists' studios. Past subjects include the studios of Chuck Close, Robert Rauschenberg, Jasper Johns and Andy Warhol. He has also done the studios of contemporary artists like Fred Tomaselli.

The idea for these sculptures came to Mr. Fig in the late 1990's, when he was living in Brooklyn, and working in a back area of his living room. He said he envied artists with big, light-filled studios, so he began making models as a kind of comment on his own lack of space. Dealers and curators loved them, and his art career was made.

With money from the sale of his sculptures, Mr. Fig bought a rickety 1939 Cape Cod home on one and a half leafy acres in Norwalk. He turned the two-car garage into a studio, putting down a plywood floor and drywall and insulation for the walls and ceiling, and finally installing a heater. When the weather is nice, he opens up the double garage doors to let air and sunshine in.

Right now he is building a model of the studios belonging to the well-known painting couple Eric Fischl and April Gornik, who recently moved to North Haven on the South Fork of Long Island, where they have built a home and dual studios perpendicular to each other.

''They are among the most beautiful studios that I've ever seen,'' Mr. Fig said.

Aside from regular exhibitions at his New York gallery, Plus Ultra in Brooklyn, Mr. Fig had a show this past year in Boston, another in Santa Monica, Calif., and another at the Bass Museum of Art in Miami Beach. He is also working with Swiss collectors on a collaborative commission with the Russian artists Ilya and Emilia Kabakov.

The North Fork

For some artists, leaving New York City is all about access to cut-rate studios. But for others, like Michael Combs, it is also about setting up shop in an alternative environment as a source of creative nourishment.

Raised in Southold, on the North Fork of Long Island, Mr. Combs, 34, comes from a long line of local boat builders, duck hunters and decoy makers. His works are a spin on that heritage, consisting of intricately carved wooden objects with social and environmental messages.

Mr. Combs, who was born in Huntington, on Long Island, had often thought about returning to the Island during a decade in the city. But he did not make the move until late 2001, when he was offered a studio in Southold, the entire second floor of an old carriage barn owned by a friend. He rents a house in nearby Greenport, where he lives with his wife and young son.

He was drawn to the area, he said, ''by the natural beauty of the location and degree of serenity and solitude that living out here affords.''

Mr. Combs still keeps a loft in Manhattan. But his creative center is on the North Fork, he said, where he now makes his sculptures in a light, airy space measuring 30 feet by 30 feet, several times the size of his former city studio.

''Just being here I feel alive, energetic and anchored to my roots,'' he said.

He also finds that being on the North Fork is conducive to work.

''I was very much surprised when I first started working here how much I could get done,'' he said. ''It also helped me appreciate the city more, using it for what it offers, like the cultural scene, then heading back up here. It is a nice balance.''

Mr. Combs exhibits locally and in the city. Recently, he had a major installation at the Parrish Art Museum in Southampton, and has an exhibition later that closes June 5 at the Icehouse Gallery in Greenport. He also had work in an exhibition at Exit Art in Manhattan earlier this month.

Asbury Park, N.J.

To many people, Asbury Park is a crumbling shore town where Bruce Springsteen had his start. But these days it is also home to Robert Melee, a well-known artist who made a significant sum from a sale of his artwork to the British collector Charles Saatchi.

Mr. Melee, 38, took his money and, in 2000, bought a run-down house in Asbury Park and converted it into a boutique studio-home, designing the renovation himself. He said the house was so cheap that he charged the down payment on a credit card. He now has two bedrooms, a large living room, a studio and a shady garden near the beach, 58 miles from New York City.

Raised nearby in Sayreville, Mr. Melee is widely known for his attention-grabbing videos of his mother. But he also makes beautiful Op Art bottle-top paintings as well as furniture-like sculptural units (which is what Mr. Saatchi bought) decorated with family photographs, videocassettes and television monitors.

His work is featured in ''Greater New York,'' and he has exhibited recently at the New Museum and Andrew Kreps Gallery in New York, as well as the Milwaukee Art Museum.

Mr. Melee returned to his home state after 17 years in New York City, he said, because he was tired of having no space.

''I feel like I sacrificed so much for so long living in the city, and it was only after I made the decision to move down here that I realized that I could have contact with the cultural scene there but also have the kind of home and work space I had always wanted,'' he said.

He has also experienced an uptick in his outlook since moving to Asbury Park, he said.

''My new home-studio space has really inspired me,'' he said. ''I feel incredibly content here, which I think has come partly from having no social distractions and partly from being able to take more than three steps in any direction without hitting a piece of furniture. Having that contentment makes you feel grounded and centered, which in turn feeds creativity.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Jason Fox and Huma Bhabha, above, moved to Poughkeepsie to escape ever-rising rents in Manhattan and to find space. But they have also found, Mr. Fox says, that away from New York, ''you can concentrate more on what you are doing.'' Above, they position one of Mr. Fox's paintings, ''Concert for Eternal Happiness,'' in their combined home and studio. In inset, Ms. Bhabha works on a sculpture in the studio. (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)

Robert Melee, in his studio in Asbury Park, N.J., 58 miles from New York City. In 2000, he bought a run-down house in Asbury Park and converted it to a studio-home. Mr. Melee is known for his videos and furniture-like sculptural works, like the one at left. (Photo by Jill C. Becker for The New York Times)(pg. 14)

An osprey, a work in progress, left, by Michael Combs, right and above right, in his Southold studio. Joe Fig, below and below left, works in the studio-garage of his Norwalk home. (Photographs by Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. 15)

**Load-Date:** May 22, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Divided San Francisco Eyes Election***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-NX40-0017-520P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 21, 1987, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 16, Column 4; National Desk

**Length:** 1262 words

**Byline:** By ROBERT REINHOLD, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15

**Body**

Nine years after San Francisco was plunged into despair and conflict by the assassination of Mayor George Moscone, his successor, Dianne Feinstein, is nearing the end of her eventful term as Mayor.

But after winning wide approval for healing San Francisco's political and psychic wounds, Mayor Feinstein, who cannot run again after two full terms, leaves behind a city sharply divided on economic and social issues. The tight and bitter race to succeed her is being played out in a city that stands at a critical juncture.

As in other cities on the East and West coasts that have prospered in the 1980's, economic success has bred deep political problems in San Francisco.

Inexorably rising housing costs are driving out middle-class families. The cost of an average three-bedroom house has risen from $83,000 to $229,000 since Mrs. Feinstein assumed office. Parking has become almost impossible. Unhappiness runs deep over downtown development that has radically altered the skyline. The AIDS crisis among San Francisco's large and politically powerful gay population is intensifying. The city government faces a $76 million budget shortfall. And the city has lost its dominance as the financial center of Pacific trade to its rival to the south, Los Angeles.

Choice Is Clear

The nonpartisan mayoral race has come down to one between Supervisor John L. Molinari, a former Republican who is a scion of an old San Francisco family and son of a retired judge, and State Assemblyman Art Agnos, who likes to boast that he is an immigrant bootblack's son who arrived in San Francisco on a Greyhound bus 21 years ago with only $500 in his pocket.

By national standards, both men are liberals who support rent control and gay rights. But to those schooled in the special politics of this lovely city on the bay, the choice is clear enough. Jack Molinari, a longtime Feinstein ally who has the Mayor's endorsement, is seen as the practical urban politician, a centrist who promises to bring the city's diverse minorities and business community together. Art Agnos is more liberal, more stridently ideological, a champion of the small man who promises to make waves against the moneyed establishment and offer new ''visions'' for the city.

A third candidate, Roger Boas, a wealthy Pontiac dealer who is a former chief administrative officer of the city, is well behind. But, standing to the right of Mr. Molinari, he may well draw enough votes from him to force a Molinari-Agnos runoff after the Nov. 3 election if no candidate wins a majority.

Gay Voters Are Divided

A striking feature of the campaign is that homosexuals, a powerful voting bloc estimated to account for one in every four ballots, are deeply divided between Mr. Molinari and Mr. Agnos, both of whom have assiduously cultivated the gay vote for years.

''It is a very difficult time for the gay community to have to choose between two friends,'' said Roberto Esteves, president of the Alice B. Toklas Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club, the largest gay political club. In two votes, the club has been unable to reach the 60 percent majority that its leadership needs to endorse Mr. Molinari. But another gay club, the Harvey Milk Gay Democratic Club, named for the City Supervisor who was slain with Mayor Moscone, has endorsed Mr. Agnos.

With the gay-rights issue thus neutralized, the main issues are affordable housing, rent control, downtown growth, fiscal problems and neighborhoods.

Both candidates support San Francisco's current rent controls, which limit rent increases to 4 percent a year but lapse when an apartment is vacated. Mr. Agnos wants to extend controls to vacancies, but Mr. Molinari, like Mrs. Feinstein, does not. Similarly, Mr. Agnos backed a proposition last November by which voters decided to impose tight limits on further downtown growth; Mr. Molinari and the Mayor opposed it as damaging to the city's faltering image among business leaders.

The two also disagree on the United States Navy's offer to establish the Hunters Point shipyard as the home port for the battleship Missouri; Mr. Molinari welcomes the jobs it would bring, but Mr. Agnos says it conflicts with his concerns about the environment, nuclear disarmament and Navy discrimination against homosexuals. Similarly, Mr. Molinari favors putting a new baseball stadium downtown to keep the Giants from moving away, and Mr. Agnos opposes it.

Became a Democrat in '82

Mr. Molinari is a 52-year-old insurance man who has served on the Board of Supervisors since 1972, including five terms as president. He played a key role in engineering Mrs. Feinstein's elevation to Mayor in 1978, and in 1982 became a Democrat, essential to advancing in a city that is 77 percent Democratic. He has earned a reputation as a politician who knows his way around City Hall and can bring warring factions together.

''You will have to decide who is the centrist who can reach out to the right and the left, to bring thse diverse groups together to solve the problems of this city,'' he told voters recently.

Mr. Agnos, a 49-year-old native of Springfield, Mass., and a social worker by training, has won his spurs in the San Francisco wars. On Dec. 13, 1973, he was gravely wounded in the string of ''Zebra killings'' that left 14 dead. Representing a diverse ***working-class*** district in the State Assembly since 1976, he is known as a hard-driving, effective lawmaker who helped push through welfare changes, as well as a bill protecting homosexuals from job discrimination that was vetoed by Gov. George Deukmejian in 1984. Candidate's Book Mr. Agnos promises ''opportunity for everybody in an affordable city, young and old, gay and straight, individuals and families and all ethnic groups.''

He has issued a slim 82-page book, ''Getting Things Done: Visions and Goals for San Francisco,'' and his campaign slogan is ''Read My Book.''

The campaign has recently turned nasty as Mr. Molinari has hit hard on what he calls the ''integrity'' issue. This refers to Mr. Agnos's failure to report on his state and Federal income taxes $65,000 from land deals arranged by a Sacramento developer, Angelo Tsakopoulos. According to Moninari radio ads, Mr. Tsakopoulos is the ''developer who made Art Agnos rich.'' Mr. Molinari also charges that Mr. Agnos sponsored legislation for the developer.

Mr. Agnos admits making a mistake on the taxes, and paid penalties, but denies favoritism for his friend.

Feinstein's Legacy

Mayor Feinstein will leave office with a mixed legacy. She unified the city in the months after the Moscone and Milk slayings and after the rioting that occurred when Supervisor Dan White was convicted of manslaughter rather than murder in the case.

She has since emerged as something of an urban statesman, an effective international ambassador for San Francisco. But her relentless push for growth has evoked ambivalence. Business leaders like John Jacobs, executive director of the Chamber of Commerce, have applauded her. But others have faulted her for not doing enough to stem the loss of white-collar jobs.

Gay leaders are similarly torn. On the one hand, she was the first mayor to allocate money for AIDS education and care - $17.5 million for this year -but she has also alienated homosexuals by vetoing a bill to give legal status to same-sex couples and by urging the Governor to veto a bill making it easier to test AIDS drugs in California.

Same say she has purposely distanced herself from the gay issue with an eye toward the future. In an interview today, Mrs. Feinstein said she was ''going to take a close look at the Governor's race in 1990.''

**Graphic**

Photo of candidate Art Agnos (NYT/Terrence McCarthy); photo of candidate John L. Molinari (NYT)

**End of Document**



[***At the Movies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RP70-0017-5004-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 24, 1987, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 8, Column 1; Weekend Desk; Review

**Length:** 1256 words

**Byline:** Lawrence Van Gelder

**Body**

The Soul of 'Robocop'

''Things go strangely in life,'' observed the Dutch director Paul Verhoeven.

Well over a year ago, when Orion Pictures sent him the script of ''Robocop'' - a mordant, futuristic tale about a slaughtered Detroit policeman who is restored to duty as half-man, half-robot - the 48-year-old film maker was prepareed to turn it down.

Last weekend, on the heels of its release and despite criticisms of its violence, ''Robocop,'' starring Peter Weller, was the top box-office attraction in the United States.

''First of all,'' Mr. Verhoeven said, ''when I read it the first time and talked to Orion about it, I said, 'This is just an action script, and I don't think I can do this.' And they emphasized that I was wrong and I was stupid and there was more at stake than that. That was the first thing that happened.

''My wife read the script, and she came to me and said, 'Why are you not going to do this picture?' Though it is not something I had done before,'' he said, referring to the special effects involved in the film's science-fiction aspects, ''she was sure I could put my personality into it.''

So once again Mr. Verhoeven read the script by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. ''Only at the second reading,'' he said, ''did I get the basic idea of the picture, which to me has to do with the human soul.''

He observed: ''It's about losing your soul, even part of your body, and then being resurrected into a new body, which is a very Christian thing, isn't it? It's not that these things are pushed in the picture, but they are there.'' And, he said, they prompted him to make the film.

Mr. Verhoeven, who earned a doctorate in mathematics and physics at the University of Leiden, where he also began making films with his student friends, is perhaps best known in the United States for ''Soldier of Orange,'' a 1979 film that follows a group of Dutch university students through World War II. His films, including ''Spetters'' and ''The Fourth Man,'' have often been marked by extreme violence.

''You have to realize,'' said Mr. Verhoeven, who grew up in The Hague, ''when I was a young kid, between 6 and 12, we were occupied by the Germans.'' He recalled that ''V-1 and V-2 rockets were shot about 400 feet from our house. I think that makes a very big impression when you are a kid, and seeing people dead on the street.''

''The war was finished in '45,'' he said, ''and I was 7 at that moment. We were just liberated by the Americans. Everything was in ruins. There was not much to do. What was available were the American movies, and I went three times a week.'' The diet consisted of B-movies - science fiction, westerns, action pictures. ''You were not going to Fellini,'' Mr. Verhoeven said.

And so, he said, the violence of the war and the sort of movies he saw at a susceptible age combined to leave their mark on him. ''It is computed in your brain. It's a programming,'' he said. ''So action and danger might be part of my deepest soul.''

The Birth of 'La Bamba'

About nine years ago, as Luis Valdez recalls it, the motion picture ''La Bamba'' was born in a dressing room in the Winter Garden Theater on Broadway, where ''Zoot Suit'' was playing.

''La Bamba,'' written and directed by Mr. Valdez, starring Lou Diamond Phillips and opening today (review on page C4), is the story of Ritchie Valens. The Hispanic rock singer from California vaulted to stardom as a teen-ager with such hits as ''La Bamba,'' ''Come On, Let's Go'' and ''Donna,'' and died Feb. 3, 1959, in a plane crash that also killed Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper.

One aspect of ''La Bamba'' is, Mr. Valdez noted, a rags-to-riches story that ''points out where most of the rock-and-roll of the 1950's came from - from the ***working class*** in America. And the mythical image of the poor boy with a guitar is the consistent factor of all those major pioneers, from Elvis to Ritchie.''

Mr. Valdez, now 47 years old, who had written ''Zoot Suit,'' said he and his brother Daniel, now 38, who was the show's co-star with Edward James Olmos, were ''talking about other projects we might be able to turn into musicals.'' Recounting how one idea led to another, he said:

'' 'Zoot Suit' involved the music of the 40's, and we started talking about the music of the 50's, using rock-and-roll, and that led naturally to Ritchie Valens.

''A couple of years after that, 'Zoot Suit' became my first feature film, and the possibility of a film musical or film biography of Ritchie Valens became more possible. That led us over a five- or six-year research project - that my brother conducted - to this project.''

Mr. Valdez, who grew up in California and was a migrant farm worker like Valens, said he was just out of high school and a teen-age rock fan when the singer died. He said:

''I have always felt that the 50's, as they were portrayed on film, were not the full story. As I experienced the 1950's, there was certainly a side to it that was 'Happy Days.' But there was another side to it that was more like the Great Depression. And I wanted to be able to focus in with detail and be able to capture the spirit of that time, how rock-and-roll was an elemental force on a number of different levels.

''One, rock-and-roll gave focus to the emerging youth culture, the baby boom generation. At the same time, it also became a symptom of change. And the history of rock-and-roll is parallel to the history of integration in this country, and the fusion of rhythm and blues with country-western represents, as far as I'm concerned, the coming together of black and white people in this country.

''It is significant that Ritchie Valens was there as a Hispanic in 1959, and with one song internationalized rock-and-roll.''

Mr. Valdez said the death of Valens left its mark on him. ''It sort of sealed my teen-age years,'' he said. ''It ended them. I got involved in the civil rights movement and the Viva Kennedy campaign after that.''

Mr. Valdez noted parallels between Valens's life and his own, including the element of ambition. ''I had great dreams of becoming a playwright or writer,'' said Mr. Valdez, who added that his next film - as writer and director - will be a social comedy called ''Cactus Curtain.'' ''I've achieved many of my dreams,'' he said. ''The tragedy of Ritchie is that he died at 17. His triumph is that his death resulted in a legend that continues to live and inspire the youth of today.''

After 'Orphans'

Alan J. Pakula's new movie, ''Orphans,'' starring Matthew Modine, Albert Finney and Kevin Anderson, has been chosen for showing at the Toronto Film Festival, Sept. 10 to 19.

The movie is based on the Lyle Kessler play about an encounter between two boys and a father figure. Because the life of the play was essentially in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and London, the director said as he discussed the festival, ''We felt it was a very good place to introduce the film outside New York City.'' ''Orphans'' is to open here Sept. 23.

Mr. Pakula, whose directing credits include ''Klute,'' ''All the President's Men'' and ''Sophie's Choice'' (which he adapted for the screen), has just completed his first original screenplay. Its title is ''See You in the Morning.'' It is a dramatic comedy. It is the story of a family. And aside from saying that he's on the verge of making a deal for its financing and production, with him as its director, he will say no more about it except:

''The oddest thing is that I hadn't done it before. I think what is exciting is starting new experiences even though you've been making films for quite a while.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Paul Verhoeven (S. Karin Epstein)

**End of Document**



[***THE NEW SEASON/FILM: THE SCENE-STEALERS; Crib Sheet: Breakout Performances***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:49G9-K4S0-01KN-2017-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 7, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 49

**Length:** 1649 words

**Byline:**  By KAREN DURBIN; Karen Durbin is the film critic for Elle magazine.

**Body**

MARIA BELLO -- Topping the list of guilty pleasures in Bruce Paltrow's ramshackle karaoke movie "Duets" (2000) is Maria Bello's sweetly husky yet dead-honest rendering of the Bonnie Raitt song "I Can't Make You Love Me." Because her character trades sex for everything from a quick meal to a place to sleep, the mid-movie revelation of her talent is both thrilling and sad, and we immediately want to know more. Not that we ever will -- Ms. Bello's movies tend to strand her in second-tier parts that she makes more compelling than the main event.

Since leaving her "E.R." doctor's whites for a film career, she's often played babes with an edge -- tough, professionally sexy women who almost never get enough of the scriptwriter's attention. Come November, a sharp, quirky casino movie called "The Cooler" may change all that. Equal in every respect to her co-stars, the brutal casino boss Alec Baldwin and the unlikely love interest William H. Macy, Ms. Bello peels the hard, glossy layers off the tough-girl cliche and shows us the fearful rawness within. Her disheveled Vegas cocktail waitress looks as frayed as her nerves. The grim slog of pleasing the punters has left her all used up with nowhere to go. With her killer cheekbones and rose-petal mouth, Ms. Bello is a strikingly pretty woman, but here the sexual vitality has been leached out of her. The ***working-class*** floozy is the most denigrated woman in movies -- not smart enough to be interesting and too low to be tragic, she's been getting a grapefruit in the face for years. But in "The Cooler" Ms. Bello raises the stakes, making her so deeply, desperately human that she becomes the movie's soul: if she loses, we all do. (Nov. 19.)

PETER DINKLAGE -- Discussing the star of his new movie, "The Station Agent," Tom McCarthy says, "Pete and I agreed from the outset that it wouldn't be, as he put it, a coming-of-height story." Peter Dinklage, who is 33 and 4 feet 5 inches tall, is probably best known for sending up the sinister dwarf from "Twin Peaks" in "Living in Oblivion" (1995), Tom DiCillo's take-no-prisoners assault on the pretensions of indie filmmaking. Mr. Dinklage has also been a successful Off-Broadway actor since his student days at Bennington. Still, a couple of years ago he told a reporter for an online theater magazine what was missing: "I seem to play a lot of wisecracking, cynical characters, but what I really want is to play the romantic lead and get the girl."

In "The Station Agent," which nabbed both the screenwriting and audience awards at this year's Sundance Film Festival, he gets his wish, with complications. Mr. Dinklage plays a railway buff who inherits a derelict wooden train depot in rural New Jersey and promptly moves in, only to find his well-armored solitude a magnet for other lonely, self-sufficient people, including a bereaved artist (Patricia Clarkson) who holds out the alarming possibility of love. Mr. McCarthy, who knew Mr. Dinklage from shared theater projects, realized he would be perfect for a story about connection and its discontents only after running into him on the street.

"Walking with Pete, I was struck by his movie-star ability to ignore the constant stream of attention, good and bad, that comes his way," Mr. McCarthy says. Casting Mr. Dinklage would make the character's reserve self-explanatory, he says, and his particular brand of cool would give it an erotic charge. In "The Station Agent," Mr. Dinklage, who is short, dark and handsome, makes the moody, tousled most of it. (Oct. 3.)

EMMY ROSSUM -- At 13 she first stole a movie -- or, more precisely, 43 seconds of it. Her a cappella rendition of "Barbara Allen" in "Songcatcher" (2000), about an early-20th-century musicologist trolling for aural gold in the hollows of Appalachia, was so rich and sinewy it briefly stopped the movie cold. But you had to buy the augmented soundtrack CD to discover Ms. Rossum's other voice, a shiveringly pellucid soprano that more than holds its own in a duet with Dolly Parton. Since then, Ms. Rossum, who turns 17 on Friday, has been quietly paying dues in a stream of low-profile film and television roles. But her career should go into hyperdrive next year, when half the world hears her sing the leading role of Christine in Warner Brothers' $40 million movie version of "Phantom of the Opera." So: can she act? The answer may be seen in "Mystic River," directed by Clint Eastwood from Dennis Lehane's brooding best seller about three boyhood pals whose lives collide years later when one man's daughter is murdered. Once again, Ms. Rossum's role is brief and transfixing. Playing off the murky depths of heavyweights like Sean Penn, she radiates a vibrant innocence, taking you back to that perilous, electric moment in life when everything was new. (Oct. 8.)

GERARD McSORLEY -- "That was a horrible day," Gerard McSorley says by phone from Dublin. Mr. McSorley is talking about shooting a hair-raising scene in "Veronica Guerin" in which he hurls himself at Cate Blanchett and beats her to the ground. Having to run convincingly amok while not grazing his co-star, who plays the title character, wasn't just physically tricky -- "We rehearsed it like a dance," he says -- but emotionally exhausting. Mr. McSorley is a first-rank stage actor who has long performed with the Abbey Theater and Brian Friel's Field Day company, which brought him to Broadway in "Dancing at Lughnasa." More Americans have probably seen him in movies about Irish politics, however, whether as the decent police chief in "Bloody Sunday" or the inflammatory I.R.A. man in "The Boxer." His work is consistently subtle, often unobtrusive. But in "Veronica Guerin," it's indelible.

"Veronica Guerin" moves like a thriller but is based on real events in the life of an Irish journalist who was killed by a hit man in 1996 after campaigning for months against Dublin's emerging drug lords. Mr. McSorley plays John Gilligan, the most violent and ambitious of the lot. Mr. McSorley's Gilligan is one of the great screen monsters, all the more terrifying for seeming so ordinary, even mild, between hair-trigger eruptions of psychotic rage.

Mr. McSorley, whose own favorite among his movie roles is the gentle priest in "Angela's Ashes" (1999), had such doubts about playing Gilligan that he skipped his first appointment with the director, Joel Schumacher. Once committed, however, he decided his preparation should include a face-to-face meeting with his subject, currently in prison for drug trafficking -- and known for raising havoc. Mr. McSorley was persuaded to change his mind about that as well. (Oct. 17.)

PETER SARSGAARD -- His amiable young killer in "Boys Don't Cry" (1999) harbored a sulfurous menace just behind his eyes. And in last year's California noir, "The Salton Sea," he conjured up the ridiculously winning Jimmy the Finn, a feckless speed freak with a heart of gold. Only 32, Mr. Sarsgaard has a character actor's gift for complexity. Despite his choirboy good looks, he plays the hero so seldom that over lunch he cheerfully cites his only example, the submarine-saving Vadim in "K-19: The Widowmaker."

Next month, Mr. Sarsgaard adds to that very short list the role of Chuck Lane in "Shattered Glass." Mr. Lane was editor of The New Republic in 1998, when the magazine's wunderkind Stephen Glass (played by Hayden Christensen) was exposed as a fraud who had faked all or part of some 27 articles. To his credit, Mr. Lane did most of the exposing, over the protests of a staff blinded by Mr. Glass's glib charm. Judging by the real Mr. Glass's recent appearance on "60 Minutes," Mr. Christensen has him cold, right down to the self-pity that quivers to the surface when anyone presses him too hard.

But the most startlingly realistic figure in the movie is Mr. Sarsgaard, looking pale from lack of sun, puffy from lack of sleep and preoccupied with his work. His glamour-free magazine editor is a sort of Everyjournalist, although one who covers politics in Haiti and edits articles by Gabriel Garcia Marquez. In an early scene, Mr. Christensen regales a staff meeting with the delicious details of his latest scoop, and doubt flickers in Mr. Sarsgaard's eyes. It figures. His Chuck Lane is the real deal. (Oct. 31.)

MARIE-JOSEE CROZE -- Denys Arcand's "Barbarian Invasions," about a dying man's attempts to set his badly botched emotional affairs in order, is a more thoughtful sequel to Mr. Arcand's blistering 1986 satire, "The Decline of the American Empire." Remy (played by Remy Girard), the most complacent of the earlier film's gallery of posturing, sex-mad Montreal academics, is now bald and terrified of death. The original ensemble cast is as good as ever, but the movie belongs to the actors who play their grown and alienated children. Marie-Josee Croze, last seen here in Atom Egoyan's "Ararat," won the best actress prize at the Cannes Film Festival in May for her quietly stunning performance in "The Barbarian Invasions," playing the radically estranged daughter of one of Remy's many lovers. Her character, Nathalie, is a publisher's proofreader; with her plain dresses and neatly trimmed hair, she could be a modern nun. But Nathalie is a heroin addict, and she reluctantly agrees to supply the undermedicated Remy to ease his dying.

Speaking from Paris, where she's making two films back to back, Ms. Croze says of the role, "It's the best thing I've ever done." Ms. Croze found the part so affecting that afterward she didn't work for a year -- nothing seemed good enough. No wonder. Eschewing the usual lurid cliches, her portrait of addiction is shocking yet familiar: less a dirty thrill than a craving for nullity, it's a willed retreat from pain and risk. Helping Remy to die, she begins, however tentatively, to live, and you feel the movie's center of gravity shift. She is the doubtful future, while Remy is fast becoming the past. (Nov. 21.)

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Clockwise from top: Maria Bello as a Las Vegas cocktail waitress in "The Cooler"; Gerard McSorley as the Irish gangster John Gilligan in "Veronica Guerin"; Marie-Josee Croze, of "The Barbarian Invasions"; Peter Sarsgaard as the editor Charles Lane in "Shattered Glass"; Peter Dinklage as a railway buff who inherits a depot in "The Station Agent"; Emmy Rossum in "Mystic River." (Photo by Jim Sheldon/Lions Gate Films); (Photo by Miramax Films); (Photo by Merie W. Wallace/Warner Brothers); (Photo by Jonathan Wenk/Lions Gate Films); (Photo by Jonathan Hession/Touchstone Pictures); (Photo by Christinne Muschi/Reuters)

**Load-Date:** September 7, 2003

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5H3T-9XX1-DXY4-X2XX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 9, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 18

**Length:** 7210 words

**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)

? 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 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; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.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, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) 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)

The Cloisters: 'Treasures and Talismans: Rings From the Griffin Collection' (through Oct. 18) In its most basic form as a small hoop made of anything that can be turned into a circle, the finger ring is the simplest, least encumbering kind of jewelry. Yet, as shown by this absorbing exhibition, a ring can be a miniature sculpture of marvelous complexity, skill and imagination. The show features more than 60 rings made in Europe from late Ancient Roman times to the Renaissance, and it's amplified by two dozen paintings and sculptural objects related to ring making and customs. 99 Margaret Corbin Drive, Fort Tryon Park, Washington Heights, 212-923-3700, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? 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: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) 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)

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. (Roberta 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 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)

? 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)

Morbid Anatomy Museum: 'Opus Hypnagogia: Sacred Spaces of the Visionary and Vernacular' (through Oct. 18) Coined in the 19th century, the word hypnagogia refers to the transition period between wakefulness and sleep, when, while still conscious, you may find yourself seeing images, having thoughts or hearing things that make little logical sense. This disorganized but fascinating show presents a wildly eclectic selection of more than 50 paintings, drawings and sculptures, including voodoo ritual objects, antique illustrated mystical books and recent works of offbeat fantasy by contemporary artists, all or some of which might have been inspired by hypnagogic experiences. 424 Third Avenue, at Seventh Street, Gowanus, Brooklyn, morbidanatomymuseum.org, 347-799-1017. (Johnson)

? 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)

? 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-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Everything, Everyday: Artists in Residence 2014-15' (through Oct. 25) During their residency year, these three artists have worked in assemblage mode, using both physical and psychological matter as their raw materials. Eric Mack has worked out a hybrid of painting and sculpture from distressed clothing, rope, pegboards, packing blankets and pigment to create a threatening-to-fall- apart dance of heavy and light. Lauren Halsey's ''Kingdom Splurge,'' a mirrored grotto lined with pastel-tinted boulders and beauty shop ads, is a Afro-futuristic Emerald City. Sadie Barnette, in a series of meticulous graphite drawings, spins out a complex, first-names-only family tree and pieces together her own past from memorabilia related to her father. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Cotter)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

Galleries: Uptown

'Portraiture Now: Staging the Self' (through Oct. 17) This exhibition, organized by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center, reimagines portraiture in creative ways through the works of six contemporary Latino artists from the United States. Carlee Fernandez's delightfully weird self-portraits from 2006 show her communing with her (old, white, male) influences. Rachelle Mozman's subtly dramatic photographs feature her mother playing different roles, from a uniformed maid to an upper-class woman being served. And Karen Miranda Rivadeneira's photographs are lush and poetic, capturing herself and family members in wild and beautiful landscapes. Unfortunately, some of the work feels like it reinforces stereotypical roles for young Latinos -- but the women manage to stretch out and be poetic, playful or pensive. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, between 68th and 69th Streets, 212-249-8950, as-coa.org/visual-arts. (Schwendener)

? '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: 57th Street

John O'Reilly: 'Montages 1968-2015'; Susan Jane Walp: 'Paintings on Paper' (through Oct. 17) One solo reviews the career of one of our greatest living artist of mysterious, erudite, confounding photomontages and shows him, at 85, moving into new territory. The other presents the latest oil-on-paper still lifes -- a tangerine, a tea bowl, three zinnias -- of a miniaturist exploring light and infinite ways to render edges without lines. Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 724 Fifth Avenue, at 57th Street, 212-262-5050, tibordenagy.com. (Smith)

Galleries: Chelsea

? 'Dia 15 VI 13 545 West 22 Street Dream House' (through Oct. 24) This terrific show restages a famous sound and light installation by La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, a work whose origins date to the 1960s. On entering the dimly lit gallery, you are immediately enveloped by an intensely powerful sound, a roaring, droning, pulsing noise with such a deep bass that you feel it in your body as well as in your ears. At the far end of the space is a work by Jung Hee Choi, a slowly changing hallucinogenic projection on a perforated black screen. Prepare to have your consciousness altered. Dia: Chelsea, 545 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-989-5566, diacenter.org. (Johnson)

Keltie Ferris: 'Paintings and Body Prints' (through Oct. 17) Ms. Ferris's new paintings are aggressive and emphatic but also spectral and expansive, remaking the digital in supremely analog form. What read from afar (or in photographs) as pixels are, close up, thick rectangles of paint applied with a flat-ended brush that recall the pointillism of Seurat and Signac. Ms. Ferris also melds the geometry of digital media with Native American patterns, Bauhaus weaving and the ethereality of visionary painters like Lee Mullican and Chris Martin. Body prints, in which she pressed her torso, thighs, hands, feet and face against the surface have historical echoes, too. Titles are simple but vivid, underscoring the precision and force of these paintings, but the aggression here is more utopian than destructive, a record of what it takes to make great and vital painting. Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 534 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-744-7400, miandn.com. (Schwendener)

Mark Grotjahn: 'Painted Sculpture' (through Oct. 29) This talented painter's pitting of modernist abstraction and Expressionism against the crucial influences of African art is best when he pits oil paint against bronze, in this case casts of cardboard boxes for flat-screen TVs. The conceptual and inspirational stratagems are several (see the titles). The results are preposterously gorgeous and not a little perverse. Anton Kern Gallery, 532 West 20th Street, 212-367-9663, antonkerngallery.com. (Smith)

? 'Japanese Propaganda Kimonos, 1905-1941' (through Oct. 17) Celebrating Japanese military might, the garments in this fascinating show bear lively compositions reflecting international styles like Art Deco and Depression Moderne. In patchwork patterns and suavely muted colors, they depict fighter planes, battleships, antiaircraft artillery, aerial landscapes, maps and cute child soldiers. Edward Thorp, 210 11th Avenue, at 24th Street, Chelsea, 212-691-6565, edwardthorpgallery.com. (Johnson)

? Mike Kelley (through Oct. 24) Illuminated variations on the miniaturized and bottled, Kryptonian city of Kandor that Superman kept in his Arctic Fortress of Solitude lead to a major installation called ''Kandor 10B (Exploded Fortress of Solitude).'' A dark, bunkerlike construction with a walk-in, cavernous interior, it's accompanied by a 24-minute video showing the sadomasochistic activities of some zany, fancifully costumed people within and around the ''Exploded Fortress.'' Produced in 2011, the year before Mr. Kelley's suicide, the two works together exude a caustic spirit of misanthropic comedy. Hauser & Wirth, 511 West 18th Street, 212-790-3900, hauserwirth.com. (Johnson)

? Ron Nagle: 'Five O'Clock Shadow' (through Oct. 24) This large and stunning exhibition of the bonsai-size sculptures of Mr. Nagle -- whose chief medium is glazed clay -- shows off his inventive way of contrasting colors, forms and textures in ways both seductive and slightly that evoke food, furniture, body parts, spindly succulents and oozing drips of blood, chocolate, motor oil or just glaze. It should challenge some museum to do the full-dress retrospective he deserves. Matthew Marks Gallery, 522 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-243-0200, matthewmarks.com. (Smith)

Rachel Perry Welty (through Oct. 17) A photographer tackles nonmechanical reproduction -- one hand's ability to copy the other -- in a series of large diptych drawings whose bilateral arrangements cascading multicolor lines suggest attenuated Morris Louis pours or cross sections of agate stones. Other obsessive delights await in this strange and beautiful show, including flight-of-the-bumblebee motifs rendered in sliced-up fruit stickers. Yancey Richardson Gallery, 525 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 646-230-9610, yanceyrichardson.com. (Smith)

Galleries: Other

? 'Double Standard: Ed Ruscha & Mason Williams 1956-1971' (through Oct. 18) A life-size, photographic silkscreen depicting a Greyhound bus graces a wall in this new gallery. It was created in 1967 by Mason Williams, who, the following year, would win three Grammy Awards for his guitar instrumental ''Classical Gas.'' Mr. Williams and the Pop-Conceptualist Ed Ruscha, close friends since they were fourth-grade classmates in Oklahoma City, collaborated on numerous zany projects during the '60s. Along with copious archival materials, the photographs, books, prints and drawings in this exhibition reveal a mutually inciting relationship comparable in some ways to that between Picasso and Braque. Alden Projects, 34 Orchard Street, between Hester and Canal Streets, Lower East Side, 212-229-2453, aldenprojects.com. (Johnson)

? David Nelson (through Oct. 24) The New York artist David Nelson (1960-2013) was primarily a painter until 1993, when his longtime partner David Knudsvig, also an artist, died of AIDS. In the years that followed Mr. Nelson began to work in distinctive forms of sculpture and photography before moving back to painting again. This survey, organized by Joseph Berger, director of 80WSE, and Nancy Brooks Brody, is a loving tribute and a very beautiful thing. 80WSE, New York University, 80 Washington Square East, Greenwich Village, steinhardt.nyu.edu/80wse, 212-998-5747. (Cotter)

Eduardo Paolozzi: 'House of Expectations' (through Nov. 1) 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)

Public Art

Jeppe Hein: 'Please Touch the Art' (through early 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)

Elaine Lustig Cohen (through Oct. 19) The paintings of Elaine Lustig Cohen expand on the complicated legacy of Philip Johnson, the influential architect who also commissioned Ms. Lustig Cohen, an award-winning graphic designer, to create catalogs and signage for his buildings and other projects. The 10 paintings here, from the 1960s and '70s, show the influence of her design work. They are geometric, hard-edged and abstract, with compositions that radiate from their centers and palettes dominated by secondary colors -- particularly orange and brown in the 1970s. While the paintings might pale a little compared to other masters of geometric abstraction, they show painting and graphic design on an interesting continuum. The Glass House, 199 Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn. The show is included in tours of the Glass House, for which tickets must be purchased in advance; 866-811-4111, theglasshouse.org. (Schwendener)

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)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) 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)

? '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)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

? 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

Roland Flexner and Japanese Bronzes of the Edo Period (closes on Sunday) Go for the four unusual bronze flower vases from the 18th and 19th centuries and their startling fusions of natural and geometric forms. Stay for the 18 drawings -- small tondos made by blowing ink onto paper through a straw, that conjure nature's infinity, molten bronze and views through microscopes. An inspired pairing. Sargent's Daughters, 179 East Broadway, at Canal Street, Lower East Side, 917-463-3901, sargentsdaughters.com. (Smith)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (closes on Monday) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Guggenheim's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

Alicia McCarthy (closes on Sunday) This talented artist has become quite an abstract painter, all while using mostly colored pencils. Her art has always been appealing but her latest works are more rigorous than cute. They combine handmade quirkiness and a personal, slightly visionary, jewel-colored geometry with an echoing perceptual subtlety. What you see is what you see until it isn't. Sometimes the illusions amount to gently Op Art-like trompe l'oeil. Jack Hanley, 327 Broome Street, between Bowery and Chrystie Street, Lower East Side, 646-918-6824, jackhanley.com. (Smith)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (closes on Tuesday) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-96), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Adrián Villar Rojas: 'Two Suns' (closes on Saturday) This fast-rising site-oriented sculptor gives festivalism a good name. Here he transforms two spaces into environments that evocatively conjure different sites, including possibly, the gallery's own past as a showroom; contrasts kinds of available light; adds a wonderful sense of artisanal time underfoot and surprises us with one of the pinnacles of western sculpture, profoundly altered. Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 West 57th Street, Manhattan, 212-977-7160, mariangoodman.com. (Smith)

? 'September Spring' (closes on Saturday) This lovely performance-based show conceived by the artist Sam Falls and executed by a dance duo, Jessie Gold and Elizabeth Hart, known as Hart of Gold, is a memorial to the poet and musician Jamie Kanzler, who used the nom de plume September Spring. The show's centerpiece is a repeated, 17-minute-long piece of choreography in which Ms. Gold and Ms. Hart basically dance into being a series of abstract paintings, which are then displayed in the gallery. Performances ended last week, at which time a total of 24 paintings were finished, corresponding to the years of Mr. Kanzler's brief life. The Kitchen, 512 West 19th Street, Chelsea, 212-255-5793, thekitchen.org. (Cotter)

Frank Stella: 'Shape as Form' (closes on Saturday) With 10 works spanning 40 years, this show is the perfect refresher for the bends-producing career of postwar American art's least predictable figure -- the subject great of a retrospective opening late next month at the Whitney Museum. Go for the Irregular Polygon painting and a Polish Village relief from the 1960s, stay for ''Mosport 4.75x'' (1982) from the Circuits series. Paul Kasmin, 293 10th Avenue, at 27th Street, 212-563-4474, paulkasmingallery.com. (Smith)

This is a more complete version of the story than the one that appeared in print.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/09/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-9-15.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/10/09/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-oct-9-15.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANG W. LEE/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (C15)

**Load-Date:** October 9, 2015

**End of Document**



[***'Vinyl Wars' Divide a Hamlet;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-11S0-008G-F09W-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Tappan Board's Ban on Siding Angers Some Homeowners***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-11S0-008G-F09W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 5, 1994, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B; ; Section B;  Page 1;  Column 3;  Metropolitan Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1291 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER,

By JOSEPH BERGER,   Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** TAPPAN, N.Y.

**Body**

This aged hamlet, one of the cradles of the American Revolution, finds itself enduring another revolt, one that is also about life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, though it seems at first to be mostly about vinyl siding.

A group of homeowners here and their sympathizers are rebelling against the rule of the local Historic Areas Board of Review, Tappan's version of a landmarks commission, which was formed three decades ago to preserve the hamlet's 46 historic dwellings, some almost 300 years old, as well as the hoary look of a village founded by farmers and mill hands.

The mutinous homeowners, many of whom are working folk themselves, want the right to replace rotting clapboards with vinyl siding, which they say is far less expensive than wood and does not need periodic painting. But the review board argues that synthetic products like vinyl spoil the gently seasoned look of the district and blot out historical details, ruining the buildings. It has barred homeowners from putting vinyl up and ordered the owner of a 1900-vintage house to strip off siding he had installed.

The argument has become known locally as the "Vinyl Wars." More than just a debate over vinyl siding, it pits the public's right to savor its history against the right of private property owners who find preservation an economic hardship.

Indeed, the ***working-class*** homeowners say they are being forced to spend cash they need for subsistence so wealthier people can enjoy the pristine look of a worker's village. "It's intruding into people's peace of mind and their bank accounts," said Mary Heaton, who owns a 100-year-old house on the district's edge.

Similar battles over the look, color and material of windows, doorways, and porches are being waged in many of the 1,800 landmark districts nationwide, said Katherine Raub Ridley, counsel to the Preservation League of New York State. In New York City, for example, the look and shape of windows has often been a point of contention. In the case of siding, those who favor vinyl have won a few victories -- in Fort Smith, Ark., and Salisbury, Md. -- and in other places have gained concessions for facades not visible from the street or for modern houses included within a district.

What galls the critics in Tappan is that the seven-member review board has extended its ban on vinyl siding to fairly contemporary houses. Moreover, the critics say, none of the current board members live within the 17-block-long historic district, choosing the larger homes on the village's periphery, yet imposing their tastes on district homeowners.

Though both sides display the genuine affection of fellow villagers toward each other, the harsher critics have taken to calling the board members "elitists" and "bullies."

"This is taxation without representation," said Joseph Fitzpatrick, a retired telephone company splicer. His 60-year-old home stands with its sky-blue insulation exposed to the world because he is fighting an order to cover it with clapboard.

How It Really Looked

But Danforth Toan, a retired architect who has been on the board since its creation, says people like himself, even if they live outside the district, are taking the longer view. These Tappan residents want to retain the genuine wood and gingerbread carving, want to keep out jarring embellishments like above-ground swimming pools, so that visitors a century from now can say: "That's old; that's what it really looked like."

"We think of ourselves as caretakers of a historical tradition that far outweighs the momentary problems as they arise for people who are just passing through," Mr. Toan said.

The rangy, goateed Mr. Toan, who is 75 years old, has become the central figure of the debate.

"I liken Dan Toan to an entrenched congressional committee chairman with many years of tenure who runs his committee with an iron hand," said Reginald Thayer, a leader of the rebel band, which calls itself Concerned Orangetown Residents after the larger township.

Before he retired, Mr. Toan, a genial, cultured man, worked as an architect, designing library buildings at Brown and Columbia Universities. In his youth he was a maverick, and he came to Rockland County about 45 years ago with the idea of buying land for a cooperative community of houses for 32 Columbia students, who would share a tennis court, swimming pool and market.

From Communist to Capitalist

Mr. Toan realized that vision in the Tappan neighborhood known as Hickory Hill, but time has made him a village elder and in the vinyl revolution he has been depicted as something of a Tory, fighting progress and the will of the people.

"They think of us as elitist capitalists," Mr. Toan said. "When we were first building here they thought of us as Communists."

Tappan, which is on the northern New Jersey border and a few miles south of Nyack, is proud of its role in the American Revolution, however minor.

Here stands the DeClark-DeWint house, a stone cottage where George Washington had one of his headquarters. And here, still operating as a tavern, is the Old '76 House, where the British spy John Andre was confined before his execution for plotting the surrender of West Point with Benedict Arnold.

The cluster of small, boxy wooden buildings on Tappan's Main Street, with their sagging wooden porches and decorative trim, look much the way they did in 19th-century drawings. Beyond Main Street, however, they are laced among an eclectic mix of 90 or so more modern buildings, even an occasional split-level. These were included in the historic district as a way of protecting what Mr. Toan calls the "townscape" -- the look of an old village.

Mr. Toan essentially wrote the preservation law -- which also came to cover a second historical area in the adjacent hamlet of Palisades -- and his opponents credit him with protecting Tappan's historical integrity. But they also say that he is interpreting his own law arbitrarily.

Mr. Fitzpatrick and his wife, Dorothy, raised nine children in a two-bedroom cape that was built in 1936 and is a stone's throw from the Washington headquarters, built in 1700. When water damaged the shingles covering their outside walls last year, the Fitzpatricks decided to put up vinyl siding. Vinyl, Mr. Fitzpatrick said, cost $8,000, compared with $13,000 for cedar clapboard and would be easier for Mr. Fitzpatrick to maintain.

Contractors had completed installing the insulation and were about to cover it with vinyl siding when members of the review board stopped the work in January. Mr. Fitzpatrick, who lives on a $1,061 monthly pension plus Social Security, is now asking the local zoning board to repeal the order.

Mr. Toan argues that even with houses only 50 or 60 years old it is important to keep the village look harmonious because even newer houses have historical details and, over time, "distinctions tend to mellow." Mr. Toan also contends that preserving the hamlet's overall historical flavor will enhance the values of all homes, compensating owners for the extra costs of installing clapboard.

The Concerned Orangetown Residents group is trying to remove Mr. Toan from the board and fill two other vacancies with sympathetic district residents. In an effort to bridge the gap, Mr. Toan has suggested that the town create a fund to help owners who find landmark obligations a hardship.

Once, Mr. Toan said, there was a consensus that Tappan's history should be preserved.

"It becomes the collective memory of the community," he said. "Schoolchildren come here to look at the church, the graveyard and the trees and the streams that attracted the original settlers."

"What we're seeing here is the deterioration of that consensus," he said. "The historical society people have aged, and young people are not as interested."

**Graphic**

Photos: "We think of ourselves as caretakers of a historical tradition that far outweighs the momentary problems as they arise for people who are just passing through," said Danforth Toan, who has been on the Historic Areas Board of Review in Tappan, N.Y., since it was formed three decades ago. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. B2); A rule of the local Historic Areas Board of Review in Tappan, N.Y., prevents homeowners from using vinyl on the hamlet's 46 historic dwellings. Joseph and Dorothy Fitzpatrick held samples that the town prohibited them from using. (Chris Maynard for The New York Times)(pg. B1)

Map of Rockland County showing location of Tappan. (pg. B2)

**Load-Date:** April 5, 1994

**End of Document**



[***For a New Political Age, a Self-Made Man - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T9T-9PH0-TW8F-G0RG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 28, 2008 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1; MAN IN THE NEWS

**Length:** 2252 words

**Byline:** By JODI KANTOR

**Dateline:** DENVER

**Body**

From the earliest days of his presidential campaign, those around Senator Barack Obama have heard the same mantra. He repeated it after he announced his candidacy and after debates, 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 brought 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 accusations 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 elegantly phrased, as if Mr. Obama, a Christian, 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 critics and his opponents, first Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton and now Senator John McCain, 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 unfailing 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 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 was taught by his mother 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 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 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.''

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 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 investigate foreign policy issues, just a few to discuss nominations.

The McCain campaign has seized on this pattern, mocking its opponent as a self-consumed star, even suggesting that he has a messianic complex.

Mr. Obama has heard the accusations 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 accusation, 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 adviser. ''He is able to use his disciplined mind to not get caught up in the emotional swirl.''

In 2006, Mr. Obama backed Alexi Giannoulias, a 29-year-old friend from the basketball court, for Illinois 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 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 had to learn to sometimes let simple emotion rule. 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 along rope lines, Mr. Obama sometimes connects better one on one. In spare moments, he will surprise supporters -- a doorman who scraped together a small contribution, an elderly woman he had 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 a retired Michigan couple that he had to be reminded not to miss his entrance cue.

Once in a very long while, Mr. Obama will relax his guard completely. 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, leaving him unable to continue.

Michelle Obama rescued him with a kiss, and after a moment, everyone started to applaud.

An Outsider's New Role

Mr. Obama is often called a perpetual 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 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 Senate, Mr. Obama was not only a reformer who pushed for tighter campaign finance rules, but also 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.

These sorts of criticisms have 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 adviser. ''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's becoming the ultimate insider. ''You need to accept that role to a degree if you're the nominee or the president.''

And yet, Mr. Axelrod said, ''I don't think that's a role he wants to play. His idea is that you should always be challenging the institution.''

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

**Correction**

A picture caption on Thursday with the continuation of an article about Senator Barack Obama's life and career referred incorrectly to a stick from his grandmother's village in Kenya that he displays in his office. It is a leopard-beating stick, not a tiger-beating stick. (There are, of course, no tigers in Africa.)

**Correction-Date:** September 3, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTO: Barack Obama joined Joseph R. Biden Jr., with his grandson Hunter, on stage Wednesday.(PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENDAN SMIALOWSKY FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Barack Obama at a dinner in Springfield, Ill, in 2004 during his run for the United States Senate. He had been an Illinois state senator for eight years.(PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER THOMPSON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Mr. Obama's Senate office has a tiger-beating stick from his grandmother's village in Kenya and a guitar he received as a Rock the Vote honoree.(PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN WALSH/ASSOCIATED PRESS)

A longtime community organizer in Chicago, Mr. Obama helped Irene Sanders to her car while helping out at the James Food Pantry in 2006.(PHOTOGRAPH BY M. SPENCER GREEN/ASSOCIATED PRESS)

Mr. Obama at a rally at Penn State in March. Despite his eloquence and ease before large crowds, he remains an elusive presence to many Americans.(PHOTOGRAPH BY DAMON WINTER/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. A25)

**Load-Date:** August 28, 2008

**End of Document**



[***THE TALK OF WATERBURY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RKP0-0017-5384-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***ONETIME BRASS CAPITAL BEGINS TO SHINE AGAIN***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-RKP0-0017-5384-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 29, 1987, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 3; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1200 words

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

**Dateline:** WATERBURY, Conn., July 27

**Body**

By almost any standard, William G. Mastropietro has lived a pleasant and successful life. He married the woman he loved. He became a prosperous tobacco salesman. He even achieved some measure of local fame as a part-time troubadour and radio personality.

''Singing Bill'' they called him.

For most of his 71 years, though, Mr. Mastropietro has been weighted with a deep longing. He feels it every spring when he skims the newspaper and finds the back pages filled with photographs of new high school graduates. He has always wanted a diploma.

''My parents couldn't afford to send us to school,'' he said. ''Back in those days, with the immigrant families, it was just bread, water and potatoes. We all went to work. Both my mother and father worked at American Brass. I got my working papers at 15.''

This month, the city of Waterbury awarded Mr. Mastropietro a small sheet of cream-colored paper certifying that he had completed the prescribed course of study in the Mythical Brass City High School. Never mind that it was an honorary diploma. Never mind that the school can't be found on any map. It was still a diploma.

''It may be mythical,'' Singing Bill said. ''But it makes me feel good.''

So far this summer, Waterbury officials, reveling in the economic rebirth of this once-depressed mill town, have handed out 55 honorary diplomas. They expect to bestow dozens more. By doing so, they have shown that the city's heart is as soft as its luck once was hard.

''The city had some rough times, but lately it has had a real renaissance,'' said Frank A. Stolfi, a retired financial planner and principal of the Mythical Brass City High School. ''These people are just as responsible as anyone for what has happened.''

Life After Brass

Officials here guess that back in the 1920's, 30's and 40's, three of every four Waterbury residents dropped out of high school to work in the city's brass factories. Brass was as common as computer chips are today, and Waterbury, the brass capital of the world, attracted thousands of Italian, Irish and Slavic immigrants who churned out millions of brass buttons, bullets, bells and buckles.

But the brass industry began to die after World War II, and today this city of 108,000, on the hills above the Naugatuck River, 70 miles northeast of Manhattan, seems more like a brass museum. The few mills that remain open are small and marginal, employing only about 1,500 people where once 20,000 worked.

A few blocks from the heart of town, for example, stands the old Scovill plant, 90 percent shut down since 1984. For most of the 60's and through the 70's, Scovill was headed by Malcolm Baldrige, who sold off most of its brass-producing operations to concentrate on more profitable consumer products and car parts.

Mr. Baldrige, respected in the community, in business circles and on the rodeo circuit, where he was a prize-winning steer-roper, joined the Reagan Administration as Commerce Secretary in 1981. Last Saturday, he was killed when a horse he was riding fell on him.

''Mac Baldrige's leadership was, in many ways, the impetus for the citywide diversification,'' said Sharyn A. Edman, vice president of the Greater Waterbury Chamber of Commerce.

In the last decade, the mills have been replaced by high-tech companies and small service and support industries. Little is left even of Scovill, which has been all but dismantled, its remaining corporate staff moved to Stamford, since its purchase by a pair of Canadian investors in 1985.

New residents, many in search of lower rents and reasonable housing prices, have moved in from New York City, Stamford and Danbury. Unemployment, which reached 16 percent in the late 70's, has fallen to 4.3 percent.

More visible has been the renewal of the downtown area, particularly along the Green, where historic buildings are being renovated in the shadow of new high-rises.

This month plans were announced to rebuild the 65-year-old, 3,600-seat Palace Theater on East Main Street, a block from the Green. In addition to refurbishing the majestic Beaux-Arts opera house - used mainly for rock concerts in recent years - the developer, Domenic Temporale, hopes to pave the street with cobblestones and install gas streetlights. The complex, renamed the Palazzo, would also include a school for the performing arts and a restaurant.

''Waterbury never lost faith in itself,'' said the city's 28-year-old Mayor, Joseph J. Santopietro. ''We might get kicked around and abused, but we're no longer the stepchild of Connecticut.''

Bars, Old and New

No urban renaissance could be complete without what has become known as a yuppie bar. While old Waterbury was a shot-and-a-beer town filled with Irish and Italian ***working-class*** taverns, nouveau Waterbury favors Pilsner Urquell and other imports.

One example is the Across From the Horse tavern and restaurant, on the Green, established, it proudly proclaims, in 1981. Here, paddle ceiling fans stir the air and a shiny brass dumbwaiter hoists cocktails to the second floor.

''Yeah, it's turning around to a white-collar town from a staunch blue-collar town,'' said a bartender, John D. Mahaney.

Surprisingly, people don't seem to be talking much about politics. There may be a reference to Lieut. Col. Oliver L. North every now and then, but no one is pounding the bar over the arrest here of 10 people for absentee-ballot fraud last year stemming from the Democratic delegate primary for governor.

The case has resulted so far in four guilty pleas, and one person has been sentenced to two years in jail. In winning that primary - by 43 votes out of 12,000 cast - Gov. William A. O'Neill blocked a bid by Toby Moffett to force a statewide primary. Some of those arrested were O'Neill supporters; others were on the Moffett side. Both candidates disclaimed any knowledge of the incidents.

''Maybe it's a little early in the season,'' the publisher of The Waterbury Republican and American, William J. Pape 2d, said about the lack of political gossip. ''But there is a lot going on in the background.''

Three blocks from the Across From the Horse lies old Waterbury -the Shamrock bar. Here, the walls are painted green, and the banners behind the bar read ''Failte'' and ''Erin Go Bragh.'' The owner, called Bootsy, sells pickled eggs along with shots of Jameson, and he can deliver a minute-by-minute account of the night in 1960 when John F. Kennedy visited town. More important, perhaps, the jukebox plays two versions of ''I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.''

There seems to be little cultural conflict between old and new Waterbury. Some old-timers, such as Mary R. Biedmonte, 64, who works in the tool room at the Waterbury Buckle Company, say something has been lost, something that is hard to define.

''You got malls,'' she said. ''You got stores. You got jobs. But I liked it 20 years ago when we used to be able to sleep without our doors locked. Everybody was friendly, too. Today, you have to be very careful.''

Most of the crowd at the Shamrock agrees, but they also praise the city's renewal. ''Is it better now?'' said the bartender, Thomas R. Carroll, 64. ''I think so. The factories are gone, but most people have jobs. I think five or six years from now it will be even better.''

**Graphic**

Map of eastern Connecticut; photo of William G. Mastropietro with honorary part time diploma (NYT/Stephen Castagneto) (page B2)

**End of Document**



[***Black America Made Visible;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T14-WWK0-007F-G1MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***TV Show Illuminated Culture Through Lens of Bed-Stuy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T14-WWK0-007F-G1MJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 25, 1998, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1495 words

**Byline:** By JIM YARDLEY

By JIM YARDLEY

**Body**

Charles Hobson never had to look far for guests to fill his first television show, "Inside Bedford-Stuyvesant." He once plucked Cicero Murphy, then one of the country's great black pool players, from a billiards hall on Nostrand Avenue. Another time he recruited the renowned musician Eubie Blake.

He brought on local police officers, teachers, a calypso singer, Cleon Jones of the New York Mets and Julius Lester, the radical author. He invited a high school football team, welfare mothers, business owners and enough singers and dancers to fill a Broadway musical. If the variety of people seemed dizzying, Mr. Hobson said, that was intentional.

"This was a way for blacks to hear their voices," said Mr. Hobson, who is 62. "Here's a community of about 400,000 people at that time, with all of their culture and churches, and no coverage."

Largely forgotten, "Inside Bedford-Stuyvesant" was a pioneering television show in New York City from 1968 until 1970. It was the city's first program written, produced and presented by blacks at a time when blacks were largely invisible on television, or seen only in news footage about riots, protests or crime. Now, Mr. Hobson, the show's producer, has edited excerpts of the program into a 55-minute film being shown today at Lincoln Center.

What made "Inside Bedford-Stuyvesant" unusual was the unfiltered window it offered on an ignored black neighborhood and, to a degree, on black America. Film scholars and social historians consider it a rare video time capsule, perhaps the only one of its kind documenting a black community.

But it is also a measuring stick. Returning to the Brooklyn neighborhood last week to reminisce on the 30th anniversary of his program, Mr. Hobson lamented that the news and entertainment media often still fail to portray the whole of Bedford-Stuyvesant. He had not been back for 15 years, and while he found stretches of poverty and neglect, he also found sidewalk trees fat with leaves and blocks of neatly kept brownstones. To him, his boyhood neighborhood, known then and now as one of America's largest ghettoes, seemed surprisingly benign.

"Boy, this looks great," Mr. Hobson declared as he arrived at the immaculate old brownstone at 176 Hancock Street where he grew up. He joked that it would be ironic if it had been bought by white yuppies. But the current owners are a black Jamaican family, according to a neighbor, who have planted a neat flower garden and renovated the entire house. Mr. Hobson peered through the windows at the elaborate woodwork he polished as a child. "This is quite amazing for me personally," he said. "It looks really nice."

Up Hancock Street, Stella Washington, 70, remembered the Hobson family. She said she has lived on the street since 1941, and she said it still clings to its middle-class roots. The bad news, she said, is that several doctors had moved away or retired in recent years. "The neighborhood is O.K.," she told Mr. Hobson. "We're not strung out with homeless. We're not strung out with crack addicts, as yet."

In his surprise at how well-kept the block looked, Mr. Hobson conceded that perhaps he himself had succumbed to some of the stereotypes he had worked to shatter in making "Inside Bedford-Stuyvesant." For this, in part, he blamed the media. "When I go to Park Slope," said Mr. Hobson in a later interview, "I'm not surprised, because the media does tell you it is New York's Left Bank. But when I went to Bed-Stuy, you're not prepared for the humanity, for some of the quite wonderful blocks, and some of the normal people and conditions."

Part of the blame, Mr. Hobson added, falls on the "black media." He rated Spike Lee's "Do The Right Thing" as the best film portrayal of the neighborhood. But Mr. Hobson criticized other aspects of the black media, particularly rap videos that he said only reinforce and exploit negative stereotypes. While black celebrities are far more visible on television than in the past, what he considers rare is any thoughtful examination of real black communities. Crime and crisis, he said, are what usually attract the cameras to Bedford-Stuyvesant.

So it was, too, in the 1960's, Mr. Hobson said, when the media always missed the neighborhood's complexity. His own parents were ***working-class*** Anglophiles from the West Indies who hung a photograph of Queen Elizabeth II in their living room. On Sundays, his family attended a High Episcopal church, then near Tompkins Park.

The neighborhood had scholars and street gangs, famous musicians and winos, good blocks and bad blocks. "The media never got that because they lumped everything together," Mr. Hobson said. "If it was a black community, it was a ghetto or a slum."

His opportunity to show a different picture came in February 1968. The Federal Government's Kerner Commission had issued its landmark report on race relations, criticizing the media for failing to adequately cover black communities. Two months later, on the same day that Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in Memphis, WNEW announced the creation of "Inside Bedford-Stuyvesant."

The program was largely conceived by Senator Robert Kennedy's Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Corporation, a community development group. The initial $45,000 budget dictated relatively low production values (Mr. Hobson compares the show to public access television today).

Roxie Roker, who later starred on "The Jeffersons," was one of the hosts, while Mr. Hobson worked behind the camera. The 7 A.M. time slot (with a repeat at 1 A.M.) was awful, but the program found an audience.

"It's so unplanned, it's so informal, it's so -- I hate to use the word -- but, genuine," said Charles Musser, an associate professor with Yale University's American studies and film studies program. "Just about anyone in the community could show up and be on TV. There is a kind of immediacy because things aren't so controlled and well managed. People come on and, because it isn't scripted, they say what's on their minds."

In 52 half-hour programs, Mr. Hobson simply turned his camera on Bedford-Stuyvesant. The hosts did not use a sound studio; they filmed all over the neighborhood, often outdoors. The show attracted celebrities like Harry Belafonte and Max Roach, the musician, but mostly they had a cast of thousands -- the ordinary people of the neighborhood. They filmed discussions about Richard Nixon, welfare policies and anti-Semitism. Children read Black Power poems.

"I've rarely seen such candor and such open expression, even when it's boring," Mr. Hobson said. "People spoke their hearts and their minds. They didn't know how to do anything else at that time because there weren't any models."

The program ended in 1970 when sponsorship money dwindled. But other, more polished shows remained, such as the nationally syndicated "Black Journal" on PBS and the local "Like It Is" on WABC.

Mr. Hobson's career took him out of New York to Atlanta and Washington, where he worked as the senior vice president of WETA for 13 years. He has also lectured at several universities, including Harvard and Yale, and he taught film in Munich in 1996 as a Fulbright scholar. He currently runs his own documentary film production company.

Only when he returned to New York in the early 1990's did Mr. Hobson discover that the old tapes of "Inside Bedford-Stuyvesant" were still stored in a warehouse at WNEW. With a grant from the Ford Foundation, he restored many of the old programs and made his film, which was shown at the Margaret Mead Festival in 1997. Its showing today, at 6:30 P.M., is part of the Human Rights Watch International Film Festival. Copies of the program are now archived at the Museum of Radio and Television, the Brooklyn Historical Society, the Schomberg Center in Harlem and the University of California at Los Angeles.

When he was 18, Mr. Hobson said, his family moved from Bedford-Stuyvesant to Crown Heights, in part because he had been mugged. Crime was rising. He remembered his parents' pride in their upward mobility but also their disappointment that their new apartment did not match their Bedford-Stuyvesant brownstone.

Sitting in Tompkins Park (now Herbert Von King Park) after his visit to Hancock Street, Mr. Hobson recalled the titillated reaction he often got during the 1970's when he told people he came from Bedford-Stuyvesant. His connection with the "ghetto" lent him an "authenticity" in film circles, he admitted. Now he lives with his family in a Boerum Hill brownstone.

His work has carried him to the townships of South Africa and to another famous American ghetto, Watts in Los Angeles. What interested him about both places were the layers he discovered, the surprising nuances he found in places so often seen in two dimensions. Of course, he had already learned in his own neighborhood.

"No other black community in America was documented the way Bed-Stuy was," he said with obvious pride. "And because of the low production value of it, it was like truth, you know?"

**Graphic**

Photos: Charles Hobson returned to 176 Hancock Street, the house in Bedford-Stuyvesant where he grew up. Above, Harry Belafonte talked about the portrayal of blacks on television and in movies in a segment of Mr. Hobson's "Inside Bedford-Stuyvesant." (Andrea Mohin/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 25, 1998

**End of Document**



[***ART;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3STV-9D50-007F-G2FT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Animated Mind Behind the Mannequin***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3STV-9D50-007F-G2FT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 31, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 36; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1467 words

**Byline:** Charles Ray

By STEVEN HENRY MADOFF

By STEVEN HENRY MADOFF

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

CHARLES RAY is watching. His gaze may be following you from the big photographic self-portrait called "Yes," from 1990, in which his slightly zoned-out eyes (he was on LSD at the time) seem to wander after you. Maybe it is the "Self-Portrait" mannequin of the same year, in which a very stiff Ray likeness wears the artist's favorite sailing outfit (he loves to sail his 40-foot fiberglass sloop out of his home port in Oxnard, Calif.), the eyes just a little wall-eyed, following you across the room. Or maybe it is the eyes of one of the eight naked Ray-like figures that stare out from the onanistic proceedings in his most talked-about sculpture, the 1992 "Oh! Charley, Charley, Charley . . ."

But Mr. Ray is definitely watching. What interests him may not be you exactly. In the puzzlelike way that the artist thinks, his interest is perhaps more about the idea of what it is like to be looking at a piece of art that seems to be looking back, and what that does, not only for the viewer but for the disorienting force of the work.

Formal power and psychological power constitute the two elements in the equation of Mr. Ray's quirky art. That math has added up, with the artist's growing international reputation, a tenured professorship in studio art at U.C.L.A., prices for his sculpture climbing to more than $400,000, and now a retrospective of his sculpture, photographic and film works that opens Thursday and remains on view until Aug. 30 at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York.

It is slightly disconcerting to meet Mr. Ray in front of the peeling one-story white house that he shares with the artist Jennifer Pastor in the ***working-class*** Marvista section of Los Angeles. To a stranger he looks like one of his self-portrait mannequins, only animate. But then "disconcerting" is a strategic element in his repertory. Slender, with tousled brown hair, his shirt untucked, his jeans wanting a few more fly buttons buttoned, Mr. Ray, 45, pushes past a bramble of bougainvillea that fairly blocks his front door and strides through to the sparsely furnished living room.

Sitting at a simple table, staring through thick tortoise-shell glasses, he says: "The thing about my work is that I try to keep it a little distant, a little stiff, in a sense, so that it doesn't give off too much specific meaning. Like with the mannequins, I wanted to make something sort of abstract but also real. Something almost invisible. So I thought if I lopped off the head of a mannequin and put a kind of generalized copy of my own on, the effect would oscillate between abstract and real, to startle, to get into your head.

"You know, I like the equation of the work to go both ways. Like in 'Oh! Charley, Charley, Charley . . . ,' it looks like I'm really vulnerable, revealing everything, but in the end I reveal nothing. The figures of me are so self-involved that it's a closed system, no expression, almost sad rather than erotic. On one level, I was dealing with the fear of AIDS, contamination -- the subjects of the day.

"But what I was thinking about was Rodin's 'Burghers of Calais,' the forms, the figures turning in space, wondering how do you make a figurative group sculpture today? It's not like I could do the City Council of L.A. The repetitiveness of my identity was a way to tie the piece together. The kinkiness of the sex was another way to do that with subject matter, with a patina of sensationalism."

That patina of the sensational and theatrical has been carefully applied by Mr. Ray since his student days at the University of Iowa and Rutgers University, where he first married performance art to a string of movements: minimalism, process art, conceptualism. He photographed himself in a wall-length series of deadpan pictures in which he dons all the clothes he owns, piece by piece. He folded himself over a plank leaning against his studio wall, playing up the threat of Richard Serra's propped sculptures of the time, but with a sense of the body as sculpture that was reminiscent of Bruce Nauman's art.

In Mr. Ray's work of the late 70's and into the 80's, he lay unclothed and seemingly squashed under metal slabs; shoved himself inside minimalist metal boxes, his arms and legs protruding; stood naked against a wall, with his head stuck through a shelf to seem disconcertingly -- in the spirit of the mannequins to come -- like another still-life object.

From the 80's on, Mr. Ray's art has only pushed harder at his practice of weird displacement and sculptural economy, with an increasingly trippy sense of what a little disorientation can do.

Consider "Ink Box" of 1986, in which a black minimalist cube brimming with ink tricks viewers into thinking its top is solid. (Viewers beware.) Or "Rotating Circle," from 1988, which is installed flush in a gallery wall and spins so fast that it seems to be still. (The motor's high-pitched sound is the giveaway.) Or "Tabletop," from the same year, whose six nondescript objects are rotated so slowly by hidden motors that the viewer who looks away and then back will find everything moved just enough to induce instant head scratching. Or Mr. Ray's "Firetruck," done for the 1993 Whitney Biennial: a toy red hook-and-ladder blown up spectacularly to life size, double parked in front of the museum to bring on double takes.

And then there is last year's "Unpainted Sculpture," a fatally wrecked Pontiac Grand Am whose every part was recast in fiberglass, put back together and painted a soft gray. As Richard Flood, chief curator of the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, the institution that bought the work, says: "It's all about disaster, and yet it looks like Bernini's 'Ecstasy of St. Teresa,' with all this shattered material like luxurious folds of cloth; so Baroque and so modern; so full of death and yet so abstract, the way the gray turns detail into a kind of haze. It almost floats." Trippy indeed.

FOR Mr. Ray, formalism and conceptualism, interior and exterior, physical and mental have become fluid properties. What goes on in the work is what Paul Schimmel, chief curator of the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles and the organizer of Mr. Ray's traveling retrospective, calls "Charley sculpting his own psyche." Then he puts Mr. Ray into context.

"When you think about the prominent art of the late 80's and the 90's -- the work of Jeff Koons, Bob Gober, Damien Hirst, Katarina Fritsch, of Charley -- you see that it's a generation investigating their psyches and projecting them onto a broader cultural landscape. They do it through work that is disorienting, dreamlike and open-ended. There is a kind of end-of-the-century symbolism about it, where the artists are asking, as Gauguin did 100 years ago in the title of a painting, 'Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?' "

For three hours Mr. Ray has been explaining his work, getting up to point out titles from his living-room bookshelves -- "The Puzzling World of Polyhedral Dissections," "What Computers Still Can't Do: A Critique of Artificial Reason," "Shapes, Space and Symmetry." He's awkward and intent, encouraging, his voice emphatic, then trailing off. He talks about his love of science's disinterested cool in observing the world. He speaks of his childhood in Chicago, and of the brutality and discipline of his high school years at Marmion Military School, in Aurora, Ill. If Mr. Schimmel is right, then how does all this disorienting, distant, funny, disturbing art reflect the artist's psyche?

Looking around for a while, hesitating, starting, then starting again, Mr. Ray isn't sure what to say. "It's so slippery, what a work is really about, I don't want to sound like an idiot. You know, the sensational part, shocking Mom and Dad, that's a real boring little issue. It's easy. I use the topical like engineers use the sun's gravity to whip a space probe further into space with the extra momentum. That allows me to get the viewer in, but what's hard is to get the work to sit right, to get the syntax of a piece exactly, as Anthony Caro would say. It's a squishy, vibrant equation -- something where all the parts intersect perfectly, something that breathes psychologically."

"In all of it," Mr. Ray says, "I'm dealing with myself in relation to the institutions that define me. You know, my mother and father, school, the Catholic Church -- so that I don't accept those negative things that label me, don't follow those arrows into myself. That distance in my work, I suppose you could say it's to stay out on the porch instead of going into the house, psychologically."

He laughs uncomfortably and gets up. On the way to the door, he points out another book, one he admires for its subversiveness. Among all of his science and math books, it's by another doctor, Dr. Seuss. Its title is "Oh, the Thinks You Can Think!"

**Graphic**

Photo: OH! CHARLEY Charles Ray in his studio with a muffler, par for the artist whose retrospective opens Thursday at the Whitney. (Ann Summa for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 31, 1998

**End of Document**



[***A Senate Stalwart Who Bounced Back***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4T90-1C90-TW8F-G0Y8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 24, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1; MAN IN THE NEWS JOSEPH R. BIDEN JR.

**Length:** 2189 words

**Byline:** By PATRICK HEALY and MICHAEL LUO; Reporting and research were contributed by Carl Hulse, Christopher Drew, Lawrence K. Altman and Kitty Bennett.

**Body**

September 1987 was a month of ruin and renewal for Joe Biden.

Then a three-term senator from Delaware, Mr. Biden saw his bid for the Democratic nomination for president in tatters after he had been caught cribbing from other politicians' speeches. He exited the race amid a chorus of Washington chatter that the presidency would never be his.

Yet just as his candidacy was ending, Mr. Biden, as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, was leading the Democrats in a successful battle against Robert H. Bork, President Ronald Reagan's nominee to the Supreme Court. And soon after, Mr. Biden underwent surgery on two brain aneurysms. Had he continued running for president, friends say, the rigors might have exacerbated his health problems and even killed him.

The tumult of that period transformed Mr. Biden: He settled down into a role as a statesman of the Senate, becoming a serious student of policy and government. As the Democrats' point man on crime and as a champion of the Violence Against Women Act, among other bills, Mr. Biden became a close ally of labor unions, civil rights leaders and women's groups. While he drew ire from some feminists over the treatment of Anita Hill during the Clarence Thomas hearings, in 1991, he was also the only member of the Judiciary Committee to emerge with favorable marks from a majority of Americans, according to a Gallup poll.

He has become widely recognized as a respected voice on foreign policy, the two Iraq wars (against the first, for the second), the Balkans conflict, global AIDS prevention and a wealth of national security issues. From his perch as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations committee, he has aggressively criticized President Bush for his unilateralist approach to the world.

It was this expertise in foreign policy that helped raise Mr. Biden's standing with Mr. Obama, who announced in text and e-mail messages early Saturday that Joseph Robinette Biden Jr., 65, was his choice to be the next vice president of the United States. An Irish Catholic son of Scranton, Pa., the sort of white, ***working-class*** city that Mr. Obama is fighting to win this November, Mr. Biden is in some ways a political elder brother to the 47-year-old Mr. Obama: competitive and protective, far more experienced in government and politics, and already a veteran orator when Mr. Obama was still finding his voice.

The two became colleagues upon Mr. Obama's entry to the Senate in 2005 and his appointment to the Foreign Relations Committee. Mr. Obama was perhaps best known at the time for opposing military action in Iraq. Mr. Biden, who had opposed the Persian Gulf war in 1991, worked in 2002 with the committee's ranking Republican member, Senator Richard G. Lugar of Indiana, on a resolution that would authorize action to remove weapons of mass destruction in Iraq -- but not to remove President Saddam Hussein. The White House opposed the idea, which foundered; Mr. Biden ultimately voted for the war resolution that Mr. Obama opposed.

Since then, Mr. Biden has been a critic of the Bush administration's strategy in Iraq and a leading advocate of partitioning that nation into three semiautonomous regions, for Shiites, Sunnis and Kurds -- modeled somewhat on the division of Bosnia in the 1990s, an effort he was involved in. This so-called Biden Plan -- often referred to that way by Mr. Biden himself -- has been somewhat praised by Mr. Obama and other leading Democrats.

Mr. Biden achieved a major legislative victory last month when Mr. Bush signed a measure co-written by Mr. Biden to increase spending significantly over the next five years to treat and prevent AIDS, malaria and tuberculosis overseas.

A Provocateur

If Al Gore was a generational peer to Bill Clinton, and Dick Cheney was a guiding force to George W. Bush, Mr. Biden has at times acted as blunt-speaking provocateur to Mr. Obama, challenging the younger politician's ideas and assumptions in ways that Mr. Obama said he wants from his running mate.

A man of strong and many opinions, with a puckish humor and an inability to say no to Sunday news programs, Mr. Biden also has been satirized as the personification of senatorial windiness, though in the presidential debates of this past year he showed new discipline for keeping his comments succinct.

Still, he has sometimes lapsed into gaffes. In announcing his second bid for the presidency, in January 2007, Mr. Biden referred to his fellow candidate, Mr. Obama, as ''the first mainstream African-American who is articulate and bright and clean and a nice-looking guy.''

In a debate in December 2007, Mr. Biden had to defend himself upon being asked if he was ''uncomfortable talking about race,'' and won a vote of confidence afterward from Mr. Obama himself.

''I've worked with Joe Biden, I've seen his leadership,'' Mr. Obama said. ''I have absolutely no doubt about what is in his heart and the commitment that he has made with respect to racial equality in this country. Joe is on the right side of the issues and is fighting every day for a better America.''

Mr. Biden also said at another point in 2007 that Mr. Obama was ''not yet ready'' for the presidency, a point that Mr. Biden was questioned about in an August 2007 debate of the Democratic candidates.

''Look, I think he's a wonderful guy, to start off with, number one,'' Mr. Biden replied, before explaining his concern that Mr. Obama and other candidates were wrong (and he was right) on steps to recast American policy toward Pakistan. (Mr. Obama said he did not see much difference in their approaches to Pakistan.)

Compared with other relationships he has built in Washington, where he is serving his sixth term in the Senate, Mr. Biden has little history with Mr. Obama. In Mr. Biden's 2007 autobiography he mentions Mr. Obama only once, and in the prologue section. ''I served with the last of the Southern segregationists,'' Mr. Biden writes of his long Senate career, ''but I was there to see Carol Moseley Braun and Barack Obama sworn in.''

The child of a car salesman and a graduate of the University of Delaware and Syracuse Law School, Mr. Biden had settled in the Wilmington, Del., suburbs to practice law and serve as a local councilman when he decided in 1971 to challenge a popular incumbent senator, J. Caleb Boggs. Only 29 years old, Mr. Biden won in a tight race; he turned 30 in time to meet the legal age requirement to serve in the chamber.

A month later, driving in search of a Christmas tree, Mr. Biden's wife, Neilia, and their three young children were struck by another car. Neilia and their 13-month-old daughter, Naomi, were killed; his two sons were hospitalized but recovered. Mr. Biden considered resigning but was persuaded to start his Senate term. Five years later he courted and wed a teacher, Jill Jacobs, whose photograph he had noticed in an advertisement for local parks; they have a daughter, Ashley.

In 1988, Mr. Biden underwent surgery to repair two so-called berry aneurysms in arteries in opposite sides of his brain. The first of the aneurysms -- a ballooning of an artery -- tore without warning, leaking blood to cause neck pain and nausea. Mr. Biden wore a brace until the correct diagnosis was made. He escaped without suffering a paralyzing stroke. The second aneurysm apparently caused no symptoms and was repaired a few weeks after the first. Mr. Biden returned to the Senate after a seven-month absence.

A Family Man

As he has grown in prominence, Mr. Biden has commuted for years between Washington and Wilmington, so he is home every night. He is close to his family. His sister, Valerie Biden Owens, has played an important role in all of his campaigns and managed his presidential bid last year. And he is known as a doting grandfather, often sitting on the floor to play with his grandchildren. Mr. Biden has long been ranked as one of the least wealthy members of the Senate.

He largely built his power base and expertise as the chairman or ranking Democrat of two powerful Senate committees: Judiciary, which he led from 1987 to 1995, and Foreign Relations, from 2001 to 2003 and since 2007. On Judiciary he became a leading advocate for the Violence Against Women Act, tougher drug sentencing laws and money for local law enforcement programs.

Leading the hearings on Clarence Thomas's nomination in 1991, Mr. Biden came under fire from women's groups and women in Congress who said that he initially gave short shrift to allegations of sexual harassment against the nominee by Anita Hill.

But he noted that Ms. Hill had at first not wanted her identity disclosed even to Mr. Thomas, making an investigation difficult. Polls after the nomination fight showed that Mr. Biden, who ultimately voted against Mr. Thomas, was credited by the public with presiding fairly over the contentious hearings and he appeared to suffer little lasting political damage.

More recently, Mr. Biden voted against Mr. Bush's nominations of John G. Roberts Jr. and Samuel A. Alito Jr. to the Supreme Court.

During and since his time leading the Judiciary Committee, Mr. Biden has been derided by some critics as the ''Senator from MBNA,'' or ''(D-MBNA),'' because of his close ties to the credit card behemoth that was based in Wilmington, Del., until it was bought three years ago by Bank of America.

Employees of MBNA Corporation had heavily contributed to Mr. Biden, pouring more than $214,000 into his campaign coffers going back to 1989, making the company his single biggest supporter, according to the Center for Responsive Politics.

Moreover, in 2003, after Mr. Biden's son Hunter had graduated from law school, MBNA hired him as a management trainee and quickly promoted him to executive vice president. After Hunter Biden left the firm to become a partner at a Washington lobbying firm, the company paid him a $100,000 annual retainer to advise it on the Internet and privacy issues. Mr. Biden also paid Hunter's law firm $143,000 for ''legal services,'' including nearly $60,000 in outstanding bills just last month.

In another MBNA connection that has raised questions, Mr. Biden sold his Delaware house for $1.2 million in the mid-1990s to John Cochran, a senior executive of the company who would become its chairman and chief executive.

Campaign consultants for Raymond J. Clatworthy, a Delaware businessman who ran twice against Mr. Biden, tried to make an issue of the sale in their race in 1996, suggesting a sweetheart deal, but Mr. Biden produced an appraisal of his home that matched the purchase price.

Corporate Leaning

Mr. Biden became an early supporter of a controversial bankruptcy law that was championed by the company and other credit card issuers and finally passed in 2005, making it more difficult for consumers to erase their debts. Mr. Obama, who voted against the measure, recently skewered the presumptive Republican nominee, Senator John McCain, for backing the bill, saying it allowed ''banks and credit card companies to tilt the playing field in their favor, at the expense of hard-working Americans.''

A report last year by Credit Suisse, the investment bank, concluded the law had had a ''profound impact'' on the country's subprime mortgage crisis, leading directly to a rise in foreclosures.

Mr. Obama has made the bankruptcy bill an issue on the campaign trail, announcing a plan in July to revise the law and give more protection to debtors. He has argued that his opposition to the legislation demonstrated his support for working families, while casting Mr. McCain, who voted for the measure, as being in the pocket of credit card and banking industry lobbyists.

Accompanying Mr. Biden's respected legislative record is a personal touch that is renowned for verbal gaffes, usually a product of impolitic directness. None was more devastating than the plagiarism incident that eventually forced him to exit the presidential race in 1988.

During a speech at the Iowa State Fair, Mr. Biden delivered a moving closing monologue about his family's humble roots. It turned out that he had borrowed the passage from a British politician, Neil Kinnock, who had been describing his own personal history. Mr. Biden previously attributed the words to him on the stump but for some reason did not this time.

Other revelations quickly emerged: Mr. Biden had plagiarized parts of a paper he wrote in law school, using word for word five pages from a law review article without attribution; in a breezy moment with a voter in New Hampshire he had dramatically embellished his college and law school accomplishments; he had adopted parts of speeches by Robert F. Kennedy without citation.

By 2007, when he decided to try for the White House again, the political agonies of the '80s had been forgotten by many Americans. And Mr. Biden himself pledged to be more careful if he won in 2008.

Memorably, at one of the Democratic candidate debates, he was asked whether he could reassure voters that he would have the discipline to watch his words and language if elected. ''Yes,'' Mr. Biden said, and nothing more, smiling as the audience laughed with approval.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr., as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee in 2007. He was also chairman from 2001 to 2003. (PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUG MILLS/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Above left, Governor-elect Sherman W. Tribbitt and his wife, Jeanne, in 1972, and Mr. Biden with his wife, Neilia, center, whodied that year, and his sons. Mr. Biden, at right, with his wife, Jill, and children announcing his candidacy for president in 1987. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY, LEFT TO RIGHT, ASSOCIATED PRESS

GEORGE WIDMAN/ASSOCIATED PRESS)(A22) CHART: Where He Stands: The positions of Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr. of Delaware on main issues.(A22)

**Load-Date:** August 24, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Latvia's Worry: What to Do With All Its Russians***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1M10-008G-F512-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 1, 1994, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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

**Length:** 1359 words

**Byline:** By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT,

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

**Dateline:** RIGA, Latvia

**Body**

Whenever Valda Liepa hears talk that Russians in Latvia are the victims of discrimination, a poor and oppressed minority being refused basic civil rights in their new land, she shakes her head and mutters.

"It was a Russian who just evicted me from my shop, so he can rent to another Russian," said Ms. Liepa, whose toy store is one of the few in central Riga owned by a Latvian. "If the Russians are so poorly off, as everyone says, then let me ask you: Why do they control most of the businesses in Riga, and have the biggest apartments?"

But on the fringes of the ancient capital, in the tattered high-rises where many of the families moved here by Moscow during the 1950's and 1960's were resettled, members of Latvia's large Russian-speaking minority shake their heads too when they hear Latvians speak about them as if they were somehow a fifth column, living off a legacy of lost Communist privilege.

"It is true that Russians have an active life in the business community," said Leonids Fedosejevs, a founder of the League of Noncitizens, whose members are mostly Russian-speaking. "But it is also true that if you are not a citizen, and most Russians are not, you have no political rights, and fewer rights to pensions and jobs. Even people who have lived in Latvia all their lives now find they are being treated as if they are stateless people."

Deciding Who Is a Citizen

Nearly three years after this Baltic nation declared its independence, Latvia is still struggling to come to terms with who, exactly, is a citizen, a debate that has not only added to ethnic tensions within the country but also inflamed relations with Moscow.

In recent months, both Russian Government officials and ultranationalists like Vladimir V. Zhirinovsky have railed at reports of mistreatment of Russians in Latvia and Estonia, and groups varying from the State Department to European human rights agencies have encouraged the Latvians to adopt a more "generous" attitude toward its Russian-speaking minority.

Despite the marginality of Latvia in world affairs, the Baltic nations endure as an especially sensitive flashpoint in the unfolding relationship between the West and Moscow, given decades of Western political investment in the three nations, and Russia's heightened perception of discrimination there against its nationals.

Of Latvia's 2.4 million people, 72 percent are now citizens, and of those, nearly four-fifths are ethnic Latvians. Under Latvian law, promulgated after independence, all those who lived in Latvia before the Soviet occupation in 1940, as well as their descendants, instantly qualify for citizenship.

Old Russian Colonials

Of the 673,400 people in Latvia who are noncitizens, 85 percent are Russian-speakers. The group consists mostly of retired Soviet military officers, workers sent to colonize the country in the 1950's or 1960's and the descendants of both groups, many of whom were born here. All awoke one day in 1991 to find themselves instant aliens in a newly independent country.

While neighboring Lithuania and Estonia have set up procedures to open the door for citizenship for their Russian minorities, Latvia's political leadership has not yet settled on the terms for enlarging its own national family.

On the surface, Latvian officials say, the problem is one of political arithmetic at a time of political and economic uncertainty. If the Government suddenly were to enfranchise hundreds of thousands of Russian-speakers, some officials worry, the new voters might suddenly use their ballots to destabilize Latvia's precarious political demography, and even try to reannex Latvia to Russia.

Over the last three years, two parallel but quite separate cultures have evolved in Latvia. One is a Latvia led by a Western-leaning elite of politicians and administrators determined not only to build a functioning market economy out of the debris of Communism but also to recreate a Latvian nation and culture that nearly disappreared during a half-century of autocratic and at times brutal Soviet rule.

The other culture is Russian, in manner and in language, and it dominates the ***working-class*** life of towns like Riga and Daugavpils, where Russians are the majority.

While some Russians have seized the new opportunities offered by Latvian independence, including a highly visible role in private enterprise, both legal and illegal, others adamantly refuse to learn to speak Latvian, getting by instead by watching Russian-language television and reading Russian-language newspapers.

"It is not simply a case of tension between Latvians and Russians," a Western diplomat here said. "The real problem is between Latvians and those Russians who behave as if they were still living in Russia."

To regulate the number of Russians admitted as citizens, a bill pending in Parliament would set annual quotas on those eligible. It would also require that all applicants master conversational Latvian and swear a loyalty oath.

But even that is too liberal for the most ardent Latvian nationalists. Juris Sinka, a member of the small Fatherland faction, the most right-wing of the Latvian political groups, says he wants to restrict the pool of new citizens to 2,000 a year.

Encouraging Emigration

Better yet, nationalists are hoping that rather than stick around waiting for citizenship, Russians will decide to leave Latvia, and even Government officials have been seeking Western donors to a fund that would offer compensation to Russian-speakers as an incentive to emigrate.

Russians say they fear Latvians will eventually try to force them out, and some Latvian critics have taken Government officials to task for sowing distrust and fear by treating Russians here as if they were political enemies.

"Latvia's first priority for its security should not be joining NATO," said Janis Jurkans, a former Foreign Minister. "It is building a cohesive, stable society that recognizes the economic and political rights of everyone in Latvia. Otherwise, we are just increasing tensions within the country, and helping Zhirinovskys and others like him to come to power in Russia."

But other Latvian officials chafe when liberals echo Moscow's complaints about discrimination.

"Moscow plays the international human rights issue like a piano," complained Georgs Andrejevs, a physician who is Latvia's Foreign Minister. "Everyone says we are bloody nationalists. What do we have to do to convince people we not eating the Russians for breakfast?"

No 'Ethnic Cleansing' Here

Latvia is not Bosnia, Dr. Andrejevs says, arguing that no one in Latvia has been killed, beaten or driven from home in the name of "ethnic cleansing." Those Russians who have lost their jobs, he says, are victims not of discrimination but of the painful transition from a socialist to a market economy.

Moreover, Dr. Andrejevs argues that Latvians have shown great patience, since the country remains occupied by foreign troops: 12,000 to 17,000 Russians who are the remnants of the vast Soviet military based here when this was part of the western frontier of the Soviet Union.

While Moscow has pulled out more than 40,000 troops since 1992, negotiations to end the Russian military presence have stalled.

At the heart of the dispute, finally, is history. Some Russians argue that some Latvians want only to get even for a half-century of Soviet rule, and even Latvian officials acknowledge that they are hostage to their own bitter memories.

Over the years of Soviet rule, the proportion of ethnic Latvians in Latvia declined sharply. Not only did Moscow send hundreds of thousands of workers from Russia and elsewhere in the Soviet Union into Latvia, but thousands of native Latvians disappeared into the work camps of Siberia. Many more fled to the West, where for a half-century they tended the flame of Latvian nationalism.

"In some ways, we are only now trying to overcome the aftereffects of World War II," said Inese Birzniece, a Latvian-American who is now a member of Parliament and the chairwoman of the Human Rights Commission. "I realize nationalism is now out of fashion in Europe, but we have no choice but to be nationalists if we are going to rebuild the Latvian state."

**Graphic**

Photo: Unlike the other Baltic countries, Latvia is still struggling with the problem of its Russian minority. Valda Liepa, in her toy store, is one of the few Latvian store owners in the central part of Riga, the capital. (A.F.I. for The New York Times)

Map of Latvia showing location of Daugavpils.

**Load-Date:** March 1, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Calls for Slavery Restitution Getting Louder***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:436C-GNH0-0109-T2MB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 4, 2001 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 15

**Length:** 1792 words

**Byline:**  By TAMAR LEWIN

**Body**

It has been more than a century since Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman ordered that the coastlands confiscated in the Civil War be divided into 40-acre plots and distributed to thousands of former slaves.

After Abraham Lincoln's assassination, Andrew Johnson rescinded the order and took back the land that had been distributed. Since then, the idea of compensating African-Americans for the sins of two and a half centuries of slavery has hovered in the background, far from reality. But now the movement for reparations is gaining steam.

As a political matter, reparations has been a nonstarter: every year since 1989, Representative John Conyers Jr., Democrat of Michigan, has introduced legislation calling for a comprehensive study of reparations, and every year the legislation has stalled.

But as a social and legal movement, the call for reparations has taken on substantial force this year. Black professionals and scholars are taking up a cause that used to engage mostly ***working-class*** blacks. And beyond the longstanding efforts to seek government restitution, there is a new focus on winning reparations from corporate targets that once profited from slavery.

The new momentum is apparent on many fronts:

\*A California law that took effect this year requires every insurance company licensed in the state to research its past business, and that of its predecessor companies, and report to the state whether it ever sold policies insuring slave owners against the loss of their slave property, and if so to whom.

\*A team of prominent African-American lawyers has announced plans to file lawsuits early next year seeking damages from the federal government and companies that profited from slavery. The team is part of the Reparations Coordinating Committee, led by Charles Ogletree, a professor at Harvard Law School, and Randall N. Robinson, the founder of TransAfrica, a lobbying group.

\*In March, the Oklahoma Commission to Study the Race Riots of 1921 recommended that survivors and their descendants be paid reparations for the uprising in which thousands of whites stormed a prosperous black neighborhood, destroying homes and businesses and killing at least 40 people.

\*Aetna formally apologized in March 2000 for having written policies for slave owners on the lives of their slaves. Three months later The Hartford Courant, which had run a front-page article about Aetna's apology, made a front-page apology of its own, for having run advertisements for the sale and capture of slaves.

\*Advocates of reparations are fighting to make compensation for slavery an official theme of the United Nations World Conference Against Racism in August, and hoping to win a declaration that slavery is a crime against humanity for which reparations should be paid.

\*Last month, The Philadelphia Inquirer published two full-page editorials urging the creation of a national reparations commission.

The idea of reparations raises tangled questions about who should pay the money and who should receive it -- and, more profoundly, about the relative merits of affirmative action and restitution.

The Reparations Coordinating Committee's litigation is unlikely to get into such particulars. The first task, lawyers say, is to establish a legal wrong that must be remedied.

"The history of slavery in America has never been fully addressed in a public forum," Mr. Ogletree said. "Litigation will show what slavery meant, how it was profitable and how the issue of white privilege is still with us. Litigation is a place to start, because it focuses attention on the issue."

Some blacks still dismiss the reparations movement as a digression from the issues that matter. "If the government got the money from the tooth fairy or Santa Claus, that'd be great," said Walter E. Williams, chairman of the economics department at George Mason University. "But the government has to take the money from citizens, and there are no citizens alive today who were responsible for slavery. The problems that black people face are not going to be solved by white people, and they're not going to be solved by money. The resources that are going into the fight for reparations would be far more valuably spent making sure that black kids have a credible education."

Reparations remain a divisive idea, opposed by the vast majority of whites but widely supported by African-Americans. "There is now no major black organization that does not support reparations," said Mr. Robinson, whose book "The Debt: What America Owes to Blacks" is a steady seller in black bookstores.

The legal argument, he said, is compelling: "When government participates in a crime against humanity, and benefits from it, then that government is under the law obliged to make the victims whole. That's recognized as a principle of law."

Certainly, reparations payments have become an increasingly familiar concept. The United States government has paid reparations to Japanese-Americans interned in World War II, and to several Indian tribes. Holocaust survivors who were used as forced laborers have won reparations from European countries. Mexican braceros who worked in the United States during World War II have filed a class-action lawsuit for reparations.

Stuart E. Eizenstat, who as a senior official in the Clinton administration negotiated settlements under which Holocaust victims would receive $8 billion in reparations from the governments of Germany, France and Austria and from Swiss banks, said that he viewed those cases as different from the African-American claims, because Holocaust reparations are going largely to surviving victims, while slavery reparations would go to descendants generations removed.

"For slavery qua slavery, I think the appropriate remedy is affirmative government action in general, rather than reparations," said Mr. Eizenstat, who is now in private life. "And if 100 years from now the great-great-grandson of a Holocaust laborer asked for reparations, I don't think that would be appropriate, unless there was some specific property that had been confiscated that they wanted to recover."

Those campaigning for reparations say that they are prepared to prove that African-Americans today continue to suffer from the legacy of slavery -- and, after slavery, another century of legal discrimination.

"We are not raising claims that you should pay us because you did something to us 150 years ago," said Adjoa Aiyetoro, a legal consultant to the National Coalition of Blacks for Reparations in America, which is preparing its own lawsuit against the federal government and working with the coordinating committee. "We are saying that we are injured today by the vestiges of slavery, which took away income and property that was rightfully ours."

Part of the new momentum in the reparations movement comes from efforts to win restitution not just from the federal government, but also from companies that profited from slavery. "I started doing research about the possibility of a lawsuit against the government," said Deadria Farmer-Paellmann, a lawyer. "But I turned to corporations, after finding how difficult it would be to win a claim against the government, given sovereign immunity, the statute of limitations, and an opinion by a relatively liberal court rejecting the idea. If you can show a company made immoral gains by profiting from slavery, you can file an action for unjust enrichment."

Historians say that slavery was so central to the economy in the early days of America that almost every business benefited from it. "The entire economy of this country was based on slavery, North as well as South," said Eric Foner, a professor of history at Columbia University. "New York had a stranglehold on the cotton trade, which made up half the total value of U.S. exports in 1850. Brooks Brothers supplied a lot of clothing to plantation owners. Merchants, manufacturers, everyone felt the economic ripples."

Government benefited, too, often using slaves to build public works. Slaves helped build the United States Capitol -- and their owners received $5 a month for their labor.

Ms. Farmer-Paellmann, who found the documents about Aetna's slave policies, is pursuing other companies that profited from slavery. Among her discoveries was a 1906 history of the New York Life Insurance Company, which explained that "among the first 1,000 policies issued, 339 were upon the lives of negro slaves in Maryland and Virginia."

Spurred by the California legislation, New York Life is now reviewing its archives, to find out to what extent the company may have sold insurance to slave owners.

Although no lawsuits have been filed, some old-line companies have reportedly begun to worry about their exposure. Owen Pell, a New York lawyer who represented several companies in Holocaust-related litigation, has spoken informally with several companies about the possibility and potential shape of claims relating to African slavery.

Ultimately, insurance companies may not be the most important defendants. The ripest potential defendants, some lawyers say, may be municipal governments, which do not have the same sovereign immunity as the federal government, and tobacco companies or railroads -- even those that declared bankruptcy after the Civil War, since the old bankruptcy code did not wipe out any debts or liabilities that were not specifically declared.

Often the connection to slavery is mentioned in company histories: a history of the Arkwright Manufacturing Company, now owned by the Dutch company Oce, describes how James DeWolf, a slave trader, "invested his slaving profits in the textile mills" Arkwright operated in Rhode Island.

To be sure, it is a long stretch from a 19th-century slave trader to a 21st-century Dutch company that makes copying machines, and Oce officials seemed baffled by any possible connection to the slave trade. "This is the first I've heard of it," said Karen Fitt, a company spokeswoman.

Still, Ms. Farmer-Paellmann says, companies built on the profits from slavery may become strong advocates for reparations from the government, as opposed to the private sector.

"My interest in this is to get these corporations, once they are aware of their own connections, to be our chief lobbyists in Washington for other forms of restitution," she said. "Apologies aren't enough."

If the idea of paying reparations for slavery makes Americans uneasy, Mr. Ogletree of Harvard said, it is probably partly because, for most whites, it is a new idea, based on a history they do not understand. "The uneasiness that some express about reparations is the same uneasiness that we had about integration, about women's right to choose," he said. "We've gained some important mainstream viability, but these things take time."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Randall N. Robinson is a leading advocate of reparations for slavery, from the government and from businesses that once profited from the slave trade, like the insurance company that took out the advertisement below. (Currier & Ives, 1884); (Susana Raab for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 4, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Cinematography Meets Geography In Montmartre***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:498B-FGS0-01KN-20KJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 10, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Column 1; Travel Desk; Pg. 8

**Length:** 1729 words

**Byline:**  By ELAINE SCIOLINO; ELAINE SCIOLINO is chief of the Paris bureau of The Times.

**Body**

THIS is the period of pilgrimage in Paris to familiar shrines like the Eiffel Tower (newly garlanded with 20,000 blinking lights) and the Louvre (with an annual summer amusement park in the Tuileries Garden next door). Then there are newer shrines, like a cafe and a greengrocer in the shadow of Montmartre, all because of a mischievous but do-good 23-year-old film heroine named Amelie Poulain.

"Amelie," a quirky low-budget film directed by Jean-Pierre Jeunet, was nominated for five Oscars and has been seen by more than 25 million people since its release in 2001. In the film (released in France as "Le Fabuleux Destin d'Amelie Poulain"), the title character, played by the French actress Audrey Tautou, is a good fairy who touches friends, family members and even strangers with her anonymous acts of generosity.

Now the spirit of the film has spread to a corner of Montmartre where the film is set. And the real-life places that she frequented have profited from her magic, creating a cult of Amelie, particularly among foreign tourists who seek to follow in her footsteps. The French call it the "Amelie Poulainization" of the neighborhood.

The magic seems to have spread even beyond Montmartre. In May, the designer Lancel introduced an Amelie line of whimsical clothing, handbags and shoes printed with maps of the landmarks of Paris, although a company spokesman insisted that there was no connection to the film and that the fabric pattern was taken from a greeting card from the 1950's. A canvas handbag trimmed in red leather sells for $354, a canvas grocery cart at $295 (prices at $1.18 to the euro), far more expensive than anything Amelie Poulain would have owned.

"The film was like a cloud of happiness on which everyone in the world would like to float," said Laure Morandina, the head of Montmartre's neighborhood association. "There are moments of the film that touched something universal and also captured the spirit of Montmartre as a village where even if the whole world visits us, we still know all the shopkeepers."

Amelie's world is not the Montmartre of the white-domed basilica of Sacre-Coeur and the instant portrait painters of the Place du Tertre nearby or the sex and strip shops of the Boulevard de Clichy.

This is the rapidly gentrifying but closeknit area of Abbesses, just up the road from the original Moulin Rouge nightclub. There is a a twice-monthly newspaper called La Gazette de Montmartre: The Voice of the Village that still reports on neighborhood events like births and weddings, business meetings and watercolor exhibitions.

The Cafe des Deux Moulins on the Rue Lepic where Amelie worked as a waitress has become one of the most frequented cafes in the neighborhood since the movie opened. When its longtime owner, Claude Labbe, announced he was selling it last year, there were rumors it would become an Amelie theme bar or even worse, a fast-food restaurant.

Indeed, Marc Fougedoire, the new owner, eliminated the classic cigarette stand, an important focal point in the film, to make room for more tables. Cloth tablecloths were replaced by paper.

But the copper-topped bar, mustard-colored ceiling, lace curtains and 1950's decor have been preserved, including the neon wall lamps. So has the unisex toilet that is the scene of a frenzied coupling between Georgette, a hypochondriac cigarette seller, and Joseph, a rough patron whose life is transformed by love. There are no glossy autographed photos of the stars of the film, no articles cut from newspapers, just posters of Amelie from the movie hanging on the front door and the back wall. Smoking is allowed; there is an area for nonsmokers.

Except for a Sunday brunch, the menu has mostly stayed the same, and includes a green salad with warm goat cheese, three pates "Deux Moulins," steak au poivre and pig's brains with lentils. The hamburger comes with an egg on top.

"It was really love at first sight," said Mr. Fougedoire of his decision to buy the cafe. "We were careful not to change anything except the cigarette stand, which annoyed the smokers and didn't look very authentic. We could have made it more 'Amelie,' but we wanted it to stay a real Parisian cafe."

Tourists and veterans compete for space, but not all are pleased.

"There's no tabac," lamented Shinobu Otsubo, a 23-year-old Japanese exchange student in Paris who has seen the film four times. "What a shame. It was the symbol of the film."

Others are entranced. "This is charm, this is magic," said Sebastien Metzger, a 19- year-old student from Stuttgart who had seen the movie several times and was following Amelie's route. "And it's all so simple and pure."

The cafe is now so chic that a 14-page fashion feature in the August issue of French Vogue was photographed there.

Ali Mdoughy, the Moroccan-born greengrocer whose store, Au Marche de la Butte on the Rue des Trois Freres, was a key site in the film, has left up the signpost from the film that renamed the store "Maison Collignon, founded in 1956." It was here that Amelie regularly bought her three hazelnuts and one fig.

Mr. Mdoughy, who has owned the store for 30 years, is quite different from the grocer in the film, a French bully who publicly humiliates his Algerian employee, the only non-Frenchman in the film. Mr. Mdoughy has turned over management of the store to Rachid Assab, his brother, and now runs a bakery down the street. He even thought -- briefly -- of naming it Amelie's Bakery, and creating a chocolate in her name.

The store is more upscale than the typical corner groceries that are usually run by Arab immigrants and stay open late on Sundays. Fruit is displayed in wicker baskets trimmed in plastic holly. A framed photograph of Amelie from the movie hangs in the window. Postcards of the grocery store sell for $1.15.

Mr. Mdoughy has created a Web site ([*www.epicerie-collignon.com*](http://www.epicerie-collignon.com)) that features a map of "the path of Amelie" and has issued a CD called "Ali: L'picier de Montmartre," featuring old songs from Montmartre, Berber tunes with electro beats, as well as his personal musings about life and legumes. The CD was recorded largely in the grocery store, by a neighborhood musician who has been shopping there for 20 years.

"Amelie," Mr. Mdoughy said, "has changed my life."

The film was particularly popular in Japan, and there are tours led by Japanese tour guides; in January the Michelin guide Web site [*www.viamichelin.com*](http://www.viamichelin.com) published a two-hour itinerary of Amelie's world (it can be found in the archives). Among the mustsee spots are the antique carousel in the Place St.-Pierre, where Amelie has a meeting with her future beau; the terraced garden leading up to Sacre-Coeur; and the Lamarck- Caulaincourt Metro station, where Amelie lends a hand to a blind man; and the Canal St.-Martin, in the 10th Arrondissement with its locks, iron bridges and new shops and cafes.

Part of the film's attraction, and part of what draws people to this neighborhood, is that it offers a nostalgic view of a Paris that no longer exists and perhaps never did. The film has been praised as charming and feelgood and criticized as saccharine, even fascistic. fascistic. There is no graffiti or trash in the Metro. Indeed, in making his film, Mr. Jeunet unclogged the streets of too many cars, scrubbed graffiti off walls and used rose and golden lenses.

The Communist daily newspaper L'Humanite faulted the film for showing a Paris "cleaned of immigrants, a Paris well cleaned," adding, "It is not stated but everyone knows that the 'Fabulous Destiny' is a fascist film."

In any case, Mr. Jeunet was honored with the National Order of Merit by President Jacques Chirac, who called watching the film at the lysee Palace "one of the best evenings of my life." In a speech shortly after the film opened, Fran-->ois Fillon, now France's labor and social affairs minister, urged France to become "softer," with more "tolerance, more fraternity, a bit like the France of Amelie Poulain."

The discovery of Amelie's world has also created some tension between neighborhood regulars and the outside invaders. Tattoo artists, fast-food joints and inexpensive clothing shops have replaced many longtime merchants. Real estate prices soared even higher after the film was made, and last year, the Villa Royale, a luxury hotel where rooms start at about $285, opened on the Rue Duperre near Place Pigalle.

It was seen as a victory for residents and merchants when the cheese merchant Michel Catherine retired and managed to sell his shop to another cheese merchant several months ago. But the fishmonger who used to cry, "Eat good fish and you will have beautiful children" is gone.

The one-time ***working-class*** neighborhood has become even more upscale than before. Rotisserie chickens turning on spits are sold at a neighborhood butcher shop as they are in the movie, for more than $16 each. Litchis from Madagascar and black truffles are available in the markets.

"Amelie Poulain made prices, especially real estate prices, skyrocket," said Annic Journet, as she dined on steak with braised endives in the Cafe des Deux Moulins, talking as if Amelie were a real person. "Prices were already going up, but the movie created even more buzzing about the neighborhood," added Ms. Journet, who has lived with her sister in the neighborhood for 25 years. "People took advantage of that buzzing to make great deals."

As for the changes in the cafe since the movie, "It used to be more like a village," she said. "There used to be more faces from the neighborhood. Rue Lepic. Rue Montmartre. Now it's tourists. Now we find the service is charming and they smile more. But we'll go somewhere else now."

In focus

Cafe des Deux Moulins, 15, rue Lepic; (33-1) 42.54.90.50; Metro: Blanche. Classics like salade frisee aux lardons ($8.85, at $1.18 to the euro) and a demi-Camembert with a glass of Ctes du Rhne ($7).

Au Marche de la Butte, 56, rue des Trois Freres; (33-1) 42.64.86.30; Metro: Abbesses. Closed Monday. A traditional French neighborhood convenience store that still looks very much like the epicerie in the movie. The owner's CD is $24.

A ride on the carousel at the Place St.- Pierre is $2.50. Metro: Anvers. Open daily.

The scene in which Amelie throws stones into the Canal St.-Martin is in the 10th Arrondissement at the river lock at the corner of the Rue des Vinaigriers and the Rue de la Grange-aux-Belles.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Carousel, Place St.-Pierre; Ali Mdoughy, a greengrocer; Canal St.-Martin; and La Mascotte, a cafe and restaurant. (Photographs by Owen Franken for The New York Times)(pg. 9); Lamarck-Caulaincourt Metro station in Montmartre. Audrey Tautou and Mathieu Kassovitz in the Cafe des Deux Moulins in "Amelie." (Photo by Owen Franken for The New York Times)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** August 10, 2003

**End of Document**



[***In British Inquiry, a Family Caught in Two Worlds***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KP7-FJ00-TW8F-G1YK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 20, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 2; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1; THREATS AND RESPONSES: THE SUSPECTS

**Length:** 2081 words

**Byline:** By IAN FISHER and SERGE F. KOVALESKI; Reporting for this article was contributed by Heather Timmons and Stephen Grey from London, Souad Mekhennet from Birmingham, Carlotta Gall from Bahawalpur, Pakistan, and Margot Williams from New York.

**Dateline:** LONDON, Aug. 19

**Body**

The father, Abdul, seems a classic immigrant to Britain: a Pakistani who settled in Birmingham, he opened a bakery and worked long hours. But he also kept exceptionally strong ties to the old country, starting a charity that raised money meant to help Pakistanis in need.

An older son, Rashid, like many second-generation Muslim immigrants here, had a more complicated life, caught between cultures, with Islam the one consistent thread. He, too, felt the strong lure of Pakistan, where he fled in 2002 after an uncle was mysteriously stabbed in Birmingham, and where he apparently joined an extreme Islamic group.

A younger son, Tayib, visited Pakistan and seemed to be following in his father's footsteps as a hard-working baker in Britain. In the early hours of Aug. 10, he collected a check of roughly $3,000 from a customer, then sat with him until 2 a.m., talking and eating potato chips.

''A person who is on the verge of blowing himself up isn't going to sit down and be calm or go around and collect money,'' said the customer, Mohammad Nazam, a former Birmingham City Council member who owns three supermarkets and has known the family more than 40 years.

But just a few hours later, Tayib was one of 24 Muslim men arrested in the plot to blow up airplanes over the Atlantic, only a day after his brother, Rashid, was arrested in Pakistan amid allegations that he was one of the chief plotters.

Little is known about the strength of the British government's evidence against the suspects. But at this early, sketchy stage, the three men of the Rauf family and the charity the father helped found are at the heart of the investigation into a plot that has shaken Britain.

A central question is whether there was any connection between the mostly young and British-born people who have been detained and the world of sophisticated terrorism based thousands of miles away in the murky recesses of Pakistan and Afghanistan. With much unknown a week after the plot was revealed, the Rauf family represents the strongest possibility of such a link.

A British police official, who has been briefed on the inquiry, said, ''The Raufs were targeted precisely because of the family's links to extremist groups in Pakistan that have, over the years, come to work hand in glove with Al Qaeda.'' The official, who requested anonymity because he is not authorized to speak about the investigation, said that the family had ''been flagged red for months'' and that the authorities had come to see Tayib as the leader of the plot in Britain and Rashid as the connection to Pakistan. But he warned that ''what is unclear yet is how far this inquiry has been able to trace their links back to some so-called mastermind in Pakistan.''

For years before the airline bombing plot, the Rauf family seemed to have attracted an unusual amount of suspicion, and not only for their ties to Pakistan. Their house in Birmingham was searched, the police say, after two slayings, including the killing of the sons' uncle. Banking regulators put the elder Rauf's charity account under review in March this year. In the summer of 2005, after the subway and bus bombings here that killed 52 people and 4 bombers, a neighbor of the charity's office in East London became so suspicious that she called Britain's antiterrorism hot line.

The operator, she said, dismissed her worries. Odd comings and goings at night at the store, a sudden switch from importing cookies to providing charity, all soon after the bombings, did not add up to terrorism. ''I understood what they meant,'' said the neighbor, Linda Brown, 48, a former secretary at the business next door to the charity, Crescent Relief, which operates in an industrial park in the Dagenham section. ''But maybe if they had investigated, if they had snooped around, who knows what they might have found?''

In fact there is evidence that at least one of the men in detention was involved in the Rauf charity. Last October, The Bucks Free Press, in High Wycombe, listed one suspect, Khuram Ali, as a local contact for donations to Crescent Relief to help victims of the October 2005 Kashmir earthquake. The paper, which said 1,000 tents had been flown to Kashmir, also listed a phone number for Mr. Ali that is no longer in service.

In High Wycombe, where Mr. Ali lived, a neighbor of his, Ashley Tighe, said in an interview on Saturday that Mr. Ali had told him that he was involved in a charitable effort to send tents to the areas hit by the quake.

''He said that he was doing work for a charity and that they had sent over tents because of the earthquake, but that some of them had gone missing at the airport,'' Mr. Tighe recalled. He said he understood that the charity was also sending food and clothing to the area.

The whereabouts of Abdul Rauf, 52, are unknown. Relatives and neighbors have said that he was visiting Pakistan at the time of the arrests. ABC News has reported that he, too, has been placed in custody in Pakistan, but the government there has not confirmed that. British authorities have not suggested that Abdul Rauf was involved in the plot, nor have his assets been frozen by the Bank of England, which did act against most of the other suspects.

The portrait of Mr. Rauf that emerges from interviews with friends, neighbors and business associates seems defined by an intensity of religious devotion and a determination not to let go of Pakistan and its traditions amid modern, secular British life.

In all, Mr. Rauf seemed the archetype of the successful immigrant, who like most of Britain's Pakistanis, came from the Mirpur district in Pakistani-controlled Kashmir. He ran a bakery making flat bread and sold cakes and cookies imported from Pakistan, neighbors and a business associate said. He was also deeply involved in charity work, forming Crescent Relief in 2000, and more recently giving money for victims of the earthquake in Kashmir and the 2004 tsunami in Asia.

''They were a ***working-class*** family who had very little social time,'' said Nassar Mahmood, a trustee of the Central Mosque in Birmingham. ''They haven't really reaped the full fruits of their business.''

But, he added, they had no animosity toward Britain. ''I can tell when someone feels alienated or angry about the country's policies,'' he said. ''But that was not these people. They enjoyed their lives in Britain.''

At the same time, like many Pakistani immigrants here, Mr. Rauf regularly visited his home village, Haveli Beghal, where he kept a house and reportedly financed the construction of a mosque. He was there attending a wedding, friends say, when his sons were arrested.

And he was so steadfast in his beliefs that he built a little study center for Muslim children in a shed on the back patio of his house on St. Margaret's Road in Birmingham.

A next-door neighbor, June Lethbridge, said that anywhere from a dozen to 20 youngsters would attend classes there three to four times a week. Mr. Rauf's wife, who never left the house without her head and face covered, gave Koran lessons to girls.

''The best I can remember was that this all started four or five years ago,'' Mrs. Lethbridge said. ''It was amazing that they could all fit in there.''

Some tension between cultures in this case -- possibly between traditional law and that of their adopted nation -- seemed to explode for the Rauf family in April 2002.

Mohammad Saeed, a delivery driver and a brother-in-law of the elder Mr. Rauf, was stabbed to death in April 2002 at his house in Birmingham, in front of his wife and two children. He was 54. No one was ever arrested, though the Rauf house was searched. Rashid Rauf, believed to be 29, fled to Pakistan soon after.

The police never formally identified a suspect, but news reports pointed to Rashid and what was said to be a family dispute that possibly led to an ''honor killing,'' not uncommon in Pakistan, and often involving possible sexual misbehavior. The West Midlands police refused to comment, other than to confirm that the Rauf's house had been searched in connection with the killing.

Three years later, the family came under suspicion when riots between black and Asian youths broke out in Birmingham, leaving among the dead a young black man, Isaiah Youngsam. The police confirm that the Rauf family home was again searched over that killing, though other suspects were later arrested.

In the last week, the authorities in Pakistan have described Rashid Rauf as a central figure in the plot and as the prime connection between Britain and Pakistan with links, they say, to Al Qaeda and other militant groups.

There is no evidence that he ever returned to Britain after 2002. About a year after arriving in Pakistan, Rashid Rauf married and later settled in southern Punjab, in the town of Bahawalpur, which is also the home of Jaish-e-Muhammad, one of the most extreme Islamist groups in Pakistan, with strong ties to Al Qaeda.

His sister-in-law is married to the brother of the group's founder, Maulana Masood Azhar, and members have said Rashid Rauf was himself a member through its various incarnations. But this week in Bahawalpur, where donkey carts jostle for space with bicycles and farm vehicles, fearful neighbors and local officials were not willing to provide many details about his life there.

''They were very exceptionally rich,'' said one neighbor, in the deeply poor village. ''They had a lot of money and everyone was wondering how they had the money.''

Various news accounts here in Britain, citing anonymous law enforcement officials, suggested that money from the family's charity might have been diverted to the plot. Last week the Charity Commission of England and Wales said it was looking into that possibility.

The last official filing with the commission showed Crescent Relief had a gross income of $:89,202, about $168,000, in the fiscal year that ended in October 2004.

In March, the account came under scrutiny from its bank, Barclays, over a $:50,000 ($94,000) transfer in 2005 to an account at Saudi Pak Bank, said one person briefed on the investigation into the account, who was not authorized to speak publicly.

The person said neither the amount nor the destination of the transfer itself made after the earthquake in Kashmir last year raised concerns. Instead, the account was put under review because the person making the transfer failed to provide proper identification.

The charity's office in Dagenham also attracted the attention of neighbors last year. Ms. Brown, the secretary of a nearby office, said that after several years of operating as a warehouse for imported Pakistani cookies and cakes, it changed soon after the London bombings into a charity to help Kashmir.

People at the new charity, she said, began distributing pamphlets on the plight of people in Kashmir, a region that is the subject of a dispute between Pakistan and India. Ms. Brown and a co-worker said trucks arrived at all hours, especially at night, and backed entirely into the office bay before unloading, as if trying to hide the contents.

''They were so secretive about what was going in and out,'' said the co-worker, Kay Charles, 60.

In the heightened concern after last year's attacks, Ms. Brown said she called the antiterrorism hot line. She said she was still uncertain that anything wrong was going on. It was, she said, ''just a gut feeling.''

One of the charity's trustees, Mohammad Farooq, who had also served as a director but left the charity several months ago, said it was completely legitimate. ''It's totally normal,'' Mr. Farooq said in an interview at his house in East London.

With Abdul Rauf in Pakistan this month, one friend said the younger son, Tayib, 22, was left to run the business. ''He knows what products are best to buy for his purposes and what prices to get,'' said the friend, Abid Hussain, a manager of a supermarket in Birmingham.

His other interest, several people said, was the local mosque that adheres to Wahhabism, the strict sect followed by many militants.

One friend, who said he had known Tayib for nine years and attended school with him but declined to give his name, said the family was culturally divided between Pakistan and Britain. The friend remembered that when Tayib recently discussed marriage with his father, the father said it did not need to be an arranged one.

''If Tayib thought the girl was right for him, he could marry her,'' the friend said. ''The parents were not that strict.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Crescent Relief, a charity that raised money intended to help Pakistanis in need, is being examined for possible ties to the plot.

In 2002, Rashid Rauf, a suspect in the new plot to blow up airplanes, moved from Britain to Bahawalpur, Pakistan, where he has a home, left. His family, which immigrated from Pakistan, owns a bakery, right, in Birmingham, England. His brother and father are also under scrutiny. (Photo by James Hill for The New York Times)

(Photo by Akhtar Soomro for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

**Load-Date:** August 20, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Houses Now;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP6-5950-007F-G0D8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Homes of Metal: Great Shining Hope?***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP6-5950-007F-G0D8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 14, 1998, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** House & Home/Style Desk

**Section:** Section F; ; Section F; Page 7; Column 1; House & Home/Style Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1315 words

**Byline:** By Donna Paul

By Donna Paul

**Dateline:** HOUSTON

**Body**

FROM the air, the West End of Houston blazes below, an unearthly apparition. It's not just the roofs that are glinting: it's the houses. In this neighborhood, some are clad entirely in metal.

Sitting quietly, luminous and sleek in the 95-degree vapors, they seem at once warm and elegantly cool. This is the magic of metal, and though it may not be for everyone, it is a brave new front for homes.

Building with metal combines futurist fantasy with down-home practicality. Metal farm sheds and barns have dotted the American landscape for generations, as have sturdy industrial buildings. And throughout the South, the hot tin roof is ubiquitous. But over the last few years, architects who blend vernacular imagery and contemporary thinking -- firms like Will Bruder in Phoenix, Lake Flato in San Antonio and Cameron Armstrong in Houston -- are building houses that may elevate metal to residential art.

Mr. Armstrong, a Houston architect, has almost literally turned the idea of metal housing on its side. The roofs of his houses are made of conventional shingles, which he says are easier to repair; the skin of the house is Galvalume, a fuss-free metal too versatile to limit to industrial uses.

Galvalume, made by BIEC International Inc., of Kalama, Wash., is steel coated with zinc, aluminum and silicon to make it more durable and resistant to rust. It has been used since the 70's, but primarily for industrial buildings.

"The modern house may have found its exterior material," said Mr. Armstrong, who considers the metal "a way to finally have a material that is as advanced as its design."

He became fascinated with sheet metal as a material while a student at the Yale University School of Art and Architecture in the early 80's. But it wasn't until he moved here that he thought of it for residential design. Living in the West End, a neighborhood whose architectural vernacular was an unusual collection of metal industrial buildings and clapboard cottages, inspired him. "It took me a long time to see its obvious beauty, but once I saw it in sunlight and it glowed, I was hooked," he said.

After seeing other houses Mr. Armstrong built, his neighbor Suzanne Dungan commissioned him to build one for her. She has just moved into her new Galvalune home with expansive views of the front garden through the double-height living room, which is a soulful core of light.

"Contrary to what people might think, these structures are not invasive," she said. "They reflect the colors of the sky and of the landscape."

It is not merely metal's look that captivated Ms. Dungan and her architect. He says metal outperforms any other material for a climate like Houston's. With the intense Texas heat and strong rains, traditional materials present many problems: brick retains the heat and is very difficult to cool down, while stucco often grows mold and wood can rot. Metal does not retain heat and cools off with just a passing cloud.

"Where you want to bounce the radiant heat away from the building, it has a practical application," said Charles Miller, managing editor of Fine Home Building magazine.

There are other advantages. One is the opportunity to incorporate large expanses of glass into the design. Rooms flooded with sunlight may seem like a bad idea in Houston, but Mr. Armstrong's homes utilize glass in an energy-efficient way.

"I include very high ceilings because heat rises, and simply install ceiling fans to circulate the air," Mr. Armstrong said. "Combining this with air-conditioning makes a significant difference."

Mr. Armstrong claims that his highest electricity bill for August (when temperatures average 96 degrees) runs approximately $200 for his 2,500-square-foot metal house, with the central air conditioning on 24 hours.

He also uses concrete floors in these houses to provide a constant cooling effect and to add a lustrous note. Terrell James, Mr. Armstrong's wife and an abstract painter, first has them polished, then treats them with a compound of acid, pigment and fixing agents. Finally, floors are sealed and waxed.

James Russell, editor at large for Architectural Record magazine, agrees that metal is inexpensive -- 26-gauge raw Galvalume, for instance, costs 70 cents a square foot uninstalled -- and it lasts. Yet, it has its limitations. "The problem with all metal is that it is a poor insulator," Mr. Russell said. "And metal can be noisy -- it can creak, because it expands and contracts."

Houses were built using metal as early as 1860, said Dan Rockhill, an architect in Lawrence, Kan., who found an 1875 building in Van Wert, Ohio, clad entirely in sheet metal. Mr. Rockhill has designed three metal cottages using folded metal cut into overlapping shingles to fit in with their Victorian neighbor.

The renowned Dymaxion House designed by Buckminster Fuller, built in Wichita, Kan., in 1946, arrived at the site in a vertical cylinder and weighed only 6,000 pounds. Fuller's goal was to design an affordable house that could be mass-produced (only two prototypes were built). Less known is the Aluminare House, designed as an exhibition house for the Architectural League of New York in 1931 by Lawrence Kocher and Albert Frey. The house was purchased by Wallace Harrison, the architect of Rockefeller Center, and re-erected in Huntington, N.Y.

Scheduled for demolition, the house has been saved by Michael Schwarting, an architect at the New York Institute of Technology. "It was made more like a refrigerator than a house," Mr. Schwarting said. The architects of that time had a vision of mass-produced beauty. They designed the house with metal framing and covered the interior walls with rayon fabric in pastel colors.

Mr. Frey, now 94, spoke about the Aluminaire House from his home (also metal) in Palm Springs, Calif. "After working with Le Corbusier in Paris, my aim in life was to use permanent materials that don't require maintenance," he explained. He chose aluminum, which in the late 1920's was cheaper in the United States than in Europe, and the techniques and manufacturing methods were far more advanced. "It was an up-and-coming material, much more durable than wood, or plaster, which cracks," he said. "And it went up very quickly. The house was built in 10 days."

Houston seems to be ground zero for the new metal movement. Stephen Fox, an architectural historian in Texas, says it all began in 1974, when an architect named Eugene Aubry "picked up on the look of the pre-engineered metal industrial buildings that have always dotted the West End neighborhood" and built two houses faced with galvanized tin.

Houston has no zoning laws, so residential and commercial buildings co-exist in odd clusters in this ***working-class*** neighborhood where many artists sought housing. Fredericka Hunter, an art dealer, worked with Ian Glennie, an architect, to build another pair of metal structures in 1984, and the trend was launched.

But is metal an appropriate building material in all climates? Mr. Armstrong believes metal houses can be modified for cold regions. He advises using systems of vents that are closed in winter and open in summer.

Lane Williams, a Seattle architect, was challenged with designing a house for clients who lived in the foothills of the Cascade Mountains, where a house had to withstand up to 120 inches of rain a year. The 30-year-old house that once stood on the site had to be demolished because ofmold and mildew damage. "Galvalume cost less than any of the other metal options," Mr. Williams said, "and it was one-half the cost of cedar siding, which could rot."

However many advantages metal may offer, its industrial look won't please all the neighbors. Residents are challenging Mr. Armstrong over its use for two houses he has been commissioned to design in Houston's old Sixth Ward historic district.

But fortunately for Mr. Armstrong, here in the West End, his metal houses are a welcome part of the mosaic.

**Graphic**

Photos: FULLER'S TAKE -- The metal Dymaxion House was a famous R. Buckminster Fuller effort. Only two prototypes were built, in 1946. (Buckminster Fuller Institute); RED BUD TREES -- curve gently in front of Suzanne Dungan's house, a counterpoint to the shiny industrial metal. The terrace is made of wooden deck material and concrete. Below, large windows and 18-foot ceilings allow sunlight to fill the living room, whose concrete floors maintain a temperature of 68 degrees. The fireplace wall is a symphony of dull gray (pickled), silvery (ground) and black oxydized (mill-finished) steel. Oak-faced cabinets have sides and tops also of mill-finished steel. ON SITE -- Cameron Armstrong, crouching, directs the installation of a corner section on a new metal house. Behind the metal skin, air space functions as a chimney, constantly drawing cool air past the face of the building. The insulated structure to which the system is attached is essentially in the shade all day. (Donna Paul); COURTYARD -- Cameron Armstrong's house is clad with Galvalume. Trees partly obscure a wall of cold-rolled steel (right), which Terrell James acid-washed to create a rich patina. Below, the living room's ceilings extend to 22 feet in the bedroom (just visible at upper left). (Photographs by Hickey-Robertson)

**Load-Date:** May 14, 1998

**End of Document**



[***The New, and Democratizing, Soviet Middle Class***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-SNP0-0017-501X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 25, 1987, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 19, Column 2; Editorial Desk; OP-ED

**Length:** 1402 words

**Byline:** By Jiri Pehe: Jiri Pehe, a magazine editor in Czechoslovakia before fleeing to the United States in 1981, is an Eastern European specialist at Freedom House, a human rights organization.

**Body**

A major realignment of class power is taking place in the Soviet Union.

Power is shifting from the bureaucracy that derived its ''legitimacy'' from the proletariat to the bureaucracy that represents the middle class and its values. The longer Mikhail S. Gorbachev remains in charge, the greater the chances that reform-minded middle class members of the Politburo will purge the old gerontocratic ''worker-peasant'' cadres and real democratization will take place.

A common denominator lies behind reformist efforts in Czechoslovakia that preceded the Soviet-led invasion of 1968, in Hungary from 1968 to the present and in today's Soviet Union: the emergence of a new, powerful ever-growing middle class composed mostly of professionals.

Stalinist ideology - classical totalitarianism - espoused the values of the proletariat, the ***working class***. However, Stalinist rulers, who benefited from the system, were bureaucrats who supposedly represented the workers' interests but in fact enslaved the workers.

The rising foundations of change in the Soviet Union have not been laid by workers' ''demands.'' There has been no attempt to form a Solidarity union, to alter conditions from below, as in Poland. Rather, the foundations resemble those laid in Czechoslovakia and in Hungary.

In those two countries, the ruling elites recognized that the old methods of totalitarian control did not work well in post-industrial societies and could not effectively be applied to the middle class forever. So they began accommodating their ruling doctrine to the demands of the ever more important middle class.

The Stalinist style of rule was able to produce industrial technology through discipline, slave labor and by putting emphasis on quantity rather than quality. But in the last 20 years, Communist countries in Eastern Europe have produced their own intellectuals, economists, managers, scientists, doctors, lawyers and technicians and other professionals, which form a middle class.

In industrial-age conditions, tangible industrial products are handled in a simple way and workers are easy to control. In the post-industrial age, middle class professionals, who constitute the center of production, use and transmit information and abstract statistical data in their work. The mind and its helpers - computers and communications technology - have become increasingly sophisticated production tools, and the result is that middle class professionals are more difficult to control than traditional blue collar workers.

Members of the middle class exhibit the same kinds of values, regardless of their country. They tend to be open to new ideas and do not easily accept monolithic doctrine. A key to the middle class mentality is sophisticated consumption. In return for their labor, members of this professional class demand access to information, travel and goods. In other words, their emphasis is on the quality of life.

The standard of living in the Soviet Union hardly matches that of the West, as Mr. Gorbachev's stylish wife, Raisa, has demonstrated by her buying sprees in Western European capitals. She alone symbolically helps raise the level of Soviet consumers' aspirations.

The new cultivated middle class in Communist countries is increasingly well-informed. It can obtain information from alternative sources if the ruling elite denies it to them. Of course, it can be intimidated by threats - by the state's security system - as workers can. But it is increasingly difficult effectively to force middle class people to perform their work at ''gunpoint'': They are not like factory laborers.

Since the Communist bureaucracy cannot exercise the same kind of control over people who work with information that it does over traditional workers, the ruling elite is being forced to meet the middle class half-way. The alternative is stagnation.

If middle class professionals are not given the incentives and opportunities they demand, ultimately they will boycott the system - mainly by performing their duties in a pedestrian way and not investing effort in the creativity and problem-solving crucial to move a modern society forward.

The difference between a middle class met half-way and a middle class whose aspirations are denied has been graphically illustrated in Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

In 1968, Czechoslovakia's reformers - the leaders of the ''Prague spring'' - tried to accommodate some middle class needs and moved forward with the kinds of reforms that Mr. Gorbachev is now trying to carry out in the Soviet Union.

In 1968, the Soviet Union, however, was still deep in the medieval age of Communism. It was a country where the ruling ideology was determined by a group of ''worker'' cadres whose main interest was industrial production and preservation and enhancement of their own power. They could not understand the reasons for reform in Czechoslovakia.

After the Warsaw Pact's military intervention, Czechoslovakia's middle class, many of whose members were reform Communists, was purged. Since then, the hard-line leadership installed by the Kremlin has long tried to force the remaining and new professionals to work without incentives. As a result, the economy has gone steadily downhill.

By contrast, in Hungary the leadership introduced gradual reforms, avoiding Soviet wrath and accommodating one middle class demand after another. Today, Hungary is one of the most liberal Eastern European countries, where Communism more and more lives only by name.

Soviet Communist leaders increasingly are composed of people who are members of the middle class. That is, the old worker and peasant cadres are being replaced by technocrats, lawyers, economists and others.

After many defeats by backward Soviet Communism, people in the other Eastern European countries finally understood that no significant change in Eastern Europe was possible until social change in the Soviet Union matched the level of social change in their countries - the level at which middle class professionals would start reforming Soviet society.

That is why Mr. Gorbachev, during his recent visit in Czechoslovakia, was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm. The Czechoslovaks seem to understand what many Western experts have not yet grasped: The Soviet Union has entered the same spiral of changes that launched reforms in 1968 in Czechoslovakia and in Hungary. It is trying to satisfy its ever-larger class of professionals so that it can induce them to work harder, produce and deliver what the nation desperately lacks: post-industrial technology.

Czechoslovaks expect a snowballing effect - that the reforms will gain speed, eventually undermining Communism in its Soviet form.

While the old Soviet bureaucracy ruled in the name of the proletariat by establishing a welfare state and monopolizing power, the new bureaucracy representing the middle class has to reward middle class claims if it wants to win the middle class's support and revitalize the economy. Eventually such concessions will lead to the dilution of power of the ruling stratum - to a power-sharing with people it wants to win over.

The simple need for the Soviet Union to change its ways as it heads into the 21st century fuels reformist tendencies. The West is in the middle of a post-industrial revolution, and the Soviet Union has not yet entered it. The only way to do so is to mobilize middle class technocrats and the rest of the intelligentsia. If the Soviet Union refuses to do so, it will find itself technologically lagging behind the West so much so that, military strength aside, it will be threatened with the loss of superpower status.

Ironically, it was Karl Marx who said - the ruling Communists know this well - that ultimately the dominating social class always represents the dominant means of production. Post-industrial technology is operated by a new class - nonproletarian middle class professionals who consider Communism to be an outdated ideology.

Thus, when the current process of Soviet reform is over, the middle class will be firmly in control of the nation. Where such a process will stop - if it will stop - is, of course, impossible to predict. But it seems entirely likely that the Soviet Union will become a more democratic, open and less aggressive society.

There is no outside power policing the reform process there as in 1968 in Czechoslovakia. Thus, there is no one to ''save'' the Soviet Union from its own ''revisionist'' path.

**Graphic**

drawing

**End of Document**



[***Where Children Look Skyward for Direction;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SSY-TH50-007F-G182-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***In Queens, the Borough of Airports, Interest in Aeronautics Careers Revives - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SSY-TH50-007F-G182-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1403 words

**Byline:** By VIVIAN S. TOY

By VIVIAN S. TOY

**Body**

Ronald Disanto remembers standing on the roof of the family station wagon as a 6-year-old and staring straight up at the belly of an airliner as it rumbled over him.

"Being that close to a plane in motion, doing what it was supposed to do -- it was amazing," said Mr. Disanto, now 23.

The power of the planes -- so huge, so close -- is what made young Ronald nag his father to drive week after week from their home in Jackson Heights, Queens, to a field south of La Guardia Airport and park directly under a flight path. And it is what made the grown-up Mr. Disanto decide to learn how to fix and fly airplanes.

This is not the way people in Queens are usually presumed to feel about airplanes and airports. In the popular mythology of the borough, at least, hate is the emotion generally associated with La Guardia and Kennedy International Airports -- especially for the noise of aircraft landing and taking off.

But there has long been another side to this relationship: For young airplane enthusiasts like Ronald Disanto, the airports are an inspiration, engendering dreams of soaring to the heavens. And with the aviation industry healthy again after years of hard times, they look at the airports and see rising opportunity.

Today, La Guardia and Kennedy provide about 46,000 people with jobs, making them the largest employers in Queens. Airport jobs spiraled downward in the early 1990's when Pan Am and Eastern Airlines, which had major operations in Queens, went bankrupt, but the number of aviation jobs in the borough has started to climb again, airport officials say.

This, in turn, has sparked renewed interest in aerospace as a career: In the past two years, freshman enrollment has doubled at the College of Aeronautics, a private school in the shadow of La Guardia. To accommodate the growing student body, the school this month unveiled a $16.6 million expansion that includes a new wing of classrooms, a new hangar for the planes the students build and rebuild and a simulated flight control tower with a perfect view of planes taking off and landing at La Guardia.

For hundreds of Queens youths -- most from ***working-class*** families, many of them immigrants -- the educational path to the skies begins as early as age 5. The track begins at Public School 127, known as the Aerospace and Science Magnet School, which teaches children from prekindergarten through eighth grade. It continues at Aviation High School and then at the College of Aeronautics. The grade school and college are in East Elmhurst and the high school is in nearby Long Island City. All three make ample use of the airports, participating in field trips and internships.

Educators at the schools say aviation has long allowed Queens students to meld a fancy for flight with reliable employment. While airplane maintenance may not suggest glamour or intrigue, it provides jobs with starting salaries from $20,000 to $30,000 and the chance to move up the corporate ladder.

The revival of the aviation industry in New York and nationwide marks the end of a decadelong downturn in employment that began with the end of the cold war. The number of jobs nationwide fell from 1.3 million in 1990 to 796,000 in 1995, but is now back up to 869,000, according to the Aerospace Industries Association, an aircraft manufacturers group in Washington. And the United States Department of Labor has predicted 20,000 new aviation jobs in the next 10 years.

The Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, which operates Kennedy and La Guardia, estimates that 220,000 people work in aviation-related industries in Queens. Not all of these jobs are in or around airplanes, of course: The employers include wholesalers that bake bread, package fruit and provide paper napkins to airlines; manufacturers that supply equipment for airplane and vehicle maintenance, and baggage delivery services for lost luggage.

Mr. Disanto, who spent four years in the Marine Corps, is finishing his first year at the College of Aeronautics. After he graduates with a bachelor's degree in airplane maintenance, he hopes to land a maintenance job with a major airline and someday become a commercial airline pilot. Meanwhile, he has applied for a part-time job as an airport ramp agent hauling bags. "I'll do whatever it takes to get my foot in the door," he said. "And you've got to start somewhere."

That kind of pragmatism seems pervasive in students of aviation.

"A lot of our students dream that aviation is the future for them," said Eileen Taylor, principal of Aviation High School, from which about 400 students graduate each year with tradesmen's licenses to maintain and repair airplanes. "Their dreams and aspirations may be different from students at other schools. But this is a dream they can achieve, and they can earn their way as they go."

George Giokas, a senior at Aviation High School, remembers being dazzled by all the lights and switches in the cockpit of the jet he boarded as a 7-year-old to fly from his home in Athens to visit relatives in America. Today, Mr. Giokas, who immigrated to Astoria with his family just five years ago, is an intern at Tower Air at Kennedy Airport, learning all about avionics, the electronics that help translate a flick of a switch in a cockpit into flight.

Moving to a borough of airports has inadvertently given his life direction, Mr. Giokas said. "I have friends who are starting college and they don't know what they're going to do," he said. "I think it's a good thing to know where you're headed with the future and what you're going to do with your life."

When he graduates from Aviation High, Mr. Giokas said, he will be licensed to work in airplane maintenance but will probably have to settle for a job at a small airline. So he plans to get a degree at the College of Aeronautics in hope of landing a job at a major airline.

He said he was encouraged by the aviation industry's rebound, which industry analysts attribute to a new demand for airplanes as commercial air travel has surged and airlines have complied with a Federal requirement to replace older planes with quieter ones by Dec. 31, 1999. The number of air passengers in the United States grew to more than 580,000 in 1996 after hovering at about 450,000 per year in the early 1990's, according to the Air Transport Association, an airline industry group in Washington.

The rebounding industry may be good news for students in Queens, but people who live near the airports view things very differently.

Joe Fabio, a founding member of Sane Aviation for Everyone, a community group that battles airplane noise and air pollution, has nothing but disdain for the airports and the aerospace industry in general.

Mr. Fabio, who has lived in Flushing beneath the flight path of Runway 13 at La Guardia since 1962 -- one year before the first jets took off from the airport -- said the airports had ruined the quality of life in Queens. Air traffic has caused noise, air and water pollution, which in turn have lowered property values and threatened the health and welfare of residents, he said.

As for fathers who take their children out to the airports to watch planes -- humbug, Mr. Fabio says.

"People are not always aware of what hurts them," he said. "People used to give Coca-Cola to their kids like water, too, until they realized there was caffeine in it."

But for those who cannot imagine a life away from airplanes, jet fumes are like a heady perfume.

Along with many fellow students at Aviation High School, Mr. Giokas hangs out near La Guardia to watch planes take off. With a smile as wide as a 747, he noted that if you stand in just the right spot, "you can actually feel the heat from the engines coming back at you."

Sandra Cabral, 20, who is about to get an associate's degree in aircraft operations at the College of Aeronautics, grew up in Crown Heights, Brooklyn, but also traces her love of airplanes to La Guardia, where as a child she would sit on her father's shoulders to watch the jets come in.

"Somehow my father knew he wouldn't ever be in a cockpit," she said, explaining that her father is an immigrant from the Dominican Republic who manages a car service company and doesn't speak much English. "So through me, he may be living his dream.

"To see a hunk of metal soaring gracefully through the air -- I know the physics of it now that I've studied it, but there's still a mystery to it. And when you're up there, it's almost spiritual."

**Correction**

An article on Wednesday about aviation education in Queens misstated the number of air passengers in the United States in recent years. According to the Air Transport Association, the number grew to more than 580 million (not 580,000) in 1996, from 450 million a year (not 450,000) in the early 1990's.

**Correction-Date:** June 2, 1998, Tuesday

**Graphic**

Photo: Students at Aviation High School take a test in a hangar beside a TA-4 Skyhawk fighter jet dedicated to Manuel Rivera, class of '77, who died in the Persian Gulf war. (Vic DeLucia/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 27, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Neighborhood Watch***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SW9-WMC0-007F-G4XY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 7, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7; Page 14; Column 1; Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1594 words

**Byline:** By Francine Prose;

Francine Prose's latest book is "Guided Tours of Hell," a pair of novellas.

By Francine Prose;  Francine Prose's latest book is "Guided Tours of Hell," a pair of novellas.

**Body**

Freedomland

By Richard Price.

546 pp. New York:

Broadway Books. $25.

In the prologue to Richard Price's powerful new novel, a young white woman -- dazed, pale, bleeding from stigmata-like wounds on both palms -- staggers through the shadowy streets of an inner-city neighborhood in northern New Jersey. It's a quiet June night; a community meeting is in progress. Still, there's plenty of action. Police cars trawl "the dingy yellow sizzle of J.F.K. Boulevard," slowing as they pass young men decked in the latest fashion craze, strips of metallic reflector tape pasted "on jeans, sneakers and shirts" so "the agitated boredom of the dope crews brought the street corners alive with restless zips of light." From the minute the woman stumbles onto the scene, the narrative reveals both an intense singularity of focus and a kind of double vision: one eye is fixed on the volatile neighborhood, the other on this spectral figure, an image of personal damage so virulent that the reader instinctively braces for news of an epidemic, an explosion.

The woman's name is Brenda Martin, and by the time she crumples to the floor of the emergency room in the Dempsy Medical Center, we've learned that her car has been hijacked. An unnerving number of pages later, we also learn that the suspect is a black man, and that the woman's 4-year-old son was asleep in the back seat of the car. Though no mention is made of the case of Susan Smith, the South Carolina woman convicted in 1995 of murdering her two young children after blaming a black carjacker for their disappearance, Price wisely intuits that a white woman's story about being abducted by a mysterious black man may arouse a certain reflexive doubt in many of his readers.

No one in the novel wholly believes Brenda either, particularly its two central characters: Lorenzo (Big Daddy) Council, the "effusive and tireless" black police detective who functions as the unofficial mayor of the Henry Armstrong Houses, an embattled housing project where he himself grew up; and Jesse Haus, a hard-driving white woman who works as a reporter for a local paper. No one -- not even Brenda's family -- seems to have an unshakable faith that her story will check out, or that her son will be found. Yet everyone is desperate to know what really happened.

Lorenzo and Jesse serve as an oddly complementary pair of Virgils, guiding us through two different versions of hell: the glittery, jagged one of the black community of Dempsy (which becomes the blockaded, cordoned-off site of a manhunt for the carjacker) and the bleakly bland one of Gannon, the white Roman Catholic ***working-class*** town next door. As Lorenzo and Jesse go about their business, they introduce us to a huge cast of characters: police officers, lawyers, community activists, hustlers, assorted losers and ferocious do-gooders, ordinary people with the bad luck to get caught in the crossfire. Along the way, we are reminded of what writers and detectives often have in common: a dogged, sometimes inconvenient obsession with the truth; a psychological acuity that lets them take quick, reliable soundings of character; an ability to construct variant narratives and then decide which one seems most likely. The members of both professions are also, by necessity, warily and sharply observant, a feature that allows Price to let loose with a near-fanatical compilation of corroborative detail.

Here, as in his earlier books (from his debut novel, "The Wanderers," to the more recent "Clockers"), Price writes with the slightly manic desperation of someone determined to tell the absolute truth. His readers can be thankful that he works twice as hard as most authors, amassing convincing evidence to establish the novel's authenticity. In the course of the narrative, we learn how a dog is trained to find the dead; how to register the different sorts of body language with which men and women react to mug shots; what techniques and protective gear are employed by search parties on the trail of a lost child; even what items a woman like Brenda has in her medicine chest.

PRICE'S concern with getting things right, with setting a scene and then layering it with telling vignettes -- an alcoholic trying to sweet-talk a nurse into giving him painkillers; a petty crook fencing stolen lawn equipment; a street snitch complaining about his wife's costly desire for in vitro fertilization -- enables him to take us on persuasive tours of a wide range of places. He is equally comfortable in a dingy bar where reporters hang out and in the chaotic municipal court, in a community children's center and in the abandoned amusement park that gives the novel its title. He knows the subtleties of how race and class, age and occupation, affect the use of language and humor, and he can render an impressive spectrum of voices: the daffy philosophical ruminations of an East Indian doctor, the incantatory rant of a rabble-rousing preacher, the breathless monologue of a grieving mother whose child has been killed by a neighbor.

Most important, he can make these many small details add up to something much larger -- to a chilling evocation of the grim realities that fuel the eruptive tensions along the Dempsy-Gannon border. These realities are made vivid in a series of dramatic and sometimes unexpectedly disturbing scenes, including a session in which Brenda collaborates with a police sketch artist -- and produces a sketch of the artist himself. Later, there is also an almost unbearably spooky search through the grounds of a ruined mental institution, orchestrated by the Friends of Kent, a cultish volunteer organization devoted to finding abducted and missing children.

We have come to expect many rewards from Price's work, yet none of his previous novels have quite prepared us for the force of sympathy he is able to generate on behalf of the complex, contradictory yet entirely plausible characters in "Freedomland" -- and especially for Brenda Martin, his most nervy and unsettling fictional creation thus far. At one point, Jesse's editor asks her if she's fallen in love with Brenda, and as the novel proceeds, Jesse comes to understand precisely what he means. Near the conclusion, she sees a video of Brenda and her son, Cody, and understands that what she is experiencing is "a precious and fearsome love for both of them. . . . They had invaded her, set up house in her, had become part of her, Jesse understanding that this seizure of her heart was permanent and would persist impervious to all exterior judgments, moral, criminal or social."

Lorenzo's fascination with Brenda is similarly intense. After winning her trust, he nearly succeeds in eliciting the truth about Cody's disappearance. (The fact that Lorenzo and Jesse are themselves at once appealing and deeply flawed, guilty of serious personal and moral failings, makes them perfect conduits for their -- and our -- mixed feelings about the grief-stricken yet suspect mother.) When, ultimately, the Friends of Kent bully Brenda into coming clean, the reader feels not only pity and terror but sympathy, even though this is a woman who may have done something worse than most people can imagine.

It's hard to say exactly how Price manages Brenda's gradual, redemptive evolution from spacey revenant to putative monster to suffering fellow member of a far-from-perfect humankind. (The novel takes as its epigraph a verse from the Psalms on the theme of repentance: "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.") The balance is partly shifted by the details of Price's portrait of Brenda, like her wrenchingly good taste in vintage rhythm-and-blues and the sweetness of her impulse to make tapes of her favorite songs for people she likes. But Price also works on the reader's sympathies through the emotional power of the increasingly revealing stories Brenda tells about her past.

INEVITABLY, this fixation on Brenda is responsible for the book's one significant lag: a long section during which the novel (for reasons of plot) leaves her in a kind of limbo as we wait to see what impact her fate will have on the Dempsy-Gannon community. The edgy impatience this produces puts Price's readers in a complicated, extremely uneasy moral position, one that cleverly echoes the central irony underlying the novel as a whole -- the accusation that the disappearance of one white child has received more publicity, drawn more attention, than the tragic daily attrition of Dempsy's black population.

The resultant uneasiness -- this heightened, anxious awareness of moral and psychological complexity -- is one of the great accomplishments of first-rate writing. Yet readers who don't want to submit to such disquieting feelings are free not to do so. It is possible simply to read the book as a commercial detective thriller, full of hairpin turns and unforeseeable switchbacks. But that would be a shame. For all its grabby suspense and startling plot disclosures, "Freedomland" is infinitely more than a detective story. Despite its hipness, its up-to-the-moment street jive and cops-and-robbers jargon, it aspires to the heft and weight of a 19th-century Russian classic. It has that same capacity to shake up our unexamined assumptions about sin and forgiveness. In fact, "Freedomland" suggests some version of the novel that might have resulted if Anna Karenina had been hit by the train before the book began, and her wounded, restless ghost had returned from another world to haunt us, to make us look at ourselves and think a hundred times before we cast that first stone.

**Graphic**

Photo: (JEROME LAGARRIGUEH)

**Load-Date:** June 7, 1998

**End of Document**



[***The Secret Life of Passwords***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5MS7-2PR1-JBG3-620M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 19, 2014 Wednesday 00:00 EST

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company All Rights Reserved

**Section:** MAGAZINE

**Length:** 4990 words

**Byline:** IAN URBINA

**Highlight:** We despise them – yet we imbue them with our hopes and dreams, our dearest memories, our deepest meanings. They unlock much more than our accounts.

**Body**

Howard Lutnick, the chief executive of Cantor Fitzgerald, one of the world’s largest financial-services firms, still cries when he talks about it. Not long after the planes struck the twin towers, killing 658 of his co-workers and friends, including his brother, one of the first things on Lutnick’s mind was passwords. This may seem callous, but it was not.

Like virtually everyone else caught up in the events that day, Lutnick, who had taken the morning off to escort his son, Kyle, to his first day of kindergarten, was in shock. But he was also the one person most responsible for ensuring the viability of his company. The biggest threat to that survival became apparent almost immediately: No one knew the passwords for hundreds of accounts and files that were needed to get back online in time for the reopening of the bond markets. Cantor Fitzgerald did have extensive contingency plans in place, including a requirement that all employees tell their work passwords to four nearby colleagues. But now a large majority of the firm’s 960 New York employees were dead. “We were thinking of a major fire,” Lutnick said. “No one in those days had ever thought of an entire four-to-six-block radius being destroyed.” The attacks also knocked out one of the company’s main backup servers, which were housed, at what until that day seemed like a safe distance away, under 2 World Trade Center.

Hours after the attacks, Microsoft dispatched more than 30 security experts to an improvised Cantor Fitzgerald command center in Rochelle Park, N.J., roughly 20 miles from the rubble. Many of the missing passwords would prove to be relatively secure — the “JHx6fT!9” type that the company’s I.T. department implored everyone to choose. To crack those, the Microsoft technicians performed “brute force” attacks, using fast computers to begin with “a” then work through every possible letter and number combination before ending at “ZZZZZZZ.” But even with the fastest computers, brute-force attacks, working through trillions of combinations, could take days. Wall Street was not going to wait.

Microsoft’s technicians, Lutnick recalled, knew that they needed to take advantage of two facts: Many people use the same password for multiple accounts, and these passwords are typically personalized. The technicians explained that for their algorithms to work best, they needed large amounts of trivia about the owner of each missing password, the kinds of things that were too specific, too personal and too idiosyncratic for companies to keep on file. “It’s the details that make people distinct, that make them individuals,” Lutnick said. He soon found himself on the phone, desperately trying to compartmentalize his own agony while calling the spouses, parents and siblings of his former colleagues to console them — and to ask them, ever so gently, whether they knew their loved ones’ passwords. Most often they did not, which meant that Lutnick had to begin working his way through a checklist that had been provided to him by the Microsoft technicians. “What is your wedding anniversary? Tell me again where he went for undergrad? You guys have a dog, don’t you? What’s her name? You have two children. Can you give me their birth dates?”

“Remember, this was less than 24 hours after the towers had fallen,” he said. “The fire department was still referring to it as a search-and-rescue mission.” Families had not accepted their losses. Lutnick said he never referred to anyone as being dead, just “not available right now.” He framed his questions to be an affirmation of that person’s importance to the company, he said. Conversations oscillated between sudden bawling and agonizing silences. “Awful,” he said. Sometimes it took more than an hour to work through the checklist, but Lutnick said he made sure he was never the one to hang up first.

In the end, Microsoft’s technicians got what they needed. The firm was back in operation within two days. The same human sentimentality that made Cantor Fitzgerald’s passwords “weak,” ultimately proved to be its saving grace.

Several years ago I began asking my friends and family to tell me their passwords. I had come to believe that these tiny personalized codes get a bum rap. Yes, I understand why passwords are universally despised: the strains they put on our memory, the endless demand to update them, their sheer number. I hate them, too. But there is more to passwords than their annoyance. In our authorship of them, in the fact that we construct them so that we (and only we) will remember them, they take on secret lives. Many of our passwords are suffused with pathos, mischief, sometimes even poetry. Often they have rich back stories. A motivational mantra, a swipe at the boss, a hidden shrine to a lost love, an inside joke with ourselves, a defining emotional scar — these keepsake passwords, as I came to call them, are like tchotchkes of our inner lives. They derive from anything: Scripture, horoscopes, nicknames, lyrics, book passages. Like a tattoo on a private part of the body, they tend to be intimate, compact and expressive.

Perhaps my biggest surprise has been how willing, eager actually, people are to openly discuss their keepsakes. The friends I queried forwarded my request, and before long I started receiving passwords from complete strangers. There was the former prisoner whose password includes what used to be his inmate identification number (“a reminder not to go back”); the fallen-away Catholic whose passwords incorporate the Virgin Mary (“it’s secretly calming”); the childless 45-year-old whose password is the name of the baby boy she lost in utero (“my way of trying to keep him alive, I guess”).

Sometimes the passwords were playful. Several people said they used “incorrect” for theirs so that when they forgot it, the software automatically prompted them with the right one (“your password is incorrect”). Nicole Perlroth, The New York Times’s cybersecurity reporter, told me about the awkward conversation she had not long ago, when, locked out of her account, she was asked by the newspaper’s tech-support staff to disclose her password: a three-digit code plus an unpublishable epithet — a reference to a funny exchange she overheard years earlier between a store clerk and a thief.

Often, though, these disclosures had an emotional edge to them. One woman described the jarring realization that her sister’s name was the basis for all of their mother’s passwords. Another, Becky FitzSimons, recalled needling her husband, Will, after their wedding in 2013 because he was still using the digits of his ex-girlfriend’s birthday for his debit-card PIN. “I’m not a jealous person,” FitzSimons said. “But he changed it to my birthday the next day.”

Standing at the park watching my 11-year-old son climb on the jungle gym, I struck up a conversation with a woman walking her dog, and I told her about my keepsakes idea. Like most people, she did not want her name used in my article, because she said her vignette was too personal; she also feared being hacked. But she proceeded to tell me that several months after her son committed suicide, she found his password written on a piece of paper at his desk: “Lambda1969.” Only then, after some Internet searching, did she realize he had been gay. (Lambda is the Greek lowercase “l,” which some historians say stands in gay culture for liberation. The number, “1969,” she explained, referred to the year of the [*Stonewall*](http://topics.nytimes.com/top/reference/timestopics/subjects/s/stonewall_rebellion/index.html?inline=nyt-classifier) Riots — the protests that followed a police raid on the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village.)

Some keepsakes were striking for their ingenuity. Like spring-loaded contraptions, they folded big thoughts down into tidy little ciphers. After being inspired by Sheryl Sandberg’s book, “Lean In: Women, Work and the Will to Lead,” Cortni Kerr, a running partner of mine, began using “Ww$$do13,” which stood for “What would Sheryl Sandberg do” plus “13” for the year (2013) of the password’s creation. “TnsitTpsif” was the password of another friend, a computer scientist who loves wordplay. It stands for “The next sentence is true. The previous sentence is false,” which in philosophy is called a liar’s paradox. For my friend, it was a playful reference to the knots that language can tie. When I described keepsake passwords to Paul Saffo, who teaches engineering at Stanford and writes often about the future of technology, he coined the term “crypto haiku.”

Rachel Malis, 29, a friend’s former housemate, heard about my password fixations and emailed hers to me: “Odessa,” the Ukrainian city of her father’s birth. It seemed unremarkable to me. But she said there was more to it. So I suggested we meet for coffee. We sat for an hour while Malis nursed a latte and explained what gave her password its power for her.

“Odessa,” she said, referred not just to her lineage but also to a transformative trip she took there in 2008 with her father. In a sense, it was a place that had always separated them — it embodied a language, a regime and a past that she could never share. Her father fled Ukraine in 1980 when he was 28, and he vowed never to return. Even in America, old habits, like his KGB-induced skepticism of the police lingered. Malis said that during her childhood in Trumbull, Conn., near New Haven, he would close the living-room blinds whenever he wanted to discuss anything “sensitive,” like summer travel plans or family finances. The city loomed large in her father’s consciousness when Malis was growing up. She once asked why there was no fleck of green anywhere in their house — not in the wallpaper, pictures, dishes, throw rugs — and her mother explained that it was because the color reminded him of painful early years spent in the army.

On that trip back, Malis paid for her father’s plane ticket and arranged their accommodations, and they were both surprised to find him just as lost as she was in the streets of Odessa. Her laconic father was more talkative, though, in his native tongue. He was strangely calm visiting his father’s grave but became choked up when he showed her the tracks where he caught the train that whisked him out of the city one panicked night so long ago. Above all, Malis said, typing “Odessa” every time she logged in to her computer was a reminder of the true epiphany she carried home: that getting closer to something — her father, this city — didn’t make it smaller or more manageable. “It actually just brought their complexity and nuance more into focus,” she said.

At least as interesting as the amount of thought Malis had packed into this one six-letter word was the fact that she was telling me it all. I confessed to her that I loved “Odessa” as a password. At the same time, I worried that her office’s techies might not share my affection, given that their first rule is to avoid choosing passwords with personal significance. Malis pointed out that we break that rule precisely because secure passwords are so much harder to remember. Our brains are prone to mooring new memories to old ones, she said. I added that I thought the behavior spoke to something deeper, something almost Cartesian. Humans like, even need, to imbue things with meaning, I suggested. We’re prone to organizing symbols into language.

Malis gave me an inquisitive look. So I continued: We try to make the best of our circumstances, converting our shackles into art, I said. Amid all that is ephemeral, we strive for permanence, in this case ignoring instructions to make passwords disposable, opting instead to preserve our special ones. These very tendencies are what distinguish us as a species.

These special passwords are a bit like origami, I suggested: small and often impromptu acts of creativity, sometimes found in the most banal of places. Malis seemed to agree. She nodded, shook my hand and left.

Asking strangers about their passwords is a touchy proposition. Push too hard, and you come off as a prospective hacker. Go too easy, and people just rant about how much they hate passwords. Still, it’s not every day that you stumble across a conversation topic that teaches you new things about people you’ve known for years.

I discovered, for example, that my father — a recently retired federal judge and generally a pretty serious guy — derived his passwords from a closeted love for goofy, novelty songs from the late ’50s and early ’60s (“The Purple People Eater,” “Monster Mash”).

The “4622” that my wife uses in her passwords was not just the address of her own father’s childhood home but also a reminder of his fragility and strength. Apparently when the former 270-pound football standout, a scholarship athlete and the pride of his ***working-class*** neighborhood in west Tulsa, was a small boy, he had to sing his home address (“4622 South 28th West Avenue”) in one full breath rather than try to say it normally; otherwise, his debilitating stutter would trip him up.

My young son revealed that his password was “philosophy,” because, he said, several years earlier, when he created it, he took secret pride in knowing the meaning of a concept that big. The disclosure had an interesting echo for me, because one of my first childhood passwords was a play on “ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny,” an evolutionary theory from a high-school biology class that I found especially captivating. (The hypothesis, now unfashionable, posits that the physical or intellectual development of each individual passes through stages similar to the developmental stages of that individual’s species or civilization.)

I asked Andy Miah, a professor of science communication and digital media at the University of Salford in England, for his thoughts on passwords, and he offered an anthropological outlook. Keepsake passwords, he suggested, ritualize a daily encounter with personal memories that often have no place else to be recalled. We engage with them more frequently and more actively than we do, say, with the framed photo on our desk. “You lose that ritual,” Miah said, “you lose an intimacy with yourself.”

For some people, these rituals are motivational. Fiona Moriarty, a competitive runner, told me that she often used “16:59” — her target time for the 5,000 meters in track. Mauricio Estrella, a designer who emailed me from Shanghai, described how his passwords function like homemade versions of popular apps like Narrato or 1 Second Everyday, which automatically provide its user with a daily reminder to pause and reflect momentarily on personal ambitions or values. To help quell his anger at his ex-wife soon after their divorce, Estrella had reset his password to “Forgive@h3r.” “It worked,” he said. Because his office computer demanded that he change his password every 30 days, he moved on to other goals: “Quit@smoking4ever” (successful); “Save4trip@thailand” (successful); “Eat2@day” (“it never worked, I’m still fat,” Estrella wrote); “Facetime2mom@sunday” (“it worked,” he said, “I’ve started talking with my mom every week now”).

Keepsakes also memorialize loss or mark painful turning points. Leslye Davis, the New York Times reporter who produced the video series that accompanies this article online, said that “stroke911” was her original Facebook password because she happened to create her page on the same day that her cousin had a stroke. My friend Monica Vendituoli’s keepsake was “swim2659nomore” — a reference to a career-ending shoulder injury in 2008 that prevented her from hitting the 26.59-second qualifying time in the 50-yard freestyle she needed for a championship meet in high school. But the effect of typing this password had shifted over the years, she added. What started as a mourning ritual, she said, was now more a reminder of how “time heals all.”

These personal tributes vary widely, I found. Stuck on a tarmac last year, I sat next to a chatty man who, judging by his expensive watch and suit, seemed to have done well for himself. We made small talk about our jobs, and eventually I told him about my interest in passwords. After a long, silent look out the window, he turned to me and said that he typically uses “1060” in his passwords. This was his SAT score, he explained. He liked reminding himself of it, he said, because he took a certain private satisfaction in how far he had come in life in spite of his mediocre showing on the standardized test.

I got an email from a college student, Megan Welch, 21, who described having been trapped several years earlier in a relationship with a physically abusive boyfriend. She recounted how he routinely spied on her email. When she tried to change her password, he always either guessed or got her to tell him the new one. “I was so predictable,” she said. After finally deciding to break up with him, she used for her new password the date of her decision, plus the word “freedom” — a deviation, she said, from the cutesy words that had been her norm. In being uncharacteristic, her password became unhackable; it was at once a break from her former self and a commemoration of that break.

Keepsake passwords are so universal that they are now part of the fabric of pop culture. I noticed, for instance, that on Showtime’s “Dexter,” the main character (a blood-spatter analyst for the police by day, vigilante serial killer by night) forgot his work computer’s password. He was soon visited by the ghost of his adoptive father, Harry, who killed himself after witnessing Dexter’s violent tendencies. The visit reminded Dexter of his password (“Harry”) and the viewer of the longevity and depth of his personal torment.

Googling for more examples, I came across Jack Donaghy, Alec Baldwin’s character on the NBC sitcom “30 Rock.” He convinced himself that a high-school crush still had feelings for him after he learned that her voice-mail code, “55287,” stood for “Klaus,” the name Jack used in the high-school German class they took together. I found George Costanza from “Seinfeld” nearly driving his girlfriend mad, and maybe even killing a guy, by refusing to share his A.T.M. password, “Bosco,” a reference to George’s weakness for the chocolate syrup.

But perhaps the most bizarre one I found was Jerry Seinfeld’s A.T.M. code — “Jor-El.” On the simplest level — as the episode explained — this was the name of Superman’s Kryptonian father. It served as a nod to the fictional Jerry’s love of the comic-book character. But in digging a bit further, I found that the real-life Jerry’s father was of Eastern European-Jewish descent, and his first name was Kalman, a.k.a. Kal. This is why one of the actor’s two sons, born long after the episode was made, has Kal as his middle name. Though most people know Superman as Clark Kent, his Kryptonian name is Kal-El. What Jerry hid in his PIN looped between fact and fiction, past and present; and comic book, sitcom and real life.

I loved the Seinfeld password story because it was so convoluted that in retelling it I could barely follow it myself. Its circularity inspired a certain awe in me — the way you might feel when you first see an optical illusion by Escher. That got me thinking about the intricate and self-referential patterns famously described in Douglas R. Hofstadter’s 1979 classic “Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid.” The book is a beautiful and personal musing on how we mold both language and our sense of self from the inanimate material around us.

I wondered if there might be some (modest) parallel between what I saw in keepsakes and the elaborate loops in music, math and art that he described in his book. Like a fractal running through human psychology, maybe we have a tendency not just to create keepsakes but to create ones with self-referential loops in them.

So I called Hofstadter to get his take. He was reserved but intrigued. I suggested that many of these passwords seem to be quiet celebrations of things we hold dear. Hofstadter concurred. His primary password, he said, was the same one he has used since 1975, when he was a visiting scholar at Stanford. It consisted of a sentimental date from his past coupled with a word problem.

“Might there be something deeper at work in these password habits and in the self-referential loops you studied?” I asked.

Some of these patterns we discover, Hofstadter said, others we create. But above all, “we oppose randomness,” he said. “Keepsake passwords are part of that.”

The Internet is a confessional place. With so little privacy, passwords may soon be tomorrow’s eight-track player, quaintly described to our grandchildren. Ten years ago, Bill Gates announced during a tech-security conference in San Francisco that “people are going to rely less and less” on passwords, because they cannot “meet the challenge” of keeping critical information secure. In recent years, there has been a push for machines to identify us not by passwords but by things we possess, like tokens and key cards, or by scanning our eyes, voices or fingerprints. This year, for example, Google purchased SlickLogin, a start-up that verifies IDs using sound waves. iPhones have come equipped with fingerprint scanners for more than a year now. And yet passwords continue to proliferate, to metastasize. Every day more objects — thermostats, car consoles, home alarm systems — are designed to be wired into the Internet and thus password protected. Because big data is big money, even free websites now make you register to view virtually anything of importance so that companies can track potential customers. Five years ago, people averaged about 21 passwords. Now that number is 81, according to LastPass, a company that makes password-storage software.

Partly this push is being fueled by a growing and shared hatred of passwords. The digital era is nothing if not overwhelming. The unrelenting flood of information. The constant troubleshooting. We only just master one new device before it becomes outmoded. These frustrations are channeled into tantrums over forgotten passwords.

There is scarcely a more modern sense of anomie than that of being caught in the purgatory where, having forgotten a password, we’re asked personal trivia questions about ourselves that we can’t seem to answer correctly. The almost-weekly stream of news stories about major security breaches makes it tough not to feel as if privacy on the Internet is unattainable.

It’s enough to make the conscientious objectors seem sane. These are the many people I interviewed who said they had given up on the whole notion of online security, opting instead to adopt intentionally insecure passwords.

Digital nudists of sorts, these people throw all discretion to the wind, leaving themselves naked to hackers and identity thieves; they are protected only by the hope that they might disappear in the crowd. Their humble acts of rebellion seem to suggest that maybe the reason people were so willing to tell me their keepsakes was that it offered a small, private catharsis from the pent-up pressure that we all feel to police our online security.

In December 2009, an Eastern European hacker trolling the Internet for vulnerable targets stumbled across the mother lode: a database of 32 million passwords for a company called RockYou that runs a network of online games. Several weeks later, the hacker published the database, which remains among the largest such archives ever released.

The digital nudists were well represented. At least one of every 10 users chose a name or a name plus a year for his password. Two of every thousand passwords were the word “password.” But the RockYou breach had bigger lessons to offer. Most password research is focused on security, rather than on psychology or anthropology. Few modern activities, however, are more universal than creating a password. Rich, poor, young, old, virtually all of us are confronted daily by some kind of registration-demanding technology: wire transfers, prepaid cellphones, online banking, email, calling cards. The RockYou database could show how, when and why words gather weight — existential, personal weight.

This is partly why, for the past several years, a small team of computer scientists at the University of Ontario Institute of Technology has studied the RockYou database for lexical patterns. Among their more interesting finds: “Love” was by far the most common verb among the passwords — about twice as common as conjugations of the verb “to be” and roughly 12 times as common as conjugations of the verb “to hate.” By far the most popular adjectives used in the database’s passwords were “sexy,” “hot” and “pink.” Men’s names were about four times as likely as women’s names to appear as the object of passwords that start with “I love.”

Christopher Collins, one of the group’s lead researchers, explained that affection even appears in disguised forms. What at first looked like a disproportionately frequent use of the word “team,” for instance, turned out to be versions of the Spanish words “te amo,” or “I love you,” Collins said. The number “14344” appeared unusually often, and the researchers at first figured that it referred to a date: March 14, 1944. After consulting the urban dictionary, they soon found out that the number actually is popular code for “I love you very much.” (Count the letters in each word.)

In my own conversations, I, too, noticed that love (familial, unrequited, Platonic, failed) seemed to be a common source of inspiration for keepsakes. Perhaps my favorite of these anecdotes came from Maria T. Allen, who wrote that in 1993, when she was 22, she used for her password a combination of the name of her summer crush, J. D., with an autumn month and the name of a mythological female deity (she wouldn’t tell me which) to whom he had compared her when they first met. The fling ended, and they went their separate ways. But the password endured. Eleven years later, out of the blue, Allen received a message through [*Classmates.com*](http://Classmates.com) from J. D. himself. They dated for several years, then decided to marry. Before the wedding, J. D. asked Maria if she had ever thought of him during that interim decade. “About every time I logged in to my Yahoo account,” she replied, before recounting to him her secret. He had the password inscribed on the inside of his wedding ring.

Granted, passwords harbor humanity’s darker side too. Joseph Bonneau, 30, who was among the first computer scientists to study RockYou’s archive, said he was amazed that tens of thousands of people would choose to introduce messages like “killmeplease,” “myfamilyhatesme” and “erinisaslut” — not to mention a slew of obscenities and racial slurs — into their lives multiple times a day.

In studying the database, Bonneau’s focus was not on the meaning of passwords but their security. And the further he dug into it, he said, the more he worried about the fate of privacy as so much of life moves online. “What the database made clear,” he said, “was that humans really are the weak link when it comes to data security.”

But precisely what made passwords so flawed is also what Bonneau said he found uplifting. “People take a nonnatural requirement imposed on them, like memorizing a password,” he said, “and make it a meaningful human experience.”

I later recounted Bonneau’s comment to Collins, who agreed. “We don’t just make it a meaningful experience,” he said. “Statistically speaking, at least based on the data, it’s most often an affectionate experience.”

There is something mildly destructive about collecting people’s keepsakes. Observers disturb the things we measure. But with passwords, or other secrets, we ruin them in their very discussion. Virtually all the people who revealed their passwords to me said they planned to stop using them. And yet they divulged them all the same.

Over the course of a half-hour, Hossein Bidgoli, a management information systems professor at California State University, Bakersfield, and editor of The Internet Encyclopedia, told me about the many dangers of using personal information in passwords. He fell silent, however, when I asked him whether he thought keepsakes were a bad thing.

Then he began to tell me about his life. He grew up in a small town near Tehran, he said, where he lived until he left Iran in 1976 to pursue his doctoral studies. He described his high school, which was named Karkhaneh, and the roses and rhododendron at a nearby plantation where he and his parents used to picnic. He recalled the distinct taste of the freshly made olive oil that his father, an engineer, used to bring home from the olive-processing plant where he worked.

“What you’re calling keepsake passwords,” Bidgoli said, “mine is ‘Karkhaneh.’ ”

Translated from Farsi, the word means “the place where people work,” he said. But for him, the name conjured a past happiness, time spent with his parents and the place that shaped his work ethic and his ethnic identity. “It’s a pretty memory,” he said, sotto voce.

I wondered why someone so concerned about security would be willing to tell me his password. I figured it might just be an extension of the oversharing culture that the Internet has created. Maybe my very hunt for significance in passwords and people’s general eagerness to help in that endeavor says more than any particular meaning I might actually find in the passwords themselves. Humans aren’t the only ones who solve puzzles. We are, however, the only ones who make puzzles simply so that we can solve them.

Bidgoli said he wasn’t sure why he disclosed his password. “It just seemed like your keepsakes are true,” he added after a long pause. “I wanted to contribute to that.”

Ian Urbina is an investigative reporter for The New York Times. The magazine will continue reporting on ‘'The Secret Life of Passwords.'’ If you have a keepsake story to share for publication, please email the reporter at [*urbina@nytimes.com*](mailto:urbina@nytimes.com) And obviously, please don’t send him current passwords.

DRAWINGS (DRAWINGS BY LUIS DOURADO; BASED ON VIDEOS BY LESLYE DAVIS) (MM39; MM41; MM42)

**Related Articles**

* [*Augmenting Your Password-Protected World*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/11/06/technology/personaltech/augmenting-your-password-protected-world.html)

**Load-Date:** February 1, 2017

**End of Document**



[***Hartford's Hard-Knock Schooling***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3T1T-9630-007F-G2K8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 28, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14CN; ; Section 14CN; Page 1; Column 4; Connecticut Weekly Desk ; Column 4;

**Length:** 1492 words

**Byline:** By BILL RYAN

By BILL RYAN

**Body**

FOR Robert F. Furek, if this is life in semi-retirement, what must real work be like? He attends meetings almost as a way of life, makes speeches, answers queries from newspapers and television stations. The telephone seems to be ringing all the time -- at his home in West Hartford, at his private office in a business tower in Hartford, at the city's Board of Education building nearby.

The subject of the calls is always the same: the Hartford public school system, the Hartford school system, the. . . .

When he gets to his private office in the morning invariably there are messages. On one recent and, he says, typical, day there were 30 of the overnight messages, waiting to be heard. They followed a pattern. The big majority of the calls are supportive, he says. The others not so, sometimes very much not so. (The State Education Commissioner, Theodore S. Sergi, talks about the Hartford schools and other issues. Page 3.)

Mr. Furek is the man who has guided the Hartford public school system for the past year. It is a job he did not seek and for which he he does not get paid. He is the good citizen who is asked, and does it.

His friends think he is something else. "When I took this on they said I must be crazy," he says. "Now they say I'm just crazy."

His connection to the Hartford schools started a year ago when the state, in an unprecedented action. took over the capital city's public school system. The system had degenerated into endless squabbling by Board of Education members, teachers' union advocates, superintendents who would arrive and then quickly depart -- four of them in five years. The only certainties were that the costs kept rising and student test scores, already lower than any other community in the state, kept dropping

A bill was introduced and quickly passed by the state's General Assembly to replace the elected Board of Education with seven trustees and a chairman to be named by Gov. John G. Rowland and senior legislative leaders. The trustees would serve for three years, with the possibility of a two-year extension.

Enter Mr. Furek, who seemed to be a natural for the chairman's job. At 54, he had just retired early as president and chief executive officer of Heublein Inc., the international wine and spirits company based in Hartford. He had set up a private office in the city, to explore possible new business connections and investments. But now he was available. Approached, he agreed to serve.

In a newspaper article a few months after he took over, he explained why.

Failure to educate the children of the city -- 92 percent of them minority, mostly black and Hispanic -- was an injustice to them and a danger to society at large, he said. If you didn't educate them now, you would pay for it later.

He had come from a ***working class*** family in Newark, N.J. He knew the importance of a good high school education and believed in urban education. At the outset he also stressed that he considered the chairman's job not to be a czar of education but as a chairman in the mold of a chairman of the board in business, shaping policy and strategy for the new Superintendent of Schools, Patricia A. Daniel.

Ms. Daniel was almost as new as the trustees to the Hartford system. She had been hired by the Board of Education shortly before it had been abolished. Mr. Furek described Ms. Daniel as "one tough lady" and was supportive of her.

Now, Mr. Furek has been chairman of the Board of Trustees for a year and to say his first year was an interesting year is akin to saying World War II was an interesting war.

The year has also been a textbook lesson that what goes smoothly in business may not do so well in the public sector.

Firing someone, for instance. In business, if you want to discharge an employee you feel is not doing a job, you just do it as quickly and unobtrusively as possible. But getting rid of a Superintendent of Schools "is very difficult," Mr. Furek says he has learned. Ms. Daniel, the one tough lady, was the a fine example.

By May, the trustees had soured on her. "We discovered we had major philosophical differences," Mr. Furek says. They included such issues as charter schools, which the trustees favored, and site-based management, which involves teams of parents, educators and community leaders to help run the schools.

There was also a lack of communication about how money was being spent, in huge amounts with no visible improvement.

They finally agreed to pay Ms. Daniel $290,000, the remaining time on her three-year contract, plus her lawyer's fees, to give up her job. "I made a business decision," Mr. Furek says. "She could have tied us up for months."

Even so, Ms. Daniel did not go quietly.

A meeting to announce the buyout of her contract degenerated into a near riot. Mr. Furek, who is white, was called a racist and a fascist by the supporters of Ms. Daniel, who is black. It stung. He still talks about the session with a sense of dismay. "We had to be escorted outside to our cars by police!"

And more difficulties were coming.

In late May, the trustees hired Benjamin Dixon, who is also black, as interim superintendent. But two weeks after he started the job, Mr. Dixon announced that he would be leaving in August for a job in Virginia.

Then, the trustees did something that was totally unexpected. They hired one of their group, Ana-Maria Garcia, to the No. 2 job, chief administrative officer, in the Hartford school system.

Mr. Furek admits that it was his idea. "Private companies tap into sources within companies. They do it all the time. And we met with State Department of of Education lawyers before we did it."

But the appointment was followed by disclosures that Mrs. Garcia, now the chief financial officer for the schools, had a record of personal financial problems: that she owed more than $4,000 in back city property and motor vehicle taxes, that there was a court judgment against her for failure to pay Federal income taxes and another court judgment for failure to pay $35,000 in college loans.

After the information became public, and with a State Ethics Commission investigation underway, Mrs. Garcia paid off most of her delinquent Hartford taxes.

Mr. Furek and the other trustees told Mr. Dixon, as Mrs. Garcia's temporary boss, to investigate her finances. She would stay on her job in the interim.

That all ended a few days later, on June 19, with another disclosure: Mrs. Garcia had faked a West Hartford address so that her daughter could go to school there in the 1990-91 school year. Mr. Dixon suspended Mrs. Garcia.

All this has agonized Mr. Furek. He likes Mrs. Garcia personally and says she was a good administrator. He also sympathizes with her daughter, who attends Hartford Public High School. "How do you think she feels?"

But, he adds, that does not excuse the financial actions of the mother, of which he says he knew nothing while she served as a trustee. "I wish I had known, absolutely, but we're not an investigative agency," he said.

Even as the troubled saga of Mrs. Garcia unfolded, Mr. Furek was presenting a plan for the next three to four months to ease the disabled Hartford school system into recovery. "We're going to do more in three or four months than in all of the last year," he says.

The plan includes development of "real site-based governance teams," a new task force to regain accreditation for Hartford Public High School, the most endangered school in the system, a new Superintendent of Schools, "or at least a sound back-up, policy," manuals updated and modernized and "a heightened sense of urgency and a customer service attitude throughout the system."

Some of the plan, it is true, is in business-speak, but, after all, he is a businessman.

He defends what some feel is a snail's pace to turn the Hartford system around with the explanation that the trustees kept discovering how badly the system had been managed and how deteriorated some of the facilities are today.

"We have roofs on some of our schools that have been leaking for years," Mr. Furek said. "So we tell people how deep the problems are and they want to shoot the messenger. And we make mistakes. We're imperfect people. We have victories and failures. We never thought most of the problems in the schools could be fixed quickly."

And, no, he is not going to quit.

He thinks about that a moment. The only exception, he finally says, is if the people who named him to the post -- the Governor and top legislators -- were to ask him to to step aside.

He also wishes the press would back off a bit and says he resents what he calls "a mean-spirited editorial cartoon," of Benjamin Dixon depicted as a rat leaving the sinking ship of the Hartford school system, in the state's highest circulation paper, The Hartford Courant.

"I'm amazed at all media attention," he says. "When I get up in the morning, I check to see if we're on page one and at night to see if we're on the 6 o'clock news." He pauses. "Is this really the biggest news story around?"

**Graphic**

Photos: Robert F. Furek, on the firing line. (Steve Miller)(pg. 1); Robert F. Furek, left, head of the trustees running the Hartford schools, and Benjamin Dixon, interim superintendent who is leaving for Virginia. (Steve Miller for The New York Times)(pg. 6)

**Load-Date:** June 28, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Decline in Gun Violence Bypasses Philadelphia***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SRG-1S70-007F-G3VB-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 20, 1998, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 14; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1513 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL JANOFSKY

By MICHAEL JANOFSKY

**Dateline:** PHILADELPHIA

**Body**

For all the years he spent as a criminal and a drug user, Jose Rojas never saw the kinds of things now taking place in ***working-class*** neighborhoods like his in north Philadelphia.

"And it's going from bad to worse," Mr. Rojas, 47, said recently, sitting in the New Creation Church in Kensington, a high-crime neighborhood where he works as a lay evangelist. "During the time I was out there as a teen-ager, then in my 20's, it was relatively difficult to get weapons. Now? Kids 11, 12, 13 years old -- they're packing .45-caliber semi-automatics, Uzis, magnums, you name it."

And they are not afraid to use them.

While the rates of homicide and violent crime are declining in many of the country's largest cities, they are holding firm in Philadelphia. Although a slight dip over the first four months of this year has given officials some hope, the number of homicides has hovered steadily at around 400 a year for nearly a decade. A majority of the deaths were caused by high-powered handguns, and a majority of the weapons were wielded by people under 23.

The problem has become so intolerable that Mayor Edward Rendell has appointed a deputy mayor -- dubbed the gun czar -- to coordinate local and Federal efforts to stem the flow of weapons in the city. And in a move modeled after the actions against tobacco companies, he has threatened to sue gun manufacturers to recoup some of the money spent by the city's hospitals to treat gunshot victims.

Officials say they think one of the biggest factors in the high homicide rate is a 1995 gun law that has removed some of the discretion the police department had to deny permits for carrying concealed weapons.

The new law, they say, has contributed to a boom in gun buying here that has given Pennsylvania the distinction of having more licensed carriers of concealed weapons than any other state.

The legal age for buying a gun in Pennsylvania is 18, and most permit holders are legitimate gun owners. But law-enforcement experts here say that the state measure opened the door to a vibrant black market in handgun sales, in which buyers for whom routine background checks pose no problem can act as straw-man buyers and resell the guns on the street for handsome profits.

Furthermore, officials say, the sheer number of guns on the street in Philadelphia means more weapons are finding their way into the hands of young people.

Before the Uniform Firearms Action of 1995 was passed, state lawmakers recognized Philadelphia, Pennsylvania's largest city, as a special case on gun issues because of its persistently high crime rates. The police department had the right to turn down a request for a concealed weapons permit if the applicant could not demonstrate "a reasonable need." In 1994, just 1,500 permits were issued.

Over all, the new law strengthened the application process by requiring deeper background checks. But after the exception for Philadelphia was eliminated, the number of permits issued soared, to about 11,500 in 1996, said Richard A. Zapille, the Deputy Mayor appointed to lead the gun control efforts.

"That was a real blow to our efforts here," Mr. Rendell said of the gun law. "We weren't doing great before, but after the law passed, the number of permits issued to carry a concealed weapon was unbelievable."

Mr. Rendell appointed a handgun violence task force four years ago when it became evident that his city was failing to keep pace with the rest of the nation in reducing violent crime. But efforts to slow the mayhem have not made any appreciable difference in some of the city's poorest neighborhoods, despite the slight dip in the homicide rate for the first four months of this year. Guns continue to flow in, and landscapes of abandoned factories, rotting houses and trash-strewn streets only make the life of a gun-toting drug dealer seem that much more glamorous to impressionable youngsters.

"Young children walking to school see these guys all in gold, wearing rings on their fingers and $150 sneakers," said Mr. Rojas, who spent 13 months in prison on drug charges. "They are influenced just by the way they look. They think, 'I want to be like him.' They have money. They have expensive sneakers and they have guns."

A study conducted by the task force found that of 273 people charged with murder in a 40-month period through March 1997, 171 of them -- more than 62 percent -- were 22 or younger.

That is far above the national average. In 1995, the last full year for which Federal data is available, the Department of Justice found that among the 16,701 people across the country arrested for murder or non-negligent manslaughter, just 6,556 of them -- 39.8 percent -- were 22 years old or younger.

In the same year, Philadelphia's homicide rate of 30.7 per 100,000 residents was nearly twice as high as New York City's 16.1 per 100,000.

Members of the Mayor's task force, as well as community leaders like Mr. Rojas who work with them, agree that much of the reason for the pervasiveness of handguns is the same as in other cities -- drugs.

"The drugs begot guns, and they're both so entrenched now that good people feel the need to carry guns," Mr. Zapille said in a recent drive through Kensington and other low-income neighborhoods.

But Philadelphia has labored under additional burdens: The city was slow to coordinate crime-fighting with community outreach programs. Deep losses in its manufacturing base made Philadelphia's economic recovery less rapid than that of other cities, and poverty is deeply entrenched in many neighborhoods. Tougher gun laws in surrounding states have made purchases here easier by comparison.

Among the six states that border Pennsylvania, four -- New York, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland -- give local law-enforcement officials the discretion Philadelphia once had to deny permits to carry a concealed weapon to anyone they think does not have a legitimate reason. In West Virginia, the police have no such discretion. Ohio does not permit carrying a concealed weapon.

To quantify the magnitude of the problem in Philadelphia, the police department and the Federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms conducted an intensive study of trafficking in all type of guns last year. The results included these findings:

\*In almost half of the legitimate sales, involving 38,338 guns, two or more were bought at the same time. Almost 8 percent of the guns, 3,046, were bought in purchases of 10 or more.

\*The police traced 2,865 guns recovered in arrests and found that 69 percent were bought in Pennsylvania, the highest percentage ever recorded, and a 10 percent increase over 1996. They also found that 53 percent were bought in Philadelphia, an 11 percent increase over 1996.

\*Firepower on the street is rising among the youngest offenders. Of 342 guns recovered from juveniles at the time of arrest, 65 percent were semi-automatic weapons, a 13 percent increase over the relative number of comparable weapons recovered in 1996. Twenty-six percent were revolvers, a 12 percent decrease.

Defenders of the state law, which was strongly supported by State Senator Vincent J. Fumo, a Democrat from Philadelphia, argue that problems in Philadelphia stem not from the law itself but from lax enforcement of its provisions, some of which are unique among the states that allow residents to carry concealed weapons. In addition to denying a permit to anyone with a felony conviction or mental health problem, the norm for most states, Pennsylvania is now alone in banning the sale of guns to anyone who had a police record as a juvenile and to anyone classified as a "habitual drunken driver."

And starting in July, the law requires any private sale of a gun to be conducted before a licensed dealer or local law-enforcement officer.

"We chose to focus on the potential gun owner," said Christopher Craig, legal counsel to Senator Fumo. "When the law is aggressively enforced, it will have a dramatic impact in the state."

But Mr. Rendell and others scoff at the notion that those involved in illegal street sales will suddenly comply with the state gun law.

"All I know is what we're facing on the street," said Thomas L. Stankiewicz, an agent with the Federal firearms agency in Philadelphia. "We've had some success. But guns are always in demand, and the supply is readily accessible."

Philadelphia police officials said that more aggressive strategies in arresting people for illegal gun possession helped bring down the homicide rate for the first third of the year, to a projected year-end total of 321. And officials in other city agencies say new programs of community outreach and intervention are also disrupting cycles of violence.

But in Mr. Rojas's neighborhood, progress is slow. Children walking to school fear walking the blocks where gun sellers operate, he said, and on many nights, gunfire punctuates the silence.

"Sometimes it sounds like Vietnam around my house," Mr. Rojas said. "The other night I heard two different-caliber guns go off. I didn't know what was going on, but I turned to my wife and said, 'Maybe we'll read about it in the papers tomorrow.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Richard A. Zapille, a deputy mayor of Philadelphia, has the job of coordinating Federal and state efforts to decrease the flow of handguns into the city. Drugs and economics contribute to the problem, officials say. (Michael Branscom for The New York Times)

Graphs: "BY THE NUMBERS: Death in Philadelphia" shows number of homicides in Philadelphia, from 1989 through 1997 and shows the homicide rate per 100,000 people in Phialdelphia, New York City and the U.S. from 1989 through 1996. (Source: Philadelphia Police Department; F.B.I.)

**Load-Date:** May 20, 1998

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1PP0-008G-F27R-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Harlem Was on Their Mind***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8B-1PP0-008G-F27R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 20, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2;  Page 11;  Column 1;  Arts & Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1348 words

**Byline:** By DAVID GONZALEZ

By DAVID GONZALEZ

**Body**

FOR THOSE WHO GREW UP in New York's teeming ***working-class*** neighborhoods, there are memories of a gentler age when the roof was a magical place. With the sky overhead and the squishy tar underfoot, it could be a beach, a garden or a balcony overlooking a vista of the taunting, hazy outlines of downtown's skyscrapers.

A New Yorker at heart, the director Leon Ichaso knows the evocative lure of city rooftops and has used them effectively in his previous films, "El Super" (1979) and "Crossover Dreams" (1985). But in his latest film, "Sugar Hill," which opens on Friday, he has one shot that is, at least figuratively, over the top.

The camera looks up to the top corner of a Harlem apartment building, its curvy, graceful brown cornice and yellow brick bathed in a warm dreamlike glow. Near the edge of the roof and against the backdrop of a cloudy sky stands Wesley Snipes, slender and solemn as Roemello, a drug lord who eventually longs to escape the realm he has both ruled and devastated.

Through their selections of locale, architectural detail and even the lighting, which ranges from warm and golden to dark and moody, the film makers said they were looking for a contrast of past and present. Ultimately, they wanted to remind viewers subtly that once there was a time when to be uptown was to be someplace grand.

With "Sugar Hill," the film makers were seeking almost a grand feel that would provide a suitable backdrop for the struggles facing Roemello both on the streets and in his soul. Barry Michael Cooper, who wrote the screenplay, said the early scene of Roemello on the roof was a case in point.

"It's like seeing the young dark prince surveying his landscape and kingdom," Mr. Cooper said. "There's the sense of Harlem being a very regal place, and this movie worked on a sense of the operatic and the classical. There was a beauty even in the decay."

Like other warm or shadowy glimpses of Harlem in the movie, the details were designed to be elegant yet elegiac in a manner that informs the film's awareness of place and underscores its theme of being haunted by the past.

"I really didn't want to do it at street level and have another rap, hip-hop story," said Mr. Ichaso, whose name is pronounced ee-CHAZ-oh. "But Harlem being a place that has a tradition, history and honor, I chose for the gold, the classics, rather than the pop aspects of it."

Instead of the graffiti-splattered facades that have become a visual cliche in some urban dramas, "Sugar Hill" at times offers rows of weathered yet surviving brick apartment buildings with wrought iron entrance doors, as well as an old-time Italian deli, and Graham Court, a Harlem landmark graced by sturdy columns and a thick stone facade.

Those locales, as well as soundstage scenes in apartments and nightclubs, are the backdrop against which Roemello tries to leave the drug world he built up with his brother, Raynathan, played by Michael Wright. Roemello's reason for quitting while still alive is found in Melissa, an aspiring actress, played by Theresa Randle, whom he falls in love with after meeting her at a club. With Harlem's ghosts around them, they collide with one another and their Italian drug connection, who has found a new, more violent partner.

The movie, whose budget 20th Century Fox declines to divulge, was filmed on a tight schedule, with only 12 days for location shooting in the city.

"It was very little money for a very ambitious project," said Mr. Ichaso. "For the 12 days we were in New York, you get a lot of New York."

That "Sugar Hill" is set in a Harlem, where traces of history, from architecture to life's missed opportunities hover in the background, was a deliberate choice by the film makers. Mr. Cooper said he wanted a far different feel than in his previous movie, "New Jack City" (1991), which he says he "hates" because of its "cartoonish" aspects.

The 35-year-old Mr. Cooper said that when he began to write the script for "Sugar Hill" in 1991, he tried to imbue it with the atmosphere of the Harlem he had grown up in during the 1960's and 1970's. The buildings, with their stone faces and wrought iron gates, the sloping narrow streets and even the light played into his fascination with the area's history and his determination to convey that Harlem was not just a ghetto.

"I was thinking about how Harlem had a sense of urban Gothic to it," he said. "On Manhattan Avenue there are some structures that are beautiful. Look at European architecture and you see the same type of lines, the way the stone is cut. That's definitely evocative of the kind of dark, sepia-toned mood."

That sense appealed to Mr. Ichaso, whose earlier movies have captured the spirit and rhythms of two other uptown communities, El Barrio and Washington Heights. Like Harlem, they are places whose pasts are obscured too often by their present.

The 45-year-old Mr. Ichaso said he fell in love with New York the moment he and his family, emigres from Cuba when he was 14, stepped into the old Penn Station.

"New York is the kind of place you either get from the get-go or you can't stand it," he said. "I got to appreciate and admire what perhaps some people fear and dislike. But I always felt comfortable in just about every neighborhood."

So it was with Harlem. Although it is in the background, Harlem and its physical lines make it as much a character as that played by any actor in the film, he said.

As an example, he cited a scene where Roemello and Melissa stand on opposite sides of the iron gates of Graham Court. On 116th Street and Adam Clayton Powell Boulevard, the building, which has a rich history of having been home to Harlem's elite, is more like a subdued sanctuary in this film, and is far different from the frenzied crack factory the building was used for in "New Jack City."

And a scene where Roemello tells his impulsive brother that he wants out of the business offered Mr. Ichaso a chance to film at a location he long admired -- the soaring metal arches of the 12th Avenue viaduct north of West 125th Street.

"That's one specific place I always loved," he said. "It's like the spinal cord of this city. It looks like inside a monster, almost like bones. And for what they're talking about, two brothers trying to stay alive in Harlem, it was appropriate."

Some locations, he added, were difficult to film, either because the buildings he had hoped to find had long since been demolished or the streets were controlled by real-life versions of the film's characters.

"We had to talk to certain people and say we didn't intend to disrupt their business and would get out quickly," said Mr. Ichaso. "They said 'O.K., we're with you.' We're not talking about real estate agents."

Michael Helmy, the production designer who has long collaborated with Mr. Ichaso, said the film's portrayal of Harlem was a poetic interpretation of what was there, like its rendition of the Italian delicatessen where Roemello and his brother confront their partners in the drug trade. The place appears almost frozen in the 1940's, just as the Italian boss played by Abe Vigoda is a relic of an age when crime was not as cutthroat, at least in his memories.

"The present day was the characters in the movie with their clothes, their dialogue and their behavior," said Mr. Helmy. "But I think the background was a different era altogether. There are two different time periods."

He said some people who have seen the film have asked if it was a period movie, a question he takes as a compliment.

"To make a statement, I had to take it one step beyond," he said. "Usually in a film you have to exaggerate things visually to get your point across."

The touches of Harlem in the movie, Mr. Cooper said, root it in a place and time that could not have been found elsewhere, except perhaps parts of the Bronx where hints of onetime elegance peek out through the weathered landscape of the present.

"This could not have been done on the West Coast," he said. "The other places don't have the points of reference or history of drug dealing and what people were before they were on drugs and how large they were in life."

**Graphic**

Photo: Wesley Snipes and Theresa Randale at the Graham Court gate in "Sugar Hill" -- A Harlem landmark. (Myles Aronowitz/20th Century Fox)(pg. 19); Wesley Snipes, center, as a drug lord in "Sugar Hill," opening on Friday--Once there was a time when uptown was someplace grand. (Myles Aronowitz/20th Century Fox)(pg. 11)

**Load-Date:** February 20, 1994

**End of Document**



[***IN A MANSION, ALLIANCES TO OVERCOME ADDICTION***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-S250-0017-524V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 3, 1987, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 3; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1383 words

**Byline:** By JANE GROSS

**Body**

In the limestone Renaissance Revival mansion on East 93d Street where Dwight Gooden recently spent a month in drug rehabilitation, substance abusers of different incomes, ages and attitudes forge incongruous alliances, uneasy at first, that are a key element of their recovery.

''It's being able to see yourself reflected in someone very different that helps bring home the disease,'' said Dr. Anne Geller, a brisk Englishwoman who is the director of the Smithers Alcoholism Center. ''Otherwise you can blame it on stress or overwork. You can blame it on poverty, or think that achievement immunizes you.''

This heterogeneity, the underpinning of treatment at Smithers, has lately assumed a new wrinkle, according to Dr. Geller. With the advent of cocaine abuse, which produces younger addicts of a different disposition, she said, the center has been forced to tighten its rules while continuing with a treatment program that is built around group therapy and modeled on Alcoholics Anonymous.

When the center's patients were largely middle-aged alcohol abusers, Dr. Geller said, homework assignments were completed on time and water fights on the flagstone patio were inconceivable. But these days, she said, such ''flaunting of the rules'' and ''exuberant acting out'' is common, and this has forced some changes at the stately residential center, with a 44-patient capacity, and in the outpatient clinic on West 58th Street, serving an additional 250.

'A Changing Population'

''We've had to accommodate a changing population,'' Dr. Geller said. ''We haven't changed the treatment, but we've changed the peripheral things, the structure, for people who have difficulties with limits.''

While all of Smithers's residential patients have abused alcohol, most of them these days are primarily impaired by cocaine. In addition to being younger than the traditional alcoholic, the typical cocaine abuser, Dr. Geller said, is ''more adventurous, more questioning of authority.'' Because they are often driven to treatment quickly because of heavy financial burdens stemming from the extremely high cost of the drug, they usually have not had time to reflect on the severe consequences of their behavior.

Once at Smithers, these disparate people are randomly assigned to dormitory-style rooms - each with a fireplace, vaulted ceilings and french doors overlooking the terrace - and to therapy groups that are the heart of the treatment.

In these groups, patients complete certain exercises: listing the most painful consequences of their addiction, reading descriptions of their behavior submitted by family members, writing a letter of farewell to drugs or alcohol.

Peer Pressure

Anyone viewed as less than forthcoming is immediately upbraided by other members of the group. This sort of peer pressure is evident on a training tape for staff members that Dr. Geller recently showed to a visiting group of addiction experts from the Soviet Union.

On the tape, a man read his list of painful consequences: ''I almost lost my job.'' ''My wife might leave me.'' ''It might be affecting my health.'' Others in the group pounced on him.

''If that was all that happened to me, I wouldn't be here,'' said one woman.

''Could, should, might, almost!'' one man shouted. ''Why can't you level with us?''

Gooden's Recollections

Dwight Gooden described a similar confrontation in a recent interview with The New York Post and Newsday in which the Mets pitcher characterized himself as an occasional drug user, frightened by the hard-core addicts who surrounded him at Smithers, where he said he did not belong. Since his return to the Mets, he has won five games and lost one.

During group sessions, Mr. Gooden said, all he had to offer were mild tales of using cocaine at parties. ''My stories weren't as good,'' he recalled. ''They said, 'C'mon, man, you're lying.' They didn't believe me.''

Dr. Geller declined to discuss Mr. Gooden's treatment, consistent with the center's policy on confidentiality. But, in general, she said that patients might be placed in residential treatment, rather than in an outpatient setting, for reasons other than the severity of their drug abuse.

''There are a number of work situations and family situations where removal from the environment is necessary,'' Dr. Geller said. ''It doesn't have to be because a person is devastated by the disorder.''

When the Soviet addiction experts toured Smithers last weekend as part of a summer of American study and observation, they spoke with patients, who routinely complained of feeling cooped up despite the splendid architecture of their surroundings in what was once the mansion of Billy Rose, the Broadway impresario.

Nearby A.A. Meetings

At rural institutions, patients can roam the grounds without exposure to the temptations of bars or street-corner drug peddlers. But at Smithers, patients venture into the outside world only twice during their 28-day stay, on a supervised visit to a nearby Alcoholics Anonymous meeting and on a walk, also accompanied, to ease the transition from confinement to freedom, which can be as jolting as coming out of a dark movie house into the noonday sun.

Upon leaving the Smithers center, patients are expected to continue their care. Such treatment plans are individually devised, Dr. Geller said, and usually include twice-a-week group sessions at the Smithers clinic on 58th Street for as long as two years, as well as indefinite attendance at A.A. or Narcotics Anonymous meetings.

In Mr. Gooden's case, there has been supervision by a Smithers psychiatrist, Dr. Allan M. Lans, who has been traveling with the Mets. Dr. Geller said Dr. Lans's role was twofold, with his primary function to be available to other Met players who might want to discuss their own drug or alcohol consumption. Smithers is under contract to the Mets to supervise the team's employee assistance plan.

Earlier in the association with the Mets, Dr. Geller delivered drug-prevention lectures. ''It was not very effective to send a middle-aged lady to the ball park, in high heels and with a funny accent to boot,'' she said. ''Everybody listened respectfully, but I know I made no contact - none whatsoever.''

Some Famous Patients

Smithers has always had its celebrity patients, John Cheever and Truman Capote among them, who sometimes bristled at their unusual bedfellows in the early stages of treatment.

In a book about her father, a novelist who chronicles suburbia's superficial decorum, Susan Cheever described his time at Smithers, where he roomed with a ballet dancer, an insurance salesman, a delicatessen owner and a tattooed sailor.

''No one at Smithers recognized him as a celebrity, or a successful writer, or even as a cultured man,'' Ms. Cheever wrote. ''Instead they made fun of his accent and mocked his table manners. The intention was clearly to break him; to strip away the specialness and the protective myths he had spent his life perfecting and to reduce him to the irresistible hungers that create an alcoholic.''

Treatment at Smithers, less expensive than at most residential centers in the New York metropolitan area, costs $200 a day and is covered by private insurance and Medicaid. The moderate cost, relatively speaking, insures the sort of mix that Dr. Geller favors, although the center does not accept everyone who applies.

'A Good Predictor'

Certain drug abusers, she said, are better off in the so-called therapeutic communities like Phoenix House or Daytop Village, where treatment can last more than a year, ending only when a patient has found a job and saved a small sum of money.

''The past is a good predictor of the future, to some extent,'' Dr. Geller said, adding that ''someone who has gotten through high school and achieved some job or family stability'' was a more suitable candidate for the center's 28-day treatment, which has evolved as the standard length because of private insurance limits.

''It's not a class thing - we have many ***working-class*** patients - and it's certainly not a race thing,'' she said. ''It has to do with the psycho-social assets that a person brings to treatment, with whether they have been able to achieve the basic competencies of adult life. The hardest patients to treat, and I can't treat them in such a short stay, are those being habilitated, not rehabilitated.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Dr. Anne Geller, director of Smithers Alcoholism Center (NYT) (Pg. B14); Photo of Smithers building (NYT/Vic DeLucia) (Pg. B14)

**End of Document**



[***A Sleepover In Free Soweto***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4336-MB50-0109-T1PF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 20, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 5; Column 3; Travel Desk; Pg. 11

**Length:** 1543 words

**Byline:**  By RACHEL L. SWARNS; RACHEL L. SWARNS is chief of the Johannesburg bureau of The Times.

**Body**

THE tour buses glide into Soweto and the foreign faces press against the glass windows, marveling at the storied black township. The tourists wander through the tiny house where Nelson Mandela lived. They sample South African staples like savory beef and cornmeal porridge. They admire the gleaming monuments to the liberation struggle that once engulfed these streets, just 20 minutes from downtown Johannesburg.

But after snapping up their postcards and African masks, most tourists leave with only the most fleeting of contacts with the ordinary people. Seven years have passed since the end of apartheid, but some overseas visitors still flit through hotels, game lodges and restaurants without meeting a single black person who is not serving food or wiping tables.

So when my parents, my two sisters and my cousin announced last year that they were coming to visit me in South Africa, I decided to find an experience for them that was considerably more intimate than the typical tourist junket. I knew I had found it when I learned that a small, but growing number of foreigners were spending the night with middle-class and ***working-class*** families in Soweto to see the rhythms and routines of the new era firsthand.

About one million people live in the sprawling township, which was designated for blacks when established in the early 1900's, according to a study of economic conditions there by the University of Witwatersrand in Johannesburg. The community is still mostly poor: more than half of its adults are unemployed, roughly 20 percent live in one-room houses and few shops hold much interest to tourists.

But Soweto has always had a small and thriving middle class. The professionals here -- the teachers, doctors, shopkeepers and civil servants -- have taken pains to build comfortable two-story houses with roses in the gardens, satellite dishes on the roofs and the occasional BMW in the driveway.

When my taxi pulled up one recent evening in Diepkloof, Soweto's nicest neighborhood, Lolo Mabitsela, a retired high school principal with a wide smile and a warm welcome, was waiting for me at the door of her spacious, five-bedroom house. I was whisked inside, where her daughter, her granddaughter and an assorted collection of nieces were chopping spinach, slicing potatoes and seasoning chicken and oxtail for our dinner.

Mrs. Mabitsela proudly guided me from room to room, from the parlor with its lacy curtains and plastic-encased furniture to my cozy bedroom upstairs with its double bed, color television and plastic rosary beads hanging above the headboard.

All the while, she described her community's newfound freedoms. Her granddaughter and her nieces and nephews can finally attend formerly white schools that have books, computers and sports fields, she told me. Her only daughter, Monica, is a lawyer who found a good job as a prosecutor. The dirt roads in the township are being paved.

A neighbor, Kagiso Chikane, who stopped by to chat, chimed in that she had actually managed to return a damaged slip to the underwear section at Woolworths the other day and got her money back. This is no small matter. Under apartheid, black women were barred from trying on clothes in department stores; returns were unthinkable.

"In the past, it was impossible," said Mrs. Chikane, who is the wife of the Rev. Frank Chikane, an anti-apartheid activist and currently a senior adviser to South Africa's president, Thabo Mbeki.

"It shows how things are changing," Mrs. Chikane said, as we relaxed on the sofa in the parlor. "I've got my dignity. That's liberation."

Out back, on the patio, is where live sheep and oxen are slaughtered for family celebrations. The animals are killed and skinned and cooked in huge metal pots that simmer through the day.

AND there, in the backyard, under a tiny tree, Mrs. Mabitsela prays to her ancestors. On this night, she has candles in the earth, a gourd full of homemade beer and a straw basket full of corn kernels, all offerings to the spirits. We kneel in the grass and she introduces me to her dead grandmothers and grandfathers and asks them to look after me.

"We believe they are nearer to God," she says of ancestors. "They can send the message faster. So we pray that we can live a better life and see some changes in 2001."

And that is how I learn that all is not well here, not even in this prosperous corner of Soweto. AIDS is killing this community's young people, Mrs. Mabitsela says, and the weekends are full of funerals. Her two 22-year-old twin nieces, Paulina and Portia, and her nephew, Sonny Boy, 26, have been searching for full-time work.

"They can't find jobs," Mrs. Mabitsela says. "These are the aftereffects of change. It was better before. Many people were working." Then she shakes her head and bustles us back inside, into the kitchen where the pots are bubbling. "You know how great God is?" she asks. "We have never slept without food. Never." Indeed, on the dining room table there is a feast of dumplings, oxtail, fried chicken, carrots, beets, salad. We have fruit and vanilla ice cream for dessert. And as Mrs. Mabitsela and Mrs. Chikane discuss traditions and culture over our meal, they start singing funeral hymns, their voices rising and falling as they present the mournful songs that otherwise accompany coffins to the grave.

"There is no color bar with the Lord," the women sing.

My family spent the night with Mrs. Mabitsela last August and they loved their evening. It was one of the highlights of their three-week trip to South Africa. But finding Mrs. Mabitsela was not easy. Last summer, I called Jimmy's Face to Face Tours, a well-known company that has been conducting tours in Soweto for 15 years, to ask if it could connect me with a family. The people at Jimmy's were receptive and helpful, but my first overnight trip in August was a disappointment.

I had emphasized that I wanted to spend the entire evening with a family. Instead, my husband, Henri, and I were taken to a tavern for dinner. The tavern's owner, who was warm and friendly, cheerfully brought us to her modest, but comfortable three-bedroom house. But when we arrived, she showed us to our room and shut the door. There was no conversation, no interaction, nothing.

We complained, of course, and received a discount. Jimmy's had meant for us to stay with Mrs. Mabitsela, but she was unavailable, so the company found another family. When I spoke to the tavern owner later, she admitted that it had been her first night serving as a hostess to foreign visitors.

Besides interacting with a real family, the visitor's other concern in Soweto is crime. In its March report on sub-Saharan Africa, the State Department warned that South Africa was still wrestling with "continuing and significant street crime such as muggings, pickpocketing and random street violence, which affects foreigners as well as local residents, especially in the center of major cities such as Johannesburg."

Many tourists prefer day tours to Soweto simply because they feel safer. It is certainly inadvisable for foreigners to wander around Soweto or other parts of Johannesburg on their own at night.

Officials told me that tour operators screen families carefully; but it was unclear to me how such screening is performed. So I took precautions. I traveled with my husband one night and my photographer the next. I did not wear fancy clothing or jewelry or carry large amounts of cash. I spoke at length with the tour company and, later, with Mrs. Mabitsela. I left the phone numbers and addresses for the Soweto families with friends and relatives.

Clearly some risk does exist. But it does not deter everyone. "The day tours are still the most common, but more people are wanting to know exactly how people in Soweto live," said Tobias Matli, of the Gauteng Tourism Authority, explaining the growing interest in overnight stays.

Tourism Johannesburg, a group that promotes the city and Soweto, estimates that hundreds of tourists visit Soweto daily. Most come from Europe, with a smattering from the United States. The most infrequent visitors, tour operators say, are white South Africans, many of whom have never set foot in the black communities so close to their doorsteps.

They do not know what they are missing.

At Mrs. Mabitsela's house, we talked until midnight and then I collapsed in my bed. In the morning, I woke to the familiar sounds of a house stirring from sleep. There were doors opening and closing. Bath water was running. Children were chattering. In the kitchen, tea was boiling and the room was abuzz with children rushing off to school.

I settled in at the table for a nice breakfast of tea, hot wheat cereal and fat cakes, which are fried dumplings, and some easy conversation. And when Mrs. Mabitsela started singing again, all felt right with the world.

Jimmy's Face to Face Tours arranges overnight stays with families in Soweto for $52 a night per person, including breakfast and transportation to and from the township, at 8.15 rand to the dollar. Information: (27-11) 331-6109 or (27-11) 331-6132, [*www.face2face.co.za*](http://www.face2face.co.za). Lolo Mabitsela charges about $50 a night for two, which includes dinner and breakfast. She can accommodate up to four and can be reached at (27-11) 985-9183 or at (27-82) 332-2460.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Mostly poor, Soweto does have prosperous neighborhoods. Lolo Mabitsela, seated, at home with her family. (Photographs by Lori Waselchuk for The New York Times)(pg. 11); Roasted mealies, or corncobs, are a Sowetan treat that can be found on many street corners. (Lori Waselchuk for The New York Times)(pg. 30) Map of South Africa highlights Soweto. (pg. 30)

**Load-Date:** May 20, 2001

**End of Document**



[***For the Creative, Havens in Sag Harbor***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SPV-RS30-007F-G2ND-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 17, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Long Island Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14LI; ; Section 14LI; Page 34; Column 3; Long Island Weekly Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1416 words

**Byline:** By JUDITH MILLER

By JUDITH MILLER

**Body**

EVER since James Fenimore Cooper went to Sag Harbor where he wrote two novels, writers and artists have been drawn to the East End. But it was not until after World War II that large numbers of artists and writers began going to the East End and decided to stay. Many became famous -- artists like Pollack, DeKooning, Sherry Lord and legions of writers, among them, Willie Morris, Joseph Heller, E. L. Doctorow, Peter Matthiessen, Kurt Vonnegut, George Plimpton, Wilfred Sheed, James Salter and the playwrights Lanford Wilson and Terrence McNally.

Now a third artistic wave is discovering, or rediscovering what only outsiders call "The Hamptons." This new generation knows no age and fits into no neat categories. They are young and old, eccentric and straight-laced. They paint canvases in oil, sculpture stone and metal, mix watercolors and take photographs. They write novels, novellas, poetry, travelogues, science fiction, nonfiction and articles for major newspapers and obscure literary reviews. They are actors, musicians, composers and critics of all of the above. And some are agents, of course.

But they have all come there, they say, because Long Island is an especially good place to work.

"I went to see my doctor in the city because I had this ringing in my ears," said Spalding Gray, who for the last two years has written his celebrated family-centered monologues in his 19th-century Victorian house in the heart of Sag Harbor. "And my doctor asked me: 'have you been exposed to loud noise?'

"I suddenly realized that the loud noise must have been the past 30 years in New York." In Sag Harbor, by contrast, Mr. Gray enjoys the sound of the village, where, he says, "the earth itself is breathing."

About once a week, Mr. Gray and Kathie Russo, with whom he lives, travel between New York and Sag Harbor, opposite poles in the universe "connected only by the L.I.E."

The Long Island Expressway is Ms. Russo's domain. "She drives," he said. "She has more Italian aggression in her. I sit back and feel myself unwind as we hit the pines. And my head gets more and more spacious.

"I always thought I'd wind up in northern California in a place without gray days. But it's gray a lot in Sag Harbor. I ride my bike down to Sag Main Beach, eat my lunch and come back. That's my day. I've become a dressed-down Ozzie Nelson. He always seemed to be leaving the house, but never did."

Mr. Gray, like so many writers there, also treasures Sag Harbor's ***working-class*** character and the anonymity he enjoys. "A worker comes to do some electrical work and says, 'You must be Mr. Russo.' And I say, 'Yes, that's me.' That's my new ethnic character out here."

The village's architectural purity also delights. Unlike the split-level, prefabricated houses that keep sprouting up on the once lush potato fields -- the "random geography of nowhere," Mr. Gray calls it -- each village house has its own personality. "My evening walks with my son are such a joy because this is an idyllic place, a storybook fishing village with sea gulls and peaked roofs and houses that are close together. I keep waiting for the movie to begin."

In Sag Harbor and other East End towns, life is in the details. "There's an old woman in a sherbet pink coat who walks by my house every morning. She's very ghost-like and walks ever so slowly up the sidewalk. I love watching her."

Other writers say they are drawn to the balance between having solitude and a community of creative people. "There's solitude without isolation," said Dani Shapiro, a 36-year-old novelist who splits her time between New York and East Hampton with her husband, Michael Maren, 42, who is also a writer and a journalist. "I need the quiet, but I also need Main Street -- my cappuccino and muffin -- the little bribes you give yourself when you're writing."

The Hamptons also have the highest concentration of writers per square inch of any place in America, particularly in summer, they agreed. "It's like having lunch at Michael's without any clothes on," said Ms. Shapiro, referring to the mid-town Manhattan restaurant popular with the publishing crowd.

For her husband, the quality of light is critical. "Light affects my moods. said Mr. Maren, whose first book, "The Road to Hell," (The Free Press, 1997) focuses on the ravaging effect of relief agencies and their humanitarian aid on Somalia, where he worked for several years. "The light here, even when gray, is luminous," he said. "The sky was brown when we left New York."

They both believe that having a "community" of the word is very important for writers, an inherently lonely pursuit. She might never have dared approach Mr. Doctorow in New York, said Ms. Shapiro, whose fourth book, a memoir, is being excerpted by Granta in June and published by Random House in August. "I got to know Ed Doctorow out here where there are fewer walls."

The couple also has the luxury of being able to leave New York. Ms. Shapiro already has a contract for her next book, and Mr. Maren, a contributing editor to New York magazine, can now choose his assignments, rather than chase them. Still, they are both occasionally struck by the surreal quality of the writer's ostensibly bucolic life in the East End. "The other day, Michael and I were sitting on our porch in our big Adirondack chairs watching the light fade," Ms. Shapiro said, "each of us with a portable computer on our laps."

A. M. Homes, the author of five novels, is also house-hunting in East Hampton, where she has already rented a house for the summer. She stays in a different town every year. "I began going to Amagansett in 1985, and my second book was partly set there," she said. "But each town has its own appeal. Amagansett feels like far away; in Bridgehampton you're near the Gap."

For some writers, the summer season has become too intense. Amy Hempel, the writer of short stories whose last book, "Tumble Home," was published last year by Scribner, now spends part of her summers in Maine. The rest of the season, she said: "I devise ways around the craziness. I drive out with my dogs at off-hours; I go to the grocery store in the middle of the night, and in summer we never go to the movies."

Eric Kraft, the author of seven novels, solved his tranquillity quest by moving from East Hampton to Sag Harbor. "We didn't want to be homeowners any more," said Mr. Kraft, who will read from his new novel, "Leaving Small's Hotel," at Canio's Book Store on May 30. "So now we rent an apartment just above Canio's. I'm hoping that this summer will be less frantic than East Hampton. I haven't encountered any sidewalk rage here yet."

But for Jenny Lyn Bader, the 29-year-old playwright and novelist who spent most of her summers in the East End, the madness is simply raw material. "Summer is remarkable, because you have a combination of lush scenery and ridiculous dialogue. So if you're a social satirist as I am, there's no better place to be."

For Ms. Bader, the East End's literary infrastructure is also key. "The L.V.I.S. book store keeps me addicted," she said, recalling the great first-edition books she has found over the years at the secondhand store run by the Ladies Village Improvement Society.

East Hampton also has Book Hampton, which features readings and literary discussions all year long. And in Sag Harbor, Canio's used books now has some competition. In January, Dawn Hedberg and Michael Kinsey, who grew up in Sag Harbor but spent the last few years in Seattle, opened Black Cat Books, a charming used book store that promises to seek out rare books for customers. The neatly ordered store is in the middle of Main Street, just opposite Java Nation, the village's heavenly coffee store.

"We know there are must be a lot of writers and readers here because we've been relatively busy all winter without advertising, just through word-of-mouth," Ms. Hedberg said.

The Bay Street Theater has also become a treasured addition to the area's cultural life, a place where local playwrights and performers can try out new material. Among them is Elaine Stritch, who recently bought a house in the village and who is performing in "Elsa Edgar," which opens on Saturday.

"Here I'm surrounded by people I know and love and by the theater," Ms. Stritch said. "Maurice Bernstein, a knock-out designer is doing my new house, and it's just what I wanted: an up-market Andy Hardy house where I can swing out a gate and walk into a grocery store in town or get a cappuccino. I want to be part of the scene, not out in Greta Garbo land."

**Graphic**

Photos: Spalding Gray, the writer, treasures Sag Harbor's character. Elaine Stritch, the actress, enjoys the East End's cultural diversity. (Lois Raimondo, top, and Bill Cunningham for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 17, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Arab World Finds Icon In Leader of Hezbollah***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4KKF-3480-TW8F-G24C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 7, 2006 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 1; Foreign Desk; Pg. 7; HOSTILITIES IN THE MIDEAST: POLITICS

**Length:** 2002 words

**Byline:** By NEIL MacFARQUHAR; Hassan M. Fattah contributed reporting from Beirut, Lebanon, for this article.

**Dateline:** DAMASCUS, Syria, Aug. 6

**Body**

The success or failure of any cease-fire in Lebanon will largely hinge on the opinion of one figure: Sheik Hassan Nasrallah, the secretary general of Hezbollah, who has seen his own aura and that of his party enhanced immeasurably by battling the Israeli Army for nearly four weeks.

With Israeli troops operating in southern Lebanon, Sheik Nasrallah can continue fighting on the grounds that he seeks to expel an occupier, much as he did in the years preceding Israel's withdrawal in 2000.

Or he can accept a cease-fire -- perhaps to try to rearm -- and earn the gratitude of Lebanon and much of the world.

Analysts expect some kind of middle outcome, with the large-scale rocket attacks stopping but Hezbollah guerrillas still attacking soldiers so that Israel still feels pain.

In any case, the Arab world has a new icon.

Gone are the empty threats made by President Gamal Abdel Nasser's official radio station during the 1967 Arab-Israeli war to push the Jews into the sea even as Israel seized Jerusalem, the Golan Heights and the Sinai Peninsula.

Gone is Saddam Hussein's idle vow to ''burn half of Israel,'' only to launch limited volleys of sputtering Scuds. Gone too are the unfulfilled promises of Yasir Arafat to lead the Palestinians back into Jerusalem.

Now there is Sheik Nasrallah, a 46-year-old Lebanese militia chieftain hiding in a bunker, combining the scripted logic of a clergyman with the steely resolve of a general to completely rewrite the rules of the Arab-Israeli land feud.

''There is the most powerful man in the Middle East,'' sighed the deputy prime minister of an Arab state, watching one of Sheik Nasrallah's four televised speeches since the war began, during an off-the-record meeting. ''He's the only Arab leader who actually does what he says he's going to do.''

Days after the current war started, he ended a speech by quietly noting that Hezbollah had just attacked an Israeli warship off Lebanon, a feat considered inconceivable for his group. Those who rushed outside saw a glow visible from the damaged vessel offshore, setting off celebrations around Beirut.

The departure represented by Sheik Nasrallah -- his black turban marking him as a sayyid, a cleric who can trace his lineage back to the Prophet Muhammad -- has been particularly evident in those speeches. He makes no promises to destroy Israel with its superior military might, but to make it bleed and offer concessions.

''When he says to the people: I am your voice, I am your will, I am your conscience, I am your resistance, he combines both a sense of humility and of being anointed for the task,'' said Waddah Sharara, a Lebanese sociology professor and a descendant of Shiite clerics. ''He's like the circus magician who pulls the rabbit out of his hat and always knows exactly who is his audience.''

Some call it his ''Disney touch.''

In many ways, this war is the moment that Sheik Nasrallah has been preparing for ever since he was first elected to run Hezbollah at age 32 in 1992, after an Israeli rocket incinerated his predecessor.

In his broadcasts he appears tranquil, assured, sincere and well informed, in command of both the facts and the situation, utterly dedicated to his cause and to his men. He is aloof yet tries to lend his secretive, heavily armed organization an air of transparency by sharing battlefield details.

On Thursday, he offered to stop firing missiles if Israel halted its attacks, saying Hezbollah preferred ground combat. Hezbollah's position on any cease-fire, echoed by the Lebanese government, is that none is possible as long as Israeli soldiers remain inside the country.

''He has all the power; the government has no cards in its hand,'' said Jad al-Akhaoui, the media adviser to a Lebanese cabinet minister. ''He keeps saying that he supports the prime minister, but there has been no translation in the field, nothing has stopped. The decision is still Hezbollah's decision.''

It is not even clear how such decisions are formulated. Even though Hezbollah has two cabinet ministers, proposals are passed through Nabih Berri, the head of the Amal Party and Hezbollah's onetime rival as the voice of the Shiite Muslim ***working class***.

Lebanese officials said that once Mr. Berri passed on the proposals, nobody was quite sure what happened. Hezbollah officials are either unreachable or mum.

But Sheik Nasrallah is definitely in touch. He gloats over the evident confusion reflected in the Israeli news media about their military offensive. He is known to have read the autobiographies of Israel's prime ministers. He always calls Israel ''the Zionist entity,'' maintaining that all Jewish immigrants should return to their countries of origin and that there should be one Palestine with equality for Muslims, Jews and Christians.

In the past, when Israel advanced into Lebanon against Palestinian fighters, the Palestinians would defend fixed positions, then retreat toward Beirut as each line fell.

Analysts say Sheik Nasrallah's genius was to train hundreds of grass-roots fighters -- school teachers and butchers and truck drivers -- then to use religion to inspire them to fight until death, with a guaranteed spot in heaven.

Sheik Nasrallah outlined some tactics in Thursday's speech.

''It is not our policy to hang on to territory; we do not want all our mujahedeen and youths to be killed defending a post, hill or village,'' he said, sitting in a studio with the flags of Lebanon and Hezbollah behind him. The idea is to lure elite Israeli soldiers into a trap by having them walk into villages before his guerrillas open fire.

In a world where fathers are known by the name of their eldest son, Sheik Nasrallah is known as Abu Hadi or father of Hadi, after his eldest son, who died in September 1997, age 18, in a firefight with the Israelis. The name instantly reminds everyone of his personal credibility and commitment to the fight.

On that September day, Sheik Nasrallah was scheduled to deliver a speech in Haret Hreik, the unkempt southern Beirut suburb dense with apartment houses that Israel has just turned largely to rubble. But he said nothing of his loss until the crowd started chanting for him to speak about the ''martyrs.'' He eulogized Hadi as part of a great victory.

In interviews, he said that he would not give his enemies the satisfaction of seeing him weep publicly but that he mourned privately.

He has a daughter and two surviving sons. The eldest, Jawad, around 26, is believed to be fighting in southern Lebanon.

Sheik Nasrallah takes obvious pride in standing up to Israel on the battlefield. All his wartime speeches have been laced with references to restoring lost Arab virility, a big sell in a region long suffering from a sense of impotence. He called the three southern villages where the fiercest clashes erupted ''the triangle of heroism, manhood, courage and gallantry.''

He can be by turns avuncular and menacing.

Walid Jumblat, the chieftain of the Druse sect and one of Sheik Nasrallah's more outspoken critics, said he found the combination unsettling. ''Sometimes the eyes of people betray them,'' Mr. Jumblat said in an interview in his mountain castle. ''When he's calm, he's laughing. He's very nice. But when he's a little bit squeezed, he looks at you in the eyes fiercely with fiery eyes.''

In the hierarchical rankings of Shiite Muslim clergy, Sheik Nasrallah is a rather ordinary hojatolislam, one step below an ayatollah, and far below being a mujtahid, or ''source of emulation'' to be followed as a guide.

Yet the Shiite faithful in Lebanon revere him, both as a religious figure and as a leader who gained for them a modicum of respect in the country's sectarian political system long dominated by Christians and Sunni Muslim barons. Families who evacuated their homes in Beirut's southern suburbs seemed invariably to leave behind an open Koran with Sheik Nasrallah's picture propped up nearby, in the hope that the holy verses would protect their homes and their leader.

He is believed to live modestly and rarely socializes outside Hezbollah's ruling circles. He avoids the telephone for safety reasons, but has met thousands of constituents and dispatches personal messengers to congratulate them for weddings and births.

Aside from Hezbollah's secretive military operations, the state within a state that he helped build with Iranian and expatriate financing includes hospitals, schools and other social services.

Sheik Nasrallah is a powerful orator with a robust command of classical Arabic, yet he makes himself widely understood by using some Lebanese dialect in every speech. He has coined numerous popular phrases, like calling Israel ''more feeble than a spider's web.''

He comes across as far less dour than most Shiite clerics partly due to his roly-poly figure and slight lisp. But he also -- very unusually -- cracks jokes.

Prof. Nizar Hamzeh, who teaches international relations at the American University of Kuwait and has written a book on Hezbollah, recalled a Nasrallah speech from last year, given while Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice was in the region. A helicopter happened to clatter overhead at some point while he was criticizing United States meddling, and the sheik quipped, ''You might be able to catch a glimpse of her now; I hope she sees us as well.'' The crowd roared.

He has never pushed hard-line Islamic rules like veils for women in the neighborhoods that Hezbollah controls, which analysts attribute to his exposure to many of Lebanon's 17 sects.

Born in 1960 in Beirut, Sheik Nasrallah grew up in the Karanteena district of eastern Beirut, a mixed neighborhood of impoverished Christian Armenians, Druse, Palestinians and Shiites.

His father had a small vegetable stand, but the 1975 eruption of the civil war forced the family to flee to their native southern village.

The oldest of nine children and long entranced by the mosque, he decamped for the most famous Shiite hawza, or seminary, in Najaf, Iraq. He fled in 1978 one step ahead of Saddam Hussein's secret police, returning to Lebanon to join Amal, then a new Shiite militia. He became the Bekaa Valley commander in his early 20's.

But he considered the Islamic Revolution in Iran led by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini in 1979 to be the real model for Shiites to end their traditional second-class status and moved to Hezbollah as it coalesced in the early 1980's. He studied in a seminary in Qum, Iran, briefly in 1989.

How much a religious figure can appeal to Lebanon's generally cosmopolitan population has never been clear, and it is particularly murky now that he has provoked a war. Some Lebanese say he has sold his soul to Damascus and Tehran.

''I used to think of Nasrallah as the smartest politician in Lebanon, but this last operation changed my mind,'' said Roula Haddad, a 33-year-old administrative secretary, shopping at the upscale ABC mall in the predominantly Christian Ashrafiyeh neighborhood. ''It was a huge mistake and he is solely responsible for all the destruction. He proved that he does not care about Lebanese interests; he revealed his true Iranian skin.''

Political analysts said that Lebanon should have seen it coming, but that Sheik Nasrallah proved a rather skillful hypnotist. ''Lebanese politics, especially since Nasrallah carved out his role, has become his very own circus,'' said Professor Sharara, the Lebanese sociologist. ''He built this circus on a foundation of pageantry, lies, fear, crazy hopes and unreal dreams.

''He sold Lebanese on the certainty that he would not abandon them, he would not undertake anything that would cause them harm or destruction, and at the same time he instilled fear, fear of himself,'' Professor Sharara said. ''He has known this was going to happen for the past 15 years. How can you believe someone who says, 'Don't worry, I won't do anything,' even while he was building this hellish machine? He knew people would be credulous, would be seduced.''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Copies of the Koran, images of Hezbollah's leader, Sheik Hassan Nasrallah, and pictures of missile launchers on a desk in a Beirut refugee camp. (Photo by Bryan Denton for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** August 7, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Writers Falling for the Lull of the North Fork***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SPV-RS10-007F-G2KF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 17, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Long Island Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14LI; ; Section 14LI; Page 16; Column 3; Long Island Weekly Desk ; Column 3;

**Length:** 1459 words

**Byline:** By LORRAINE KREAHLING

By LORRAINE KREAHLING

**Body**

"I WROTE half of 'Plum Island' in six weeks on the North Fork," said the best-selling author Nelson DeMille. "The summer I rented on the South Fork in Sag Harbor, I wrote like 10 sentences of 'Cathedral,' because I was going to summer parties in the Hamptons.

"The North Fork is so quiet, physically, deathly quiet," he added. "You can write into the night, because there is nothing else to do."

The smaller of the two pincers of the lobster claw that forms the Eastern End of Long Island, the North Fork is separated from the South Fork by Peconic Bay, in which Shelter Island is trapped like a Little Neck clam.

Any North Fork writer, therefore, who wants to partake of the Hamptons summer social scene, where literary agents meet clients and editors read manuscripts on the beach, must make a journey that includes two ferry rides and some driving.

"In the summer, writers don't go to the South Fork to write, they go there to schmooze," Mr. DeMille said. "Writers go to the North Fork to write."

If Mr. DeMille chooses to spend part of the season on the North Fork again, he will be part of a growing group of writers who say they prefer isolation to the glamour of the South Fork society that buys and markets their wares.

North Fork writers opt for a landscape of old farmlands and new vineyards, that some say is reminiscent of the bucolic Hamptons of 50 years ago. They point out that like the Hamptons in the 1950's, the North Fork's year-round population offers a politically correct mix of classes and incomes, which includes mariners and farmers.

And while the North Fork cannot boast of crashing waves and spectacular dunes, it does have beaches on the Long Island Sound and Peconic Bay. It is also a lot cheaper than the Hamptons.

"I spent a summer in the Hamptons," said the screenwriter Terry Reed. "I don't care to do that again. We had black tie parties on Saturday night. It's another competitive kind of environment like the one you live in in Manhattan. Why go back into it when you are trying to get away from it all?"

Ms. Reed wrote her first screenplay, "Cherry," currently being made into a feature film, in a cottage she rents in Rocky Point, which looks out over the Long Island Sound .

"The North Fork is not glamorous at all, but it's very gratifying to look at something beautiful when you are trying to generate ideas," Ms. Reed said.

The novelist Sandra Scoppettone sold her Soho loft in Manhattan and has just finished renovating and winterizing a waterfront cottage in Southold that will be her permanent, year-round residence.

"I like the fact that where I am isn't the Hamptons and it isn't Soho or Greenwich Village," said Ms. Scoppettone, whose 17th book is a mystery that takes place on the North Fork.

"It's not chic, because we don't have the beach," Ms. Scoppettone said. "It could be opening night of 'Titanic' in July, and you would still get into the local theater."

The memory of the ocean apparently haunts many of these writers, but none said they would trade their rocky, waveless beaches for the infamous traffic jams that come with the South Fork's sandy seaside.

"Every summer I make two or three trips to go to the Hamptons to go to the beach," said the novelist Connie Schraft, who owns a second home in Orient. Ms. Schraft is at work on her third novel, "No More Street."

"I walk out onto the sand, and nearly cry, 'I'm missing the beach, the light, the water!' " Ms. Schraft said. "Then I pull back into the traffic on Montauk Highway, and I think, nothing can be worth this hassle."

Of course the North Fork's miles of public and private waterfront property along the sound and bay do offer the writers some consolation.

"Everywhere you look, the street ends in water," said the novelist Abigail Thomas, whose book "Herb's Pajamas" has just been published.

Ms. Thomas spent summers as a child in Amagansett with her father, the writer Lewis Thomas, but she now lives year-round in the village of Greenport, which is the Shelter Island ferry's north port. Ms. Thomas said she visits her children and grandchildren on the South Fork only on weekdays in the summer.

"East Hampton used to be the quietest, most boring little town," Ms. Thomas said. "It's now become a stage set for everyone from Manhattan."

To writers like Rob Buchanan, who reports on his participation in extreme sports for both Outside and Details magazines, the North Fork is an affordable, year-round paradise.

"In a nautical sense, we are totally surrounded by very usable water," said Mr. Buchanan. "I can fish at the end of my street. You can sail 25 miles to Montauk and you are in the open Atlantic. In October you can put on a mask and grab up your quota of scallops in 10 minutes."

Real estate brokers may enthuse about the North Fork's being "the next Hamptons." But most writers said this gave an unrealistically bullish gloss to a strip of water-lapped, economically depressed farmland where the income of the leisure class is separated from the wealth in the Hamptons by more than the Peconic Bay.

"That book 'Heaven on Earth' is the Norman Rockwell version of things," said the journalist Greg Palast, referring to a volume of photography that portrays the North Fork as a hybrid of the French countryside crossed with Nantucket.

"Those photographs don't include the migrant workers or the marine equipment that's been sitting and rusting in your neighbor's backyard for 10 years," said Mr. Palast, who writes on American white collar crime and government regulations for The Guardian in London.

"Greenport is the kind of place where two guys buy a big old Victorian house together and spend a lot of money fixing it up, while next door to them someone is moving a refrigerator onto the porch so they have more space to store beer," said John D. Williams Jr.., who moved to the village 25 years ago.

Mr. Williams has had two screenplays optioned and published "Everything Scrabble," a guide to the game.

"The North Fork doesn't demand financial or worldly success or status, and yet it's not provincial," said Peggy Gormley, a sreenwriter and actress who is a partner with Harvey Keitel in The Goat Singers film production company.

"There's a middle class, a professional class and a ***working class***," said Ms. Gormley, who rents an apartment as a year-round retreat in Greenport. "Theoretically, if we could afford the Hamptons, we wouldn't go there."

The novelist Alan Furst, who lives among the burgeoning South Fork community of writers in Sag Harbor, confirmed that when the summer crowd leaves in the fall, Sag Harbor's frenetic social pace ebbs, and full-time writers-in-residence go back to work.

"The line of Mercedes in front of Caldor's disappears, and Sag Harbor Village becomes a village of working people again," Mr. Furst said. "There are a lot of writers here in the winter, and it's quiet socially."

But for those North Fork writers who are full-time residents, the isolation of the winters is not always inspiring or enchanting.

"It's bucolic and it's isolated, but it is also isolating," said Mr. Palast, who confessed that he may eventually move with his wife and children to a more cosmopolitan setting.

"The phone doesn't ring, and there are no art openings," said Mr. Buchanan. "It's quiet as the tomb, and that's really good when you're on deadline. Social opportunities in the winter, however, seem to be limited to the Whiskey Wind Bar."

But as the quality of coffee improves on the North Fork, andwords like merlot and chardonnay pass into local parlance and more farms stands offer organic produce, many reclusive North Fork writers wonder if things will change.

"I found a Prada dress for $3 marked down from $6 in our secondhand store, the Opportunity Shop," said Ms. Reed warily. "But there's still only one French restaurant and nowhere to shop."

"I was in the I.G.A., when a guy pulled up in a Mercedes," said Mr. Williams. "He left the car running and forced his way into the cashier's face to ask, 'Do you have mesquite?' She said, 'Mosquito spray?' and he said, 'No, mesquite, mesquite!"'

The television writer and performer Billy Kimball, who spent summers on the North Fork as a child and keeps a full-time residence in Cutchogue, took a more jaundiced view of the rumors of the demise of the North Fork's glamourless bucolic charm.

"The government put up money to erect a beautiful hand-painted wooden sign, that says, 'Welcome to Long Island Wine Country,' " Mr. Kimball said. "Underneath it, a farmer had nailed a piece of cardboard that said, 'Pigs for Sale,' with his phone number.

"No matter how much they try to Hamptonize the North Fork," said Mr. Kimball, "it's always going to be the kind of place where a local farmer has a new litter of pigs and can't see the point of a perfectly good signpost going to waste."

**Graphic**

Photo: North Fork writers: Peggy Gormley, Sandra Scoppettone, Greg Palast, Terry Reed and John D. Williams Jr. (Michael Shavel for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** May 17, 1998

**End of Document**



[***THEATER: THREE MUSICALS LIVEN STAGES IN LONDON By FRANK RICH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-S990-0017-527C-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 18, 1987, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 21, Column 1; Cultural Desk

**Length:** 1340 words

**Byline:** Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, June 17

**Body**

In the days after ''Les Miserables'' and Robert Lindsay won their Tony Awards, the London press rejoiced nonstop over the ascendancy of the British musical on Broadway. Perhaps even the English are becoming a bit skeptical about this line of hype by now. When people talk about the ''new'' English musical, they are really talking about the output of only two people, the composer Andrew Lloyd Webber and the director Trevor Nunn. Without them, the hottest shows in town might well be ''Nunsense'' and ''Drood.''

There has been no new musical from Mr. Nunn since ''Chess,'' a display of hydraulic engineering in the ''Starlight Express'' mode, opened over a year ago. Mr. Lloyd Webber has written the season's reigning hit, ''Phantom of the Opera'' - the sole runaway musical smash to appear in the West End in the two seasons since ''Les Miserables.'' One could argue that ''Phantom'' is at least half-American, given the crucial contribution of its director, Harold Prince. As for the two other big new ''English'' musicals of the London season, ''Kiss Me, Kate'' and ''High Society,'' they are both by Cole Porter. Try as the Brits might to Anglicize old Cole, he remains stubbornly a Yankee dandy.

''Kiss Me, Kate,'' at the Old Vic, is a Royal Shakespeare Company production - a delicious notion, given that the show's book, by Sam and Bella Spewack, is about the backstage bickering of an acting couple touring in a musical version of ''Taming of the Shrew.'' The director is Adrian Noble, whose first-rate recent Shakespeare outings include the current and bracing Jonathan Pryce ''Macbeth.'' So why has the meticulous Mr. Noble staged ''Kiss Me, Kate'' as if it were an undergraduate revue, with a running time longer than ''Macbeth'' and with actors who all but wink at the audience after every song? He seems to have missed the joke. ''Kiss Me, Kate'' was inspired by the real-life antics of the Lunts, aristocratic stars who could topple farcically from their pedestals when at romantic war. Mr. Noble's battling leads, Paul Jones and the campy Nichola McAuliffe, start off as low burlesque antagonists and descend from there.

The R.S.C. fares only slightly better with the musical's score than it does with its comedy. Ms. McAuliffe's ''So in Love Am I'' is drowned out by the band, while Fiona Hendley sings ''Always True to You (In My Fashion)'' in the fashion of Betty Boop. Mr. Jones and Tim Flavin, an American performer, make more of their opportunities, but the one rousing number belongs to a pair of overripe cartoon gangsters who, in this context, can't miss with ''Brush Up Your Shakespeare.'' Aside from Porter's almost unflagging lyrical inventiveness, what may be most wunderbar about this ''Kiss, Me Kate'' is William Dudley's scenic design. Mr. Dudley's affectionate rendering of the stage-door alley of Ford's Theater, Baltimore, circa 1948, is so evocative that one resents the tiresome production number (''Too Darn Hot,'' choreographed by Broadway's Ron Field) that obstructs the audience's view of it.

As Mr. Noble is trying to follow the example of the Royal Shakespeare's former leader, Mr. Nunn, in extending his reach from the classics to the big-bucks musical, so is another outstanding serious director, Richard Eyre. It is Mr. Eyre who has been designated Sir Peter Hall's successor as chief of the National Theater, beginning in 1988. One can only hope he will bring more imagination to that daunting task than he has applied to ''High Society,'' which he has staged under commercial auspices at the Victoria Palace in the West End.

''High Society'' is a lumpy attempt to adapt the 1956 film musical of ''The Philadelphia Story'' for the theater by injecting additional Porter songs and restoring large chunks of Philip Barry's play. Again there is a shortage of singing voices and an abundance of cultural confusions. I dare say you haven't lived until you've seen ''Now You Has Jazz,'' a Louis Armstrong number in the M-G-M movie, as performed here by an elfish Irish actor (the talented but misused Stephen Rea) with a chorus of ''***working class***'' diner customers in bobby socks and overalls.

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Eyre, his set designer (John Gunter) and his choreographer (David Toguri) are the same team that a few years back assembled the National's sure-footed revival of ''Guys and Dolls.'' In ''High Society,'' they regurgitate some of that show's choice moments, including a tap-dancing wedding finale, without any regard for the specifics of the material at hand. The program says that the story is set, however pointlessly, in 1948 (to copy ''Kiss Me, Kate''?), but the decor is often Art Deco and the costumes include Levi's jeans.

Still, this ''High Society'' will not be entirely forgotten. The Tracy Lord, Natasha Richardson, is a riveting presence, especially after champagne thaws her out. A daughter of Vanessa Redgrave, Ms. Richardson was acclaimed last season for her Nina in ''The Seagull.'' She sometimes approaches ''High Society'' with a Chekhovian gravity it can't support, and, as a Porter songstress, she tends to recall Hildegarde Neff in ''Silk Stockings.'' No matter. If, like so many Tracy Lords, she can't eradicate the memory of Katharine Hepburn, Ms. Richardson creates her own image of a Main Line princess who is strong, pretty and witty enough to keep most men in a state of perpetual intoxication. In the right role, this dynamic actress could probably fly to New York without a plane.

After watching Mr. Eyre and Mr. Noble struggle with the musical form, it's invigorating to see what a crack Broadway director at full throttle can do. ''Phantom of the Opera'' finds Mr. Prince at his most self-assured since his last collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Webber, ''Evita,'' almost a decade ago. This production shares its creepy atmosphere of necrophiliac eroticism with that Peron saga and with Mr. Prince's production of Stephen Sondheim's ''Sweeney Todd.'' Working with a brilliant young designer from the Royal Shakespeare Company, Maria Bjornson, the director takes us from the roof of the Paris Opera House to the misty lake in its labyrinthine bowels, with time out along the way to retell Gaston Leroux's 1911 potboiler about the beautiful aspiring diva and the beastly ghost who is her muse.

The musical succeeds as spectacularly theatrical ''Bride of Frankenstein'' fun, but, in spite of Michael Crawford's tender performance as the Phantom, it never becomes as moving as its lush Frederick Loewe-like musical themes promise. Part of the trouble is Mr. Lloyd Webber's continued inability to find songwriting partners to equal Tim Rice. The ''Phantom'' lyricists, Charles Hart and Richard Stilgoe, supply banalities that flesh out the ostensibly comic supporting players (opera-company managers) more substantially than the romantic leads. But Mr. Lloyd Webber also undercuts himself. For every sumptuously melodic love song in this score, there is an insufferably smug opera parody that can't match its prototype, a thrown-in pop number that slows the action, or a jarring, anachronistic descent into the vulgar synthesizer chords of ''Starlight Express.'' Must a show that is sold out until 1988 at Her Majesty's Theater - and is likely to sell out in the rest of the Western world for the remainder of the century - sell itself out quite so much?

Students of Mr. Prince's oeuvre will note, by the way, that he is not above recycling a past flourish or two of his own. The show's thrilling prologue, in which a decaying opera house is suddenly transformed into its thriving incarnation of three decades earlier, is a variation on the ''Loveland'' flashback sequence in the Prince-Sondheim ''Follies.'' Is it a coincidence that Ms. Bjornson is designing a revised version of ''Follies,'' directed by Mike Ockrent of ''Me and My Girl,'' that is to open in the West End next month? In any event, it's the belated arrival of that 1971 Broadway musical, not the prospect of any new English musical, that is the most eagerly awaited premiere of the London theatrical year.

**Graphic**

Photo of Natasha Richardson

**End of Document**



[***Commercial Property/The Shifting Nature of 14th St.;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V460-0024-J45M-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***The Hub of Change Is Union Square***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-V460-0024-J45M-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 19, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Real Estate Desk

**Section:** Section 10;; Section 10; Page 11; Column 1; Real Estate Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1329 words

**Byline:** By CLAUDIA H. DEUTSCH

By CLAUDIA H. DEUTSCH

**Body**

THINGS are hopping around Union Square these days. Bradlees, the big regional discounter, has leased the former Mays department store building, which has stood empty on 14th Street between Broadway and University Place since the spring of 1991.

Toys 'R' Us is going into three floors at 32 Union Square East, near 16th Street, where Kiddie City used to be. House of Blues, a jazz club, will soon open at 20 Union Square East, the old American Savings Bank building on 15th Street.

Coffee Shop, that chi-chi restaurant at 30 East 16th Street, is turning its back room into a restaurant-cum-private-party space. The Union Square Cafe has done so well at 21 East 16th Street that Danny Meyer, its owner, will soon open another restaurant, Gramercy Tavern, a few blocks north, at 42 East 20th Street.

The reason seems obvious. "This is a transportation hub, and that makes it a great retail hub," said Benjamin Fox, a partner at New Spectrum Realty.

Try telling that to the merchants strung along 14th Street between Third and First Avenues. The soft economy and the botched road construction project that had 14th Street torn apart for 30 months have combined to keep their spirits -- and their revenues -- as downtrodden as the grafitti-laden blocks on which they struggle to survive.

"You used to need reservations to get in here, we were so busy," said Daphne Mahoney, who owns Daphne's Hibiscus, a Caribbean restaurant at 243 East 14th Street. "Now I'm not sure I can hold on for even three more months."

Welcome to the 14th Street/Union Square Business Improvement District, an area stretching from 14th Street to 17th Street around Union Square Park, and along 14th Street from First Avenue to Avenue of the Americas. Once uniform in its blight, it now has a personality that is split three ways.

Union Square itself is thriving. West 14th Street is caught in a time warp in which local stores try to push the cheap merchandise of yesteryear to shoppers who want higher quality, albeit discounted, goods. And East 14th Street is ailing badly.

"We can help with security and with cosmetic things, but only new stores can get traffic to these streets," said Robert W. Walsh, the district's executive director.

It is quite a comedown from a decade or so ago, when the whole district was a mecca for ***working-class*** shoppers. Some worked in the area's clothing-production lofts, others flocked in from New Jersey, the other boroughs and other parts of Manhattan. After all, subways, buses, and PATH trains converge on Union Square, and the local merchants offered bargains that were hard to find elsewhere.

Since then, most of the lofts have closed, taking away much of the local shopping base. And discounters began opening stores in the suburbs and in the city outside Manhattan, enabling the commuters to buy their bargain wares closer to home. The seemingly endless reconstruction of 14th Street, with its concommitant traffic gridlock, kept away the final diehards. Now the street has reopened, but the shoppers have not come back.

"It's facile to blame everything on the reconstruction, but there's just no reason for people to travel here to shop anymore," said Robert B. Pauls, a real estate consultant.

STILL, there's little gloom in Union Square itself. Children, not drug dealers, now populate the spruced-up park. Its well-visited Greenmarket has added a fourth day to its schedule. And the Coffee Shop will open an in-park cafe this spring.

"The redevelopment of the park and the area has led to significant absorption of retail and office space," said Bruce Weissberg, president of RELocate, a company that tracks commercial leases and sales.

Union Square's savior was probably Zeckendorf Towers, the residential condominium with office and retail space at its base that was completed in 1987 between 14th and 15th Street, the site of the old S. Klein on the Square. Integrated Resources, a financial firm, took its 365,000 square feet of office space, and upper-middle-income buyers took its 671 condominium apartments. Restaurants that catered to this crowd thrived.

"Before Zeckendorf Towers came in, distribution centers and raucous clubs were about all we could rent to around here," said C. Bradley Mendelson, a senior managing director at Edward S. Gordon Company who manages 860 Broadway, on the northeast corner of Union Square. He now rents to Hermann's, the sporting-goods store.

The Towers has not had smooth sailing, though. Integrated Resources went bankrupt, leaving the building's office space empty. But Macmillan/McGraw-Hill School Publishing has taken about 140,000 square feet, and Beth Israel Hospital is planning to take an additional 100,000 square feet.

The 16th Street restaurants continue to thrive, and have been joined by Texas, Steak Frites and other upscale newcomers. That influx has, in turn, lured many more office and retail tenants to the area.

"It is an exciting, trendy place, yet one where you can still get decent rents," said Robert A. B. Baraf, a managing director of Edward S. Gordon.

Many local landlords have indeed brought their rents down to fill their spaces up. Earle S. Altman, one of the owners of 915 Broadway, at 21st Street, has leased 13,000 square feet of ground floor space to Metronome, a restaurant with dancing, at a rent that is about 10 percent less than what Cafe Society, the last tenant, had paid.

"Everyone is more realistic these days," he said.

But walk either west or east on 14th Street, and the high spirits, as well as the attitude of realistic compromise, dissipate rapidly.

MR. WALSH'S group has tried to make the area more palatable. It has arranged for better street cleaning. And it runs a security office in a storefront at 223 East 14th Street -- between two former crack houses -- that dispatches guards who patrol the area, chasing off three-card monte dealers and bands of roving youths.

But still, street traffic -- and thus, potential shoppers -- remains sparse.

Mr. Walsh blames the city. He believes that, if only he could get zoning changes that would allow tall, mixed-use buildings on the corners of Third Avenue and 14th Street, he could attract developers who would bring big retailers in. He says that city planners have been stonewalling him on the issue.

The planners say that's ridiculous. "Zoning isn't the problem, the market and the economy is the problem," said Robert E. Flahive, director of the Manhattan office of the Department of City Planning.

East 14th Street isn't entirely stagnant. Housing Enterprise for the Less Privileged, a nonprofit group known as HELP that develops housing for homeless people, is building housing on a city-owned lot between Third and Fourth Avenue. The city itself is building about 30,000 square feet of retail space on the lot.

And the heady activity around Union Square could still set off a ripple effect up and down 14th Street. Indeed, if more discounters line up along the street, it could provide the missing part of a jigsaw puzzle that, when completed, will depict the largest continuous discount center in the city.

Already, Broadway around 18th Street sports ABC Carpet, Paragon Sporting Goods and other well-established stores. Lower Sixth Avenue has Bed Bath & Beyond and will soon have a Barnes & Noble megastore. There are rumors that Filene's Basement and Sports Authority are looking for sites in the area.

Vincent A. Carrega, an executive vice president at James Felt/Grubb & Ellis, a sales brokerage firm, said that several developers were looking at a 28,000 square foot lot on 14th and Broadway, empty but for a vacant eight-story loft building.

"The lot is in play," said Mr. Carrega, who expects a deal for a mixed commercial/ residential project within a year.

If all of the rumored deals go through, it could do wonders for the local economy, if not for the existing stores.

"You'll see fewer entrepreneurial operators and a lot more big chains," Mr. Pauls predicted. "What you'll wind up with is upgraded merchandise and upgraded stores."

**Graphic**

Photo: Bradlees, the discounter, will move into old Mays building on Union Square, above; Daphne Mahoney's Daphne's Hibiscus is faring poorly. (Photographs by Philip Greenberg for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 19, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Slaves to Fate***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TT50-0024-J33N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 30, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7;; Section 7; Page 10; Column 1; Book Review Desk; Column 1;; Review

**Length:** 1451 words

**Byline:** By Janet Burroway;

Janet Burroway's latest novel is "Cutting Stone."

By Janet Burroway;  Janet Burroway's latest novel is "Cutting Stone."

**Body**

CROSSING THE RIVER

By Caryl Phillips.

237 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $22.

"THE past is never dead," William Faulkner observed. "It's not even past." This perception is brought home in Caryl Phillips's fifth novel, "Crossing the River" -- which, although it plays with disjunctive time, presents a brilliantly coherent vision of two and a half centuries of the African diaspora.

The main body of Mr. Phillips's novel consists of four taut narratives -- two white voices, two black; two male, two female. But its structure is poetic, built on a single refrain: "Why have you forsaken me?" The voices are richly counterpointed, and the forsakings are as various as the author's extraordinary imagination can make them.

In the prologue, a nameless African father, his crops having failed, sells his children to the master of a slave ship. Haunted for 250 years by "the chorus of a common memory," he discovers "among the sundry restless voices" those of his lost children: "My Nash. My Martha. My Travis." Gradually, as the stories in the main text unfold, we realize that this father has taken on the mythic proportions of the continent of Africa, that his abandonment represents the irreversible history of entire peoples.

In the first section, set in the early 1840's, we follow Nash Williams, the gifted freed slave of an abolitionist Virginia tobacco planter. Having undergone "a rigorous program of Christian education," Nash is sent as a missionary to the west coast of Africa, under the auspices of the American Colonization Society. His letters back to Virginia, a melange of stoicism and plaint, are interleaved with narrative concerning his adoptive white father and onetime master, Edward Williams. A bitter former favorite makes his way into the story; it also appears that Edward's prudish wife, now dead, intercepted Nash's letters. Such information comes piecemeal and aslant, but when the sources of the bitterness and the interference reveal themselves the events seem inevitable.

Nash disappears, "lost somewhere on the dismal coastline of Africa," and Edward sets out to find him. In the sort of paradox that persists throughout the book, Nash -- who has been "bettered" by his Christian education and thereby become a leader among a group of Liberians -- is ultimately demoralized by his life in Africa and in turn demoralizes his new community. When paternalistic Edward appears among them, the Liberians see only a purposeless and strange old man, an emblem of abasement.

Skip to the end of the century. In the next section, an old black woman named Martha Randolph, hired on as a cook but now too weak to travel, is abandoned by a wagon train in the snowy streets of Denver. Sold away from her husband and daughter in Virginia, her second man and her business in Colorado lost to white violence, worn out by long days of washing and ironing, Martha has spent her life creeping westward. She entertains fantasies of her daughter, Eliza Mae, in finery on the California coast.

As she draws toward death, Martha is befriended by a local white woman who takes her home. Martha has throughout her life been "unable to sympathize with the sufferings of the son of God when set against her own private misery," and has fought the arbitrary imposition of identity. Now, ironically, when Martha dies without disclosing who she is, her benefactor reflects that "they would have to choose a name for her if she was going to receive a Christian burial."

Reel back a century. In the most spectacular accomplishment of the novel, Mr. Phillips produces the journal and letters home of one James Hamilton, captain of the slave ship Duke of York on its voyage from Liverpool to "the Windward Coast of Africa" and thence across "the river" that is the Atlantic.

Like Edward Williams, the 26-year-old Hamilton has reason to go searching in Africa: his father died there, and the death is shrouded in mystery. The elder Hamilton was without religion, perceiving that his profession of slave ship captain was incompatible with a profession of faith. There are hints that he "traded not wisely" and that he "cultivated a passionate hatred, instead of a commercial detachment," toward his slaves.

The young Hamilton's log is terse, businesslike, admirably controlled. His letters to his wife are tender and full of delicate devotion, longing. He suffers the intransigence of his first mate and the death of his second; he faces insurrection, rats, rising prices, raging fevers. He is resilient and honorable; he absorbs recurrent hardship with fortitude and grace. But in that stunning myopia that can attend such honorable men, he buys, feeds, punishes, worries about, loses to sickness and washes down the walls after his load of black flesh: "This day buried 2 fine men slaves, Nos. 27 and 43, having been ailing for some time, but not thought in danger. Taken suddenly with a lethargic disorder from which they generally recover."

Throughout, Hamilton is perplexed by the mood of his cargo, who "appeared gloomy and sullen, their heads full of mischief." Just before departing from Africa, he is "approached by a quiet fellow" from whom he buys the "2 strong man-boys, and a proud girl," of the prologue.

FAST-FORWARD two centuries. In the book's final section, a ***working-class*** Yorkshire woman named Joyce, whose father died in World War I, makes a bad marriage with a black-lung lager lout on the eve of World War II. He is safe from the draft, but that damages his manhood, which he bolsters by punching her. He is jailed for trafficking in the black market -- "a vulture picking at the carcass of his wounded country," as the judge puts it -- and Joyce drags through her war, her life, until an invasion of Yank defenders sets in her path a shy black soldier with hair like fine wool, combed shiny from a razor part. Joyce is an image of possibility in the novel. But when her lover, Travis, like her father, abandons her by dying, she in turn forsakes their child, giving him up for adoption in the great machine of British do-goodery.

Identity, in both individuals and peoples, is composed of the story that we tell ourselves of the past. That story is necessarily partial and selective, but if it deliberately omits significant events the resultant self is inauthentic. One of the values of fiction is that it can tell the story anew, can go back and include a neglected truth. "Crossing the River" does this and is therefore a book with an agenda. Mr. Phillips proposes that the diaspora is permanent, and that blacks throughout the world who look to Africa as a benevolent fatherland tell themselves a stunted story. They need not to trace but to put down roots.

The message, however, is neither simply nor stridently conveyed. Mr. Phillips's prologue strikes it as a stately note, and its resonance continues to deepen; only in the epilogue does it become uncomfortably literal. Mr. Phillips's theme sounds throughout, perhaps most poignantly in the laconic notation of Captain Hamilton:

"We have lost sight of Africa."

MURDERING MEMORY

Nothing is black and white about Caryl Phillips's characters except, perhaps, the color of their skin. The author says it was no harder for him to invent tender qualities for a slave trader in his new novel, "Crossing the River," than it was to portray the anguish of the trader's captives.

"You don't judge characters as a writer," he explained in a telephone interview from his home in London. "Your real job is to understand them. There has to be something that hooks you into them; it may even be behavior you find objectionable. But as long as there is a wish to discover, you can suspend your moral judgment."

What intrigues Mr. Phillips is how a person with a capacity to love -- a trait he believes most are born with -- can "murder their memory" and become oblivious to the humanity of others. He is also obsessed with questions of identity, partly because of his history: born in 1958 in the West Indies and raised in England, he maintains homes in London, St. Kitts and Massachusetts, where he teaches writing at Amherst College.

"I'm sort of a migrant," he said, noting that any diaspora invariably involves feelings of guilt and loss. But, he stressed, it can also give rise to new traditions. "You have to look at it with the same pair of spectacles and see it as something that does have a positive aspect," he observed, "not just for those who have survived, but for their children."

Mr. Phillips added that he has come to see rootlessness as emblematic not just of individuals like himself, but of most people in the 20th century: "As I look around, I see many people linking two places in their minds. Neither is home, and yet both become home."

   LAUREL GRAEBER

**Graphic**

Photo: Caryl Phillips. (JILLIAN EDELSTEIN/KNOPF)

Drawing

**Load-Date:** January 30, 1994

**End of Document**



[***For Aisles and Aisles, Buyers and Guns Galore***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TX70-0024-J1TY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 16, 1994, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 1248 words

**Byline:** By B. DRUMMOND AYRES Jr.,

By B. DRUMMOND AYRES Jr.,    Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Jan. 12

**Body**

It is a measure of what is happening in the gun business these days that customers who drop by B and B Sales in North Hollywood must take a number and then wait their turn to talk to a clerk.

The wait can last up to 15 minutes.

As in gun stores around the country, business at B and B is rather brisk. While there already are enough guns in the hands of Americans to arm every man, woman and teen-ager, the crime scare, the possibility of tougher gun controls and what seems to be a growing American fixation and fascination with guns have customers lining up to buy still more.

There are plenty to buy.

Guns of All Kinds

The racks and display cases at B and B Sales, where the store's logo is a pair of bumblebees armed with assault rifles, offer something for everyone -- the weekend deer hunter, the target shooter, the crime-frightened homeowner, the stick-up artist, the collector, the security guard, the new sniper on the local SWAT team and, not least of all, the meek daydreamer who would be Dirty Harry.

Day in and day out, seven days a week, it seems that most of the above pass through B and B Sales from the time the doors open at 11 A.M. until they close at 7 P.M. Some customers become case-hardened in the presence of so much shiny, oiled, machined lethality, but many more tend to express wonder and awe, much like browsers in an imported-car display room or children in a toy department at Christmas.

"Wow," Burten Carraher, a Los Angeles electrician, murmured over and over as he moved from pistol display to pistol display.

He pointed to a 13-shot semiautomatic that carried a $699.99 price tag.

"Good gun, P-229 Sig Sauer, very reliable gun," said the sales clerk, pulling the piece from the case. "I've got a friend who buried one in snow and mud for couple of hours and then dug it out and fired off a whole clip without a hitch. Good gun, very good gun. Give you a good deal."

Choice Is Endless

Mr. Carraher nodded approvingly, hefting the pistol and aiming it at an imaginary target. But then he handed it back.

"Maybe I'll get me a rifle instead," he said, heading across the store toward the long-gun display. "I'll just look around some more."

Like all major gun stores these days, B and B Sales stocks $89 purse pistols and shiny black $350 police revolvers. It offers no-frills sporting rifles for $500 and surplus military semiautomatics for $700. There are $1,500 gold-plated target pistols and $4,000 contraptions that look like mass-killing machine guns from an Arnold Schwarzenegger movie but, in fact, are nothing more than perfectly legal rifles incapable of firing more than one round at a time.

Mr. Carraher spent almost 15 minutes fondling one of the Terminator-type guns, marveling at the smooth, solid clicking and clacking of the bolt mechanism, now and again throwing the piece to his shoulder and firing off an imaginary burst.

"I got a real thing about guns," he said enthusiastically.

Accessories, Too

But B and B Sales is more than just guns.

Need a bulletproof vest? Check out that mannequin over there. Night-vision scope? Just across the aisle. How about a foot-long fighting knife from Japan, featuring a saw-toothed blade? "Only one left," says Barry Kahn, the store's owner.

Only one?

It is not a sales come-on. Mr. Kahn and gun store operators around the country say sales of guns and knives are brisk.

The rise in sales has been prompted by the recent crime scare, including the killing of commuters on the Long Island Rail Road. In addition, the threat of more laws to limit gun sales and to raise the tax on ammunition has led Americans to head to gun dealers, worried that in the future it may be all but impossible to obtain arms.

Anger Over Laws

A behind-the-counter look at B and B Sales reveals that many shelves are empty and many items are on back-order, particularly guns.

"Sales have just gone out of sight in the past year or so," Mr. Kahn said. "Some of the new semiautomatic pistols and some of the specially designed rifles that are most in demand never show up on the shelf anymore because people with back orders get them all as soon as we get them."

With sales going so well, Mr. Kahn should be happy. He is not. He is an angry man, as are many gun store operators and gun owners.

"We have an idiot in the White House who thinks that controlling guns will control crime," Mr. Kahn said. "It's not the guns. It's the criminals. We've already got too many controls. My sales people spend more time filling out forms for the state and Federal Government than they do selling. Very few criminals frequent gun stores."

Still, Mr. Kahn is taking no chances. He and all of his clerks pack loaded guns, the most prominently armed being the "door host" at the entrance.

The store, situated in a quiet ***working-class*** neighborhood in the San Fernando Valley, has no windows. All the doors are heavily barred.

"Customer No. 67!" the store loudspeaker announces.

Alan Bresee, an advertising agent, steps forward, accompanied by his daughter, Susan, a college freshman.

"She likes to ride her horse up in the mountains," Mr. Bresee tells the clerk. "But a lot of strange characters are showing up on the trails, and I thought she could use a gun, maybe just something small to keep in her bag."

The clerk reaches in the case and quickly lays out a shiny display of revolvers on the glass counter top.

"I would suggest that your best bet would be to buy a gun, maybe one of these Smith & Wesson .38's, that will have plenty of stopping power," the clerk said. "You want to be able to put him down with the first shot, not play around."

He proffers a stubby revolver.

Susan gives a little nod and reaches for the gun, tentatively.

"It's scary out there," she says. "I don't know ----"

But then the gun is in her hand and and she is swinging it back and forth, squeezing off imaginary rounds.

"Could I get a bigger grip?" she asks, confidence suddenly in her voice.

No problem, big selection available, the clerk assures her as he removes the $322.25 price tag and reaches for a sheaf of state and Federal forms.

"Got to fill out these," he said, addressing Mr. Bresee. "It's the law. Got to know who you are and where you're from and whether you're a criminal. Then come back in 15 days, once you've been checked and the sale is approved -- you don't look like a criminal to me -- and we'll give you your gun."

Forms and Follow-Up

Mr. Kahn and his sales force consider the forms an administrative farce, saying the screening is not thorough.

"The Federal forms never leave my store and the Feds almost never come to look at them," he said, holding up a sheaf of papers. "The state forms go to the local police and the state police and, far as I can tell, they don't have the manpower or means to do much checking, especially the local police."

He shakes his head in disgust.

The store loudspeaker hums to life and summons customer No. 68.

Richard Thomas, a telecommunications specialist from Glendale, steps forward, accompanied by his wife, Kimberly, who is holding Jacob, their 8-week-old son, swaddled in a blanket.

"I'm here to pick up two deer rifles, Browning BAR .270's," he said.

The clerk disappears into the back room for a moment and returns with two cased rifles.

"Beautiful, just beautiful," Mr. Thomas says, caressing each rifle.

Then he eases the guns back into their cases, gives Jacob a smile and heads out, brushing past Mr. Carraher.

"Maybe I should get a deer rifle," Mr. Carraher muses. "Well, maybe not. I don't know. I've just got this thing about guns."

**Graphic**

Photo: Alan Bresee, an advertising agent, looking at guns with his daughter, Susan, at B and B Sales in Los Angeles. He was buying a gun for his daughter to protect her on horse rides in the mountains. (Mojgan B. Azimi for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** January 19, 1994

**End of Document**



[***New York's Worst Drug Sites: Persistent Markets of Death***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJB-4KR0-002S-X4WW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 1, 1989, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1989 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 2830 words

**Byline:** By MICHEL MARRIOTT

**Body**

Drug trafficking has become so open and pervasive in parts of New York City that, in some neighborhoods, it seems that everyone knows exactly where it is going on and who is taking part in it. But getting rid of it is another matter.

In interviews with prosecutors, local politicians and community organizers, a dozen drug-dealing locations were identified as some of the worst in the city. They range from fortress-like apartments in Washington Heights to shadowy doorways in a Staten Island housing project.

As summer approaches, these areas turn into little more than drug bazaars. Groups of customers move through a network of spotters, steerers and bodyguards posted outside and inside buildings known throughout the neighborhoods as drug outlets.

Police See Complications

Many of the drug dealers ply their trade brazenly, with little fear of arrest. This is so despite the Police Department's announced crackdown on street-level sales and vast sums being spent on the police saturation technique featuring the Tactical Narcotics Team, or T.N.T.

The police say that knowing about a drug site is very different from being able to close it down. They cite many problems, ranging from the profitability of the trade, which makes for an endless stream of new recruits, to strict guidelines in making arrests so that they will stand up in court.

And particularly frustrating, some officers say, is the ease with which many drug defendants are able to delay their cases or plead guilty to a reduced charge and return to their business in a matter of months.

The specter of widespread police corruption has also been raised by some residents of drug-infested areas. But the police dismiss the charge, saying that there is no evidence that the boldness of street drug transactions is a result of officers being paid to look the other way.

In any case, narcotics seem a part of city life as never before. Spotting a drug transaction in midtown Manhattan is not uncommon. In some areas crack has so glutted the market that the price of a vial has dropped to $3 from $5. In others, a single draw on a pipe is sold for pocket change.

''Drugs - it's all over the place,'' said Edward McCarthy, a spokesman for District Attorney Robert T. Johnson of the Bronx. ''It's incredible; they are selling the stuff right around the courthouse.''

A Scourge In All Boroughs

The 12 locations - two in Manhattan, one on Staten Island and three each in Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx - were chosen because of the high visibility, persistence and volume of drug sales, law-enforcement officials said.

In each of them, the traffic is blatant, deeply entrenched and well organized. At one location in the Bronx on a recent day, for example, seven men and women took their places on the street, on fire escapes, windows and on a folding metal chair near the curb, earning $75 to $100 a day as lookouts, the authorities said.

''As soon as you walk on the block, they're looking,'' said Joseph Espanol, a city probation officer who has worked with the special police units. ''They got people in the windows, walking on rooftops.''

One of the 12 locations is 42d Street in Manhattan between Eighth and 11th Avenues, an area that includes the Port Authority bus terminal. That area has perhaps the city's most blatant and aggressive drug trade, the police and other experts say. On a warm night last week knots of men openly hawked drugs near the corner of 42d Street and Eighth Avenue.

Standing near the carnival glow of the colored lights of an adult bookstore, a street-worn man whispered his drug call of ''smoke, coke, crack'' to passers-by despite the presence of uniformed police officers less than 20 yards away.

''It's an epidemic,'' Mr. Espanol said. ''We drive through there in an unmarked car and we've been approached. It's so blatant.''

In addition to the 42d Street area, these are the drug sites singled out:

MANHATTAN

Washington Heights: On narrow side streets from 160th to 168th Streets between Amsterdam Avenue and Broadway, where salsa music and police sirens are often heard, grim-faced young men stand guard on apartment stoops. Many are spotters and steerers who at the slightest suspicion that the police - uniformed or in plainclothes - may be in the area shout coded warnings of ''five-O, five-O,'' derived from the old television series ''Hawaii Five-0.''

The police and prosecutors say Washington Heights is probably the most drug-saturated area in the city.

BROOKLYN

Bushwick: On Knickerbocker Avenue between Melrose and Starr Streets, an impoverished neighborhood of storefronts is little less than an open market for crack and cocaine. At noon on a recent weekday, dealers pressed packets and vials of drugs into the paying hands of street customers with almost as much regularity as a midtown food vendor selling hot dogs at lunchtime. With drug transactions going on around them, two Hispanic street preachers delivered sermons in English and Spanish pleading with the dealers and their customers to turn to Jesus Christ instead of narcotics.

''It is something I see and live with, and I am really tired and frustrated,'' said Nadine Whitted, district manager for Community Board 4, whose area is Bushwick. ''They are out in the streets utilizing vacant properties, lots. Children sometimes get involved.''

Kensington: Ditmas and Flatbush Avenues and Foster Avenue for a few blocks form the sides of a triangle within which cocaine and crack are big business. While much of the neighborhood is residential, Flatbush Avenue is part of a lively commercial strip of mostly West Indian restaurants, corner delicatessens and clothing stores.

For much of the day and night, young men haunt the storefront businesses while doing their own business of narcotics. Sometimes they turn violent.

One merchant said he can hardly keep matches and inexpensive cigarette lighters stocked in his store because of the heavy demands of the crack users.

Brownsville: At the intersection of Belmont and Stone Avenues, now known as Mother Gaston Boulevard, crack and cocaine are being sold by desperate-looking men against a backdrop of bombed-out devastation. As in Washington Heights, there is little left of the area beyond the dark and crumbling apartment buildings.

QUEENS

Far Rockaway: The stretch of Seagirt Avenue between 20th and 26th Streets provides a striking contrast between orderly single-family bungalows and blocks of desolation.

The single-story bungalows, built as vacation homes, have been converted into permanent residences, most of them occupied by ***working-class*** blacks. Vacant lots and badly worn streets that stop at the Atlantic Ocean are cluttered with debris. At night and early morning, bands of young men often roam the dead-end side streets off Seagirt Avenue, gathering at late-night grocery stores and plying a vibrant crack trade.

While some residents say the drug problem here is not as bad as in other parts of the borough, the police have included it in the current T.N.T. zones.

South Jamaica: The South Jamaica Houses, a public housing project centered along 160th Street and 109th Avenue, is officially home to more than 1,000 families of mostly ***working-class*** black people. But officials estimate that as many as 1,000 other people also live in the apartments.

At almost any hour of the day, drug dealers abound in and around the 27-acre complex. The project last spring was part of a T.N.T. area in which the police made 630 drug arrests in a two-month sweep. But these days, residents say, the police pay little attention to the projects and the rundown neighborhood that surrounds it and the drug business is flourishing.

Elmhurst: From 100th to 104th Street on the six-lane Northern Boulevard just south of La Guardia Airport, dealers in crack and cocaine were working even in a persistent rainfall on a recent night. Beneath an outsized umbrella a young man dressed in a white quilted jacket, black pants and white sneakers stood in front of the Christ Universal Temple Baptist Church near the corner of 102d Street and Northern Boulevard selling crack to a stream of what appeared to be regular customers.

STATEN ISLAND

New Brighton: On Jersey Street where it intersects with Richmond Terrace is a steeply sloping hill of overgrown grass and weeds. At the foot of the hill are the broad retangular buildings of Richmond Terrace Housing, a public housing complex.

With the afternoon sun out, teen-agers - boys and girls -escaped into the cool, dark shadows of the doorways of the project where crack is sold and smoked. Some of the teen-age dealers drive expensive cars.

THE BRONX

Mott Haven: The area from 135th to 139th Streets between St. Ann's Avenue and Brown Place is a bustling commercial neighborhood of shops and restaurants with apartments stacked four and five stories above. There are rubble-strewn lots and a broken-down playground, too. But mostly there is fear.

A 30-year-old mailman who has had a route in this neighborhood for the last 18 months says that everyday he sees dealers on the streets selling heroin, cocaine and vials of crack.

Declining to be identified, the mailman said, ''I open a mailbox, and in the mailbox I find bags full of crack vials.''

He says he carries a knife.

Hunts Point: The corner of Faile and Aldus Streets is busy, dark and dangerous. Nearby are a cluster of retail stores and the clutter of garbage, discarded mattresses and bottles. Cocaine deals seem to be going on all the time. In a five-minute interval during a recent early evening, passers-by stopped to talk briefly with two men while exchanging money for drugs on the street.

At one point a police van drove along Faile Street, passing within 50 yards of the dealers. No one reacted, and the van drove away.

Morris Heights: The section between 181st and 183d Streets and between Creston and Anthony Avenues and, nearby, at 140 Phelan Place, are part of a tumbledown neighborhood where the residents have become imprisoned by their fears. Cocaine and crack are sold, sometimes by teen-agers as young as 14, in the streets, building doorways and stairwells.

''The drug trafficking goes on day and night,'' one woman said. ''Nothing gets done about it.''

The Police And the Public

A recent Federal report on New York's illegal drug industry found that the police had been able to reduce some of the most blatant street trafficking. But the efforts have also forced many drug dealers to change the way they operate, making it even more difficult to get at them.

The report by the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration found that more dealers had moved their operations into heavily fortified apartments or abandoned buildings and were now making drug transactions - exchanging money for narcotics - through small slots in a door. Some dealers were using lobbies and stairwells of buildings to conceal drug activities from police patrols. In some places the dealers are not only selling drugs but also providing a room in which narcotics can be consumed.

Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward often notes that the city's drug problem is a complicated one, rooted in poverty and joblessness. He says solving the drug problem is a task greater than any municipal police department should be expected to handle.

Nonetheless, Mr. Ward says New York has committed ''more resources to the war on drugs than any other municipality in the country.''

Some law-enforcement officials worry that residents of drug-dealing neighborhoods are rapidly losing their confidence in the police. When they see flagrant trafficking going on and little being done about it, they frequently assume that the police are either indifferent to the trafficking or are turning their backs because they are paid to.

In reply, the police point out that suspicion that a drug sale has occurred is not enough to make an effective arrest, even if the activity happens in view of a police officer. Generally, the officer needs to obtain the narcotic that was sold as evidence, something most easily done by using undercover agents.

Simply hearing someone on a street advertising a product by saying ''smoke and blow'' is not ground for arrest, pointed out a spokesman for the Police Department, Lieut. Robert Cividanes.

In addition, to evade arrest, most dealers do not actually carry drugs but instead stash them nearby or rely on someone else, frequently a juvenile, to handle ''the product.''

Sterling Johnson Jr., special narcotics prosecutor for New York City, noted that most police officers will employ a higher standard in making a drug arrest than in making most other arrests. Many drug investigators, for example, insist on making more than one undercover buy from a narcotics dealer; multiple buys are a hedge against a suspect's charge that he was entrapped by the police.

Fears of corruption among police officers on drug cases is fed by public knowledge of the enormous profits streaming through drug-infested neighborhoods. In dozen of interviews, however, police and criminal justice officials said that while they saw a potential for corruption, they did not believe that corruption played a major role in the city's drug market.

''We fully realize that there is the potential for a breach of integrity on the part of police offficers,'' Lieutenant Cividanes said. ''But the supervision is very close, especially in the narcotics division.''

A police spokesman said that no on-duty police officer had been charged in a drug-related corruption case over the last 18 months, but 16 off-duty officers have been charged in drug-related corruption during that time.

In 1986 a major police scandal erupted in the 77th Precinct in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn in which 13 officers were charged with a variety of crimes, including selling cocaine and accepting bribes from undercover officers posing as drug dealers. One officer committed suicide. Six officers have been convicted, two acquitted at criminal trials, and the charges against two have been dismissed.

Millions to Fight Billion-Dollar Industry

Many residents believe that the problem is intractable and that rounding up drug dealers is futile since the jammed criminal-justice system will only turn them loose. Or, if dealers are held, others will quickly move in to replace them, they say.

''That's all they do, sell crack and drugs,'' said Frank Pavonti, a 79-year-old retired bartender who lives in the Hunts Point section of the Bronx. ''There are girls with babies in their arms who sell crack. The police know about it, but they can't do anything about it.''

Standing across the street from a crack house in the Bronx, a former crack dealer said: ''The police can arrest a lot of people. They could arrest me. But as soon as they take me away there are two or three people who come in and take my place. There's too much money involved for it to be any other way.''

To give a sense of the money that is made in a mid-level drug distribution operation, District Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau of Manhattan said that a month's proceeds taken from one house in Queens came to nearly $20 million. The police also found $70,000 in $1 bills stashed under floor boards, he said. For the drug dealers, those bills were too insignificant to bother to count.

In response to the drug problem, the city has committed more than $116 million over two years to special anti-drug offensives. Prosecutors and police officials, however, say that that is not enough. They will need more money as the multibillion-dollar industry continues to expand and grow more sophisticated.

Lack of Influence And Desperate Feeling

Before the T.N.T. units were formed last year, felony drug arrests were already overwhelming the city's criminal justice system. In Brooklyn alone, felony drug arrests quadrupled between 1983 and 1987, swelling to more than 4,000 cases and constituting more than 40 percent of the District Attorney's caseload.

Last year, the police made more than 90,000 narcotics arrests in New York City. This year, the police estimate that the number of such arrests will be far higher.

Drugs arrests constituted almost a third of the 279,000 arrests that the city police made in the first 11 months of last year. In 1987, 27.1 percent of the arrests were for drug offenses.

But arrest statistics and the number of complaints to the police about neighborhood drug traffic are not the only index of how desperate the problem has become, some suggest.

Steve Marston, manager of the South Jamaica Houses, said the city did not seem to care whether drugs were sold there. He said most of the 2,500 legal tenants are unorganized and almost totally without influence.

''They're not listened to,'' said Mr. Marston as he looked through letters from tenants complaining to him about drug dealers in their buildings. ''They have no power bases.''

Mr. Marston said the tenants lived in fear of powerful drug dealers who seem to operate with impunity. He said the dealers threaten, beat and sometimes murder tenants while vandalizing buildings. ''They deserve more than this,'' he said.

**Graphic**

Photo of abandoned buildings at Faile and Aldus Streets in the Hunts Point section of the Bronx (NYT/Jim Estrin); map of a section of New York showing the worst drug sites (NYT) (both on pg. B4)

**End of Document**



[***AT BANK OF BOSTON, A DIFFERENT PATH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-TJX0-0017-5459-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 28, 1987, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 33, Column 3; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1339 words

**Byline:** By ERIC N. BERG, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** BOSTON

**Body**

For most of the emerging breed of large regional banks, the strategy these days is to focus on doing business with small companies in a single region. The Bank of Boston, which has a long Yankee tradition of going its own way, is showing that there is more than one route to becoming a powerful regional bank.

Since 1983, the Bank of Boston has focused more than ever on its native New England. But it has continued to lend to such big national companies as Northwest Airlines and the McDonald's Corporation. It still pursues lending opportunities as far afield as Hollywood, where it regularly bankrolls movie makers and has provided financing for such hits as ''Star Wars.'' And Bank of Boston's 32-country international operation, which has a long tradition of involvement in Latin America, is one of the most far-flung of any United States bank.

This approach - emphasizing New England but continuing to do business elsewhere - is in sharp contrast to the approach adopted by some other leading regional banks. Wells Fargo & Company, for example, has all but closed its international unit, focusing almost entirely on California. And such fast-growing regionals as the First Union Corporation in the Southeast and the Banc One Corporation in the Middle West almost delight in the fact that they do relatively little business with big companies.

By contrast, under Bank of Boston's approach, ''you do everything that a money-center bank does, but you don't do as much of it,'' said Ira Stepanian, who last month was named Bank of Boston's chief executive, replacing William L. Brown, who had held the position since 1983.

Charles N. Cranmer, a banking analyst at Goldman, Sachs & Company, added, ''I have come to think of Bank of Boston as an extremely strong regional bank with some national business as well.''

''We were a unique critter,'' recalled Alan L. McKinnon, the Bank of Boston's chief financial officer.

So far, Bank of Boston's maverick approach to regional banking has produced enviable results. In 1986, the company's fully diluted earnings reached a record $3.69 a share, up from $2.47 in 1983. Its return on equity rose to 16.18 percent last year.

The fourth quarter of 1986 was particularly strong. Net income of $62.3 million was 34 percent higher than during the corresponding period of 1985 and was the second-best quarterly profit since the bank was founded in 1784. Meanwhile, as many big banks' assets have remained constant or shrunk, Bank of Boston's assets rose 20.4 percent in 1986, to $34.05 billion, from $28.29 billion.

A Fourth Category of Banks

What the Bank of Boston's performance shows, industry experts say, is that in the future there will not be only three categories of banks: small, regional and money center. Rather, a fourth category has grown up. These banking companies - which besides the Bank of Boston include Suntrust Banks Inc. in the Southeast and the Security Pacific Corporation in the West - maintain a significant presence outside their own regions.

Bank of Boston's huge international operation, heavily tilted toward Latin America, is decades old, dating from the time when the Boston Harbor was the United States's maritime gateway to the Southern Hemisphere. Bank of Boston was also one of the leading financiers of the United Fruit Company, the importer of bananas once based in Boston.

For most of its history, in fact, Bank of Boston has been more of an international institution with money-center bank qualities than a New England bank.

The bank's current cross-border exposure to Latin American debt, slightly more than $900 million, remains large for a regional bank, although it is considerably less than that of most money-center banks.

Coming Home to New England

And its regional emphasis represents a coming home for the bank and is of fairly recent vintage.

Under Mr. Brown, the former chairman, Bank of Boston poured millions into its merchant-banking operations. To strengthen the bank's position in traditional commercial banking in New England, Mr. Brown acquired banks in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Maine. He also pushed for consumer business by increasing the marketing of automobile loans, home-equity loans, home-improvement loans and home mortgages.

The result has been an institution that has held its own and in many respects has made important gains in New England. In terms of loans to corporations in New England, for instance, the market share of Bank of Boston's lead bank, the First National Bank of Boston, jumped to 70 percent from 65 percent in the 1982-1986 period, according to Sheshunoff & Company, the bank research firm. First National's share of consumer deposits nearly tripled, to 40 percent. And its 46 percent share of non-interest income - indicating investment-banking revenue - far exceeds the 29 percent share of its closest competitor in this area, the Boston-based State Street Bank and Trust Company.

''What they are trying to do is build off their existing customer base in New England without going head-to-head with larger competitors,'' said Mark Biderman, a banking analyst at Oppenheimer & Company. ''

Of course, Bank of Boston has had its headaches. Among those are accusations, which the bank continues to reject, that it became a partner in a money-laundering scheme in the early 1980's in which money was sent to Swiss bank accounts and Internal Revenue Service reporting requirements were bypassed. Those allegations stemmed from a guilty plea the bank entered in 1985 for failing to file currency reports on $1.2 billion in cash transactions, Bank of Boston also continues to play down suggestions that it was used by organized crime figures. Those charges stemmed from the disclosure in 1985 that the Boston mob family headed by Gennaro J. Angiulo used Bank of Boston as a stash for its cash receipts.

Risks in New England

More fundamentally, the bank's growing dependence on New England has its own risks. Bank of Boston has recently benefited from the flourishing New England economy. Should the boom be muffled, so would the Bank of Boston's lofty profits. One strategy the bank has chosen as a means of deflecting such a blow - investing in big real-estate projects outside of the region - could be equally perilous.

''They face the same risks that everyone else who has invested in commercial real estate faces,'' said Mr. Cranmer of Goldman Sachs.

For now, though, Bank of Boston is enjoying one of its most prosperous periods in years. And that, analysts say, reflects the soundness of its competitive strategy.

They say that as barriers to interstate banking fall, the Bank of Boston's approach may be a prime way for regional banks to remain independent - and to hold on to business when money-center banks are actively angling for corporate accounts.

''One of the reasons we chose Bank of Boston as our lead bank is the reach of the bank outside the United States,'' says an assistant treasurer at Wang Laboratories Inc.

A Recent Merger

Taking a broader view of regional banking may also be a way to maintain growth. Only 10 days ago, Norstar Bancorp, an Albany-based bank holding company with $11 billion in assets, said it would merge with the Fleet Financial Group, an $11 billion-asset financial services company with headquarters in Providence, R.I. The combination will make the new entity similar to the Bank of Boston: a strong commercial lender in its native Northeast, but with a host of earnings sources outside the region.

Bank of Boston's own future rests largely in the hands of Mr. Stepanian, now 50 years old, who spent his youth on the playgrounds of Somerville, a ***working-class*** Boston suburb. He received an economics degree from Tufts University and became an economics consultant. Eventually, after twice being rejected for a job at the bank, he was hired as an officer trainee and has been there ever since.

Mr. Stepanian indicated that the Bank of Boston would continue to pursue its hybrid approach of seeking business both close to home and across the land. ''We will see more of the same,'' he said.

**Graphic**

Charts showing assets climb(in billons), earnings rise(per share), and return on equity moves up(percentage), for 1981-1986 for Bank of Boston

**End of Document**



[***When Mom Is Just Floors Away***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7XDG-MDB0-Y8TC-S0BN-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 27, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section RE; Column 0; Real Estate Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2314 words

**Byline:** By VIVIAN S. TOY

**Body**

WHEN a real estate broker suggested that Jessica and Jonathan Marron rent an apartment in the Brittany, the same Upper East Side building where Mrs. Marron had lived as a teenager and where her parents and a sister still live, Mrs. Marron knew she would have to let her husband make the call.

''I was fine with it, because I'm very close to my family,'' she said. ''But I said to him: 'Is this going to be too weird for you? Because I won't just be on the phone with them every day, they're going to be in the living room.' ''

The three closets in the front hall sold them both on the apartment. But it was only when Mr. Marron was very sure he wouldn't mind living so close to his in-laws that they signed the lease.

They moved in 11 floors below Mrs. Marron's parents and sister Jamie Crumlish, in September. ''I figured it would be all right as long we're not on the same floor,'' Mr. Marron said. ''But it's really been more a blessing than anything else.''

Mrs. Marron's mother, Jo-Ann Crumlish, helps care for Ellie, the Marrons' 6-month-old daughter, three days a week, and her sister Jamie Crumlish frequently calls to ask for play dates with the baby. So on any given day, at least one of the Crumlishes can be found in the Marrons' living room.

''I see them every day, because someone is always exchanging the baby, either bringing her upstairs or bringing her back down,'' said Mrs. Marron, who is a schoolteacher, as are her husband and sister.

Like other adult children who have moved into the building or the apartment complex where they grew up, Mrs. Marron says that being an elevator ride away from her parents can make privacy a precious thing. But, she said, proximity also has its pleasures, and it has been a relief to essentially live with the family.

For some young families, it could even be that ''the new amenity or luxury isn't a lap pool, but having your brother next door and Mom and Dad available,'' as Darren Sukenik, a managing director at Prudential Douglas Elliman, says.

The census does not track the adult children who live within an elevator ride of their parents, but Kathleen Gerson, a sociology professor at New York University, said she would not be surprised if the number were on the rise.

''Young adults are increasingly more likely to be dual-career couples or single parents,'' she said, ''so they increasingly depend on caretaking networks, and family plays a very important role in that.''

Family networks have always existed in ***working-class*** neighborhoods, she added, but they are now appearing in middle-class neighborhoods as well.

While the idea of several generations living in one building may seem novel, Dr. Gerson said, ''it's not that unusual, when you think of large apartment buildings being like a neighborhood in any other place -- it's just a vertical neighborhood. But once you make that mental leap, it's not as strange as it might seem.''

People in small towns or smaller cities often live in the old neighborhood, she said.

''It's kind of like the feeling where you grew up and your grandma lived around the corner and your aunt lived there, too,'' said Mrs. Crumlish, who was born in Brooklyn, where her family shared a brownstone in Bay Ridge with an aunt and uncle and their children. ''We've recreated some of that feeling here.''

Mrs. Crumlish and Mrs. Marron have keys to each other's apartments, but they are mindful of each other's privacy. Mrs. Crumlish goes to the Marron apartment only when she is expected.

''My sister will sometimes come up unannounced,'' Jamie Crumlish said. ''But even though she has a key, she'll always ring the bell and wait for one of us to open the door.''

While the Crumlishes and the Marrons see one another daily because their schedules revolve around the baby, other families in similar living situations say they can go for days without running into their relatives.

Michaela Gold has lived in the same Upper West Side building since she ''was a bride in the 1960s,'' and her daughter, Jessica Gold, has lived there nearly her entire life. Jessica Gold says that she and her mother speak to each other two or three times a day, but that they don't see each other regularly, in part because their building has two sides, with different entrances and elevator banks.

''It's never been like 'Everybody Loves Raymond,' '' said Jessica Gold, referring to the television show that uses suffocating family ties for comic effect: Raymond's parents live across the street from him and are constantly barging in unannounced.

Michaela Gold, who is an agent with Halstead Property, said that several families live in the building, which is on Riverside Drive and 90th Street. ''It sounds incestuous,'' she said, ''but nobody leaves this building unless they have to, and a lot of parents try to buy for their children when they're just starting out.''

It is the kind of building where a child getting out of school with no one at home can rely on the doorman to know exactly which neighbor to call. ''It can kind of be like a kibbutz sometimes,'' Ms. Gold said.

Jessica Gold has two children, Luke, 13, and Olivia, 11. She and her now ex-husband moved in as a young couple, because she ''loved the familiarity and the sense of community here.'' Watching her children grow up in the same neighborhood and play on the same playgrounds where she played as a child has helped create wonderful memories, she said.

She said she had never contemplated leaving, because ''knowing that my mom is in the same building if I need her gives a single mother a huge sense of relief and comfort.'' In a cooking emergency, she can send one of the children over to Nana's for milk or flour.

Michaela Gold and her husband, William Slapin, are considering downsizing from the nine-room apartment with sweeping river views where Ms. Gold has lived since 1977.

''When my granddaughter found out, she said, 'Promise me you won't leave me!' and it took me half an hour to reassure her that I was looking for something smaller in the building,'' Ms. Gold said. Her 3,000-square-foot apartment cost $125,000 in 1977; similar-sized apartments have sold recently for more than $6 million.

Mr. Sukenik, the Prudential Douglas Elliman managing director, says that even in new developments, some families are seeking to create multigenerational homes. He recently sold three apartments at Superior Ink, a riverfront condominium in the West Village, to a family with togetherness in mind.

Two brothers bought apartments one floor apart, and their parents bought a third apartment as a pied-a-terre where they expect to spend three to four nights a week to be near their grandchildren. Two-bedroom apartments at Superior Ink have been selling for about $4 million.

''That's the ultimate luxury -- having a family that wants to send down roots together, and then being able to afford to do it,'' Mr. Sukenik said.

A dozen blocks north, Penn South, a limited-equity housing complex in Chelsea that was built in the early 1960s to provide affordable housing to middle-income people, is becoming a family village. Many people who spent their childhoods there have returned with their children.

Vivian Connolly, now 36, and her brother, Daniel Holtzman, 43, are among them. Their mother, Harriet Holtzman, who has lived in the development since the 1970s, put their names on a waiting list for apartments in one of Penn South's 15 buildings as soon as they turned 12.

''I was always sort of waiting for my name to come up and I always planned to live here, unless I left New York,'' Ms. Connolly said. ''My brother and I call it the golden handcuffs, because it's such a good deal that we'll never leave -- my mom got it all worked out perfectly, but it was probably the best gift she's ever given us.''

She points out, however, that when they were growing up, Chelsea was ''a scary neighborhood with gangs and people wanting to beat up my brother.''

Daniel Holtzman moved back first, and Ms. Connolly lived with him for a short time before she got her own studio when she was 23. Another sister also lived in the complex for a while, but has since departed for the suburbs.

''My brother and I are the lifers,'' said Ms. Connolly, who has moved up to a two-bedroom apartment with her husband, Chris, and their 5-year-old son. She is expecting a second baby in March, and as soon as the child is born, she will put her family on the list for the holy grail of apartments at Penn South, a three-bedroom. ''I know that will be a long wait,'' she said, ''because there aren't that many of them.''

These days, the average price of a two-bedroom apartment at Penn South is about $48,000, with maintenance starting about $900, whereas two-bedrooms elsewhere in Chelsea cost about $1.25 million. Penn South's waiting list, now closed to nonresidents, contains more than 6,000 names and applicants can expect to wait at least seven years.

Ms. Holtzman said she put all three of her children on the list when they were young because she figured their names would come up around the time that they graduated from college. ''When you want to live in Manhattan,'' she said, ''you're grateful to have affordable housing wherever it is.''

The bonus for her, of course, is that she now has grandchildren who can walk to her apartment, just a building away from their homes, without having to cross a street.

When Daniel Holtzman's wife, Kathleen, moved into his Penn South apartment, they went through a period when they felt they had to establish boundaries with his mother. ''It was very strange at first,'' Kathleen Holtzman says, ''because we could see his mother's apartment from ours and we had to tell her it was unfair to call and say: 'Why didn't you pick up the phone? I knew you were home because I could see your light was on.'

''But that's not an issue anymore, and once we had children, having an extended family around became so important.''

Their sons, Elliott, 9, and Phillip, 7, go to Harriet Holtzman's law office in Chelsea after school every Tuesday to do their homework, and Ms. Holtzman's husband, Gary Steward, often takes the boys home or over to the complex's wood shop, where they have worked on projects together. Their latest one is a single-engine airplane made out of scraps they found in the shop.

Aside from the Tuesday arrangement, the three families do not have any standing dates. ''No Sunday-night dinner or anything like that, because I wanted to avoid that old-fashioned obligation feeling,'' Harriet Holtzman said. ''I just consider us unbelievably lucky in our living situation.''

Being near grandparents and having easy backup for child care are not the only reasons adult children choose to live where they grew up. Sometimes, easy access to aging parents is just as much an incentive.

Eve Rachel Markewich lives in the same Upper West Side building as the Gold clan -- and her parents. Twenty years ago, when she returned to her childhood address, it was for a variety of reasons. She missed the Hudson River views, and she felt living nearby would make communicating with her father easier, because he is hard of hearing and phone conversations are a challenge. She was then a young lawyer, and her father's extensive law library also came in handy for research on weekends or at night.

Her parents, Robert and Iris Markewich, live in the same nine-room apartment where they met in 1947, when Mr. Markewich's aunt and uncle lived there. They made it their home in 1955, and in 1968 Mr. Markewich helped organize the building into a co-op. ''There was a lot of opposition initially,'' he said, ''but rent was starting to get oppressive. We were paying $175 a month, which was a lot of money back then.''

Eve Markewich's four older siblings gave her a hard time when she moved back into the building. ''They thought it was sick, because who lives in the same building as their parents?'' she said. ''But I adore them.''

By 1997, though, Ms. Markewich realized that while she loved being able to wander into her childhood home at will, she wasn't as keen about her parents' having a window on her life. ''Once,'' she said, ''I opened up my door to discover that my Sunday Times had been used and my parents had obviously stolen my paper and then returned it to me.''

Then she realized that her parents had been asking the doormen about her comings and goings. ''That was it, I had to move,'' she said, ''even though I really didn't want to leave the building.''

''We weren't really trying to keep tabs on Evie,'' said Iris Markewich, 83. ''We would never do something like that, because we were perfect parents,'' she added with a smile.

But Michaela Gold came up with the ideal solution when she helped Eve Markewich find another apartment on the other side of the building, which has a different crew of doormen.

Being so close to one another came in particularly handy last spring when Iris Markewich shattered a leg in a fall, and wound up at a rehabilitation center on the East Side. ''It made things so easy for me to be able to pick up my father and take him to see her and then bring him home,'' Eve Markewich said.

One night, after visiting her mother, she and her father returned to her apartment for dinner and to watch a baseball game. Mr. Markewich, who is 90 and walks with a cane, fell asleep on the couch, and at 11 p.m., when Ms. Markewich wanted to call it a night, she telephoned a sister to ask ''would it be O.K. to leave Daddy sitting there like that?'' She did and went to bed.

About two hours later, she heard her father get up and head for the front door. She shouted out a good night to him and he was off. ''It was really nice to know that I didn't have to worry about him going out and looking for a cab, and that in just a few minutes he would be home,'' Eve Markewich said.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: NEIGHBORS AND RELATIVES: Jessica and Jonathan Marron and their daughter, 6-month-old Ellie, live in the same building with Mrs. Marron's mother, Jo-Ann Crumlish, and sister Jamie Crumlish. Proximity to family, Mr. Marron says, has ''really been more a blessing than anything else.'' (PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GOLDMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (RE1)

BUILT-IN SITTER: Three generations of Golds call a building on the Upper West Side home. Above, Michaela Gold, a resident since the 1960s, with her granddaughter Olivia. Right, Ms. Gold with Olivia, her grandson Luke and her daughter, Jessica-- who says living so close to her mother gives her ''a huge sense of relief and comfort.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS ABOVE AND BELOW, PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD HEISLER/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

HIGH-RISE KIN: Eve Markewich, above, with her parents and fellow tenants, Robert and Iris Markewich. Above center, Penn South is a Holtzman family stronghold. From left are Gary Steward and his wife, Harriet Holtzman, and Kathleen and Daniel Holtzman and their sons, Phillip and Elliott. A Holtzman daughter also lives there with her family. Top, grandfather and grandsons work together in the complex's wood shop. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JENNIFER S. ALTMAN FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

(PHOTOGRAPHS ABOVE AND BELOW RIGHT, PHOTOGRAPHS BY OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (RE5)

**Load-Date:** December 27, 2009

**End of Document**



[***Where Landlords Learn;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S70-0DP0-007F-G1YM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Some Property Owners Choose School Over Fines***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S70-0DP0-007F-G1YM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 13, 1998, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1432 words

**Byline:** By RANDY KENNEDY

By RANDY KENNEDY

**Body**

The teacher raised his hands and pleaded for calm: "Hold on! Let's catch our breath here, people!"

But the student in front was determined to finish his account of being menaced with a kitchen knife. Two classmates were laughing at him. A fourth student launched into a full-throated attack against human nature and the evils of bureaucracy and marched angrily out of the room. "I have a bad heart," she yelled from the hallway. "I've got to cool down."

In almost any other classroom, someone would have been in big trouble. But this was Landlord School, and the 25 New York City landlords who had gathered in the basement of a Brooklyn bank were already in big trouble.

Sometime this winter, city housing inspectors found that they were not providing their tenants with heat or hot water or both, one of the most serious violations of city housing law. Instead of paying a fine, though, the landlords had chosen an unusual out: they were going to school and learning to be better landlords.

In a city of more than four million renters, it might sound like the stuff of fantasy, a tenement morality tale from the pages of Bernard Malamud.

But the experimental program, begun in January 1997 and confined for now to Brooklyn, has produced real results: None of the 100 landlords who took the nine-hour course last winter have been cited for denying tenants heat or hot water so far this winter.

"They're not the people you think of when you think of a slumlord," said Anne Pasmanick, who runs the Community Training and Resource Center, a tenant advocacy group that created the program with the help of the courts, landlord groups and the city. "These are people, for the most part, who are not malicious, but just ignorant and struggling themselves. And when they get fined, they usually just get mad. The fines don't make them say, 'What can I do to solve the problem?' "

Those who have passed through the class, officially known as the Landlord Training Program, are certainly not a casting agent's idea of slick New York City landlords. Most have full-time jobs apart from real estate and spend nights and weekends attending to the intricacies of boilers, breaker switches, clogged toilets and leaky roofs.

Nearly two-thirds of the landlords were born outside the United States and many are recent immigrants who have a hard time with English. Their tenants tend to be recent immigrants themselves, many of them ***working class*** or poor.

Also, the class is open only to small-time landlords who own fewer than 20 apartments, a group that has long been on the economic ropes, struggling with worn-down buildings, low rents and what they contend are crushing taxes and regulations. Citywide, the group is essential to the affordable housing market: according to 1996 Census Bureau figures, perhaps as many as half a million people live in buildings of this size.

But when asked, almost all the landlords in the class swear that if they were given a chance to go back and invest the money elsewhere residential real estate would be nowhere on the list. "Are you kidding?" asked Kwei Yang, a nurse in her late 40's who owns two buildings on tough streets in East New York. "I had no idea what I was getting into. It has turned my hair gray."

That is not to say, however, that the landlords are the innocent victims they often portray themselves to be. While they are all first-time offenders of the heat and hot water laws, a survey of last winter's class of 100 landlords found that more than half the owners had at least 30 violations recorded against their buildings, ranging from faulty wiring to broken windows to roach and mice infestations.

And there is a good chance that many of the landlords have not fixed these problems. In spot checks of repairs, the city's Department of Housing Preservation and Development has found that landlords lie about correcting violations in about 35 percent of the cases.

Many owners also readily admit to being active participants in the landlord-tenant duels that have become as ritualized in New York City as Kabuki theater. "There was this one guy who came up to me and said, 'I turned off the heat and hot water,' " Ms. Pasmanick of the tenant advocacy group recalled. "He said, 'I wanted to get these people out of there, and this is how I did it.' No qualms about doing it. Or saying it."

More often, though, the owners simply do not know how to run their buildings, a fact that led the city's largest landlords' group, the Rent Stabilization Association, into a rare alliance with the tenant advocates to promote the program.

"Everybody thinks you're an automatic maven, an expert, when you buy a building," said Joseph Strasburg, president of the landlord group. "It's just not the case."

On a recent night in landlord class, the students were amazed, for example, to hear that apartments consume almost twice as much energy as the average American house, because they are generally overheated. Many had never considered that when their fuel-oil salesman is also their boiler repairman the potential for finagling exists, or that many of their shower heads still spout 6 gallons of water a minute instead of 2.5 gallons, the Federal standard.

"This item alone could cut your fuel bill for hot water in half," said Andrew Padian, an energy efficiency expert who addressed the class.

The landlords listened with rapt attention until the discussion turned to their relationships with tenants, at which point they angrily insisted that they could teach the tenant advocates a thing or two.

Kevin Ryan, an advocate who taught the class, tried to head off the barrage of horror stories. "I've heard them all; every story you could think of," he said. "I heard about the tenant who put cement in the toilet to stop it up; the landlord who deliberately put rats in the apartment to drive the tenant out. There's nothing you can tell me I haven't heard."

But it did not stop his students from trying. Throughout the class, Daniel Sigueacia, an Ecuadorean immigrant who owns a six-family building in Ridgewood, Brooklyn, recounted how he had been attacked by tenants with knives and how he had offered one particularly troublesome tenant $1,800 to move out.

Ms. Yang, the nurse, told of the ex-convict tenant who broke into a vacant building and stole every inch of copper pipe.

When the subject of heating bills came up, Emmanuel Wu, an immigrant from Taiwan who owns buildings in Williamsburg, shouted: "The tenants want it like a nursery in the building! They want to burn up your money one way or the other."

The class briefly threatened to devolve into "The Jerry Springer Show" when Shirley White, a grandmother who owns a six-family building in East Flatbush, began castigating the people who landed her in the class: the tenants who reported her and the housing inspectors who cited her building.

"I've been there since 1970, and nobody has ever called the inspector on me," said Ms. White, flailing her arms and trembling. "I have four generations living in that building who are my family. We don't freeze. You walk into my building -- everybody's got shorts on."

After the class, Mr. Ryan pressed his fingers to his temples and said, "They don't learn much when everybody's yelling, but I think it helps -- kind of like group therapy."

While the class has been praised by housing advocates, landlords and those who oversee the chaotic housing courts, its future is uncertain. So far, three private philanthropies -- the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation, the Uris Brothers Foundation and the Banker's Trust Company Foundation -- have paid for the pilot program. The program has cost about $46,000 a year and has trained 125 landlords with the help of the Cornell University Cooperative Extension Program, which advises building managers in low-income neighborhoods.

But the philanthropies say it should be the role of city government to continue the classes, and they have not pledged support beyond this year.

Officials with the Department of Housing Preservation and Development -- who have run a similar but less intensive landlord class for the last three years -- have spoken favorably about the program. But they declined to say whether they would pay to continue it.

Justice Fern Fisher-Brandveen, administrative judge of the city's Civil Court, which oversees housing cases, said she would like to see the program expanded into Queens "because we have so many small owners and so many immigrants there who need it." At the very least, she said, it should be continued in Brooklyn, where its results have been encouraging. "It would be a real shame if it just went away."

**Graphic**

Photos: Photo by Naum Kazhdan/The New York Times (Page B1); Emmanuel Wu, who owns buildings in Williamsburg, has had run-ins with tenants over heating bills. (Ozier Muhammad/The New York Times)(pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** March 13, 1998

**End of Document**



[***SPARE TIMES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48XY-T480-01KN-24PK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 27, 2003 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Part 2; Column 1; Leisure/Weekend Desk; Pg. 32

**Length:** 1804 words

**Body**

EVENTS

SUNSET SINGING CIRCLE, Robert F. Wagner Jr. Park Pavilions, Battery Park City, Lower Manhattan. A free singalong with Terre Roche, a singer and guitarist. Tonight at 7. Sponsored by the Battery Parks City Parks Conservancy. Information: (212) 267-9700.

ASIAN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL continues at the Asia Society, 725 Park Avenue, at 70th Street, Manhattan, and Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Boulevard, Queens. Screenings tonight from 6:30 to 9:15 p.m. at the Asia Society; tomorrow, noon to 10:30 p.m. at the Asia Society and 1:30 to 9:15 p.m. at Flushing Town Hall; Sunday, noon to 8 p.m. at the Asia Society and 1:30 and 3:45 p.m. at Flushing Town Hall. Tickets, $10. Information: (212) 989-1422.

CHINATOWN CELEBRATION, tomorrow. In Chatham Square, from 1:30 to 4 p.m., sampling of dishes from nearby restaurants, as well as entertainment. In Columbus Park, Bayard and Mulberry Streets, a dim sum eating contest at 3 p.m. Sponsored by the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association and Asian Women in Business. Information: (212) 764-6330.

"URBAN RELIEF PROGRAM," a showcase of 10 working portable toilets decorated by various artists and placed in Washington, Union and Madison Squares and Battery and Riverside Parks. Through July 2. Free. Information: (973) 560-0333.

52 ASSOCIATION JAZZ FESTIVAL, 52nd Street, from Lexington to Seventh Avenue. With music, crafts and food. Tomorrow, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by the 52 Association for the Handicapped, Inc. Free. Information: (212) 809-4900.

GRAMERCY PARK FAIR, Third Avenue from 14th to 23rd Street, Manhattan. With food and merchandise. Sunday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sponsored by Seafarers and International House. Free. Information: (212) 809-4900.

"IN THE HEART OF THE PARKS," Tennis House, Prospect Park, Prospect Park West at Ninth Street, Brooklyn. The last event in a free festival, with West African music, flamenco dancing and American Indian dancing and storytelling. Tomorrow, 1 to 5 p.m. Sponsored by the Brooklyn Center for the Urban Environment. Information: (718) 788-8500, Ext. 217.

CARRIBEAN FESTIVAL, Brooklyn Public Library, Central Plaza, Grand Army Plaza. With Haitian music and dance, readings and drama. Tomorrow, 1 to 4 p.m. Free. Information: (718) 230-2100.

ANNUAL GAY, LESBIAN, BISEXUAL AND TRANSGENDER PRIDE MARCH, Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street to Christopher and Greenwich Streets. Sunday at noon.

RECREATION

FRONT RUNNERS N.Y. LESBIAN AND GAY PRIDE RUN, Central Park. A five-mile run, beginning tomorrow at 9 a.m. at East Drive and 99th Street. Sponsored by the New York Road Runners. Advance fee: $14, $10 for members, $20 for junior and senior members. Race day fee: $30, $20 for members, $12 for junior and senior members. Information: (212) 423-2292.

ATTRACTIONS

Museums and Sites

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park West and 79th Street. "Chocolate," an exhibition on the history, cultivation and popularity of the cocoa seed, with weekend samplings and other activities, through Sept. 7. Related events: Saturday, 2 to 4 p.m., Nick Malgieri, director of the pastry and baking program at New York's Institute of Culinary Education, will sign copies of his books "Chocolate: From Simple Cookies to Extravagant Showstoppers" and "Perfect Cakes." "Vietnam: Journeys of Body, Mind and Spirit," an exhibition on Vietnamese life with photography, sculpture, clothing and other items; through Jan. 4. "Einstein," a comprehensive exhibition, with manuscripts, letters and other documents from the Albert Einstein Archives at Hebrew University; through Aug. 10. In the Imax Theater, "Coral Reef Adventure," following the expedition of two ocean explorers and underwater filmmakers; "Pulse: A Stomp Odyssey"; show times available by phone. Tickets to one Imax feature, including museum admission, are $17; $12.50 for students and 60+; $10 for children under 12. Admission to "Chocolate" and "Einstein" exhibition is by timed entry and includes museum admission: $17; $12.50 for students and 60+; $10 for children under 12; free for children under 2. General museum admission (suggested donation): $12; $9 for students and 60+, $9; 12 and younger, $7; under 2, free. A combination ticket, including museum and Rose Center admission and the Hayden Planetarium space show: $21; students and 60+, $15.50; 12 and younger, $12.50; under 2, free. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., except Fridays, when the Rose Center is open until 8:45 p.m. for "Starry Nights." Information: amnh.org, (212) 769-5100 or (212) 769-5200.

HISTORIC RICHMOND TOWN, Staten Island Historical Society, 441 Clarke Avenue, Richmond Town. Tomorrow and Sunday, 5 to 9 p.m., "Traditional Dinner," with an Early American menu prepared over an open fire; $45 a person, $40 for members. Hours: Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5 p.m. Admission: $5; 62+, $4; children 6 to 18 and students, $3.50; 5 and under, free. Information: (718) 351-1611.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street. "Central Park in Blue," an exhibition commemorating the park's 150th anniversary, with 35 cyanotypes, an early form of photography that gave prints a bluish hue; through Sept. 28. "Harlem Lost and Found," an exhibition on the architectural history of the area from pre-Revolutionary years to World War I, with photographs, furniture and other items from the homes of noted residents, including Alexander Hamilton and Madame C. J. Walker; through Jan. 4. "Roaring Into the 20's: The New New York Woman," an exhibition of costumes, jewelry and photographs; through Sept. 14. Related events: Sunday, 2 p.m., "Roaring Into the Twenties: The New New York Women," a gallery talk and tour with Phyllis Magidson, the museum's Curator of Costumes and Textiles; 3 p.m., "Under the Biltmore Clock," a film adaptation of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Myra Meets His Family." The exhibition "70Up: New York Women in Their Prime," 21 photographs of women over 70 taken by Jessica Chornesky; through July 6. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. for registered groups only; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, noon to 5 p.m. Suggested admission: $7; 62+, students and children, $4; families, $12. Information: (212) 534-1672.

Gardens

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN, 1000 Washington Avenue, Crown Heights. Tomorrow from 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., "Houseplant Seminar II" discusses important topics for growing houseplants; $61, $55 for members. Sunday, 10 to 12:30 p.m., "Pruning Roses," a workshop on helping plants re-bloom; $22, $19 for members; registration, (718) 623-7220. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission: $5; students and 65+, $3; under 16, free; free for everyone all day Tuesdays and on Saturdays from 10 a.m. to noon. Information: (718) 623-7200.

QUEENS BOTANICAL GARDEN, 43-50 Main Street, Flushing. In bloom: rhododendron, roses, lavender, dianthus, yucca and baby's breath. Tomorrow at noon, "Bees and Flowers!," a family event that includes discussions of the importance of honeybees, a visit to the Bee Garden and a free taste of honey. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Free. Information: (718) 886-3800.

WAVE HILL, West 249th Street and Independence Avenue, Riverdale, the Bronx. "Perfection/Impermanence: Contemporary Ikebana," work by six Japanese artists; through July 27. This week's program: "A Roomful of Nature," a family art project, Saturday and Sunday, 2 to 4 p.m. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Admission: $4; $2 for students and 62+; free for children under 6. Information: (718) 549-3200.

WALKING TOURS

MUNICIPAL ART SOCIETY. Tomorrow at 11 a.m., "Mayor Bloomberg's Neighborhood Too," focusing on plans for Lower Manhattan, meeting on the northeast corner of Church and Vesey Streets. Sunday at 11 a.m., "Back to Bushwick," tracing the history of the historic Brooklyn area and its present status as a gathering spot for artists, meeting at Myrtle Avenue and Broadway. Fee, for for each, $15; $12 for members. Information: (212) 935-3960.

NOSHWALKS will visit bakeries and markets in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, a neighborhood renowned for its seafaring tradition. Meets Sunday at 11 a.m. in front of Provence-en-Bois French Bakery, 8303 Third Avenue, at 83rd Street. Fee: $18. Reservations: (212) 222-2243.

FIRSTHAND NY. A series of walks around the city, sponsored by Business Enteprises for Sustainable Travel. Tomorrow at 1 p.m. a free tour of "The Churches of Jamaica," meeting at King Manor Museum, King Park, Jamaica Avenue, between 150th and 153rd Streets; reservations: (718) 526-2422. Tomorrow at 11 a.m., "Inside Fort Greene" visits this historic Brooklyn neighborhood, meeting at the corner of Hanson Place and Ashland Street. Fee: $15; reservations: (212) 836-0962. Every Saturday at 1:30 p.m., a tour of Historic Richmond Town, meeting at Richmond Road and St. Patrick's Place; fee, $10; information: (718) 351-1611. Also Saturdays at 1 and 2:30 p.m., a tour of the Lower East Side, meeting at the Tenement Museum Visitor's Center, Orchard and Broome Streets; fee, $9, $7 for students; reservations: (800) 965-4827.

BATTERY PARK CITY ARCHITECTURE TOUR. With the architect Stanton Eckstut. Meets Sunday at 3 p.m. at the Rector Gate on the Hudson River Esplanade. Sponsored by Battery Parks City Parks Conservancy. Free. Information: (212) 267-9700.

"YORKVILLE: ONCE A SUBURB," with stops at Gracie Mansion, Henderson Place Historic district and the Peter Pan statue, meeting Sunday, 2 p.m. at the northwest corner of 86th street and Second Avenue. Fee, $10. Sponsored by Bernie's New York. Information: (718) 655-1883.

"HIDDEN JEWISH TREASURES OF CHINATOWN" visits Irving Berlin's first home, a cemetery and other attractions in this once-Jewish neighborhood, meeting today, 1:30 p.m., at northwest corner of Canal Street and Bowery. Sponsored by Dr. Phil Talks and Walks. Fee, $15. Information: (888) 377-4455.

HIKE IN VAN CORTLANDT PARK. Tomorrow at 10 a.m., with stops at burial grounds, wetlands and the Van Cortlandt Mansion. Sponsored by the Bronx County Historical Society. Meets at the City Line at 262nd Street and Broadway at the ball field. Fee, $5. Information: (718) 881-8900.

"CENTRAL PARK: TREES, GRASS AND THE ***WORKING CLASS***."' Sites in the park associated with John Lennon, the gay rights and antiwar movements, and the early history of the park. Meets Sunday at 1 p.m. in front of the U.S.S. Maine monument at the Columbus Circle entrance to the park. Fee: $10. Sponsored by Radical Walking Tours. Information: (718) 492-0069.

"CELEBRATE CENTRAL PARK'S 150TH BIRTHDAY," with three tours covering the history and landscape of the park, Saturdays and Sundays at 9:30 a.m., noon and 2 p.m. Each tour: $15. Sponsored by Central Park Walking Tours. Meeting places and other information: (212) 721-0874.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: EVENTS -- The annual Gay Pride march is scheduled for Sunday. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 27, 2003

**End of Document**



[***MOSCOW'S EAST SIDE STORY: TEEN-AGE TOUGHS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-TX10-0017-51BD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 7, 1987, Saturday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 1, Column 2; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1330 words

**Byline:** By BILL KELLER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LYUBERTSI, U.S.S.R., March 5

**Body**

In a jerry-built gymnasium hidden beneath an apartment building in this eastside Moscow suburb, a half-dozen teen-agers are pumping iron. White, well-muscled young bodies strain at the homemade squat bars and leg weights, to the beat of pop music from a boom box.

These young men and their suburb have become a Moscow sensation since a popular weekly magazine, Ogonyok, asserted that a fearsome gang of teen-age vigilantes had arisen from Lyubertsi's underground weight-lifting rooms.

The Ogonyok article described groups of young body-builders, calling themselves Lyubers, who roam Moscow, sporting an informal uniform of baggy checked pants, white shirts and skinny black ties, terrorizing hippies, punks and other young nonconformists.

An Idol: Schwarzenegger

Authorities condemned the article as sensationalism, and the young body-builders say they are up to nothing more menacing than emulating the pictures of Arnold Schwarzenegger pasted to their basement walls.

But in a city where the rumor is a highly developed mass medium and suspicion of the official version of any story is habitual, the Lyuber story is widely believed. It has provoked, among other reactions, fascination and social introspection.

''Throughout Moscow, there is a rustle of rumors: Lyubers, Lyubers.'' said Yuri Shchekochikhin, a commentator on youth affairs for the weekly cultural newspaper Literaturnaya Gazeta.

On at least two occasions in recent weeks, officials say, hundreds of Moscow teen-agers have gathered near reported Lyuber hangouts, spoiling for a fight.

''We will defend Moscow,'' declared a notice that was circulated in Moscow secondary schools, calling on students to gather for a showdown. Local devotees of the spikes-and-leather rock music genre known as heavy metal signed a petition saying: ''We, Moscow metalists, declare war on the Lyubers throughout the city and district. The press has already given the Lyubers their due. Now it's our turn.''

Averting a Fight

The police prevented a clash Feb. 22 ''only with great difficulty,'' Maj. Gen. Viktor V. Goncharev of the police told the newspaper Sovetskaya Rossiya this week.

Again last Sunday evening, dozens of uniformed officers patrolled the area in front of Gorky Park with walkie-talkies, turning away any group of young people that did not seem bound for the park's ice-skating rink.

In response to worry caused by the Ogonyok article, one newspaper has set up a telephone hot line for teen-agers to call and discuss their problems. The Communist Party has organized peace parleys among different groups of young people and has begun a campaign to provide more acceptable outlets for youthful energy, such as new sports clubs and discotheques.

The controversy has also lent new urgency to an anxious debate about what is happening to a restless generation of Soviet youth, and where the official system failed to satisfy their needs.

Cleaning Out the Capital

Ogonyok, which is affiliated with the Communist Party daily newspaper Pravda, published the Lyuber article in early February. Weaving together interviews with members of various young cliques - both the Lyubers and those who said they had been victimized - the writer, Vladimir Yakovlev, painted a portrait of a vigilante movement with unmistakable neo-fascist leanings.

''Hippies, punks and metalists shame the Soviet way of life,'' one of the Lyubers reportedly told the Ogonyok writer. ''We want to drive them from the capital.''

The author, in the end, was uncertain whether the Lyubers were right-wing ideologues, bored teen-agers, or hooligans manipulated by Fagin-style grownups grooming the youngsters for criminal activities. But he suggested that the conformist Soviet authorities had turned a blind eye to the victims. Who's to Blame? ''Let's think about this,'' he wrote. ''Didn't we ourselves create the situation where certain groups of teen-agers don't believe they are entitled to apply for the protection of the law?''

Soviet officials at first contributed to the spread of Lyuber lore. When police plainclothesmen attacked Jewish demonstrators on a Moscow pedestrian mall last month, a Soviet Government spokesman cited the Ogonyok article and asserted that the violence was the work of suburban vigilantes.

But in the last week, Soviet newspapers have attacked the Lyuber article with a ferocity that is extraordinary even by the current standards of journalistic debate.

In Sovetskaya Rossiya, in an interview under the headline ''They Created the Myth of the Lyubers,'' General Goncharev denounced the Ogonyok article, saying it was ''all based on rumors, conjectures, exaggerations, juggling of the facts.''

''Unfortunately, there have been some skirmishes between these people and Muscovites,'' he said. But these arose from normal frictions among adolescents, not from a violent cult of vigilantes. ''In that sense, these Lyubers don't exist,'' he said.

Mr. Shchekochikhin, the Literaturnaya Gazeta commentator, suggested that the myth was promoted by people who are unhappy with the liberalization of Soviet society.

Here in Lyubertsi, a group of young body-builders who had been interviewed earlier by Ogonyok said they were embittered by the article.

From One, Indignation

''They made us out to be a band of hooligans,'' said Gennadi Mikheyev, an 18-year-old electronics student at a technical school. ''We rarely go to Moscow at night, and in any case we don't go in for beating people.''

In the city, he said, ''sometimes a quarrel may lead to a fight.''

''It's just life,'' he said. ''Fights happen. But I've never heard of a person who is such a fanatic that he wants to clean up the city, beat all the metalists. Maybe there is some truth in it, but I think it's just invented.''

He and his friends conceded that they do not have a high regard for hippies and punks. But they said the concept of a vigilante squad had been fabricated.

''We never set out to humiliate anyone,'' Mr. Mikheyev said. ''To humiliate people when you know that you are stronger than them is not good.''

Judo Workouts in a Cellar

Mr. Mikheyev is one of a dozen youngsters who work out regularly in a makeshift gym in the basement of a five-story apartment building. The police say they have counted more than 50 such clubs involving about 500 young enthusiasts in this ***working-class*** suburb of 360,000 people.

This particular club, reached by clambering 50 feet through a rubble-strewn cellar, includes two rooms of weight-lifting equipment and a third room for table tennis, boxing and judo workouts.

The young men who use the club say it was started three years ago because the government-run gymnasiums had long lines and inconvenient hours, and because the founders wanted a place of their own.

Last year, the young men said, officials raided many of the unofficial gyms and shut a number for unsanitary conditions. But the general official view is tolerant, they said.

A Change in Official Attitudes

Since the Ogonyok controversy, they added, officials have hastened to offer weight-training classes at local gymnasiums, and to improve the quality of concerts, discotheques and video cafes.

In Moscow living rooms, parents theorize variously that the problems of Soviet youth are the result of permissiveness, spoiled youths, cynical attitudes toward authority, or envy of suburban youths toward those who live in the livelier center.

The official view seems to be that the problems are the product of idle hands. In several newspaper articles, official groups like the Komsomol youth league have been taken to task for failing to give youngsters healthy and entertaining diversions.

After the Ogonyok article appeared, hundreds of teen-agers from Lyubertsi and eastern Moscow were gathered at a youth center for a discussion. Then they were invited to stay for a dance performance and discotheque.

''Out of several hundred teen-agers, only dozens stayed,'' the suburban newspaper Leninskoye Znamya reported with an air of discovery. ''It's boring, it turns out, at the youth center.''

**Graphic**

Photo of young body builders in makeshift gym in Lyubertsi district of Moscow (NYT/Ashot Arutyunov)

**End of Document**



[***Matthew Bourne Does the Horizontal Ballet***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FP9-3G80-TW8F-G2Y8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 13, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1907 words

**Byline:** By JESSE GREEN

**Body**

HOWEVER many times you may have admired nearly naked dancers at the ballet, they are -- emotionally speaking -- rarely very naked at all. But in ''Play Without Words,'' Matthew Bourne's latest piece of dance theater, being undressed is just the beginning. In the course of the action, a manservant literally undoes his young master, whose fiancee gets feather-dusted by the maid and proceeds to have an affair with a household hanger-on. Gropings, tumblings and couplings are seamlessly woven into the fabric of moving bodies and limbs. Indeed, the show is half horizontal; it's as if all the things usually nailed frustratingly beneath the floorboards of ballet had exploded to the surface.

Dancing, famously, is sex done upright. But for people raised on the say-what-you-mean naturalism of film and television, the artificial conventions of narrative dance can be confounding. The stories often seem incoherent even if you read a synopsis. As for sex, the dancers look more interested in their jetes than in each other, and the homoeroticism is so suppressed that it seems comically antique: the love that dare not dance its name. The divide between what you're interested in and what you're supposed to be interested in can make the experience of ''Sleeping Beauty'' or ''The Nutcracker'' almost schizophrenic.

You need not be a philistine to notice. ''I've always been excited by the strangeness of ballet, but I can't bear it when people just come forward and do a turn in the air for no reason,'' Mr. Bourne said recently, chatting in the dim recesses of the lobby of the Hudson Hotel, in Midtown Manhattan. ''I find that kind of choreography depressing.''

Best known here for his reinvention of ''Swan Lake'' as a psychosexual hybrid of Hitchcock's ''Birds'' and an Abercrombie & Fitch catalog, Mr. Bourne's brand of storytelling through dance -- in which the themes are adult and the sex is fully acknowledged -- has made his work hugely popular in Britain. ''We have a lot of people being dragged along for the first time by friends who say, 'I know you don't like dance but you'll enjoy this, I promise,''' he said. ''There's a certain amount of winning over to be done. Sex, and humor, are important ways of doing it. Because once you've physically reacted, with a laugh or whatever, we've got you.''

Mr. Bourne's ''Swan Lake'' offered plenty of both. Its royal court clearly parodied the Windsors, with a jug-eared prince and a gauche redheaded interloper in bad frocks who all but wore a sign saying ''Fergie.'' But the humor was an opening gambit. Not only did Mr. Bourne substitute alarmingly aggressive male swans for the dainty females of the usual ''Swan Lake'' scenario, but also, by making them figments of the Prince's homoerotic imagination instead of victims of a sorcerer's enchantment, he turned the plot into a gripping interior drama of repression and release. ''Swan Lake,'' which is usually about the prima ballerina's pointe work, was, in Mr. Bourne's version, about ''someone who needs, in the most basic and simple way, to be held.''

If this sounds more like the language of a stage director than a choreographer, Mr. Bourne is in the process of morphing from one to the other, or blending them into some new job. (The Broadway run of ''Swan Lake'' earned him two 1999 Tony awards: one in each field.) Steps have never been his primary interest anyway, in part because he came to dance far too late to master them. He didn't see a ballet (let alone perform in one) until he was 19, an age at which most dancers have been studying for 15 years and are halfway over the hill. Mr. Bourne now spends more and more of his time outside the traditional dance world entirely. He recently directed, with Richard Eyre, the West End hit ''Mary Poppins,'' due on Broadway next year; among the coups de theatre that won him an Olivier award last month for that show is a spectacular interpretation of ''Step in Time'' in which Bert the dustman makes his way sideways up the proscenium wall, upside-down across the top and back down again -- tap-dancing all the while.

Call Mr. Bourne a movement entrepreneur, creating and selling dance as a medium for storytelling as contemporary and populist as TV and movies. The comparison is especially apt for ''Play Without Words,'' which the Brooklyn Academy of Music is presenting for 21 performances starting Tuesday. The story, whose very title expresses Mr. Bourne's attempt to expand and confound genres, is drawn from the mod, jazz-inflected milieu of early 1960's British cinema -- in particular, from Harold Pinter's screenplay for the Joseph Losey film ''The Servant,'' in which an Oxbridge toff is gradually enslaved by a creepy and apparently bisexual manservant. But like most of Mr. Bourne's work (''Nutcracker'' in an orphanage; ''La Sylphide'' on Ecstasy; ''Carmen'' in a garage, resexed as ''Car Man''), ''Play Without Words'' has a postmodern hook. Each of the main characters -- the toff, his fiancee, the manservant and a maid -- is played by two or three dancers (or actors, as Mr. Bourne calls them), onstage at once.

Admitting that this can be confusing, at least initially, Mr. Bourne contends that the role replication vastly expands the information available in any one scene. ''You may have one couple downstage doing what's really happening,'' he explained. ''And behind them, another couple, doing what they're thinking. And then you have another couple doing what they did a half-hour later.'' Beyond the formal possibilities, the device offers Mr. Bourne a means of expressing the turmoil of the era, not only between classes but also within individuals. People are literally pulled apart by conflicting allegiances, sexual and social.

Although Mr. Bourne added that his work was never autobiographical (''My life is too boring to make dances from''), the themes and mechanisms of ''Play Without Words'' are clearly relevant. The son of Cockneys, he found that his gayness and his interest in all things Astaire made him something of an outsider as a kid in school; conversely, his ***working-class*** background and catholic tastes made him something of an outsider when he enrolled at the Laban Center for Movement and Dance in London in 1982. He was 22 and largely self-educated, having spent the previous three years absorbing everything from ''Sugar Babies'' on Broadway to ''Swan Lake'' at Sadler's Wells.

But just as the manservant in ''Play Without Words'' turns out to be more powerful than his master, Mr. Bourne's not having lived a dancer's rigidly circumscribed life was, despite the loss to his footwork, a boon to his choreographic imagination. ''I was developing my interest in theater and film and going out and, you know, living a bit,'' he said. ''A lot of dance people mature quite late. Their interests are narrow. And then they're often influenced by just one or two particular people they've worked with: that's the style they know inside-out, and it's very difficult to do anything else. That's not my problem!''

No, like the characters in ''Play Without Words'' Mr. Bourne is constantly divvying himself into fractions. When we spoke, he was keeping tabs on five productions. ''Swan Lake'' had opened in Tokyo the night before; ''Highland Fling'' (his ''Trainspotting'' version of ''La Sylphide'') was playing near London; ''Play Without Words'' was in rehearsal for Brooklyn; ''Nutcracker'' had recently finished a run in Los Angeles; and planning for the Broadway production of ''Mary Poppins'' was under way. That evening in New York, he was to attend a concert of music by the film composer Danny Elfman, who will provide the score for Mr. Bourne's next project: a full-length dance of ''Edward Scissorhands,'' scheduled for London in November. Still, in that enviable former-dancer way, Mr. Bourne seemed perfectly composed, and a good decade younger than his 45 years.

Perhaps that's because, after several seasons of turmoil, he is once again in control of his own work. Adventures in Motion Pictures, the company he established in 1987, was for years a shoestring affair: six dancers and a stage manager touring southwest England in a minibus also crammed with sets and costumes. Etta Murfitt, who has played many of Mr. Bourne's leading roles and is now his associate director, said it was exhilarating, even though they were sometimes welcomed with reviews comparing them to a ''rugby team from Lesbos'' or ''manic dirty laundry.'' Success -- which hit big and suddenly with ''Swan Lake'' -- turned out to be a logistical nightmare. ''It seemed nice that we could go from 6 to 26 dancers overnight,'' Ms. Murfitt said. ''But how do you do it?''

The company eventually came apart, not without acrimony. (Mr. Bourne said that his dances were being done without him; he has now bought back the rights to his work from Adventures in Motion Pictures, which went bankrupt.) Regrouping in 2002 as New Adventures -- whose first production is ''Play Without Words'' -- Mr. Bourne hoped to avoid the unpleasantness that arises when commercial considerations become too dominant, as happened, he said, when ''Swan Lake'' came to New York. ''I felt I was pushed into denying its gay content to the media,'' he said, with evident embarrassment. Marc Thibodeau, the publicist for the Broadway production, said that he had arranged for plenty of gay press and also had provided television shows with excerpts that emphasized the Prince-Swan duets. ''Our problem wasn't that it was the gay 'Swan Lake,''' he said, ''but that it was 'Swan Lake'!''

In any case, it played 135 performances in four months -- short by Broadway standards but spectacular for a ballet. Oddly, though Los Angeles and Tokyo have been regular stops on his tours, New York has seen nothing of Mr. Bourne's work ever since. Joseph V. Melillo, who as executive producer of the Brooklyn Academy booked the forthcoming run of ''Play Without Words,'' offered two explanations. ''His work is very expensive because it's technically dense and requires a lot of rehearsal,'' Mr. Melillo said. ''But also, let's just out him: he creates work that challenges conventional notions of what theater and dance might be, particularly here in the almighty theatrical town of New York. The gatekeepers'' -- by which he meant theater owners and dance puritans -- ''don't like that.''

Mr. Bourne may also suffer from a perception that his works are exclusively gay, which isn't altogether surprising when you consider his fondness for pecking swans, beefy mechanics -- and Tchaikovsky. But at their best, his dances are polymorphously perverse; in releasing the latent eroticism between the men, he releases it everywhere, creating what he hopes modern audiences will see as a truer picture of their world, homo-, hetero- and even presexual. (In his ''Nutcracker,'' Clara's dream is a sexual awakening: she tests her magical, man-size toy by putting her fingers in its mouth.) The common subject of his works is, he said, the ''yearning for the beautiful, unattainable person'' -- which is naturally balletic and yet universally understandable, even for audiences that have lost their taste for 19th-century symbolic drama. I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Bourne ended up directing a terrific TV series someday, a dancing teenage soap opera on Fox -- with hunks but no fairies.

'Play Without Words'

Brooklyn Academy of Music

Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton Street, Tuesday through April 3.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Belinda Lee Chapman and Richard Winsor in ''Play Without Words.'' (Photo by Sheila Burnett)(pg. 1)

Left, a scene from ''Play Without Words'' at the National Theater in London

below, Matthew Bourne, at a rehearsal for that production. (Photos by Sheila Burnett, above

Ed Miller, inset)(pg. 8)

**Load-Date:** March 13, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Review/Art;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VGR0-0024-J1W3-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Mike Kelley's Messages: Mixed and Mystical***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VGR0-0024-J1W3-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 5, 1993, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Weekend Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 33; Column 5; Weekend Desk; Column 5;; Review

**Length:** 1351 words

**Byline:** By ROBERTA SMITH

By ROBERTA SMITH

**Body**

One of the more striking works in Mike Kelley's often disturbing, sometimes beautiful and always demanding exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art is a big colorful banner made of pieces of felt. It depicts a cheery and motherly cookie jar and is emblazoned with the words "Let's Talk About Disobeying."

The phrase conjures an ambiguous stew of psychological, moral and sexual suggestions. There's a ring of Mother Superior authority that may stir some childhood memory of being caught with one's fingers where they shouldn't be. The words also have an almost thrilled conspiratorial tone, as if one had been apprehended by a fellow traveler who wants all the details. In addition, these evocations of punishment and pleasure converge along a path toward something darker: the words suggest a dominatrix speaking to a paying customer. Cookies are the least of it.

The felt banner's visual presence is no less complex. Cozily appealing as well as innocuous, it evokes a stultifying Middle American normalcy. But like much contemporary art, it also harbors caustic formal intent, elevating humble materials and hobbies to the esthetic realm while taking passing swipes at Matisse's cutouts and his familiar metaphor of art as a soothing armchair.

Mr. Kelley, who is 39 years old and lives in Los Angeles, seems to thrive on mixed messages, emotions and media, and lots of provocative iconoclastic attitude. Along with artists like Kiki Smith and Robert Gober, he has helped fuel the current preoccupation with the body and bodily functions, with issues of sexuality, with degraded materials, and generally with what the Whitney's director, David A. Ross, calls "the sociopathology of everyday life."

A maker of harsh black-and-white drawings that often resemble substandard cartoons and of sculptures using found stuffed animals grimy with loving overuse, Mr. Kelley often seems determined to banish any notion of taste, style or quality from his work. His sources include Surrealism, Expressionism and most notably 70's and 80's Conceptualism in all its many forms (from the late 70's until 1986, performance art was his primary mode of expression); his results are eccentric, obsessive, completely uninhibited and mind-bogglingly diverse.

Like that of Matt Mullican or Jonathan Borofsky, Mr. Kelley's art inscribes an enormous universe of good and evil, nature and culture; no fact of life or train of thought is beyond its ranting yet mystical reach. American history, psychology, yoga, scatology and bad jokes are just a few of its subjects. They are usually broached in terms that stridently question the complacency and hypocrisy of both High Art and High Morals, and side with the young and the restless and the mistreated. One of the show's strangest works is a dresser so densely collaged with magazine images of women's eyes and lips that it seems alive with barnacles, not to mention adolescent anxiety of both the male and female variety.

In this regard, it seems relevant to learn from the show's catalogue, titled "Mike Kelley: Catholic Tastes," that Mr. Kelley was raised in a Roman Catholic household in a ***working-class*** suburb of Detroit and that he was an active participant in the city's irreverent, often nihilistic rock-and-roll music scene before heading west for graduate school at the California Institute of the Arts near Los Angeles.

His show at the Whitney, which, like the catalogue, has been overseen by the curator Elizabeth Sussman, is not always a pretty sight. At times it resembles the room of an unbathed polymath teen-ager or the lair of a rec-room mystic. And unfortunately, not everything in it yields multiple meanings as easily as the cheery-on-the-outside, dark-on-the-inside cookie jar banner.

In fact, the exhibition often reveals that for an artist as suspicious of high art as Mr. Kelley purports to be, his work can be unusually arcane and hermetic. Whole galleries of this exhibition, especially in its early section, float by largely in obscurity. Even the lengthy and rather well-written wall labels don't always do the trick. One problem may be that several of the objects and many of the drawings relate to the artist's early performance work. Another is that Mr. Kelley, who is as much a writer as an artist, often seems to work from a narrative that remains most vivid in his own mind. Although some of his early, seemingly mystical diagrams are great to look at, the best moment in the show's beginning galleries is the juxtaposition of "Cave Painting," a large drawing of fossil-like forms, with an equally busy but more raucous drawing titled "Junior High Notebook Cover": each delineates a rich archeological terrain awaiting excavation.

Walking through the exhibition, whose works range over the last 15 years, one often has the sense of watching an artist learning on the job, thinking about how to make his work more optical and accessible and for the most part getting a lot better as he goes along.

The show gets off to a good start with Mr. Kelley's surprisingly elegant "Garbage Drawings" of 1988, 54 of which are packed densely on the first wall. These piles of dirt and flying mud clods, extracted from the backgrounds of "Sad Sack" cartoons, are excremental, but they arc and pirouette with tremendous verve. They also define a rich but narrow drawing vocabulary, similar to one you might get by isolating the clouds in Constable's drawings or the trees in Fragonard's.

The most convincing works, over all, remain those for which Mr. Kelley is best known: the poignant stuffed-animal pieces, with their colorful down-and-out decorative power and free-floating vulnerability. These works, which have sent admiring younger artists rummaging through Salvation Army bins for similar material, were made in part as a response to the slick commodity sculpture of Neo-Geo art. The dolls and animals are sometimes sewn into unsettling aggregates that suggest sex, torture or child abuse. Elsewhere, like newborns on display for visiting relatives, they are isolated on color-coordinated afghans spread on the floor: an arrangement that also parodies such manly styles as Minimal sculpture and Color Field painting.

One of the strongest of these pieces is the first one Mr. Kelley ever made, the truculently radiant "More Love Hours Than Can Ever Be Repaid," a wall hanging from 1987 clotted with dozens of dolls that implies a kind of frenzy of parental love and attention. But "Lumpenprole," a more recent floor piece, is equally impressive; it consists of extra-large stuffed animals distributed beneath a 20-by-32-foot afghan in zig-zag stripes of green and brown. (Not a found object, it was created for Mr. Kelley by the Fabric Workshop in Philadelphia.) It is a beautiful work -- part Chinese landscape, part Process Art -- that suggests a gaggle of repressed memories pushing toward consciousness.

In "Pay for Your Pleasure," Mr. Kelley creates a work that reads almost as a coda for his art. This installation work features large monochromatic portraits of famous writers and artists, with quotations from them that repeatedly draw parallels between artistic and criminal activity. Its centerpiece is a small painting by a convicted murderer now serving time in New York State. The piece is an ode to art as a mystical, transgressive act that is both frightening and liberating, and thereby to intense and uncontrollable emotions of all kinds.

Mr. Kelley is actually something of a late bloomer. His contemporaries in age, if not sensibility, include Julian Schnabel, David Salle and Jeff Koons, the bad-boy artists of the 1980's. Looking at this exhibition, one has the sense that despite his years of work and the immense narratives his drawings and objects attempt to weave, he has only begun to hit his stride over the last five or six years. This is the kind of impression a mid-career survey should make.

"Mike Kelley" remains at the Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Avenue, at 75th Street, through Feb. 20. It will travel to the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (June 30-Aug. 11) and to the Moderna Museet in Stockholm (fall of 1994).

**Graphic**

Photo: Mike Kelley's "More Love Hours Than Can Ever Be Repaid" (1987), a wall hanging with stuffed dolls, at the Whitney Museum. (Carol Whaley for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 5, 1993

**End of Document**



[***No Wizards, Matey, They're Wise Enoof; A Gritty Liverpudlian Finds Refuge With Feisty Woodland Critters***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:42PY-FKG0-0109-T15B-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 2, 2001 Monday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1581 words

**Byline:**  By DOREEN CARVAJAL

**Body**

With his gravelly voice that calls up the Liverpool docks and the burly appearance of a long-haul trucker, Brian Jacques is one tough weaver of words. When this British storyteller occupies a room, the air fills with gauzy drifts of cigarette smoke and riffs of sea chanteys and adventure yarns. His demons are ruthless weasels and red-eyed warlord rats. His heroes are noble warriors who smite down tyrants with great swords made of metal fallen from the stars.

Yet when introduced to strangers, Mr. Jacques's first act is to offer well-thumbed baby photos of Hannah, her chubby cheeks and nose smeared with chocolate cake: "Have you seen me granddaughter?"

His stock in trade after all is children's tales. And though he doesn't command the same slavish publicity as that other British children's author, Mr. Jacques, 61, is rapidly increasing the international readership for his sprawling sagas of feisty woodland creatures that occupy medieval Redwall Abbey. There are more than 3.5 million copies in print of his thick 14-volume series, which spools young readers along in a fantasy like some old-fashioned matinee serial with journeys of adventure and battle.

Redwall -- for ye uninitiated -- is a pastoral refuge for an unlikely community of robed mice, moles, otters and badgers that share a keen appetite for feasts and an abiding contempt for villains with pugnacious pedigrees (Cluny the Scourge; Ungatt Trunn and his Blue Hordes; Ferahgo, the Asassin.)

Moles communicate in their own peculiar brand of molespeak, faintly reminiscent of Somerset villagers on the Bristol Channel. ("Gudd day to ee, zurr an' miz, noice t'meet ee oi'm sure!") The sword-carrying mice subscribe to a warrior's code of honesty and friendship. And the vermin are, well, vicious vermin with a penchant for attacking Redwall.

This month Mr. Jacques (pronounced Jakes) is introducing some of these charismatic characters to public television viewers in the United States by playing a working man's version of a "Masterpiece Theater" host. By a flickering fireplace, Mr. Jacques -- balding and bearded with blue eyes etched deeply by laugh lines -- will offer running commentary for a 26-part animated Redwall series produced by Nelvana of Canada and Alphanim of France. The original models for the animators were painted by Chris Baker, a k a Fangorn, who creates many of the books' illustrations.

A few public television stations have resisted carrying the show because of qualms about battle scenes. But more than 200 American stations are offering "Redwall." (In the New York region the series made its debut yesterday morning at 10:30 on Channel 13.) As the host, Mr. Jacques has been enlisted to explain the various subtleties of epic clashes pitting mice against vermin.

"My stories are written from the viewpoint of a kid, sitting in the movie house while World War II is on, watching all this magic come on the screen," he said.

The mouthwatering menus and dishes that infuse his books -- feasts of meadow-cream cakes, dandelion salad and burdock cordial -- are an escape from his memories of food shortages and an impoverished childhood. His villains are reflections of the fear he felt "when the newsreels would come on, and we would see skeletal people in these awful pajamas behind the barbed wire, and this is what the Nazis did to them. I was under the seat."

Mr. Jacques said he strove to create "interesting baddies" who are scarily memorable, but he added: "My values are not based on violence. My values are based on courage, which you see time and time again in my books. A warrior isn't somebody like Bruce Willis or Arnold Schwarzenegger. A warrior can be any age. A warrior is a person people look up to."

In his own case, Mr. Jacques said, the character he most closely identifies with in his books is Gonff the Mousethief, a plump creature in a green jerkin and broad belt with a habit of calling others "matey." Gonff, Mr. Jacques said, is a playful twist on the Yiddish word for thief.

"Why am I like Gonff?" Mr. Jacques said. "Again I go back to me childhood. He was a ducker and weaver, and so was I. There was nothing around, but if you came from a poor family and there was something left around, you picked it up. I came from the docks. Gonff tried to help others."

For a great part of his life, Mr. Jacques relied more on his hands than his imagination. His informal resume lists: longshoreman, merchant seaman, boxer, stand-up comic, bus driver and bobby (Police Constable 216D). He wrote his first children's book more than 16 years ago, but said he still felt a little uncomfortable with a metier that has put gold pinky rings on his fingers and money in his bank account.

"I have a ***working-class*** ethic, and I get up in the morning, and I still feel guilty about being a famous author," Mr. Jacques said, joking that he can picture his father demanding to know when he'll find a real job. "It's like being brought up to live by the sweat of your brow and the brawn of your back, and that's what I did for many, many years."

He went to work at 15, running away to the sea in part because he did not get along with his father, a flinty truck driver who "liked the pot" -- alcohol. One of his many jobs ultimately fired his ambitions to write for children.

While delivering 10-gallon loads of milk to the Royal School for the Blind in Liverpool, Mr. Jacques said he was invited in for a cup of tea and toast. Eventually he volunteered to read to the children, a practice he said continued for almost 10 years, though he considered the books he read "dreadful," preoccupied with the "here and now" of teenage angst and divorce.

"I thought, 'What's wrong with a little bit of magic in their lives?' " he said. "So I went home and wrote on recycled paper. It took me seven months, each night. And it came to 800 pages because I just used one side. I had all of these pages in a supermarket bag."

He gave the bag and the makings of his first book, "Redwall," to a friend, Alan Durband, a retired teacher, who sent it to some English publishers. Mr. Jacques said he was stunned when they offered a modest book contract totaling little more than $4,000. And he was so cautious about the future that he continued working as a stand-up comic while writing books for another four years. Since quitting his other jobs in the early 1990's, he has delivered his novels with the reliability of the milkman he was. And today all of his books remain in print, published by Philomel Books, an imprint of Penguin Putnam. Mr. Jacques generally publishes a book a year, although this year he has written two, "Taggerung," another volume in the Redwall series, and a new children's novel featuring sea adventure and humans, "Castaways of the Flying Dutchman." A cookbook of Redwall recipes and a picture book for younger readers are also in preparation.

To promote "Castaways," Mr. Jacques has embarked on a grueling 36-city tour that would test any author. Some bookstores have arranged for his appearances in larger settings like a church in the Kansas City area or a county public library.

"He's coming to visit us during a school day," said Jean Hatfield, who heads children's services at the Johnson County Library in Overland, Kan. "Some parents have told us they're going to take their children out of school to come. I'm expecting anywhere from 100 to 200 children. He appeals to kids in the fourth through ninth grades, which is a very tricky time because that's when they start losing interest in reading."

Children come dressed in their favorite character's costumes. Parents and young readers have whipped up his meadowcream cake confections and offered him gift-baskets during his signings.

Brian Perez-Daple, 19, started reading the Redwall series when he was in the fourth grade. And now, as a Princeton University sophomore, he said he still devoured the newest volumes to relax. "The stories are very regular in that the good guys are very good," he said, "and the bad guys are very bad, and good always wins." Mr. Jacques's literary career has brought him prosperity and growing popularity among many children and some adult fans who browse through his Redwall Web site ([*www.redwall.org)*](http://www.redwall.org)) at the rate of 3.9 million hits a year.

"My kids," Mr. Jacques calls the children who ask about the inspiration for his characters. Constance, the badger guardian of Redwall, is his grandmother. The mousemaid Mariel is his elder granddaughter, Jade. A picture book is dedicated to her, and her namesake is the title character of "Mariel of Redwall," who is tossed into the sea and develops amnesia until she returns to Redwall and recovers.

But the chapters of his own life have not always ended in clear-cut triumphs. Mr. Jacques, the father of two sons, has not seen this granddaughter since she was an infant almost 11 years ago. He said he and his son Marc, a bricklayer and carpenter, are estranged from the mother of the girl.

It's no wonder then that the literary matinee provides an escape from the realities of Liverpool, where Mr. Jacques still lives and is the host in his own Sunday afternoon radio show, "Jakestown."

"It's the nicest thing for me to be able to sit down to write the 'Redwall' series because somewhere between three and four months I can drop out of 2001," said Mr. Jacques, who waits for spring to start writing beneath a dwarf apple tree in his garden. "I can go there into this world I created and I'm happy there, and I can take it to bed with me to dream."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Brian Jacques, author of the Redwall series, adventures for children; above center, showing how he changes his voice for his audio books; below, sculptures of Martin the Warrior, at left, and Matthias with "Redwall," the series's first book; inset, an illustration by Christopher Denise from "The Great Redwall Feast." (Above and right, photographs by Chester Higgins Jr./The New York Times); (Inset, "The Great Redwall Feast"; above, Naum Kazhdan/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** April 2, 2001

**End of Document**



[***For Families of Troubled P.S. 156, Protest Disrupts More Than Just Class***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VKG0-0024-J08H-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 24, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 31; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1368 words

**Byline:** By SAM DILLON

By SAM DILLON

**Body**

For an hour or two this week there was an interlude of hope, when the parents occupying an elementary school in Brooklyn to protest their treatment in the asbestos crisis suddenly felt that their travails might be over. Then, just as quickly, a realization dawned that the political and bureaucratic knot that led to the takeover was still as tangled as ever, and many parents wept.

One parent, Altagracia Lora, wept because the takeover had interrupted a school meals program, she was out of money, and she had no food at home for her children. The president of the P.T.A., Miriam Rodriguez, wept because the accumulated demands of ***working-class*** motherhood and overnight political leadership suddenly became too much. And Petra Ortiz wept, as did many other parents, she said, in a rush of deepening cynicism.

"We saw that they were playing with us, that nobody cared," Ms. Ortiz said. "And that hurt."

There were many meanings to the struggle that unfolded last week at Public School 156 in Brownsville, including murky political undercurrents centering on the roles of the Rev. Al Sharpton and Lenora B. Fulani and her New Alliance Party. But mostly there was a drama about the harsh routines of poor people in the 1990's and the pivotal role that schools often play in their lives.

The school at 104 Sutter Avenue in Community School District 23 is in one of the city's poorest areas, and though it is grimy and crumbling it has been, in normal times, the central focus for the aspirations of its 1,100 students and their families.

More Than Just Classrooms

The school provides much more than the three R's. Its students find safe haven in its hallways from the drug wars outside, and most eat two free meals a day in the cafeteria. After-school offerings of karate, gymnastics and band have offered supervised activities for children whose parents are still at work. And the parents find in one another, informally and through the P.T.A., a network of comradeship and support.

All the services were shaken last month, when officials announced that the school was contaminated with asbestos and that its students would be bused to Public School 12 at the edge of a neighboring district. In the weeks since then, the P.S. 156 students have attended three schools on three schedules, and each change has thrown the lives of hundreds of families into tumult.

Like many of the parents, Ms. Rodriguez and her husband, Henry, both work, and they carefully synchronize their employment routines to the rhythms of education. Last year Ms. Rodriguez, who works as an aide in a nearby school, and her husband, a maintenance worker on the Long Island Rail Road, took turns dropping off their three children each morning at P.S. 156. After school Ms. Rodriguez's mother, Matilda, who lives with them, picked up the children.

The transfer to P.S. 12, which the students attended just in the morning, created hardships for other parents whose afternoon work left them with no way to pick up their children. But it was only an inconvenience for the Rodriguezes. On afternoons the grandmother simply had to pick up the children earlier than usual.

But after three days of classes, officials decided that the students would instead attend another school, P.S. 41 -- and on an afternoon schedule -- to be dropped off at 11 A.M. Again the Rodriguezes were fortunate, because the grandmother could take full responsibility for dropping off and picking up the children. But for many families the change brought disaster, including the loss of jobs.

"It was either get a family member to help out like I did, count on neighbors or lose your job," Ms. Rodriguez said.

Order From Cortines

Hattie Perry is one who has lost income. Mrs. Perry, 36, whose husband is a forklift driver, said she had been repeatedly forced to take time off from her job as a nurse's aide to drop off and pick up their sixth-grade daughter at P.S. 156.

The P.T.A. organized a rally on Sept. 24 at the Board of Education headquarters at 110 Livingston Street in downtown Brooklyn to protest the disruption, and Schools Chancellor Ramon C. Cortines responded by touring their school, calling it "the worst school I've ever seen" and ordering it closed. Although a dramatic gesture, the closing did little to solve the problem and may have worsened it, because it halted the asbestos cleanup that had been under way. And the students were still ordered to attend P.S. 41 at 411 Thatford Street.

"At first I was pleased, because the Chancellor came to see our problem," Ms. Rodriguez said. "But that didn't really help our situation."

At P.S. 41 the students found tremendous crowding and a hostile reception. With two student groups sharing the building, parents and school officials said, just shoehorning the children into the packed cafeteria for lunch before squeezing them through crowded hallways into equally packed classrooms was daunting.

To ease the crowding officials partly reversed Mr. Cortines's order, rescheduling an asbestos cleanup on the first floor of P.S. 156 and reopening it as a place to feed the children before they were bused. But as a result, when the children complained that they were being harassed by some students and treated unkindly by staff members at the new school, beleaguered parents decided to keep their children at the reopened first floor of their own building.

At first Superintendent Michael Vega of District 23 approved the idea. But on Oct. 15 the community school board overruled Mr. Vega, insisting that the children continue to attend P.S. 41. On Monday, when officials ordered parents out of P.S. 156 and threatened to padlock the doors to keep them out, about 40 parents refused to leave, beginning their takeover.

Who made the decision to take over the school, and when, is in dispute. Ms. Rodriguez said other P.T.A. officers decided to seize the building on Monday, when she was at work. She joined the protest later.

Presence of Party Leader

But a spokeswoman for the New Alliance Party, Madeline Chapman, said parents had told Ms. Fulani the previous weekend that they were planning to seize the building, and she went to the school on Monday morning, hours before the takeover.

Since Monday, Ms. Fulani, who ran for President in 1988 and 1992 as the New Alliance candidate, has been at the school more or less constantly, speaking to reporters, making calls from a cellular telephone in a car parked in front of the school with an attendant and participating in negotiations with the District 23 board.

On Friday, Harry Kretsky, a lawyer in Manhattan who has worked with Ms. Fulani in the past, went to State Supreme Court on behalf of the parents, and Justice Nicholas A. Clemente ordered District 23 officials to appear on Monday to explain their decisions.

Mr. Kretsky also participated in negotiations that led to an agreement under which the parents were permitted to leave the building for the weekend and are to be allowed back on Monday.

Plaque From Parents

Ms. Fulani is not a stranger to the school. She gave a speech to students and parents on Career Day in June and was given a plaque by parents. "I've worked with these parents and I happen to be a popular black leader in our community," she said.

On Wednesday, Mr. Sharpton also went to the school, and he, too, has participated on behalf of the parents in negotiations with District 23.

Ms. Fulani's presence has made aides to Mayor David N. Dinkins nervous. Mr. Dinkins's education adviser, Lee Blake, said she believed that Ms. Fulani was trying to undermine Mr. Dinkins near the end of his campaign.

"This is a volatile situation because you have a lot of outside agitators in there," Ms. Blake said. "Fulani is down there telling the parents to demand that the Mayor get involved or they shouldn't vote for him."

In contrast Ms. Blake called Mr. Sharpton's presence helpful.

Ms. Fulani denied that she was seeking to hurt Mr. Dinkins, noting that her party has urged his re-election.

The Mayor's sole response to the standoff has been to attack the Board of Education for allowing the school to deteriorate. Ms. Blake said his hands had been tied because the Chancellor had insisted that the dispute is a local matter to be resolved by the local board.

**Graphic**

Photos: All services at Public School 156 in Brooklyn were shaken last month when officials announced that the school was contaminated with asbestos and that its students would be bused to a neighboring school. Parents protesting outside the school included Abel Rosario, left, vice president of the P.T.A.; Parents have asked Lenora B. Fulani of the New Alliance Party to help negotiate with the school board. (Photographs by Adam Fernandez/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 24, 1993

**End of Document**



[***CALIFORNIA STORE WOOS HISPANIC COMMUNITY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-VBN0-0017-50DH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 11, 1987, Wednesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1240 words

**Byline:** By JOHN NIELSEN, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES, Feb. 10

**Body**

When Von's Grocery Company opened its 191st supermarket, mariachis mingled with beauty queens and dignitaries. The scene was part civic event, part business deal, with politicians and businessmen talking about market shares, demographics and the size of the produce section.

The cause of the hoopla was simple. After years of study, a major grocery store operator in southern California had decided to build a chain of large markets around the buying habits of Hispanic Americans. The first result of that decision was the 60,000-square-foot store that opened last month in Montebello, a city in eastern Los Angeles County of 58,000 middle- and ***working-class*** people, 60 percent of them Hispanic Americans.

In a parking lot filled to overflowing, an amused Jose Chacon and his wife and two daughters were loading groceries into their pickup truck. ''It looks like they aren't kidding in there,'' said Mr. Chacon, 42 years old, an automobile mechanic from El Monte in eastern Los Angeles County. ''I bet they want me to do a lot of shopping.''

The market is called Tianguis, Spanish for open-air market, which this store is not. What it is, though, is a reach by one of the state's largest supermarket chains for the ethnic group that makes up at least 30 percent of the population of Los Angeles County. The store, larger than most supermarkets and gigantic in comparison with most ethnic markets, is the first of three that Von's plans to open this year in Los Angeles, and the first of at least 15 to be opened by 1990, according to Susan Lawmaster, director of marketing for the Tianguis stores.

Inside, the new store is strikingly different from other Los Angeles supermarkets. The staff of 300 is bilingual. Signs and labels are in both Spanish and English. The produce section is enormous, carrying frijoles in 100-pound bags and at least a dozen varieties of chilies. The delicatessen department is said to contain the state's largest selection of chorizos, the spicy Mexican sausages. The meat department offers hanging sides of beef, cattle heads and ample supplies of tongues, livers, snouts, feet and jowls.

Elsewhere in the warehouselike structure are a glass-enclosed soft-drink bottling operation, a bakery specializing in Mexican-style breads and a tortilla-making machine whose output is measured by the ton.

The store is also notable for what it does not contain.

There are very few diet drinks, for instance - no Tab, no caffeine-free Coke, no Perrier. There are very few brand-name cereals, only a small supply of imported beers and a relative handful of frozen foods.

Grocery stores built around the Hispanic trade are nothing new in Los An-geles, or any other city with a sizable Hispanic population. In Miami several markets of the Extra chain serve local Cubans. In Houston the Fiesta grocery chain caters to Mexican-Americans.

By all accounts, however, no major chain has made a move this big before. In Los Angeles, where most Hispanic shoppers frequent independent grocers and specialty shops, the Tianguis chain is described by marketing experts as a test of the economic power of a previously ignored segment of the consumer market. Mainstream California chains such as Safeway Stores, Ralph's Grocery Company and Lucky Food Centers have added Latin products over the years, but none has made a major effort to capture the trade.

''There's a social thing going on here, but mostly it's a commercial opportunity,'' said Norman McMillan, a Chicago consultant who helped Von's with its market studies. ''We think we're dealing with a share of the market that's been misunderstood by the bigger chains. The general perception has always been that the money isn't there. We think it is.''

Von's commitment to Tianguis is more than an act of faith. Before planning the stores the company undertook a two-and-a-half-year, $2.5 million market study in such places as Illinois, Florida, Texas and Mexico. The company found that Hispanic families in southern California tend to shop frequently and spend significantly more per week, especially on fresh foods, than families from other ethnic groups.

The Tianguis chain is designed to do for the region's Hispanic population what other chains are already doing for young professionals, bargain hunters and other special groups of consumers. In this case the market slice comprises at least two million Hispanics in Los Angeles County, both immigrant and American-born. Statistically, their families are large, likely to eat at home and likely to be drawn to a store that supplies fresh food in bulk.

These findings are emphasized in the new store's produce section. More subtly, they are reflected in the women's restrooms, which contain elaborate diaper-changing facilities.

Officials of Von's believe that a key to the store's success or failure will be the relation between the Von's company and Aurrera, the largest retail chain in Mexico. Last year the Mexico City-based Aurrera began using Von's to handle its exports of Mexican-made products ranging from canned goods to soft drinks. Another key, by some accounts, will be the strength of customer loyalty to smaller stores in the area, many of which have served the Hispanic trade for decades.

Even before it had officially opened, the Tianguis market had drawn political attention here. Richard Alatorre, a Los Angeles City Councilman, met with Von's officials to try to persuade them to put a future Tianguis market inside the city, close to the downtown area. Al Avila, a spokesman for Mr. Alatorre, said it was good to see the ''big boys'' pursuing the Hispanic market. ''With a place like this, you have the potential for a chain reaction economically,'' Mr. Avila said. ''It reflects a realization that Latino preferences are legitimate, and not something to be pursued in a hit or miss way.''

The test of these theories began last month at the store's opening. It was bustling with shoppers, almost all of them Hispanic. Prices on most of the fresh food appeared to be at least as low as those in other large grocery stores along Whittier Boulevard. Visitors included representatives of at least two Mexican retail chains, the president of the Mexican American Grocers Association and representatives of competing grocery chains.

Most of the people living near Tianguis agree that it is a considerable improvement over the rundown buildings it replaced. Many said they planned to shop there frequently, complaining only that it had become nearly impossible to find parking in the area.

William Davila, the president of Von's, conceded that the stakes were high. To build the Tianguis chain the company has postponed plans to build a chain of broader-based warehouse-type stores. The company said it expected gross sales at each Tianguis market to average $35 million a year, $15 million to $20 million above the gross at most of its other stores.

One woman complained jokingly that the store was based on the buying habits of northern Mexicans and not those from Yucatan, and another said she had come only to take her children to the pizza section. But Roger Stangeland, the chief executive of Von's, said he had sighted ''several yuppies'' in the store, in pursuit of ''food fashion'' trends.

''It's obviously something people are watching very closely,'' said Jonathan Zeigler, who tracks the food industry for the Sutro & Company investment concern. ''If it works, every retailer in the region will be doing the same thing soon.''

**Graphic**

photos of shoppers at the Tianguis market in Los Angeles (NYT/Michael Tweed)

**End of Document**



[***Battling Stereotypes With High Test Scores***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4FHT-PKH0-TW8F-G35R-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 20, 2005 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2005 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 14LI; Column 4; Long Island Weekly Desk; Pg. 1; LONG ISLAND JOURNAL

**Length:** 1871 words

**Byline:** By MARCELLE S. FISCHLER

E-mail: [*lijournal@nytimes.com*](mailto:lijournal@nytimes.com)

**Body**

WHEN Janet Capehart moved to Valley Stream six years ago, she wasn't pleased that her son, Michael, then a fifth grader at the Alden Terrace School, would be attending Elmont Memorial Junior- Senior High School. Ms. Capehart, a retired elementary school teacher who is African-American, wanted her son at a school with a more diverse student body.

''By the time we went to Elmont Memorial I found it was predominantly black,'' Ms. Capehart said.

Over the last 20 years, Elmont has changed from being largely white to mostly black. Ms. Capehart noticed that many of the white children in her neighborhood were being bussed to parochial schools. Adding to her concerns, she said white parents she worked with on the Parent Teacher Student Association told her they were moving to school districts farther east.

Ms. Capehart said she considered moving out of the district, too, but discovered that the stereotypes that nagged her about poor-performing minority schools proved to be wrong in Elmont's case.

''I was really, really concerned, but no longer,'' said Ms. Capehart, who said she was won over by Elmont's strong academic program and its doting, workaholic staff. ''The school defied the odds.''

Her son, Michael, 16, has thrived at the school, which includes grades 7 through 12. Now in 11th grade, Michael is enrolled in Advanced Placement courses in American history and English. He takes pre-calculus, physics and two computer courses in digital imaging at Sewanhaka High School in Floral Park, nearby. He is trying out for catcher on the baseball team and is the cornerback on the football team.

Last spring, Michael received a score of 4 out of 5 on the World History Advanced Placement exam, one of 23 black students to score 3 or higher, demonstrating college-level proficiency in the subject. Elmont had the largest number of black students in the country to score so high on the exam, according to the College Board, which administers the A.P. program.

The results, released in January in the first Advanced Placement Report to the Nation, were the latest affirmation of Elmont's success. Its Regents scores rank among the top on Long Island. All 300 of Elmont's seniors graduated last year; 96 percent went on to two-or four-year colleges. Sixty-eight percent earned Regents diplomas, compared with 37 percent at Uniondale High School, which has similar demographics. SAT scores, though, were less exemplary: last year Elmont reported mean scores of 440 on verbal and 460 on math tests, compared with national mean scores of 504 on verbal and 518 in math.

Elmont's success on the Advanced Placement tests underscored what the principal, Al Harper, said is the school's team approach and the determination of students and teachers to put in the time and effort to succeed.

In 2004, Elmont had 25 Advanced Placement scholars, students who scored 3 or higher on at least three of the eight Advanced Placement courses the school offers. Seventeen were black. Next year, French, Italian and music theory will be added to the school's A.P. courses in American history, English language, English literature, art, calculus, physics, biology, government and Spanish.

Trevor Packer, the executive director of the College Board's Advanced Placement program, said Elmont ''leads Long Island in having a greater number of African-American students scoring three or higher across all their A.P. subjects.''

Over all, 512 Elmont students took at least one Advanced Placement test last year. Of those, 216 scored three points or more on at least one test. ''Our A.P. program is different in the respect that we encourage as many students as possible to take these courses,'' said Alicia Calabrese, who teaches A.P. English.

She noted that every student in an A.P. course takes the exam, and ''half of them in there are really stretching their abilities.''

The A.P. report also cited John L. Miller Great Neck North High School in the medium-size school category and Plainview-Old Bethpage J.F.K. High School in Plainview in the large-size school category for having the widest segment of their total school population master the A.P. macroeconomics test.

''Teachers in Elmont, they don't allow you to fail,'' said Michael, who said he hits the books nightly from 4 to 11 p.m. so that he can get into a good college. ''They make you work hard. They let your parents know if you are not working up to ability. They will work with you on their extra time, in the morning, during their free period, after school, just to make sure you can do the best you can do.''

When Elmont Memorial Junior-Senior High School opened its doors in 1956, it was a predominantly white school. Now nearly 75 percent of the 2,000 students in this blue-collar, ***working-class*** community by the Queens border are black. Another 11.5 percent are Hispanic, 11 percent are Asian, mostly Indian, and 2.6 percent are white.

About 22 percent of Elmont's students qualify for a free or reduced-price lunch, which Mr. Harper said reflects the number of students from families at or below the poverty level. Houses in the area range from a four-room ranch listed at $289,000 to a 10-room hi-ranch on the market for $739,000.

''People move to this community for the school district,'' Mr. Harper said. ''The kids work very hard; they do a great job and we are proud of the fact that we are a high-performing school.''

Mr. Harper takes a no-nonsense approach to running the sprawling, three-story school. Students are forbidden to wear hats or do-rags. No earphones are allowed. Cutting a class results in a three-hour Saturday detention. Shirts with offensive slogans aren't permitted. Girls are not allowed to wear cropped shirts or barebacked dresses.

''We expect the kids to dress appropriately to school,'' Mr. Harper said.

Between classes, the hallways are crowded but calm.

''Is this Shangri-La?'' Mr. Harper said. ''No, it's not. We work hard every day to make sure those kids are in class and getting an education.''

Elmont's students represent more than 100 countries and speak more than 70 languages and dialects, but, Mr. Harper said: ''Kids are kids. We are a high-achieving school. I don't like to be considered a minority school. I'm not a 'this' school. I'm not a 'that' school. I'm a school.''

Mr. Harper, 45, said the key was teamwork.

''It's a collaborative effort,'' he continued. ''Our teachers work extremely hard. They are here at 7 in the morning and they work until 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening. You will be in this building at 5 o'clock and find 30 or 40 teachers still here and 200 kids still here, in activities, in clubs or sitting with teachers getting extra help, getting tutoring.''

The school's inclusion in the Sewanhaka Central High School District, which includes five high schools, also sets Elmont apart. Though the school is the poorest of the five, it benefits financially from being in a district that includes better-off communities.

''Some of those demographics that exist at Elmont would make educators predict that their scores would not be able to compare with other schools in the district where they are more middle class,'' Dr. John Williams, the superintendent of the Sewanhaka school district said. ''They have never lowered their expectations one iota.''

Michael Indovino teaches A.P. world history as a two-year course at Elmont, starting with two advanced sections in the ninth grade. Students with an 85 or above, or those with an 84, a teacher recommendation and a willingness to work hard, are allowed to take the Advanced Placement course in the subject in the 10th grade. Last year was the first time the World History A.P. exam was offered at Elmont.

On a recent morning, Mr. Indovino went over a practice test with 18 students sitting at round tables scribbling notes in his 8:35 a.m. 10th grade A.P. section. Mr. Indovino prodded the class, and set each question in its historical context. He jumped from the role of the scholar-gentry in China to the differences between the Amerindians of North America and the Aztec of Mesoamerica, and then launched into a discussion of the Cold War.

''My philosophy is even if they don't pass the A.P. exam, you are still preparing them for college, and that's the goal, ultimately,'' Mr. Indovino said.

Of the 63 students in Mr. Indovino's A.P. World History classes last year, 43 passed, including the 23 African-Americans cited by the College Board. There was at least one more -- Kelly Brewington, who scored a 4 on the test, is African-American but said she declined to provide her ethnicity on the test.

''What does color have to do with it?'' Kelly asked.

Mr. Indovino said he thought his lecture-style class and the practice tests he had given were harder than the actual exam. But he credited his students with an unwavering commitment. ''They have to believe in themselves,'' Mr. Indovino said.

Kelly, who subsequently scored a 680 on the SAT II subject test in world history, said Mr. Indovino convinced her she could pass the A.P.

''He's personally tough on each one of us but he makes us want success on our tests,'' she said. ''We want it for him because he works so hard for us.'' Kelly said she is hoping to attend the University of California, Los Angeles, where she intends to study forensic psychology.

Mr. Indovino said that taking the A.P. course made the global history Regents a breeze.

''You are so inundating them with world history facts when they take the Regents it's the easiest test they take all year,'' Mr. Indovino said.

Mr. Indovino said the school's multi-ethnic, multicultural population helped further discussions, ''especially when you are doing religion or you are doing the culture of India and Hinduism and then you've got a kid in the first row that was there.''

Brian Burke, the assistant principal in charge of social studies, is an adjunct professor at St. John's University in Queens and has taught graduate education at Molloy College in Rockville Centre. He sometimes asks his graduate students what they know about Elmont.

''You will get every stereotype that we defy,'' Mr. Burke said. ''That there are metal detectors in the doors, that there are gangs running through the school, that it is a school out of control, that kids don't graduate. This school debunks every single one of those stereotypes over and over again.''

Ms. Calabrese, the English A.P teacher, said students were willing to come in on a Saturday to review or stay after school to get extra help.

''It's about the school making opportunity available,'' Ms. Calabrese said. The students learn ''that they can be successful with appropriate effort and appropriate work.''

Mr. Harper said Elmont was proof of what could be accomplished by a collaborative effort between a school board, administrators, parents, teachers and students.

''People want their kids to get an education,'' he said. ''I don't care what color, what race, what creed they are, what religion they are; they have one goal: to make sure their kids get the best education possible so they can be successful.''

''Look at these kids,'' he continued. ''These are America's best. It doesn't matter what color they are. That should never come into the equation.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Michael Indovino teaching a 10th grade advanced placement class in world history at Elmont High School. (Photo by Phil Marino for The New York Times)(pg. 4)

Jazmine Moultrie and Sophia St. Louis of Elmont High School. The school, which is predominantly black, encourages students to take advanced placement courses. Its Regents scores rank among the top on the Island. (Photo by Phil Marino for The New York Times)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** February 20, 2005

**End of Document**



[***Neighbors Seek to Raze a Racial Wall***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VPH0-0024-J4MX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 10, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 18; Column 4; National Desk; Column 4;

**Length:** 1293 words

**Byline:** By DON TERRY,

By DON TERRY,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** TOLEDO, Ohio, Oct. 3

**Body**

For years, nothing ever happened to persuade the residents of Van Buren Avenue and the tenants of the Ravine Park Village public housing development to put away their fears and share a cup of coffee the way neighbors often do.

Separated by a lonely field and a generation of suspicion and stereotype, the middle- and ***working-class*** whites of Van Buren and the harder pressed blacks of Ravine Park followed the same code: you stay in your world and we'll stay in ours.

Then around dinner time on July 17, a white off-duty police officer who lives on Van Buren shot a 6-year-old black boy from Ravine Park in the leg after the officer said he caught the child throwing stones into his backyard swimming pool. The boy, Christopher Bell, survived.

The officer, William Beals Jr., 48, said the shooting was an accident. But in the next days and weeks most of America's troubles and doubts about race and justice seemed to explode like a cluster bomb in the area. There was a protest march, racist hecklers, primping politicians, angry community organizers and death threats.

Neighborhood Committee

Several days after the shooting, Officer's Beals's house was destroyed by arson. Afterward, his neighbors asked, "Who is next?"

The fire scared some people awake. But instead of retreating behind locked doors and bitter words, a small group of people from Van Buren and Ravine Park slowly started working together to heal their troubled district in the east side of Toledo.

They formed a neighborhood committee and a block watch. And they put pressure on city officials to speed construction of a new playground, which they hope will be ready by spring.

Several residents argued that if Christopher had had such a place to play, he might not have been throwing stones in Mr. Beal's backyard, and if he had not, the officer would not be facing disgrace, the rebuilding of his house, a Nov. 1 trial for assault and possible dismissal from his job with the police department in the Toledo suburb of Oregon.

But the neighbors say they know they cannot worry about maybes, what-ifs and should-have-beens. They have too much work to do, mending fences and hearts.

"We just need to get along," said Darla Pratt, 21, a Ravine Park resident who has not attended any meetings of the group. "Some people still have prejudice in their heart because the little boy got shot. You shouldn't blame everybody for one person's action."

'We're Making Some Progress'

Last month, a group of blacks and their white neighbors held a neighborhood cleanup, sharing brooms and a picnic lunch. They are planning a Halloween party. They are learning the names of each other's children. They call each other on the telephone.

Sometimes, they even share a cup of coffee.

To be sure, the barricades of mistrust and silent anger are still up. Only 18 people took part in the cleanup.

"But before the shooting and the fire, we never did anything together," said Leora Robinson, a resident of Ravine Park. "We never communicated. A lot of people were afraid of each other. They still are. But we're making some progress. It's a shame it took a tragedy to bring us together."

For some Van Buren residents, like Lawson Reeder, it seems hard to believe that it has only been a few weeks since their attitudes began to change about life in Ravine Park Village.

Before the shooting, Mr. Reeder said he did not dare set foot in the village. A white man would have to be crazy or desperate for drugs to go into the development, at least that is what many people had been saying for years.

Almost everyone who lives in the rows of story-and-a-half houses along Van Buren has heard and exchanged the same gossip about those people across the way: The project is crawling with lazy minority people living on welfare and cheap wine.

Never Knew His Neighbors

Some of the stories sounded pretty wild, Mr. Reeder had to admit, but at 62 and retired, he figured he was getting too old to go find out the truth for himself.

So he never bothered to get to know anyone in the village, until Officer Beals, his next-door neighbor, one day picked up a gun and ran outside to chase Christopher down.

"I don't think the shooting was racial," Mr. Reeder said. "And I don't think it was intentional. But it's an awful tragedy, that's for sure. And now we're trying to get something positive out of a negative."

He says he still cannot believe how far he and his friends have traveled in such a short time, in real distance only about 50 yards across a field in the back of their houses.

"I was a little apprehensive the first time I went into the village; I had never faced them before," Mr. Reeder said. "But I found out that most of them will talk to me and I don't have any problems. I also found out listening to some of the younger black people that they're afraid to walk down the street on Van Buren because somebody might shoot them. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Nobody is going to hurt them."

There were other lessons.

"I used to think everyone in here was a transient," he said. "But I found out a lot of people have been here a long time. They have deep roots. I thought everyone was unemployed and on welfare. That's not true, either. A lot of people work. The problem is, they're trapped in low-wage jobs. I also thought this place was all black. It isn't. There are whites living here, and they all get along."

'Looking for Answers'

The village is about 80 percent black and 15 percent white. Hispanics residents and a handful of Asians make up the rest of the 166 families that live there. Toledo, a city of about 330,000 people, is 20 percent black.

But it was not until someone threw a fire bomb onto the officer's porch that some of the residents of Van Buren decided to learn the facts of life in the development.

Who threw the bomb is uncertain. But shortly after the fire city officials moved to persuade the people from Van Buren and the residents of Ravine Park to start talking. A meeting was held, but the people who showed up were outnumbered by reporters, politicians, police officials and community organizers from other neighborhoods. Voices were loud, tempers hot.

"We didn't get much done until the outsiders left," Mr. Reeder said. "We weren't looking for politicians. We were looking for answers."

But one question was asked that still haunts many people.

"Why didn't they come together after that boy was shot?" wondered the Rev. Floyd Rose, a civil rights advocate in Toledo. "Why did it take the burning of the house to get some action? My position is that they cared more about that white man's house than that boy's life."

Feeling a Silent Hostility

Perhaps the pastor is right, Mrs. Robinson said, but for now what matters is that things are beginning to change.

A home care attendant, Mrs. Robinson has lived in Ravine Park for 18 years and for most of that time she says she has felt a silent hostility from the people who live on Van Buren.

"On Van Buren if a home gets broken into or a kid's bike is taken, the people there just assume someone from the Ravine did it," Mrs. Robinson said. "They look at us as lowlifes. Basically, it was people being afraid of the unknown and listening to too many negative stories."

Kim Martin, a 30-year-old white nurse who grew up on Van Buren, said she was affected by such stories. "I hate to say it but I had nothing but a negative attitude about the village," she said. "I had never been exposed to anything positive from there."

She has become involved in the neighborhood committee and the block-watch program, but she hates to say that it took a 6-year-old boy's being shot to open her eyes "that there are a lot of good people everywhere."

"Because of this, my children won't be like I was," she said. "They won't have to wait so long to find out the truth."

**Graphic**

Photo: "I don't think the shooting was racial," Lawson Reeder, a Van Buren resident in Toledo, Ohio, said of the shooting of a black boy by William Beals Jr., a white police officer. "And I don't think it was intentional. But it's an awful tragedy." He stood in his yard near Officer Beals's arson-damaged home. (Peter Yates for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 10, 1993

**End of Document**



[***THEATER;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-VP20-0017-525J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***When The Group Becomes The Star***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJD-VP20-0017-525J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 25, 1987, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1987 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 4, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Review

**Length:** 1320 words

**Byline:** By MEL GUSSOW

**Body**

On the surface, Richard Harris's ''Stepping Out'' and Israel Horovitz's ''North Shore Fish'' are totally dissimilar. The former, an English play with music, deals with Londoners from disparate backgrounds who are taking an evening class in tapdancing. The latter, a drama set in Gloucester, Mass., is concerned with a group of workers who are employed in a frozen-fish processing plant. At their core, however, ''Stepping Out'' and ''North Shore Fish'' belong to the same theatrical school. With different degrees of success, they are plays in which, through a shared activity, a cross-section of people reveal their problems and personalities and arrive at a dramatic conclusion.

In both cases, the climax is foreshadowed by all the events that precede it. In the Harris play (on Broadway at the Golden Theater), the apparently inept amateur dancers are finally enabled to link arms as a high-stepping, professional-looking chorus line. In the Horovitz play (Off Broadway at the WPA Theater), the processing plant closes down and the workers are forced to confront an indefinable future of unemployment.

As a genre, the Play of Shared Activity reached its apex in England in the 1970's with the dramas of David Storey. In ''The Contractor,'' Mr. Storey studied a team of tent erectors, who raise the temporary housing for festive occasions (a wedding party in the play). At each performance, a tent was actually raised on stage, in itself an exhilarating dramatic event and one that also defined the characters. In ''The Changing Room,'' Mr. Storey brought us inside the locker room of a semi-professional rugby team, the focus of many provincial ambitions. The athletic event in ''The Changing Room'' remained offstage. We were, in effect, backstage before, during and after the match.

In both plays, not only did one learn about the characters - who they were and what drew them to the group participation - but the activity itself was elevated into metaphor. The dying art of tent erecting was paralleled with the decline of individualism in England. One could also regard the tenting as a working out of the creative process itself. The athletes in ''The Changing Room'' were representative of the economic entrapment faced by the English in the mid-20th century. Each play had a distinct, though understated, social message.

Mr. Storey was not the first English playwright to use the method. Before him there was Arnold Wesker with ''The Kitchen,'' which dealt with the culinary work process (preparing, cooking, serving) in a London restaurant, through which we came to understand the stressful urgencies of ***working-class*** life. Recently (at SoHo Rep), there was the American premiere of ''The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists,'' a classic socialist novel brought to stage life by Stephen Lowe. At each performance, a group of actors painted a house - as did the real ''ragged-trousered philanthropists'' - while revealing aspects of their hard economic times.

The shared activity need not be an occupation; it can be a pastime or a learning experience (as in ''Stepping Out''). Playwrights have taken us inside factories, restaurants, exercise classes, wherever people congregate for a similar purpose. There are several unwritten rules of the game (or work). The plays must be realistic; one must believe absolutely in the situation and in the details of the activity. There should be a unity to the process - people working toward a specific goal (packaging fish, learning to dance) - and it should be very much a group concern.

Peripherally, there are plays in which a cross-section of people come together through coincidence or circumstance. These plays are often set in hotels or other public places (works that include Gorky's ''Lower Depths'' and Lanford Wilson's ''Hot l Baltimore''). Though we learn about the characters through their interaction in a single setting, what they share is more a place than a preoccupation.

Stories can be told by the characters, but the principal interest should be in the events that happen on stage, or, as with ''The Changing Room,'' in the events occurring immediately offstage. The situation should not be overly dramatic. A hospital, police station or courtroom inevitably take the play into a different realm. This can lead to anthology drama, such as one finds on television's ''St. Elsewhere'' or ''Hill Strt t ueues.'' 'heheroront Page'' begigi a aa a Play owhShared Activy,y, as the reporters go aboutheheir dailyususiness r r indolence) ia a press roomf f a Chicago courthouse. But the work soon moves into melodramatic and farcical areas - and brings in many characters from outside the press room.

Plays of this genre should seem uneventful. The ordinary quality of the action can become an asset, as a way of life is revealed through an accumulation of detail. As in ''The Contractor,'' the particularity and the apparent complexity of the activity can even lead to suspense. One danger is that the activity can become the only point of interest - if there is no narrative to support it. Atmosphere and authenticity are essential, and, if possible, should come from first-hand experience. Mr. Storey worked for a tent contractor and was also a rugby player. Though Mr. Horovitz apparently was not employed in a fish processing plant, he created his play in and for Gloucester, where he is artistic director of the Gloucester Stage Company. ''North Shore Fish'' emerged from within its own environment.

After the author, the key player is the scenic designer, who has to endow the setting with verisimilitude. In the case of ''North Shore Fish,'' a great deal of the authenticity begins with Edward T. Gianfrancesco, who, over a number of years, has demonstrated his virtuosity in transforming a stage into a naturalistic environment. In previous plays at the WPA, he has created, among other settings, a messenger depot (''Big Apple Messenger''), a Tennessee resale shop (''The Trading Post'') and a florist's shop (''Little Shop of Horrors''). His finely detailed setting for ''North Shore Fish'' looks accurate enough to open for processing.

Mr. Horovitz is himself a past expert at this approach, some seasons ago with ''Sunday Runners in the Rain,'' which managed to condense a marathon race into a play. In his new play, he performs the double obligation of humanizing his characters and of making a statement about the troubles of the American economy. Were the playwright's theater company in Detroit rather than in Gloucester, his play might have been called ''Spare Parts,'' dealing with the automobile rather than the fish-packing industry.

Where ''North Shore Fish'' amasses color, character and sensitivity, ''Stepping Out'' marks time. Mr. Harris introduces his characters, then gives them little more than a name, a tag and a type (the overweight insurance man with two left feet; the fussy meddler in everyone's lives). In effect, ''Stepping Out'' acts as a lead-in - a very long lead-in - to that final dance number.

As choreographed by Tommy Tune, who is also the evening's director, that dance provides a brief moment of euphoria. If these amateurs can become so adept, then there is hope for the less coordinated members of the audience - though, of course, we know that the actors are really professionals, including one former dancer with the Martha Graham company. The dance enlivens the show but does not justify it. As with its English predecessor, ''Steaming'' (about the Shared Activity of public bathing), ''Stepping Out'' has a setting, but little sense of character. It remains only a slice of life. (Parenthetically, this would seem to be one of the few new English plays that is not, at least covertly, about the decline of the empire.) The shortcomings of ''Stepping Out'' are even more noticeable when one compares it with the show that was evidently its model - ''A Chorus Line'' - an excellent example of a Musical of Shared Activity.

**Graphic**

Photo of chorus line in ''Stepping Out'' and cast from ''North Shore Fish'' (Martha Swope)

**End of Document**



[***Man in the News;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TRV0-0024-J1WJ-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Canadian With Mandate: Joseph Jacques Jean Chretien***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TRV0-0024-J1WJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 27, 1993, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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

**Length:** 1203 words

**Byline:** Joseph Jacques Jean Chretien

By CLYDE H. FARNSWORTH

By CLYDE H. FARNSWORTH

**Dateline:** TORONTO, Oct. 26

**Body**

The Conservative Party derided him as "yesterday's man" because he faithfully served Prime Ministers Lester B. Pearson, Pierre Elliott Trudeau and John N. Turner.

But by placing today's problems in the hands of Jean Chretien, who will become the country's next Prime Minister, Canada's voters said experience must count for something. Among the nation's problems are getting people back to work, adjusting trade relationships and preserving national unity.

Voters gave the Liberals a resounding mandate, with 178 seats in the 295-seat House of Commons, up from 79, and slashed the Progressive Conservatives from 153 to 2, the most punishing blow to any governing party in Canadian history. Even the Conservative Prime Minister, Kim Campbell, lost her seat in Vancouver.

But despite a comfortable majority, Mr. Chretien will have to work with a Parliament fractured by regional rivalries. Two regional parties surged in the voting: The separatist Bloc Quebecois won 54 seats and the populist Reform Party, based in Alberta, won 52.

Challenge of a Deficit

But the biggest challenge for the new Government, which is expected to be installed within the next two weeks, is a crushing budget deficit, higher on a per-capita basis than the deficit in the United States. The deficit tightly restricts the maneuvering room for job creation.

"The main constraints on the Government's power are not going to come from a vigorous opposition," said Alasdair McKichan, president of the Retail Council of Canada. "They're going to be coming from the demands of Canada's international creditors."

Pressure from the other direction seems sure to come from Bob White, the head of the 2.2-million-member Canadian Labor Congress, who warned that Mr. Chretien has to make good quickly on his promised $6 billion public works program, which is intended to create up to 120,000 jobs over two years. "He's got the trust of a lot of Canadians based on the economy being the No. 1 issue," said Mr. White. "And if he fails to start addressing that issue, then he'll lose an enormous amount of credibility."

Exporters are worried about Liberal hostility to the North American Free Trade Agreement, which broadens the bilateral agreement with the United States to include Mexico.

Mr. Chretien has said he wants to renegotiate Nafta. But the new leader has never specified what the renegotiation would entail. At this stage no one knows whether it would stymie the deal, though the assessment in Washington is that it would not.

In a sense, Mr. Chretien's position is similar to that of President Clinton last January, when he too was hemmed in by economic constraints on a jobs program, and he too sought improvements in the free trade pact.

Mutual Needs

Still, most analysts say Mr. Chretien will back away from precipitating a crisis with Washington over trade.

Two reasons are cited: First, he needs the support of the business community if his economic initiatives are to work, and fighting Nafta will not win him many business friends. Second, given Canada's export dependence on the United States, Canada would be hurt far more if the tariff walls were to rise again. The United States takes about 75 percent of Canadian exports, and exports are responsible for about a quarter of the Canadian economy.

"Would the Liberals really want to intervene in a complicated process and antagonize the President?" asked Maureen Appel Molot, director of the Norman Paterson School of International Affairs at Carleton Unversity in Ottawa. "I think not. They'll have neither the time nor the inclination."

Underestimated by Others

As the Tories recently discovered, one of Mr. Chretien's strengths is the tendency for others to underestimate him. He cultivates a rough-hewn demeanor, exacerbated by a sometimes awkward use of English, which he did not seriously take up until he was elected to the House of Commons, at 29.

"Maurice Chevalier and I had to practice to keep our French accent in English," he likes to say jokingly. "It has become a kind of trademark."

But the lack of polish in this 59-year-old lawyer from Shawinigan, a mill town 50 miles northeast of Montreal, conceals what Maclean's, the newsweekly, calls a "shrewdness and calculating ambition."

A Country Childhood

Joseph Jacques Jean Chretien, was born Jan. 11, 1934, the 18th of 19 children born to Marie Boisvert Chretien. "In those days," he says, "God decided how many kids people had." His father, Wellie, was a machinist in a paper mill and moonlighted as secretary of the Shawinigan municipality to help send the children to college.

Jean did not do as well as his siblings at school. One of his problems was shyness about a birth defect that had left him deaf in his right ear and distorted his mouth.

During the political campaign, the Tories took out advertisement that seemed to ridicule Mr. Chretien's appearance, but the ads backfired. With great dignity, he told reporters: "It's true I have a physical defect. God gave it to me."

Mr. Chretien's father and grandfather were Liberal Party organizers, and it was from them that Jean developed a taste for politics. "I argued for the Liberals in the poolroom near our home," he recalled in his autobiography. His grandfather, Francois Chretien, had also been Mayor of a small nearby village, St. Etienne des Gres, for 30 years.

The family had always been Liberal, in the free-thinking, anti-clerical, anti-establishment tradition of the 19th century. His pitch was to the ***working class*** because the Liberal Party in the Shawinigan of that day was supported by unions and workers.

Defeated in 1984

Defeated in his first bid for leadership of the Liberals in 1984, he returned in 1990 to rally the dispirited party on his terms and at his own pace. Monday's triumph was sweet vindication.

His wife, Aline, told an interviewer for Saturday Night magazine some years ago that her husband had plotted a career that only went upward.

"It was to always advance, to keep moving up," she said. "It was to never stay at the same level, and he hopes that his friends will tell him if he begins slipping."

Mr. Chretien is a Quebecer who has little use for separatism. As a result, the separatists have little use for him.

Lucien Bouchard, who heads Bloc Quebecois, said at one point in the campaign that Mr. Chretien had no business even representing a district in Quebec because of his views. To this, Mr. Chretien hotly replied that he had as much right as Mr. Bouchard.

The two men will have many more face-offs. By virtue of Bloc Quebecois' strength in the new House, Mr. Bouchard is the leader of the official opposition.

Mr. Chretien says Quebecers have wanted to "rewrite history" ever since their ancestors lost the battle of the Plains of Abraham in 1759.

Flight of Money and Jobs

Yet Quebecers, he maintains, end up only paying the price for independence without ever experiencing the euphoria of it. The price is the money and jobs that have left the province in recent years as a result of uncertainty about the future, a price that is likely to continue being paid as the threat of separatism again increases.

"Part of their intense reaction against me," Mr. Chretien said in his autobiography, "came because I had to demystify their great dream."

**Graphic**

Jean Chretien speaking to supporters after his election victory. (Associated Press) (pg. A1)

Graph/Map: "Tracking the Vote in Canada"

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS BEFORE . . .

Progressive Conservative Party -- 153 seats; Led by Kim Cambell

Liberal Party -- 79 seats; Led by Jean Chretien

New Democratic Party -- 43 seats; Led by Audrey McLaughlin

Bloc Quebecois -- 8 seats; Led by Lucien Bouchard

Reform Party -- 1 seat; Led by Preston Manning

Independent Conservatives -- 1 seat

10 seats were vacant

. . . AND AFTER MONDAY'S ELECTIONS . . .

Progressive Conservative Party -- 2 seats (-151 seats)

Liberal Party -- 178 seats (+99); Led by Jean Chretien

New Democratic Party -- 8 seats (-35)

Bloc Quebecois -- 54 seats (+46)

Reform Party -- 52 seats (+51)

Independent Conservatives -- 1 seat

. . . AND VOTING BY PROVINCE

Yukon-Northwest Territories -- Liberals 2, New Democrats 1

British Columbia -- Liberals 6, Reform 24, New Democrats 2

Alberta -- Liberals 4, Reform 22

Saskatchewan -- Liberals 5, Reform 4, New Democrats 5

Manitoba -- Liberals 13, Reform 1

Ontario -- Liberals 98, Reform 1

Quebec -- Liberals 19, Bloc Quebecois 54, Conservatives 1, Independent 1

New Brunswick -- Liberals 9, Conservatives 1

Newfoundland -- Liberals 7

Prince Edward Island -- Liberals 4

Nova Scotia -- Liberals 11 (pg. A10)

**Load-Date:** October 27, 1993

**End of Document**



[***THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9050-0007-H500-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SPLINTERING OF ONCE-SOLID SOUTH POSES NEW PROBLEMS FOR DEMOCRATIC PARTY***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9050-0007-H500-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 1986, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1397 words

**Byline:** By ROBIN TONER, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** MONTGOMERY, Ala., Oct. 15

**Body**

The shifting allegiance of Southern whites, once solidly Democratic but now increasingly independent or Republican, has dramatically altered the political landscape throughout this region, according to political analysts.

Even in an off-year election, without a popular Republican President on the ballot, Democrats in some key races around the South are finding it difficult to assemble the biracial coalition so long essential for their success, these analysts say. Just how fragile those coalitions can be is apparent here in Alabama, which could elect its first Republican governor in more than a century after a bruising battle for the Democratic nomination.

Not long ago, many Southern Democrats dismissed Republican victories as historical anomalies, the byproduct of President Reagan's popularity or the vulnerabilities of a particular Democratic opponent. Indeed, Alabama's gubernatorial election has followed a distinctive course as Democrats splintered over the choice of a successor to Gov. George C. Wallace.

But there are broader trends at work here, according to party activists and political anaylsts: As white Southerners grow more and more comfortable voting Republican, as ticket-splitting becomes a habit, Democrats are finding these historical anomalies increasingly common.

Change in Party Identification

By and large, Democrats still dominate the courthouses, the state legislatures and the Congressional delegations in much of the South. In many races this fall, Republican opposition is nominal. But the defection of the white Southerner, most dramatic in Presidential elections, is making some statewide races increasingly competitive, and its influence is seeping further down the ticket.

Party identification among Southern whites has undergone a striking change in recent years. In 1980, The New York Times/CBS News Poll found that 52 percent of white Southern voters considered themselves Democrats, 19 percent Republican and 29 percent independents. This year, 36 percent identify themselves as Republicans, 33 percent as Democrats and 32 percent as independents.

The 1980 poll was based on telephone interviews with 355 Southern white registered voters, with a margin of sampling error of plus or minus five percentage points. The 1986 poll was based on interviews with 279 Southern white registered voters, with a margin of sampling error of six percentage points.

The defection of Southern whites is seen as disrupting one of the most basic electoral equations of the modern South: a heavy black vote plus a significant share of the white vote can mean victory for many Southern Democrats.

Inroads Began in 1964

Since 1964, when Barry Goldwater carried several Southern states, the Republicans have made gains among whites in the region. But Democrats usually managed to hold enough white voters to maintain majority at the polls, particularly in state races.

Now that biracial majority for the Democrats has been endangered as whites, especially in the region's growing suburbs, have become increasingly Republican in voting behavior and party identification.

In North Carolina, for example, where Republicans have made some of their greatest inroads, Democrats have been unable to win a gubernatorial or senatorial race in six years.

''What the party needs more than anything right now is a win,'' said Ed Turlington, executive director of the North Carolina Democratic Party. If Senator James T. Broyhill defeats his Democratic opponent, Terry Sanford, it will be the fourth Senate victory in a row for North Carolina Republicans.

In Georgia, Senator Mack Mattingly, a Republican elected in 1980, was once considered vulnerable by many Democrats. But his Democratic opponent, Representative Wyche Fowler Jr. of Atlanta, has found himself in an uphill battle this fall. Strategists for Mr. Fowler say that one of his greatest weaknesses is among white voters in small towns and rural areas, historically Democratic bastions.

'The Same Kind of People'

Robert P. Atchison, manager of the Mattingly campaign, said he expected Georgians in that category to split their tickets this November and vote for both the Senator and for Gov. Joe Frank Harris, a conservative Democrat up for re-election. ''Ronald Reagan, Joe Frank Harris and Mack Mattingly - they're all the same kind of people, and these voters understand that,'' Mr. Atchison said.

In Alabama, the Democrats have been wracked by a battle for the gubernatorial nomination; some political experts say the struggle will hasten the defection of many white Democrats.

Lieut. Gov. Bill Baxley, with the support of the more liberal wing of the party, emerged with the nomination after losing a runoff primary but winning a subsequent court battle. But his opponent, Attorney General Charles Graddick, a former Republican who targeted his appeal to conservative whites, is running a write-in campaign.

The Capstone Poll, released this week by The Birmingham News, showed Mr. Baxley with 80 percent of the black vote but only 25 percent of the white vote. Guy Hunt, a little-known farmer and businessman, is believed to stand an excellent chance of becoming Alabama's first Republican Governor in more than a century. The poll, conducted Oct. 6 through Oct. 9, was based on interviews with 537 voters and had a margin of sampling error of plus or minus five percentage points.

Southern whites have long been regarded as ideologically conservative. From a Republican viewpoint, this partisan shift largely reflects voters finding their natural home. The extraordinary popularity of Mr. Reagan in the region has spurred the exodus, political analysts say.

Wide Approval of Reagan

''Ronald Reagan is more of a Southern President than Jimmy Carter ever was or Lyndon Johnson ever was,'' said Merle Black, professor of political science at the University of North Carolina. ''There are very few things Reagan does as President that wouldn't be approved of by most white males in the region.''

Indeed, the 1986 Times/CBS News Poll found that 75 percent of Southern whites approved of the way Mr. Reagan was handling his job as President, and only 18 percent disapproved.

Professor Black and other analysts also tie the shifting white vote to demographic change in the South, a tilt in the balance of power from rural areas to the region's growing suburbs.

The degree to which race is a factor in the change is a sensitive question for Southern Democrats. Blacks have remained among the party's most faithful voters, both in the South and around the country. In the same Times/CBS News Poll, when voters were asked if the Democratic Party ''pays too much attention to blacks,'' 15 percent said yes. Among white Southerners, the figure was 25 percent.

''I think it's there, but to just focus on race is too simplistic,'''' said Patrick Cotter, a pollster and political scientist at the University of Alabama.

A Move Toward Populism

Democratic strategists throughout the region talk about getting traditional Democratic voters to come ''back home'' this year. Particularly troublesome to many Democrats in the region is the loss of blue-collar and ***working-class*** voters.

Many strategists agree with Mr. Turlington, executive director of the North Carolina Democratic Party, who says, ''The way to get these people and hold them is through populism.'' These strategists are trying to recast the Republican Party in an old image that Southern Democrats loved to run against: the party of the affluent and the elite, the party of outsiders.

But the Republicans are not ceding the populist ground. Lee Atwater, a Republican consultant who is working in several campaigns in the South, said that as Democrats tried to paint Republicans as ''fat cats,'' Republicans would label Democrats as ''big spenders.'' Both approaches, he added, are a way of running against the establishment and in the populist tradition.

Meanwhile, Republicans seem to be settling easily into Southern political culture. Last weekend Mr. Mattingly appeared at a country fair in northwestern Georgia. It was an archetypal scene from the rural South: a bluegrass band on the stage, the smell of fried chicken in the autumn air, a United States Senator working the crowd in an understated, decorous way, as incumbents do in a one-party state.

Just one element was different in the tableau: The Senator was a Republican. But it did not seem to matter much to the crowd.

**End of Document**



[***POP VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S1F-PFV0-007F-G1TX-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A New Heavy-Metal Underground Emerges***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S1F-PFV0-007F-G1TX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 15, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 32; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1532 words

**Byline:** By Ben Ratliff

By Ben Ratliff

**Body**

Heavy metal, again? Surely you were expecting it. Whenever pop music becomes choked with intellectual pretension, metal rises up as an alternative. It first happened in 1969, when Black Sabbath appeared amid the baroque foppishness of psychedelia. It happened in 1983: as New Wave's synthesizer excesses peaked, speed metal and glamour-metal roared out of the West Coast in two different sand buggies (Metallica, Ratt). The current symbol of pop's self-importance, Goldie's new double-CD, "Saturnzreturn" -- with its hourlong pseudosymphony, "Mother" -- is another big, fat cue, and there are dozens of well-evolved metal subgenres ready to spring forward. Gentlemen, start your engines.

Metal isn't so much an ephemeral trend as the fulfillment of a deep need for the comfort of pessimism, and when the music drops off in popularity, we can assume it won't be gone for long. "There is something to gain," writes Mark Edmundson, an English professor at the University of Virginia, in "Nightmare on Main Street," a recent book about Gothic culture in contemporary America, "in accepting the harsh belief that the world is infested with evil, that all power is corrupt, all humanity debased and that there is nothing we can do about it . . . The Gothic, dark as it is, offers epistemological certainty; it allows us to believe that we've found the truth." Metal is the soundtrack to that certainty.

Black Sabbath has reunited; last year it headlined the metal touring festival Ozzfest, the year's second-highest-grossing tour, behind the Lilith Fair. This year, the second annual Ozzfest will even have a heavy-metal rival, the Family Values tour, with the million-selling grunge-rap-metal band Korn as its top billing.

From its beginnings, heavy metal has expressed a tension between two esthetic impulses: hard (down-to-earth, riff-based, screaming, hot) and Goth (otherworldly, atmospheric, ululating, cold). For the most part, metal's lyrics have been a brew of comic-book romanticism and secret-society obscurity. American metal fans have typically been from ***working-class*** homes that embrace traditional values; so much of metal's fascination with the occult and power is a direct reaction to strictures of religion and family. Accordingly, current metal bands incorporate into their lyrics elements of Sumerian myth (Morbid Angel), cabbala (Therion), or plain old devil worship (Deicide). The solo performer Mortiis wears a prosthetic nose and ears as manifestations of his animal spirit, a notion from paganism.

With their new emphasis on funky rhythms and raplike vocal delivery, some metal bands are becoming increasingly radio-friendly these days. But the deeper you go into the vast metal underground, the less detail there is for the initiate to hold on to. Either the singing is growled to mask human identity and the guitars are played at speeds and volumes that defy articulation, turning the music into a flat plane of noise, or the music is awash in interchangeable, slow spooky tones. Ultimately, it is about ritual, not virtuosity.

Album-cover art and publicity photos are essential to some of these underground genres. We see bare wintry treetops, a swirling orange empyrean, the outdoors as hell-on-earth. (Candlemass, a Swedish band of the 1980's, was granted permission to reprint landscapes from the Hudson River School painter Thomas Cole on three of its album covers.) The cold, unemotional world these bands evoke translates well to recordings and badly to the stage. Don't look for the darkest of these bands at the outdoor arenas visited by Ozzfest; this stuff doesn't exist in the sunlight.

Metal is often ignored by the mainstream media because it's perceived as being too dumb or too special-interest. But, as the critic Ian Christe has pointed out, it behaves much as alternative rock does in the marketplace: a few acts crack the top-10 album chart (most recently, Metallica's "Re-Load" and Motley Crue's "Generation Swine"), and a few cult bands (Emperor, Deicide) sell in excess of 100,000 copies, at least as much as the bands with exalted reputations in the alternative sphere, like Tortoise and Superchunk. Yet you won't see features on these underground metal bands in Spin or Rolling Stone, because the bullheaded, evil certainty emanating from the music doesn't connect with the liberal-arts collegiate crowd.

Meanwhile, the constant collision of hard and Goth keeps creating endless variations. Some, like hair metal, neo-classical metal and speed metal, have passed into retirement; a new crop, in turn, has grown up.

Here's the beginning of a contemporary metal taxonomy.

NEW METAL Combines the production technique of industrial rock and the rage of punk. Most of it is vaguely funky, and some bands have a DJ in their ranks; black singers have become common in this subgenre, a welcome sight for a predominantly white music. The bands: Helmet, Marilyn Manson, Machine Head, Korn, Coal Chamber, Deftones, Limp Bizkit, Sevendust, Stuck Mojo, Powerman 5,000, Dub War. Forerunners: Jimi Hendrix's Band of Gypsies, Led Zeppelin, Beastie Boys, Living Color, Nine Inch Nails.

BLACK METAL Black as in dark subject matter. Many of these bands are from Scandinavia. The occult, with a smattering of violent fantasy, is the subject matter; this is the most mystical, pagan sort of metal. Lately it has taken on a symphonic feel, with a stairway-of-the-haunted-castle sound. Singing, mixed low in the din, is usually a scoured scream. The bands: Venom, Bathory, Celtic Frost, Mayhem, Dimmu Borgir, Emperor, Marduk, Immortal, Satyricon.Forerunners: The writers Aleisteir Crowley and H. P. Lovecraft, the early 80's Danish band Mercyful Fate.

DEATH METAL Emphasis on speed, power and carnage; not a chance of an acoustic guitar or a woman's voice. A lot of it originates from Florida. The bands: Slayer, Dismember, Autopsy, Morbid Angel, Deicide. Forerunners: The Roman emperor Nero (first century A.D.), who commissioned a drama based on the Icarus story in which the Icarus character was to fall from the sky and spatter Nero, sitting in the front row, with real blood; Alice Cooper.

POWER METAL Rough and ready, this fast, hard music has less theatrical smoke-and-mirrors, more earthbound bravado and better musicianship. The music is accepted by both metal and punk crowds. The bands: Sepultura, Pantera, Brutal Truth, Kreator. Forerunners: Led Zeppelin, Bad Brains, Metallica.

TRENCH METAL Battles-to-the-death as metaphor for everything, the ultimate aggression fantasy. Same sound as the most extreme black metal, but the onslaught is more unrelieved. The bands: Zyklon B; Div. 187; War. Forerunners: The "Iliad"; Johnny Horton's song "The Battle of New Orleans."

NEW YORK SQUATTER METAL Hardcore punk started crossing over into metal territory in 1985. Now musicians who would have been in the hardcore scene 15 years ago are making heavier, denser music. The bands: Crisis, Madball, Biohazard. The Forerunner: Holy Modal Rounders, Live Skull.

MATH METAL A tendency toward multiple time signatures and rhythms on top of rhythms. The bands: Cynic, Ruins, Voivod, Meshuggah. Forerunners: J. S. Bach, Dave Brubeck, Rush.

DOOM METAL Also called Melodic Death-Metal. There are tunes to hang on to in this music; vocal competence is welcome. The Goth phase of the 1980's has been fully reborn in these bands, albeit amid a slightly harder context. Lyrics bespeak the romantic morbidity of 19th-century novels. The bands: Paradise Lost, Saturnus, Solstice, Acrimony, Obsessed, Candlemass, My Dying Bride, Moonspell, 13 Candles. Forerunners: Mary Shelley, Friedrich Nietzsche, Black Sabbath, the English band Bauhaus.

BLACK AMBIENT Otherwise known as Darkwave, this is beatless metal for candle lighting. Listen for a second and you get the full metal experience on a quieter plane; it makes you understand how primary mood is and how secondary rhythm is to European metal. The bands: As Divine Grace, Endura, Ordo Equilibrio, Mortiis. Forerunner: Gregorian Chant.

EXTREME AMBIENT Also without rock drums but harsher, with less cliched use of tonality and more sheer noise. The bands: Desiderii Marginis, Dissecting Table, Subarachnoid Space. The Forerunner: John Cage's "Imaginary Landscape No. 1" (1939), Suicide, Throbbing Gristle, Swans.

SLUDGE Also called stoner metal; bass-heavy, hypnotic, plodding and viscous. The bands: Kyuss, Monster Magnet, Fu Manchu, Eyehategod, Sleep. Forerunners: Black Sabbath, Blue Cheer.

MACHINE-ASSISTED METAL Electronic samples, drum-machine breaks and collage technique from techno and dub reggae are catching on in metal too. The bands: Today Is the Day; Dark Noerd; Scorn; Fear Factory; Godflesh. Forerunners: Big Black, Laibach, King Tubby.

FOLK METAL Music that without the rock drums and distorted guitars would sound a lot like traditional Celtic or Scandinavian folk music. The bands: Ulver, Einherjer. Forerunners: Holy Modal Rounders, Led Zeppelin.

TURNCOAT METALMetal fans become indignant when their heroes soften, slow down or make their music more hybrid. But among this group are some of the best bands in metal, the ones who are redefining the music. The bands: Metallica, Megadeth, Tiamat, Amorphis, Paradise Lost.

**Graphic**

Photos: Sounds of Darkness: Metal comes in many guises nowadays, from a punk-inspired brand to a tempo-shifting one.; Dub War; Tiamat; Fu Manchu; Mortiis; Meshuggah (Earache Records (Dub War); Century Media (Tiamat); Mammoth Records (Fu Manchu); Anna Kallberg/Cold Meat Industry (Mortiis) and Nuclear Blast America (Meshuggah) ) (pg. 32); TOP 10 METAL: Metallica's "Reload" is on the album charts. (Anton Corbijn) (pg. 33)

**Load-Date:** February 15, 1998

**End of Document**



[***The Rich Source Of Indulgence***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:48TJ-9PT0-01KN-23NR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 11, 2003 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section F; Column 1; Dining In, Dining Out/Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1663 words

**Byline:**  By R. W. APPLE Jr.

**Dateline:** COAD'S GREEN, England

**Body**

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the great Victorian prime minister, called clotted cream "the food of the gods." George Blake, a Briton who spied on his own country and now lives in exile in Moscow, said recently that the only thing he really misses from his homeland is clotted cream to crown the Christmas pudding that he makes for himself every year.

Magnificent stuff it is, too -- rich, luxuriously thick and golden, the very essence of self-indulgence. It has been made here in the southwest corner of England, principally in the counties of Devon and Cornwall, which face each other across the River Tamar, for at least 600 years. The poet Edmund Spenser mentions "clouted cream" in "The Shepheard's Calendar" (1579).

Because a similar product is made in the East, notably in Lebanon and Afghanistan, the food historian Alan Davidson theorizes that the recipe may have been brought to Cornwall 2,000 years ago by Phoenicians who sailed here to trade in tin.

Clotted cream is made by scalding either whole milk or fresh cream. It is a tricky process. Get it too hot and the cream develops a gritty texture. If it is not hot enough, the result is bland.

The finished product can be spooned or spread but not poured; it has a consistency somewhere between that of butter and that of whipped cream. In winter, when the cows must eat fodder, the clotted cream is the color of hazelnuts, but when the grass in the pastures is green, the cream is yellow as a jonquil.

As a topping for desserts -- apple pie, for instance, or the steamed ginger and rhubarb pudding at the delightful Arundell Arms Hotel in Lifton, Devon, or a simple bowl of fresh, downy berries -- clotted cream is nonpareil. As an ingredient in cooked dishes, sweet or savory, it adds an unmistakable lushness. But it achieves its apotheosis when slathered shamelessly onto a warm scone, together with homemade preserves.

A. E. Rodda & Son, based at Scorrier in Cornwall, is the largest producer, using the milk of more than 7,000 cows during the peak season. Rodda cream was served at tea time by the late Queen Mother. It is served on British Airways planes, and it is also exported to the United States, Japan, Australia and many other countries.

In my view, though, the best, most sensually satisfying clotted cream comes from small producers using methods handed down through generations. Perhaps the most tradition-minded of all is Barbara Lake, 58, who lives near this hamlet in the 300-year-old house in which she was born.

The house is approached down a narrow lane lined with eight-foot hedgerows so extravagently studded with pink, yellow, blue and white wildflowers that my wife, Betsey, said she felt as if she were driving through a roll of wallpaper.

Ms. Lake, a stocky woman in trousers, flowered sweater and boots, keeps 11 cows, about half Jerseys and half Guernseys. These fawn-colored breeds, both of which originated in the Channel Islands, off the French coast, produce milk with an exceptionally high percentage of butterfat.

A one-woman show, Ms. Lake milks her herd morning and evening, separates the cream from the milk and puts the cream into a shallow enamel pan. (She feeds the skim milk to her pigs.)

She took me into a square low-ceilinged room, about 12 feet by 12 feet, which contains a table piled high with newspapers and magazines, a few chairs, a television set, a small sideboard and an old oil-fired Rayburn stove. She cooks her meals on the stove, and she cooks her cream there, too.

The enamel pan floats in a larger aluminum pan filled with hot water, forming a primitive sort of bain-marie or double boiler. Ms. Lake heats the cream to no more than 85 degrees Celsius, which takes about an hour and 45 minutes. It must not boil. After a time, small bubbles rise to the surface, and then the cream darkens as a blister-marked crust forms on top.

Having cooled for two or three hours, the clotted cream goes into the refrigerator. When Ms. Lake gets an order, she ladles some into a quarter-pound container -- "a little crust from the top, a little smooth from the bottom in each one, for the best texture," she told me. She charges 65 pence, $1.07, if the customer picks it up.

The week I visited her, Ms. Lake made 42 pounds of cream on her stove. Using specially designed high-speed ovens, Rodda's makes about 10 tons a day.

IN spring and summer, you can't move a mile in the West Country without seeing signs offering cream teas, posted by hotels, restaurants, cafes, tea houses and working farms. No vacation in the region is considered complete without one. A cream tea is as essential a part of a visit here as a lobster dinner is to a trip to Maine or a bowl of clam chowder is to a weekend on Cape Cod.

English eyes sparkle when the talk turns to cream teas, and rigorous standards are enforced. The tea itself should be freshly made in a pot, of course, without resort to tea bags. The scones, which are large, firm biscuits, slightly sweetened and leavened with baking powder, should still be warm from the oven, but not hot. If they are hot, the cream will get runny; if they are cold, they will crumble in the hand.

Bonus points are given for a choice of teas -- say, English breakfast and Darjeeling and Earl Grey -- and an assortment of scones -- say, plain, with raisins and with cherries. (The word "scone," incidentally, rhymes with "prawn," not with "bone.")

The customer splits the scone, loads up each half with clotted cream and adds jam, usually strawberry or black currant. Here arises a perfect expression of the rivalry between Devon and Cornwall, each of which considers its clotted cream utterly matchless. In Cornwall, the jam goes on first, with the cream on top; in Devon, the cream is first, like butter, and the jam second.

So which is best, Cornish cream or Devonshire cream? Isabella Beeton, the Fannie Farmer of Britain, used the terms clotted cream and Devonshire cream interchangeably, which ought to settle the issue.

But I was constantly reminded in Cornwall that "Cornish clotted cream" is registered with the European Union as a Protected Designation of Origin, while "Devonshire clotted cream" is not.

Neither Betsey nor I is an habitual drinker of tea, at least at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when cream teas are meant to be consumed. (This might be a good time to point out that contrary to widespread American belief, "afternoon tea," whether a West Country cream tea or the more formal ritual at the Ritz in London, is not "high tea." High tea is a heartier, ***working-class*** meal usually served about 6 p.m.)

This time, we yielded to temptation and stopped at the Primrose Cottage, a thatched tearoom, painted buttercup yellow, in the dreamy Devon village of Lustleigh. It looked as if it must be inhabited by dainty mice wearing pinafores, but in fact it is the province of Caroline Baker, 35, a microbiologist, and her husband, Simon, 38, who moved there from Bristol in search of a new, more serene life.

"I was doing stem-cell work," she said. "I was completely stressed out."

Always a keen home cook, she bakes scones every day as well as enough cakes to fill a glass-fronted case. Her superb scones, light and easily split, never visit a microwave. Her jams and clotted cream are local. The sumptuous cream, a great mound of it from Higher Murchington Farm on Dartmoor, formed stiff peaks like a meringue when I dropped a dollop onto a scone.

Apart from its cooked, slightly nutty taste, what sets clotted cream apart from other creams is its high butterfat content, which often reaches 63 percent. British single cream is 20 percent butterfat, American table cream 25 percent, American whipping cream 35 percent and British double cream 48 percent. A bacterial culture ferments and thickens sour cream, which ends with 18 percent butterfat; French creme fraiche, similarly made, has 35 percent.

Everything depends on the cows, of course. Harold Dunn, who owns a dairy farm near Whiddon Down, in Devon, puts his 120 Holstein-Friesians, a breed that originated in northern Germany, into the barn only for the worst days of winter. Usually they come indoors on Boxing Day, Dec. 26, and go out again on Feb. 10.

"The cream tastes better when they are out in the fresh air, even when it's cold, and eating the grass, even when it's pretty puny," the pink-cheeked, dungaree-clad Mr. Dunn said. "They love it. If I don't let them out, they shout."

Friesians produce more milk than the Channel Island breeds, with a bit less butterfat, and Mr. Dunn swears by them. He calls each of his cows by name, and he scratched the back of Emily, a favorite, as he explained his methods to me.

Dunn Farms clotted cream is extremely smooth, because it goes into the cartons still hot from the cooker. After chilling for several hours, a crust forms on the top and stays there, which customers describe as "the cream of the cream."

George Trenouth, the owner of Trevose Farm in western Cornwall, a few hundred yards from the Atlantic surf, told me he used "exactly the same process as my gran." The farm has been in his family since 1890. His 32 cows, almost all Jerseys, graze on grass enriched by minerals deposited by sea mists, and the cream has a special, slightly salty tang.

"In theory, you ought to be able to make clotted cream anywhere," Mr. Trenouth said. "They've tried pilot schemes in several other parts of the country, but they didn't work. The cream didn't taste quite right. Don't know why; maybe the weather and soil have something to do with it."

At 75, Mr. Trenouth still works eight- and nine-hour days, wearing an old flat-topped checked cap as he lugs heavy stainless-steel milk pails, with his border collie, Jazz, at his heels. His son, Richard, tends to the farm's herb and vegetable crops, but he is not so interested in clotted cream.

"Once my days are finished," the farmer said, "my cream business will be finished, too," which is a shame, since I tasted no more unctuous, no more brightly flavored clotted cream anywhere in my wanderings.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: AN AGE-OLD PROCESS -- Barbara Lake, left, spoons her homemade clotted cream into containers for sale. George Trenouth, above left, with his son, Richard, raises Jersey cows at his Trevose Farm along the Atlantic coast in Cornwall. (Photographs by Steve Forrest for The New York Times); FARE OF THE COUNTRY -- Purists say the cream made in Cornwall has a distinctive taste. (pg. F7); ONE WOMAN, 11 COWS -- Barbara Lake makes clotted cream at her farm in Cornwall, England. (Steve Forrest for The New York Times)(pg. F1)

**Load-Date:** June 11, 2003

**End of Document**



[***FARE OF THE COUNTRY;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8D40-0007-H10V-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Finding Memorable Tempura in Tokyo***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8D40-0007-H10V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 14, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 10; Page 12, Column 1; Travel Desk

**Length:** 1260 words

**Byline:** By AMANDA MAYER STINCHECUM; Amanda Mayer Stinchecum, a specialist in Japanese textiles, is writing a guide to traditional Kyoto shops to be published by John Weatherhill in Tokyo.

**Body**

Along with sushi, soba (buckwheat noodles) and unagi (eel), tempura is one of the four best loved foods of Tokyoites. It is probably the dish that most readily comes to mind with the words Japanese food. But tempura is not a native Japanese dish; it was brought to the islands by the Portuguese in the late 16th century. It is said that the name derives from a corruption of the word temple (pronounced tenpuru in Japanese) where, unnamed sources say, tempura, as it is commonly called in English, was enjoyed every Friday. This spurious etymology aside, there is no question that tempura was one of the favorite foods of the people of the burgeoning city of Edo (present-day Tokyo) and now of Japan's urban centers.

Tempura is at its best consumed at a tempura bar, seated directly facing the cooking area, where the shrimp can leap from the hot oil onto a clean, absorbent sheet of paper in front of the eater in the shortest possible time. The sharp coolness of Japanese beer complements the rich flavor of the fish and aroma of the sesame oil used for cooking it, but there are those who swear by sake.

With no intention of denigrating the culinary skills of the many friends who have invited me into their homes in Japan, I have to say that I have never had really good tempura in a private home. The reasons remain shrouded in mystery. Tempura should be served piping hot, not lukewarm, much less cold and soggy, made in advance and piled up on a plate so that the hostess can sit down to dinner with her guests, or perhaps stay in the kitchen and prepare the next course. The coating should be light, thin, translucent, crisp - not greasy. The batter is made of flour, egg and cold water - the flour is added to the liquid ingredients, not vice versa as this produces a chewy consistency appropriate to noodles but not to tempura. Cooking in hot sesame oil, which must be maintained at a constant temperature throughout, until just crisp and barely golden, preserves the moisture of the fish or vegetable inside, which should be tender but still firm.

In Tokyo, tempura is cooked to a rich gold, in Kyoto, a paler shade. The dipping sauce of soy sauce and mirin (sweetened sake) diluted with clear broth made from dried bonito flakes varies according to region. In general, the preference in the Kyoto-Osaka region is for more delicate and slightly sweeter seasonings and flavors.

Primarily due to the rise in cost of the freshest ingredients, a tempura dinner has become an expensive night on the town. A place where first-rate tempura can be consumed in pleasant surroundings at even less than reasonable prices is a real find. Tensho has been in business in the Yushima area of northeast Tokyo since the late Meiji Period (1868-1912). Yushima, the area surrounding Yushima Tenjin Shrine, is one of the few neighborhoods in Tokyo that still preserves some of the character of the city before the double devastation of the Great Earthquake and the firebombings of World War II. Tensho's proprietor, Uemura Shigeo, who is also the master chef, is the third generation of his family to run the restaurant. He was adopted into the Uemura family to continue the business (a common practice in Japan) because the direct heirs were not personally involved in the restaurant and the previous proprietor wanted to make sure the traditions of the restaurant would be maintained. Turning into a narrow alley around the corner from the blue-lighted Yushima Plaza Hotel, you encounter Tensho's landscaped entryway and paneled curtain hanging over the door, a far cry from the neon of the surrounding streets. Behind the lacquered counter to the right of the door, five tempura masters wield their chopsticks. The counter seats only 10, and, as in a sushi restaurant, these are the choice, front-row seats for the connoisseur. In addition, there is one table and a small tatami area on the ground floor, and a few private rooms upstairs (reservations recommended).

Because the delectable balance of the coating's crispness and the firm yet tender quality of the fish or vegetable inside depends on serving tempura as soon as the chef lifts it from the hot oil, both the cooking and serving staff must be diligent and skilled enough to cater to all the guests without keeping the food waiting.

In late summer and early fall, along with beer, your waitress will bring you eda-mame, brilliant green soy beans, cooked in salted water, left not only in the shell but on the branch (thus the name, which literally means branch beans), to be squirted out of the pod directly into your mouth. Tempura, like sushi, can be ordered by the piece, but, like sushi, the bill is likely to be several times that of the cost of one of the set menus. Appropriate to this ***working-class*** area of old Tokyo, Tensho prides itself on quality at a price. The set menus are one of the innovations of the third Uemura master chef. He is eager to attract a young clientele to the restaurant so that it doesn't become the preserve of executives who arrive for lunch by limousine - the fate of several of the famous soba shops in the area.

To help you with your order, there is a menu in English. Unless your appetite rivals that of a sumo wrestler, the set Menu A (a teishoku in Japanese, in case the English menu fails) will probably be plenty. This in-cludes tempura cooked one piece at a time - one prawn; a piece of silky white squid, chewy and delicately flavored under its golden coat; one piece of kisu, a flaky and moist but not oily white-fleshed fish; a slice of eggplant with tender, glistening purple skin; a toothsome piece of green pepper and a lacey slice of lotus root with a hint of crunch. The price is about $12.50.

The tempura is served with the dipping sauce in a separate bowl, and, to mix with it to taste, grated daikon radish, a spicy and astringent complement to the deep-fried morsels. These are followed by rice and pickles - cucumbers and cabbage, or some other seasonal combination. Restaurants in Japan, especially those in Tokyo, pride themselves on their homemade pickles, vegetables picked at their peak, buried in fermented rice bran and salt overnight, freshly made every day. The proportion of salt used and the length of time the vegetables are left in the pickling mash varies according to individual as well as regional taste. Generally, people in Tokyo and northern Japan prefer a heavier hand with salt.

To conclude the meal, but often consumed in alternation with the rice and pickles, there is a bowl of shijimi miso-shiru, a robust soup with a red miso (fermented bean paste) base, stocked with tiny clam-like bivalves (shijimi) to give flavor to the broth -you can pick them out of their shells if you are adept with chopsticks. Aromatic trefoil (mitsuba) leaves garnish the soup. Tea is included as well, served at the end of the meal unless you request it earlier. The Set Menu B (about $16) differs only in that it includes two prawns instead of one. If this doesn't sound like enough, you can order additional tempura by the piece, or the Set Menu Special (about $17), the same as ''A'' but supplemented with tendon, a bowl of rice topped with tempura prawns and broth similar to the dipping sauce. (This can also be ordered separately for about $8.50.) There are two Tensho branches. The one that I recommend - the Yushima branch - is run personally by Mr. Uemura; it is up the hill from the Yushima subway station, near Yushima Tenjin Shrine. Tensho, Yushima 2-26-9, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo (telephone 831-6571), is open from noon to 10 P.M.; closed Tuesday.

**Graphic**

Photo of Uemura Shigeo serving tempura (Fred Seidman); map of Tokyo showing location of Tensho Restaurant (NYT)

**End of Document**



[***Those Third-Term Blues - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:541S-PFJ1-JBG3-6002-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 16, 2011 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2011 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MB; Column 0; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1; GOTHAM EXTRA

**Length:** 2935 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL POWELL

E-mail: [*powellm@nytimes.com;*](mailto:powellm@nytimes.com;) Twitter: @powellnyt

**Body**

''It gets more complex and harder to get your message out and advertising rates keep going up.''

-- Mayor Bloomberg, under oath in court on Oct. 3 at the trial of John F. Haggerty Jr., his former campaign consultant.

Michael R. Bloomberg was testifying this month about his diamond-encrusted campaigns, but he might as well have been talking about the balky state of his mayoral enterprise after 10 years.

The mayor likes to insist that he was de facto drafted for a third term, that City Council members and corporate worthies pulled at his hem, begging him to overturn term limits and run again. ''A number of people kept coming to me and asking if it were possible,'' the mayor also testified. No doubt some importuned. But many, not least his own aides, counseled against it.

A third term is a politician's Death Valley. It's a land of the lost in which third-stringers are press-ganged into becoming first-stringers, midlevel managers space out as you talk, and City Council members start to talk back. Not to mention that miscreants and consultants often grab for what is not legitimately theirs.

And true to historical form, very little has gone swimmingly for our potentate in chief. He purchased a third term at not inconsiderable personal cost -- he spent a tidy $105 million on his re-election -- and now his headaches proliferate.

City contracts to computerize the time-card and personnel systems have imploded, leading to a billion dollars in cost overruns and indictments in the time-card case. Hundreds of police officers have been implicated in a ticket-fixing scandal. A campaign consultant stands accused of skimming $1 million from the mayor's last re-election effort. And when a blizzard buried subways and highways last year, the mayor advised New Yorkers to use the down time to take in a Broadway play (presumably after residents outside Manhattan strapped on snowshoes and trudged across bridges).

Meanwhile, Occupy Wall Street's demonstrators sit on the metaphoric doorstep of his city, proclaiming that his financier brethren are guilty of gross national neglect.

His personnel choices register as almost eccentric. He appointed Stephen Goldsmith, a former mayor of Indianapolis without much knowledge of New York, as deputy mayor for operations. Mr. Goldsmith lasted 16 ineffectual months before vanishing in a cloud of mayoral obfuscation.

The mayor appointed Cathleen P. Black, his Upper East Side neighbor, as schools chancellor. She lasted 95 days before he signaled that her expiration date had arrived. The mayor's education record suffered other indignities, even before Ms. Black's appointment. When state officials recalibrated test results, the former Chancellor Joel I. Klein's heralded great leap forward in state test scores became a modest hop.

Numbers, which are supposed to be the sine qua non of Mr. Bloomberg's management style, have proved nettlesome. City contractors made exaggerated, possibly fraudulent claims to reach the mayor's inflated job placement goals; the Finance Department, run by a former Wall Street type, botched tax exemptions and property evaluation reviews; and the public housing authority's claims that it promptly answers emergency calls and fixes elevators contradict available evidence, not to mention common sense.

None of which is to argue that the mayor stands defanged.

He spoke in eloquent defense of the mosque in downtown Manhattan, and put shoulder to the wheel in Albany for same-sex marriage, shelling out hundreds of thousands of dollars to sustain organizers in the final frenetic weeks.

His transportation commissioner, Janette Sadik-Khan, continues to remake the city's face in intriguing ways, and his housing agencies continue to toss up tens of thousands of often-handsome apartments for ***working-class*** New Yorkers, a program without rival in the nation. The recent arrest of an assistant housing commissioner on charges of taking bribes points more to timeless corruption than systemic weakness.

''Given 10 years in office and the totality of many dollars spent, these are aberrations,'' said Howard Wolfson, a Democratic Party operative who was appointed deputy mayor after the last campaign. ''It's far too premature to make an evaluation that the government is moving in the wrong direction.''

But talk to government insiders and the word that keeps rolling off their tongues is drift.

''It looks like a tired administration and it's not getting a lot done,'' said George Arzt, who served as press secretary to Mayor Edward I. Koch. ''It's the problem with third terms.''

Mr. Arzt knows this subject, as Mr. Koch's third term nearly defined the genre of the Third Term Blues. Mr. Koch's probity was never questioned, but he found himself cutting deals with several borough presidents and Democratic bosses whose probity was questioned frequently and for excellent reasons. They were certifiably corrupt.

The implosion of corrupt bosses and their minions -- Donald R. Manes, the Queens borough president, committed suicide by kitchen knife -- and the resulting cloud of scandal left Mr. Koch, by his own account, severely depressed.

Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's second term was only slightly less desultory than Mr. Koch's third, as he declared war on jaywalkers and lesser malefactors and called a news conference to announce he was divorcing his wife. Only the Sept. 11 terror attacks arrested a descent into farce.

Mr. Bloomberg might well look at this track record and think to himself: I'm not in such bad shape. He faces, however, his own existential challenge. He is a billionaire politician ruling as the cultural dial turns hard away from the era of money worship. His visit to the Occupy Wall Street campsite in Lower Manhattan last week underlined this dissonance -- Charles Foster Kane amid the Dickensian urchins.

The mayor had spoken with disdain of the demonstrators' demands and defensively of his former Wall Street comrades. In his visit, though, he declared his allegiance to free speech even as he made a housekeeping argument for letting his sanitation people give the plaza a good cleaning. Demonstrators sounded unconvinced of his good will, and after a flurry of angry phone calls from elected officials to the park's owner, Brookfield Office Properties, the cleaning was put off.

And demonstrators continue to eye the mayor warily. ''His problem, and there's nothing he can do about it, is that he embodies everything they detest,'' said a former administration aide, one of several people who asked that their names be withheld because they feared angering the mayor.

So the incongruities and frustrations pile up for the mayor.

''You have to keep asking yourself: Am I bringing the same questions and tough answers every day with me to work?'' said Harvey Robins, who served as a senior official in the Koch administration and as operations chief for Mayor David N. Dinkins. ''You guard against becoming stale by listening to your critics. But that doesn't seem to be Mike's style.''

Seeds of Troubles to Come

Ask administration officials about many of their current headaches -- the runaway technology contracts, the police scandals, even Mr. Haggerty's trial -- and they offer a clarification: Most of these problems took root in the second term.

That is correct. To understand the stumbles of the mayor's third term, you must understand the preoccupations and lost opportunities of his second. The mayor's first term played out by a well-designed and generously financed playbook. He brought in experienced government hands, and he took a transit strike to send a message to a militant union. He wrested mayoral control of the schools for himself and put the strong-willed Mr. Klein in charge. And he borrowed an excellent idea, the 311 phone system, from Mark Green, his former Democratic mayoral rival.

Mr. Bloomberg's style is to give aides great latitude and, as needed, to charm, twist arms and seal deals. His first term may have fallen short of a Bloomberg revolution. (His Olympic fixation, in particular, was thousands of hours expended to no end.) But he delivered a well-governed city without Mr. Giuliani's temple-throbbing histrionics. He was also helped along by President George W. Bush, who poured billions of dollars into Lower Manhattan to help clean up and rebuild after Sept. 11.

Politicians, however, are by nature ambitious, and billionaire politicians perhaps doubly so. As President Bush stumbled about, and the Democrats appeared divided, Mr. Bloomberg's eyes drifted to national politics. Former Deputy Mayor Kevin Sheekey, who charms and schemes in equal measure, encouraged the presidential reveries of his boss. (Mr. Sheekey now occupies a handsomely compensated roost at Bloomberg L.P.)

''Bloomberg started to fix on the brass ring and they lost focus,'' said a former senior city official. ''It's hard enough to run a government when you are 100 percent on task.''

Mr. Bloomberg signed long and lavish union contracts. This purchased peace, and a benign smile from labor if he ran for president. It also sowed the seed of problems that could yet haunt his scheduled 2013 departure. He gave a loose leash to the Police Department, where Commissioner Raymond W. Kelly brooked few questions and less oversight.

As police officers made more than half a million stop and frisks each year, and arrested blacks for marijuana possession in far greater numbers than whites, the mayor deflected criticism by pointing to the murder statistics, which edged down every year.

You want, he seemed to imply, to imperil that?

He tripped into an occupational hazard, which is to say self-love. In the Koch and Dinkins eras, it was not uncommon for the Mayor's Management Report, that compendium of measurements small and grand, to include substantial sections detailing where departments fell short, and how commissioners would remedy these shortcomings. Under Mr. Giuliani, and to a slightly lesser extent Mr. Bloomberg, the emphasis became triumphalist: bigger, better, every milestone grander than the last.

''When you create the continual need for high standards, the system corrupts itself,'' Mr. Robins said. ''You see this with test scores and job placements.''

When the mayor handed out a $66 million contract to revamp the personnel system, and the contractor produced a rudimentary version of the program, mayoral officials swiftly handed out an ''excellence in technology'' award.

It sounded grand. But the contract was bleeding money. ''This,'' said a longtime budget analyst, ''will dog him worse than the snowstorm. It's a lot of money.''

A Comfortable Cocoon

This mayor does not lie awake counting snowplows and calculating salt deliveries; he's no Web-head, writing code for the Finance Department. He is a mogul, a consummate salesman, politically adept and spectacularly confident.

It's a workable model -- if his closest aides are strong, and united. But as the more experienced of his senior officials began to trail off, and he cast about for replacements, he turned to a familiar world: Wall Street.

So he had an opening for deputy mayor for economic affairs? He hired Robert K. Steel, a former Goldman Sachs official who lived in Greenwich, Conn. The finance commissioner slot comes open? He reached for David M. Frankel, of Morgan Stanley. And for schools he recruited Ms. Black, a magazine executive whom he knew from Park Avenue parties.

The sense was of a man too comfortable in his class cocoon.

To preside over this, he relies on Patricia E. Harris, whom he installed as first deputy mayor at the beginning of his second term. Typically a first deputy is the mayor's shipboard captain, who steers through daily storms and keeps commissioners on task.

Ms. Harris is talented, with a background long ago in government, but this does not remotely describe her portfolio.

As her recent testimony at the Haggerty trial and the release of her schedules suggest, she most often serves a client of one: Mr. Bloomberg. She is his closest aide, runs his private foundation, and twice put aside her government work to labor on the mayor's campaigns. (The mayor, in turn, has paid $1 million to name a building after her at her alma mater, Franklin & Marshall College.)

Ask Mr. Wolfson about management and he points, not unreasonably, to the successful commissioners (Shaun Donovan, Mr. Bloomberg's former commissioner of the Department of Housing Preservation and Development, now serves in President Obama's cabinet as Housing and Urban Development secretary), and innovations from taxicabs outside Manhattan to waterfront parks in Brooklyn, Queens and Manhattan.

Reporters, he notes, fixate on trials and contracting scandals far more than voters do. If you look at the mayor's poll numbers after Tropical Storm Irene, they have taken on helium, he noted.

''How do New Yorkers live their lives? They care about crime, about schools, about garbage pickup,'' Mr. Wolfson said, ''all of the things that are vital to the lifeblood of the city, and they run pretty well.''

Reputations, however, may be more fragile than Mr. Wolfson suggests.

Contract overruns, an incompetent decision by the Finance Department to overvalue co-ops in Queens, cops who make tickets for politicians and friends disappear: The cumulative effect can become corrosive.

The mayor seemed to recognize as much in the spring, when he spent his own money on campaign-style advertisements touting his achievements. This could have helped; Mr. Bloomberg knows marketing.

But the impression left was of a mayor administering CPR to himself.

Befitting a man who has survived a lifetime on Wall Street, our mayor has a nose for politics and for weakness in others.

For the longest time, few in the city challenged him. The mayor would drop a donation on a Brooklyn nonprofit or open the levee-gates for charities in Queens, and council members and many advocates would fall mute.

Slowly, that is changing. In August, a group gathered to debate the city's gains in education. The city's chief academic officer laid claim to substantial advances, and Meryl H. Tisch, chancellor of the State Board of Regents, cast him a look somewhere between quizzical and disbelieving.

Seventy-five percent of those youngsters who go to community colleges need remediation, she noted. And only 24 percent eventually get a degree.

''Are you kidding me?'' she asked to loud applause.

Even the Police Department has come in for some rude questioning at City Council hearings. ''Nothing is untouchable any more,'' a former aide said. ''Even Ray Kelly is learning that.''

In Albany, Andrew M. Cuomo reigns as king. With balled fist inside the velvet glove, he has with apparent ease turned labor to his will. Mr. Bloomberg has had less luck.

The princes and dowagers of municipal labor are not a terribly impressive lot. But they too can smell weakness, and they battle. Of late, District Council 37, the largest and not the most innovative of municipal unions, refused to cut a deal with the mayor. He in turn has dismissed hundreds of school aides.

It was a loser's deal all around.

That said, it is autumn for Mr. Bloomberg, not winter. The City Charter bestows great powers on the mayor. He can elevate the profile of Christine C. Quinn, the council speaker, seemingly his choice as successor. (Whether his benediction will prove to be a blessing or a curse is not yet clear.) And he can redraw the budget and propose tax increases, which could prove necessary as budget problems grow darker.

Legacy is a tricky business.

Campaign finance laws emerged from the rubble of Mr. Koch's third term, as did the housing program that rebuilt New York. Mr. Dinkins, after four hellish years of recession, signed, on his last day in office, the agreement that would revitalize Times Square.

The other day, as Mr. Bloomberg announced ambitious reforms at the Buildings Department, he paused and peered at that uncertain future. ''People are saying, 'What are you doing in a third term?' '' he said. ''This is the kind of thing that will really make a difference.''

More grandly, the mayor and his aides now gallop hard in pursuit of a technology corridor on Roosevelt Island, to be built with Stanford or Cornell and the City University of New York. If successful, and the mayor's team appears to have skillfully laid the groundwork, this could turn Silicon Alley into a broad avenue of innovation and jobs.

But the emphasis, for now, remains on the conditional tense.

''They need a masterstroke that shifts all your attention off the last year and a half,'' a former official who has worked in several administrations said. ''They need the home run in the bottom of the ninth inning.''

Of course, as this official noted, the problem with waiting until the ninth inning is that, as with the Yankees' Alex Rodriguez, you can step up to the plate and strike out.

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

**Correction**

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: An earlier version of this article contained an incorrect reference to Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani's third term. He served only two terms as mayor.

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: The Gotham Extra column last Sunday, about Mayor Michael R. Bloomberg's third term, erroneously attributed a distinction to Shaun Donovan, who worked for the mayor before becoming President Obama's secretary of Housing and Urban Development. While Mr. Donovan served as commissioner of the Department of Housing Preservation and Development, beginning in 2004, he was not Mr. Bloomberg's ''first commissioner'' to the department. (That was Jerilyn Perine.)

**Correction-Date:** October 14, 2011October 23, 2011

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: ON THE SPOT: Michael R. Bloomberg answering questions last month about a former deputy mayor's arrest. A previous mayor's press secretary said, ''It looks like a tired administration.'' (PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL APPLETON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MB1)

POLICE BLOTTER: Near left, Gerard Denault, who is accused of taking a kickback in the CityTime scandal, leaving court in May. At far left, Reddy and Padma Allen, two technology executives who have also been indicted. Below, John F. Haggerty Jr., who is accused of stealing money the mayor donated to the Independence Party. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MARSHALL MANTEL FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

GONE: Deputy Mayor Stephen Goldsmith, above, with the mayor in January. He resigned in August, soon after his arrest in a domestic violence case. Cathleen P. Black, below, had a short tenure as city schools chancellor. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY HIROKO MASUIKE/THE NEW YORK TIMES

MICHAEL APPLETON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

MARY ALTAFFER/ASSOCIATED PRESS)

WITNESS: Michael R. Bloomberg testifying in the trial of Mr. Haggerty, a former campaign operative. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMS/ASSOCIATED PRESS) (MB6)

**Load-Date:** October 23, 2011

**End of Document**



[***The Talk of Hollywood;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VX70-0024-J281-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***2 Stories of Youth And Its Wilder Side***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-VX70-0024-J281-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 13, 1993, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 13; Column 1; Cultural Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1268 words

**Byline:** By BERNARD WEINRAUB,

By BERNARD WEINRAUB,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 12

**Body**

Chazz Palminteri doesn't live in the Bronx anymore. But at the age of 41, the writer and actor makes it plain that his old neighborhood has shaped and defined him in ways that he still doesn't fully understand.

"I loved my neighborhood; I loved my childhood," said Mr. Palminteri, who grew up in the Belmont section. "Was it a little dangerous? Was it a little racist? Sure. But there was a decency there. It was a ***working-class*** neighborhood with fathers who woke up every morning to jobs they didn't like but did it for their families. They were firemen or cops or sanitation workers or bricklayers or bus drivers, like my father. These people are the glue that holds together Italian-American communities around the country."

"People think about Italians, and they say, 'Mafioso,' " he said. "But that's a very small subculture. People like my father put their dreams aside for their families. Those are the people I care about."

Taking his childhood memories, Mr. Palminteri has written and is one of the stars of "A Bronx Tale," a drama about growing up in an Italian neighborhood in the Bronx in the 1960's. The movie is the directorial debut of Robert De Niro, who also stars in the film. Released by the new Savoy Pictures, the film opens on Sept. 29 in New York and Los Angeles.

The movie has autobiographical overtones, telling the story of a teen-age boy torn between two role models: his streetwise and thoroughly decent father (played by Mr. De Niro) and a seductive and complex crime boss, (played by Mr. Palminteri). The boy has a romance that is off limits because the girl is black, and this complicates his choices.

Mr. Palminteri now lives in Manhattan and Los Angeles but often returns to his old neighborhood around Belmont and Arthur Avenues and 187th Street. His affection for the Bronx is palpable, and he remains close to childhood friends who are now teachers, lawyers, sanitation workers and policemen. (His parents are retired in Florida.)

He attended DeWitt Clinton and then Theodore Roosevelt High Schools. (He left Clinton because it was all boys.) After high school, he was a nightclub singer and an Off Broadway and television actor. During hard times he was a doorman at the Limelight, the Manhattan nightclub.

In 1986 Mr. Palminteri moved to Los Angeles to pursue an acting career, but after two years of bit roles on television, he decided to try another path. "I got very discouraged and said to myself, if they won't give me a great part then I'll write one for myself and I'll do a one-man show and do all the parts," he recalled. "I wanted to write about an incident I saw when I was a kid."

"The incident was, I was sitting on a stoop and this car backed up into another car and one guy gets out with a baseball bat and the other guy shoots him and stares right at me and my father then grabbed me and pulled me up the steps," he said. As it turned out, he added, the incident was less about a car mishap than about two rival gangsters.

Mr. Palminteri's one-man show,called "A Bronx Tale," too, was staged with the financial backing of a friend, Peter Gatien, an owner of the Limelight, and became an instant critical and financial success at the West Coast Ensemble Theater in Los Angeles and Playhouse 91 in New York. Mr. Palminteri received offers to expand it into a movie, but Mr. DeNiro's proposal to direct and act in it proved irresistible.

Because Mr. De Niro and Mr. Palminteri wanted authenticity in the style of Italian realists of the 1950's, many of the performers in the movie are from New York and have no acting experience.

In a remarkable performance, an unknown 17-year-old, Lillo Brancato, plays the major role of the youth torn between his father and the gangster. He was discovered on Jones Beach by casting agents who were looking for De Niro look-alikes to play the actor's son.

'You Want My Brother"

"We searched all over the country for the kid," Mr. Palminteri said. "At Jones Beach, one of the scouts said to this one kid, 'You look like Robert De Niro.' The kid said: 'You don't want me, you want my brother. Come on, I'll get him out of the water."'

"Lillo appeared and the casting guy said, 'Do you mind talking to the camera?' The kid started to do imitations of De Niro in 'Goodfellas' and 'Cape Fear.' We immediately gave him a screen test."

The youth, a Yonkers high school student with no acting experience, has signed a contract for a new role in a Penny Marshall film, "Renaissance Man."

Mr. Palminteri, who is married to Gianna Ranado, an actress, has also been cast in a new, untitled Woody Allen movie set in Manhattan in the 1920's, and he recently signed a contract to write and co-star in a film with Danny DeVito. Another of his plays, "Faithful," a comedy thriller that has been staged in Los Angeles, is also headed for the movies.

But he said that "A Bronx Tale" would remain his most personal and deeply felt work.

"When I was a kid I would see the wise guys on the corner with their fancy cars and I would think they were the real tough guys," he said. "But when I got older I realized the truth of what my father said: the working man is the tough guy, not the guy who pulls the trigger."

Irish Magic

Bob and Harvey Weinstein turned into millionaires in April when the Walt Disney Company bought Miramax Films for $60 million to $80 million. The Weinstein brothers, who founded Miramax, are two of the more aggressive and prolific producers and distributors in the movie industry. And their film tastes -- "The Crying Game," "Cinema Paradiso," "The Grifters" -- runs to off-beat grown-up films that Disney has generally avoided.

Though Disney now owns their company, the brothers retain control of it and are fully independent in their productions. But now, for the first time, they are using Disney's skilled marketing and promotion for an evocative new family film, "Into the West," which opens Friday. The movie stars, among others, Gabriel Byrne, who's also one of the producers, and his wife, Ellen Barkin. It's directed by Mike Newell ("Enchanted April,") and written by Jim Sheridan, who wrote "My Left Foot."

The film takes place in modern Dublin and deals with two Celtic gypsy boys (Mr. Byrne plays their father) who develop an attachment to a beautiful, almost magical white horse. The boys embark on an adventure, like outlaws, into the west of Ireland.

Bob Weinstein said the full Disney apparatus was behind the film: an advertising campaign that includes trailers on the Disney Channel and promotions at Disneyland and Disney World. It was, Mr. Weinstein said, an unusual experience.

"If we have a track record in specialized films, these guys are masters of family movies," he said. "Synergy is one of those overused 1980's words, but in this case it's happening."

Mr. Byrne, a Dubliner who has two more films coming out over the next few months, said he had been obsessed with making the movie for several years.

"I loved this idea of the clash between the urban landscape of Ireland and the lyrical mystical landscape," he said in an interview. "I loved the idea that, somehow, there is a place where all dreams are fulfilled. The west."

The $6 million film was financed slowly, starting with British and Irish investors, including Channel 4, an independent English television network that has backed other theatrical releases.

"Then I came to America," he said. "I saw Bob and Harvey for lunch in TriBeCa. I wanted them to hear the story. I told them there was no car chases, no sex scenes, no violence. I told them it was about two young brothers conquering the west. They reacted immediately. They said, 'We'll do it.' "

**Graphic**

Photo: Chazz Palminteri, who stars in "A Bronx Tale," the directorial film debut of Robert De Niro. (Fred R. Conrad/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 13, 1993

**End of Document**



[***After Attacks, Michelle Obama Looks for a New Introduction - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SSN-2410-TW8F-G0B6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 18, 2008 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2127 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL POWELL and JODI KANTOR

**Body**

Michelle Obama's eyes flicker tentatively even as she offers a trained smile. As her campaign plane arcs over the Flathead Range in Montana, she is asked to consider her complicated public image.

Conservative columnists accuse her of being unpatriotic and say she simmers with undigested racial anger. A blogger who supported Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton circulates unfounded claims that Mrs. Obama gave an accusatory speech in her church about the sins of ''whitey.'' Mrs. Obama shakes her head.

''You are amazed sometimes at how deep the lies can be,'' she says in an interview. Referring to a character in a 1970s sitcom, she adds: ''I mean, 'whitey'? That's something that George Jefferson would say. Anyone who says that doesn't know me. They don't know the life I've lived. They don't know anything about me.''

Now her husband's presidential campaign is giving her image a subtle makeover, with a new speech in the works to emphasize her humble roots and a tough new chief of staff. On Wednesday, Mrs. Obama will do a guest turn on ''The View,'' the daytime talk show on ABC, with an eye toward softening her reputation.

Her problems seemed hard to imagine last fall and winter. Mrs. Obama, a Harvard-trained lawyer, appeared so at ease with the tactile business of campaigning and drew praise for humanizing, often with humor, a husband who could seem elusive.

Then came some rhetorical stumbles. In Madison, Wis., in February, she told voters that hope was sweeping America, adding, ''For the first time in my adult lifetime, I am really proud of my country.'' Cable news programs replayed those 15 words in an endless loop of outrage.

Barack Obama often blurs identity lines; much of his candidacy has seemed almost post-racial. Mrs. Obama's identity is less mutable. She is a descendant of slaves and a product of Chicago's historically black South Side. She burns hot where he banks cool, and that too can make her an inviting proxy for attack.

Fox News called her ''Obama's baby mama,'' a derogatory term for an unwed mother. Christopher Hitchens, a Slate columnist, claimed -- with scant evidence -- that her college thesis proved she was once influenced by black separatism. National Review presented her as a scowling ''Mrs. Grievance.''

The caricatures of Mrs. Obama as the Angry Black Woman confound her, friends say. Her own family crosses racial boundaries -- her mother-in-law and a sister-in-law are white -- and she has spent much of her adult life trying to address racial resentment.

In her freshman year at Princeton, a white roommate's mother agitated for her daughter to swap rooms. Mrs. Obama was among a handful of blacks at a prestigious Chicago law firm. As a hospital executive, she navigated the often tense line between a predominantly white-run institution and a suspicious black community.

But the 44-year-old woman known even to friends as The Taskmaster sometimes speaks with a passion unusual for a potential first lady. She tells voters that ''Barack will never allow you to go back to your lives as usual -- uninvolved, uninformed.''

She says she intends to evoke a John F. Kennedy-like idealism and highlight her own journey, but in her commanding cadences, some people -- and not just conservatives -- hear a lecture.

Before her husband announced his candidacy, Mrs. Obama confided in friends: Barack and I will cut an unfamiliar figure to most of America.

''It's such uncharted waters,'' said Verna Williams, a Harvard classmate and friend. ''In a sound-bite era, where you have to come with a quick and dirty take, she doesn't fit what it means to be an African-American woman.''

Early Questions on Race

Michelle Robinson grew up in the black half of a divided Chicago. She and her brother, Craig, lived with their parents on the second floor of a bungalow. ''Two bedrooms, if you want to be generous,'' she says.

Her father, Frasier Robinson, was a pump operator for Chicago's water department and a precinct captain in the Democratic machine. Her mother, Marian, brought workbooks home to keep her children ahead of their classes. The ***working-class*** neighborhood was filled with uncles and grandparents, block associations and oak trees. ''We knew the gang-bangers -- my brother played basketball in the park,'' Mrs. Obama says. ''Home never feels dangerous.''

In 1981, she left for Princeton, an overwhelmingly white institution that cherished its genteel traditions. She was one of 94 black freshmen in a class of over 1,100. Catherine Donnelly, a white student from New Orleans, was a roommate. Her mother spent months pleading with Princeton officials to give her daughter a white roommate instead. ''Mom just blew a gasket when I described Michelle,'' Ms. Donnelly recalled. ''It was my secret shame.''

Mrs. Obama shrugs now. Some classmates resented blacks; some resented affirmative action. ''Diversity can't be taken care of with 10 kids,'' she says. ''There is an isolation that comes with that.''

Her brother, two years older, was a star basketball player at Princeton, but he felt similarly. ''If you're young and black and from the South Side, there are always going to be people who feel you should not be there,'' Craig Robinson said. ''You build up a thick skin.''

Black and white students rarely socialized. When Crystal Nix Hines became the first black editor of the student newspaper, The Daily Princetonian, some black students wondered why she wanted to run a ''white'' newspaper. Mrs. Obama, however, was thrilled that a historic barrier had fallen.

That did not stop her, however, from confronting Ms. Hines, a friend, over an article that contained what Mrs. Obama took to be inappropriate characterizations of a black politician. '' 'You need to make sure that a story like that doesn't run again,' '' Ms. Hines recalls her friend saying with utter calm.

Sociology became her lens to examine her anxieties about race. Mrs. Obama spent hours in the office of Professor Marvin Bressler. ''She was troubled by the questions that troubled every student in that situation,'' he said. ''They all walk around saying, 'Who am I?' ''

In her senior thesis, she asked: Does immersion in an elite white institution draw blacks away from their community? She surveyed black Princeton alumni, finding their ties weakened after graduation.

''The path I have chosen to follow by attending Princeton,'' Mrs. Obama wrote in the introduction, ''will likely lead to my further integration and/or assimilation into a white cultural and social structure that will only allow me to remain on the periphery of society, never becoming a full participant.''

Mitchell Duneier, a sociology professor at Princeton who reviews undergraduate theses, noted that Mrs. Obama rejected some of her own theories. ''Her senior thesis is being misread as if it is a polemical essay about her alienation,'' Professor Duneier said.

Epiphany Leads to Home

Michelle Obama recalls gazing out the window of her plush 47th-floor office in downtown Chicago and realizing that she could barely see, literally or metaphorically, her beloved South Side.

After graduating from Harvard Law School in 1988, Mrs. Obama took a job at what is now Sidley Austin, a corporate law firm. She had a handsome salary and the prospect of better to come.

Then a close friend from college died. So did her father, who had long suffered from multiple sclerosis; Michelle so adored him that she would curl up in his lap even as an adult.

''I looked out at my neighborhood and sort of had an epiphany that I had to bring my skills to bear in the place that made me,'' she says in the interview. ''I wanted to have a career motivated by passion and not just money.''

Eventually, she started the Chicago chapter of a training program called Public Allies. One day, looking for young leaders, she might knock on doors at Cabrini-Green, a public housing project so violent and neglected it would later be mostly demolished. Another day, she discovered Jose A. Rico, a young Mexican so alienated that he insisted on remaining an illegal immigrant rather than pursue citizenship. What is your goal? he recalled her asking.

To open a high school for Latinos, he replied. Mrs. Obama nodded: Good, tell me exactly how you would do it.

''Michelle was tough, man; she let nothing slide,'' said Mr. Rico, now principal of Multicultural Arts High School in Chicago, which he helped start.

She preached the gospel of the second and third chance, insisting that the white youth from Swarthmore work alongside the former gang member.

Every Friday, the young people would sprawl around Mrs. Obama's office, swapping frustrations. When a white college student complained that Mr. Rico took forever to write a simple memorandum, Mr. Rico recalls responding, Who are you to speak, when you babble in pidgin Spanish and act arrogant?

Blacks accused whites of being clueless. Whites said blacks masked insecurity with anger. Mrs. Obama probed carefully, sometimes dialing up the heat before turning it down.

''I hate diversity workshops,'' she says. ''Real change comes from having enough comfort to be really honest and say something very uncomfortable.''

Mr. Rico is intrigued to see her on television now. ''Her style is still to say: 'Hey! I'm going to tell you where I stand, and you figure out where you stand,' '' he said.

By 2001, Mrs. Obama, married for nine years and the mother of two daughters, had taken a job as vice president of community affairs at the University of Chicago Medical Center. She soon discovered just how acrimonious those affairs were.

Hospital brass had gathered to break ground for a children's wing when African-American protesters broke in with bullhorns, drowning out the proceedings with demands that the hospital award more contracts to minority firms.

The executives froze. Mrs. Obama strolled over and offered to meet later, if only the protestors would pipe down. She revised the contracting system, sending so much business to firms owned by women and other minorities that the hospital won awards.

In the mostly black neighborhoods around the hospital, Mrs. Obama became the voice of a historically white institution. Behind closed doors, she tried to assuage their frustrations about a place that could seem forbidding.

Like many urban hospitals, the medical center's emergency room becomes clogged with people who need primary care. So Mrs. Obama trained counselors, mostly local blacks, to hand out referrals to health clinics lest black patients felt they were being shooed away.

She also altered the hospital's research agenda. When the human papillomavirus vaccine, which can prevent cervical cancer, became available, researchers proposed approaching local school principals about enlisting black teenage girls as research subjects.

Mrs. Obama stopped that. The prospect of white doctors performing a trial with black teenage girls summoned the specter of the Tuskegee syphilis experiment of the mid-20th century, when white doctors let hundreds of black men go untreated to study the disease.

''She'll talk about the elephant in the room,'' said Susan Sher, her boss at the hospital, where Mrs. Obama is on leave from her more-than-$300,000-a-year job.

New Role, New Script

Rather than pulling Mrs. Obama behind a curtain, her husband's campaign is pushing her farther out on stage. She remains a charismatic presence, and when she gives her husband a fist dap or talks of him as a father, she is telling voters, this is a regular guy. This South Side woman anchors him in her reality.

In coming weeks, Mrs. Obama will visit the spouses of military personnel and talk of the patriotic duty to provide these families with care and services. And the campaign has hired Stephanie Cutter, a veteran strategist, as her chief of staff, who will seek to deflect attacks.

Senator Claire McCaskill, Democrat of Missouri, a close ally of the Obama campaign, says Mrs. Obama must stop sounding like a lawyer trying to win an argument. The trick, she said, is ''not pushing so hard to persuade people that Barack is the right one.''

''All she has to do is be likable,'' Mrs. McCaskill said.

Mrs. Obama has already had to check her brutally honest approach to talking about race. Now she co-stars in a campaign that would as soon mute most discussion of race.

As her plane descends into a northern Montana valley, she sounds like a woman who wishes she could sit voters down for a long talk. ''You know, if someone sat in a room with me for five minutes after hearing these rumors, they'd go 'huh?' '' she says. ''They'd realize it doesn't make sense.''

She extends her long arms, her voice plaintive. ''I will walk anyone through my life,'' she says. ''Come on, let's go.''

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

**Correction**

A picture credit on Wednesday with the continuation of a front-page article about a subtle image makeover for Michelle Obama misspelled part of the name of the agency that provided the photograph. The picture of Mrs. Obama at the University of Chicago Medical Center was from Heidi Zeiger Photography, not Zeigler.

**Correction-Date:** June 19, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Michelle Obama listening to her husband, Senator Barack Obama, deliver a speech on race in Philadelphia in March. (PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSICA KOURKOUNIS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. A1)

From left: Michelle Obama has taken a leave from her community affairs job at the University of Chicago Medical Center

with her husband

with her children, Sasha, 7, and Malia, 9, at church. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY FROM LEFT, HEIDI ZEIGLER PHOTOGRAPHY

OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES

ALEX BRANDON/ASSOCIATED PRESS) (pg. A17)

Mrs. Obama with aides at the Xcel Energy Center in St. Paul on the night her husband claimed the nomination. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg. A17)

**Load-Date:** June 18, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Brooklyn's Spirited Council Race;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W1J0-0024-J1R9-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Diverse Neighborhood Produces a Contest of Real Choices***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W1J0-0024-J1R9-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 28, 1993, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 21; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Column 2;

**Length:** 1302 words

**Byline:** By CLIFFORD J. LEVY

By CLIFFORD J. LEVY

**Body**

Migdalia Rivera was wading through the crowds on Fifth Avenue in Sunset Park, Brooklyn, earlier this week, handshaking her way past a vendor displaying salsa tapes, a branch of Banco Popular, a "Farmacia" and a wizened immigrant selling shaved ices drenched in syrup.

"El 14 de Septiembre!" Ms. Rivera, a candidate for City Council in the 38th District, said to most every passer-by, as if she were speaking a mantra that would help lead her to victory over the Democratic incumbent, Joan Griffin McCabe.

"I always tell them that the primary is Sept. 14," Ms. Rivera said of her efforts to coax often reluctant Hispanic residents to the polls. "I usually say that even before I say my name."

In a year when most City Council members face little or no opposition in their re-election campaigns, the Democratic contest in the 38th District is an anomaly: a vibrant, scrappy race that gives voters a choice between three candidates with different styles, backgrounds and visions.

Ms. Rivera, 36, is a former office planner for Salomon Brothers, whose parents are from Puerto Rico. She is trying to muster a heavy turnout in Hispanic neighborhoods to upset Ms. McCabe. The other challenger, John Kennedy O'Hara, 32, hopes to mobilize the political base he has nurtured as a community board member and a candidate in earlier elections.

The district, which includes Sunset Park and slices of Park Slope, Windsor Terrace, Bay Ridge, Boerum Hill, Borough Park and Red Hook, is one of the city's most ethnically diverse. It is 54 percent Hispanic, with significant black and white populations, as well as a fast-growing Asian community that has built the city's third Chinatown in Sunset Park -- after those in lower Manhattan and Flushing, Queens.

Residents say they have many of the same concerns as most New Yorkers: crime, drugs, the public school system and affordable housing for the area's largely poor and ***working class*** population. The candidates have also focused on developing the decaying waterfront.

Strange Shape

The district is oddly shaped because it was set up in 1991 to create a Hispanic majority that could elect a Hispanic candidate to the newly expanded Council. But that year, Ms. McCabe, a former education consultant, defeated a field of nine in the Democratic primary, including three Hispanic candidates. In this overwhelmingly Democratic area, winning the primary is tantamount to winning the seat.

This year, Ms. McCabe, 37, is widely considered one of the few vulnerable Council members. Many of the borough's top Hispanic officials, fearing that the Hispanic vote would again be divided, threw their support to Ms. Rivera in the spring and discouraged other Hispanic candidates. And some of the city's major unions, including District Council 37, the union of municipal employees, are giving her logistical and financial help.

Even as Ms. Rivera is focusing on Hispanic neighborhoods, Mr. O'Hara, an Irish-American like Ms. McCabe, is gunning for the incumbent's base: the whites -- Irish, Italian and Jewish -- who make up nearly 30 percent of the district and tend to vote in heavy numbers.

And Ms. McCabe, who likes to portray herself as a renegade representative with a distaste for traditional party politics, has clashed so often with the Council's leadership that Speaker Peter F. Vallone is taking the rare step of withholding his support for her campaign.

But Ms. McCabe still has advantages. In New York City, incumbency is a powerful weapon. And she is not shying away from going after her challengers.

"I know people frame me as an outsider and an underdog, but how many outsiders and underdogs have done as much as I have in their first term on the new City Council?" she said. "Go check the record. I think I've done an incredible amount of work."

She cited her work on educational issues and her role in forcing the city in February to withdraw a plan to build a sludge composting plant on the waterfront in Sunset Park. She said she was particularly proud of her efforts to obtain "beacon" schools for the district, which stay open late and have social service, adult education and recreational operations.

Ms. McCabe has raised about $50,000 in donations and matching funds from the city for her campaign, more than double the total for either of her opponents, officials said. She has an experienced campaign staff and was able to deploy 300 volunteers to canvas for signatures for her nominating petitions.

A Name People Know

After more than two years of sending newsletters to constituents and press releases to neighborhood newspapers, Ms. McCabe appears to have better name recognition than Mr. O'Hara or Ms. Rivera, who has never held political office and decided to run only in April.

"If you believe in the force of history, then you have to believe that Rivera is going to win simply because the time is due for Puerto Rican voters to elect one of their own," said Norman Adler, a veteran political consultant in Brooklyn who is not involved in the 38th District campaign.

"But if you believe in the power of incumbency and finances and political organization, then McCabe should be able to pull it out," he added. "I would regard this as a decidedly uphill battle for Rivera."

The candidates agree that the race will hinge on turnout. In a district with almost 140,000 people, no more than 7,000 are expected to vote. Ms. Rivera is hoping that the presence of two other Hispanic candidates on the primary ballot -- Herman Badillo for comptroller and Roberto Ramirez for public advocate -- will lure Hispanic residents to the polls.

The campaign has grown increasingly bitter in recent weeks.

Ms. McCabe has called Ms. Rivera a pawn of Hispanic powerbrokers who "would prefer someone who doesn't have a brain." Ms. Rivera and Mr. O'Hara have said Ms. McCabe is so abrasive and so obsessed with proving her independence in the Council that she has hurt her district.

"Her maverick image doesn't produce anything for the area," said Mr. O'Hara, a lawyer who came in fifth in the 1991 Council primary and narrowly lost last year in the primary for State Assembly. "That's the job of the Council member. You are not there to legislate on some lofty issue. You are there to deliver services to your area. This is not the U.S. Senate."

In response, Ms. McCabe does not hesitate to describe herself as "very pushy." "The power of decisions shouldn't be with three people in the back room," she said. "Maybe it's about time that there were more of me out there."

She also pointed out that Mr. O'Hara was being investigated by the city's Campaign Finance Board, which has cited irregularities in his 1991 race and withheld matching funds. Mr. O'Hara said the problems stemmed from a few isolated cases of poor bookkeeping and would be resolved shortly.

Ms. Rivera has repeatedly accused Ms. McCabe of ignoring her Hispanic constituents. She says the Councilwoman takes too much credit for defeating the plan for the sludge composting plant, maintaining that the decision was rooted in the growing political strength of Hispanic residents.

"I find it very interesting that our Council member has not mentioned in her campaign literature any of the Latino elected officials who were the catalysts and the ones who fought the sludge," Ms. Rivera said. "We Latinos are invisible to the member representing us."

Ms. McCabe said many prominent Hispanic people in the area were backing her, and her chances may rest with supporters like John Toledo, 56, a retired factory worker who has organized a neighborhood patrol on 44th Street.

"They cut up the district so there would be more Hispanic representation, and that's fine," Mr. Toledo said. "But if the Hispanic who is running is not the best qualified, then I should vote for the other person, no matter who they are -- black, Jewish, Irish, whatever."

**Graphic**

Photo: The City Council race in the 38th District is an anomaly in a year when few members are being challenged. Three candidates are competing in the Sept. 14 Democratic primary. Migdalia Rivera, top, who has the support of Hispanic leaders, Joan Griffin McCabe, left, the incumbent, and John Kennedy O'Hara are running. (Photographs by Steve Hart for The New York Times)

Graph/Map: "New York City Council: 38th District" shows age, ethnicity, income and education of area. (Source: New York City Planning Department, based on 1990 census figures.) (pg. 24)

**Load-Date:** August 28, 1993

**End of Document**



[***THE POPE IN CUBA: THE PEOPLE;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RW0-4JF0-007F-G3KW-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Pope Carries His Message to the 'Rome' of an Afro-Cuban Faith***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RW0-4JF0-007F-G3KW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 25, 1998, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 8; Column 1; Foreign Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1451 words

**Byline:** By LARRY ROHTER

By LARRY ROHTER

**Dateline:** SANTIAGO DE CUBA, Jan. 24

**Body**

In a cramped back room of her tiny house in a run-down ***working-class*** neighborhood here, Noemi Rafaela Constantin Garcia has for decades carefully tended an altar honoring Nuestra Senora de la Caridad del Cobre, Cuba's patroness, and various other Catholic saints. Naturally, she was elated that Pope John Paul II would honor the patron saint at an outdoor Mass here today.

But Mrs. Constantin Garcia, a wizened 71-year-old grandmother, is also one of hundreds of santeros, or Santeria priests, who practice their African-derived faith in this city that has been called "the Rome of Santeria."

So when she looks at the Virgin of Cobre, she sees not only the mother of Jesus, but also Ochun, the Yoruba goddess of rivers, love, money, joy and abundance.

The resulting tensions and contradictions, heightened by Government moves favoring Santeria, appear to have been brought into sharp relief by the Pope's visit, but the theological and political challenge they pose will endure long after he has departed from Cuba.

"For us, Cobre and Ochun are one and the same thing," Mrs. Constantin Garcia said. "As Catholics, all these things come together for us. And that's the way it has been since before I was born, the way my ancestors handed it down to me and the way I have taught my own children and grandchildren."

When she was a child, Mrs. Constantin Garcia recalled, santeros were often persecuted by the police at the behest of local parish priests, who regarded the faith as nothing more than sacrilegious idolatry. But since "our beloved President Fidel Castro" took power, she added, Santeria has been allowed to flourish as never before in Cuba's 500-year history.

An estimated three-quarters of Cubans were Roman Catholics before the Cuban revolution in 1959. But the majority of Cuba's 11 million people, including many who consider themselves to be good Catholics, are now believed to follow Santeria and to regard it as an essential part of the nation's identity.

"In the African faiths resides a goodly portion of the Cuban soul," said Orlando Verges, acting director of the Casa del Caribe, a Government-sponsored cultural institute here that studies and promotes Santeria. "Practically all of Cuban music has emerged directly from syncretic cults, and much of its best art and even literature have been subject to its influence."

Santeria originated in West Africa and came to the Caribbean with the slave trade, which forced transported Africans to hide their polytheistic beliefs from their Spanish masters behind a facade of Roman Catholic saints. In Santeria, each of series of specialized gods are asked to intercede on behalf of petitioners. As a result, those deities acquired a dual identity so that, for instance, San Lazaro is also Babalu-aye, the god of healing, and the Virgin of Regla became Yemaya, mistress of the sea.

To the Roman Catholic Church hierarchy, however, Santeria's enhanced status under Mr. Castro, especially the protection and encouragement it has enjoyed since the Communist Party abandoned atheism in 1992, smacks of an organized campaign against Catholicism.

"This is a way of undermining the true church at a time when she is seeking to return to her historic mission," said a foreign-born priest in Havana, who spoke on condition of anonymity.

The manifestations of the favor Santeria now enjoys are many. Santeria ceremonies, normally carried out in houses rather than churches, are supposed to require a permit, but those are easily obtained and often ignored. Catholics, however, regularly complain that they have been denied requests to take their religious processions out of their sanctuaries and into the streets.

In addition, babalaos, as the high priests of Santeria are known, have often been granted visas to travel to Africa and Latin America to take part in international ceremonies and conferences. Thanks to the recent emphasis on tourism as a means of earning desperately needed hard currency, the Cuban Government supported the establishment of a Santeria museum here and has begun directing foreign visitors to Santeria ceremonies.

"In the old days, you had to hide the saints," said Dioscoride Vevey Bordeloy, an 83-year-old babalao here who is a devotee of Ogun, the god of iron and wood who is identified with St. Peter. "But during the time of Fidel, especially since the mid-80's, the state really hasn't messed with us."

Nowadays, santeros say, their biggest problem may be that Cubans do not have enough money to buy the animals needed for the sacrifices that are an essential part of the faith.

"This special period has been tough," said Sebastian Herrera Zapata, a friend of Mr. Vevey's and fellow drummer in a Santeria drum choir, referring to the austerity Mr. Castro imposed after the collapse of the Soviet bloc. "It's hard to find the materials you need for altars."

The Roman Catholic Church has also grown in numbers and influence over the last five years, but its leaders, from Jaime Cardinal Ortega on down, seem unsure of how to respond to the growing Santeria challenge. Some seem to favor what they call "inculturation," or peaceful existence. Some take a hard line of opposition, while others seem to move from one approach to the other, depending on the circumstances.

In recent homilies at Masses around Cuba, for instance, the Cardinal urged Catholics to steer away from what the church magazine Palabra Nueva described as "religious fanaticism and superstition."

Msgr. Jaime Gaitan, another prominent Havana cleric, has gone even further, condemning Santeria as a belief that "lowers man to mediocrity."

On the other hand, Mr. Vevey said, parish priests are often cooperative. "They respect us," he said, "and many of them let you go into their churches dressed all in white," the color that Santeria adepts are required to wear when they are baptized, a ritual essential to their faith.

In another indication that the church is grappling with the issue, Msgr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, a former Vicar of Havana and long an advocate of tolerance toward the Afro-Cuban faiths, has recently been reassigned to a suburban parish. Monsignor de Cespedes is a descendant of the Cuban national hero of the same name, who proclaimed the abolition of slavery in 1868 and dedicated his campaign for independence to the Virgin of Cobre.

Babalaos in Havana complain not only that their offer of a drum ceremony to welcome the Pope to Havana Cathedral was rejected by the church commission that organized John Paul's visit, but also that they have been unfairly excluded from an "ecumenical encounter" the Pope is scheduled to attend Sunday morning with leaders of Protestant and Jewish groups.

At a news conference here on Monday, however, Cardinal Ortega rejected those protests. He described Santeria practitioners as "members of the Catholic family" rather than part of a separate faith.

"They are baptized Christians, and we cannot engage in ecumenism with a part of the Catholic Church itself," Cardinal Ortega said, adding that he thought the controversy had been fomented by forces interested in dividing the church. "The church has always integrated popular religiosity, never excluded it, and this would be a way of excluding it."

Here, of course, the large number of faithful who regard themselves as both Catholics and Santeria followers are mainly interested in hearing how John Paul II plans to address the conflict. "I think that the Holy Father is smart enough to realize that he is in a country where popular religious expression has an African base," Mr. Verges said.

In his homily here today, before a crowd the Vatican estimated at 500,000 people, the Pope did indeed carefully skirt the controversy, focusing his remarks on a call for greater political liberties. He referred only to "the rich plurality of this people" and described the Virgin of Cobre as "the Queen and Mother of all Cubans -- regardless of race, political allegiance or ideology."

Mrs. Constantin Garcia, known as "Cucha" to the neighbors who come to her for "limpiezas," or "cleansings," said there was no way she and her three daughters and six grandchildren would miss the Mass here this morning. "We love God, the church, the Pope and the Virgin of Cobre, so of course we will all be there," she said on Thursday.

But she also said that she intended to continue with the consultations that earn her prestige and a few pesos, advising followers who come to her with sick children, or seeking advice on amorous matters, or wanting to know how to assure they will get good grades or the job they want. Nothing, she said, not even the Pope's disapproval, can stop her from that.

"I was born for this," she said. "This is a chain, and I am part of it. Ochun is ours."

**Graphic**

Photo: The sanctuary of Nuestra Senora de la Caridad, the patron saint of Cuba, in the town of El Cobre. The Pope visited Santiago de Cuba yesterday to celebrate a Mass honoring the saint. (ANGEL FRANCO/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Map of Cuba showing the location of Santiago de Cuba: A Mass in Santiago de Cuba, where followers of Santeria have blended a faith from Africa with Catholicism, presented tensions for the Pope.

**Load-Date:** January 25, 1998

**End of Document**



[***Mr. Misunderstood? Willis Makes Himself Clear***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TKT0-0024-J3VW-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 21, 1993, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 13; Column 1; Cultural Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1249 words

**Byline:** Bruce Willis

By BERNARD WEINRAUB,

By BERNARD WEINRAUB,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 20

**Body**

Bruce Willis laughed. "If anyone said this career was going to happen," he said, "if anyone said I was going to make more money on one picture than anyone in my county in New Jersey made in their entire lives, if anyone said I'd have people trying to take pictures of me when I walk outside and wackos following me around and me living this life, I would have said, 'Hey, you're out of your mind.' "

Mr. Willis's newest film, "Striking Distance," is No. 1 at the box office this week, a testament to the movie star's drawing power, and certainly not to the reviews, which were modest at best. But Mr. Willis, 38, accepts the film, his overall success and his stardom as if he finds it all a little hard to believe.

"If you can find out why this film or any film does any good, I'll give you all the money I have," he said in an interview this morning. "No one knows. You see dogs, idiotic films, make $150 million. And you see terrific films that die. Nobody knows the answer. Maybe it's because people like me are in these kinds of films."

'Not a Devious Man'

Unusually blunt, even by Hollywood standards, Mr. Willis is engaging, shrewd and rich enough not to mind where the chips fall. He rarely gives interviews because, he said, the news media have misrepresented and misquoted him and treated him badly. His feistiness and toughness, he implied, can be misconstrued as throwing his weight around.

Mr. Willis knows that "Striking Distance" may founder over the next few weeks, but he shrugs that possibility off. "I'm not a devious man," he said in another interview, late on a recent night, seated in a deserted hotel lobby in Santa Monica during a break in the making of a new film, "Color of Night."

"I don't cheat, lie or go out of my way to mess people over, but I'm still amazed at the venal garbage that goes on in this town," he said. "People lie about you. People want to see you fail. It's so competitive here, you can see how much people want to see you fail."

Why is there so much venality here?

"If you figure it out, call me," the actor said.

Mr. Willis has the reputation of having a volatile temperament, and he has had his share of failures, notably "Hudson Hawk," the big-budget 1991 action-adventure that was savaged by the critics and seemed, at the time, to be a metaphor for overindulgence. ("Did it hurt me?" he said with a shrug. "It's in profit. Nobody's interested in that.")

The movies for which Mr. Willis is best known are the two hugely successful "Die Hard" films. Yet what has separated him from other action-movie stars, like Arnold Schwarzenegger or Sylvester Stallone, is not so much the types of films he has appeared in, but an ironic style, a ***working-class*** persona and his New York theatrical background, which still makes him hunger for other sorts of parts.

Mr. Willis seems torn between the big-bucks roles that have made him a star and more serious parts, which are riskier, less visible and have thus far garnered him little critical acclaim.

He played a haunted Vietnam veteran in the 1989 film "In Country," and he was the voice of the wisecracking baby in "Look Who's Talking," and its sequel. He spoofed himself in "The Player," played a meek, bespectacled physician in "Death Becomes Her," was a gangster in "Billy Bathgate" and appeared as a tabloid reporter in the disastrous "Bonfire of the Vanities."

In "Striking Distance," a Columbia movie, he plays a Pittsburgh policeman on river-rescue patrol duty, in search of a serial killer. For Mr. Willis, who can earn at least $10 million for an action movie, the role is hardly a stretch. In "Color of Night," an erotic thriller made by Hollywood Pictures, he plays a New York psychologist who is traumatized by the suicide of a patient. His next movie will be Quentin Tarantino's "Pulp Fiction," in which he is to portray a down-and-out boxer. After that, Mr. Willis is planning a long break, perhaps a year.

"If you're a so-called movie star, there's no catching-up time," he said. "You're just on this fast-moving freeway and you can't take the side roads and examine your choices and where you've been and what you're doing."

His wife, Demi Moore, is expecting their third child in the spring. He talks of returning to New York to appear on the stage. He has read several plays, he said, but he won't discuss them, saying he has not made up his mind about them.

Mr. Willis plainly misses New York. He grew up in Penns Grove, N.J., in Salem County, near the Delaware line; worked after high school at the nearby Dupont chemical plant, like his father, and then quit to study acting at Montclair State.

"I had what alcoholics call 'a moment of clarity,' " he recalled. "I looked at those guys working in the plant, walking in the same steps every day, and I said, 'Not me.' As soon as I began acting in college, I felt blessed. I found a home."

'Moonlighting' Strikes

The star is known, of course, as the New York actor who was plucked out of anonymity and selected from 3,000 contenders to star as David Addison in the television series "Moonlighting." Before that, he was an increasingly successful Off Broadway actor who also worked as a waiter and bartender.

"I lived for seven years in the same place, a fifth-floor walk-up on 49th, between Ninth and 10th," Mr. Willis said.

"Now I have an apartment in New York that I can almost see my old apartment from," he continued. "It's about a mile and a quarter and many light-years away."

"There's more confidence in New York than here," he said. "This town is fear-driven. Now you have accountants, lawyers and agents running studios and what we do, that mysterious thing called performance, is something the guys writing the checks can't grasp. In another place, if you gamble with 60 or 90 million dollars and you fail, there are dire consequences. You lose your job. You get run out of town. Here, I've seen whole regimes drummed out of studios, people say they don't know what they're doing, and then they show up at another studio. There's a tremendous amount of upward failure here."

"And some directors," he said, rolling his eyes. "They make grossly negligent mistakes and a couple of years go by and they're back. It's amazing. Guys who really shouldn't be in charge of anything are given $30 million to make another film."

Mr. Willis insists he is not thin-skinned, but like most people in Hollywood, even the most powerful -- especially the most powerful -- the slightest criticism seems to grate on him.

"With this whole turmoil about 'Hudson Hawk,' I realized I didn't need to have people say nice things about me," he said. "It would be great if I got the nice press that some actors get without trying. But I don't need it. The gift I got from 'Hudson Hawk' was that I don't expect another good review. You guys get the last word. I've had writers walk into my trailer, openly hostile, and I asked them why and they say, 'Because I don't particularly care for you.' So you can't win."

As he approaches the age of 40, Mr. Willis said, he is convinced that there will soon be more provocative roles for him. He looks at such actors as Harrison Ford, Clint Eastwood, Dustin Hoffman, Robert De Niro and Al Pacino as models.

"It's not that way for women," he said. "If I was a woman, I'd do something different. Look at my wife. She's a phenomenon. Her last four films have done tremendous business. She's young. She doesn't think about being 50, but I bet Hollywood does. They're probably already trying to get a 15-year-old to be the next Demi Moore."

**Graphic**

Photo: "If you can find out why this film or any film does any good," said Bruce Willis, "I'll give you all the money I have." His latest film, "Striking Distance," is leading at the box office this week. (Albert Ferreira/DMI)

**Load-Date:** September 21, 1993

**End of Document**



[***A Promise or a Threat?;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W4X0-0024-J1HM-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Long-Sought Supermarket Now Draws Fire***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-W4X0-0024-J1HM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 9, 1993, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1397 words

**Byline:** By STEVEN LEE MYERS

By STEVEN LEE MYERS

**Body**

For more than three years, a coalition of church congregations in southeastern Queens has clamored, cajoled, begged and lobbied to lure one of the amenities of suburbia: a huge, modern supermarket like those taken for granted almost everywhere in America except New York City.

Now, two decades after the major supermarket chains abandoned largely black neighborhoods, consigning their shoppers to smaller, more expensive groceries, the church coalition appears to have succeeded.

And yet, even as they envision fresh meat, vegetables and economic development, their hopes have run headlong into the swelling neighborhood opposition that has greeted the recent arrival in New York of some of the nation's largest discount retailers.

Plans for a Megastore

Supermarkets General Corporation, which owns the Pathmark chain, has agreed to build one of the city's largest supermarkets -- a 62,000-square-foot megastore with a deli, florist, bakery, pharmacy and video rental -- where a warehouse now stands on the border of Springfield Gardens and Laurelton.

But even as the coalition that lured it, the Queens Citizens Organization, plans a ceremony for Tuesday to announce the project and its promise of better shopping and 250 jobs, some residents and merchants in Laurelton have already objected vehemently. Calling it a threat to a way of life, they have vowed to fight the zoning variances the Pathmark will need.

"We don't need a supermarket of that magnitude," said Herbert Murdock, a high school assistant principal and chairman of the Federation of Laurelton Block Associations, who lives a few blocks from the proposed site. "An urban blight, that's what it will be."

Growing Resistance

While large new stores often meet local resistance, especially from small merchants, opposition to superstores appears to be mounting as more of them arrive in the city -- from the grumbling about a block-long Barnes & Noble bookstore on the Upper West Side of Manhattan to the court challenge to a Home Depot at Aqueduct Race Track in Queens.

And as the city's Department of City Planning rewrites its zoning policies to make it easier for more such stores to open, the impact of the discount retailers has become a campaign issue.

On the steps of City Hall last Tuesday, Herman Badillo, the Republican-Liberal candidate for Comptroller who is also seeking the Democratic nomination, joined a demonstration by a trade group opposing the Pathmark and denounced the zoning proposals, warning of an "invasion of mega stores" and attacking Mayor David N. Dinkins.

"This zoning proposal by the Dinkins administration is one more piece of evidence of the Mayor's unremitting attack on small businesses," said Mr. Badillo, who is running on the same ticket as Rudolph W. Giuliani, the Republican-Liberal candidate for mayor.

The city's planners and many elected officials dismiss the opposition as misinformed and shortsighted. They say that the newly arrived superstores have not destroyed the city's shopping neighborhoods and in fact attract new customers to stagnant districts. They also say that the city must do all it can to attract retailers that could create thousands of jobs and generate millions of dollars in tax revenues on purchases that New Yorkers now make in the suburbs.

"There certainly is some opposition from small merchants who are worried about competition, but I'm not sure what the eight million other New Yorkers think," said Barry Dinerstein, a senior planner at the City Planning Department. "It would be unfortunate if the small merchants would not allow them that choice."

For the coalition of 25 churches that worked to attract the Pathmark, the opposition has become the latest obstacle in a long, frustrating effort to bring a fixture of suburban life to their neighborhoods.

Paying More, Getting Less

The effort grew out of a basic fact of urban life: people in the city's less-affluent, mostly minority neighborhoods have to pay more for food in small markets and corner delis than those in the middle-class neighborhoods and the suburbs, who have easy access to large supermarkets.

For the coalition's leaders, that disparity prompts a flurry of passionate anecdotes about inconveniences and indignities, higher prices, filthy aisles, wilting vegetables and long drives to the suburbs in search of a decent supermarket.

Nola Southerland, the co-chairwoman of the coalition, complained of not being able to buy laundry soap in bulk, of the iron bars that won't let shopping carts into parking lots, of angrily pointing out rotting meat to a store manager only to be told it was "the manager's special." Her only recourse has been to drive to Nassau County to do her shopping.

"After all these years of seeing these things, of taking our money and spending it outside our neighborhood, we asked, 'Why can't we have that here?' " said Mrs. Southerland, a retired telephone company executive from St. Albans.

After approaching Pathmark and then ruling out a series of locations, the church coalition settled on a 16.5-acre site at the corner of Merrick and Springfield Boulevards now occupied by a hulking, underused warehouse owned by the Nynex Corporation.

Special Permit Needed

Under the agreement between Pathmark's parent company, Nynex and Norse Realty, a developer in Queens, the structure would be razed to make room for two buildings, one for Nynex, the other for the new Pathmark. Since the site is zoned for industrial use, the project would require a special zoning permit, a process that could take a year or more.

"We think there is a great opportunity and an unmet need for shoppers in that part of the city," said Harvey Gutman, senior vice president for retail development at Supermarkets General. He noted that the Queens store would be one of the largest of the company's 147 Pathmarks. "That's why we're very excited," he said.

Along Merrick Boulevard, which fading signs on telephone poles identify as the "Laurelton Renaissance Shopping District," the reaction has been less enthusiastic.

Like the other neighborhoods of southeastern Queens, such as Springfield Gardens, Cambria Heights and St. Albans, Laurelton is a mostly black, mostly ***working-class*** neighborhood of leafy streets and neat rows of single-family wood-frame or Tudor houses. And like the others, it is a place where residents are fiercely protective of their almost suburban way of life.

Some residents and merchants on Merrick Boulevard, which extends east from the site of the proposed Pathmark, have already complained that the giant supermarket would undo the work of civic leaders who have struggled to revive the neighborhood's commercial strip after years of decline.

'Don't Want Empty Stores'

At Marder's Pharmacy, a neighborhood landmark for 30 years, a manager, Michael Rogoff, said merchants would be forced out of business by Pathmark's low prices and high volume, leaving behind vacant storefronts that would attract crime and litter.

"You don't want empty stores," said Mr. Rogoff, who like others in the neighborhood often refers to Laurelton as "town." "It's always been a small community. Something like this will be devastating."

More than 125 people turned out for a town hall meeting on Thursday night, organized by City Councilwoman Juanita E. Watkins, to discuss the proposed Pathmark. Though some said they welcomed the competition the supermarket would bring, many criticized the plan.

"The talk of profits and jobs is, to be honest, pie in the sky," said Astley Campbell, who warned that the Pathmark would shut down neighborhood businesses, leaving the shopping district and the homes around it to decline in value. "We must put our resources together and block this project morally, politically and legally."

The coalition supporting the Pathmark, which has the backing of the city's economic development officials, Borough President Claire Shulman and other elected officials, vowed to respond to the opposition by rallying those who have complained for years about the dearth of major supermarkets.

"They're trying to draw lines," the Rev. Leroy Burns of the Second Gateway Church of God in Christ in South Ozone Park said of the Pathmark's opponents. "They're trying to make it into something that it's not.

"We've been working on this for three and a half years. And I can tell you that we have more people on our side, who want it, than they have on theirs, that don't."

**Graphic**

Map of Queens showing proposed site of store.

**Load-Date:** August 9, 1993

**End of Document**



[***A Trailblazer And a Dreamer - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7VSV-1B81-2PBB-203W-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 27, 2009 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1; WOMAN IN THE NEWS

**Length:** 4887 words

**Byline:** By SHERYL GAY STOLBERG; Contributors to this article include Jo Becker, David Gonzalez, Jodi Kantor, Serge F. Kovaleski, William K. Rashbaum, Benjamin Weiser, Manny Fernandez, Karen Zraick, Colin Moynihan, Richard Perez-Pena and Michael Powell from New York; and Charlie Savage, Scott Shane and Neil A. Lewis from Washington. Kitty Bennett, Itai Maytal and Barclay Walsh contributed research.

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

She was ''a child with dreams,'' as she once said, the little girl who learned at 8 that she had diabetes, who lost her father when she was 9, who devoured Nancy Drew books and spent Saturday nights playing bingo, marking the cards with chickpeas, in the squat red brick housing projects of the East Bronx.

She was the history major and Puerto Rican student activist at Princeton who spent her first year at that bastion of the Ivy League ''too intimidated to ask questions.'' She was the tough-minded New York City prosecutor, and later the corporate lawyer with the dazzling international clients. She was the federal judge who ''saved baseball'' by siding with the players' union during a strike.

Now Sonia Sotomayor -- a self-described ''Nuyorican'' whose mother, a nurse, and father, a factory worker, left Puerto Rico during World War II -- is President Obama's choice for the Supreme Court, with a chance to make history as only the third woman and first Hispanic to sit on the highest court in the land. Her up-by-the-bootstraps tale, an only-in-America story that in many ways mirrors Mr. Obama's own, is one reason for her selection, and it is the animating characteristic of her approach to both life and the law.

''Personal experiences affect the facts that judges choose to see,'' Judge Sotomayor (pronounced so-toe-my-OR) said in 2001, in a lecture titled ''A Latina Judge's Voice.'' ''My hope is that I will take the good from my experiences and extrapolate them further into areas with which I am unfamiliar. I simply do not know exactly what that difference will be in my judging. But I accept there will be some based on my gender and my Latina heritage.''

From her days going to the movies with cousins to see Cantinflas, a Mexican comedian whom she once called the ''Abbott and Costello of my generation,'' to her current life in the rarefied world of the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, Judge Sotomayor, 54, has traveled what Mr. Obama called ''an extraordinary journey.''

In her 2001 address, she spoke longingly of the ''sound of merengue at all our family parties'' and the Puerto Rican delicacies -- patitas de cerdo con garbanzos (pigs' feet with beans) and la lengua y orejas de cuchifrito (pigs' tongue and ears) -- that appealed to the ''particularly adventurous taste buds'' that she called ''a very special part of my being Latina.''

Today, Judge Sotomayor's culinary tastes range from tuna fish and cottage cheese for lunch with clerks in her chambers, to her standard order at the Blue Ribbon Bakery: smoked sturgeon on toast, with Dijon mustard, onions and capers. She works out three times a week, putting in three miles on the treadmill in the court's gym. Divorced and with no children, she enjoys the ballet and theater and lives in a condominium in Greenwich Village -- both a subway ride and a world away from the housing projects where she grew up.

Yet a few things have not changed: her feeling of herself as ''not completely a part of the worlds I inhabit,'' as she said in one speech; her drive and ambition; and her willingness to speak up about her own identity as a Latina and a woman. In many ways, she is walking through a door she pushed open herself. On the bench, Judge Sotomayor may be a careful deliberator, but off it she has been a tireless advocate for Latinos.

In 1976, she wrote her senior thesis at Princeton on Luis Munoz Marin, the first democratically elected governor of Puerto Rico, and dedicated it in part ''to the people of my island -- for the rich history that is mine.'' She has lectured at the University of Puerto Rico School of Law. In 2001, she was a speaker at a Princeton-sponsored conference titled ''Puerto Ricans: Second-Class Citizens in 'Our' Democracy?'''

In describing his criteria for a Supreme Court pick, Mr. Obama said he was looking for empathy -- a word that conservatives, who are already attacking Judge Sotomayor, have described as code for an activist judge with liberal views who will impose her own agenda on the law. Her critics also raise questions about her judicial temperament, saying she can be abrupt and impatient on the bench.

But Judge Sotomayor's friends say she is simply someone who will bring the ''common touch'' that the president has said he prizes to her understanding of the law.

''I think she's compassionate and empathetic, and I think she is going to really listen to people who are alleging that they have been victimized in some way,'' said Robert H. Klonoff, dean of the Lewis & Clark Law School in Portland, Ore., who attended Yale Law with Judge Sotomayor and considers her a friend. Dean Klonoff, who last saw the judge in her New York chambers the day after Mr. Obama's election, compares her to Thurgood Marshall, the Supreme Court's first black justice, for the perspective he says she would bring to the court.

''She had such a different path,'' he said. ''There were so many people that had Roman numerals after their names and long histories of family members who had gone to Yale, and here was this woman who was from the projects, not hiding her views at all, just totally outspoken. She's one of those where, even at a school with great people, I knew that she was going to go on and do amazing things.''

Childhood in the East Bronx

There was something of a pioneer spirit among the Puerto Ricans who settled into the East Bronx after braving tenements farther south or poverty back on the island. To settle into the Bronxdale Houses, as Sonia Sotomayor's family ultimately did in the 1960s, was to find a haven of sorts, according to people who lived there then.

''Here was a paradise,'' said Ricardo Velez, who was among the earliest tenants when he moved to his apartment in 1956. ''It was beautiful.''

This was the place where Sonia's parents, Celina and Juan Sotomayor, intended to raise their children -- Ms. Sotomayor and her brother, Juan, who is now a doctor in Syracuse. The couple met and married during World War II after Celina was discharged from the Women's Army Corps, the WACS, the outlet for women of her generation to give to the war effort. Celina Sotomayor had left Puerto Rico at 17 to sign up, shipping off to Georgia for her training with no relatives in the mainland United States.

While her husband worked at a tool-and-die factory, Celina Sotomayor -- by all accounts the driving force in her daughter's life -- went on to become a telephone operator at Prospect Hospital, a small private hospital in the South Bronx, and later received her practical nurse's license. The family's life was upended when Sonia's father died at 42, in part from heart complications that had kept him out of the Army. Celina Sotomayor, a widow with two young children and no savings, began working six days a week.

Her daughter retreated into books. Sonia Sotomayor loved the Nancy Drew mysteries, she once said, and yearned to be a police detective. But the doctor who had diagnosed her diabetes told her that she would not be able to do that kind of work. (The White House says Judge Sotomayor's diabetes, a disease that can ultimately cause blindness, heart disease and kidney ailments, has been under control through insulin injections and careful monitoring for decades and does not affect her work.)

A 'Perry Mason' Moment

She also spent hours watching ''Perry Mason'' on television. An episode that ended with the camera fixed on the judge helped her set a new career goal, she told The Associated Press in 1998. ''I realized that the judge was the most important player in the room,'' she said at the time.

The Bronxdale Houses were still ethnically mixed when the Sotomayors lived there, and neighbors say it felt mostly safe. But Judge Sotomayor recalled in a 1998 interview with The A.P. that temptation was lurking nearby.

''There were working poor in the projects,'' she said. ''There were poor poor in the projects. There were sick poor in the projects. There were addicts and non-addicts and all sorts of people, every one of them with problems, and each group with a different response, different methods of survival, different reactions to the adversity they were facing. And you saw kids making choices.''

Parents made choices, too. For Celina Sotomayor, education was the highest priority; she bought her children an Encyclopaedia Britannica, a novelty in the projects. ''She was famous for the encyclopedia,'' said Milagros Baez O'Toole, a cousin.

Roman Catholic schools of that era were embraced by many ***working-class*** Puerto Rican parents who saw the public schools as too rowdy and dangerous. The Sotomayor family, which is Catholic, was among them. Judge Sotomayor attended Cardinal Spellman High School in the Northeast Bronx, which opened in 1959 and earned a reputation as a school for high achievers. She graduated as valedictorian in 1972.

Jeri Faulkner, who was a freshman when Judge Sotomayor was a senior, remembers black students sat at one table in the cafeteria, and Latino students at another. But Ms. Faulkner, who is now the school's dean of students, said Ms. Sotomayor inspired her.

''As a freshman, when you're looking at seniors, you're a little awestruck with them,'' Ms. Faulkner said. ''She was smart. She always had time for you if you needed to speak to her. She didn't belittle your questions. She wasn't aloof. She was one of us.''

When Ms. Sotomayor entered Cardinal Spellman in the late 1960s, boys and girls were rigidly segregated into opposing wings of the school, with a nun stationed at a central point to enforce gender separation. But this ''co-institutional'' arrangement was abandoned while she was there, and the sexes mixed freely by the time she graduated. Ms. Sotomayor had a sweetheart, Kevin E. Noonan. ''She was irrepressible, very popular, very bright, very dynamic,'' said one classmate who asked not to be named. ''She wasn't overbearing about it, but you knew she was in the room.''

By then, the Sotomayor family had moved to a new apartment in Co-op City -- a clear step up from the projects. The family's Co-op City kitchen table became a regular gathering spot for food and conversation for Sonia's classmates and debate team buddies.

''Sonia was very much the ruler of the kitchen-table debate,'' said Kenneth K. Moy, the son of Chinese immigrants who was a year ahead of her at both Spellman and later Princeton. ''She was very analytical, even back then. It was clear to people who knew her that if she wasn't going to be a lawyer, she was going to be in public life somehow.''

Mr. Moy said Ms. Sotomayor's crowd was a diverse mix of students that included immigrants from struggling families and others from well-to-do parts of Westchester County. They endlessly hashed over not only school gossip, but also Vietnam -- where their friends were serving in a war that had divided the school -- as well as the country, race relations and social justice, he said.

Sonia's mother, Celina, would return home after long hours working as a nurse and feed the crowd of teenagers rice and beans and sometimes pork chops. ''I can't tell you how many times I said, 'Is there another pork chop?' -- and there was,'' said Mr. Moy, now a lawyer in Oakland, Calif. Later, he urged his friend to follow him to Princeton. But he was candid, he said, about what she would face there as a Puerto Rican from a modest background.

''I told her I don't want you to come here with any illusions,'' Mr. Moy recalled. ''Social isolation is going to be a part of your experience, and you have to have the strength of character to get through intact.''

Adjusting to Princeton

When Ms. Sotomayor arrived at Princeton in the fall of 1972, she was one of the only Latinos there: there were no professors, no administrators, and only a double-digit number of students. Princeton women were sharply outnumbered as well; the first ones had been admitted only a few years earlier, and some alumni had protested their increasing ranks. (Justice Samuel A. Alito Jr., who graduated just a few months before Ms. Sotomayor arrived, belonged to one of the groups that protested.)

Ms. Sotomayor was terrified: she barely raised her hand in class initially, and years later, she confessed to a friend at Yale Law School that she could ''barely write'' when she arrived at Princeton. So she barricaded herself in the library, earning a reputation as a grind (her diligence would pay off with her eventual election to Phi Beta Kappa). She spent her summers inhaling children's classics, grammar books and literature that many Princeton peers had already conquered at Choate or Exeter.

She also readily accepted help. When Ms. Sotomayor arrived in Nancy Weiss Malkiel's history class in the spring of her freshman year, for example, she seemed unprepared, Ms. Malkiel recalled in an e-mail message. But Ms. Malkiel tutored her in how to read sources and write analytically, and by late in the semester, Ms. Sotomayor was flourishing.

By her junior year or so, ''I don't remember her being shy or reticent about much of anything,'' said Jerry Cox, a classmate.

Ms. Sotomayor also became involved in campus politics. After heavy lobbying, she joined Accion Puertorriquena, an organization working for more opportunity for Puerto Rican students.

''Sonia had to be persuaded to join us,'' said Margarita Rosa, a friend from high school. ''We were a ragtag-looking bunch, and she was always methodical in her decision making.''

Soon Ms. Sotomayor was co-chairwoman of the organization, which filed a formal letter of complaint with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, accusing the university of discrimination in hiring and admission.

''The facts imply and reflect a total absence of regard, concern and respect for an entire people and their culture,'' she wrote in an opinion article in The Daily Princetonian. ''In effect, they represent an effort -- a successful effort so far -- to relegate an important cultural sector of the population to oblivion.''

In her student thesis, which she dedicated to nine friends and family members, Ms. Sotomayor wrote about Puerto Rico's long struggle for political and economic self-determination. While Munoz Marin created great hope among Puerto Ricans, ''the island has continued to be plagued by unemployment, absentee ownership and dependency on mainland revenues,'' she concluded. When Ms. Sotomayor graduated, she was awarded the Pyne Prize, the university's highest undergraduate award, presented for a combination of strong grades and extracurricular work. Even before she won, everyone on campus seemed to know who she was. ''I certainly admired her from afar,'' said Randall Kennedy, now a professor at Harvard Law School and along with Ms. Sotomayor, a member of Princeton's Board of Trustees.

Ms. Sotomayor went straight to Yale Law School, where she researched and wrote her way onto the law review by analyzing the arcane constitutional issues that would determine whether Puerto Rico would be allowed to maintain access to its seabed if it became a state.

Even when she described positions with which she disagreed, ''she was scrupulous about giving the strongest form,'' said Stephen L. Carter, who edited her submission and said Ms. Sotomayor was just as tolerant a debater in class.

Her submission was ''inspired by deep social concern about having the poorest area in American jurisdiction survive economically,'' said Edward Rubin, another editor. ''It was very scholarly and balanced even though it was inspired by social concern.'' Classmates remember just how hard she worked on it, polishing and repolishing it again.

At Princeton, Ms. Sotomayor had volunteered with Latino patients at a state psychiatric hospital in Trenton, and now she showed a similar desire to pull away from her elite environment. ''She felt an affinity with the African-American janitor, the workers, people in the cafeteria,'' recalled Rudolph Aragon, a classmate and who headed the Latin, Asian and Native American association with Ms. Sotomayor. ''There were so few minority students that we had to combine forces,'' he said.

Her closest friends at the school were all outsiders: Mr. Aragon, who is Mexican-American, along with three other students -- a fellow Puerto Rican, a Mohawk Indian and an African-American, he recalled.

After hours they would retreat to one another's apartments for baseball games -- Ms. Sotomayor watched ecstatically as Reggie Jackson delivered the 1977 World Series to the Yankees -- or to a local club where the law students danced alongside the locals. Ms. Sotomayor was still a grind, her friends said, but she also smoked, drank beer and danced a mean salsa.

She somehow seemed older than her classmates, several said -- perhaps because of her difficult childhood, or maybe because she was already married. (She and Mr. Noonan, who would become a biologist and later a biotech patent lawyer, wed in the summer of 1976, but divorced seven years later.) And she knew exactly what she wanted after graduation: to be a litigator. She was ''tough, clear, very quick on her feet,'' said Martha Minow, now a Harvard Law School professor who advised the White House on the selection.

An Imposing Prosecutor

She would soon get plenty of practice. In 1979, Robert M. Morgenthau, the Manhattan district attorney, hired Ms. Sotomayor on the recommendation of Jose A. Cabranes, then a teacher at Yale Law School and now a federal appeals court judge. She became a young prosecutor in a city struggling with a drug- related crime wave, joining a trial unit that handled everything from misdemeanors to homicides.

''Some of the judges like to push around young assistants and get them to dispose of cases,'' Mr. Morgenthau recalled. ''Well, no one pushed around Sonia Sotomayor; she stood up to the judges, in an appropriate way.''

In her fifth year in the office, she was interviewed for The New York Times Magazine about the prosecutors working for Mr. Morgenthau. She was described as an imposing woman of 29 who smoked incessantly, and spoke of how she had coped in a job that some liberal friends disapproved of.

''I had more problems during my first year in the office with the low-grade crimes -- the shoplifting, the prostitution, the minor assault cases,'' she said. ''In large measure, in those cases you were dealing with socioeconomic crimes, crimes that could be the product of the environment and of poverty.

''Once I started doing felonies, it became less hard. No matter how liberal I am, I'm still outraged by crimes of violence. Regardless of whether I can sympathize with the causes that lead these individuals to do these crimes, the effects are outrageous.''

In 1984, Ms. Sotomayor left the district attorney's office and joined Pavia & Harcourt, a boutique commercial law firm in Manhattan.

''We had an opening for a litigator, and her resume was perfect,'' said George M. Pavia, the managing partner who hired her. ''She's an excellent lawyer, a careful preparer of cases, liberal, but not doctrinaire, not wild-eyed.''

A large part of Ms. Sotomayor's work was fighting the counterfeiters who copied products of Fendi, the luxury goods company, and its well-known ''double F'' logo. Sometimes, that meant suing counterfeiters to stop them from importing fake Fendi goods.

At other times, it involved more derring-do: if the firm had a tip from the United States Customs Office about a suspicious shipment, Ms. Sotomayor would often be involved in the risky maneuver of going to the warehouse to have the merchandise seized. One incident that figures largely in firm lore was a seizure in Chinatown, where the counterfeiters ran away, and Ms. Sotomayor got on a motorcycle and gave chase.

In July 1987, Mario M. Cuomo, then the governor, appointed Ms. Sotomayor to the board of the State of New York Mortgage Agency, which helps low-income people get loans to buy homes. In 1992, when she left the unpaid board position, it passed a resolution honoring her for consistently defending the rights of the disadvantaged to secure affordable housing'' and serving as the conscience of the board concerning ''the negative effects of gentrification.''

A Docket of Notable Cases

In 1991, the first President George Bush nominated Ms. Sotomayor to be a federal district judge in the Southern District of New York. But she was informally selected by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Democrat of New York, who shared her ***working-class*** and parochial school roots and who was convinced, former aides said, that Ms. Sotomayor would become the first Hispanic Supreme Court justice.

Leaving private practice for public service meant that she would never be as wealthy as many of her peers. Financial disclosure forms that Ms. Sotomayor filed in 2007 show that her primary asset is her Greenwich Village condo, which she bought in 1998 with the help of two mortgages totaling $324,000 from Chase Manhattan Bank. Her last reported savings account balance was between $50,000 and $100,000, and she held no stocks or other significant investments. In addition to her judicial salary, she earned small sums for teaching at the law schools at New York University and Columbia University.

But her confirmation, in August 1992, made her the first Hispanic federal judge in the state. She joined a federal district courthouse in New York City whose docket is rich with everything from so-called drug mule cases to white-collar crimes and securities litigation.

She had several notable cases as a district judge on religious liberties. In 1993, she struck down as unconstitutional a White Plains law that prohibited the displaying of a menorah in a park. In 1994, she ordered New York prison officials to allow inmates to wear beads of the Santeria religion under their belts, even though prison officials said the beads were gang symbols.

Other notable cases included a 1995 ruling in which she ordered the government to make public a photocopy of a torn-up note found in the briefcase of a former White House counsel, Vincent Foster, who committed suicide. And in 1998, she ruled that homeless people working for the Grand Central Partnership, a business consortium, had to be paid the minimum wage.

But Judge Sotomayor's most celebrated case came in 1995, when she ended a prolonged baseball strike by ruling forcefully against the baseball team owners and in favor of the ballplayers, resulting in a quick resumption of play. For a brief period, she was widely celebrated, at least in those cities with major-league teams, as the savior of baseball.

In 1997, President Bill Clinton nominated her to become a judge on the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, in New York. In filling out her Senate Judiciary Committee questionnaire, Judge Sotomayor seemed to evoke the same concerns for the real-world impact of rulings that Mr. Obama has said he is seeking.

''Judges must be extraordinarily sensitive to the impact of their decisions and function within, and respectful of, the Constitution,'' she wrote. She arrived at her hearing with a New York construction contractor, Peter White, whom she introduced as ''my fiance'' and who was photographed helping her on with her robe after she was sworn in as an appellate court judge. The relationship ended not long after that, roughly 10 years ago, according to a friend.

It took the Senate more than a year to confirm her. Republicans delayed a vote, drawing an accusation from Senator Patrick J. Leahy, a Vermont Democrat who is now the Senate Judiciary Committee chairman, that they feared that Mr. Clinton would try to elevate her to the Supreme Court.

But Alfonse M. D'Amato, then a Republican senator from New York, eventually helped push through a vote, and she was confirmed 67 to 29 in October 1998. Among those voting in her favor was Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, who remains a leading Republican on the Senate Judiciary Committee.

Over the next decade, Judge Sotomayor would hear appeals in more than 3,000 cases, writing about 380 majority opinions. The Supreme Court reviewed five of those, reversing three and affirming two, although it rejected her reasoning while accepting the outcome in one of those it upheld.

A No-Nonsense Reputation

She would develop a reputation for asking tough questions at oral arguments and for being sometimes brusque and curt with lawyers who were not prepared to answer them.

The 2009 edition of the Almanac of the Federal Judiciary, which includes anonymous comments evaluating judges by lawyers who appear before them, presents a mixed portrait of Judge Sotomayor. Most of the unnamed lawyers interviewed said she had good legal ability and wrote good opinions. But several also spoke very negatively of her manner from the bench, saying she could be abusive of lawyers appearing before her and using words like ''bully,'' ''nasty'' and ''a terror.''

But one former clerk defended her style.

''Personality- and style-wise, she is a dynamo,'' said Lisa Zornberg, who clerked for her in 1997-98 and is now an assistant United States attorney in the Southern District of New York. Lawyers ''who come before her know she always shows up on her game'' and ''doesn't tolerate unpreparedness, nor should she.''

Judge Sotomayor has had several rulings that indicate a generally more liberal judicial philosophy than a majority of justices on the current Supreme Court, leading some conservatives to label her a ''judicial activist.''

In 2000, for example, she wrote an opinion that would have allowed a man to sue a government contractor he accused of violating his constitutional rights. In 2007, she wrote an opinion interpreting an environmental law in a way that would favor more stringent protections, even if it cost power plant owners more money. The Supreme Court reversed both decisions.

The ruling by Judge Sotomayor that has attracted the most attention was a 2008 case upholding an affirmative action program at the New Haven Fire Department. A group of white firefighters sued because the city threw out the results of a test for promotions after few minority firefighters scored well on it. The Supreme Court is now reviewing that result.

Several of Judge Sotomayor's appeals court clerks described her as a rigorous boss. Her clerks' offices surround her own office and are within earshot, and she calls out to them when she has questions. She sometimes asks for the full records of trial transcripts and motions for a case that was on appeal, something her experience as a district judge has made her more interested in than some other judges.

Judge Sotomayor has also developed a reputation for treating her clerks as a family -- taking a strong interest in their personal lives and careers, attending their weddings, keeping framed pictures of her former clerks and later, their children, in her office, and keeping in touch with them as a friend and mentor. She has told friends that one of her greatest regrets is that she herself was never a law clerk.

James R. Levine, a New York lawyer who clerked for Judge Sotomayor in 2001-2, recalled that during his interview with her as a law student, the first question she asked was about himself and his family, while every other judge with whom he interviewed had first asked about issues like the topic of his law review note. The interview would turn intellectually rigorous, he said, but first she wanted to get to know him as a person.

Staying True to Her Roots

She has also tried to stay down to earth, friends say. Melissa Murray, who worked for the judge from 2003-4 and is now a law professor at the University of California, Berkeley, recalled going to a Yankees game with Judge Sotomayor. The judge, a Yankees fan, bought tickets in the bleachers, which Ms. Murray said the judge preferred as a more ''authentic experience,'' and she appeared to be known to several in the crowd.

''We were on the way to the bleachers and people were, like, 'Judge! Judge!' '' Ms. Murray recalled. ''She is really well known in the South Bronx and kind of a role model in the community.''

Ms. Rosa, the friend who also went from a low-income childhood to Princeton and law school, said that the experiences that someone like Judge Sotomayor accumulated in her rise from the housing projects of the Bronx to the threshold of the Supreme Court would leave a vivid understanding of how the world works.

''We came up in a period of time with a sense of conscience about social justice,'' Ms. Rosa said. ''It grounded us in a set of values that told us our lives could be about something more than ourselves and the size of our bank account. That is a lesson many of us carry.''

In her 2001 speech, Judge Sotomayor reflected on how she applies that lesson.

''Each day on the bench I learn something new about the judicial process and about being a professional Latina woman in a world that sometimes looks at me with suspicion,'' she said.

''I can and do aspire to be greater than the sum total of my experiences but I accept my limitations,'' Judge Sotomayor added. ''I willingly accept that we who judge must not deny the differences resulting from experience and heritage, but attempt, as the Supreme Court suggests, continuously to judge when those opinions, sympathies and prejudices are appropriate.''

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

**Correction**

A Woman in the News article on Wednesday about Judge Sonia Sotomayor, President Obama's nominee for the Supreme Court, misstated, in some editions, the year in which she was confirmed as the first Hispanic judge on the federal bench in New York State. It was 1992, not 2002. The article also misspelled, in some editions, the given name of the former Republican senator from New York State who helped push through the October 1998 vote in which Judge Sotomayor was confirmed as a member of the United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, in New York. He is Alfonse M. D'Amato, not Alphonse.

**Correction-Date:** May 29, 2009

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Judge Sonia Sotomayor on Tuesday after she was introduced by President Obama. (PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN CROWLEY/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Sonia Sotomayor and her mother, Celina Sotomayor. (PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WHITE HOUSE) (pg.A1)

'A CHILD WITH DREAMS': Sonia Sotomayor with her mother and father in an undated family photograph. (PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WHITE HOUSE)

A VISIT TO ALMA MATER: Judge Sotomayor at Cardinal Spellman High School in the Bronx. (PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WHITE HOUSE)

SUMMA CUM LAUDE: As a senior at Princeton, soon bound for Yale Law School. (PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCETON UNIVERSITY) (pg.A18)

PROMOTED: Judge Sotomayor, previously of a federal district court, donning her robe as a new appellate judge in 1998, heped by Peter White, then her fiance. (PHOTOGRAPH BY ADAM NADEL/ASSOCIATED PRESS)

HOME: The Bronxdale Houses, top, where Sonia Sotomayor grew up, and the Geenwhich Village building where she has lived since the 1990s. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT STOLARIK FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES, TOP, AND MICHAEL APPLETON FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

BASEBALL FANS: The judge at Yankee Stadium with her nephews. (PHOTOGRAPH BY THE WHITE HOUSE) (pg.A19)

**Load-Date:** May 27, 2009

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Art***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5GWV-4XF1-JBG3-6504-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 11, 2015 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 17

**Length:** 7194 words

**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: 'Folk Art and American Modernism' (through Sept. 27) This exhibition of about 80 works features an abundance of paintings, sculptures, hooked rugs, quilts, wooden toys, weather vanes, painted furniture and other sorts of objects by American folk artists, along with, paintings and sculptures by early-20th-century American Modernists, like Elie Nadelman, Charles Sheeler and William and Marguerite Zorach, who were among the first collectors of folk art. 2 Lincoln Square, Columbus Avenue at 66th Street, 212-595-9533, folkartmuseum.org. (Ken Johnson)

? Bronx Museum of the Arts, El Museo del Barrio and Loisaida Inc.: '¡Presente! The Young Lords in New York' (through Oct. 18) 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 Oct. 10 at Loisaida Inc., 710 East Ninth Street, Lower East Side, 646-757-0522, loisaida.org; through Oct. 17 at El Museo, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street, East Harlem, 212-831-7272, elmuseo.org; through Oct. 18 at Bronx Museum, 1040 Grand Concourse, at 165th Street, Morrisania, 718-681-6000, bronxmuseum.org (Holland Cotter)

? 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: 'Faile: Savage/Sacred Young Minds' (through Oct. 4) The two members of the art-making team Faile -- Patrick McNeil and Patrick Miller -- take on the topic of modern youth with impressive industry if not deep imagination in two major installations. ''Temple'' is a walk-in, faux-ancient chapel decorated with sculpture that refers to adolescent fantasies via kitschy imagery and words. ''The Faile & Bäst Deluxx Fluxx Arcade,'' a collaboration with the street artist known as Bäst, has two foosball tables in a room with walls covered by fluorescent posters and illuminated by purple UV lights. A connecting gallery is equipped with pinball machines and video games, which are free to play. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'The Rise of Sneaker Culture' (through Oct. 4) Presenting more than 150 pairs of athletic footwear dating from the mid-19th century to the present, this exhibition should be intriguing not only for students of modern design and fashion but also for those interested in the various subcultures associated with different types of sneakers. Especially noteworthy is the popularity of expensive basketball shoes among sports fans and hip-hop enthusiasts since the 1980s, which brings up complicated and difficult issues having to do with race, class, masculinity, money, celebrity, advertising and crime. 200 Eastern Parkway, at Prospect Park, 718-638-5000, brooklynmuseum.org. (Johnson)

Brooklyn Museum: 'Zanele Muholi: Isibonelo/Evidence' (through Nov. 1) 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. (Martha Schwendener)

The Cloisters: 'Treasures and Talismans: Rings From the Griffin Collection' (through Oct. 18) In its most basic form as a small hoop made of anything that can be turned into a circle, the finger ring is the simplest, least encumbering kind of jewelry. Yet, as shown by this absorbing exhibition, a ring can be a miniature sculpture of marvelous complexity, skill and imagination. The show features more than 60 rings made in Europe from late Ancient Roman times to the Renaissance, and it's amplified by two dozen paintings and sculptural objects related to ring making and customs. 99 Margaret Corbin Drive, Fort Tryon Park, Washington Heights, 212-923-3700, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

? Cooper Hewitt Smithsonian Design Museum (continuing) The stately doors of the 1902 Andrew Carnegie mansion, home to the Cooper Hewitt, are open again after an overhaul and expansion of the premises. Historic house and modern museum have always made an awkward fit, a standoff between preservation and innovation, and the problem remains, but the renovation has brought a wide-open new gallery space, a cafe and a raft of be-your-own-designer digital enhancements. Best of all, more of the museum's vast permanent collection is now on view, including an Op Art weaving, miniature spiral staircases, ballistic face masks and a dainty enameled 18th-century version of a Swiss knife. Like design itself, this institution is built on tumult and friction, and you feel it. 2 East 91st Street, at Fifth Avenue, 212-849-8400, cooperhewitt.org. (Cotter)

? Guggenheim Museum: 'Doris Salcedo' (through Oct. 12) Politically speaking, you don't have to be a house to be haunted. All you need to be is someone who keeps an eye on the news; who pays attention to loss through violence; and feels a personal stake in that loss, as if it were happening to people you know and care about, to people who live in your home. The artist Doris Salcedo was born in Bogota, Colombia, in 1958, and came of age in an era when civic murder was a way of life in her country. For some 30 years, she has made such memories the essence of a witnessing art which includes the dozens of austere but viscerally animated sculptures and installations that fill all four floors of the Guggenheim's Tower Level galleries in this career retrospective. 1071 Fifth Avenue, at 89th Street, 212-423-3500, guggenheim.org. (Cotter)

Jewish Museum: 'Revolution of the Eye: Modern Art and the Birth of American Television' (through Sept. 27) This small but revealing and entertaining exhibition traces the connections between the high art of the 1950s, '60s and '70s and the developing medium of television. The connections aren't always deep, but the material is always absorbing -- from the ''Twilight Zone'' credits, to CBS promotional materials designed by Ben Shahn, to Andy Warhol's Schrafft's commercial. 1109 Fifth Avenue, at 92nd Street, 212-423-3200, thejewishmuseum .org. (Mike Hale)

Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'The Roof Garden Commission: Pierre Huyghe' (through Nov. 1) 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)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Discovering Japanese Art: American Collectors and the Met' (through Sept. 27) Highlighting contributions to the Met's Japanese art holdings by American collectors from the 1880s to the present, this gorgeous show presents more than 200 superb paintings, drawings, prints, scrolls, folding screens, ceramics, lacquer ware and works in other mediums and genres, mostly dating from the fourth century to the late 19th. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Johnson)

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. (Roberta Smith)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Navigating the West: George Caleb Bingham and the River' (through Sept. 20) This moving tribute to the 19th-century painter who depicted the hardscrabble life along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers as spacious idylls of serenity and even timelessness, presents 16 of his 17 river paintings known to exist, among nearly all the exacting studies of men at rest that preceded them. The human dimension of the figures is joined to the golden light and space of the setting by the geometric solidity of the boats and their wonderful details. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Smith)

? 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 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)

? 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)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Sargent: Portraits of Artists and Friends' (through Oct. 4) Despite a career as a society portraitist, John Singer Sargent was, by many accounts, a shy man, given to halting speech or silence except among people he knew well and liked. He was not ever, though, a shy painter. Few artists in any era have had as extroverted a hand as his, and as keen an instinct for visual theater. And when his sitters were people he cared for, something extra came into the work, a relaxed recklessness of a kind that scintillates and sluices through the 90 paintings and drawings in this show that comes to New York from the National Portrait Gallery in London. It includes a few of the Beautiful People portrait commissions that made him a wealthy man, but mostly it's made up of what might be called self-commissions, inspired by attraction, affection, or both. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

Morbid Anatomy Museum: 'Opus Hypnagogia: Sacred Spaces of the Visionary and Vernacular' (through Oct. 18) Coined in the 19th century, the word hypnagogia refers to the transition period between wakefulness and sleep, when, while still conscious, you may find yourself seeing images, having thoughts or hearing things that make little logical sense. This disorganized but fascinating show presents a wildly eclectic selection of more than 50 paintings, drawings and sculptures, including voodoo ritual objects, antique illustrated mystical books and recent works of offbeat fantasy by contemporary artists, all or some of which might have been inspired by hypnagogic experiences. 424 Third Avenue, at Seventh Street, Gowanus, Brooklyn, morbidanatomymuseum.org, 347-799-1017. (Johnson)

? Morgan Library & Museum: 'Hidden Likeness: Photographer Emmet Gowin at the Morgan' (through Sept. 20) The library redefines the artist-selected museum exhibition by inviting Emmet Gowin to mix selections from its holdings with his own photographs. The extraordinary result is a retrospective inside a visual autobiography that can evoke a cabinet of wonders and includes many Morgan marvels, like the best Rembrandt drawing of an elephant you'll ever see. Mr. Gowin's interview in the catalog adds further depth. 225 Madison Avenue, at 36th Street, 212-685-0008, themorgan.org. (Smith)

Museum of Arts and Design: 'Richard Estes: Painting New York City' (through Sept. 20) The core of this show is a selection of vivid, Photorealist paintings of urban subjects like glass and chrome storefronts, movie theater marquees, cars and trucks, subways, the Brooklyn Bridge, views from the Staten Island Ferry and idyllic images of Central Park made between 1965 and 2015. The exhibition also includes didactic sections about the craft and technique that go into Mr. Estes's painting and prints, but that aspect doesn't fully deliver what it promises. 2 Columbus Circle, Manhattan, 212-299-7777, madmuseum.org. (Johnson)

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: 'From Bauhaus to Buenos Aires: Grete Stern and Horacio Coppola' (through Oct. 4) Divided into alternating his-and-hers rooms, the show features the Argentine artist and filmmaker Horacio Coppola (1906-2012) and the German artist Grete Stern (1904-99). Stern was clearly the more strident innovator. Highlights of the show include her work with Ringl & Pit, the advertising agency she founded with Ellen Auerbach, as well as ''Dreams (Sueños),'' the surrealist photomontages she published in a women's magazine from 1948 to 1951 to illustrate a column on psychoanalysis. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Schwendener)

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: 'Gilbert & George: The Early Years' (through Sept. 27) Soon after Gilbert Proesch and George Passmore met as students at St. Martin's School of Art in London in 1967, they determined that everything they made or did in art and life would be sculpture and that their partnership as Gilbert & George itself would be a living sculpture. This delightful show of small- and large-scale works, mostly on paper and dating from 1969 to 1975, reveals the duo starting out in their 20s in a disarmingly playful spirit of self-invention. 212-708-9400, moma.org. (Johnson)

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: 'Everything Is Design: The Work of Paul Rand' (through Oct. 13) You may not know the name Paul Rand (1914-96), the immensely influential advertising art director, illustrator and graphic designer, but it's a safe bet you're familiar with some of his works. After shaking up American advertising and book cover design in the 1940s and '50s, he created logos for UPS, IBM, Westinghouse and other American corporations. His admirers called him ''the Picasso of graphic design.'' This show tracks his six-decade career with 150 examples of vintage magazines, book covers, three-dimensional containers, children's books and books by Mr. Rand about principles of design. Fifth Avenue at 103rd Street, 212-534-1672, mcny.org. (Johnson)

Museum of the City of New York: 'Folk City: New York and the Folk Music Revival' (through January 2016) 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)

? New Museum: 'Sarah Charlesworth: Doubleworld' (through Sept. 20) A trim, handsome, overdue survey of a prominent member of the Pictures Generation \_ who died in 2013 at 66 -- charts her loyalty to and questioning exploration of her medium and its social, psychological and physical and historical aspects. At every turn she achieved a precision, beauty and mystery all her own. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

? New-York Historical Society: 'Freedom Journey 1965: Photographs of the Selma to Montgomery March by Stephen Somerstein' (through Oct. 25) Almost 50 years ago, the picture editor of a campus newspaper at City College of New York assigned himself a breaking story: covering what promised to be a massive march in Alabama, led by the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., to demand free and clear voting rights for African-Americans. On short notice the editor, Stephen Somerstein, grabbed his cameras, climbed on a bus and headed south. The 55 pictures of black leaders and everyday people in this show, installed in a hallway and small gallery, are some that he shot that day. The image of Dr. King's head seen in monumental silhouette that has become a virtual logo of the film ''Selma'' is based on a Somerstein original. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Cotter)

Queens Museum: 'Robert Seydel: The Eye in Matter' (through Sept. 27) Robert Seydel rarely exhibited during his lifetime and died at 50 in 2011. He left behind an odd body of work -- mostly notebooks, little collages and drawings -- and sometimes they look a bit too much like the artists he admired: Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Cornell and Ray Johnson. (You could also throw Dada and Surrealist artists like John Heartfield, Hannah Hoch, Kurt Schwitters and Max Ernst on the pile of significant precursors.) And yet, when you step back from the flurry of references and citations, there is a sustaining sureness and a charm in it that stay with you. Mr. Seydel had a wonderful sense of color and composition and a great sense of curiosity, as well as the belief that art is a place of refuge where you can retreat from the present -- and possibly even remake the past. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Schwendener)

? Studio Museum in Harlem: 'Stanley Whitney: Dance the Orange' (through Oct. 25) This well-chosen show of works from the past decade surveys the maturation of a late-blooming abstract painter who has revived the modernist grid with a distinctive combination of freehand geometry and bold color (the full spectrum) and altogether an unprecedented sense of improvisation and, complexity. The work sustains multiple readings both in terms of the history of modernism and Mr. Whitney's African-American heritage. 144 West 125th Street, Harlem, 212-864-4500, studiomuseum.org. (Smith)

? Whitney Museum of American Art: 'America Is Hard to See' (through Sept. 27) With high ceilings, soft pine-plank floors and light-flooded windows and terraces, the galleries of the new Renzo Piano-designed Whitney Museum in the meatpacking district are as airy as 19th-century sailmakers' lofts. Art feels at home in them, and the work in the museum's top-to-bottom inaugural exhibition is homegrown. Culled from the permanent collection, it mixes bookmarked favorites by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe and Jasper Johns with objects and artists that the Whitney had all but forgotten or just brought in. As a vision of a larger America, the show is far from comprehensive; as a musing on the history of a particular New York institution over nearly a century, it is very fine, smartly detailed and superbly presented. 99 Gansevoort Street, at Washington Street, 212-570-3600, whitney.org. (Cotter)

Galleries: Uptown

'Please Return To: Mail Art from the Ray Johnson Archive' (through Sept. 25) Along with 10 of his witty, densely layered collages, this small, engrossing show features dozens of altered versions of several basic images or ''templates,'' which Mr. Johnson mailed to friends and strangers, including many well-known artists, asking recipients to change the image and return it to him. One template is an outline of his own profile, to which Ad Reinhardt added small, penciled letters at the lips, spelling ''silence.'' Richard L. Feigen & Company, 34 East 69th Street, Manhattan, 212-628-0700, rlfeigen.com. (Johnson)

'Portraiture Now: Staging the Self' (through Oct. 17) This exhibition, organized by the National Portrait Gallery in Washington in collaboration with the Smithsonian Latino Center, reimagines portraiture in creative ways through the works of six contemporary Latino artists from the United States. Carlee Fernandez's delightfully weird self-portraits from 2006 show her communing with her (old, white, male) influences. Rachelle Mozman's subtly dramatic photographs feature her mother playing different roles, from a uniformed maid to an upper-class woman being served. And Karen Miranda Rivadeneira's photographs are lush and poetic, capturing herself and family members in wild and beautiful landscapes. Unfortunately, some of the work feels like it reinforces stereotypical roles for young Latinos \_ but the women manage to stretch out and be poetic, playful or pensive. Americas Society, 680 Park Avenue, between 68th and 69th Streets, 212-249-8950, as-coa.org/visual-arts. (Schwendener)

Galleries: Chelsea

? 'Dia 15 VI 13 545 West 22 Street Dream House' (through Oct. 24) This terrific show restages a famous sound and light installation by La Monte Young and Marian Zazeela, a work whose origins date to the 1960s. On entering the dimly lit gallery, you are immediately enveloped by an intensely powerful sound, a roaring, droning, pulsing noise with such a deep bass that you feel it in your body as well as in your ears. At the far end of the space is a work by Jung Hee Choi, a slowly changing hallucinogenic projection on a perforated black screen. Prepare to have your consciousness altered. Dia: Chelsea, 545 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, 212-989-5566, diacenter.org. (Johnson)

Galleries: SoHo

'Measure' (through Sept. 19) Starting from a simple prompt -- make a drawing of Storefront for Art and Architecture's exhibition space -- the works in this show explore a variety of methods and mediums for measuring space, time, people, animals, labor, profit and other phenomenon. Reiser & Umemoto's drawing in hygroscopic ink changes color according to the level of humidity; Pneumastudio includes pictures of animals that lived in the area in previous epochs; and a graphic image designed by Juan Astasio for the show's brochure reads, ''Smile, You Are Being Measured,'' suggesting that being measured, like being videotaped, is just another 21st-century condition. Storefront for Art and Architecture, 97 Kenmare Street, near Cleveland Place, SoHo, 212-431-5795, storefrontnews.org. (Schwendener)

Galleries: Other

Aaron Flint Jamison (through Sept. 20) For his current show, Mr. Jamison has emptied the Miguel Abreu Gallery of office furniture, imitating a tradition started decades ago by Yves Klein and Michael Asher. Inside, suspended from the ceiling, he's installed a single sculpture made of cedar and purple heartwood. In the basement is a bulky, Dada-type machine consisting of giant tubes, digital temperature controls and an ''exposure unit'' with two 1,000-watt ultraviolet lights inside a black case. Hacking art with wonky machines and craft, Mr. Jamison's work offers an update to Institutional Critique but also, perhaps, alternative models for living. 36 Orchard Street, between Canal and Hester Streets, Lower East Side, miguelabreugallery.com, 212-995-1774. (Martha 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

? 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. (Farago)

Elaine Lustig Cohen (through Oct. 19) The paintings of Elaine Lustig Cohen expand on the complicated legacy of Philip Johnson, the influential architect who also commissioned Ms. Lustig Cohen, an award-winning graphic designer, to create catalogs and signage for his buildings and other projects. The 10 paintings here, from the 1960s and '70s, show the influence of her design work. They are geometric, hard-edged and abstract, with compositions that radiate from their centers and palettes dominated by secondary colors \_ particularly orange and brown in the 1970s. While the paintings might pale a little compared to other masters of geometric abstraction, they show painting and graphic design on an interesting continuum. The Glass House, 199 Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn. The show is included in tours of the Glass House, for which tickets must be purchased in advance; 866-811-4111, theglasshouse.org. (Schwendener)

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)

? 'Elaine de Kooning Portrayed' (through Oct. 31) 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)

? '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 Gallery of Art: 'Gustave Caillebotte: The Painter's Eye' (through Oct. 4) Flash on French Impressionism and you're likely to see gauzy clouds of flickering paint strokes like molecules flying apart. But if you'd visited the third annual Impressionist exhibition in Paris in 1877, you would have found a few things that countered such expectations: realistic paintings of a new Paris of mausoleum-like luxury high-rises and ruler-straight boulevards running back into infinite space. The name of the artist attached to these pictures was Gustave Caillebotte. His ''Paris Street, Rainy Day,'' billboard-size and graphically bold, with its detailed but oddly empty image of well-dressed urban amblers, was a showstopper in 1877. And so it is again in this taut survey of a fascinating artist's career, which includes portraits of friends, market still lifes, and views of the suburban gardens he came to love. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (Cotter)

? National Gallery of Art: 'Pleasure and Piety: The Art of Joachim Wtewael (1566-1638)' (through Oct. 4) Joachim Wtewael was one of the great Dutch artists of the years leading up to the 17th-century Golden Age, though for a variety of reasons -- changes in fashion, the artist's hard-to-say last name -- he has taken a secondary place in the history books. This show is his first ever museum solo, and it's a winner. Comfortable in scale -- 37 paintings and some drawings, roughly a third to a half of his known output -- it not only brings a major figure properly into view, but demonstrates both what was brilliant and what was confusing about an artist who painted like an angel and sometimes thought like a devil. To Wtewael (pronounced oo-tuh-vawl), portraits, religious scenes, and pornography were equally valid subjects for art. On the National Mall, between Third and Seventh Streets, at Constitution Avenue NW, Washington, 202-737-4215, nga.gov. (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)

Parrish Art Museum: Andreas Gursky: 'Landscapes' (through Oct. 18) When this German artist's immense photographs first began appearing in New York galleries in the 1990s they were terrifically exciting for their sheer size and for their implicit commentaries on capitalist globalization. Now they have about them the stale air of white elephants. Uninitiated viewers, however, might thrill to the strenuously spectacular prints in this 19-piece show, which includes a dismally dystopian, aerial view of cattle in a muddy, Colorado stockyard and a futuristic image of the gleaming, gold-hued interior of a huge gas tank on a transport ship in the Persian Gulf. 279 Montauk Highway, Water Mill, N.Y., 631-283-2118, parrishart.org. (Johnson)

Last Chance

Elmer Bischoff: 'Figurative Paintings' (closes on Saturday) During the heyday of Abstract Expressionism in the 1950s, a number of painters in San Francisco turned away from abstraction and back to representational painting, thereby founding what came to be known as Bay Area Figuration. Elmer Bischoff (1916-91) was one of the leaders of the movement. This show reveals a visionary, unabashedly romantic painter working under the influences of Edward Hopper and Albert Pinkham Ryder. He created images of poetic nostalgia and spiritual yearning grounded in robustly applied, richly sensuous paint. George Adams Gallery, 525-531 West 26th Street, Chelsea, 212-564-8480, georgeadamsgallery.com. (Johnson)

? Clark Art Institute: 'Van Gogh and Nature' (closes on Sunday) ''Nature is very, very beautiful here,'' van Gogh wrote to his younger brother Theo in the summer of 1890, a few weeks before he took his own life. He was referring to the vistas of forests and grain fields surrounding the town of Auvers-sur-Oise northwest of Paris. He had written almost identical words in other letters, from other places, over the years. Natural beauty was the first thing he noticed wherever he went, and this show of some 50 paintings and drawings, on loan from American and European museums, is filled with his images of it, from early, twilit Dutch landscapes, to sumptuous floral still lifes, to exquisite late drawings of insects and birds. They add up to one of this summer's choice art attractions; a low-key big deal. 225 South Street, Williamstown, Mass., 413-458-2303, clarkart.edu. (Cotter)

? Metropolitan Museum of Art: 'Warriors and Mothers: Epic Mbembe Art' (closes on Wednesday) If a dozen masterpiece Renaissance sculptures, done in an unknown and wildly unorthodox style, suddenly turned up in the Italian countryside, the find would make the news. You'll encounter the equivalent of such a discovery in this show of spectacular weatherworn, wood-carved figures, some dating to before the 17th century, that were made by the Mbembe in southeastern Nigeria and taken to Paris by an African dealer in the early 1970s. They caused a sensation among collectors and scholars at the time, and you can see why. But the effort to find more of them proved fruitless. The examples at the Met, which include the original dozen, represent all the fully intact stand-alone Mbembe figures known to exist. 212-535-7710, metmuseum.org. (Cotter)

? New Museum: 'Albert Oehlen: Home and Garden' (closes on Sunday) This fantastic, overdue show skims too lightly over three decades of painting -- from 1983 to 2011 -- as the artists moved from Neo-Expressionist self-portraits to his latest abstractions, in which irony is replaced by a semblance of anguish. In between: some of the first (and best) forays into painting by computer, and a group of canvases whose sublime abandon obliterates elaborate computer-built images. 235 Bowery, at Prince Street, Lower East Side, 212-219-1222, newmuseum.org. (Smith)

New-York Historical Society: 'Art as Activism: Graphic Art from the Merrill C. Berman Collection' (closes on Sunday) This show offers a selection of 71 posters from the 1930s to the '70s that show the role visual art has played in political and protest movements in the United States. Drawn from the singular collection of Merrill C. Berman, an investor from Rye, N.Y., they offer a rich alternate history of the last century, one you probably didn't learn about in your American history textbooks. 170 Central Park West, at 77th Street, 212-873-3400, nyhistory.org. (Schwendener)

? Philadelphia Museum of Art: 'Discovering the Impressionists: Paul Durand-Ruel and the New Painting' (closes on Sunday) This terrific exhibition presents more than 90 Impressionist paintings, including many that haven't been seen in the United States in decades or ever, all of which passed through the hands of Paul Durand-Ruel, the Paris art dealer who put Impressionism on the international map. The paintings alone will make the show a popular draw. But it's the tale of Durand-Ruel's long and hugely influential career, richly detailed in the exhibition catalog, that makes this something more than just another crowd pleaser. Benjamin Franklin Parkway at 26th Street, 215-763-8100, philamuseum.org. (Johnson)

Queens Museum: 'After Midnight: Indian Modernism to Contemporary India, 1947/1997' (closes on Sunday) This exhibition of South Asian-born artists is really two shows, a focused one of modernist painting from roughly the time of Independence in 1947 through the 1970s, and a larger, somewhat haphazard selection of multimedia work from the past few years. The best way to approach the second part is one artist at a time, and there are some fine ones, from Atul Dodiya and Dayanita Singh of an older generation, to Prajakta Potnis and Sreshta Rit Premnath of a younger. The placement of films by Nikhil Chopra around the museum's grand New York City panorama makes for a win-win installation. Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, 718-592-9700, queensmuseum.org. (Cotter)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/09/11/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-sept-11-17.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/09/11/arts/design/museum-gallery-listings-for-sept-11-17.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY HIROKO MASUIKE/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

**Load-Date:** September 11, 2015

**End of Document**



[***British City Defines Diversity and Tolerance***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:429N-60D0-0109-T4VR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

February 8, 2001 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 3; Foreign Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1564 words

**Byline:**  By WARREN HOGE

**Dateline:** LEICESTER, England, Feb. 2

**Body**

Jitendra Vaitha, a jeweler, leaned across a glittering display of gold necklaces and sought to describe how life had changed for the large Asian population in this traditional city with its Victorian clocktower, medieval timbered buildings and Roman ruins.

"When I told my son that a white boy once beat me up in school, he asked me, 'What was he, Dad, a bully?' " The father struck a wide-eyed look of happy astonishment. "He has no idea what prejudice is. He doesn't have a clue."

A group of black and Asian high school students in head scarves and embroidered caps interrupted their class to weigh a visitor's question about racial harassment. Had they ever experienced it? Some looked uncomprehending. Others waited to see if anyone would speak up.

"No, never," said Rubuna Begum, 15. "They're used to us and our Asian clothes." A white classmate, Lisa Black, 15, said, "We have no problem living together." Ruhme Miah, 14, explained: "People here seem to understand. When I lived in York, they stared back at you, but not in Leicester."

Government figures have just projected that Leicester will become, in a decade, the first British city with a nonwhite majority. It would seem to be a candidate for the kind of cultural antagonisms and anti-immigrant politics that have occurred elsewhere in Britain and in Europe.

But the outcome here has been different. "Leicester defines itself as the tolerant, multicultural city of Europe, and I think I go a long ways towards agreeing with that," said Richard Bonney, a priest and professor who is the director of Leicester University's Center for the History of Religious and Political Pluralism.

Staking Leicester's claim to be counted first among equals of diverse European cities, he added, "There is greater diversity in two or three square blocks here than anywhere I can think of in Europe."

Over at the intensely civic-minded Leicester Mercury, the nonwhite majority prediction did not rate the lead headline of the day. "I didn't think it had great significance by itself," said Nick Carter, the newspaper's editor-in-chief. "It's important only if you are frightened by the concept or triumphalist about it, and we didn't want to be either."

The attitude typifies Leicester, a hard-working city of just under 300,000 in England's East Midlands. "People find Leicester more genial," said Gurharpal Singh, 44, director of the Center for Indian Studies at the University of Hull, who came here in 1964.

Leicester was once Britain's center for shoe and boot distribution and a world center for the production of knitted goods. Industry here was light, not heavy, and civic pride was unassuming and rock-steady as reflected in its motto, Semper Eadem -- Always the Same.

With its abundant jobs, Leicester was already a migrant's goal a century ago, drawing people from Ireland, Scotland, Wales and elsewhere in England. But tolerance for outsiders disappeared in the early 1970's when East African countries in the Commonwealth moved to evict their large Asian populations, and new refugees tried to join family members here.

The Leicester City Council placed an advertisement in the Ugandan Argus warning that housing, education and social services here were "already stretched to the limit." It concluded starkly: "In your own interests and those of your family you should accept the advice of the Uganda Resettlement Board and not come to Leicester."

The same panel, a third of whose members are now nonwhite, recently put out a document that spoke of "the joy of being a truly diverse city." Much of the reason for that upbeat assertion lies in the nature and circumstances of the people who came from Kenya and Uganda -- they had already experienced being immigrants and learning to adapt.

In addition, they came in settled family groups, and they were skilled and educated, with a goal not just of survival but also of economic independence and social success.

Leicester had its share of skinheads and National Front marchers, and Mr. Vaitha, who is 34, remembers being called a "wog" and seeing "Paki Go Home" graffiti when he came here in 1975. But racial antagonism lessened when it became apparent that instead of taking away the jobs of ***working-class*** whites, Leicester's new arrivals were creating employment and services and a retail, wholesale and real estate economy of their own.

There was no panicked white flight. Whites had already abandoned the derelict Belgrave Road area that the Asians moved into and today have turned into a residential and commercial hub of the city known as the Golden Mile. A typical sight in Leicester are Gothic churches with stone crosses or Victorian-period red brick mills and factory buildings, now converted to Muslim community halls, Sikh and Hindu temples or small business centers.

Asians credit aggressive policing with keeping white militants out of their neighborhoods. "I'm sure they're still around, but I haven't seen them for a long time," said Freda Hussain, 54, principal of Moat Community College, who came to Britain from Pakistan in 1962.

Dr. David H. Clark, an associate priest of the Church of Saint James the Greater and the father of two adopted mixed-race children, pondered the question of how whites in Leicester had demonstrated greater racial tolerance than elsewhere in Britain. "They have had to by necessity," he said. "When you are faced with the persistent presence of what might be regarded as 'the other' in your midst, you can be negative about it or you can turn it into a virtue. I think what Leicester has done is to say, 'Actually, there is a huge advantage in this diversity.' "

Even the residential segregation that Dr. Clark described as "not imposed, but de facto" may be breaking down. Thinking out loud about his own block, Dr. Clark listed neighbors including a Hindu accountant, a Sikh night worker, a Jewish professor of Holocaust studies, a church worker, a businessman and a member of the city council, the last three white.

The block has no blacks, one indication, Dr. Clark conceded, that Afro-Caribbeans may not have had the same access or success in Leicester. "It is a matter of great anguish," he said. The Asian immigration has been based on a white collar, self-employed, owner-occupied, suburban model, while the less numerous blacks have ended up more generally living in public housing and working in blue-collar, manual labor jobs.

"We're ignored," said Joe Allen, 49, the city council's first black member, who came to Britain in 1959 from Montserrat. "There are some beautiful Asians in this city, but look at their businesses, and you'll see that very few of our boys get employed by them."

A recent national survey of racial attitudes among the police showed that in Leicester, blacks are 11 times more likely to be stopped and searched than whites, one of the worst imbalances in the country. Erroll Powell, 37, a black youth worker, said he had been pulled over so many times and asked if his new car was really his that he now carried a laminated proof of ownership card whenever he drove. Herdle White, a 55-year-old black magistrate, said he had been stopped twice in his Mercedes.

The police force is now 5.5 percent minority, and it has pledged to increase that to 11 percent in the next 10 years. Inspector Charles Piggins of the Leicestershire Constabulary's Community Affairs Section said the force was encountering recruiting difficulties in the high-achieving Asian community. "The Asians tend to be very friendly towards the police, but they don't view police service as the kind of profession they want their children in," he said.

Asians have become so established in Leicester that some of them are moving into the surrounding area of Leicestershire, a county with picturesque rural villages, grand country estates and -- in a particularly English measurement of traditionalism -- five separate hunts.

They often make themselves welcome by reviving dying main-street businesses. "When the Asian people began coming 30 years ago, it was a big shock to Leicester, and people didn't know what had hit them," said Anthony Wessel, who lives in the village of Desford and serves as Leicestershire's high sheriff, a royal appointment. "More have now moved into the county, and they've saved our High Street shops, and people have come to terms with it."

Ms. Hussain said that richer Asians were also buying properties in the suburbs, though she added in an aside that they sometimes did not stay long. "They leave to go hang out in large white posh houses for a while," she said. "But once they find they're no longer leaders of the tribe, they come back."

Aware that Leicester has achieved a more harmonious mix than other cities in Britain, Mr. Carter, the newspaper editor, is phasing out the Leicester Mercury's 11-year-old Asian edition. "The third generation thinks of Leicester City as their football club, they take part in the same leisure time activities as other people, they watch the same TV shows and take the same interest in national politics," he explained.

Dr. Bonney said he could see the younger generation's embrace of multiculturalism in his own home, where his three daughters, ages 7 to 12, are growing up feeling most at ease in a mixed society. "Now when we go to parts of England that are white bastions," he said, "they're saddened at the absence of anyone from the Indian subcontinent."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Students say discrimination is not a problem in Leicester, England, which is approaching a nonwhite majority. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg. A1); Nonwhite pupils feel comfortable in Leicester. People "are used to us and our Asian clothes," one says. (Jonathan Player for The New York Times)(pg. A12) Map of England highlights Leicester: With abundant jobs, Leicester has long been a draw for migrants. (pg. A12)

**Load-Date:** February 8, 2001

**End of Document**



[***In Turnabout, Housing Authority Will Begin Favoring Jobholders***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3RJ6-V760-000P-N30G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 15, 1997, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1579 words

**Byline:** By RANDY KENNEDY

By RANDY KENNEDY

**Body**

The New York City Housing Authority, trying to reverse the concentration of the desperately poor in public housing, will soon begin to favor working families over welfare recipients when it fills vacancies, a move that advocates for the poor say will shut out those who need housing help the most.

The measure follows a nationwide trend in which housing authorities are seeking to lure the working poor back to public housing as an antidote to the economic and social problems that plague many projects. And it comes as Congress is considering a bill that would go much further, repealing the landmark 1937 Federal housing law and cutting roughly in half the number of extremely poor tenants in projects, through attrition.

The city's Housing Authority, by far the nation's largest, has long been considered the most successful because it was able to maintain a better balance of ***working-class*** and poor tenants than other cities. But over the last decade, it has seen the percentage of tenants with jobs fall to less than a third from nearly half, in part because of Federal and city rule changes favoring the poorest.

Officials assert that the new plan, which a Federal judge recently approved after a two-year court battle, is the only way that the authority can continue to prosper as many other cities either tear down housing projects or watch them devolve into violent warehouses for the poor.

"I sincerely believe," said Ruben Franco, the authority chairman, "this is the one initiative that will have the greatest impact on the stability of the public housing community in this city. Anytime you have too many very poor people living together, with a significant number of social problems, you run into trouble."

Opponents of the new rules say the primary reason the authority wants to favor working applicants is to generate more money as public housing funds from Washington dwindle, not to cut crime at the projects or mend their social fabric.

"They are doing this in response to budget cuts," said Scott Rosenberg, litigation director for the Legal Aid Society of New York, which successfully sued to stop the plan in 21 of the system's 320 projects where it was likely to interfere with a desegregation plan imposed in an earlier court case. He said the system already screened applicants thoroughly to weed out those with criminal backgrounds and other problems. "The real issue is that the Housing Authority is seeking more income by the somewhat perverse means of excluding those in greatest need," he said.

At a time when other housing programs for the poor, like rent subsidies and incentives for building low-income housing, are also being frozen or cut, the Legal Aid Society and housing advocates say the change will be devastating for tens of thousands of applicants on welfare who look to public housing as a way to escape unsafe, overcrowded apartments and cycles of poverty.

The new plan breaks a longstanding policy that gave equal weight to applications from families on public assistance, the elderly and working people. Combined with Federal rules that gave preference to many low-income applicants, the old policy had the unintended effect over the last decade of giving many more vacant apartments in housing projects to welfare recipients. As a result, working families began to find public housing increasingly unattractive.

By 1995, 77 percent of new admissions were people in the lowest income category, while only 8 percent of new applicants were working families. And dozens of projects, like the Coney Island Houses in Brooklyn, became known as virtual dumping grounds for the very poorest.

The change in policy will essentially juggle the order of the top part of a huge waiting list of about 130,000 applicants for the system's 180,000 apartments, 6,000 to 8,000 of which become available every year.

In the 299 projects where Judge Robert W. Sweet of Federal District Court in Manhattan said the new plan could proceed, the authority will assign the highest priority code to families whose incomes are near the upper limit of the eligibility cutoff for public housing, which means they are most likely working (for example, a family of four making about $39,000 a year).

The poorer the family is, the lower its priority code will be. But only families with members who are working, are receiving unemployment benefits or are unable to work because of disabilities will be given any priority code at all. The change will also reorder the list of applicants preferred under the Federal rules so that working families will also be favored over welfare recipients.

Because only those people with the highest priority ratings are usually called in for eligibility interviews, housing advocates say the plan will make it next to impossible for anyone not working to get in when the change takes effect early next year, an assertion that Mr. Franco of the Housing Authority disputes.

"It may slow down the availability of some units for some families, but we vehemently disagree that they will never be able to get in," he said, adding that the authority will still honor an agreement with the city to house about 1,400 homeless families a year who are referred from municipal shelters.

Housing officials admit, however, that the change -- along with an advertising campaign planned to try to change working families' perceptions of public housing -- is expected to shift dramatically the income mix in projects over the next decade.

It is a change that officials say many of the 600,000 tenants now in public housing welcome as a way to improve their homes. But tenants and tenant leaders appear to be more ambivalent.

"I have mixed feelings," said Sarah Martin, a tenant leader at Grant Houses in Morningside Heights, Manhattan, who has lived there 40 years. "I know working families who have come and looked at apartments here, and they've turned them down. Long-term welfare people have turned this place around in a very negative way."

But she added that she had also watched some welfare families lift themselves out of poverty with the help of low public housing rents, and she said she worried what would become of such families now. "I wish I had a magic pill to fix that," said Ms. Martin, a retired cafeteria worker and health care assistant who raised five children in public housing. "But I don't."

For many of those without jobs who have been waiting as long as five years for public housing in New York City, word of the changes has brought apprehension and anger and now a degree of despair.

Shawana Gerard, a 25-year-old single mother, lives in a dilapidated two-bedroom apartment in East New York, Brooklyn, with five other family members. At night, she shares her bed with her 2-year-old daughter, as well as with her own younger sister. She says she is forced to subsist on welfare because raising a 2-year-old and attending community college make it impossible to hold a job.

"Before I had my daughter, I had jobs, and now that I have her, I do the best I can do," Ms. Gerard said. "This isn't fair. I put so much time into trying to get into public housing. I was trying to get in there so I could make it."

The changes follow efforts by other large cities like Chicago and Baltimore to try to attract higher-income tenants and are a preview of what could happen on a much greater scale across the country under a sweeping housing bill passed by the House of Representatives last summer.

The bill, sponsored by Representative Rick A. Lazio, a Long Island Republican, has been promoted as the most realistic alternative to save public housing in an era of shrinking housing budgets. It would loosen Federal rules to let housing authorities admit tenants with much higher incomes. It would also retool rent policies so that payments would not necessarily rise along with income, a rule that housing officials say discourages residents from getting off welfare.

Republicans characterize the bill, which will be taken up in a House-Senate conference early next year along with a similar Senate bill, as another major step in their efforts to move more people from welfare to work.

The measure has generated a debate that also cuts to the heart of the changes under way in New York: should such a basic need as housing be used in a carrot-and-stick approach to discourage dependency on government help?

Christopher Jencks, a professor of public policy at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University who has urged more financing for rental subsidy vouchers to help the neediest, said a consensus has grown even among advocates for the poor that housing projects must change directions to survive. But without other forms of government housing help, the poorest who are excluded from public housing will never be able to escape poverty.

"You've either got to put substantial additional resources in here," he said, "or we're at the end of what we can do."

But while the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development views Mr. Lazio's plan as too harsh, HUD officials suggest that housing programs cannot be excluded from the equation of welfare reform. This is especially true, they say, when everyone agrees there will never be enough Federal money for low-income housing for even half of those who need it.

"Housing is a privilege, not necessarily a right," said Sara Manzano, an assistant general counsel for the New York and New Jersey HUD office, which supports the changes in New York City. "We have to decide who gets the preference."

**Graphic**

Photo: Shawana Gerard, 25, a single mother, and daughter, Kiana, 2. (Michelle V. Agins/The New York Times)(pg. B5)

**Load-Date:** December 15, 1997

**End of Document**



[***108 DAYS OF MARRIAGE, AND COUNTING***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9350-0007-H4CR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 5, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 9, Column 1; Book Review Desk; Review

**Length:** 1250 words

**Byline:** BY JACK MATTHEWS; Jack Matthews, who teaches English at Ohio University in Athens, Ohio, is the author of ''Crazy Women'' and ''Ghostly Populations,'' books of stories.

**Body**

RAVEN'S WINGS By Joyce Carol Oates. 305 pp. New York: A William Abrahams Book/E. P. Dutton. $17.95.

SOMETIMES fictional characters reveal with startling directness one of the secrets of the artist who made them. In Joyce Carol Oates's latest collection, ''Raven's Wing,'' such significations occur often. The story ''Harrow Street at Linden'' begins ominously with a college student named Katherine Stickney - aware that she has been married exactly 108 days - surprising her husband with his ear to the wall as he listens to the couple in the next apartment. She is perplexed, concerned, intrigued - what, exactly, is happening? Later, near the end of the story, she takes notes during a lecture: ''It is the improvised nature of human life that accounts for the prevalence of unhappiness.''

This ''improvised nature'' accounts for anxiety too, along with suspense and the hunger for self-knowledge - materials of which stories are made. Katherine's unhappiness is characteristic of most of the troubled and limited people in this collection. Her insecurity is the obverse of her fascination with the possibilities of life, a fascination shared and reflected by her husband. They become obsessed with the sounds made by the couple next door and from these fragments of evidence try to re-create some sense of what their neighbors must be. Why do they need to know? Why should they care? Because we are always mirrored by others - a truth that is celebrated throughout the stories in ''Raven's Wing.''

The reflections are literal, as well. One story begins with a woman gazing into a three-way mirror; in another, a character's face is reflected in a knife blade; a woman teaching at a Jesuit college looks in a mirror to see what it is about her that a priest colleague hates; in still another, a man, half-drunk, sees his image in the mirror in a lavatory and thinks, ''Who the hell's that, I don't want nothin' to do with that.'' But there are also those more mysterious projections: cats are treated as babies and, in the title story, the horse Raven's Wing reflects all that is distant and mythic for a young couple, becoming an image of some Other Lover.

Characters are thus haunted by the treachery of appearances and the threat of desolation. (Of one it is said, ''He knew his father loved him because there wasn't anything else to love.'') And yet, sealed off in themselves, they are so filled with sensation that they verge constantly upon dissociation and hysteria - they fail to recognize their own spouses when they come upon them unexpectedly in public; and women, especially, are prone to seizures of trembling, lightheadedness and actual fainting. Similarly, these characters inhabit the perilous edge of the present - an effect that is uniquely communicated by Ms. Oates's style, in which the reader feels the relentless power of invention as the narrative moves forward. The ''improvised nature of human life'' is constantly at work in the accumulation of those details that make up realities. In ''Nairobi'' a young woman throws away the shoes she's wearing after buying a new pair, saying ''the hell with them'' - an act ''she might regret afterward: but it was the right thing to say at that particular moment.''

''The right thing . . . at that particular moment'' is impulsive, intimate; and sometimes, according to a related artistic principle, Ms. Oates's narratives seem to yaw dangerously, blown by whim and notion. The stories are literally monotonous - even the first-person narrative voices sound alike - but they are never boring. And they are humorless, in spite of the rich variety of grotesque physical and psychological attributes that might be comic if the tone were less earnest.

But fashionable ironies are not part of Ms. Oates's testimony in this book. The conveyance of her fictional truths merges with those truths themselves, creating an effect of higher seriousness that seems to me unique in today's fiction. Many of the characters are of the uneducated ***working class***; they are physically unattractive and psychologically flawed (references to pimples, greasy hair, sweat-stained clothes, filth and drunkenness abound); more important, they seethe with the pent-up wrath of those who are inarticulate and self-deluded. And yet, in spite of their human defects, they are created with an urgency that signifies that they matter; and because of this urgency, they matter to the reader as well.

Since Ms. Oates's effects are cumulative, it is only natural that the most successful stories are the longest. The shorter (one is less than a thousand words) are fragmentary, and they are all voice in such a limited range of events that voice can't really matter. But in the long stories, the reader senses changes that at best approach the wonderful. SUCH a story is ''Surf City,'' about a man named Harvey Kubeck who wins $1,150 in a lottery, thus altering his life. Like most of Ms. Oates's characters, Harvey does not comprehend the implications of his own actions, and like the hero in a fairy tale, he is presented with a gift that is insidious with opportunity. He is happily married, a factory worker and in many ways a decent enough man who tries to share his good fortune with his family and friends. And yet, his impulse to treat his pals to a night of barhopping turns sour; he becomes brutishly drunk and attacks and almost kills a husky but oddly ineffectual ponytailed stranger - a man we can believe is much like himself. There is great irony here, of course, but it is never between the author and her material - it is in the fate of Harvey Kubeck.

This story is remarkable for several reasons, one of which (also demonstrated in ''Golden Gloves'') is Ms. Oates's utterly authentic representation of a particular sort of male bitterness, frustration and stupidity, as if from inside. More important is a stylistic flourish of great subtlety: while Harvey's story is told mostly in the past tense, at the very end it shifts to the present tense, a frame of conclusiveness that ends time as it has been so far evoked in the telling.

Much of what is admirable in ''Raven's Wing'' comes from a rich inventiveness conveyed in a plain style that serves to efface the author - for whom it is the characters, after all, who matter. The stories are theirs in a way that makes the artist a witness too; and we learn this truth sentence by sentence, as if always at the moment of improvisation, as events unfold.

IF AGNES WAS LUCKY The night they brought Agnes out to the farm Judd slept in the hay barn where he sometimes slept in the summer or when things were noisy at the house. He knew they'd be partying a long time - they were going to telephone some other friends, they'd bought several cases of beer - and he didn't want to be in anybody's way. There was a mattress for him in one of the upstairs rooms of the house but he preferred the barn, he had a craving for certain smells, subtle mysterious smells, dust, old half-rotted hay, old cow manure, it made colors sift through his mind, goldenrod, sunshine, in the hayloft he had made a place for himself. . . . He didn't listen to noises from the house. Laughter, loud voices. He'd heard them before. If Agnes was lucky there would be a few women at the party for a while, girlfriends of the other men, if she wasn't lucky there wouldn't be any other women at all, but in any case the other women would be going home when the party was over and Agnes wasn't going anywhere at all.   - From ''Raven's Wing.''

**Graphic**

Drawing

**End of Document**



[***Haunted by an Earlier Life; A Deportation Order Is Also a Separation Order***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4267-JNJ0-0109-T1XY-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 23, 2001 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1660 words

**Byline:**  By DAN BARRY

**Dateline:** WALLINGTON, N.J.

**Body**

The desire of Malachy McAllister to continue living with his family in this ***working-class*** town would not be so problematic if he had not once been an Irish terrorist. Then he would simply be McAllister the stone mason with a gift for restoring old buildings, not McAllister the ex-terrorist begging the United States not to deport him.

He readily admits to his former life, although he prefers to think of himself as an ex-soldier in a civil war. As a member of the Irish National Liberation Army, a left-wing paramilitary organization, he plotted to kill two Royal Ulster Constabulary officers in Belfast nearly 20 years ago. One of his targets was slightly wounded, and the plot against the other fizzled.

That was another Malachy McAllister, he says now. He gave up being a terrorist because he was bothered by the killing part, served time in prison, and for more than a decade has done nothing more violent than put mortar to brick. After gunfire riddled the family's Belfast home in 1988, he and his wife fled with their four children, first to Canada and then to the United States, where they requested political asylum. He told the authorities that if he returned home, old enemies would be waiting.

In October, a federal immigration judge in Newark agreed that he had turned his life around but said the change "does not diminish the gravity of his earlier criminal activities"; he ordered that Mr. McAllister be deported. But the judge granted asylum to Bernadette McAllister for having "suffered extreme past persecution based on her religion, her political opinion, and because she is Malachy McAllister's wife."

Distraught over the split decision, the McAllister family hoped that the Clinton administration would include them in any final sweeping gesture regarding Northern Ireland.

In December, the government announced that to contribute "toward a lasting peace" there, it would not pursue deportation proceedings against nine Irish republicans. Mr. McAllister was not among them.

Now he and his family live more in limbo than in New Jersey.

The family wound up in this predominantly Polish-American town in 1997 simply because a friend of a friend knew of a place for rent. Then, in mid-1999, they moved into the first floor of a three-family apartment building, not far from Giants Stadium and just off a main road lined with gas stations and convenience stores.

Most of their neighbors are ignorant of their plight, and the McAllisters have worked to blend in, to be just a few more threads in the New Jersey fabric. The youngest, 13-year-old Sean, dreams of making the high school baseball team; Nicola, 14, baby-sits for the family living upstairs. In photographs that hang prominently in the living room, both children wear Wallington Little League uniforms.

But when Mrs. McAllister is not keeping the house and Mr. McAllister is not detailing brick, they are attending fund-raising events for their benefit, talking to lawyers about court appeals, and doing what they can to block a deportation that draws nearer each day.

"All we're asking for is sanctuary in this country so that our children don't have to endure what we had to endure," Mr. McAllister, 43, says in the distinct Belfast accent that makes answers sound like questions.

Even relocating to Dublin in the Republic of Ireland, 100 miles south of Belfast, holds little appeal. "Too close," says Mrs. McAllister, weary beyond her 42 years. "They were out to shoot my family."

Nearly two dozen members of Congress recently signed a petition that sought, without success, to prompt a last-minute reprieve from President Clinton. Now the same pressure will be applied to the Bush administration, according to Representative Robert Menendez of New Jersey, who with Representative Joseph Crowley of Queens is championing the cause of Mr. McAllister and other Irish republicans living illegally in the United States, a group whose exact number is unknown but estimated to be fewer than two dozen.

"President Clinton provided some relief for a small number of them," Mr. Menendez said in a statement. "Now it falls on President Bush to do the same for Malachy McAllister and the other remaining few who otherwise will be forced to return to Northern Ireland and possibly face politically motivated threats against their well-being."

Just as there is nothing simple about the Catholic-Protestant conflict in Northern Ireland, there is nothing simple about the case of Mr. McAllister. Like many other Catholics growing up in certain Belfast neighborhoods in the 1970's, he rebelled against what he saw as the persecution of Catholics by the Royal Ulster Constabulary officers and the British Army. He threw his share of rocks and fists, took his share of beatings, saw his share of bloodshed. In 1975, he watched Protestant loyalists gun down his friend in a drive-by shooting.

In the spring of 1981 there came a singular, galvanizing moment for Belfast Catholics: the hunger-strike death of Bobby Sands, a member of the Irish Republican Army, in Long Kesh prison. Soon Mr. McAllister was working with the Irish National Liberation Army, which had deep roots in his neighborhood; two of his brothers were already members. "No question about it, it was Bobby Sands," he said. "In my mind that was as close to war as you could possibly get."

In July of that year, Mr. McAllister pulled a mask over his face and helped ambush an officer of the Royal Ulster Constabulary. He stood guard while a partner shot and wounded the officer. Four months later, he worked on a plan to kill another constabulary officer who attended the same fitness club as he did, but the murder was never carried out.

In February 1982, information provided by his brother Robert, an Irish National Liberation Army assassin turned informant, led to Mr. McAllister's arrest. He was convicted and served time in the Crumlin Road jail and Long Kesh prison, where he and other republicans were given political-prisoner status. Released in September 1985, he rejoined his family and began working as a mason.

But no ex-terrorist could return to the roiling Belfast streets -- rife with soldiers, traitors and boys with guns -- and expect to live as though all had been forgotten. The angry confrontations with police and soldiers continued, as did the sense of persecution and the taste of fear. The McAllisters frequently checked for bombs beneath their cars, and many nights waited by the windows, peering through the shades.

"I knew they were coming," Mrs. McAllister said. "And they did come."

The masked gunmen came on an October evening in 1988, when Mr. and Mrs. McAllister were vacationing in Spain. They fired 26 shots into the family's home while three of their children and Mrs. McAllister's mother were inside. Several weeks later, with money from a priest, the family fled to Toronto.

But his former life eventually became national news in Canada, and deportation seemed certain. One morning in March 1996, the McAllisters packed their four children into their Ford Taurus and drove across the border to New York, leaving behind a furnished house with family portraits still hanging on the walls.

After several months living undetected on Long Island and in New Jersey, the McAllisters requested political asylum, but, as usual, their timing was off.

Sinn Fein, the political arm of the Irish Republican Army, and some prominent Irish-Americans were already successfully pressing the Clinton administration to suspend deportation proceedings against nine Irish republicans living in the United States. (These were the same deportation cases that the administration formally terminated in December.) All had served time for their crimes, including murder, and all were veterans of the I.R.A., not the I.N.L.A.

Bruce Morrison, a former congressman from Connecticut who played a role in the negotiations, said the deal to help the nine men was part of a plan to secure an I.R.A. cease-fire and further the peace process in Northern Ireland. "There were other people who could make a claim to be similarly situated," he said. "But these guys had organized and had been pushing for relief for a long period of time."

But Mr. McAllister cannot help comparing his case with those of the ones whose deportation proceedings were halted. "We saw our case as that much stronger," he said. "I was an ex-prisoner, and our house had been attacked."

In his testimony before Immigration Judge Henry S. Dogin, Mr. McAllister tried to explain what it was like to have grown up in a city under siege: to have a rifle muzzle shoved in his mouth when he was 16, to see a Protestant friend murdered by Protestants because he spent too much time with Catholics, to plan a killing and believe it justified.

But he sensed that his words fell short, he said recently. "You just can't imagine."

Lawyers for the Immigration and Naturalization Service argued that the conflict in Northern Ireland in the 1980's did not rise to the level of a civil war, and that Mr. McAllister's acts were those of a terrorist, not of a soldier. Judge Dogin agreed, although he said the McAllisters had endured a pattern of persecution that the Northern Ireland and British governments "were unable or unwilling to control."

Mr. McAllister has appealed the judge's order to remove him from the country, while the Immigration and Naturalization Service has appealed the order granting asylum to Mrs. McAllister and three of her children: Nicola, Sean and the oldest, Gary, 24, a supervisor for a construction firm in New York. The case of their fourth child, 21-year-old Mark, is on hold, pending the outcome of a minor criminal case against him.

Meanwhile, the McAllisters try to find anonymity in New Jersey. They attend Mass at St. Joseph's Church. They go to the Garden State Mall. And sometimes they quarrel about professional ice hockey, particularly the Toronto Maple Leafs and the New Jersey Devils. It is a game that has yet to catch on in Northern Ireland.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A few years as an Irish terrorist put Malachy McAllister, right, in Long Kesh prison, above, and may force his deportation. But a judge gave asylum to, from left, his daughter, Nicola; his wife, Bernadette; and a son, Sean. (Richard Perry/The New York Times, above, and Reuters, top)

**Load-Date:** January 23, 2001

**End of Document**



[***Love and Cartagena***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:51N2-1W91-JBG3-6495-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 7, 2010 Tuesday

Copyright 2010 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section TR; Column 0; [Property PropertyName=TOLSDESK]dsk[/Property]; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2749 words

**Byline:** By ANAND GIRIDHARADAS

**Body**

IN the deep recesses of the Basurto market, a man is shaving the face of a pig. A razor in his hand, he glides across its face to remove the fuzz. The pig will soon be dinner. Not far away, cow hearts are on sale, and beside them cow eyes, staring out ominously, bound for a hearty potage. A shopping cart full of limes whizzes past. Alcatraz birds loom on the corrugated-tin roofs. ''My Sweet Lord'' is playing in one corner; in another, Caribbean songs pour from a bar lined with drinkers. It is not yet noon.

Truth can be stranger than fiction in Cartagena, the Colombian city whose real-life blend of seediness and charm has been an important inspiration for one of the most imaginative writers of the modern era, Gabriel Garcia Garcia Marquez. It is a city so pregnant with the near magical that, when Mr. Garcia Marquez took a visiting Spaniard on a tour one day that included a Creole lunch and a stroll through the old city, it lowered his opinion of Mr. Garcia Marquez's talents. The Spaniard told Mr. Garcia Marquez, as he would later record in an essay, ''You're just a notary without imagination.''

Imagine a city that could make Mr. Garcia Marquez, the Nobel Prize-winning giant of magical realism, seem like a notary.

The world speaks of Dickens's London, Balzac's Paris and Rushdie's Bombay, but the association between Mr. Garcia Marquez and Cartagena is less well known. And yet Cartagena has been an important if brief chapter in Mr. Garcia Marquez's own story. It is the city -- throbbing with the varied cultures whose mixing he chronicled -- that propelled his writing career; the city of the surreal, where toucans land on a table at its finest hotel; the city where Mr. Garcia Marquez arrived with nothing and learned to spin local tales into literature; the city awash in myths; the city that, in furnishing the reality for his magic, made him a writer.

''I would say that I completed my education as a writer in Cartagena,'' he once told an interviewer for a local documentary about Cartagena by the actor and filmmaker Salvatore Basile.

But for all of Mr. Garcia Marquez's popularity, Cartagena has drawn few Garcia Marquez-seeking pilgrims, because it has never assertively claimed the writer who cut his teeth here but who has since been only a fleeting presence. Mr. Garcia Marquez arrived in Cartagena in 1948 as a penniless student from Bogota and left the next year, never to live in the city full time again. But his parents and siblings moved to Cartagena two years after he left, so he continued to visit after settling down in Mexico City.

Now 83, he still maintains a house in Cartagena, where he often stays for a time in winter. But despite that connection and despite his fame, there is no Garcia Marquez museum in the city and no straightforward way to retrace the path of his youth.

In the last several years, a group of historians and scholars has sought to change that, laboring to document the city's Garcia Marquez connection. Seeking to identify the places and people behind his works, they have interviewed the author's friends and relatives, examined his public statements over the years and cross-referenced passages in his books with real estate records and other documents. They are working the findings into a Garcia Marquez-themed audio tour, to be released later this year. Meanwhile, one of the scholars, Iliana Restrepo Hernandez, of the local Universidad Tecnologica de Bolivar, generously shared some of their research with me.

These findings come at a moment when Cartagena is waking from a long slumber, recovering some of the vitality that Mr. Garcia Marquez's novels richly depict.

Situated on the Caribbean, on Colombia's northern coast, once among the most important trading ports in the colonized Americas, the walled old city of Cartagena fell into shambles in more recent decades. The wealthy old families that Mr. Garcia Marquez wrote about began to move out to the Miami-like suburb of Bocagrande, while the poor moved in. A result was that many of the centuries-old colonial houses that define the old city were reduced to empty shells, with proud doors and high, pastel-hued walls masking the ruins and tall grass within. It would have been a dispiriting time to arrive with Mr. Garcia Marquez's books, only to discover a city with few traces of its former grandeur -- though with less of the drug-tinged violence that prevailed in other parts of the country.

But in the last many years, as part of a broader Colombian reawakening, the city is resurfacing with boutique hotels, fusion-seeking restaurants and new fashion labels that turn sleepy towns into global destinations. Tourists are descending on its galleries, strolling idly down its byways, reveling with locals at New Year's Eve parties in public plazas. Travelers now call it Latin America's hippest secret.

It is a renaissance of which Mr. Garcia Marquez might be skeptical, having shown some hostility to the city's modernization campaigns, like the time when the sprawling downtown market was removed from the walled city and planted a short drive away. Yet it is a renaissance that, combined with the recent scholarly work, makes a Garcia Marquez pilgrimage accessible for the first time.

A hypothetical tour for such a pilgrimage might begin at Plaza Fernandez de Madrid. Cartagena, dangling into the Caribbean, its lanes lined with flower-filled balconies, is a city for lovers; and it was the setting for Mr. Garcia Marquez's novel ''Love in the Time of Cholera,'' regarded by critics as one of the 20th century's great love stories in literature.

It is the story of a young man of humble means, Florentino Ariza, who falls instantly in love with a girl named Fermina Daza, the daughter of a merchant. He courts her by letter, only to be rejected. Aspiring to move up in society, she marries and enters the elite Cartagena of her husband, Dr. Juvenal Urbino. For 50 years, Florentino pines for her, consoling himself with meaningless, frantic copulation -- until, upon Dr. Urbino's death, he gets a chance to assert his undying love once again.

What may come as a surprise even to the novel's most ardent fans is that Mr. Garcia Marquez, famous for his wild imagination, drew heavily on the reality of Cartagena for ''Cholera'' and other works.

In the Plaza Fernandez de Madrid, which Mr. Garcia Marquez recast in his love story as the Park of the Evangels, a traveler can sit precisely where the hopeless young man would have sat, ''on the most hidden bench in the little park, pretending to read a book of verse in the shade of the almond trees.'' A horse-drawn carriage today may clip-clop past, in which case you can imagine Fermina passing by.

AND even the house where Fermina grew up was not wholly fictional. According to scholars, you can see it on the plaza today -- the white house with a second-floor balcony on the eastern side of the square, covered with vines, garnished by a parrot-shaped door knocker.

Another spot where Mr. Garcia Marquez found inspiration was the Plaza Bolivar, which is situated within the old city. On one side of the square is a colonnaded arcade, known in ''Cholera'' as the Arcade of Scribes: ''an arcaded gallery across from a little plaza where carriages and freight carts drawn by donkeys were for hire, where popular commerce became noisier and more dense.''

Under the arcade, Florentino, rejected by Fermina and tormented within, found a way to redeploy the surplus love that he could not use: ''he offered it to unlettered lovers free of charge, writing their love missives for them in the Arcade of Scribes.'' On one occasion, he realized that he was writing letters for both parties in a budding courtship, his words slowly coaxing them together.

The passage of time cannot change fiction, but it can play fast and loose with reality. Today the arcade has been turned over to a new obsession: the Colombian devotion to beauty pageants. The national beauty pageant organization has its headquarters there, and the ground on which Florentino would have written his letters is now embossed, Hollywood style, with images of recent beauty queens.

According to the scholars, Mr. Garcia Marquez feels an especially strong connection to the square because Simon Bolivar, the Latin American revolutionary, is one of his heroes. The writer is said to have come to Plaza Bolivar from time to time simply to sit and think.

One afternoon last January, the plaza's benches were full of people: chatting with friends, taking breaks from work, sneaking in romance, writing letters over the free Wi-Fi. A small contingent of soldiers, mission unknown, stood to one side, guarding something or someone. Sellers of food and trinkets mingled with potential patrons.

A Garcia Marquez tour must go beyond his writings to seek hints of the real-life Garcia Marquez. For that, one might start with the author's home in the city.

It stands on the edge of the old city, in the San Diego quarter, facing the sea; with its outward gaze and high walls, it has an aloofness suggestive of Mr. Garcia Marquez's relationship to the city. It is a rare act of architectural subversion in a city of architectural conformity: not a colonial house in the Spanish style, but a modernist dwelling that Mr. Garcia Marquez ordered built. It looks like a straight-edged castle, with orange-red walls, a ring of holes running around the property, a swimming pool and a sprawling lawn. Mr. Garcia Marquez is said to live in the house for only several weeks each year, although he has spent a much longer time there this year, said Ms. Restrepo, the scholar.

Opposite the Garcia Marquez house is the venerable Sofitel Santa Clara hotel, where the writer is said to stop sometimes for a drink. The hotel was a hospital before it was a hotel, and a convent before it was a hospital, and it shares the city's mildly haunted air.

Working as a reporter in the late 1940s, before he owned a home nearby, Mr. Garcia Marquez was reputedly sent to the hospital to investigate a tip that a skeleton had been found, belonging to a girl with 22 meters, or 72 feet, of hair. That real life episode induced the Garcia Marquez novel ''Of Love and Other Demons,'' and became yet another illustration of the strange dance of myth and reality, fiction and truth, in Cartagena.

Today, what remains of that era is a small crypt below El Coro, the hotel bar, that any guest can enter by descending a few stairs. But the atmosphere is incongruous: on many nights, a live Afro-Cuban band is playing, with Colombian couples shuffling gracefully on the dance floor, the men in untucked short-sleeved shirts and white shoes, the women in elegant dresses.

The Cuban connection offers yet another way into Mr. Garcia Marquez's life. The writer has long raised eyebrows for his friendship with Fidel Castro, and is even said to maintain a home in Havana not far from Mr. Castro's. Whenever he is in Cartagena, Mr. Garcia Marquez has been known to dine at La Vitrola, among the finest restaurants in town, which evokes Old World Havana with its gently swirling ceiling fans, dishes like spiced shredded beef over fried plantains and live Cuban son music, with its guitar-and-percussion-driven songs. And while Colombia has lately turned rightward in its politics, Cuba is in many ways a patron saint of Cartagena's after-dark culture. Among the city's most authentic and coolest nightspots is Cafe Havana in the Getsemani district, where photos of legendary Cuban singers line the walls and the raw rhythms fill the room and spill out the open grated windows into the dim streets.

Indeed, it is in Getsemani, a vaguely seedy, ***working-class*** neighborhood just beyond the walls of the walled city, where the gritty, rum-soaked Cartagena that Mr. Garcia Marquez first fell in love with can most easily be seen. It has resisted thus far the gentrification that has come to the walled city. And in these parts it is not hard to imagine the roadside restaurants and bars where the young Mr. Garcia Marquez made friends, chased rumors and began to find his voice.

He arrived in the city in 1948 from Bogota, after political riots started a fire that burned down his hostel. It took with it all of his possessions, including his typewriter. He went to Cartagena and began again, finding work within days at El Universal, a newspaper that became a kind of journalism school for him. He has written of having submitted articles and then watching as the editor crossed out virtually every word, writing a new article between the lines of the old. It was the journalism of an earlier age, when writers and editors sat along the pier relishing steak with onion rings and green banana at dives, mingling with poets and prostitutes, telling tales and, in turn, converting anecdotes heard into articles for the next day's paper.

''All of my books have loose threads of Cartagena in them,'' Mr. Garcia Marquez said in the documentary. ''And, with time, when I have to call up memories, I always bring back an incident from Cartagena, a place in Cartagena, a character in Cartagena.''

IF YOU GO

HOW TO GET THERE

Several airlines fly to Cartegena from New York, usually with at least one stop. A recent Web search found a Copa Airlines flight from Kennedy Airport, with a layover in Panama City, from about $500 round trip, for travel in May. For additional flights, see nytimes.com/travel/cartagena.

WHERE TO STAY

The Sofitel Santa Clara(Calle Del Torno No. 39-29; 57-5-664-6070; hotelsantaclara.com) feels like the offspring of a luxurious hotel and a haunted house. The bar, El Coro, has Cuban music on many nights. Mr. Garcia Marquez lives across the street and has been known to sip a drink at El Coro. A recent search found rooms starting at about 475,751 pesos, or $250 at 1,900 pesos to the dollar.

For a less rarefied experience, the Hotel Monterrey (Carrera 8B, No. 25-103; 57-5-664-8560; hotelmonterrey.com.co), just

beyond the old city walls at the edge of Getsemani, has well-appointed rooms starting at 247,390 pesos. It is not far from where the old market stood and where Mr. Garcia Marquez, as a young man, made his start as a journalist. Ask for a room in the back, away from the loud salsa club next door.

MARQUEZ SPOTS

The Basurto market is a short taxi ride from the walled city. It has a reputation for housing thieves and pickpockets, as such markets invariably do, but cautious and prudent travelers should have no troubles.

In the Plaza Fernandez de Madrid, Florentino Ariza longed for Fermina Daza while sitting on a park bench under almond trees. The white house with the large overhanging balcony, near the corner where Calle de la Tablada meets the eastern side of the plaza, is the one on which Fermina's house is said to be modeled.

In the Plaza Bolivar, Portal de los Escribanos (Arcade of Scribes) is where real and fictional characters once wrote letters for the unlettered and where Florentino found a use for his irrepressible love. Today, the street vending that Mr. Garcia Marquez described persists, but Galeria Cano, a stylish boutique on the square, has mined Colombian culture to offer a selection of artifacts of interest to travelers (Plaza Bolivar No. 33-20; 57-5-664-7078; galeriacano.com.co). The plaza is also a good place to start a tour of the city by horse carriage.

Mr. Garcia Marquez's home stands at the corner of Calle Zerrezuela and Calle del Curato in the San Diego district, overlooking the sea. The Santa Clara hotel is across the street.

La Vitrola (Calle de Baloco No. 2-01; 57-5-660-0711) serves Cuban-inspired fare, washed down with Cuban music and dancing between the tables. The seafood is fresh, the meats are tender, and everything comes with plantains. Dinner is about 190,300 pesos for two, with wine.

Cafe Havana (at the corner of Calle Media Luna and Calle del Guerrero, in Getsemani; 57-310-610-2324; cafehavanacartagena.com) is a direct flight to another world. Beyond the walled city, far from the fancy new restaurants, the bar throbs with drinkers, dancers and singers-along. The Cuban mojito (12,000 pesos) is excellent.

Correction: May 16, 2010, Sunday

This article has been revised to reflect the following correction: The cover article on May 2 about Cartagena, Colombia, referred incorrectly to the writer Gabriel Garcia Marquez, whose fiction has been inspired by the city. As is customary in Latin America and in Spain, where a person carries both the paternal surname and maternal maiden name, the writer is Mr. Garcia Marquez, not Mr. Marquez.

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

**Load-Date:** December 7, 2010

**End of Document**



[***Mixed Success In Yonkers***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4K2B-YDY0-TW8F-G0BM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 28, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 29

**Length:** 1972 words

**Byline:** By FERNANDA SANTOS; Jo Craven McGinty contributed reporting for this article.

**Dateline:** YONKERS

**Body**

The matching town houses on Gaffney Place and Trenchard Street along this city's East Side -- with their brick siding, peaked roofs and well-tended front yards -- were once a prominent set of addresses in one of the country's more ambitious social experiments: the court-ordered effort to desegregate Yonkers, the fourth-largest city in New York.

After a bitter, drawn-out legal battle, black families from the city's housing projects began moving into the town houses and into the heart of one the city's white ***working-class*** neighborhoods.

For many, these town houses -- known as the Andrew Smith Townhouses -- were seen as the embodiment of an enemy invasion, a planted flag in the city's long and nasty war over race, jobs, schools and housing.

Today, 14 years later, Mary Delphina Paige, who left one of the city's most dangerous housing projects in 1992 with her daughter, Jessica, and son, Eric, and moved into what then was the new house at 111 Gaffney Place, says the experiment was, with some hardships, a triumph. She said it had given her the chance to raise her children in safety. For instance, Jessica, 23, is now working and saving to go to nursing school. Eric, 27, is now married, with one son.

Yvette Smith, who lives at 123 Trenchard Street, said that in the early years she had been met with epithets and cold stares, and has never felt completely at home. Still, her children have lived a life they might not have been afforded in the projects.

''Moving here gave me peace of mind to raise my kids,'' she said.

Although, for her, there were limits to the success. ''I still have this uneasy feeling that people just don't want us here,'' she added.

Kristina Meola, who is white and lives just outside the boundaries of the Andrew Smith Townhouses in a spacious two-story home that has been in her husband's family for five decades, said there was indeed trepidation about the arrival of blacks and Hispanics from the projects. Some neighbors sold their houses and moved away. Others simply kept their distance. Yet, she said, the worst fears had not been realized.

''I think people were worried that we would now become the urban look instead of the suburban look that we are,'' Mrs. Meola said. ''But it didn't happen.''

The exact truth of what has happened since the first units of low-income housing went up in East Yonkers is open to interpretation. There have been few formal or rigorous studies -- none broad, and certainly none definitive.

The bare-bone facts of the experiment were these: 200 town houses were built in the mostly white neighborhoods east of the Saw Mill River Parkway. Another 600 housing units intended for people with modest incomes have over the years been scattered around the East Side, and the final ones are scheduled to be completed this summer.

According to the Municipal Housing Authority, 58 of the first 200 families to move into the town houses are still living there, 9 of those at Andrew Smith. Among those first 200 families, there were some problems: 40 have been evicted and 17 have returned to the projects. Yet city statistics indicate that a disaster did not occur. Crime rates in the still largely white neighborhood have not gone up. The prices of homes have not plunged, although they also have not risen as much as in the rest of Westchester County during the latest housing boom.

But seen most broadly, the experiment also did not lead to any remaking of the city's overall population or substantially alter the great, hard divides of where whites and blacks live. Census figures show the number of whites on the East Side decreased by about 12 percent in the 1990's, but whites remain 82 percent of the area's overall population. And in the southwest quadrant, where about 7,000 units of public housing are concentrated, most in high-rise and aged projects, the population remains 81 percent black and Hispanic.

''Our expectations were higher than what reality turned out to be,'' said Peter Smith, executive director of the housing authority, which oversees the public housing stock in Yonkers, which has a population of 200,000.

In interviews over several months, families in the Trenchard Street town houses and some of their neighbors spoke about the experience. Some told of living separate lives. In fact, some tenants spoke of feeling isolated, somewhat stranded and no more rooted in the community than before.

But they do feel safe.

''I remember the big rats in the projects, the dog fights on the basketball court,'' said Leda Corea, 25, who was 11 when she moved from the William A. Schlobohm Houses in southwestern Yonkers to a town house at Andrew Smith, across the street from Mary Paige. ''I remember running to my apartment from the bus stop and making absolutely no eye contact with anyone until I got into my room. I was so afraid.''

Ms. Corea continued: ''Here, it's different. I never had to worry that I'd be hit by a stray bullet or chased on the street.''

It was that sense of safety and opportunity that first struck Mary Paige as she walked into her new town house on Gaffney Place in the summer of 1992.

The development is one of seven public housing sites built in East Yonkers between 1992 and 1994, the result of the lawsuit that charged that Yonkers had intentionally segregated its public housing and schools along racial lines.

The schools agreed to put a desegregation plan in place, but desegregating the housing proved to be an arduous, costly and divisive endeavor that took the city to the brink of bankruptcy.

Those who arrived at Andrew Smith with Ms. Paige that first day recalled that the block resembled a college campus on move-in day, electric with people hauling their possessions in boxes, trunks and suitcases into their 24 new homes.

Ms. Paige's home, like the homes of her neighbors, had a fenced-in backyard, an eat-in kitchen and a staircase with turned banisters.

Through the years, Ms. Paige has filled the walls there with pictures, diplomas and certificates of achievement, including a Children's Choice Award that she received in 1993 from the students at Martin Luther King Jr. Elementary School downtown, where she has worked as an aide and bus matron for 18 years.

''Moving here was like finding a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow,'' Ms. Paige said.

Her new home and neighborhood were a world away from Schlobohm, the menacing cluster of eight public high-rises they came from. Jessica Paige, who was 8 when her family moved to the town houses, remembers turning to her mother and asking, in amazement, ''Is this ours?''

Yvette Smith, 37, a social worker who moved into a nearby town house that same day, was also impressed. But there was something else that caught her eye: a racial epithet scrawled on a wall.

''Let me put it this way: It wasn't a warm welcome,'' Ms. Smith said bluntly over dinner at her town house on Trenchard Street, where she lives with her son, Daryl, 13, and youngest daughter, Darial, 17.

Throughout East Yonkers, residents were still fuming that the city had bowed to Judge Leonard B. Sand of Federal District Court and his order in 1985 requiring desegregation. They had staged rallies and packed City Council meetings, making remarks that made headlines across the country.

But with fines imposed by Judge Sand doubling each day that Yonkers failed to comply with the order, city officials relented and the town houses were built.

The resentment, though, lingered, Ms. Smith said. She remembers the woman who used to let her dog defecate in front of the town houses, never cleaning upthe mess. There was a man with a thick accent who often accosted tenants and asked if they were on welfare.

Fifteen years later, chimes dangle from windows and a wooden sunflower adorns one yards. Flowers bloom in clay pots. There is hardly a scrap of litter in sight.

By all appearances, life in the town houses is decidedly middle class.

But not all the stories are happy. A young mother was kicked out after her boyfriend killed a woman on the other side of town. Another woman lost her home when her live-in companion set it on fire.

And 16 original families who were evicted from their new homes were pushed out simply because they could not pay their gas and electricity bills, according to Mr. Smith of the housing authority.

The few researchers who have studied the Yonkers experiment -- from Columbia and Johns Hopkins University -- did not reach broad conclusions.

But they did say that the new housing helped residents cultivate positive attitudes toward school and work, and that the young people who had moved to the town houses were more likely than those who stayed in the projects to think that education was a route to good jobs.

However, the studies, as well as interviews conducted in recent weeks, also hint at the limited extent of the triumphs.

A fuller, deeper integration did not occur -- in part, some residents and experts say, because of the simultaneous effort to desegregate the schools. The judge's order did away with neighborhood schools, so children were -- and still are -- bused to all parts of the city, making it hard for their parents to meet and make friends in the neighborhoods in which they live.

In the neighborhoods, residents still keep their distance. At the playground opposite the Andrew Smith Townhouses, black and white children play together almost as rarely as the adults socialize. Ms. Smith said that most of her neighbors in the private homes would greet her, but only if she greeted them first.

Outside the town houses, white residents were reluctant to talk about their experiences. When they did, they would give only their first names, or brush off the issue, saying any problems were a thing of the past.

The mayor of Yonkers, Philip A. Amicone, said the battle over the housing ''was an unfortunate chapter in our history, but we have turned the page.''

The Meola family acknowledged that opposition to the town houses had been fierce. Michael J. Meola, 34, a supervisor at the Yonkers Parks Department, grew up in the house on Gaffney Place that he now shares with his wife of seven years, Kristina, and their three young children.

He said he now regrets joining some of the protests against the public housing, including a vigil at the lot set aside for the Andrew Smith houses where an effigy of Judge Sand was burned. But the opposition to the housing ''had more to do with economics than it had to do with race,'' Mr. Meola said.

''People were afraid that the homes they worked so hard to buy,'' he added, ''were going to be worth nothing after the town houses were built.''

But after the families moved in, Mr. Meola said: ''I don't remember it ever being a big problem. They moved in and we moved on. We wave at them, they wave at us, but that's about it.''

Jessica Paige graduated on May 12 from the Sanford-Brown Institute in White Plains with a certificate in medical assistance and is working at a doctor's office, hoping to save enough to finance her next endeavor, nursing school.

Xavier de Souza Briggs, an associate professor of sociology and urban planning at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, spent four years studying the desegregation in Yonkers.

''There are people who look at these desegregation efforts and say, 'Well, unless desegregation produces real evidence that kids are more likely to go to high school and go to college, that parents will make more money, what's the point of going through all the trouble?' '' he said. ''But to me, if you're able to reduce the levels of stress, if you're able to make quality-of-life improvements, that's a major victory.''

Ms. Paige agreed. ''To this day, I pray every night and I ask the Lord to bless my home,'' she said. ''It's by the grace of God that me and my family left the projects.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: A playground in Yonkers, where low-income town houses were built in the 1990's to help bring about court-ordered desegregation. Below left, residents vented their hostility at a City Council meeting in January 1988. Below right, people planning to move into the housing units gathered for public speeches outside the homes in June 1992. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)

(Photo by Suzanne DeChillo for The New York Times)

(Photo by Richard L. Harbus for The New York Times)(pg. 29)

Michael Meola at home with his wife, Kristina, and their children Emily, 5, Jacob, 2, and Gabriella, 3. (Photo by James Estrin/The New York Times)

Mary Delphina Paige moved into a new house in a predominantly white area of Yonkers in 1992. (Photo by Susan Farley for The New York Times)(pg. 32)

**Load-Date:** May 28, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Calm in the Swirl of History***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SNN-HTX0-TW8F-G18Y-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 4, 2008 Wednesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1; MAN IN THE NEWS

**Length:** 2364 words

**Byline:** By MICHAEL POWELL

**Body**

He gives the appearance of a strikingly laid-back victor, this presumptive Democratic presidential nominee.

On the day before the night he made history, Barack Obama shot hoops at the East Bank Club in Chicago, and called the odd superdelegate or two. Then he and his wife, Michelle, kissed their daughters goodnight and, with a half dozen of their best friends, rode to Midway Airport to catch a flight to St. Paul to claim his prize. He sat on the plane, legs crossed, chuckling, chatting, giving little hint of what roiled within.

Mr. Obama has written of his ''spooky good fortune'' in politics, and vaulting ambition and self-possession define his rise.

He turned down a prestigious federal appellate court clerkship while at Harvard to work as a community organizer. He wrote an autobiography at the age of 33, and another 11 years later. He brushed aside a liberal mentor who stood in his way in Illinois. After just two years in the United States Senate, he announced that he would run for the presidency and then upended a Democratic Party powerhouse.

On the cusp of becoming the first African-American to capture a major party nomination, Mr. Obama remains a protean political figure, inspiring devotion in supporters who see him as a transformative leader even as he remains inscrutable to critics.

He has the gift of making people see themselves in him and offers an enigmatic smile when asked about his multiracial appeal.

''I am like a Rorschach test,'' he said in an interview with The New York Times. ''Even if people find me disappointing ultimately, they might gain something.''

He is a liberal who favors regulating Wall Street and stanching housing foreclosures, negotiating with foreign enemies and disengaging from the war in Iraq. He speaks eloquently about America's divisions of race and class, and says the old rhetoric of racial grievance has exhausted itself.

But his insistence that he can bridge the nation's ideological chasms without resorting to partisan warfare leaves some with the nagging sense that he makes it sound too easy, and that his full measure as a politician has yet to be taken.

He has stumbled and fumbled more than once. Senator Hillary Rodham Clinton confounded him, pushing him back on his heels, his irritation too apparent. He falls in love with his words and perhaps his celebrity, acknowledging after Texas that he had become too dependent on arena politics and too aloof in smaller settings.

He is a deliberative fellow in a manic game. When his now-retired pastor, the Rev. Jeremiah A. Wright Jr., offered incendiary views on race and politics, Mr. Obama was slow to recognize how quickly Mr. Wright's words inflamed voters' doubts about him.

Michelle Obama, who is also a Harvard-trained lawyer and whose fires often burn hotter than those of her husband, pointedly advises Mr. Obama to forswear the cerebral and embrace the visceral. As Republicans attack him as unknown and untested, Mr. Obama could recall her advice in the months to come.

He was raised literally and metaphorically offshore, in Indonesia by his white mother and in Hawaii by his white grandparents. He is very much an American but tends to view the incongruities of politics with the distancing eye of an outsider.

A Life Examined

One of the curiosities about Mr. Obama is his professed lack of interest in the writers who pore over that life, trying to deconstruct his fractured family and geography. He claims not to read profiles that pile high in his plane.

''It just encourages the narcissism that is already a congenital defect for a politician,'' he says. ''I find these essays more revealing about the author than about me.''

The same might be said of Mr. Obama's autobiography, which is less a straightforward chronicle than a carefully framed coming-of-age narrative. He describes himself as a young man adrift, although few friends recall thinking him so lost. And he just might have overstated his youthful experimentation with marijuana.

(Last November, an Iowa voter asked if he, unlike Bill Clinton, had inhaled. Mr. Obama looked puzzled. ''I never understood that line,'' he said. ''The point was to inhale.'')

He carries a reputation as a Natural, and insists on calm. He did not interview each prospective campaign aide, but he laid down a rule: No drama kings or queens welcome. He confides in only a handful of advisers, particularly David Axelrod, the campaign guru with the appreciation for Chicago-style politics, and rarely displays public agitation about the measuring stick of his profession, electoral wins and losses. Told in February that he had won the caucuses in Maine, an overwhelmingly white state that he had expected to lose, he nodded, mumbled ''That's great,'' and turned back to a phone call.

He jokes with his Secret Service agents and carries his own bags off planes and buses. (In this fishbowl world, a candidate knows he is being studied; carrying your own bags can be good manners, good politics, or both.) He jogs to the stage with the cocky ease of a jock.

He favors moderate tastes, preferring organic tea to a tumbler of gin, salmon to steak, a fruit plate to fries. He jokes about tossing back a beer, but his tippling amounts to a swig or two, most often to try to prove to television cameras that he is a ''regular guy.''

But his greenness as a candidate also shows. His debate performances tend toward the erratic, authoritative one moment, defensive and diffident the next. He waxes incandescent at rallies, but in the 18-hour days leading up to primaries, he can sound aloof and querulous before smaller audiences. Condescension can creep in. He suggested, for example, that his youthful travels to Asia and Europe had left him more knowledgeable than Mrs. Clinton or Mr. McCain about foreign affairs.

''When I speak about having lived in Indonesia, having family that is impoverished in Africa, knowing the leaders is not important,'' he told a crowd. ''What I know is the people.''

At a fund-raiser in San Francisco, he speculated unhelpfully about the psychic hold that guns and religion had on the white ***working class***.

His ache for time lost with his daughters feels palpable. On his plane recently, he described the nightly calls home. Malia, 9, is loquacious, rattling off every detail of her day. Six-year-old Sasha, whom he has nicknamed Cool Breeze, goes monosyllabic.

How was your day? ''Fiiiine,'' Mr. Obama mimics her uninterested voice.

But the campaign has allowed this ambitious man just 10 days home last year.

So the contradictions pile up. He is a watcher and a wanderer who found a home in Chicago where he fashioned his adult identity, not least as a black man. He is an idealist who pursues the national spotlight with the intensity of a bloodhound and finds the top prize almost within grasp. Yet he holds tight to the belief that he can draw a curtain of normalcy about his family.

For months, he tried to keep his old e-mail address and cellphone number until friends convinced him he was nuts. ''We were like, 'Barack! Give it up!' '' said Cassandra Q. Butts, a senior vice president at the Center for American Progress and a former Harvard classmate. ''He asks: 'Why don't you call?'

''I tell him, 'Hey, Barack, you've got a few things going on, right?' ''

Making His Way

Friends talk of his sixth sense for career timing as if there were a Barack-the-immaculate-pol quality to his rise. But he is no accidental political tourist.

He studies his chosen world like a Talmudist, charting trends and noting which rivals are strongand which weak. His politics are liberal but his instincts are accommodationist; he cultivates older, powerful mentors, Democratic and Republican, and he made his peace with the Chicago Democratic machine.

''You don't go from being a community organizer to running for president in 15 years unless you have a lot of ambition,'' said Paula Wolff, a Chicago Republican and a mentor. ''He likes to listen carefully, and naturally you assume that's very smart of him.''

If there is an art to seeking advice, Mr. Obama holds a master's degree. He favors a hand on the shoulder, a whisper in the ear. In 1996, when he pondered a race for the Illinois Legislature, Jean Rudd, a mentor in the foundation world, took him to lunch with a prominent lobbyist. The appetizers had no sooner arrived than the lobbyist framed the question: Why would a Harvard-educated lawyer want to step into a hellhole like that? You'll leave your wife behind, you'll be in the minority party, you'll be treated like dirt. Mr. Obama chuckled and asked questions. The lobbyist later became an adviser.

Abner J. Mikva, the former judge, asked Mr. Obama, fresh out of Harvard, to apply as his clerk. Mr. Obama declined, preferring to labor as a community organizer. But, characteristically, he later befriended the older man.

The judge recognized his talents, but oh that speaking style. Too many ers and uhs, too Harvard and not enough South Side. Mr. Obama did not argue the point; he began paying attention in church.

''He listened to patterns of speech, how to take people up the ladders,'' recalls Mr. Mikva, now 81. ''It's almost a Baptist tradition to make someone faint, and, by God, he's doing it now.''

When he gained election to the Springfield statehouse, Mr. Obama taught himself poker; politics happened around card tables. Then he took up golf. He hit one shank after another. ''He was no Tiger Woods,'' said State Senator Terry Link, an older white Democrat. Eventually Mr. Obama learned to drive and putt -- and found a new place to conduct politics.

All of which sounds disarming, but there is a glint of steel. With his eyes on the State Senate in 1996, Mr. Obama told a former mentor that he would not stand down and let her reclaim her seat. And he used technicalities to bump rivals off the ballot until he ran unopposed. His operatives slapped down attempts to rerun primaries in Michigan and Florida; a recent party compromise on counting delegates from those states worked to his advantage.

An old Chicago hand notes that Mr. Obama seems to have read his Niccolo Machiavelli.

An 11-Year Path

Once, months ago, Mr. Obama preferred novels, meaty chews by John le Carre, E. L. Doctorow and Philip Roth that transported him far from the cacophonous here and now.

''Fiction kind of took me out of myself and what we were doing every day,'' he noted as he sat in his campaign plane, waiting to fly to another rally at a far-too-early hour.

And lately?

He motions at the platoons of Secret Service agents and staff members taking their seats. ''I'm lucky if I get through a chapter of anything,'' he says. ''I have come to realize the secret to sleeping on the road is to get very, very, tired.''

He returns to Chicago and his Hyde Park home as a celebrity. Neighbors cross the street to shake his hand and point from afar. Mr. Obama rolls his eyes.

''Look, I don't want to sound too noble: The first time you're on the cover of Time magazine and the crowds are cheering, that's not bad, right?'' he says on the airplane. ''But one thing I've learned about myself is that the surface glitter, the vanity element of this campaign, becomes less satisfying as I go along.''

That sounds too easy. He does not evince Bill Clinton's animal need to work a rope line until every sweaty hand is shaken. But he has taken just 11 years to run the course from state senator to the first black presumptive nominee of the Democratic Party, and holds thousands spellbound, and that suggests an ambition that runs swift and powerful. As a banker who plays basketball with Mr. Obama notes, he starts off quietly but he is known for talking a little smack if his shots are falling in.

It is not easy to sort out. The Obamas' friends are black and white, upper-middle class to wealthy, University of Chicago law professors and historians and lawyers and foundation types. When the news media calls, they put the shovel only so deep in the ground of revelation.

You return to that question again: You really don't read profiles of yourself?

Mr. Obama was sitting on his campaign plane a few months ago as it began the rumble down yet another runway to yet another campaign stop. He shakes his head but it sounds hard to believe; this introspective candidate ignores all those words? A reporter reads aloud from the novelist Darryl Pinckney's essay in The New York Review of Books. Mr. Obama, the novelist writes, ''comes across as someone who stored away for future consideration practically everything that was ever said to him, and who had a talent for watchfulness, part of the extraordinary armor he developed at an early age.''

Mr. Obama nods. That's intriguing. But he prefers his own riff, which not incidentally trains the eye not on him but on his crowds. ''I love when I'm shaking hands on a rope line and''-- he mimes the motion, hand over hand -- ''I see little old white ladies and big burly black guys and Latino girls and all their hands are entwining. They're feeding on each other as much as on me.''

He shrugs; it's that distancing eye of the author.

''It's like I'm just the excuse.''

A Man in the News article on Wednesday about Senator Barack Obama misstated the name of a club in Chicago where he played basketball on Tuesday. It is the East Bank Club, not the Back Bay Club.

PROFILE: Barack Obama: BORN: Aug. 4, 1961, Honolulu. EDUCATION: Columbia University, bachelor's degree; Harvard Law, juris doctor. CAREER: Community organizer, Developing Communities Project, 1985-88; Lawyer, firm of Miner Barnhill & Galland, 1993-2004; Illinois State Senate 1997-2004; United States Senate, 2004-present. FAMILY: Married since 1992 to Michelle Robinson Obama; two daughters, Malia, born 1999; Natasha, who is called Sasha, born 2001. HOBBIES: Basketball, writing, golf, poker, reading, spending time with family, watching ''SportsCenter'' on ESPN.

Correction: June 05, 2008

A Man in the News article on Wednesday about Senator Barack Obama misstated the name of a club in Chicago where he played basketball on Tuesday. It is the East Bank Club, not the Back Bay Club.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Senator Barack Obama speaking last month in Montana. Primaries there and in South Dakota on Tuesday gave him enough delegates to claim the Democratic nomination.(PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUG MILLS/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Mr. Obama says his busy campaign schedule allowed him just 10 days at home in Chicago last year with his daughters Malia, 9, and Sasha,(PHOTOGRAPH BY DOUG MILLS/THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Mr. Obama traveled to an event with his communications director, Robert Gibbs, center, and his chief strategist, David Axelrod.(PHOTOGRAPH BY OZIER MUHAMMAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A20)

**Load-Date:** March 19, 2010

**End of Document**



[***COLLEGE BASKETBALL;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41XJ-JD50-00MH-F0X5-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Griffin Stays Humble on Way Toward Top***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41XJ-JD50-00MH-F0X5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 18, 2000, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Sports Desk

**Section:** Section D; ; Section D; Page 2; Column 1; Sports Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1502 words

**Byline:** By IRA BERKOW

By IRA BERKOW

**Dateline:** SOUTH ORANGE, N.J.

**Body**

The story may best be told by starting backward, by depicting what Eddie Griffin has not done as opposed to what he has, and where he has gone in contrast to where he has not gone.

Eddie Griffin is an 18-year-old, 6-foot-9-inch college freshman with a lean, "live body," as the scouts say. He is a member of the Seton Hall basketball team, which is currently ranked No. 9 in the Associated Press poll and has been rated in the top 10 for much of the season. Tomorrow night the Pirates play second-ranked Michigan State in the Jimmy V Classic at Continental Arena.

Earlier in the season, Griffin led the nation in rebounding and scoring. While his statistics have dropped a bit, he is still among the leaders with an average of 21.1 points a game, 12.9 rebounds and 5.4 blocks.

Illinois Coach Bill Self, whose team beat Seton Hall in overtime on Dec. 9, said, "Eddie Griffin has a chance as a freshman to be a first-team all-American, and that's only been accomplished once." Wayman Tisdale was the only one.

That is where Griffin is now. Where he has not gone is to the National Basketball Association, which, considering that he was widely considered the best high school basketball player in the country as a senior last season -- with his 86-inch wingspan, soaring rebounding ability and soft-as-cotton candy jump shot -- was a temptation. It is a temptation to which some of his age and stature have succumbed.

"I would have had the money, which is nice," Griffin said, ruminating that a first-round draft pick gets a minimum of $1 million a year for three years, "but I wouldn't have been happy. I see some of those young guys who jumped from high school to the pros sitting on the bench, and they look unhappy. Nobody feels good sitting on the bench. And they sit for 82 games. That would be tough to do.

"I had friends telling me to go pro, but the people closest to me said I wasn't ready, that I should get stronger and polish my game in college. Then go pro. I agreed."

Where he also has not gone is to the streets, where some people of his age and stature have ended up, lured by other temptations.

"I've seen great high school players lose their focus and wind up drinking on street corners from gin bottles in paper bags," said Marvin Powell, Griffin's older brother. "I pointed this out to Eddie. And from the time he was a little kid, he wanted to be a basketball player, to some day play in the N.B.A. That was his dream. He had the intelligence to stay with it, and not be distracted by bad influences."

What Griffin has also not done is allow his head to swell with his young fame, the credit of which, in no small measure, must be shared with his single mother, Queen Bowen Griffin. She raised three other children, all older than Eddie, and worked as a practical nurse at the Green Acres Nursing Home. She opted for night hours (11 p.m. to 7 a.m.) so she would be home when the kids went to bed, could be there to give them breakfast when they got up, and dinner when they returned from school. And between household chores, she managed to get some sleep.

What Eddie Griffin also plans never to do again, he said, is embarrass his mother, as he did last spring when he got into a fight. Griffin and his teammate Marques Gantt got in a fight on March 10 in the lunchroom of his high school, Roman Catholic, in Philadelphia. An above average student, Griffin was not allowed to finish the school year at the school -- he made up his class work at home, under the stern supervision of his mother -- and was not allowed to walk down the aisle with his class at graduation. He received his diploma a week after the other Roman Catholic seniors.

"There was all that negative publicity all over the newspapers and television," Griffin said of the fight and his suspension. "I hated it for myself, and hated knowing my mom was hearing and reading about it. I realized I'm in the spotlight and I can't do anything stupid. I just have to handle things better than that."

There is also Griffin's eldest brother, who is crucial to this tale -- Marvin Powell, now 34, 16 years older than Eddie. At 6-6, he was a standout forward for the University of Hartford, and is now a graphic artist living with his family in East Hartford, Conn. When Eddie was 9 years old, his mother thought it would be best for him to go live with Powell because she and Powell agreed that a young, impressionable boy needed a strong male role model, and Marvin was prepared to be it. Griffin's father, Eddie Griffin Sr., with whom he is now in touch about once a week, had gotten divorced from Griffin's mother and moved to Georgia when his son was 2 1/2.

Four years later, when Eddie was about to enter high school, Powell, believing that Eddie was on the right track, again conferred with their mother. This time they decided that Griffin would return home, to the West Oak Lane section of Philadelphia, to the three-bedroom red brick row house in a ***working-class*** neighborhood.

Powell had early on discerned his brother's basketball potential, and understood that competition would be much stronger in Philadelphia, a basketball hotbed, than in Connecticut. Griffin would have a greater chance to make a name and reputation for himself back home. And Roman Catholic, some seven miles from the Griffin household, was the private school attended by many of the top area basketball players.

He played so well that in his sophomore year he received a handwritten note from Tommy Amaker, Seton Hall's coach. In the note, Amaker expressed interest in Griffin one day attending Seton Hall. Griffin responded, and then, with his family, went to the campus for a visit that same year, and Amaker told Griffin that he thought he could become the best high school player in the country by his senior year.

"I don't know if that motivated him toward that goal," Amaker said recently, "but it came true."

Griffin's family liked Amaker a great deal. Powell had followed Amaker's career when Amaker was a heady guard on championship Duke teams. He liked the same mature qualities in Amaker the coach. When Eddie was a senior, Amaker met again with the family. "He talked about academics as most important for Eddie," Mrs. Griffin said, "and I liked that very much."

Amaker, in turn, said that he was particularly impressed that Mrs. Griffin spoke as admiringly about her other three children -- Powell, Marian a practical nurse, and Jacques, 19, an art student in Philadelphia -- as she did about Eddie. "Eddie, despite his talent and acclaim, was just one of her four kids, kids she dearly loved equally," Amaker said. "Eddie wasn't put on a pedestal. I believe it helped give Eddie perspective, and a level head."

Griffin also leaned toward Seton Hall because, unlike North Carolina, which was high on his prospective list of colleges, it was closer to home and his family would be able to see his home games. And Seton Hall, unlike Temple, "was not too close to home," Griffin said. Also, two other freshmen whom Griffin had played with and had liked, Andre Barrett and Marcus Toney-El, had committed to Seton Hall. All three are starters now.

Amaker and Griffin's family also talked about skipping college and going straight to the N.B.A. Scouts from most pro teams had attended Griffin's games and practices, though none had talked with Griffin about money or his future. Darius Miles, a tall high school senior from East St. Louis, Ill., was chosen third in the N.B.A. draft by the Los Angeles Clippers. Many rated Griffin a better prospect, and he was named Parade magazine's player of the year over Miles.

"We don't have it all," Mrs. Griffin said, "but we're surviving. We can wait for the time Eddie's ready to go pro."

"My time will come," Eddie Griffin said. Next year? The year after? "Sometime in the next four years," he said, a smile appearing below his thin mustache. He said he still has a lot to learn, on defense and offense, and is learning it from Amaker and the coaching staff and the competition. "I was sore after the Illinois game," he said. "They had a veteran team, and were very strong. I got banged up good."

Like some young star players who opt for college over the pros for at least a season or two, Griffin has, at the urging of Amaker, taken out an insurance policy in case of a career-ending injury.

Meanwhile, he continues to work hard at his game. One day last summer, Powell visited the Griffin home in Philadelphia. Griffin suggested that they play a game of one-on-one on the basket in the driveway. Griffin had never beaten Powell, but they hadn't played in a couple of years, and Eddie had grown and filled out some. Griffin won in a close game. "I could shoot over him now, and back him down," Griffin said.

Powell said: "I told him I let him win to boost his ego. I also didn't have my glasses on."

Griffin laughed at that.

"He never let me win before," he said. "I've improved."

And Powell, with obvious familial pride, agreed. "He's gotten better," he said, "much better."

He could tell that with or without his spectacles.

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Seton Hall's Eddie Griffin, shooting over Penn's Ugonna Onyekwe last Wednesday, is among the nation's leaders in scoring and rebounding. (Associated Press)

**Load-Date:** December 18, 2000

**End of Document**



[***The Trouble In Housing Trickles Up***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SN2-FNN0-TW8F-G04J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 1, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section BU; Column 0; Money and Business/Financial Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2206 words

**Byline:** By NELSON D. SCHWARTZ

**Dateline:** Greensboro, N.C.

**Body**

WHEN Brandt and Tiffany Schneider put their brick colonial on the market for $1.2 million last April, they had every reason to be optimistic. The home, three years old and in a suburban neighborhood here, features a two-story great room with a stone fireplace and a leafy backyard. The couple's agent told them she would be shocked if it didn't sell within 30 days. After all, the Schneiders had owned five previous homes over the past decade, all of which had sold in the first month for more than the couple had paid.

A year later, they are renting a house in Madison, Wis., where they moved to be closer to family, and are still waiting for a buyer for their old home. Despite Mr. Schneider's new job as a manager at a logistics company, his family has had to cut expenses and eliminate vacations in order to cover the $2,500-a-month rent in Madison and the mortgage payments, taxes and utility bills still due in Greensboro.

Half a dozen price cuts haven't done much to generate more traffic -- two months recently passed between showings -- and the Schneiders are now asking $874,900. At that price, they would just about recoup what they originally spent buying and upgrading the house.

''We're hanging on by the skin of our teeth,'' says Mrs. Schneider, 41, a stay-at-home mom with three children. At one point, the family held a garage sale to raise some extra money. ''We put a lot of cash down, we didn't take out a subprime loan. But we never thought we'd have a hard time selling a great home in a wonderful neighborhood.''

Nearly a year after the mortgage meltdown became front-page news, the Schneiders' travails reflect how the nation's housing woes have moved beyond subprime borrowers in ***working-class*** neighborhoods and into the realm of upper-middle-class homeowners.

Last week, a new report showed that house prices nationwide were off 14.1 percent from a year ago, while the Commerce Department said sales of new homes remained near their lowest levels since 1991.

THE market here isn't like those of Florida or California, which have followed a boom-and-bust pattern, or of Cleveland, where foreclosures have overwhelmed entire neighborhoods. Instead, what's playing out here is a kind of paralysis, with wide swaths of the market frozen and only the very top end showing signs of life.

This may hint at what's in store for other real estate markets around the nation that managed to avoid the excesses of the last decade but still find themselves struggling now. Indeed, the recent economic trajectory of Greensboro, a city of 242,000 smack in the middle of the rolling Carolina Piedmont, has run parallel to that of the country as a whole.

Sales of existing homes here are down 22.5 percent from the first quarter of 2007, according to G. Donald Jud, a University of North Carolina economist who tracks the market for local Realtors, compared with a 21.7 percent drop in home sales nationally. Unemployment in the Greensboro area averaged 5.1 percent in April, versus 5 percent nationwide. The mortgage delinquency rate of 4.04 percent, meanwhile, is nearly identical to the country's rate, 4.35 percent.

''In some ways, Greensboro got caught up in the national housing boom,'' Mr. Jud says. ''It was neither a bubble nor a bust, but people in the middle are now feeling the pinch from rising costs and getting overextended.''

Greensboro has fared better than other places in terms of foreclosures, though they were up 23 percent in April, versus the same month a year earlier; nationally, the jump was roughly 65 percent. ''But that's still pretty high for us,'' Mr. Jud says. ''The market is still weakening, inventories are growing and sales prices are dropping.'' Across the nation, foreclosures are expected to keep rising, flooding the market with more homes.

In Greensboro at the end of the first quarter, nearly 2,500 homes were on the market, up nearly 12 percent from December. And it's midprice residences that have been hardest hit. While sales of properties valued at less than $150,000 are down 13.3 percent from a year ago, sales of homes between $150,000 and $350,000 are off more than 27 percent.

The one exception to this otherwise sobering picture is Irving Park, a gracious neighborhood where some of Greensboro's original tobacco and textile heirs still reside. Like other wealthy enclaves such as Menlo Park, Calif., Irving Park has escaped much of the downdraft affecting outlying suburbs like Summerfield, where the Schneiders' home is for sale.

But over drinks in the wood-paneled dining room of the Greensboro Country Club, there are whispers that even Irving Park may be susceptible to the downturn. More properties are selling at substantial discounts, at least one member's million-dollar home is in foreclosure, and a prominent local bankruptcy lawyer says he is seeing a new kind of client.

As recently as two years ago, says the lawyer, Charles M. Ivey III, ''I felt like I was a veterinarian for dinosaurs -- clients were disappearing.'' Now, he's seeing more and more of what he calls ''paper millionaires,'' real estate investors who thought that the good times would go on forever. ''Mostly they bought a slew of properties, hoping to flip them and with refinancing, they thought they could stretch it out,'' Mr. Ivey says. ''Hopefully, we can buy enough time to sell off their properties.''

THE brick house on Robdot Drive in Oak Ridge is just a 10-minute drive from the Schneiders' place in Summerfield, and it looks like any other of the prosperous homes that have sprung up like mushrooms from the red clay earth here over the last five years. Come closer and you quickly realize that something's not quite right: weather-proofing peeks out from around the front door, and an open garage reveals that the interior of the house contains little more than bare wooden beams.

Construction here stopped abruptly months ago, and now it's just one of scores of McMansions nearby sitting empty and forlorn on what was farmland until a few years ago. Tobacco barns still dot the landscape, but the farms they once served are gone, paved over by developers and other speculators who figured that housing prices could only keep climbing. ''It was like, 'Build it and they will come,' '' says Lewis Tillman, who, with his wife Tara, owns Westchester Realty. ''Except they didn't come.''

To make matters worse, these outlying suburbs were built on the premise of cheap gasoline, says Keith G. Debbage, a geography professor at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro who tracks the local economy. With gas at $4 a gallon, he says, ''travel costs are now a serious consideration.'' Oak Ridge and Summerfield are bedroom communities, he notes, and many commuters drive 30 to 45 minutes each way to jobs in Greensboro and Winston-Salem. ''People are doing a serious rethinking of where they live,'' he adds.

Now reality has caught up with the hopes that animated so many real estate markets around the country. When the Tillmans moved down to Greensboro from Cortlandt Manor, N.Y., four years ago and discovered these fast-growing suburbs, Mrs. Tillman says, ''we thought we'd be flipping homes. Now there's just so much inventory out there.''

In one Oak Ridge subdivision, Mrs. Tillman's client is asking $409,000 for a brand new four-bedroom with granite countertops in the kitchen and a Jacuzzi-style bath. She just marked it down from $422,000, but given the slow pace of sales in the neighborhood, that may not be enough. ''Builders just kept putting up one spec house after another,'' she says.

About 18 months ago, adds Casey Durango, a broker at Yost & Little, builders could hardly keep pace with demand. ''They were selling drawings,'' she says.

When buyers do turn up nowadays, she says, ''they smell blood in the water and routinely offer 15 to 20 percent below the asking price.''

ONE big reason buyers are being so conservative is that mortgage standards have tightened considerably. ''We've kind of gone back to the old days,'' says Christie Caldwell, who has worked as a mortgage broker in Greensboro since 1986. While some analysts say lenders have overreacted, Ms. Caldwell says they are simply being prudent.

Traditionally, she explains, homebuyers who put down less than 20 percent were required to pay for private mortgage insurance. But at the height of the bubble, banks turned a blind eye as borrowers did an end run around the rules by taking out two mortgages, Ms. Caldwell says. That's much harder to do these days, she says.

Similarly, homebuyers with lower credit scores often have to put more down. Everything just seems more difficult, she says. ''Before, we could quote rates without knowing credit scores, debt-to-income ratios and the size of the down payment.''

The resulting crunch is now also affecting both white-collar and blue-collar workers who had depended on the real estate market for employment. Kavanagh Homes, a local builder that specializes in the middle and low end of the market, has cut its work force by half. ''We've had to really pull our horns in,'' says the firm's president, John Kavanagh.

One home appraiser in the area, Rai Alexander of Taylor Pope & Herring, says the first four months of 2008 ''were the slowest I've had in my career, and I've been in the business since 1991.''

The recent surge in gas prices has been an added burden, since Mr. Alexander covers the cost of fuel himself and typically spends $45 to $50 a week on gas. ''I try to bunch up my appointments together so as not to drive back and forth to the office too much,'' he says. To make extra money, he also works part-time as a bartender at the Greensboro Coliseum, a local arena, and, with his wife, Denise, has cut back on going out to restaurants.

''It seemed like things just sort of stopped after Christmas,'' he says.

Mr. Alexander, 48, grew up in Irving Park and still enjoys driving past fashionable addresses like Country Club Drive, telling stories about Greensboro's old-money families, like the Cones, who founded Cone Mills and made the denim for Levi's jeans. Although Cone Mills went bankrupt in 2004, and other local textile makers have cut thousands of jobs, you wouldn't know it from visiting Irving Park. It has long been among the wealthiest census tracts in the state, according to Mr. Debbage, with a median income of $122,052 in 2000.

''New money has flooded into the neighborhood, with younger people buying older homes and tearing them down,'' Mr. Alexander says. ''I couldn't afford to buy.'' He now lives in Summerfield, the same suburb where the Schneiders are trying to sell their home.

Sitting in the Sunset Bar of the Greensboro Country Club, Gary Jobe is still enthusiastic about Irving Park, especially the profitability of pulling down older homes on big lots and putting up one, or sometimes two, in their place. A third-generation Greensboro builder with a high-end clientele, Mr. Jobe's business in Irving Park is thriving.

Mr. Debbage says the very top end of the market in Irving Park is unlikely to feel anywhere near as much pain as newer, middle-class neighborhoods. ''There's a certain cachet and social prestige that's hard to replicate elsewhere,'' he says. ''It's been like that for a century, and it has built up over multiple generations. For those folks to be impacted, you'd have to see a very severe recession.''

For those in Greensboro who are less fortunate than many residents of Irving Park, this is a time of waiting. Not just for all those empty houses to start selling again, or for gas prices to drop. Like the rest of the country, anxious homeowners who have no intention of moving are watching to see if the recent rate cuts by the Federal Reserve put a floor under falling real estate values.

LOCAL residents are also talking up the opening of two projects they hope will replace some of the high-paying jobs lost when the domestic textile industry foundered. After 10 years of planning, FedEx expects to open a new hub at the Greensboro airport next year, which will eventually employ up to 1,500. Nearby, Honda Aircraft is building a new headquarters and factory.

''I don't know if it will be enough, but it will certainly help,'' Mr. Debbage says of the new employers.

Although it will be years before these projects begin to pay dividends, would-be real estate tycoons are still hoping against hope for a quick turnaround.

Driving down the country roads near his horse farm in Oak Ridge late last year, David Tolbert spotted a sign announcing an auction by a local builder who'd run into trouble. He ended up buying the house -- the four-bedroom that Mrs. Tillman is now trying to sell for him. ''I bought it to flip, but the flippage part is not going so well,'' he says.

Like the Schneiders, Mr. Tolbert had always quickly sold his past homes for more than he'd paid. Now, with the carrying cost running at $2,000 a month, he, too, needs to sell and is considering a price drop -- though he has already lowered the price once, to $409,000. ''We'd hoped to make a profit, but if it doesn't sell by late this year, my profit will evaporate,'' he acknowledges. ''It's a pretty good deal, but I haven't gotten any nibbles.''

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Betty Howard is trying to sell a house near Greensboro, N.C., for Brandt and Tiffany Schneider. The property, in a cooling market that was never hot, has been listed for more than a year.(PG. BU1)

Gary Jobe says he has done well building new houses on old lots in an affluent area.

Rai Alexander, an appraiser in Greensboro, measures the exterior of a house using a laser.

In some developments in the Greensboro market, construction has stopped on half-built houses. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARA D. DAVIS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. BU8)

**Load-Date:** June 1, 2008

**End of Document**



[***An Appraisal; Bill Clinton's Mixed Legacy***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:424B-JSJ0-0109-T27P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 14, 2001 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 4; Column 1; Editorial Desk; Pg. 16

**Length:** 1714 words

**Body**

A recent editorial cartoon by Matt Davies of The Journal News showed Bill Clinton trying to make a diving catch of a huge ball. The ball, labeled "Greatness," lands just out of his reach. The drawing provided a haunting visual metaphor for the near-miss quality of a presidency that never quite measured up to the potential that every supporter and most critics knew resided within Mr. Clinton. Yet simply stating the fact that Mr. Clinton is not destined to enter the pantheon of great, universally respected presidents does not capture the richness, complexity and drama of these eight years. No citizen is likely to forget them or, for that matter, to quit debating the man's remarkable gifts and the narcissistic indiscipline that diminished them.

His White House years have been been marked by prosperity, rancor, achievements, disappointments and something approaching a national psychodrama involving Mr. Clinton himself. Trying to separate Mr. Clinton from the times he presided over is like trying, in Yeats's phrase, to tell the dancer from the dance. Mr. Clinton presented himself as an agent for change. But with or without him, the 90's were bound to be a decade when change rolled across the economy, international relations and the political culture with a grinding inexorability. Historians will surely record Mr. Clinton as the first president to be impeached since 1868 and as having presided over America's longest economic expansion. That's the easy sentence to write. But they may also come to see him as the shaper of some main themes of governance for the 21st century. President-elect George W. Bush, who gained a lot of votes from Clinton fatigue, will not be able to ignore the policies Mr. Clinton installed or the expectations he created.

Clinton fatigue is a catch phrase for the public disenchantment engendered by Mr. Clinton's lapses. When he failed, he failed big. First came health care and its secretive process run by the first lady, Hillary Rodham Clinton. The refusal to be open about Whitewater was a joint responsibility, but Mr. Clinton's later fateful decision to deceive Mrs. Clinton, a grand jury and all Americans about sexual adventurism in the Oval Office was a mistake for which he alone was responsible.

By contrast, when Mr. Clinton achieved, it was in increments. Historians may never discern a grand architectural edifice of achievements on the scale of the New Deal or Great Society. Yet those increments add up to an impressive benchmark.

Setting a Course

In his book on President John F. Kennedy, Richard Reeves argues that a presidency can be measured by a handful of fateful decisions. For Mr. Clinton, a string of decisions on the economy belies his reputation as a poll-driven politician. In many cases, Mr. Clinton relied instead on gut instincts and was proved right. In 1993, for instance, he rejected the advice of many Democrats to stick with a liberal agenda of spending programs. Instead, he listened to his chief economic adviser, Robert Rubin, and went with fiscal restraint. His tax increase on the top brackets angered conservatives and led to the loss of Congress to the Republicans in 1994. But without a stringent fiscal policy, the United States would not today be trying to decide what to do with surpluses instead of deficits.

Another bold move came when he stood up to his party's orthodoxy and embraced opening trade barriers with the North American Free Trade Agreement with Mexico and Canada, the accord to create a new World Trade Organization and the upgrading of trade relations with China. It is too soon to be positive that these will bring the benefits Mr. Clinton promised, but there is no doubting that he planted himself on the right side of history.

Mr. Clinton has been at his best and most memorable in advocating engagement in the world in order to lift everyone's hopes for freedom and economic growth. If Ronald Reagan reasserted America's military power, Mr. Clinton reasserted its economic power in the information age. His growing confidence enabled him to act audaciously, first intervening to save the Mexican economy and later to prevent a collapse in Asia. These steps were among the president's finest moments.

Days of Battle

As a new president, Mr. Clinton did not truly find his identity until adversity struck. It came like a thunderclap in November of 1994 when the voters handed the Congress over to Newt Gingrich and the Republicans. Mr. Clinton seemed wobbly at first, and perhaps overly obsessed with polls. But Mr. Clinton's pride in his ability to bounce back after a heavy punch was justified. Early in 1995, he stood up to the Republican leadership and later allowed the government to close rather than accept the Gingrich revolution's punitive budget cuts.

Two of Mr. Clinton's biggest achievements flowed from that standoff. First, on the environment, the president was persuaded by Vice President Al Gore and others to fight Republican efforts to eviscerate the Clean Water Act. Thereafter he vetoed repeated Congressional attempts to weaken environmental standards and compiled the best conservation record of any president since Theodore Roosevelt. Among his achievements were tighter air pollution controls, new protections for wilderness areas, national forests and national parks, and the negotiation of a still-unratified global warming treaty.

The second outgrowth of the confrontation with Congress was Mr. Clinton's determination to build a progressive record step by step. Among the accomplishments are an expanded earned-income tax credit for millions of poor families; a health initiative covering 3.3 million poor children; welfare-to-work aid enacted in the years subsequent to his signing of welfare reform; a doubling of Head Start and school aid for the disadvantaged; and an expansion in college tuition aid for low- and moderate-income students. The administration estimates that in all an extraordinary $64 billion is now newly channeled annually to ***working-class*** and poor families, far more than might have been enacted in one big program. None of this can outweigh the failure to install the universal health care he promised in 1992. But for the first time in at least two decades, the lowest-income families have gained from good times, and indeed have gained the most.

A Dangerous World

As the first post-cold-war president, Mr. Clinton has had difficulty finding a theme to sum up his approach to the world. He was slow to engage, in part because his first two years were spent on the economy and health care. His inattention led to missteps in the Balkans and Africa. But nowhere, this page not excepted, could one find flawless guidance and predictions on Serbia and Rwanda. Yet the president got his footing and developed a distinctive style, and he leaves office as the most authoritative figure in international diplomacy. He often succeeded by becoming involved personally with other leaders. The most dramatic instance was his effort to advance democracy and free markets in Russia by allying the United States with Boris Yeltsin, despite the Russian president's erratic leadership. That was a tough call that came with a cost as international indifference to corruption encouraged criminalization of the Russian economy and soured many Russians on American leadership. But the decision helped thwart a resurgence of Communism and secure crucial Russian support for a negotiated end to the bombing campaign that forced the Serbs out of Kosovo and hastened the departure of Slobodan Milosevic in Serbia.

Mr. Clinton's personal involvement with Prime Ministers Yitzhak Rabin and Ehud Barak of Israel, and with Yasir Arafat and King Hussein of Jordan, surely speeded the possibility of a settlement in the Middle East, even though a final deal has eluded him. Less noticed was his willingness to make some tough decisions to try to bring trust to combatants in Northern Ireland and between India and Pakistan and to ease tensions with North Korea. Mr. Clinton's early emphasis on human rights in China did not achieve results and led to a confrontation over Taiwan. He salvaged relations with the Chinese by emphasizing economics. But the overarching theme of his presidency has been the twin impulses to embrace economic globalization and to get warring countries in various regions talking.

Finally, there was the bold decision to wage a bombing campaign in Kosovo. It was this campaign that expanded the role of NATO for the first time to include combatting ethnic and genocidal conflict at its European back door, which united European powers around American leadership. In general, Mr. Clinton has rightly broadened the definition of national security to encompass the spread of disease, poverty and ethnic strife, ending his term with honorable involvement in the world and revitalization of the United Nations and regional peacekeeping alliances.

Moments of Truth and Untruth

Of course if these decisions were moments of truth in which Mr. Clinton faced a tough set of choices and made the right call, his biographers can never ignore the catastrophic ethical lapses that punctuated his tenure. The conduct ranged from overt lying about Monica Lewinsky to inhibiting the Whitewater real estate investigations to flooding his 1996 campaign with foreign money. By allowing his attorney general, Janet Reno, to block a full investigation of the 1996 fund-raising abuses, he blotted both their records. The impeachment will always stand as the emblem of Mr. Clinton's character flaws and failure to achieve the greatness inherent in his better self.

Yet his self-indulgence and self-pity and recklessness have come, like it or not, intertwined with great empathy, especially for those who have been victims because of their race, gender or sexual orientation. As he leaves the presidency, we hope Mr. Clinton will find a way to use those gifts on the national and world stage. He will likely have a different role than Jimmy Carter's strictly humanitarian one of opposing poverty and disease. But Mr. Clinton, at 54, will be a very young ex-president. If he disciplines himself to be as intent on enriching the world as on enriching himself, he could write a constructive and surprising last chapter to this most novelistic of modern presidencies.

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

**Load-Date:** January 14, 2001

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TMK0-0024-J4GT-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***'Amongst Friends' Tops Off a Journey Of Self-Discovery***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-TMK0-0024-J4GT-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 18, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts & Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2;; Section 2; Page 10; Column 1; Arts & Leisure Desk; Column 1;; Biography

**Length:** 1319 words

**Byline:** Rob Weiss

By SARAH LYALL

By SARAH LYALL

**Body**

Through the years, Long Island has presented itself artistically in ways as varied as the dozens of communities that stretch its length, from the border of Queens to the tip of Montauk. The Long Island of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Great Gatsby" is a lost place of privilege and of intricately stratified classes in brutal social competition. In the novels of Susan Isaacs, including "Compromising Positions," which became a movie starring Susan Sarandon, and the new "After All These Years," it is the backdrop for middle-aged, middle-class people engaged in such suburban pursuits as divorce, murder and revenge.

And while the island's less tony neighborhoods have never been as popular as, say, Queens or Brooklyn as movie locales, some have been memorably portrayed recently, most notably by Hal Hartley. His subjects are a different breed altogether -- alienated ***working-class*** types who might be seen hanging out at the convenience store of an afternoon and whose inner lives are beyond imagining.

Now comes Rob Weiss, a brash 26-year-old whose first movie, "Amongst Friends," portrays a world of mobsters and drug dealers in the Five Towns, a cluster of mostly affluent communities east of Kennedy Airport and near Mr. Weiss's birthplace. In this hive of intense upward mobility, residents show off with big cars, big houses and big billfolds. Mr. Weiss, the movie's writer and director, hastens to emphasize that while the characters could well be real, the plot is made up.

"I'm going to try to hide during the Five Towns screening," said Mr. Weiss. "What do you think? That they're going to be bitching and moaning and saying, 'This doesn't really happen here?' " he mused. "I set the film there, but it's not supposed to be any judgment on anyone."

"Amongst Friends," which attracted considerable excitement at the Sundance Film Festival in January, is to open in New York on Friday. It might take its inspiration from mob movies like "Goodfellas," which Mr. Weiss acknowledges as an important influence. But his film is really about a way of life in which well-off young people rebel against their own opportunities and slide into crime to fight boredom and flout convention.

Mr. Weiss clearly invites comparison to Mr. Hartley, another homegrown writer and director, whose three films about Long Island -- "The Unbelievable Truth," "Trust" and "Simple Men" -- have tended to focus on teen-agers and young adults so alienated from real life that they live in their own alternative, albeit internally plausible, universes.

But while Mr. Hartley used Long Island to describe anomie that could exist anywhere in suburban America, Mr. Weiss sets his film in a very specific environment of riches that breed aimless, and lawless, pursuits. His own voice -- sharp, fast-talking, cynical, heavily New York-accented -- emerges most clearly at the beginning of the movie, when his voice-over introduces the Five Towns as a place where "you got judges living next to gamblers next to rabbis living next to dentists" and "16-year-old kids thinking and acting like they're Flavor Flav," the rap star. "The only thing they all had in common," the narrator says, "was money -- lots of money."

"Amongst Friends" follows three boys from the pure friendship of their childhood to the grayer areas of young adulthood, when they eschew the professional pursuits of their parents for a life as low-level gangsters. The plan backfires. The three become caught up in killings and drug-running; and their tenuous alliance finally spins out of control into a betrayal that has left some preview audiences weeping.

The young men in Mr. Weiss's movie form alliances with the men of their grandparents' generation -- mostly first-generation Jews who arrived on Long Island with nothing and made their living at the edges of the law.

"The real reason these kids are like this is that they're spoon-fed everything as a child, and you know that's not going to get you respect in the real world," Mr. Weiss explained. "The grandfathers got respect becuase they worked to the bone 18 hours a day. These kids tried to forget all the privileges they had and start again."

Mr. Weiss said the three young men in "Amongst Friends" were inspired by different facets of his own personality. "These are not kids who want to grow up to be 9-to-5 guys," said Mr. Weiss, clearly not a 9-to-5 guy himself. In fact, he wrote "Amongst Friends" after his own period of wretched listlessness. Born in Baldwin, near the Five Towns, Mr. Weiss dropped out of the Parsons School of Design, where he studied fashion, then film. He found himself out of work and living goallessly back at his divorced father's house in Lawrence, smack in the Five Towns.

"Whatever was going on in my life, I felt like I was dying, you know?" Mr. Weiss said. "I was 24 years old, laying awake at night, sweating myself to bed, thinking: 'Who the hell am I? Where am I going?' I didn't have a dime in my pocket. I was living with my dad. Everyone else had all graduated from college after four years like normal people."

So he wrote his screenplay in a matter of weeks. Don't ask him how, because he doesn't know. "I have no idea, no clue," he said. "Stream of consciousness. I just sat down and it just came out. I had never written anything before in my entire life. I had never completed a short story -- nothing."

Though he clearly grew up in comfort, the then-unemployed Mr. Weiss did not have much money to make "Amongst Friends," which cost $900,000, much of it borrowed from family and friends. Shooting on location in the Five Towns, the crew was so strapped for cash that when Mr. Weiss opened a bag of Doritos for a scene in which he (in a brief appearance) smokes pot with a group of disaffected youths, he found little torn-up triangles of yellow cardboard. "I was like, we're making a film, and you don't have enough money for a bag of Doritos," he said.

Mr. Weiss's movie has already gathered praise for the sharpness of its story and authenticity of its voice. "He's a stylist, a born storyteller, and I think the types of film making he's capable of are as broad as his interests," said Ira Deutchman, president of Fine Line Features, a division of New Line Cinema and the movie's distributor. "This film twists conventions around and deals with a culture we've never seen on film before."

Mr. Weiss has already signed a three-picture deal with Universal and begun work on his next screenplay, for Tri-Star. After a short rough period, he seems to be adjusting with some aplomb. "After Sundance was a really bad time for me," Mr. Weiss said. "It was so wearing on me mentally, I was literally twitching. I was jumping up 100 times in the middle of the night.

"I had been staying with my girlfriend for the most part, eating Subway sandwiches every night, and all of a sudden I could eat whatever I wanted to eat. I could buy new clothes for the first time in four years. I could buy a laser printer. To meet these new people -- to all of a sudden be accepted into this world. You know, now I'm validated in some ways."

Mr. Weiss's mother's boyfriend is in the movie. But his father, who among other things organizes tour packages for casinos and who prevailed on some of his gambler friends to contribute money to "Amongst Friends," hasn't seen the movie; he wants to wait until he can see it in a theater. "I don't think my dad really understands that it's actually a movie," Mr. Weiss said. "I think he thinks that I'm just interested in film."

In any case, the journey from anxiety-filled inactivity to euphoria to near nonchalance has been a short one. "When we got accepted at Sundance I was so happy to be going there, I can't explain it," Mr. Weiss said. "But it wears off, because now when I open a magazine and see myself in there, I don't even care -- I just focus on how dumb I look in the picture. You could go to Cannes or Venice, but it'll never be the first time again."

**Graphic**

Photos: Rob Weiss, whose first film opens on Friday. (Matt Gunther for The New York Times)(pg. 10); Patrick McGaw and Mira Sorvino in "Amongst Friends" -- Rebelling against their own opportunities. (Fine Line Features)(pg. 14)

**Load-Date:** July 18, 1993

**End of Document**



[***The Listings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SMK-R640-TW8F-G016-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 30, 2008 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 18

**Length:** 2517 words

**Body**

THEATER

Approximate running times are in parentheses. Theaters are in Manhattan unless otherwise noted. Full reviews of current shows, additional listings, showtimes and tickets: nytimes.com/theater.

Previews and Openings

'THE COCKTAIL HOUR' In previews; opens next Friday. A revival of A. R. Gurney's play about a writer returning home to ask his parents for money to produce a play that he has written about them. Kirk Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200.

'A DANGEROUS PERSONALITY' Previews start on Wednesday. Opens on June 11. Sallie Bingham's play explores the life of the spiritualist and philosopher Helena Blavatsky. Julia Miles Theater, 424 West 55th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200.

'EDWARD ALBEE'S OCCUPANT' In previews; opens on Thursday. The accomplished performers Larry Bryggman and Mercedes Ruehl star in Edward Albee's dramatic portrait of the artist Louise Nevelson (1:50). Peter Norton Space, 555 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 244-7529.

'HAMLET' In previews; opens on June 17. To wait in line or not to wait in line: that will be the question for those who want to see free Shakespeare this summer, which features Michael Stuhlbarg (''Pillowman'') as the Dane. The Public's head honcho, Oskar Eustis, directs (3:20). Delacorte Theater in Central Park, midpark at 80th Street, (212) 539-8750.

'REASONS TO BE PRETTY' In previews; opens on Monday. What happens when you tell your friend that his girlfriend doesn't have a pretty face? Neil LaBute investigates (2:15). Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher Street, West Village, (212) 279-4200.

'SAVED' In previews; opens on Tuesday. Set in a Christian high school, this new musical by Michael Friedman, John Dempsey and Rinnie Groff explores faith, homosexuality and the angst of the teenage years (2:15). Playwrights Horizons, 416 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200.

Broadway

'ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S THE 39 STEPS' An absurdly enjoyable, gleefully theatrical riff on the 1935 Hitchcock movie, directed by Maria Aitken and featuring a cast of four that feels like a cast of thousands. This fast, frothy exercise in legerdemain is throwaway theater at its finest (1:45). Cort Theater, 138 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Ben Brantley)

'AUGUST: OSAGE COUNTY' Tracy Letts's turbocharged tragicomedy about an Oklahoma clan in a state of near-apocalyptic meltdown is the most exciting new American play Broadway has seen in years. Fiercely funny and bitingly sad, it somehow finds fresh sources of insight in that classic staple of the stage, the disintegrating American family. And the cast, from the Steppenwolf Theater Company, is beyond sublime (3:20). Music Box Theater, 239 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200.

(Charles Isherwood)

'BOEING-BOEING' Marco Camoletti's smirky French farce from the 1960s about a triple-timing roue has been given the makeover of the season by the director Matthew Marchus. This high-spirited production soars into an unpolluted stratosphere of classical physical comedy. With Christine Baranski, Bradley Whitford and, in a priceless deadpan performance, Mark Rylance (2:30). Longacre Theater, 220 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'A CATERED AFFAIR' John Buccino and Harvey Fierstein's short, slow and somber depiction of a blue-collar family planning an expensive wedding, inspired by the 1956 movie, is so low-key that it often seems to sink below stage level. John Doyle directs a scrupulously subdued cast led by Faith Prince, Tom Wopat and Mr. Fierstein (1:30). Walter Kerr Theater, 219 West 48th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF' Anika Noni Rose and Terrence Howard deliciously embody those eternal adversaries, irresistible force and immovable object, as the battling husband and wife in the first act of this otherwise flabby revival of Tennessee Williams's melodrama. Debbie Allen directs, none too certainly, a cast that also includes James Earl Jones and Phylicia Rashad (2:45). Broadhurst Theater, 235 West 44th Street, Manhattan; (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'THE COUNTRY GIRL' The sole source of suspense in this inert revival -- directed by Mike Nichols and starring Morgan Freeman, Frances McDormand and Peter Gallagher -- is whether three of the finest actors around can ever make you care about what their characters are going through (2:10). Jacobs Theater, 242 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'GYPSY' As the dangerously obsessed Momma Rose, Patti LuPone has found her focus. And when Ms. LuPone is truly focused, she's a laser, she incinerates. Directed by Arthur Laurents, this wallop-packing incarnation of the great musical showbiz fable, also starring the superb Boyd Gaines and Laura Benanti, shines with a magnified, soul-revealing transparency (2:30). St. James, 246 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'IN THE HEIGHTS' Lin-Manuel Miranda, who wrote the bubbly Latin pop score for this musical about barrio life, also gives a captivating performance as the owner of a bodega who dispenses good cheer along with cafe con leche. Zesty choreography and a host of lively performers are among its other assets; its fundamental flaw is a vivid streak of sentimentality (2:20). Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 West 46th Street, (212) 307-4100. (Isherwood)

'LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES' The British actor Ben Daniels makes a sensational Broadway debut as the 18th-century libertine Valmont in Rufus Norris's eye-filling, imbalanced revival of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the Pierre Choderlos de Laclos novel. Also starring Laura Linney, a wonderful actress cast out of her range as Valmont's former lover (2:40). American Airlines Theater, 227 West 42nd Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

'PASSING STRANGE' The rock 'n' roll autobiography of Stew, a singer-songwriter who grew up in bourgeois black Los Angeles and trekked to Europe to find himself as an artist. The portrait of an artist in search of himself is an old story; Stew's unique perspective, exuberant music and witty lyrics -- and the show's uniformly delightful cast -- give it a vivid new sheen (2:10). Belasco Theater, 111 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

'SOUTH PACIFIC' Bartlett Sher's rapturous revival of this Rodgers and Hammerstein classic recreates the unabashed, unquestioning romance American theatergoers once had with the American book musical. Kelli O'Hara and Paulo Szot are the revelatory stars of a pitch-perfect cast (2:50). Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE' A glorious revival of Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's 1984 musical about art according to Seurat. Making enchanting use of 21st-century technology to convey a 19th-century Pointillist's point of view, this production also shimmers with a new humanity and clarity. Daniel Buntrock directs a revelatory cast, led by Daniel Evans and Jenna Russell (2:15). Studio 54, 254 West 54th Street, (212) 719-1300. (Brantley)

'THURGOOD'Laurence Fishburne plays Thurgood Marshall, the first black American to sit on the Supreme Court, in this no-frills solo show written by George Stevens Jr. and directed by Leonard Foglia. Basically a history lesson given by a movie star, but the life story is undeniably stirring (1:30). Booth Theater, 222 West 45th Street, (212) 239-6200.

(Isherwood)

'TOP GIRLS' James Macdonald's smart and sensitive revival of Caryl Churchill's imperfect but important play from 1982, about the roads taken and not taken by women throughout history. Nothing matches the exhilarating, time-scrambling first act, but the cast throughout is extraordinary. The starry ensemble includes Elizabeth Marvel, Marisa Tomei and Martha Plimpton (2:30) . Biltmore Theater, 261 West 47th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'XANADU' An improbably entertaining spoof of the majestically awful movie from 1980 about a Greek muse (Olivia Newton-John, roller-skating into oblivion) who inspires a young artist in Venice Beach, Calif., to chase his disco dream. Kerry Butler mimics Ms. Newton-John's Aussie accent and sports her signature skates-and-leg-warmers look, but also puts her own affectionate stamp on a seriously silly role. Blissfully idiotic, practically sublime (1:30). Helen Hayes Theater, 240 West 44th Street, (212) 239-6200. (Isherwood)

Off Broadway

'ADDING MACHINE' A bleak but brilliant musical adaptation of Elmer Rice's 1923 play about an all-American loser who kills the boss when he finds he's being replaced by the contraption of the title. Expertly designed and directed, with unforgettably vivid performances in the three lead roles and an inspired score by Joshua Schmidt and Jason Loewith (1:30).Minetta Lane Theater, 18 Minetta Lane, Greenwich Village, (212) 307-4100. (Isherwood)

'BETRAYED'George Packer's play, adapted from his piece for The New Yorker, is a chilling study of the plight of three Iraqis working for the American government in Iraq. Forceful, unsettling and beautifully acted (1:45). Culture Project, 55 Mercer Street, SoHo, (212) 352-3101.

(Isherwood)

'BLINK' This drama from Wales about a grown man who is just confronting the sexual abuse inflicted on him by a teacher is partly inspired by a real-life case from the 1980s, and when it sticks to that plot element, it has power, thanks to a top-notch three-member cast. But Ian Rowlands, the playwright, also makes it a tirade against the abuse victim's father, who (like the teacher) is never seen, and just why everyone is so angry at him is less clear (1:40). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200. (Neil Genzlinger)

'THE BULLY PULPIT' As a conservationist and union supporter, Theodore Roosevelt was a Republican of a different color, something Michael O. Smith makes abundantly clear in this informative one-man show, which he also wrote. Mr. Smith's vigorous, gregarious portrait winningly reminds us of Roosevelt's insatiable intellectual hunger and unrelenting optimism. To say nothing of T. R.'s resistance to pigeonholing -- so rare for a politician in his era, and, sadly, so rare in ours (1:55). Beckett Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Andy Webster)

'HOW THEATER FAILED AMERICA' Mike Daisey is a remarkable performer. His new monologue, supposedly about the failure of regional theater, is actually the touching and at times hilarious story of how he fell in love with theater, and of his professional misadventures (1:00).Barrow Street Theater, 27 Barrow Street at Seventh Avenue South, (212) 239-6200. (Caryn James)

'JACKIE MASON: THE ULTIMATE JEW'Barack Obama, Eliot Spitzer and (of course) the difference between Jews and gentiles are topics covered in this comedian's farewell show (2:15). New World Stages, 340 West 50th Street, Clinton, (212) 239-6200.

(Jason Zinoman)

'THE NEW CENTURY' The one-liners fly like rockets in this rollicking bill of short plays by Paul Rudnick about gay men and the women who love them. And more often than not, they hit their targets smoking. Nicholas Martin directs the unmatchable team of monologuists: Linda Lavin, Peter Bartlett and Jayne Houdyshell (1:45). Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200. (Brantley)

'PORT AUTHORITY' Conor McPherson's haunting fugue of monologues about passive lives and loves that might have been, performed by three actors who know how to snare an audience with a story: Brian d'Arcy James, John Gallagher Jr. and Jim Norton. Henry Wishcamper directs (1:30). Atlantic Theater, 336 West 20th Street, Chelsea, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

'PRISONER OF THE CROWN' This frenetic courtroom drama about Sir Roger Casement, an Irish patriot convicted of treason in 1916, treats history as a cartoon. (2:05). Irish Repertory Theater, 132 West 22nd Street, Chelsea, (212) 727-2737.

(Zinoman)

'RAFTA, RAFTA ...' Ayub Khan-Din's play, adapted from a Bill Naughton comedy, gently considers the problems of a newly married couple unable to consummate their marriage. What might have been a sniggery sitcom is transformed, by seamless and compassionate ensemble work under Scott Elliot's direction, into a gentle and compassionate look at an Indian family adjusting to ***working-class*** England (2:20). Acorn Theater, 410 West 42nd Street, Clinton, (212) 279-4200. (Brantley)

Off Off Broadway

'ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED' This satirical, nightmarish rock musical articulates the views of Dennis Woychuk (who wrote its book and lyrics), a former lawyer for mental patients, toward the New York criminal justice system. It spares no one, and its songs -- bleak, profane and often witty -- carry the conviction of experience. The exuberant cast members, well, rock it (1:30). Kraine Theater, 85 East Fourth Street, East Village, (212) 868-4444. (Webster)

Last Chance

'DAMASCUS' Part of the Brits Off Broadway series, this comedy by David Greig, set in a hotel in Damascus, has more than laughs on its mind, though it has trouble blending the comic and the serious. Its characters seem to inhabit different universes: Paul, a Scottish textbook writer, is in a romantic comedy about expanding horizons; Muna, an Arab intellectual, is in a drama about how the dreams of Palestinians in exile butt up against reality (2:30). 59E59 Theaters, 59 East 59th Street, (212) 279-4200; closes on Sunday.

(Rachel Saltz)

'ENSEMBLE STUDIO THEATER MARATHON: SERIES A' David Auburn's short portrait of a splenetic tennis pro at the end of his career is the highlight of this annual collection of one-acts (1:39). Ensemble Studio Theater, 549 West 52nd Street, Clinton, (212) 352-3101; closes on Saturday. (Zinoman)

'GOOD BOYS AND TRUE' Roberto Aguirre-Sacasa's blunt, often implausible drama concerns a sex-tape scandal in a prep school. More likely to inspire stifled yawns than furrowed brows (1:35). Second Stage, 307 West 43rd Street, Clinton, (212) 246-4422; closes on Sunday. (Isherwood)

'JOHN LITHGOW: STORIES BY HEART' In this funny, poignant tribute to his parents and grandmother and the pleasures of storytelling, Mr. Lithgow, invisibly directed by Jack O'Brien, offers a tour de force primer on acting (1:30). Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 West 65th Street, Lincoln Center, (212) 239-6200; closes on Monday. (Andrea Stevens)

'OEDIPUS LOVES YOU' The experimental Irish theater company Pan Pan has come up with a rough and sneakingly smart gloss on mythology's favorite mama's boy and his abiding influence on Western culture, replete with Freudian game playing and masochistic rock ballads (1:10). P.S. 122, 150 First Avenue, at Ninth Street, East Village, (212) 352-3101; closes on Sunday. (Brantley)

'OLD COMEDY AFTER ARISTOPHANES' FROGS' Target Margin Theater offers an updated take on ''The Frogs,'' by David Greenspan, that is jammed with topical references, most related to Iraq and the Bush administration. For awhile it's zany fun, but it soon grows oppressive. Enough, already, with the Cheney and waterboarding jokes(2:15). Classic Stage Company, 136 East 13th Street, East Village, (866) 811-4111; closes on Saturday. (Genzlinger)

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

**Load-Date:** May 30, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Mean Streets - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-38T0-000P-N4JJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

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

**Length:** 1532 words

**Byline:** By Sara Mosle;

Sara Mosle is an editor at The Times Book Review.

By Sara Mosle;   Sara Mosle is an editor at The Times Book Review.

**Body**

The Corner

A Year in the Life

of an Inner-City Neighborhood.

By David Simon and Edward Burns.

543 pp. New York:

Broadway Books. $27.50.

Your average American is far more likely to spend a weekend in Paris, Moscow or even Beijing than two days or nights in one of America's slums. Consequently, discussion of America's urban underclass is typically so statistical, ideological or otherwise abstract as to amount to little more than an educated guess: how the other half probably lives. Being there, of course, is only the first, insufficient step to understanding a place, but even many writers on issues like welfare, race, poverty or drugs have spent scant time in the ghetto and some show no evidence of having been there at all. (Why do the hard work of reporting when everyone already knows what to think?) As A. J. Liebling once put it, "When information becomes unavailable, the expert comes into his own."

Just what the experts are missing is illustrated by "The Corner," a brave, unblinkered and heartbreaking look at the residents of a few blocks of West Baltimore's ghetto from the winter of 1992 to the fall of 1993. David Simon, the author of "Homicide: A Year on the Killing Streets," about Baltimore's Police Department, and Edward Burns, a former police detective who appears in "Homicide," don't just parachute into the neighborhood once every two or three months. Practicing what they modestly call "stand-around-and-watch journalism," they camped out on the corner of Monroe and Fayette almost every day for more than a year.

Their title pays homage to "Tally's Corner," Elliot Liebow's 1960's study of street-corner life, but a better comparison might be to "Rosa Lee," Leon Dash's book based on his Pulitzer-Prize-winning series for The Washington Post. (For four intense years, Dash trailed Rosa Lee Cunningham, a destitute, drug-addicted mother of eight in Washington.) "The Corner" isn't as good as "Rosa Lee," but it's still so far above most reporting on the underclass as to demand attention. In one sense, Simon and Burns's subjects remain uncooperative: their lives don't hew to liberal pieties, or conservatives' often pitilessly reductive arguments, about the poor. But in every other respect, the authors engender a trust that enables them to witness the kind of private moments -- a teen-age mother with her newborn, an addict injecting heroin, an officer roughing up a suspect -- that few outsiders see. Their intimacy is earned the way all intimacy is earned -- by the amount of time they devote to their subjects. "If we, as a society, are ever to come up with viable solutions to poverty," Dash wrote, "we must agree on what the facts are, regardless of our political viewpoints." Simon and Burns's achievement is to demonstrate again just how short of such facts we are.

There is a moment in "Homicide" where Simon acknowledges the almost inescapable perspective of his middle-class readers. The police have descended on a gutted West Baltimore row house, without electricity or running water, that is home to some two dozen glue sniffers, heroin addicts and prostitutes. Stacks of soiled diapers, discarded clothes, plates of weeks-old food and pans filled with urine litter almost every room of the roach-infested house. The stench is oppressive. The detectives' disdain for the residents has nothing to do with their poverty or potential criminality, Simon writes, but derives from an unspoken "standard," which says that "even in the worst American slum, there are recognizable depths beyond which no one should ever have to fall." Armed with such details and a tidy moral, most other reporters would have retired for the night. But Simon sticks around. After painstakingly searching the house, the police begin hauling suspects to the precinct. A child asks an officer if he can get something from his room before they go. It's well after midnight. "What is it you need?" a detective asks. "My homework," the kid replies. The cop is incredulous. But sure enough, the boy trundles upstairs and pulls a third-grade reader and workbook from the rubble. Suddenly, the moral is more complicated.

"The Corner," in essence, is the book-length version of such moments. Told from the point of view of the drug addicts and ordinary poor folk who populate West Baltimore, it explodes stereotypes of the ghetto poor and dispels some of the myths that even many of its residents hold dear. Tyreeka, 14 years old, gets pregnant not to obtain a government handout but in a desperate bid to keep a straying boyfriend. DeAndre, a young drug dealer, doesn't find fast-food work demeaning; it's part of a workaday world he scarcely comprehends. When he lands a job at Wendy's, he's so proud that he parades his new uniform in front of his mother and girlfriend. On the eve of quitting heroin, and the neighborhood, an addict named Mike waits to kill a dealer who's dissed him; the dealer doesn't show. Chance, as much as resolve, assures Mike's escape. Ella Fitzgerald, a saintly woman who runs the local community center, struggles to retain the double vision required of all corner residents: "DeAndre and R. C. and Tae are not drug dealers; they are her children . . . their possibilities still before them. And Smitty and Gale aren't beleaguered addicts; they're neighbors. And Ricky Cunningham," who volunteers at the center, "wasn't creeping past the high-rises, where he went to cop vials . . . he was a bystander caught up in someone else's evil."

The book's real protagonist, however, is the corner itself -- a menacing, malign presence that rules the neighborhood with ruthless logic. All its laws, the authors contend, derive from two axioms: "get the blast," or high, and "never say never." It is a code that allows for "a fiend's theft of the television set from the recreation center, of chalices from the corner churches, of the rent from his mother's bedroom." Addiction's toll on the neighborhood is often startlingly concrete. The United Iron and Metal Works, a local company, essentially underwrites the dismantling of the neighborhood by paying cash, no questions asked, for scrap metal -- copper piping, aluminum roofing, rain spouts, steel boilerplates, refrigerators, even cars -- most of it pried or stolen from the surrounding blocks. And like an abusive spouse, the corner isolates its victims. Several residents express their belief that if they stray even a few blocks from the corner, they will be lynched by the Klan. Few, however, have much direct interaction with whites; their fear is at least in part a product of their extraordinary remove from mainstream American life.

Although the drug trade drives the community's economy, most of the people who live here, of course, are not addicts. And at the heart of the book is three generations of the McCullough family: William and Roberta, a ***working-class*** couple, married some 50 years, who have lived near the corner all their lives; their 15 children, many of whom have escaped to middle-class suburban lives, and one of them in particular, Gary, a heroin addict who lives in the neighborhood's abandoned row houses; and DeAndre, Gary's son, a once promising student who, at 15, is a penny ante drug dealer and all but a junior-high dropout. By every conservative or liberal light, Gary should have lived the American dream. Raised in a loving family, he held two union jobs, managed a lucrative investment portfolio, owned a Mercedes and his own home. But "the corner," the authors write, "best serves the hard core." Gary slips, almost inexorably, into heroin addiction. (He dies of an overdose in 1996.) Still, his humanity remains intact: he reads Thoreau, takes time out to see "Schindler's List," which he finds deeply affecting, and even secures occasional employment -- working so hard at the local crab house that he's regarded as the "John Henry" of crabs. But it was Gary, the authors observe, who taught his family "to fear their neighborhood the way it ought to be feared." Many people assume that we understand the ghetto's problems, if not always the solutions to them, when the opposite is as often true. The McCullough children who escape do so, in large part, through well-worn paths: the public schools, community colleges, the civil service, affirmative action, the Army. The reasons for Gary's fall, however, remain stubbornly elusive.

Despite the obvious virtues of "The Corner," it remains, finally, a deeply frustrating work. The authors have a fine ear for dialogue, but the book is much too long, mired in detail and filled with policy analysis delivered in a cursing street patois that seems wrongheaded where it's not embarrassing. Still, Simon and Burns display an almost religious regard for individual human lives; it is a respect backed up not by cheap sentiment or easy moralizing but by the dangerous, backbreaking labor of intrepid reporting. They do not always condone their subjects' choices; sympathy is not the same as support. But they prove, as Auden once wrote, "that the first criterion of success in any human activity, the necessary preliminary, whether to scientific discovery or to artistic vision, is intensity of attention or, less pompously, love."

**Correction**

A review on Nov. 23 about "The Corner: A Year in the Life of an Inner-City Neighborhood," by David Simon and Edward Burns, misstated the name of the woman who runs a community center in the Baltimore neighborhood where the authors did their research. She is Ella Thompson.

**Correction-Date:** December 7, 1997, Sunday

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** November 23, 1997

**End of Document**



[***DANCE VIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B8K0-0007-H03X-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***MEREDITH MONK SALUTES THE FAMILIAR***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B8K0-0007-H03X-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 18, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Page 22, Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk; Review

**Length:** 1302 words

**Byline:** By Jack Anderson

**Body**

Meredith Monk has become known for elaborate multimedia spectacles involving large casts.

And although the events in them have often been strange, they nevertheless can be related to such broad topics as childhood and maturity, nuclear survival, the rise of fascism and the American Civil War. Therefore ''Acts From Under and Above'' and ''Turtle Dreams (Cabaret),'' the two recent works that she presented at La Mama, may have surprised some audiences. Both were small in scale and enigmatic in content. Nevertheless, both possessed ties to many of Miss Monk's previous compositions.

The smallness of scale made one remember that several of her earliest efforts - for instance, ''Break,'' ''Duet with Cat's Scream and Locomotive'' and ''16 Millimeter Earrings'' - were for small casts (often, only one or two dancers) and, like the offerings at La Mama, the action of these older pieces resisted glib explications. Moreover, one scene from ''Acts From Under and Above'' could be described as the latest restatement of a theme that recurs throughout Miss Monk's productions.

Up until that moment, the new piece was unusually somber. The entire first act was a solo set in a dim, rocky cavern. Miss Monk's movements were always cautious and uncertain, as if, alone with her fears, she sensed sinister presences everywhere. Unlike most caverns, this one contained a piano, which enabled her to play the instrumental part of the score she had composed for the work. She also sang and chanted, most of the time wordlessly. But when words did emerge, they were ''help'' and ''look out.'' And at one point disembodied voices were heard ominously whispering, ''We know who you are.''

Then, however, Miss Monk began to say ''hello'' to familiar things, extending her greetings to bread, salt, snow, dogs, automobiles and the moon. As she did so, spectators who have followed her career may have recalled comparable moments in previous productions. Miss Monk has often favored bizarre imagery. At the same time, she has affirmed the everyday world. During the course of ''Untidal: Movement Period'' (1969), performers actually telephoned friends in Montreal and San Francisco. ''Paris'' (1973), a collaboration with Ping Chong, depicted the strolls of two plucky ***working-class*** people. Cups of water were treated like treasures in ''Chacon'' (1974), a portrait of life in a New Mexico desert town. Gatherings of people at tables suggested conviviality and family warmth in ''Education of the Girlchild'' (1973), ''Quarry'' (1976) and ''Specimen Days'' (1981). And, last season, in ''The Games,'' another collaboration with Mr. Chong, the survivors of some global catastrophe took pains to summon up memories of such things as trees, fish, champagne and morning coffee.

The first part of ''Acts From Under and Above'' concluded with a film by David Gearey showing feet passing through a city street. Given the subterranean setting, one could have been watching pedestrians from a cellar window. Life goes on, the film sequence seemed to say. And so does art - for, although she trembled, Miss Monk remained able to sing, dance and play the piano.

The second act, a collaboration between Miss Monk and Lanny Harrison, called further attention to the importance of family and friends. A window opened in the rock wall, revealing Nurit Tilles, a pianist, as a comforting, even motherly, presence. Miss Monk and Miss Harrison could have been sisters playing games or acting out children's fantasies. Thus they played doctor and patient. They also appeared to imagine a night on the town, the sort of adventure children might dream up after eavesdropping on parents' talk of parties and dinners: Miss Tilles became a haughty waiter in a Spanish outfit and Miss Monk and Miss Harrison tried to look sophisticated as they sipped blue cocktails.

At other times, they circled the space at various gaits. Because, as they did so, they took turns looking decrepit, they reminded viewers that children like to ape grownups (sometimes with a maliciousness that may not be totally unconscious) and that childhood idylls cannot last. Evoking the incident in ''Education of the Girlchild'' when an ensemble of aged dodderers kept desperately clinging to life until death claimed them, this scene was an intimation of mortality. So was the moment when Miss Monk announced, ''I'm scared,'' and Miss Harrison stared uneasily at a pair of scissors and a burning match.

Aging and death are inevitable. Yet when Miss Tilles sat down at the piano, she played ragtime music by several composers, and the jauntiness of ragtime became a sign of human indomitability. In the work's ingenious and beautiful conclusion, Miss Monk and Miss Harrison wrapped themselves in a blue-green cloth, then raised it to disclose underneath a whole city with lighted windows in its buildings. Here we live together, this little city proclaimed. Here, too, of course, we may die alone. Yet here we can love, work and make art and, by being together, let our lights shine in the darkness.

The image of the city - and, by implication, the real world we live in - was also emphasized in ''Turtle Dreams (Cabaret).'' But before such imagery was introduced, the piece appeared to be pure artifice. Indeed, it was a sort of abstract cabaret. Like conventional cabarets, revues or floor shows, it offered a string of musical and choreographic ''routines,'' composed by Miss Monk and choreographed by her and Gail Turner. Yet whereas most revue songs and sketches, however frivolous, can be said to be about something, it was difficult to tell what, if anything, Miss Monk's divertissements were about. Miss Turner put the fingers of her hands together in one solo and simply let them move in various pulsating rhythms . A duet for two men consisted of variations on slouching patterns. Faceless entertainers wearing big wigs shook themselves about. A cha-cha contained sneeze-like convulsions. And when a master of ceremonies made a few remarks, they were not entirely comprehensible.

It was as if Miss Monk were celebrating the energy -as well as the magic and absurdity - of all types of performance without bothering to cite or depict any specific sort of show. Miss Monk's obvious delight in the sheer act of showing off may help explain why, early in her career, she refused to be satisfied with choreography alone and turned to mixed media.

Yet ''Turtle Dreams (Cabaret)'' concerned more than artifice. The swaying and twisting steps of a long waltz gave way to gestures suggesting that the performers were seeking to ward off danger. Even more curious were two films by Robert Withers. In the first, a turtle crawled its way across a map. In the second, looking like a monster from a science-fiction movie, it prowled through deserted city streets and wound up on the moon. Presumably, the city was a toy city, the moon was a Lilliputian stage set and the turtle was just an ordinary turtle. Nevertheless, the sight of it was unsettling.

The realm of artifice had been invaded - and by something from the realm of nature. One could interpret this in various ways, for the turtle possibly represented the emergence of mysterious, unpredictable or even irrational powers. What remained ambiguous was how much a threat it ultimately posed for, as one continued to follow its peregrinations, one grew fascinated to see where it would go next: although certainly an alien, it could have been a benign one.

Perhaps that was part of Miss Monk's point. If, as such works as ''Quarry,'' ''Specimen Days'' and ''The Games'' have shown, irrational forces can lead to chaos, so they can also be channeled to enrich the artistic imagination. As evidence of that, one could cite all of Miss Monk's works. She clearly cares about art. Yet, through her art, she reveals that she cares about life.

**End of Document**



[***FILM; Robert Duvall: Lord of the Dance***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4880-T250-01KN-20PG-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 30, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 2; Column 5; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 15

**Length:** 1582 words

**Byline:**  By DANA KENNEDY; Dana Kennedy reports on entertainment for MSNBC.

**Dateline:** THE PLAINS, Va.

**Body**

ROBERT DUVALL does not make it easy to find his 360-acre horse farm here in the rolling, snowy hills an hour west of Washington, but he does make it poetic. The directions advise looking for a long driveway with a barn in the distance and the sign, "One-Way Road to Heaven."

A housekeeper answers the door at his stately stone farmhouse, built in 1743, but Mr. Duvall, who wrote, directed and stars in the new thriller, "Assassination Tango," looms behind her. His familiar stern, chiseled features, which have not changed much since he made his film debut in 1962 as the mysterious Boo Radley in "To Kill a Mockingbird," lend an air of edgy gravitas to the meeting.

Three dogs, one of which is half Australian dingo and is, says Mr. Duvall, "the wildest thing you will find outside a zoo," roar out of a side room, barking ferociously at Mr. Duvall's cowboy-booted heels as he ushers the way, silently and without expression, to the kitchen. The atmosphere is vaguely ominous. It could be a scene from "The Great Santini," for instance, or "The Apostle," movies in which Mr. Duvall has portrayed tough and iconoclastic men. Men who, like the mad Lt. Col. Bill Kilgore he played in "Apocalypse Now," "love the smell of napalm in the morning."

Then, as if on cue, Mr. Duvall turns to the dogs in the kitchen and smiles down at them. They stop barking and retreat into a corner. As the housekeeper serves a Caesar salad, Mr. Duvall, 72, begins to tell the story of his remarkably enduring career and late-in-life love affair, both of which have led him to "Assassination Tango."

"This is a very good time in my life because, you know, it's the last part," says Mr. Duvall, who has a reputation as an eccentric, hard-driving director on the set but is genial and has an unmistakable virility in person. "But I have a lot left to go. I'm not tired of acting. I was such a late, late bloomer."

On the surface, "Assassination Tango," which opens Friday in New York and Los Angeles, sounds as if it could be an old man's folly. It's about the Argentine tango, Mr. Duvall's passion, for one, and it also stars Mr. Duvall's stunning 30-year-old girlfriend, Luciana Pedraza, who has never acted before. Mr. Duvall plays a Brooklyn hit man and avid tango dancer who is devoted to his lover and her young daughter, but who travels to Argentina on assignment and becomes involved with a dancer, played by Ms. Pedraza.

But Mr. Duvall, who has acted in more than 90 films in his 40-year career and worked with most of Hollywood's most respected actors and directors, is not to be underestimated. He has the kind of career actors half his age would covet; he has made 11 films just since his last big success in 1997, in "The Apostle," which he wrote, directed and starred in as a fallen Southern preacher who finds redemption.

His love of the tango, a deceptively simple-looking dance born in the mid-19th century among the ***working class*** in Buenos Aires, stems both from the dance itself and its dark subculture.

"A great dancer in Argentina once told me in order to be a great tango dancer you should be a pimp, a thief, a bookie," says Mr. Duvall. "Now if you ask tango dancers, they would totally deny it. But it has that sense of the seedy, the underworld. It also has a sweetness."

Francis Ford Coppola, with whom Mr. Duvall collaborated on "The Rain People," "The Godfather," "The Godfather, Part II," "The Conversation" and "Apocalypse Now," is one of the producers of "Assassination Tango." Mr. Coppola, a longtime fan of the tango, suggested to Mr. Duvall years ago that he should someday do a film about the dance.

"I felt he did a great job of weaving the culture of the tango together with the story of a professional assassin," said Mr. Coppola by e-mail. "The idea that a man who grasped that in his line of work the most scrupulous observance of details of method is essential for survival, allows himself to be 'seduced' by the dance."

The same could be said of Mr. Duvall. More than 15 years ago, after seeing a production of "Tango Argentina" on Broadway, Mr. Duvall and his third wife, from whom he was divorced in 1996, traveled to Argentina for the first time.

"It just became a nice hobby," says Mr. Duvall of the tango. "It keeps you off the dope. I realized I had to learn it from the ground up."

Mr. Duvall did so by studying the dance in the United States and returning frequently to Argentina, where he immersed himself in the tango clubs.

In 1996, he was in Buenos Aires filming "The Man Who Captured Eichmann" when he encountered Ms. Pedraza, a then a 24-year-old events planner, on the street. She walked up to him, invited him to one of her company's parties, and Mr. Duvall accepted.

The beginning of their seven-year, real-life relationship eerily mirrors some of the love story in "Assassination Tango," a film Mr. Duvall originally wrote 12 years ago after a romantic disappointment. He revised some of it before beginning filming.

In the film, Mr. Duvall's character, John J., meets Manuela, played by Ms. Pedraza, in a tango club in Buenos Aires. "If I were younger, would I have a chance with you?" he asks. "You have a chance now," she replies. "Welcome to Argentina."

When Ms. Pedraza walks in during the interview, Mr. Duvall, clearly smitten, introduces her. Tall, svelte and dark-haired, dressed in suede designer jeans, a cashmere sweater and boots, she looks every inch the trophy girlfriend.

But Ms. Pedraza, like Mr. Duvall, with whom she shares a birthday, turns out to be a revelation, both on and off-screen. She has gotten some good early notices for her performance as Manuela, a role that was both improvised and scripted and has a startling rawness and reality.

In a conversation later in a side sitting room, one of the many areas of the farmhouse Ms. Pedraza meticulously redecorated when she moved here with Mr. Duvall in 1997, she explains that she immersed herself, De Niro-style, for nearly a year preparing for her role as an expert tango dancer. She says the decision to cast her was mutual; Mr. Duvall recalls, however, that Ms. Pedraza thought he was considering someone else for the role and quickly said she could do the part.

Once she was hired, Ms. Pedraza faced an uphill battle. She did not speak English, had not danced the tango much, had never acted and was well aware of the resentment she could engender.

"There was a lot of pressure because I was his girlfriend," she recalls. "If he fails as a director having made the choice with me, we were going to be more punished in a way."

Ms. Pedraza learned to speak English with a trace of a Spanish accent and to master the tango during her year of preparation. She also took Pilates and tai chi and went to physical therapy to lose 10 pounds and enhance her balance, so as to better dance the tango.

Ms. Pedraza also chose the name Manuela and spent hours combing fashion magazines for just the right clothing and hairstyle. In fact, she often clashed with the film's costume designer and hair and makeup people because she had such a specific vision.

Ms. Pedraza and Mr. Duvall agree that they both have fiery tempers if things do not go their way. "When I get involved in a project, I really get involved," says Ms. Pedraza, saying that she sometimes found it difficult to compromise.

"I was crazy during the movie," she says. "I mean I was absolutely really bad. And I apologized. Now I realized it was a lot of pressure."

Before one pivotal moment in the movie, when Mr. Duvall and Ms. Pedraza meet in a coffee shop and get to know one another, she was so nervous, she says, that she forgot her English and had to walk off and compose herself before she could finish the scene.

Now that the film is completed, Ms. Pedraza has moved on to a new career. Though she has not ruled out acting, she says she recently turned down an offer from an Argentinian director because she fears not being allowed to have the same kind of control over her character that she had in "Assassination Tango."

Recently she learned how to shoot and edit video and is in the process of making two documentaries. One is about the playwright Horton Foote, who is a longtime friend of Mr. Duvall's and who wrote the movie "Tender Mercies," for which Mr. Duvall won an Oscar for best actor in 1984. She is also making a film about the country singer Billy Joe Shaver, who had a small part in "The Apostle." Mr. Duvall introduced Ms. Pedraza to both Mr. Foote and Mr. Shaver. "I definitely opened the door for her," he says.

Mr. Duvall also has moved on. His next film, a western with Kevin Costner called "Open Range," is due for release this summer. He says the work he is most proud of by far is his role as the former Texas Ranger Augustus McCrae in the 1990 TV miniseries "Lonesome Dove." "I think I nailed a very specific individual guy who represents something important in our history of the western movement," says Mr. Duvall. "After that, I felt I could retire, that'd I'd done something."

If Mr. Duvall does ever decide to retire, he and Ms. Pedraza have a place to go, a house in Argentina where they visit five times a year.

"There's a place called La Biela, it's my favorite corner in the world," says Mr. Duvall. "It's a coffee shop near the Recoleta where Evita's buried. You can go there and sit in the evening, at 3 in the morning there are hundreds of people in the streets. And you can get up at 8 and go back and have your espresso. Going to Argentina, going to Buenos Aires, I like it more there than anyplace else."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Robert Duvall and Luciana Pedraza, his girlfriend in real life and his co-star in the new film "Assassination Tango," dance in the barn on their Virginia farm. Mr. Duvall also wrote and directed the film. (Carol T. Powers for The New York Times)(pg. 15); Robert Duvall, left, conferring with Fernando Altschul, first assistant director, on the set of "Assassination Tango." (Juan-Angel Urruzola/United Artists Pictures)(pg. 27)

**Load-Date:** March 30, 2003

**End of Document**



[***As Obama Heads to Florida, Many of Its Jews Have Doubts - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SJW-W3M0-TW8F-G11G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 22, 2008 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Column 0; National Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2226 words

**Byline:** By JODI KANTOR

**Dateline:** BOYNTON BEACH, Fla.

**Body**

At the Aberdeen Golf and Country Club on Sunday, the fountains were burbling, the man-made lakes were shining, and Shirley Weitz and Ruth Grossman were debating why Jews in this gated neighborhood of airy retirement homes feel so much trepidation about Senator Barack Obama.

''The people here, liberal people, will not vote for Obama because of his attitude towards Israel,'' Ms. Weitz, 83, said, lingering over brunch.

''They're going to vote for McCain,'' she said.

Ms. Grossman, 80, agreed with her friend's conclusion, but not her reasoning.

''They'll pick on the minister thing, they'll pick on the wife, but the major issue is color,'' she said, quietly fingering a coffee cup. Ms. Grossman said she was thinking of voting for Mr. Obama, who is leading in the delegate count for the nomination, as was Ms. Weitz.

But Ms. Grossman does not tell the neighbors. ''I keep my mouth shut,'' she said.

On Thursday, Mr. Obama will court Jewish voters with an appearance at a synagogue in Boca Raton, Fla. A longtime Democratic constituency with a consistently high turnout rate, Jews are important to his general election hopes, particularly in New York, which he expects to win; in California and New Jersey, which he must keep out of Republican hands; and, most crucially, here in Florida, where Jews make up around 5 percent of voters.

This is the most haunted state on the electoral college map for Democrats, the one they lost by hundreds of votes and a Supreme Court decision in 2000, and again in 2004.

''The fate of the world for the next four years,'' mused Rabbi Ruvi New as his Sunday morning Kabbalah & Coffee class dispersed in East Boca Raton.

''It's all going to boil down to a few old Jews in Century Village,'' he added, referring to a nearby retirement community.

Jews, of course, are just one of the many constituencies Mr. Obama must persuade: Latinos, women, ***working-class*** whites and independents are vital as well. Thanks in part to enthusiasm from younger Jews, he won 45 percent of the Jewish vote in the primaries (not counting the disputed ones in Florida and Michigan), a respectable showing against a New York senator, Hillary Rodham Clinton.

But in recent presidential elections, Jews have drifted somewhat to the right. Because Mr. Obama is relatively new on the national stage, his resume of Senate votes in support of Israel is short, as is his list of high-profile visits to synagogues and delis. So far, his overtures to Jews have been limited; aside from a few speeches and interviews, he has left most of it to surrogates.

American Jews hold two competing views of Mr. Obama, said Rabbi David Saperstein of the Religious Action Center of Reform Judaism in Washington. First, there is Obama the scholar, the social justice advocate, the defender of Israel with a close feel for Jewish concerns garnered through decades of intimate friendships. In this version, Mr. Obama's race is an asset, Rabbi Saperstein said.

The second version is defined by the controversy over his former pastor, the Rev. Jeremiah A. Wright Jr., worries about Mr. Obama's past associations and questions about his support for Israel and his patriotism.

''It's too early to know how they will play out,'' Rabbi Saperstein said.

Alan M. Dershowitz, a professor at Harvard Law School, said he had been deluged with questions from Jews about the race, especially about what to think of Mr. Obama. ''I have gotten hundreds of e-mails asking me, 'Who should we vote for?' '' he said. Mr. Dershowitz. who supports Mrs. Clinton, says he tells voters that Mr. Obama, Mrs. Clinton and Senator John McCain, the presumptive Republican nominee, are all pro-Israel and to reject false personal attacks on Mr. Obama.

Because of a dispute over moving the date of the state's primary, Mr. Obama and the other Democratic candidates did not campaign in Florida. In his absence, novel and exotic rumors about Mr. Obama have flourished. Among many older Jews, and some younger ones, as well, he has become a conduit for Jewish anxiety about Israel, Iran, anti-Semitism and race.

Mr. Obama is Arab, Jack Stern's friends told him in Aventura. (He's not.)

He is a part of Chicago's large Palestinian community, suspects Mindy Chotiner of Delray. (Wrong again.)

Mr. Wright is the godfather of Mr. Obama's children, asserted Violet Darling in Boca Raton. (No, he's not.)

Al Qaeda is backing him, said Helena Lefkowicz of Fort Lauderdale (Incorrect.)

Michelle Obama has proven so hostile and argumentative that the campaign is keeping her silent, said Joyce Rozen of Pompano Beach. (Mrs. Obama campaigns frequently, drawing crowds in her own right.)

Mr. Obama might fill his administration with followers of Louis Farrakhan, worried Sherry Ziegler. (Extremely unlikely, given his denunciation of Mr. Farrakhan.)

South Florida is ''the most concentrated area in the country in terms of misinformation'' about Mr. Obama, said Representative Robert Wexler, Democrat of Florida, the co-chairman of the Obama campaign in the state. His surrogates can put these fears to rest, Mr. Wexler said, by simply repeating the facts about Mr. Obama -- his correct biography, his support for Israel, his positions on other important issues.

But the resistance toward Mr. Obama appears to be rooted in something more than factual misperception; even those with an accurate understanding of Mr. Obama share the hesitations. In dozens of interviews, South Florida Jews questioned his commitment to Israel -- even some who knew he earns high marks from the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, which lobbies the United States government on behalf of Israel.

''You watch George Bush for a day, and you know where he stands,'' said Rabbi Jonathan Berkun of the Aventura Turnberry Jewish Center.

Many here suspect Mr. Obama of being too cozy with Palestinians, while others accuse him of having Muslim ties, even though they know that his father was born Muslim and became an atheist, and that Mr. Obama embraced Christianity as a young man. In Judaism, religion is a fixed identity across generations.

''His father was a Muslim and you can't take that out of him,'' said Ms. Chotiner, 51, who said she would still vote for Mr. Obama, out of Democratic loyalty. ''Do I have very strong reservations? Yes, I do,'' she said.

Several interviewees said they had reservations about Mr. Obama's stated willingness to negotiate with Iran -- whose nuclear ambitions and Holocaust-denying president trigger even starker fears among Jews than intifada uprisings and suicide bombings.

American Jews are by no means uniformly opposed to negotiations with Iran, the leaders of several Jewish groups said, but there is no consensus, and everyone fears that the wrong choice could lead to calamity.

Israelis fear Iran ''could be the first suicide nation, a nation that would destroy itself to destroy the Jewish nation,'' Mr. Dershowitz said.

Some voters even see parallels between Mr. Obama's foreign policy positions and his choice of pastor -- in both cases, a tendency to venture too close to questionable characters.

''The fundamentals of meeting with Iran are the same as the fundamentals of meeting with Rev. Wright,'' said Joe Limansky, 69, of Boca Raton.

Other voters called Mr. Obama's endorsement by the Rev. Jesse Jackson problematic, because Mr. Jackson once called New York ''Hymietown'' (even though he later apologized) and has made other comments offensive to Jews.

Some of the resistance to Mr. Obama's candidacy seems just as rooted in anxiety about race as in anxiety about Israel. At brunch in Boynton Beach, Bob Welstein, who said he was in his 80s, said so bluntly. ''Am I semi-racist? Yes,'' he said.

Decades earlier, on the west side of Chicago, his mother was mugged and beaten by a black assailant, he said. It was ''a beautiful Jewish neighborhood'' -- until black residents moved in, he said.

In speeches to Jewish groups, aides said, Mr. Obama will stress the bonds between the two groups, noting how Jewish civil rights workers were killed alongside a black one in Mississippi in 1964. But the relationship between the two outsider groups whose fortunes took different turns has also been bitter, said Hasia Diner, a professor of history at New York University.

Jews, who have long considered themselves less racially prejudiced than other Americans, have been especially wounded by black anti-Semitism, she said, which may help explain why so many Florida voters were incensed about Mr. Obama's membership in a church whose magazine gave an award to Mr. Farrakhan.

Jack Stern, 85, sitting alone at an outdoor cafe in Aventura on Sunday, said he was no racist. When he was liberated from a concentration camp in 1945, black American soldiers were kinder than white ones, handing out food to the emaciated Jews, he said.

Years later, after he opened a bakery in Brooklyn, ''I got disgusted, because they killed Jews,'' he said, citing neighborhood crimes committed by African-Americans. ''I shouldn't say it, but it is what it is,'' said Mr. Stern, who vowed not to vote for Mr. Obama.

As in nearly every other voting group, support for Mr. Obama is divided by age -- and Jews in Florida are on average older than Jews in other states Half of Broward County's Jews are over 59, and half of those in Palm Beach County are over 70, said Ira Sheskin, a demographer at the University of Miami.

Toting a chaise lounge to Delray Beach on Sunday, Samantha Poznak, 21, said that, like her friends, she would vote for Mr. Obama. As for Jewish leaders, ''I never really follow any of those people anyway,'' she said from behind dark sunglasses.

''Aunt Claudie will kill you!'' hissed her mother, Linda Poznak, 47, who said she would vote for Mr. McCain.

Younger Jews have grown up in diverse settings and are therefore less likely to be troubled by Mr. Obama's associations than their elders, said Rabbi Ethan Tucker, 32, co-founder of a Jewish learning organization in Manhattan and the stepson of Senator Joseph I. Lieberman of Connecticut. Rabbi Tucker said he had given money to Mr. Obama and would vote for him in the fall. . ''If association was the litmus test of identity, everyone would be a hopeless mishmash of confusion, or you'd have no friends,'' he said.

Senator Lieberman is expected to spend plenty of time in front of Jewish audiences, in Florida and elsewhere. A Democrat turned independent, an Orthodox Jew and one of Mr. McCain's closest friends, Mr. Lieberman will promote Mr. McCain's strong national security resume and centrist stances.

Until now, Mr. Obama's efforts to win over Jewish voters have been low-profile. He made a speech to Aipac, the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, shortly after declaring his candidacy, but for months afterward, he concentrated his energies on Iowa and New Hampshire, not exactly hotbeds of Judaic life. Even as the primaries in New York, New Jersey and California approached, Mr. Obama left most of his outreach to intermediaries who met with small groups of community leaders.

Throughout his career, Mr. Obama has enjoyed close ties to Jews, including various employers, law school buddies, wealthy donors on the north side of Chicago who backed his early political career, and the many Jews in the Hyde Park community where he lives. This may account for some of Mr. Obama's apparent incredulity at the way some Jewish voters view him.

''I've been in the foxhole with my Jewish friends, so when I find on the national level my commitment being questioned, it's curious,'' he said recently in an interview with Jeffrey Goldberg on theatlantic.com.

Now the half-Kenyan-by-way-of-Hawaii candidate, who only recently completed a beer-and-bowling tour to impress blue-collar Midwesterners, has committed more fully to showing off his inner Jew. He recently made a surprise speech at the Israeli Embassy in Washington, and, in the interview with Mr. Goldberg, he told stories about a long-lost Jewish summer camp counselor who taught him about Israel and recalled reading Leon Uris and Philip Roth, arguably opposite poles of American-Jewish fiction.

Aides say Mr. Obama will spend as much time in South Florida as possible in the coming months. His aides believe that the negative rumors floating around about him are mere ''noise,'' as one put it, and have had little impact.

His aides also expressed confidence that when Mr. Obama officially becomes the nominee, the Democratic Party, including its many prominent Jews, will put their full force behind his efforts in Florida.

In anticipation, Mr. Obama has lined up surrogates like State Representative Dan Gelber, the House minority leader, and Mr. Wexler, both of whom are Jewish. Mr. Wexler said he would try to convert voters one mah-jongg table at a time, with town-hall meetings in the card rooms of high-rise condominiums and articles in community newspapers.

''Many of the political leaders in Palm Beach and Broward County were at my son's bris,'' he said.

Mr. Wexler said he had constituents who voted for Al Smith, the first Catholic presidential nominee, in 1928, ''and they've never voted for a Republican since.''

''They are not going to vote for Senator John McCain,'' he added.

Still, Mr. Wexler admits, he has not yet been able to persuade his in-laws to vote for Mr. Obama.

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

**Correction**

An article on May 22 about the impressions of Jewish voters in Florida of Senator Barack Obama paraphrased incorrectly from a statement by Rabbi David Saperstein of the Religious Action Center of Reform Judaism in Washington, who commented on those views. He said that among the concerns Jews have about Mr. Obama are his past associations and his support for Israel. Rabbi Saperstein did not say Jews are concerned about the senator's patriotism.

The article also referred incorrectly to the work of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. The organization lobbies on behalf of its members, who favor a strong relationship between the United States and Israel. It does not work directly for the state of Israel or its government.

**Correction-Date:** May 31, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Shirley Weitz, right, talking to Ruth Grossman in Boynton Beach, Fla. The Jews she knows will not vote for Senator Barack Obama, Ms. Weitz said, because of ''his attitude toward Israel.''

Joyce Rozen of Pompano Beach said she believed that the Obama campaign was deliberately keeping Michelle Obama out of sight -- one of many false rumors floating around Florida.

The election is ''all going to boil down to a few old Jews'' in a retirement community in Florida, said Rabbi Ruvi New of East Boca Raton.

Samantha Poznak, 21, on Delray Beach said she would vote for Mr. Obama, saying she had ''never really followed'' Jewish leaders anyway. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC THAYER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.A26)

**Load-Date:** May 22, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Money Changes Everything***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4JWW-0770-TW8F-G31T-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 7, 2006 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2006 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 9; Column 5; Style Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2072 words

**Byline:** By JENNIE YABROFF

**Body**

GRETA GILBERTSON was caught off guard recently when her 9-year-old daughter, who attends a private school on the Upper West Side, requested a cellphone.

''I sort of snapped at her,'' recalled Ms. Gilbertson, an assistant professor at Fordham University in the Bronx. ''I said, 'Don't think that you're one of the rich kids, because you're not.' '' Though her daughter rarely expresses envy of her more affluent friends, Ms. Gilbertson said, it was an ''unedited moment'' revealing her anxiety over being in a world where other parents have more money than she does.

Carol Paik, a former lawyer who is married to a partner at a prominent New York law firm, found herself on the other side of that money equation. When she returned to school in 2002 to get her M.F.A. in creative writing at Columbia, her diamond engagement ring attracted particular attention from her new group of friends. ''When I was working,'' she said, ''I never thought about the ring, it seemed unremarkable.''

But at school, she said, ''People said things like, 'That's a really big diamond,' and not necessarily in a complimentary way.'' So she began taking off the ring before class.

If, as Samuel Butler said, friendships are like money, easier made than kept, economic differences can add yet another obstacle to maintaining them. More friends and acquaintances are now finding themselves at different points on the financial spectrum, scholars and sociologists say, thanks to broad social changes like meritocracy-based higher education, diversity in the workplace and a disparity of incomes among professions.

As people with various-sized bank accounts brush up against each other, there is ample cause for social awkwardness, which can strain relationships, sometimes to a breaking point. Many find themselves wrestling with complicated feelings about money and self-worth and improvising coping strategies.

''The real issue is not money itself, but the power money gives you,'' said Dalton Conley, a professor of sociology and the director of the Center for Advanced Social Science Research at New York University, who studies issues of wealth and class. ''Money makes explicit the inequalities in a relationship, so we work hard to minimize it as a form of tact.''

For Ms. Gilbertson, that means not having her daughters' friends over to play because, she said, her apartment in Washington Heights is small and in what some parents might consider a marginal neighborhood. For the same reason, she had a pizza party for her daughter's birthday at the local Y.M.C.A.

For Ms. Paik, that meant avoiding inviting her classmates to her prewar, three-bedroom co-op on the Upper West Side, because many of them lived in student housing and she feared they would think she was showing off. ''I didn't want to introduce that barrier,'' she said.

Money's discomfiting effects are explored in the recent film ''Friends with Money,'' in which three of four female friends are well off while one is barely getting by. In an early scene the friends are gathered for dinner when Olivia, a former schoolteacher played by Jennifer Aniston, announces that she has started working as a maid. A few moments later Franny, played by Joan Cusack, says she and her husband will be making a $2 million donation to their child's elementary school. When another friend asks why Franny doesn't just give the money to Olivia, everyone laughs uncomfortably and the subject is changed.

''Money is talked about with such discomfort; it's so taboo,'' said Nicole Holofcener, the writer and director of ''Friends With Money.'' ''With close friends it takes work; I have to make a conscious effort to talk about issues of money that come up between us.''

Economic barriers to friendship have come about in part because other barriers have been broken down, sociologists say. College, where people form some of the most intense friendships of their lives, is a melting pot of economic differences. Students from country-club families and those on scholarships are thrown together as roommates, on athletic teams and in classes.

''There has been an incredible expansion of higher education,'' Professor Conley said. ''More people from more varied backgrounds are going to college. There are also more meritocratic admissions among elite institutions.''

According to data compiled by Thomas Mortenson, a senior scholar at the Pell Institute in Washington, 42 percent of young adults (age 18 to 24) from the bottom quarter of family income were enrolled in college in 2003, compared with 28 percent in 1970. Enrollment for students from the two middle income quarters also increased. Participation of students from the highest-income families changed the least, with 80 percent attending college in 2003, compared with 74 percent in 1970.

Once college friends leave campus, their economic status can diverge widely depending on their careers. While 20 years ago a young lawyer and a new college instructor might have commiserated about their jobs over coffee and doughnuts, today the lawyer would be able to invite the assistant professor out for a meal at a restaurant with two sommeliers and a cheese expert.

At New York University, for instance, instructors make $35,300 for the current academic year, up from $24,500 for the 1985-86 academic year, according to the American Association of University Professors. A first-year associate at a large New York law firm, however, can earn as much as $170,000 with a year-end bonus, compared with about $53,000, including bonus, in 1985.

''In New York City we're on the front lines of the rise in inequality in income because it's happening at the top half of the income distribution ladder,'' Professor Conley said. ''The difference between the middle and the top has grown incredibly.''

Although the wealthy can wall themselves off in buildings with doormen or in high-tax suburbs, other trends in society lead the affluent to brush up against the not-so-affluent. Gentrification, an urban movement from Prospect Heights, Brooklyn to downtown Los Angeles, moves the professional class into the neighborhoods of the ***working class***. They mix when their children attend the same school or participate in athletic leagues.

Feeling awkward about the differences in net worth is not just an issue for those on the bottom of the equation. Some wealthy people -- especially the young -- have trouble admitting that they are different.

''We are allegedly a classless society, and that's obviously completely untrue, but people don't want to acknowledge that those differences exist,'' said Jamie Johnson, a 26-year-old heir to the Johnson & Johnson fortune. He explored attitudes about money among his peers in his 2003 documentary, ''Born Rich.'' His new documentary, ''The One Percent,'' which debuted at the Tribeca Film Festival on April 29, looks at the political influence of wealthy Americans.

Mr. Johnson said that some of his moneyed friends act like they have fewer resources than they do, making a show of taking the subway and saying they can't afford a cab. ''It's to avoid that awkwardness of seeing the distinction of social class,'' he said.

The pressure to fit in economically can be especially intense for teenagers and young adults. Marisa Gordon, a 27-year-old account executive at a midsize Manhattan advertising agency, recalled that as a student at Syracuse University, her roommate resented that Ms. Gordon had more spending money than she did. The roommate made comments when Ms. Gordon brought home a pair of Diesel sweatpants and cried because she couldn't afford the same Issey Miyake perfume.

Though she and the roommate are still friendly, Ms. Gordon said money issues contributed to the fact they aren't as close as they once were. Now it is her younger sister, a freshman at Syracuse, who is feeling the sort of competitive pressure Ms. Gordon's roommate felt. The sister recently asked their parents for a Louis Vuitton bag, Ms. Gordon said, because, ''Everyone at school has a Louis bag.''

Suze Orman, a financial writer and speaker whose latest book is ''The Money Book for the Young, Fabulous and Broke'' (Riverhead Hardcover), said young adults can go into debt trying to keep up with their friends.

''I call them 'money pods,' '' she said. ''Look at a group of female friends walking down the street. They're often all dressed identically: the same shoes, the same belts, the same handbag.''

But what is not easily apparent, Ms. Orman said, is that one of the women may have saved for months to buy her one expensive handbag, or more likely, put it on her credit card. Her identically dressed friends, meanwhile, may have the salary or the family money to afford a closet full of designer purses.

''That is how we get in trouble,'' Ms. Orman said. ''We think our friends are just like us, and if our friend can afford something, we fool ourselves into thinking we can afford it, too.''

Mary Ochsner, a stay-at-home mother of three in San Clemente, Calif., ended a friendship after money issues came to the fore. She had befriended a woman after college when they were both, as she put it, in ''very affluent periods.'' But their paths diverged when Ms. Ochsner married a Marine and her friend married a man whom Ms. Ochsner described as an ambitious executive. She said her friend became increasingly status-conscious and would brag about home improvements.

The final insult came, Ms. Ochsner said, when she invited the woman to a birthday party for her daughter. The woman barely socialized but tried to poach her babysitter by offering $5 more an hour than what Ms. Ochsner was paying. Ms. Ochsner decided the friendship wasn't worth it.

''It wasn't about the money,'' she said. ''The money made me realize she had different social ambitions.''

Perhaps the most fraught social ritual of all when it comes to money and friendship is the settling of a restaurant bill. ''I know wealthy people who are extremely troubled by the whole idea of who's going to pay the bill,'' Mr. Johnson said. ''They're terrified for hours before it happens.''

He said he has found himself arguing over the check with a dining companion who was not as wealthy. ''Sometimes people feel obligated to buy me dinner because they don't want me to think I'm expected to pay for the meal,'' he said. ''I don't really appreciate it. If anything, I think it's unfortunate that people feel that uncertainty.''

The uneasiness is also acute on the other side of the income divide. A 30-year-old book editor in Manhattan who earns less than $40,000 a year recently went to Miami for the weekend with two friends from high school who both work for hedge funds.

''We're staying at the Shore Club, in a suite they've booked; I'm sleeping on the pullout couch and they're paying for it, which is hugely generous of them,'' the editor wrote in an e-mail message. He has not been identified to avoid offending his friends. ''However, tonight they've booked a table at Nobu, with Mansion'' -- an expensive night club -- ''to follow. I'll end up spending about a week's pay in the next two nights, probably more. It'll feel worth it while I'm hanging out with them without any of the unpleasant reminders that our lives have seriously diverged since high school, but it's going to sting when I get back.''

Mike Seely, a 31-year-old journalist in Seattle, recently arranged a lunch date with a wealthier friend who works in politics. He said he suggested a diner ''where nothing's over $10, right in my price range.'' She countered by suggesting the Dahlia Lounge, an upscale restaurant where a spinach salad costs $14.

''I said, 'Sure, as long as this is on your dime,' '' he said.

It was one of the few times he has felt comfortable addressing the issue so directly, he said, because his friend was the one to press for the more expensive place.

Even those who study the topic for a living have a hard time when it comes to divvying up the check. ''I have friends who are economists who are comfortable getting down to the last decimal point of who owes what when we go out,'' Professor Conley said. Yet he feels compelled to keep quiet when he finds himself across the table from a friend who orders three glasses of wine to his tap water, then suggests they split the tab.

''It's probably because I don't want to appear petty,'' he explained. ''I'd be battling pretty strong social norms.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: WEALTH REVISITED -- Jamie Johnson tackles money issues in his documentaries. (Photo by Christopher Smith for The New York Times)

STRAIGHT TALK -- Mike Seely set a price ceiling with a friend. (Photo by Annie Marie Musselman for The New York Times)

HAVES AND HAVE NOT -- In ''Friends With Money,'' Joan Cusack, left, Catherine Keener, Jennifer Aniston and Frances McDormand look at themselves and their values. (Photo by Mark Lipson/Sony Pictures Classics)(pg. 6)Drawing (Illustration by Tony Cenicola/The New York Times)(pg. 1)

**Load-Date:** May 7, 2006

**End of Document**



[***Beyond Sex and Violence, Back to a Place Like Home***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2W20-000P-N1W4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 12, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 24; Column 4; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 4; ; Biography

**Length:** 1428 words

**Byline:** Joe Eszterhas

By STEPHEN FARBER

By STEPHEN FARBER

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

IT'S A LONG WAY FROM THE ***working-class*** neighborhood in Cleveland where Joe Eszterhas was reared to the hacienda in Malibu where he now writes his multimillion-dollar screenplays. Yet Mr. Eszterhas has recently gone back to his humble roots in an effort to recharge his creative batteries and resurrect his reputation after a string of big-budget fiascos: "Sliver," "Showgirls" and "Jade," three raunchy melodramas that were almost universally derided.

"Telling Lies in America," which was shown last week at the New York Film Festival and will open in theaters on Friday, represents a startling change of pace for the highly paid screenwriter. For one thing, its puny $4 million budget would barely cover Mr. Eszterhas's salary on some of his previous projects. And it is by far the most personal of the movies he has written. The teen-age protagonist, played by Brad Renfro, is a Hungarian immigrant growing up in Cleveland in the early 1960's, as Mr. Eszterhas was at that time; the central character falls under the spell of a slick but corrupt disk jockey, played by Kevin Bacon, during the payola scandals.

"The movie is a mix of imagination and experience," said Mr. Eszterhas, who was born in Hungary in 1944 and settled in Cleveland when he was 6. "The characterization of the boy is certainly taken from a kind of insecurity and gawkiness and feelings of inferiority that I had growing up as an immigrant. The boy's experience at school is exactly as I felt it. I went to Cathedral Latin High School, which was an upper-middle-class Catholic school that took in a few poor boys like me on scholarships.

"There was a terrific snobbery at the school. I find that understandable among the kids, but it was also there among the brothers who ran the school, and that I find a little tougher to forgive. The real bridges to me in terms of this country were baseball and rock-and-roll."

"Telling Lies in America," which was directed by Guy Ferland, may surprise some of Mr. Eszterhas's critics, but it's not the first time that he has reinvented himself. He began his career as a journalist and worked for Rolling Stone magazine in the early 70's. Then he decided to try his luck as a screenwriter.

His first film, "F.I.S.T.," about a labor leader's rise and fall, starred Sylvester Stallone in 1978. Over the next several years Mr. Eszterhas continued to write socially conscious movies like "Betrayed," about a white supremacist group, and "Music Box," about the trial of a man accused of being a Nazi war criminal, along with more strictly commercial ventures like "Flashdance" and "Jagged Edge."

His career jumped to a new level of visibility in 1990 when he sold the original screenplay of "Basic Instinct" for $3 million, which at the time was a record amount. That screenplay was his first to include a slew of sexually explicit scenes, and the protests that erupted over the movie's portrayal of women and homosexuality lent a first hint of notoriety to Mr. Eszterhas's reputation.

Other lucrative deals followed -- and so did the off-screen static. During the making of "Sliver" in 1993, Mr. Eszterhas found himself in the middle of a steamy scandal that might have come from one of his own scripts. When Bill MacDonald, the producer of "Sliver," left his wife to take up with the movie's star, Sharon Stone, Mr. MacDonald's abandoned wife, Naomi Baka, became involved with Mr. Eszterhas, who left his wife of 24 years.

A backlash was inevitable. "The fact that I am the highest-paid screenwriter in the world may have contributed to the backlash," the burly, outgoing Mr. Eszterhas said recently at his Malibu home. "Screenwriters usually don't have a profile. I've been very vocal about how I feel the system has been unfair to screenwriters. So I may have had a gigantic bull's-eye on my back for all of those reasons. I really got hit with an incredible onslaught."

The worst part of the onslaught came in 1995, with "Showgirls."

"We all have failures, but 'Showgirls' was the kind of failure that cleared the water completely out of the pool," said Mr. Eszterhas. "The only part of it that I felt was unfair was that I was pigeonholed into a certain category. I'd done some 15 movies before 'Basic Instinct' and 'Showgirls' and 'Jade.' "

AS A SURVIVAL TACTIC, Mr. Eszterhas set out to prove that he could venture beyond the sexy, violent movies with which he had become identified. "I worked very hard on 'Telling Lies in America' with that in mind," he said.

Mr. Eszterhas had originally written the script in 1983, but he had been unable to sell it. His new wife, Naomi Eszterhas, one of the executive producers of the movie, read the old script and urged her husband to go back to work on it. "It spoke to me because I knew the man so well," Mrs. Eszterhas said. "There's a great vulnerability about Joe that his public persona does not expose. And I saw that quality in the character of the boy in this script. I had also met his father, and I suggested that maybe the father-son relationship in the script could be explored further."

After Mr. Eszterhas rewrote the script to incorporate some of his wife's suggestions, he found financing with a new independent company, Banner Entertainment, and they hired a young director, Mr. Ferland, who had directed Alicia Silverstone in "The Baby Sitter."

"I wanted to do a movie about characters rather than heists," Mr. Ferland said. "This seemed to me to be a very adult story."

"Telling Lies in America" is not the only modestly budgeted film that Mr. Eszterhas hatched in the wake of "Showgirls." While he was still reeling from the attacks on that film, Mr. Eszterhas decided to write an outrageous satire of the film business, "An Alan Smithee Film -- Burn Hollywood Burn." Its story -- about a director battling with craven studio executives -- grew, Mr. Eszterhas said, from "23 years of seeing all the madness of Hollywood and living with it on a day-to-day level."

MR. ESZTERHAS persuaded the actors Sylvester Stallone, Whoopi Goldberg and Jackie Chan -- along with behind-the-scenes players like the producer Robert Evans, the screenwriter Shane Black and the glitzy lawyer Robert Shapiro (who represented Mr. Eszterhas in his divorce) -- to play themselves in the comedy. Cinergi Films put up the $10 million budget; Disney will release the movie in March.

"Alan Smithee" is the pseudonym used by directors who opt to take their name off a movie that is recut by a producer or a studio. In an appropriate twist, the film itself bears the credit "Directed by Alan Smithee" because Arthur Hiller, who directed it, removed his name after a disagreement with Mr. Eszterhas on the pacing of the film.

The studio backed the writer over the director, which testifies to Mr. Eszterhas's unusual clout in the movie business. Yet even he is not all-powerful: he ended up taking his name off another new movie, Mike Figgis's "One Night Stand," which will be released by New Line next month. Mr. Eszterhas was paid $4 million for the script, which topped even his own record sale of "Basic Instinct." The story, about an adulterous affair that ends up destroying two marriages, was inspired by Mr. Eszterhas's personal history of the last few years. But when Mr. Figgis was hired to direct the film, he rewrote the script extensively.

"When Mike first came in," Mr. Eszterhas recalled, "he said all he wanted to do was polish the material. What I think happened is that his creativity took over. When I read his final script, I liked it. I thought it was a very interesting piece. But it wasn't mine."

In most cases he has enjoyed a rewarding collaboration with the directors who translate his scripts to the screen. Right now he is working with the director Betty Thomas on a script called "Male Pattern Baldness," which will start filming in Cleveland in February. He described the movie as a "tense comedy" about a middle-aged man forced to re-evaluate his life after his marriage breaks up.

Other forthcoming scripts are about journalistic ethics, Otis Redding and the Russian Mafia. All seem designed to demonstrate that there is more to Joe Eszterhas than "Basic Instinct" suggested. And he suspects that most of them will incorporate elements of comedy, which is relatively new to his work.

"I like the gentle comedic aspects of 'Telling Lies in America,' " he said. "And I like the more outrageous comedic aspects of 'Alan Smithee.' Maybe the older I get, the more I like the notion of making people smile and laugh. Or maybe it all began with 'Showgirls,' when I saw all the inadvertent laughter that movie provoked."

**Graphic**

Photos: FAR FROM CLEVELAND The superstar screenwriter Joe Eszterhas at his home in Malibu, Calif. (Monica Almeida/The New York Times); ROCKING, ROLLING AND LEARNING Brad Renfro, left, and Kevin Bacon in "Telling Lies in America," which opens on Friday. (Banner Entertainment)

**Load-Date:** October 12, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Young Organizers Lead Labor's Push***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-WMN0-0024-J4P8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 3, 1993, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section D;; Section D; Page 22; Column 4; National Desk; Column 4;

**Length:** 1285 words

**Byline:** By PETER T. KILBORN,

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

**Dateline:** LOS ANGELES

**Body**

Ingrid Nava is a little rabble-rouser in tennis shoes. She is 5-foot-2, 25 years old and a former student leader at Stanford University. She lugs a woven shoulder bag stuffed with notebooks, handbills and her pager. At 8 A.M. six days a week, she sets off from her Long Beach apartment, driving her second-hand Honda Civic to Bellflower, a few miles to the north.

Ms. Nava is a labor union organizer, working at the Kaiser Permanente hospital in Bellflower. A few days ago, she distributed stickers the size of playing cards for hospital employees to wear on their smocks. They depicted a tombstone inscribed, "Short staffing is hazardous to your health."

After a supervisor charged two workers with disobeying orders for refusing to remove their stickers, Ms. Nava returned with stickers five times the size of the originals.

Trying to End Decline

Now that union membership has shriveled to just 16 percent of the American labor force, many unions are renewing their efforts to attract organizers like Ms. Nava, people who recruit members and rally them for campaigns like the one in Bellflower for a better contract for Kaiser workers. For more than a decade, unions have been railing against courts and the labor laws that they see stacked against them, and they are now hopeful that the Clinton Administration will right the balance.

But some unions, like Ms. Nava's Service Employees International Union, also admit that they contributed to the problem by letting their organizing campaigns languish in the 1980's.

To help recruit and train organizers, the service employees union and 13 others established the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Organizing Institute in Washington, which has now dispatched some 200 people into the field to take up the slogging, low-paid, often futile toil of trying to revive the American labor movement. Ms. Nava is one of the first graduates of the institute.

Of 600 applicants since the institute was formed three years ago, 200 have survived the initial screening and four months of training and apprenticeship leading to full-time assignment to a union. Most of the new organizers, who earn about $20,000 a year, work on campaigns to bring union representation to non-union workplaces.

Praise for Organizers

With no signs yet of a resurgence in union membership, it is too soon to gauge the new organizers' impact. But Richard Bensinger, the director of the institute, said the trainees he has seen had the blue-collar idealism and the sense of social injustice that inspired the unions' growth from the 1930's to the mid-1950's.

"It has nothing to do with the fact that some went to a good college," he said. "It's in spite of that. People are good because they have natural intelligence, not book intelligence. Most of these college kids, even the ones from Brown, Yale and Stanford come from ***working-class*** families."

Ms. Nava is the daughter of a postal worker mother and a father she has never met. She was born in Washington and reared in San Antonio. At Stanford she majored in political science and was co-president of the student body for two years.

She spends 12-hour days in Bellflower, helping unionized workers at the Kaiser hospital press for higher wages and a stop to the big health-maintenance organization's reductions in hours and staff.

The workers' contract expired April 1, and rather than strike, Ms. Nava and the 12,000-member Local 399 of the service employees union are trying to pressure management from the inside.

Workers at the hospital, one of 10 in Kaiser's Southern California division, seem to welcome Ms. Nava's attentions. They say she is a departure from the Local's infrequent attention of the past. "She's our organizer," said Eva Hernandez, a maintenance woman. "She gets us doing things to push the hospital."

Contract Offer

The central issue at the Kaiser hospitals is management's offer of a three-year contract with a 3 percent raise in the first year and $600 bonuses in each of the next two years. Kaiser would also eliminate a paid holiday for either Christmas Eve or New Year's Eve.

Newly hired workers would lose a bonus that other workers receive for not using their sick leave, but they would be allowed for the first time to carry over unused sick leave from one year to the next. The union wants to retain the bonus and the holiday and seeks 5 percent raises each year.

Each side has strong reasons for holding its ground. Kaiser, like other health-care institutions, is trying to curb the rising cost of care, especially now. Health-maintenance organizations, or H.M.O.'s, will be vying for contracts to provide care to uninsured Americans under the Clinton Administration's overhaul of the health-care system, and Kaiser, a not-for-profit, tax-exempt organization and the nation's biggest H.M.O., wants to be able to charge competitive fees.

For their part, the workers and their union have incentives to insist on a rich contract. The contract in 1987 left some workers with no wage increases at all, just lump-sum payments that left their wage base unchanged. After the 1990 contract, which followed an eight-day strike, some workers lost their modest wage increases to an increase in union dues, which are currently $22.50 a week. More contracts like the last two, and the workers might look for another union.

Working From Inside

Local 399 holds out the threat of a strike, but it is reluctant to resort to one because of the region's depressed economy. "It would take 30 days, and the membership is not able to stay out long," Ms. Nava said. "They can't afford it. A lot of them have laid-off spouses. So we're using an inside strategy."

Ms. Nava is important to the strategy. She goes from office to office in the hospital, greeting workers, passing out handbills urging them to attend spirit-raising meetings, probing for complaints of management abuse and jotting them down in a notebook, pressing workers to sign petitions to present grievances to management.

In one department four workers complain that their supervisor is denying them the weeks they have requested for their vacations. For that and other reasons, they tell Ms. Nava, morale has collapsed.

In cases like these, Ms. Nava encourages workers to sign petitions, the first step in a collective effort to force the employer to correct abuses. "My goal is to get everyone in a department to sign," she said, adding that she would proceed with a complaint if she got 65 percent.

"The biggest issue is workload," Ms. Nava said. To control costs, Kaiser has eliminated 173 jobs through attrition and layoffs at the Bellflower hospital, and reduced some some workers' hours. Workers now complain that excessive demands are made upon them as a result of the staff reductions, and employees in at least two major departments have filed petitions complaining of short staffing.

Little Political Dogma

Unlike their forebears, the new union organizers seem not to have been captured by any particular ideological dogma.

"I believe in some measure of economic equity and justice," Ms. Nava said. "But I don't think there's any one system to march to, because the world is constantly changing. Capitalism is not the same as it was when Marx was alive."

If she has a hero, she said, it is probably the Rev. Jesse Jackson.

No one can tell whether Ms. Nava, for all her hustle, will help produce a better contract for the Kaiser hospitals. But David Borden, who transports patients throughout the Bellflower hospital, said she has already had an impact: she brought new energy to the workers and inspired him to become a union steward.

"Most people have a sense they can't make any changes in their working conditions," Mr. Borden said. "So it's exciting when you do realize you have some power."

**Graphic**

Photo: With union membership down to 16 percent of the American labor force, unions are renewing efforts to attract organizers like Ingrid Nava, one of the first graduates of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Organizing Institute, to recruit members. She handed out leaflets at a hospital in Bellflower, Calif. (Jan Sonnenmair for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** June 3, 1993

**End of Document**



[***AIDS Research in Africa: Juggling Risks and Hopes***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-4640-000P-N0DD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 9, 1997, Thursday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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

**Length:** 1381 words

**Byline:** By HOWARD W. FRENCH

By HOWARD W. FRENCH

**Dateline:** ABIDJAN, Ivory Coast, Oct. 8

**Body**

Cecile Guede, a 23-year-old H.I.V.-infected mother and patient in an American-financed AIDS treatment experiment here, doesn't yet know if the disease has spared her year-old son.

Like scores of other women who have taken part in the same tests, she has no idea whether she received medicine or a dummy pill. And she may never be told.

It is now more than a year since she took pills prescribed to her in the program meant to determine the effectiveness of a short course of the anti-AIDS drug AZT in preventing pregnant mothers from passing the virus to their children.

A longer treatment with the drug is known to significantly reduce the rate of transmission of the virus from mother to baby, but the cost and complexity make it prohibitive in the third world. That is why tests to determine the effectiveness of various lower levels of the drug have been conducted here, the Dominican Republic and Thailand. The use of placebos in these tests, however, has set off a furor among medical ethicists in the West.

Ms. Guede, however, still does not quite grasp -- even after repeated questioning -- what exactly a placebo is or why she might have been given that instead of a real medicine.

"They gave me a bunch of pills to take, and told me how to take them" said the woman, who is illiterate. "Some were for malaria, some were for fevers, and some were supposed to be for the virus. I knew that there were different kinds, but I figured that if one of them didn't work against AIDS, then one of the other ones would."

For Ms. Guede, the reason to enroll in the study last year was clear: it offered her and her infant free health care and a hope to shield her baby from deadly infection. Unmarried and unemployed, this new mother, like many others, said the prospect of help as she brought her baby into the world made taking part in the experiment all but irresistible.

Still, the question of whether she and other pregnant women knew the implications of consenting to a placebo test hangs over the project, which is financed by the National Institutes of Health and the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention in Atlanta. It has set off a raging debate over medical ethics in the United States but has barely raised a ripple in this poor West African country of 11 million.

In the United States, tests of intensive treatment with AZT, known as the 076 regimen, and comparing the drug's effects with those of placebos ended in 1994 once it was shown that the drug sharply reduced transmission of the virus from mothers to their babies. It would be virtually impossible, doctors say, to receive approval for tests in the United States on AIDS-infected mothers using placebos now that the 076 regimen has been proved effective.

But other medical ethicists argue differently: There is no question of 076 being adopted in Africa because of its high cost, they say, and that is precisely why a low-cost method is needed. Some people say the best way to do that is to compare different low-cost methods, with no placebo group, but others say this would take longer and be less reliable.

"We cannot afford the 076 regimen," said Dr. Rene Anatole Ehounou Ekpini, a local health-care worker employed in the program.

"We already know what the alternative is to what we are doing," said Dr. Ekpini, who spoke in the simple state-run maternal and infant-care clinic in Koumassi, a ***working-class*** district Abidjan where the trials are being conducted. "The alternative is giving everyone here the placebo treatment, because if you step outside, that is what pregnant women with the disease are getting here: nothing."

In the United States, proponents of the AZT trials have said that the women who take part are willing volunteers who knowingly accept the risks.

But extended interviews with a handful of the women, made available to a reporter by the researchers, made it clear that despite repeated explanations, the understanding of these mostly poor and scantily educated subjects does not match the complexity of the ethical and scientific issues involved.

Social workers and nurses employed in the experiment do brief potential subjects about the nature of the testing program. A session in which one H.I.V.-positive woman was invited to take part showed just how quickly the details of the testing are disposed with.

Minutes after she was informed for the first time that she carried the virus, one pregnant woman, Siata Ouattara, still visibly shaken by the news, was quickly walked through the details of the tests, as well as general advice about maintaining her health and protecting others from acquiring the disease.

In less than five minutes, in which the previously unknown concept of a placebo was briefly mentioned, the session was over, and Ms. Ouattara, unemployed and illiterate, had agreed to take part in the tests. Asked what had persuaded her to do so, she responded, "The medical care that they are promising me."

One of the most highly educated of the women who spoke to a reporter, a 31-year-old single mother with a degree in law who gave her name only as Nicole, said she had never been made to understand that the medicine being tested, AZT, was already known to stop transmission of the virus during pregnancy.

"I am not sure that I understood all of this so well," Nicole said. "But there were some medicines that they said might protect the mother and the child, and they wanted to follow the evolution of my pregnancy and the effectiveness of the treatment."

Pressed further, Nicole, like the other mothers, said that she had not been told the results of blood tests on her 1-year-old.

Asked how she would feel if she learned tomorrow that she had received a placebo when a proven treatment existed, Nicole's tone changed abruptly. "I would say quite simply that that is an injustice," she said.

Then, regathering her composure, Nicole posed the problem another way. "At the time they explained this to me, I asked myself the simple question of whether I had any choice," she said. "As long as there was a possibility to save my daughter, I had to try."

For other mothers who took part in the test, the confusion was far more profound. Some acknowledged that they understood little.

"I don't remember exactly what they told me," said Valerie, a frail 28-year-old seamstress. "They said that it would help my child, and that it would ease my childbirth too."

Several Ivorian doctors objected to the ethical questions being raised over the tests, saying outsiders consider Africans incapable of weighing their own interests.

"One has the impression that foreigners think that once white people arrive here, they can impose what they want and we just accept it in ignorance," said Dr. Toussaint Sibailly, one of the doctors in the project. "If that was once the case, those days are long past."

Still, though the testing here was reviewed and approved by an official Ivory Coast board of ethics, a senior health official seemed surprised when told that a test like the one underway in Abidjan could probably not take place in the United States.

"If the country that is paying for the study cannot accept conducting it, then we can't be expected to accept it either," said Dr. Issa Malick Coulibaly, the senior health official with oversight over the AZT research.

An American scientist with the project said later that the Ivory Coast had never been told that this type of research could be performed in the United States, only that the experiment was designed according to the strictest American and international standards for medical research. American scientists involved in the experiments were told by the United States Embassy not to speak on the record about their work.

The women taking part in the study seemed to have a sense of obligation when they were told that the trials are meant to find an affordable drug regimen that can save tens of thousands of lives in the future.

"If the scientists say that it has to be this way, then I can only agree with them," said a mother named Salimata, who spoke as she clutched her tiny 4-month-old daughter. "People are trying to help us, and if a bunch of people have to die first, I am ready to risk my life too, so that other women and their babies can survive.

"If I got the placebo, that will hurt, for sure. But there is no evil involved."

**Graphic**

Photos: Minutes after learning she carried the AIDS virus, Siata Ouattara had to decide whether to take part in the drug study. (Associated Press for The New York Times)(pg. A1); Placebo testing, financed by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, is being carried out on pregnant women with H.I.V. in the Ivory Coast. Pregnant women attended a talk on the virus at a clinic in Abidjan. (Associated Press for The New York Times)(pg. A14)

**Load-Date:** October 9, 1997

**End of Document**



[***MARKETING GETS BRITISH RESPECT***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BKN0-0007-H06G-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 14, 1986, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section D; Page 1, Column 1; Financial Desk

**Length:** 1251 words

**Byline:** By STEVE LOHR, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** LONDON, April 13

**Body**

When Sir Clive Sinclair sold off his computer business last week, it had to be the most widely followed $7 million corporate transaction in British history.

The announcement last Monday received extensive coverage on television news programs that evening, and the story was at the top of the front pages of most London newspapers the next morning. A headline in The Times of London said: ''Sinclair computer sale ends an era.''

For Sir Clive, the inventor who developed the pocket calculator and some popular home computers, the sale effectively ends his efforts to head a business. He will now concentrate on doing contract research for other companies and generating product ideas.

Sir Clive's business career has been marked by irony and contradiction. Though Britain's best-known entrepreneur, he displayed some of the traditional British aversion for business. He repeatedly said he regarded himself as an inventor, not a businessman. For him, inventing was the noble purpose; selling was a necessary expedient.

Still, in a country tired of reminders of its industrial decline, Sir Clive became a national celebrity and a symbol of economic optimism. His company, Sinclair Research Ltd., was for a while a high-flier on the London stock market.

In 1983, Sir Clive was knighted for his accomplishments and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher often pointed to him as the kind of entrepreneur who was showing the way toward a prosperous high-technology future.

Yet Britain's economic future may well depend more on the sort of person who bought Sir Clive's computer business, Alan Sugar, chairman of Amstrad Consumer Electronics P.L.C. Mr. Sugar is a 39-year-old entrepreneur, with a penchant for selling that began when he was a boy hustling boiled beetroots to the local grocer and, later, hawking car-radio aerials from the back of a van. He jokes that he has no idea what makes computers work, but just sells them.

''Sinclair and Sugar are at the opposite ends of the way-of-doing business spectrum,'' says Norman Blackwell, an electronics specialist in the London office of the McKinsey & Company consulting firm. ''Sinclair relied on inventions, but Sugar has built his success on innovative marketing.''

The Sinclair computer empire had been valued once at $197 million and its products still hold 35 percent of the British market.

Sir Clive, who is 45 years old, had his business breakthrough in computers with the introduction of the low-priced ZX80 in 1980, a year after the founding of his company, followed by the ZX81 in 1981 and other models later. However, a disastrous slump in home computer sales in 1984 and 1985 led to a company loss of $26.5 million last year on sales of $148 million.

In temperament and appearance, Sir Clive and Mr. Sugar could scarcely be more different. Sir Clive is a thin, bespectacled, soft-spoken intellectual. Mr. Sugar is a beefy, gravel-voiced salesman who grew up in a public housing development in London's ***working-class*** East End.

Britain has never been weak in inventive and scientific skills. A single laboratory at Cambridge University today holds half a dozen Nobel Prize winners. For much of this century, what was known as ''Yankee ingenuity'' was, in fact, the American ability to pursue commercial applications of British inventions, such as the jet engine. Britain's failing has been its inability to translate ideas and prototypes into marketable products and, more important, sales. Part of the problem is a vestige of the British class system, which perpetuated the view that people who engaged in selling and money-making were, in Lord Byron's phrase, ''miserable traders.''

Yet attitudes are changing, and Mr. Sugar epitomizes that shift. Proof of that is the reception his company has received in the City of London, Britain's Wall Street. ''A decade or so ago, Sugar would have been shunned as someone with a seedy background,'' a British merchant banker noted. ''But now his company is one of the favorites in the City.''

To some degree, that changed perception reflects the transition the City itself is undergoing. Under the prod of international competition and the Thatcher Government's deregulation, the clubby atmosphere, with its emphasis on old-school ties and dining club memberships, is being replaced by a meritocracy. Some of the most highly paid bankers and brokers these days are former East Enders, just like Mr. Sugar.

Mr. Sugar's Amstrad has plenty of the currency that now counts most in the City - success. The company's pretax earnings more than doubled in the year ended last June, to $29.5 million on sales of just under $200 million. This year, fueled by the enormous success of a word processor introduced in Britain last fall, analysts expect that earnings may triple.

The new word processor sells for about $580, which includes the computer, monitor, printer and software. Typically for Amstrad, the product began as a marketing idea that Mr. Sugar and his technical director came up with on a plane trip in 1984. The new machine, the Amstrad PCW8256, will be tested in the United States market this year, with distribution by Sears World Trade Inc., a unit of Sears, Roebuck & Company.

Though founded in 1968, Amstrad only began selling computers two years ago. Previously, its main line was high-fidelity audio systems, but it also sold television sets, video cassette recorders and auto accessories.

Mr. Sugar's business plan has been remarkably similar across different product lines. He packages electronic components into a relatively inexpensive product that is easy to use. In the audio field, for example, he was a pioneer of the ''tower concept,'' with record turntable, tape deck and speakers sold together and set on a single portable frame that looks like a small tower.

'A Packager'

Most of the production and assembly work is farmed out to other companies, generally low-cost producers in the Far East. Amstrad's word processors, for instance, are made in South Korea. ''Sugar has no proprietary technology,'' said David Gibbons, an analyst at James Capel & Company, a London brokerage house. ''He is primarily a packager.'' Unlike Sir Clive, who displayed the inventor's weakness for falling in love with his products - such as the C5 electrical vehicle he introduced in 1985 - even when no one else did, Mr. Sugar has moved quickly and ruthlessly into new product areas when the competition proved too stiff in old ones. For example, he pulled out of the video cassette recorder market a few years ago, when it became apparent there was little in the way of packaging or marketing that he could add to the units made by the Japanese.

Mr. Sugar has been criticized because he imports most of his products, rather than having them made in Britain. This charge mirrors the worry, not only in Britain but also in the United States, that the post-industrial future for Western nations may be as so-called distribution economies, selling products made by more efficient producers, especially in the Far East.

The issue was raised last week, when Mr. Sugar bought the Sinclair brand name and the worldwide rights to all existing and future Sinclair computer products. At present, Sinclair computers are made by three companies in Britain.

Mr. Sugar was typically hard-boiled in stating that the three British companies would have to compete with the South Korean alternative on price and quality. ''We would like to manufacture in the United Kingdom,'' Mr. Sugar said, ''but we're a computer company, not a benevolent society.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Sir Clive Sinclair with computer he developed (Camera Press; Financial Times); Photo of Alan Sugar, chairman of Amstrad Consumer Electronics

**End of Document**



[***ART REVIEW;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3VW0-000P-N085-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Renoir Portraits Show an Artist In Two Lights***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-3VW0-000P-N085-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 22, 1997, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** The Arts/Cultural Desk

**Section:** Section E;; Section E; Page 1; Column 4; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Column 4;; Review

**Length:** 1594 words

**Byline:** By ROBERTA SMITH

By ROBERTA SMITH

**Dateline:** CHICAGO

**Body**

"Great painters paint in order to learn to paint." The words of the French pedagogue and painter Andre Lohte apply with particular accuracy to the career of Pierre-Auguste Renoir. The great Impressionist spent his life moving restlessly from style to style, working under the spell of various contemporaries or masters from the past, loosening, then tightening his famously fluttery brushwork.

In "Renoir's Portraits: Impressions of an Age" at the Art Institute of Chicago," Renoir often comes across as the eternal student, an artist of many ups and downs, by turns dazzling, brittle or maudlin. Sometimes it even seems that he never quite hit his stride -- or rarely found it again after the 1870's. This is a startling reaction to have to such a historic figure, even one whose posthumous reputation has fluctuated as much as his has, and it's not clear whether it is his fault or the exhibition's.

Organized by Colin B. Bailey, chief curator at the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa, where it originated last summer, "Renoir Portraits" benefits from the current popularity, bordering on frenzy, of Impressionist painting. The style may have hit Paris like a shock wave in 1874, when, led by Monet, a handful of renegades from the official government Salon defiantly organized their own exhibition. But by now Impressionism is so thoroughly adored that any exhibition focusing on any slice of its central players' careers is guaranteed success, regardless of quality. (The exhibition of Monet's Mediterranean paintings, now at the Brooklyn Museum, is a case in point.)

This show is not insubstantial. Renoir painted more portraits than any other Impressionist, and 62 of them, ranging through six decades, are gathered here. But many additional portraits are reproduced with Mr. Bailey's exceptionally detailed catalogue essay, and they suggest that the exhibition could have been stronger. Absent are key pictures, especially from the late 1860's, when Renoir was under the influence of Manet and Degas and made some of his most psychologically convincing portraits, and from the 1870's. (The show will lose several works when it goes to the Kimbell Art Museum in Fort Worth in February.)

As seen in Chicago (through Jan. 4), the show's main purpose seems to be to please Renoir fans while reducing the chance that a larger, more definitive treatment of his portraits will be tried soon. Still, there's much to be learned from this selection of increasingly frothy, spun-sugar paintings with their high-key colors and unsettled brushwork, their oddly impersonal depictions of breathtakingly innocent children, young beauties and robust, matronly older women -- even if the lessons don't always flatter Renoir.

The son of a tailor, Renoir was the only Impressionist from a ***working class*** background. To the end of his long life, when he was considered one of the greatest living painters, he retained his plain speech, slightly rough manners and preference for models from his own social stratum (as opposed to what he called "those overbred females they call society women").

Because of his beginnings, Renoir was also the only Impressionist who was trained and then worked as an artisan before taking up fine art. During most of the 1850's, he worked in factories, painting china and later ladies' fans with felicitous portraits and pastoral scenes reminiscent of Watteau and Fragonard. (It was here as much as at the Louvre that he acquired his lifelong passion for 18th-century French painting.)

This background may have instilled practicality. When Impressionism failed to gain an art-buying public in the decade after its debut, Renoir began to paint for others to have money to paint for himself. He turned to commissioned portraits, soliciting clients and even submitting pictures to the Salon to establish his reputation.

To some extent, this may not have been such a leap. The exhibition begins with the artist's own words: "For me a picture . . . should be something likable, joyous and pretty -- yes pretty." The sentiment contradicts the haunted, Romantic look of Renoir's early self-portraits. It also echoes Matisse's thoughts on luxe, calm and comfortable armchairs, although Renoir's idea of pretty tended to be softer, without Matisse's hard-won formal rigor.

In the first three galleries, which contain the best, we see Renoir finding himself through the work of his elders -- Courbet, Manet and Degas -- sometimes with dramatic growth spurts. For example, a portrait of his brother from 1866 is all academic stiffness and small, affected flourishes; it suggests a gussied-up Thomas Eakins. Next to it, a portrait of the artist's father from 1867, is altogether different: a solid, engaging work, forthright in its physical handling of paint, subtle in its plays of pinks and white against grays and blacks, and complex in its emotional characterization. Manet's influence is everywhere evident. An 1867 portrait of Renoir's close friend, the painter Frederic Bazille, hunched over his easel has a similar directness of both feeling and paint.

The Impression: Tiny Heart of Gold

Next, the brief span of high Impressionism is represented by several paintings that form the exhibition's tiny heart of gold. A standout is a brilliant little portrait of Camille Monet stretched out on a mountainous chintz sofa, reading. She is seen slightly from above, as if we are standing over her, about to interrupt her concentration. The informal pose, intimate space, soft suffused light and staccato brushwork are hallmarks of Impressionism, while the beguiling interplay of the flowered chintz and Camille's embroidered housecoat increases the work's unity. It has been brought off with an amazing economy of paint; up close one can often see the bare weave of the canvas.

Monet himself is shown in an even more active mode, painting, in two portraits. In one he stands at his easel in his overgrown garden, a floating, carefully controlled riot of reds and greens. The other, somewhat larger, places him indoors at the easel, catching him between brush strokes as he appraises an unseen subject.

From here on the exhibition becomes very uneven as it veers between commissioned works and more personal statements. Little stops you in your tracks, feels profound or looks inevitable. The large group portrait, "Luncheon of the Boating Party," Renoir's stagey, cloying masterpiece from 1881, is here from the Phillips Collection in Washington. Adjacent and playing David to this Goliath is the small, expertly tossed-off "Lunch at the Restaurant Fournaise," an image of two men and a woman lingering over wine, which is exquisitely subtle in its shadings of both light and human interaction.

Sometimes Renoir has the bravura of a slick society painter, as in the diaphanous portrait of the actress Henriette Honriot. Sometimes the sheer slipping, sliding clumsiness of the surface is startling, as in an 1882 portrait of the two daughters of the Impressionist's main dealer, Durand-Ruel. In a painting of two sisters as acrobats at the circus, he looks like a lesser Degas. In a late self-portrait and a pleasant, uncharacteristically thick-surfaced rendering of his wife, he looks toward Cezanne. The commanding portrait of Marguerite Charpentier sitting in her Japanese salon with her two cherubic children (now in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art) isolates luxurious passages of loose paint-handling within a conventionally realistic framework -- Impressionist technique in a proper Victorian straitjacket.

Renoir's idealizing, beautifying impulses often worked best in his paintings of children, especially the grave, dignified portraits from the late 1870's. Perhaps this was because their characters were relatively simple to begin with, their outlook genuinely untroubled, their faces more revealing.

But even this gift can pall from overuse. "Children's Afternoon at Wargemont," the final commissioned portrait in the exhibition, shows the three daughters of Paul Berard in their sitting room. Sharp edged, tightly rendered, the painting has the stiff almost primitive charm of a children's book illustration, and Mr. Bailey perceptively likens it to Balthus. But beneath its glossy surfaces is something that smacks of the artist's humiliation.

Mr. Bailey and other historians have argued that Renoir did not compromise himself in his commissioned portraits, and indeed their weaknesses may to some extent parallel similar dips in the rest of his work. (The Wargemont portrait, for example, was done in 1884, when Renoir, disillusioned with Impressionism, was flailing.)

How Security Affected the Art

Nonetheless, things perk up in the exhibition's last two galleries, which feature the paintings of family and friends made after the late 1880's, when Renoir was financially able to forgo portrait commissions and was relying more and more on the Old Masters, especially Rubens, for inspiration.

Finally, the strokes stop sliding and curl gently around their inflated, almost cartoonish subjects. Colors are rich, odd and matte of surface, pointing toward Bonnard's drifting hues (and maybe even Color Field Painting). The best work is a portrait of the art dealer Ambroise Vollard from 1908. Shown in profile against a deep rose background, he sits with his elbows on a table, intently studying a little Maillol sculpture of a nude that he cradles in his hands. As with the earlier portraits of Monet and his wife, it is an image of attentive concentration, and it offers a comforting conclusion to Renoir's erratic journey through portraiture.

**Graphic**

Photos: Among the Impressionist works at the exhibition of Renoir's portraits in Chicago are, above, "Camille Monet Reading" (circa 1873); far right, "Self-Portrait" (circa 1875), (Photographs above and right: Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute); and at right, "Claude Monet in His Garden at Argenteuil" (1873). (Wadsworth Atheneum)(pg. E1); A detail from Renoir's "Claude Monet Painting" (1875). (Musee d'Orsay, Paris)(pg. E4)

**Load-Date:** October 22, 1997

**End of Document**



[***FOR THE BRONX, A NEW IMAGE IS A TOUGH SELL***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B310-0007-H1T0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 10, 1986, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 1, Column 4; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1287 words

**Byline:** By GEORGE JAMES

**Body**

Like other national institutions of higher learning competing for top students, Fordham University has to sell itself. Unlike most other schools, it also has to sell the Bronx.

''Is it a hard sell?'' said Fordham's president, the Rev. Joseph A. O'Hare, who grew up in the borough's Tremont section. ''There's no question about it that in the perception of people outside and inside New York City, the Bronx is a dangerous place,''

''Recruiters say this is a problem they have to address,'' he said. ''The best antidote is the people who come to school'' - from 30 states - ''and live here.''

Most return home, he said, praising the attractive, 85-acre Rose Hill campus, which has been a location for 12 television commercials, 6 magazine layouts, and a still untitled Sidney Lumet film in the last 18 months. They also describe surrounding attractions -the Bronx Zoo, the Botanical Garden, and Belmont, the tight-knit Italian neighborhood to the south with its reputation as one of the safest communities in America.

''When their parents visit,'' Father O'Hare said, ''they take them there to visit their favorite restaurants and bake shops.''

Fordham is just one of a number of institutions, including government agencies and private organizations, as well as hundreds of community groups, that have confronted the difficulties of selling the revitalization of a borough that became synonymous in the mid-1960's and early 1970's with middle-class flight and urban decay.

In recent years, each new improvement in areas such as commercial development has been seized by business and political leaders as a selling point for a Bronx renewal, creating an atmosphere of dogged optimism in which impressions take on the weight of facts.

''The Bronx is beginning to have a renaissance, which, although not dramatic, is real,'' Father O'Hare said.

Borough officials say there is statistical evidence for a turnaround, although some people say that the renewal is not having a great benefit for the poor and minorities.

Jose E. Serrano, a South Bronx Assemblyman who bucked the Bronx Democratic organization in an unsuccessful primary fight for the borough presidency last year - losing by a 1 percent margin - said that the political establishment had failed to bring the majority of blacks and Hispanic people into renewal efforts.

''The Bronx might have bounced back a bit, but it hasn't bounced back for everyone,'' Mr. Serrano said.

'Where You From'

The negative image of the Bronx dies hard, as 28-year-old Tony Longobardo Jr., whose family owns an East Bronx restaurant, discovered on his honeymoon last March in Los Angeles.

''I'd get to talking to people and they'd ask, 'Where you from?' I'd say, 'I have a restaurant business in the Bronx.' They'd say, 'The Bronx!'' like everything is Fort Apache.''

Carol Pasco got similar reactions when she decided to start a public relations company in the Morris Park section in 1980.

''Eventually you feel like you have to apologize for yourself,'' said the 33-year old Bronx native, adding that she could never have afforded the higher rents in Manhattan. ''If it weren't for the Bronx, my business wouldn't have existed.''

Making a Commitment

The Italian restaurant at 1001 Castle Hill Avenue, Joe & Joe, which has belonged to the Longobardo family for nearly 50 years, ''had tough times here in 1977-78,'' said Tony Longobardo Jr.. His father, Tony Sr., considered closing the restaurant, which is situated in a hotel building constructed in 1854. ''We were at a low,'' the son said. ''Businesses were closing down.''

But when Tony Longobardo Sr.'s children made a commitment to the family restaurant business, he spent $100,000 on renovations. These include the installation of a new bar, a $20,000 computer system that helps the business place orders and keep inventory, and a dining-gallery where 50 pictures of Bronx scenes dating to the last century reflect a reverence for roots.

''We're showing our customers good faith,'' said Tony Longobardo Jr. ''Every time we add something, people get excited. It says we're here. We're staying. Years ago, whenever you did renovation like this, people said, 'You're crazy.' ''

Space Is Incentive

One business that left the borough several years ago was the American Bank Note Company, a printer of foreign currency, moving from a 75-year-old building in the Hunts Point section to a more secure, modern building in Rockland County. Company officials said the business because of financial incentives, including a discount on electric bills.

In early 1985, however, a development company called the Bronx Apparel Center, Inc. bought the building for $5.3 million, renovated it for $3 million, and last December opened it to seven small garment center firms that moved to escape the higher Manhattan rents.

Max Blauner, a managing partner of Bronx Apparel, was attracted by the building's 425,000 square feet, its proximity to Manhattan and financial incentives, said his son, Sam Blauner.

''I grew up in the Bronx and my father lived in the Bronx 20 years, so we knew the Bronx,'' he said. ''Sometimes bad reputation is truth and sometimes it's not, and in the case of the Bronx it was. But it's better than we perceived it to be. And we decided to go ahead.''

Fifteen more companies are expected to move to the center by year's end. Officials expect 750 of the 1,000 estimated new jobs to go to Bronx residents.

Home Values Rising

The investment climate is improving, according to Michael Schmeltzer, whose Tryax Realty Inc. a real-estate brokerage and development company in the Allerton section has built 350 units of housing in the last two years.

With neighborhood backing, he recently completed rehabilitation of 124 units on Sedgwick Avenue near Kingsbridge Road in the North Bronx without displacing ***working-class*** tenants.

''Homes in the Bronx have been appreciating in value dramatically over the last two years,'' he said, ''as much as 30 to 40 percent.''

One symbol of Bronx renewal is Fordham Plaza, a $65 million, 13-story, office and retail complex on Fordham Road, near Fordham University. Scheduled to open in August, it is the first Bronx office building to rise in 30 years.

Retail space on the first floor is 60 percent leased at $40 a square foot, said Edith Olivencia, leasing agent for Fordham Renaissance Associates.

A marriage of borough government, business, and community, has turned the Bronx around, said Stanley Simon, the Borough President. ''Selling became easier once investors actually came here and overcame the fear, which in the 1960's and 1970's may have been deserved. Those were bad times here.'' However, Assemblyman Serrano estimated that unemployment for minorities was still very high and that some new industries had failed to generate jobs. He added that there were still great areas of blight in the Bronx.

There are statistics that help fuel optimism. Two hundred private businesses moved to the Bronx from 1979 and 1984, plus another 29 last year, according to the city's Public Development Corporation, which says it does not keep records on how many have left. And, after losing 3,800 jobs from 1977 to 1982, the Bronx gained 10,000 jobs from 1982 to 1985, according to the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics - more than any other borough in that period.

Two months ago the Public Development Corporation produced a four-color, $60,000 booklet extolling the Bronx as a place for investment. Similar booklets were created for Brooklyn and Queens.

''We wanted the book to really show the real beauty of the Bronx,'' said Frank Marino, a Public Development Corporation spokesman. ''We felt we had to stress that more than in the other boroughs, because the Bronx suffered for so many years from that negative image.''

**Graphic**

photo of Fordham Plaza in the Bronx (NYT/Alan Zale & G. Steve Jordan); photo of rehabilitated apartments on Sedgwick Avenue (NYT/Alan Zale & G. Steve Jordan); photo of Rev. Joseph O'Hare (NYT/Alan Zale & G. Steve Jordan)

**End of Document**



[***THEATER: JOHN GUARE'S 'HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES'***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BV00-0007-H4JR-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 20, 1986, Thursday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 21, Column 1; Cultural Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 1299 words

**Byline:** By FRANK RICH

**Body**

RETURNING to ''The House of Blue Leaves'' 15 years after its Off Broadway premiere, one expects to find a musty, archetypal artifact of late 1960's black comedy. Set in Sunnyside, Queens, on that 1965 day when Pope Paul VI visited New York, John Guare's early, breakthrough play features mockingly observed nuns, a lethal (but farcical) political bombing, a G.I. earmarked for Vietnam and, as a protagonist, a zoo keeper who dreams in vain of making it big in Hollywood as a songwriter. As if that weren't enough countercultural loopiness, the zoo keeper, Artie Shaughnessy, has a wife named Bananas who really is bananas. In the period's R. D. Laing-Ken Kesey tradition, Bananas, a schizophrenic destined for a cuckoo's nest (the house of Mr. Guare's title), is the sanest character in the work.

Yet a funny thing has happened to ''Blue Leaves'' in the loving revival, flawlessly directed by Jerry Zaks, that's been mounted at the Newhouse Theater by Lincoln Center's fledgling theater company. The play no longer seems all that funny, and it's none the worse for the shift in tone. While some of Mr. Guare's jokes are indeed dated remnants of the 60's, his characters and themes have gained the weight and gravity so lacking in his more pretentious recent plays. Time hasn't healed the wounds described in ''Blue Leaves'' - it's deepened them. One still leaves the theater howling at Mr. Guare's vision of losers at sea in a materialistic culture, but the howls are less of laughter than of pain.

Much of that pain derives from an extraordinary performance by Swoosie Kurtz, as Bananas. If Mr. Guare's zaniness is muted here, so is this actress's characteristically daffy comic assault. All but unrecognizable, Miss Kurtz wears a ragged, misbuttoned cardigan over a faded nightgown; her hair is a dark, silver-tinged mop, framing a pallid face with bulging, swimming eyes. Making her first entrance in silence, she stands in the gloomy fringes of her threadbare cage of a living room, watching her husband, Artie (John Mahoney), and his mistress, a platinum-haired downstairs neighbor named Bunny (Stockard Channing), plot their elopement to California. Powerless to do anything to halt the plan - which will place her in the loony bin - the spectral Miss Kurtz exits as quietly as she entered, a catatonic ghost. And without a single line, she casts the entire play in tragic shadows.

''Blue Leaves'' can accommodate that darkness. Mr. Guare has found the terror as well as the absurdity in ***working-class*** Queens nobodies who aspire to be somebodies; at its best, his play often seems like ''The Day of the Locust'' as rewritten by Tennessee Williams. Certainly Miss Kurtz seems as lost as Blanche DuBois in her climactic Act I speech, in which Bananas madly recalls having been at 42d Street and Broadway, ''the crossroads of the world,'' on a day when Jacqueline Kennedy, Cardinal Spellman, Bob Hope and President Johnson were all at that intersection hailing cabs. Bananas explains that she gave the celebrities a lift - only to discover later that night that the disastrous results were recounted as comic anecdotes on the Johnny Carson show. Recalling her humiliation before 30 million television viewers, Bananas wonders why stars can't ''love'' fans like herself. As crushingly delivered by Miss Kurtz, the monologue is not just a surreal shaggy joke: Bananas' pathological relationship to glamorous American myths becomes grotesquely symbolic of a national psychosis.

This isn't to say there is no humor left in ''Blue Leaves.'' When those wayward nuns appear in Act II, they fly like bats into the iron window bars of the Shaughnessy living room. We meet a deaf Hollywood starlet, deliciously acted by Julie Hagerty, whose hilarious confusions include what must be the single funniest gag ever sparked by the word ''Unitarian.'' There are also Artie's many failed Tin Pan Alley songs - would-be Hoagy Carmichael ditties with titles like ''Where Is the Devil in Evelyn?'' Mr. Mahoney delivers them raspily at a piano with the not-quite-slick show-biz moves of every benighted fool who ever regarded Ted Mack's amateur hour as the pinnacle of artistic aspiration.

What makes these comic twists closer in spirit to Nathanael West than the 1960's is Mr. Guare's refusal to condescend. The playwright sees his characters sympathetically, as helpless victims of a society in which movie stars and the Pope are indistinguishable media gods, in which television is a shrine, in which assassins are glorified in headlines. In such an icon-ridden landscape, the best hope is the pathetic one stated by the brash Bunny: ''When famous people go to sleep at night,'' she wistfully posits, ''it's us they dream of.''

Bunny also claims, apropos of the Pope's visit, that ''there's miracles in the air.'' But the miracles she and the others long for are either spiritually bankrupt or unobtainable. Mr. Guare's Sunnyside denizens believe that a neighborhood boy turned filmland big shot (Christopher Walken) will bring them instant fame and fortune; they even believe that the Pope, by addressing the United Nations, can end the war in Vietnam. Such starry-eyed fantasies do little but drive everyone bananas. The blue spotlight of stardom craved by the songwriting Artie may be as much of a nuthouse as the blue-leaf-shaded asylum where he would dispose of his wife. When the Shaughnessys' son (Ben Stiller) auditions for the role of Huckleberry Finn in a Hollywood movie, his various stunts (all learned from the Ed Sullivan show) are pointedly mistaken for the behavior of a ''mental defective.''

Mr. Zaks's direction always illuminates that frontier where Mr. Guare's absurdism blazes into nightmare. The care extends to the production design: Ann Roth's tacky 60's costumes are at once satirical and sadly shabby, while Tony Walton's set (apocalyptically lighted by Paul Gallo) is a Stuart Davis-like collage in which the Shaughnessys' vulgar domestic squalor is hemmed in by the urbanscape's oppressive brand-name signs. With the exception of Mr. Walken's cliched cameo appearance, the acting is of high quality throughout. Mr. Mahoney, last seen as the mysterious mobster in ''Orphans,'' and Miss Channing are exceptionally impressive as they find decency and humor in the often clownish and cruel Artie and Bunny.

Still, it's Miss Kurtz whom audiences will be talking about for the rest of the season, and then some. By evening's end, Bananas has actually become one of her husband's animals. Bananas likes animals, she has explained, because they're not famous and because they represent to her the buried feelings that her fit-regulating pills usually restrain. Miss Kurtz's metamorphosis brings the theater to a shocked hush. Her slender hands become paws dancing in the air, her voice trails off into a maimed puppy's whimper. As Bananas nuzzles helplessly against her husband, Mr. Guare's inspired image of the all-American loser acquires a metaphorical force as timeless as West's locusts. Where once there was a woman with stars in her eyes, we see a battered mutt, the forgotten underdog that the bright lights of our national fairy tales always pass by. Bananas at the Zoo THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES, by John Guare; directed by Jerry Zaks; sets by Tony Walton; costumes by Ann Roth; lighting by Paul Gallo; sound by Aural Fixation; hair by J. Roy Helland; production manager, Jeff Hamlin. Presented by Lincoln Center Theater, Gregory Mosher, director. At the Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. Artie ShaughnessyJohn Mahoney Ronnie ShaughnessyBen Stiller Bunny FlingusStockard Channing Bananas ShaughnessySwoosie Kurtz Corrinna StrollerJulie Hagerty Head NunPatricia Falkenhain Second NunJane Cecil Little NunAnn Talman M.P.Ian Blackman The White ManPeter J. Downing Billy EinhornChristopher Walken

**Graphic**

photo of Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney (Brigitte Lacombe)

**End of Document**



[***Memento Mori -- but First, Carpe Diem***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-4240-000P-N426-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 12, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

**Section:** Section 7; ; Section 7; Page 9; Column 1; Book Review Desk ; Column 1; ; Review

**Length:** 1517 words

**Byline:** By Margaret Atwood;

Margaret Atwood's most recent novel is "Alias Grace."

By Margaret Atwood;  Margaret Atwood's most recent novel is "Alias Grace."

**Body**

TOWARD THE END

OF TIME

By John Updike.

334 pp. New York:

Alfred A. Knopf. $25.

"Toward the End of Time" is John Updike's 47th book, and it is deplorably good. If only he would write a flagrant bomb! That would be news. But another excellently written novel by an excellent novelist -- what can be said? Surely no American writer has written so much, for so long, so consistently well. Such feats tend to be undervalued. They shouldn't be. Walking across Niagara Falls blindfolded on a tightrope for the 47th time is certainly as remarkable as having made it across the first time, more remarkable, perhaps; but the viewer's response is all too likely to be not a delighted "How praiseworthy!" but a jaded "What else did you expect?" And at 65, Updike isn't even old enough to be told he's performed very well for his age.

Age is nevertheless the burden, this time, of his song. The title's "end of time" may be that of the United States of America -- the book is set in the third decade of the 21st century, after a devastating war with China has disassembled the great Republic, which nobody seems to miss much. The almighty dollar has been replaced by a local scrip, economic refugees are now sneaking into Mexico instead of out of it, sci-fi creatures called metallobioforms roam loose in the shrubbery, devouring life like army ants, and the independent country of Texas is busily taking over adjacent states, but the book doesn't concern itself overmuch with such details. The important things are still in place: automobiles have roads to run on, the electric lights work, Fedex is operating and the mail and newspapers continue to be delivered, at least in semirural Massachusetts, where the book's protagonist, Ben Turnbull, can still thankfully play golf.

Or the "end of time" may be the end of the earth's time, as there are rumors of possible drastic cosmic events. Or it may be the end of the notion of linear time itself, as Ben Turnbull's consciousness takes startling sideways leaps into the ancient past and the possible future, into the land of what might have happened instead of what did. Or it may be the end of the personal time on earth of Ben himself, who becomes, in the course of the narrative, by no means a well person. His gradual disintegration is the novel's most compelling theme.

Turnbull, a 66-year-old retired investment adviser, is the book's single narrator, and like the earliest European inhabitants of Massachusetts, those voluminously self-searching Puritans, he keeps a spiritual journal -- spiritual not because it's holier than thou, but because it's concerned with the state of what would once have been called his soul, a soul in muted torment, living from hand to mouth and from day to day. The book's underlying structure is linked to the changing seasons, and its method is that of a sinister "Year in Provence," or, more accurately, of a "Walden" gone haywire. Indeed, if Nathaniel Hawthorne was the great-grandfather of "The Witches of Eastwick," Thoreau is the great-grandfather of "Toward the End of Time." Thoreau and Turnbull both live in their isolated and outwardly tranquil houses in the country while the world goes to ruin elsewhere, though Turnbull's well-kept bourgeois mansionette is not exactly a hut. They make similar meticulous and frequently breathtaking observations of nature, they share the tendency to combine the grubbily mundane with the airborne metaphysical, they both indulge in track-jumping digressions and in mordant philosophical observations; but the innocent gaze of the young Thoreau has been transmuted by the aging Turnbull into the gritty-eyed squint of a battle-hardened cameraman. Ben Turnbull is a Thoreau run through the meat grinder of the 20th century, world warfare, economic warfare, racial warfare, sexual warfare and all, and spat out the other end of it covered with blood.

And yet, within the stringent parentheses he's set for himself, Updike manages an amazing range of moods with his usual grace and dexterity. Turnbull's annus horribilis begins on a day in November -- the month of Scorpio, sex, death, regeneration and Thanksgiving, which pretty much covers all the bases. It's the day of the first snow; he hopes for childhood exhilaration but gets none, only "an unfocused dread of time itself, time that churns the seasons and that had brought me this new offering, this heavy new radiant day like a fresh meal brightly served in a hospital to a patient with a dwindling appetite." Yet within an hour he's happily clearing off the porch, delighted by his new orange plastic shovel and hymning the praises of the snow itself. "Does the appetite for new days ever really cease?" he asks. Not for Ben Turnbull it doesn't, and through all the tribulations that beset him it's this appetite -- his ability to be surprised, his childlike curiosity in himself and in what may happen next -- that keeps him going.

He was once married to a woman named, tellingly, Perdita, but his wife of the moment is a vigorous, practical, superficially optimistic woman called Gloria -- surely a relative of Gloria Mundi, the medieval church's much distrusted "glory of this world." Gloria too is aging, despite fresh wardrobes and trips to the hairdresser's for dye jobs, but the process seems only to invigorate her. As the book opens, she's obsessed with the deer that's eating her hedge, and wants Ben to shoot it. Ben secretly sides with the deer, and has become afraid of Gloria. "My wife is a killer," he says. "She dreams at night of my death." The unvoiced power struggle between Ben and Gloria, each civil and affectionate on the surface, each watching the other like a hawk to see which will display the telltale symptoms of croaking first, is one of the best things in the book. As Ben wanes, Gloria waxes; she's even got her natty widow's outfit together beforehand. Nevertheless she tends Ben, nagging him into shape and mothering him relentlessly. "To Gloria I am a kind of garden," he muses, "where she must weed, clip, tie, deadhead and poison aphids."

Gloria isn't the only female threat around. There's also Deirdre, who may be the deer of the book's first section metamorphosed into the paid ***working-class*** slut of the second, or may on the other hand be a superheated fantasy of Ben's. A rollick of complicated sex ensues -- Updike is funny and brutally observant on this subject -- as the two bend each other's bodies and heads into ever more twisted positions. If Gloria inspires fear, Deirdre inspires lust, contempt, hatred, guilt and a mournful longing for lost youth. After Deirdre departs, having cleaned out the valuables in the house -- or perhaps not -- Gloria returns, having either been dead or, on the other hand, merely at a conference.

The third in Updike's Gravesian trio of crone, Venus and maiden is Doreen, the barely nubile sidekick of a gaggle of juvenile extortionists who have moved into the woods on Ben's property and are running a small-time protection racket, targeting him and his neighbors. (This is the future, and the police are useless.) Ben gets a perverse kick out of turning himself into their fatherly business counselor, advising the killing of pet cats and the burning down of beach houses in return for a percentage -- retirement hasn't suited him, after all -- while exchanging cash for touching-only privileges with Doreen. He's afraid of Doreen too, but she arouses mostly wistfulness. Through her he has access to the lost prepubertal inexperienced self he once was, for whom he feels a tense nostalgia.

Disaster strikes the young racketeers. Then disaster strikes Ben, in the form of an illness that cripples the part of himself that has meant the most to him. Like many late-20th-century writers, Updike is fascinated with bodily goo, and by things that go yuck in the night. The verbal pleasure he takes in describing the exact nature and texture of Ben's searing and dribbly symptoms rivals Cormac McCarthy on exploding skulls or Patricia Cornwell on decaying corpses. As a commentator, Ben is nothing if not ruthless; but he's as ruthless with himself and his own body as he is with everyone else, and with everyone else's body. Alongside the ruthlessness he does manage, from time to time, a sort of wry tenderness. "To be human," he says, "is still to be humbled by the flesh, to suffer and to die."

It's finally Ben's evenhandedness that confers on "Toward the End of Time" its eerie ambiance, its ultrarealism, its air of a little corner of hell as meticulously painted as a Dutch domestic interior. The light of his intelligence falls alike on everything: on flowers, animals, grandchildren, corpses, copulations; on ancient Egypt and plastic peanuts; on memory, disgust, dread, lust and spiritual rapture. The brilliant metaphors -- and they are almost always brilliant -- are applied, like Whitman's, to everything from the cosmic to the scatological. As a writer, Updike can do anything he wants, and what he's wanted this time is quintessence of mortality. As memento mori and its obverse, carpe diem, "Toward the End of Time" could scarcely be bettered.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** October 12, 1997

**End of Document**



[***The Almost Naked City***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4SJ2-W0K0-TW8F-G083-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 18, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section CY; Column 0; The City Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2258 words

**Byline:** By MARK CALDWELL

Mark Caldwell is the author of ''New York Night: The Mystique and Its History.''

**Body**

Burlesque, that fabled if slightly soiled fantasy realm whose heraldic totem was the twirling pasty and whose undisputed queen was Gypsy Rose Lee, has returned to New York, dripping with rhinestones and trailing clouds of glitter. Under the rubric neo-burlesque, a Depression-era genre whose hallmarks were smut with attitude, bargain-barn glamour, rock-bottom ticket prices and a proudly stuck-out tongue is reasserting itself, flourishing in unexpected corners around the city.

At the cavernous Galapagos Art Space in Williamsburg, dozens of hipsters gather on Monday nights for a show featuring the burlesque queen Clams Casino, ''the daughter Dolly Parton and Charles Nelson Reilly never had,'' as the performer describes herself on her Web site.

One recent evening at Galapagos, a sultry belly dancer bolted like liquid lightning through a striptease to ''The Girl in Blue,'' courtesy of Reverend Horton Heat. Other acts ranged from the awkward to the hair raising, literally so in the case of a six-foot-plus performer whose specialty is a striptease on roller skates; after caroming back and forth across the stage, she swerved toward the audience, teetering to a queasy stop before hurtling into the air.

At ''Showdown: Bare Knuckle Burlesque,'' a recent offering at the Zipper Factory on West 37th Street offered more self-assured leering and a little less Saran wrap and aluminum foil from the costume department.

The mistress of ceremonies was a dominatrix wearing an orange eye patch and black bangs of a shoe-polish sheen, her body poured into a purple and black hour-glass gown. Introducing herself as Ms. Astrid (in real life Kate Valentine), she explained to the 200-member audience that Selena Luna, the ''Pocket Venus'' from Los Angeles, would face off against the East Village's Miss Dirty Martini (''Just call me Dirty -- everybody does''), an odalisque of operatic proportions, given name Linda Marraccini.

At ''C'est Duckie,'' a more conceptual import from London at the C. S. V. Cultural Center on Suffolk Street on the Lower East Side, audience members sit at tables that performers approach and sometimes mount, offering unexpected opportunities for participation. At a recent performance, one customer lay splayed across a table while a performer appeared to slice him in half with a power jigsaw.

And in September, the New York Burlesque Festival will award its fiercely sought Golden Pasties in categories like ''Performer Most Likely to Drink You Under the Table and Take Advantage of You While You Are Down.'' Last year's winner was Scotty the Blue Bunny, the ubiquitous comedian and M.C. who favors a high-heeled blue rabbit suit.

Gypsy's Children

In its 2008 incarnation, New York burlesque sees itself as nervy and adventurous, with an aversion to the airbrush and the computerized gloss of mass market entertainment. But its history is ancient, and its real affinities are less with velvet ropes than with carnival sawdust.

Back in the 1800s, the acts that filled Manhattan's music halls were often little different from the circuses and traveling freak shows that entertained audiences in the boondocks. The city's early museums were as likely to offer displays of dwarves, boa constrictors and waxworks as paintings or statuary. The bar-theater hybrids of the Civil War period known as concert saloons reveled in acrobats, bellowing balladeers and semiclad girl dancers.

Harry Hill's famed dive on Houston Street was best known for its gloves-off prizefights. Even the staid Academy of Music, the opera house on East 14th Street, gave itself over annually to a sodden ball where the city's elite rioted elbow to elbow with crooks, drunks and prostitutes. Classic burlesque, with its strip acts and comic skits bearing titles like ''Anatomy and Cleopatra,'' reached its height during the Depression, with the Minsky Brothers' gloriously shameless and still lamented Eltinge Theater on 42nd Street.

But in 1942, Mayor La Guardia and his vice-hound license commissioner, Paul Moss, closed down the Minskys, along with two other Times Square grind houses. Left scrambling for bookings were the stars, among them New York's beloved Sherry Britton, who died last month. She survived by snagging the role of Miss Adelaide in the original touring production of ''Guys and Dolls.''

During the 1950s and '60s, burlesque became an orphaned theatrical genre, surviving only in the hinterlands and later in nostalgic touring shows like Ann Corio's ''This Was Burlesque,'' a summer stock perennial in the 1970s.

Postwar Manhattan wanted none of it, particularly in the deteriorating environs of Times Square, and grew fed up with the epidemic of pornography, ratty movie houses, drug dealers and Brueghelesque crowds. Ripley's Believe It or Not!, burlesque's stationary cousin and a long-lived attraction on Broadway near 43rd Street, closed in 1972, packing its sideshow grotesqueries off to Los Angeles. Even freak shows, it seemed, had been spooked by the creeping seediness.

Then in the 1990s came the wholesale rejuvenation of Times Square, purging the crime, re-electrifying the signs and drawing hordes of tourists. The district became the city's major destination for visitors, and was for the most part as family-friendly as a theme park in the Ozarks.

New Yorkers, contrarian as always, soon reacted against this militant wholesomeness and found themselves grieving for lost monstrosities: Bickford's dank all-night cafeteria, or the Fascination game parlors whose unsavory, glassy-eyed customers could be seen tossing rubber balls into holes for hours on end. They grew nostalgic for the spirit of P. T. Barnum and his lusty embrace of all that was -- and remains -- tacky, weird, low-rent and, whether or not they admit it, abidingly attractive to highbrow and lowbrow alike.

According to Jen Gapay, a producer of ''Showdown,'' New York neoburlesque was born in the mid-1990s, out of a hunger for good dirty fun that high-minded reform only whets.

It was also a rebellion against the reformers. ''At least in part it was a reaction to the Giuliani crackdown on sex clubs,'' Ms. Gapay said.

Ms. Valentine, the co-producer of ''Showdown'' as well as its vampy hostess, dates the beginning more specifically to the founding in 1997 of New York's first neo-burlesque troupe, the Va Va Voom Room, and says the genre has been growing exponentially since around 2002.

These days, burlesque can be found on a stage somewhere in the city most nights of the week.

''Starshine Burlesque,'' a coproduction by Little Brooklyn and Creamy Stevens (''She learned she loved to entertain through making children cry at the juvenile detention center where she spent most of her teens,'' her Web site says), plays Thursday nights at the Fortune Cookie Cabaretin the back room of Lucky Cheng's on lower First Avenue.

On Fridays, the Slipper Room at Orchard and Stanton Streets on the Lower East Side plays host to Hot Box Burlesque. Le Scandal Cabaret, at the Cutting Room on West 24th Street, performs every Saturday night.

Half a dozen regular events, mostly in Manhattan and Brooklyn, are listed weekly on the Web site About.com, joined by the frequent one-shot offerings. And the scope of the movement, if anything so resistant to structure can be called a movement, is expanding.

Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium opened on 42nd Street in 2007 after a 35-year absence from the city. And once-forlorn Coney Island, which has seen an increase in visitors in recent years, sponsors both a circus sideshow and, on summer weekends, an event called Burlesque on the Beach.

By Any Other Name

As might be expected with a form of entertainment that claims to be both avant-garde and retro, its producers and performers differ sharply on what neo-burlesque is really all about.

Even the name is up for grabs. Some, like Ms. Gapay and Ms. Valentine of ''Showdown,'' embrace the term burlesque. Others disown it, claiming that what they do is a riff on cabaret, midway, circus, vaudeville, sideshow, even conceptual performance art.

Simon Hammerstein, president of the Box, a jewel-like toy opera house complete with swag stage curtains on Chrystie Street on the Lower East Side, insists that what he presents is not burlesque at all.

Mr. Hammerstein, whose great-great-grandfather was the turn-of-the-century impresario Oscar Hammerstein Sr., modeled his theater after the Bird Cage in Tombstone, Ariz., renowned in the 1880s for its anything-goes shows and brawling clientele.

On one wall hangs a picture of Harry Hill's infamous saloon, as if laying claim to its historic rowdiness and attractiveness to celebrities. Guests at the Box sit at the tables that line the horseshoe-shaped balcony and are surrounded by translucent curtains. Mr. Hammerstein and his business partner, Richard Kimmel, reject the notion that their club is simply a gentrified burlesque house: Mr. Hammerstein calls it a ''theater of varieties.'' Tables go for up to $2,000, they point out, and the production values are impressive.

''We have 19 or 20 numbers with as many as 75 performers on the stage'' each night, Mr. Hammerstein said, adding that there is ''a full orchestra, and the show changes every night.''

Seated at a table in his theater one afternoon, Mr. Hammerstein, a bearded 30-year-old with a British accent, said: ''There's a science to ordering it. We earn the audience's trust with something talented, then weird, then high-energy.''

While he readily describes some of the acts as lewd, he contends that the Box has no use for burlesque's traditional ***working-class*** ambiance. ''Absolutely, we're trying to make it exclusive,'' Mr. Hammerstein said.

By contrast, Simon Casson, the producer of ''C'est Duckie,'' insists that his show has a political aim. He says that audience members should not be misled by the rubber chicken that may bounce onto a table, or the dancer who limps across the floor in a walker and clambers with it onto a table. Or the whoopee cushion on which a customer may be asked to bounce in order to inflate a balloon. Or the moment when Mr. Casson sprints from table to table peddling official ''Duckie'' T-shirts, pillows, cast albums, a souvenir keepsake program consisting entirely of ads and the $60 official ''Duckie'' jigsaw puzzle, missing only a few pieces.

''C'est Duckie,'' he contends, has a satirical point to make: The show's offerings are intended as an attack on the use of sex as an exploitative marketing tool. Citing an Olivier award, the equivalent of the American Tony, and the show's run at the Barbican Center in London in 2002, he expresses surprise that American audiences react to the show as if it were, well, burlesque.

''It's supposed to be conceptual -- about money, about exploitation, the fact that we're all prostitutes and everything is commodified,'' Mr. Casson said. ''In London, the show's seen as ironic. But audiences here take it straightforwardly and literally.''

Political, Sometimes Pudgy

A single current seems to characterize all these incarnations of burlesque: an exasperation with the corporate blandness of modern mass entertainment.

According to Bob Masterson, chairman of Ripley Entertainment, Ripley's Believe It or Not! Odditorium returned to Times Square to satisfy audiences jaded by Hollywood blockbusters, and seeking personalized, nervy and unpredictable shows with homemade authenticity.

''You watch a movie today and you know that the scenery is digital, that the actors aren't really flying through the air,'' Mr. Masterson said. ''It's like a video game; it delivers a shock, but people are looking for something less plastic. They want a real shock -- real live people, no laugh tracks, no special effects. They want something like the standup comedian who can handle a heckler with a quick, off-the-cuff remark.

''Burlesque performers were like that,'' Mr. Masterson added. ''Everything depended on the entertainer; they didn't have security guards to clear the room.''

Many in burlesque see their art form as a challenge to the idea that performers should measure up to inhuman standards of beauty and talent. In their eyes, if the lighting is good and the dancer self-assured, a little cellulite is not a deal breaker; nor are a few sags.

''Neo-burlesque is popular with women because it's sexy, it's comic, and it's not all skinny, model-types,'' Ms. Gapay said. ''It's something that goes back to Mae West, really. Just taking your clothes off onstage doesn't make you a good burlesque performer. You have to be at ease with yourself, comfortable with your body, whatever it is.''

Ms. Marraccini embodies this ideal, of which she first became aware when she studied modern dance at SUNY Purchase and watched films of classic burlesque performers.

''I was attracted by the fact that it was all shapes and sizes of women: all feminine, sexual and all allowed to be seen,'' Ms. Marraccini said. ''Burlesque is a uniquely American dance form, just as jazz is in music. It's never really been documented in dance history, but its vocabulary of movement has been passed down from dancer to dancer. Bob Fosse danced in a burlesque house as a kid; the dances he put into 'Chicago' are influenced by burlesque.''

Whatever the venue, 21st-century burlesque is where Weimar meets Coney Island. You can never be sure whether you're a cutting-edge cultural mandarin basking in the irony, or a classic pigeon, ogling the flesh and shedding your cash as if it were feathers in molting season.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: All around town, a hunger for good dirty fun that high-minded reform only whets. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL FALCO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.CY1)

A bawdy art form's many faces: (1) Melody Sweets. (2) Dirty Martini. (3) Adam the First Real Man and La Maia in ''Starshine Burlesque.'' (4) Bunny Love at the Slipper Room. (5) Action on a table at ''C'est Duckie.''

(6) Onstage at ''C'est Duckie.'' (7) Bradford Scobie at the Zipper Factory. (8) James Kenny, working the door at the Slipper Room. (9) From left, Murray Hill, the host, Helen Pontani and Peekaboo Pointe in ''This Is Burlesque'' at Corio, in SoHo. (10) Francesca Baglione at ''C'est Duckie.'' (PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL FALCO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (pg.CY8)

**Load-Date:** May 18, 2008

**End of Document**



[***FIGHTING DRUGS ON NEW YORK BLOCKS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-B6S0-0007-H2BM-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 25, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 2, Page 39, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1254 words

**Byline:** By JO THOMAS

**Body**

To a stranger, the block looks like any other in the northwest Bronx, a narrow street of brick apartment buildings with rusting fire escapes, a few two-family houses, a very few trees.

But to those who live on Decatur Avenue above East 209th Street, it is something special. And ever since the drug pushers moved in, they have fought to save it.

''We Spy,'' says a large banner that extends across the narrow avenue and the sidewalks, where the pushers and the children vie for space. ''Don't Buy Drugs Here.''

The banner has two large eyes, and residents do what they can to frighten off customers, many of whom drive in from the suburbs to buy drugs.

In Manhattan, on East 12th Street between Avenues A and B on the Lower East Side, the decay is more advanced. A number of buildings, abandoned, shelter the addicts, and a few terrified homeless families.

But in the middle of the block is a city park, mostly concrete, that the residents have reclaimed. They manage to keep it immaculate. The addicts still buy their needles on the block, but the pushers, who once used the park as their parlor, have been pushed out.

Compelled to Fight Drugs

Earlier this month, the block associations of Decatur Avenue and East 12th Street received special awards for their efforts from the Citizens Commitee for New York City, a nonprofit organization that has helped form more than 5,000 neighborhood associations. Gillian Kaye, who coordinates the program for block associations, says many of the groups are feeling compelled to do something about drugs and drug-related crime.

''It ranges from vigilantism to political pressure, peer pressure, social pressure,'' she said. ''The system is not addressing the problem.''

Bill Puzio, who heads the Decatur Avenue Block Association, has lived in the Norwood section of the Bronx for 18 years. It is a neighborhood with relatively low rents, where members of extended families live close together.

Originally a neighborhood of ***working-class*** Irish, Norwood has seen an influx of Hispanic and black residents seeking the better life - which, at first, they found. Then the neighborhood turned into a drive-in drugstore, in part because of its proximity to the Bronx River Parkway, just two blocks away.

''It got bad about a year ago,'' Mr. Puzio said. ''As you were coming down the block, pushers would come out like cockroaches. Cars would come through at 40 miles an hour, stop and make a buy, and be gone again. We were waiting for the day one of the children got killed.

'Going for the Children'

''First they were selling pot, then cocaine, then crack,'' he said. ''Then they started going for the children.'' Children as young as 7 years old were approached with pills, and a small boy had to roll under a car to avoid a gun battle, he said.

''I thought I had moved to a better neighborhood,'' said Sandra Pabon of 3335 Decatur Avenue. ''I got to live somewhere.''

In her building, she said, pushers running from the police ''used to kick the door down, run through, and go out the alley window.'' She pointed to a long drop from the window to a concrete ledge far below. ''It's out of a comic book,'' she said.

She and other residents finally picketed their landlord's house, she said, until he put wire mesh over the glass door at the building entrance. The glass has been broken again, but the mesh seems to be holding up.

Conditions Improving

Under siege, the block association organized letter-writing campaigns, signed petitions, and met with officers from the 52d Precinct. They wrote down license-plate numbers of cars and kept the names and addresses of the pushers. Slowly, life began to improve.

''There's a 50 to 60 percent decline in the number of pushers since January,'' said Mr. Puzio.

''This neighborhood's got a chance of making it,'' said Officer Mark Polchinski, who has patrolled the area for more than a year. ''We're trying to save it before it gets too bad.'' That, he acknowledged, is not easy to do.

''It's a cat-and-mouse game,'' he said. ''I'm by myself. I move to the corner, and the pushers come back out.''

Even when he makes an arrest, Officer Polchinski said, the result is often infuriating. ''If I get one for sale, he'll plead to possession,'' the officer said. ''He pays a $100 fine, and he's released. It's a business expense for him.''

He favors trying to arrest the customers. ''We made massive car stops to try to find out where these people were coming from,'' he said. ''Ninety percent are from Westchester County. Scarsdale. Yonkers. Upper-class rich kids.''

Unlike Decatur Avenue, East 12th Street had been decaying for many years and the decay had been severe. For a decade, Sauer Playground, on the south side of the street, has been a place the residents feared to go.

''At one time, 40 or 50 people were living under the open shelter in the park,'' said Alexis Adler, secretary of the East 12th Street Block Association, The residents collected 600 signatures on a petition late last year and insisted that the park be fenced. The city recreation deparment had no new cyclone fencing available, so they settled on fencing taken out of old parks. Although the installation left something to be desired - two large gaps - ''it makes a statement to the pushers,'' said Stefani Mar.

''It's our park, not their park,'' she said.

Fright of Homeless People

A sign on the new fence says: ''No Drugs. No Dogs. No Litter. No Junkies. No Dealing Allowed. No Kidding.'' It is signed by the Newcomers, the motorcycle club on the corner.

''We're not Hell's Angels,'' said the club president, who identified himself only as ''Spanish Jimmy.'' ''Everybody's gonna use the park, but it'll be mostly for the children. But what happens if you have a shootout while they're there?''

He pointed to the vacant building next to the park. ''Homeless people live there,'' he said. ''People shoot up there. They get scared. They don't know who's who.''

The block association is now arguing with city officials over a $450,000 renovation program planned for the park, which has a few lovely trees from a more gracious era and a wide expanse of concrete. The residents say the city's plan includes $100,000 for more concrete. The residents want greenery.

''No one need fear that concrete will be poured over their objection,'' said Henry J. Stern, the Parks Commissioner, who recalled the playground as having been ''a vestibule for a drug den.'' The designers will consult with the residents, he promised. ''One of the reasons this park is being repaired is because the community is so strong.''

At the moment, the residents consider it a victory that the local Boy Scout troop, No. 412, is able to meet in the park to learn such first-aid techniques as making a stretcher from a couple of brooms. Even so, every few minutes during a recent meeting, an addict would walk by or through the scouts on his way to the gap in the fence leading from the park to the shooting gallery in the vacant building.

Roberto Velez, the scoutmaster, uses such opportunities to teach his scouts a lesson. He said: ''They ask me, 'What is he doing? Where does he live? How does he eat? Why do they fall asleep all the time?' I make it a point to explain, to warn them not to get involved.''

But he was also careful to end the meeting well before darkness fell, and afterward some of the boys said they were still a little afraid.

''We think they'll get wild when they take drugs,'' said Juan Sanes.

''We want people to come to the park,'' said Danny Torres. ''All we need is to have the park the way it used to be.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Sandra Pabon locking her apartment on Decatur Avenue; Photo of members of the Decatur Avenue Block Association; Photo of Boy Scouts at first aid lesson (NYT/Ruby Washington)

**End of Document**



[***In Selma, Everything and Nothing Changed***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S89-YJ00-008G-F397-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 2, 1994, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1994 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

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

**Length:** 2938 words

**Byline:** By PETER APPLEBOME,

By PETER APPLEBOME,    Special to The New York Times

**Series:** New South and Old: Third of four articles.

**Dateline:** SELMA, Ala.

**Body**

Bob Mants came to the Alabama Black Belt to work for civil rights in 1965 and still has a cattle-prod scar in his back to remind him of "Bloody Sunday," the attack on civil rights marchers here that evoked the worst of the dying empire of Jim Crow.

Mr. Mants is still here working as director of a hand-to-mouth economic development agency, trying to bring jobs to desperately poor Lowndes County. But his dream that he would see an old order steadily giving way to a new and better one died long ago.

"I thought back then, if there was any place I wanted to raise my kids, it would be here, because they could see black people moving forward, advancing ourselves as a race," said Mr. Mants, 51, who on that fateful Sunday stood second in line behind John Lewis, now a United States Representative from Georgia, as mounted sheriff's deputies attacked and sprayed tear gas on marchers advocating voting rights. "I was naive. People may even be poorer now than when I came here in 1965. The progress hasn't taken place."

No one can say the old Alabama cotton country is the same place it was during the 1960's, when civil rights workers -- blacks like Jimmie Lee Jackson and whites like the Rev. James Reeb and Viola Liuzzo -- were killed trying to get blacks the right to vote; when the Black Panther Party was formed in Lowndes County, and when Bloody Sunday and the Selma-to-Montgomery march led to the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

Today, in a region where they were long denied the right to vote, blacks hold as much political power as any other place in America, controlling most of the local and county governments in this southwest corner of the state.

But instead of a place transformed, the Black Belt, so named for the color of its soil, not the bulk of its population, is a reminder that though the civil rights movement ended one world, it did not create another.

The schools here are generally still segregated, with the old white public schools virtually all black and the whites -- ***working class*** as well as wealthy -- in private academies. The racial violence of the past is largely gone, replaced by a flood of drug-related, black-on-black crime that dwarfs the violence of Jim Crow. The civil rights leaders of the 1960's are now the entrenched political class, but the state-mandated tax code still protects the interests of the white landowners who preceded them. The median family income of $18,349 is about half the national average and $10,000 below the state average, in a state that is one of the poorest.

Perhaps worst of all, it is a place where blacks and whites, like punch-drunk boxers, are still fighting the same old battles of race.

"If the swords had been laid down long ago, things could have progressed further," said James E. Ware, who is black and who now heads the Dallas County welfare department in Selma. "Here we are the cradle of the civil rights movement, the mecca of the Voting Rights Act. You'd think that with all the sacrifices that were made and the lives lost, we could have found a way to capitalize on it. What saddens me most is that we've never done that."

The Economy

Stark Poverty And Tax Breaks

The rich black humus of the Black Belt was built up over millions of years from the remains of the tiny shelled organisms in what was once a shallow marine sea.

The black soil begat cotton, and cotton begat a flourishing economy based on slavery. And just as millions of years of geologic history determined the Black Belt's economic destiny, the economics of the past have shaped the identity of the Black Belt today, a place that is 66 percent black and one of the poorest parts of the United States.

With its enduring landscape of white-columned antebellum houses and weathered shotgun shacks, its social ritual of cordiality masking dense layers of turmoil, the Black Belt defines the South of William Faulkner, where the past is inseparable from the present, where the dead still walk, and where everything has changed and nothing has.

The past is alive in the ledger dating to 1928, proudly displayed in the Old Beechwood Grocery near Hayneville, with its rolling pine floors, dusty canned foods and a 1937 Chevy and a 1940 Packard rusting outside. It is alive in the 19th-century portraits of the founders of the J. B. Hain Company, a cotton and agricultural firm that operates from the back of the Old Sardis Store south of Selma. It is alive in the countless Old South and Civil War and civil rights and Bloody Sunday observances with which blacks and whites celebrate their separate histories.

And mostly it is alive because, for all the sacrifice and triumph of the civil rights era, nothing touched the economic structure that continued to give whites control of the land, the jobs and the capital as well as the tax system that revolves around them.

'Our Critical Mistake'

"When the civil rights movement ended, institutional building didn't begin," said Rose Sanders, who is black and a prominent civil rights lawyer in Selma. "People were so elated to have a victory, to have a President say, 'We Shall Overcome' and sign the Voting Rights Act, that many people thought the battle was over. That was our critical mistake. Now there are less institutions, particularly economic institutions, that meet the needs of black people than there were 30 years ago."

The statistics are dismal. Though the South led the nation in population growth in the 1980's, the 10 Black Belt counties saw their population fall by 13 percent, to 187,994, with a net migration out of 29,052 people.

More than half the blacks live in poverty, led by Wilcox County, where the black poverty rate is 60 percent. Only 10 percent of Wilcox County's whites live in poverty. In Lowndes County 5.8 percent of whites live in poverty and 50 percent of blacks do. In Selma, home to most of the Black Belt's wealth, median household income for whites is $25,580. For blacks it is $9,615.

Selma, with a population of 24,000 in a metropolitan area of 31,000, lost one of its economic underpinnings in 1978 when Craig Air Force Base closed, eliminating 2,400 jobs. The agricultural economy that supported small black and white farmers in the civil rights era has collapsed, leaving the industry to big agricultural and timber interests.

"I made loans 30 years ago of $100 secured by a mule, a wagon and a plow to put in a crop," said Richard P. Morthland, the white chairman of the People's Bank and Trust Company of Selma. "Since then, the whole system of sharecropping has fallen to pieces. Thirty years ago, a farmer who had $100,000 in his equipment was a major investor. Today, you couldn't buy one cotton picker for $100,000."

No Industrial Plums

Other than the jobs no one wants, like those at the nation's largest toxic-waste dump, in Emelle, about 100 miles northwest of Selma, almost none of the industrial plums that the South has won in recent years have come to the Black Belt, the Mississippi Delta or any of the South's other largely black rural areas.

"A lot of these corporate representatives or folks in economic development will tell you that corporations are reluctant to locate in places where the black population is 35 percent or more," Mr. Mants said.

To climb out of poverty, blacks depend on some of the worst schools in the nation. Testimony in a landmark school-equity lawsuit last year described Black Belt schools as having sewage leaking onto playgrounds, library books infested with termites, fire ants roaming the concrete floors and tables supported by milk crates.

In the city of Selma, and nearly all of the surrounding counties, public schools are virtually all black, particularly once students get to high school. The one exception is in Dallas County, outside Selma, where there is still a fair degree of integration in schools that are 75 percent black. Indeed, in many of the small cities of the South, where the black population is not as dominant as it is in Selma, the city schools are largely black and most whites go to the county schools, which are usually controlled by whites.

In Alabama, the problems of poverty are compounded by a state tax code that leaves most of the wealth base off the tax rolls, making the black electoral gains in the Black Belt a hollow victory.

The tax code is a result of legislation passed in 1972 and affirmed in 1978 and 1982 giving extraordinary tax breaks to landowners; in the Black Belt that means the white owners of the timber and farm land. The legislation pegged the value of farm and forest land at an arbitrary value set in 1982 and said that value could not be increased. As a result, an acre of timberland that is taxed at $3.93 to the east, in Georgia, and more than $4 to the west, in Mississippi, is taxed at only $1 in Alabama.

"It doesn't matter what color gets elected at the city or county level," said Keith Ward, an Auburn University political scientist and an expert on Alabama's tax policies. "They have no authority to make the tax burden any more equitable than it now is."

Many blacks and whites say the problems also reflect the reality that more than improving education, black control of the schools has simply shifted the flow of patronage jobs, to blacks from whites, in an area where local government jobs are often the only jobs.

"Blacks didn't have a problem with the model of political power," said Wayne Flynt, a white professor at Auburn University who has led the state's efforts to overhaul education, often finding himself on the side opposite from educators in poor black areas. "Their only problem was that it was whites who were in control of handing out the jobs. We've gone from patronizing, condescending, self-serving white rule to patronizing, condescending, self-serving black rule."

The Races

Resegregating The Schools

In the spring of 1990, just as Selma was preparing to commemorate the 25th anniversary of Bloody Sunday, something eerie happened.

Amid torrents of rain, the Alabama River crested at its highest level in 100 years. Elmwood, the city's oldest cemetery, was flooded, sending coffins bobbing to the surface.

It summed up a year's worth of turmoil that showed once again that racial division here has not died.

First came a battle between blacks and whites over who would control the commemoration of Bloody Sunday. Next came a showdown over Selma's first black school superintendent, whose contract was not renewed by the school board in a vote along racial lines. After that came a boycott and takeover of the schools by blacks led by Mrs. Sanders and her law firm. Schools were shut down for a week amid threats that blacks would shut down the city as well.

In the ultimate role reversal, the National Guard was called in to protect minority -- that is, white -- students and keep the peace. When the unrest was over, Selma was on the way to resegregating its schools. Selma High School, where 411 of the 1,200 students were white in 1989, now has only a handful of whites, most of them orphans from the city's Methodist Children's Home.

Mrs. Sanders argues that the boycott was needed to end the education policy of tracking, in which blacks were routinely steered to the slower classes, leaving the accelerated ones for whites.

"The same people that were told 100 years ago that they couldn't build businesses, that they were inferior, have an educational system that reinforces the same thing today," she said.

Conceding Public School System

Blacks do not have to go back 100 years to find reasons to be suspicious. In the mid-1980's, an extensive Federal investigation of allegations of voter fraud in the Black Belt produced indictments of eight black elected officials. The prosecutions resulted in only one felony conviction, which was later overturned and one plea bargain for a guilty plea on a misdemeanor charge. Many black politicians were left convinced that whites would do anything to roll back black gains.

But though most people believe that tracking was an issue, there is much dispute about how pervasive it was. And even many who think tracking was a problem say the boycott was so divisive that it all but killed community support for the public schools.

Whites, many of whom had worked to build and maintain the interracial makeup of the public schools, were embittered. The resentment only deepened over time among ***working-class*** whites, who pay taxes to public schools they believe they cannot use and then pay for private schools they believe they cannot afford. Many believe that the real agenda of the boycott was to recreate a world that guaranteed black valedictorians, black homecoming queens and black class presidents -- a return to segregation, but with the public resources going to blacks.

"My kids went to school with black kids, they made their first communion with black kids, they competed in school with black kids, and to me that was a wonderful thing," said Alston Fitts, who is white and who works for the Edmundite Missions, a Roman Catholic organization that does health and education work in the Black Belt. "The greatest disappointment to me was how much of that was swept away by the debacle. I remember my friends telling me, in great distress, that their children were now more racist than their parents had ever been, not out of ignorance but out of bitter experience that they were generalizing and making absolute."

Even many blacks believe that the boycott was a disaster for the schools and for Selma.

"It was almost like an attempt to relive the 1960's that caused a lot more harm than good," Mr. Ware said. "Now whites have pretty much conceded the public school system to the blacks. But if you don't have the support of the community, if people with wealth don't invest in what you're doing, then what difference does it make who's in charge?"

Down the Road

Murky Issues Seem Daunting

Just five years ago, Selma recorded four murders. Last year it had 16, most involving young blacks killing one another. So far this year there have been five, but no one sees that slower pace as a sign of a big downturn in drugs and violence among black youths.

"We had two young black children murdered like dogs this week, only you don't kill animals the way we're killing children," Mrs. Sanders, the lawyer, said in April. "We never had crime like this in Selma. Now it's impossible to find a community in the rural South that does not have a crack house."

Unlike the morally clear goals of the civil rights era, the issues in Selma today -- crime, drugs, jobs and education -- are as murky and daunting as they are everywhere else. And though the politics here invariably break down along racial lines, the views of ordinary people on how to address those issues often do not.

Almost as many blacks as whites are quick to bring up welfare when they talk about why the revolution of the 1960's produced such mixed results.

"Whosoever wrote the welfare bill knew exactly how to mess up a race of folk," said the Rev. Fairro J. Brown, the black pastor of the Selmont Community Baptist Church in Selma.

The Need for Jobs

He sees the shortage of jobs as Selma's biggest problem, but then says that jobs alone are not the answer -- that what is also needed is a fundamental improvement in the black family.

"Most of these fellows would rather be working than to be in jail," Mr. Brown said. "Unless he's extraordinarily sorry. You know some people are so sorry they wouldn't work if you got them a job in a factory eating holes out of doughnuts."

Even among many veterans of the civil rights movement, there is a sense that the new black politicians are, well, politicians, not the exemplars of virtue they could appear to be when contrasted with the evils of segregation.

"Now that they have gotten a chance to be in office, they are doing some of the same things the white ones are doing," said Sarah Logan, a retired black teacher, who was dismissed in the 1960's for joining the civil rights movement in Lowndes County. "Just like the white people, they have their own little ring, their own friends to take care of."

Yet there are people here who are still trying to make things work. There are groups like One Selma, made up of 30 black and white professionals and business people who gather at a meeting room at a local hospital every Tuesday morning for earnest conversation about bridging the divide. There are Afro-centric cultural programs for black youths, run by Mrs. Sanders, that have won national praise.

People genuinely want to move forward. But in an area that is poor and black, where the glistening new South of corporate relocations and shopping malls seems as distant as Jupiter, people just don't know how.

Through It All

At the time of Bloody Sunday, Selma's Mayor was a young segregationist named Joe Smitherman.

Today, Mr. Smitherman, still Mayor, sits in his office chain smoking amid 30 years of civic proclamations and photos, a shotgun leaning against a wall, old cigar boxes, an antique cash register, a Bear Bryant houndstooth hat.

Mr. Smitherman, who has skillfully slid toward the political center over the years, says this will probably be his last term. But he does not see Selma's inevitable election of a black mayor, either when he steps down or after that, as fundamentally changing things.

"The old Selmians, the people of wealth, they'll still be powerful people, whoever the mayor is, whether's he's black or white," Mr. Smitherman said, the cigarette smoke curling around the City of Selma seal behind him. "You can't run a city without money. You've got to deal with bankers. It won't be the South as we've known it. It won't be Selma, Ala., as we've known it. But it will still be Selma."

NEXT: Voices of the two Souths.

**Graphic**

Photos: Voting rights have not ended poverty in Selma, Ala., where sections like Slave City still lack indoor plumbing. (pg. A1); In the 1960's, civil rights workers hoped that the end of segregation would be the beginning of opportunity for blacks in Selma, Ala. But in 1994 many blacks still live in poverty.; Since Rose Sanders, a civil rights lawyer, led a takeover of Selma High School to protest bias against blacks, most white students have switched to private schools.; "The old Selmians, the people of wealth, they'll still be powerful people, whoever the mayor is, whether's he's black or white," Mayor Joe Smitherman said. (pg. B6) (Photographs by Alan S. Weiner for The New York Times)

Map of Alabama showing location of Selma. (pg. B6)

**Load-Date:** August 2, 1994

**End of Document**



[***Theater in Paris: Elan, Eclat and Assistance***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X230-0024-J035-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 6, 1993, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Cultural Desk;

**Section:** Section C;; Section C; Page 13; Column 1; Cultural Desk; Word and Image Page; Column 1;; Word and Image Page

**Length:** 1440 words

**Byline:** By JOHN ROCKWELL,

By JOHN ROCKWELL,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PARIS, April 5

**Body**

Tonight the seventh annual Moliere awards, the Paris equivalent of the Tonys, will reward this season's theatrical excellence. There is a lot of excellence to reward. With far more government financing than is available in New York, Paris offers a dizzying range of theatrical possibilities. This week, 173 active theaters are listed in the entertainment guides, some with more than one offering.

Right now, four productions, widely admired and likely to be acclaimed at tonight's ceremony, are playing at four of the city's most important and representative theaters. Among the others are homages to Carlo Goldoni and Alfred de Musset, vehicles for several popular French stars and the second new work of the season from the ever-fecund Peter Brook.

There are several kinds of Paris theater, apart from purely commercial ventures like the Mogador, home of "Les Miserables" last season and this season's "Kiss Me, Kate." First come the tradition-laden jewels of French culture like the Comedie-Francaise, which has been ensconced in its home at the Palais Royal since 1791 (the troupe itself dates from a century earlier).

Pan-European House

It is hardly the only venerable theater in town. The National Odeon Theater, which in its current form dates from 1818, now houses the Theater of Europe, the French Socialist Government's main effort to unite European theatrical culture with Paris as its capital. Off and on over the last 150 years the theater has also served as a second home for the Comedie-Francaise and, more recently, as the site of a troupe run by the actor Jean-Louis Barrault. The Theater of Europe was founded in 1983 and first entrusted to Giorgio Strehler; it is now directed by a Spaniard, Lluis Pasqual.

Other Paris theaters court a deliberately raffish image or are situated in ***working-class*** neighborhoods and then infused with artistic life by idealistic directors. Mr. Brook's home, the Bouffes du Nord, was a rundown outpost in the grimy north of Paris (it still is, really) before he and his producer and partner Micheline Rosan took it over. Now it is so identified with Mr. Brook's theatrical vision that its mottled, russet back wall and funky overall ambiance were slavishly imitated in the renovation of the Majestic Theater by the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

The Amandiers Theater in the northwestern Paris suburb of Nanterre is a more recent structure. Although its origins were in Andre Malraux's "Houses of Culture" scattered about France in the 1960's and its present theater was completed in 1976, its current eclat comes again from Socialist cultural policy. Patrice Chereau (best known in the United States as director of the Wagner "Ring" that Pierre Boulez conducted at the Bayreuth Festival in 1980) was installed as director there in 1982. In 1990 he withdrew to freelance, turning the direction over to Jean-Pierre Vincent.

Nanterre today is like a cross between the Public Theater in the Joseph Papp era and the much-lamented Pepsico Summerfare at the State University College at Purchase, N.Y. As at Purchase, there is a huge modernistic lobby full of people eating and otherwise milling about, and a booming voice periodically proclaiming that the show in Theater B is about to begin. As at Papp's Public, Nanterre mixes high quality, vanguard experimentation and a policy of peppering productions with stars.

Goldoni Tribute

This is the 200th-anniversary year of the death, in Paris, of Goldoni, the Venetian playwright who epitomized commedia dell'arte. Jacques Lassalle, the director of the Comedie-Francaise, has honored Goldoni -- who is also receiving several other Paris productions, including one at the commercial Mogador, and performances all over Europe, especially in Italy -- with a handsome production of "La Serva Amorosa" ("The Loving Servant"). It opened in December, runs in repertory until May 23 and is one of the tightest tickets in town.

Mr. Lassalle's approach is unusual in the seriousness with which he treats what might seem grist for a frothy comic opera. Only when necessary does he indulge in (stoop to?) commedia dell'arte high jinks. Instead, this tale of a devoted servant protecting the interests of her innocent master and his befuddled father while all the time preserving her virtue and honor, is played absolutely straight, with touching results.

The big event of the Odeon season is a properly trans-European affair, a production of Ibsen's late play "John Gabriel Borkman" that has already been seen in Lausanne and Brussels. It will be at the Odeon until May 12 and will tour through June to Nimes, Milan, Vienna, Munich and Frankfurt.

The Germanic interest in this French-language production stems from the participation of Luc Bondy, a Swiss-born director who has worked mostly in Germany; of Erich Wonder, a celebrated Austrian set designer, and of Botho Strauss, Germany's most popular serious playwright, as "artistic adviser." (One of the acclaimed productions this winter at Nanterre has been another non-French play directed by a German, Matthias Langhoff's staging of O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms.")

Grandiose Ibsen

At the Odeon, a German twist can perhaps be felt in the determination of Mr. Bondy and Mr. Strauss to stress the cosmic implications of Borkman, a failed, half-mad banker enmeshed in a bitter struggle between two sisters, who finally merges with Nature in a kind of Dionysian apotheosis. Mr. Wonder's settings -- above all the vast lair of Borkman's attic study in which he has locked himself for seven years, and Borkman's death climbing a mystical mountain and expiring in a bed suspended in swirling snow -- might seem designed to overwhelm the French actors and Ibsen's text.

No chance of that with a cast like this. Bulle Ogier and Nada Strancar as the two sisters are strong and assured, but the real star is Michel Piccoli, who brings to Borkman a compelling mixture of craggy grandeur and nutsy eccentricity.

Mr. Piccoli was the aging painter in Jacques Rivette's four-hour film "La Belle Noiseuse." His nude model in that film, Emmanuelle Beart, can be seen in the season's big hit at Nanterre, Musset's "On Ne Badine Pas Avec l'Amour." Musset was a mid-19th-century chronicler of social manners and the vagaries of love, and Mr. Vincent, this theater's director, is exploring his work with two plays this season, the other being "Il Ne Faut Jurer de Rien."

Miss Beart plays a cold and coquettish woman who spars with an equally manipulative young man. The man "trifles" with another woman to entice his true love. But just as the principals profess their affections in a high romantic style, the other woman kills herself, bringing the play to an abrupt end.

This does not seem an entirely convincing attestation to Musset's strengths as a playwright. The other woman, though charmingly played by Isabelle Carre, is never sufficiently established to make her death seem more than a contrivance. In addition, the Cinemascopic breadth of Nanterre's large theater tempted Mr. Vincent into extraneous business (villagers lounging about, etc.) to flesh out his stage picture. Still, the star performances and some of Musset's witty social commentary make the evening more than worthwhile.

More Small-Scale Brook

Mr. Brook has been unusually active this season. Hard on the heels of his admired reinterpretation of Debussy's "Impressions de Pelleas," he has unveiled a chamber piece called "L'Homme Qui." It will play in Paris until May and then join "Pelleas" on tour in Europe.

This 100-minute play for four actors reunites some of the main people who distinguished Mr. Brook's "Mahabharata" in the mid-1980's. There is the playwright Jean-Claude Carriere, who helped Mr. Brook, his collaborator Marie-Helene Estienne and the actors codify their improvisations. And there are the actors Maurice Benichou (who was the wonderful Krishna in the original French version of "Mahabharata"), the Senegalese Sotigui Kouyati and the Japanese Yoshi Oida, along with the young David Bennent, who starred in the film "The Tin Drum."

The piece was inspired by the case studies in the neurologist Oliver Sacks's book "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat": not just the title story, which formed the basis of Michael Nyman's opera of the same name, but a whole series of vignettes.

The play sometimes breaks down into a sequence of short scenes, with disturbed patients displaying their vaguely comic, vaguely touching eccentricities. There is little of Mr. Sacks's gentle commentary or indications of possible therapies. But the acting, with the quartet switching roles from doctors to patients and back again, justifies this exercise all by itself.

**Graphic**

Photos: Michel Piccoli, left, and Bulle Ogier in a production of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman" at the Theatre de l'Odeon. (pg. C13); Yoshi Oida in "L'Homme Qui," a Peter Brook production at the Theatre des Bouffes du Nord in Paris. (pg. C18) (Marc Enguerand)

**Load-Date:** April 6, 1993

**End of Document**



[***WESTCHESTER BOOKCASE***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BBS0-0007-H3FV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 11, 1986, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 11WC; Page 12, Column 3; Westchester Weekly Desk; Review

**Length:** 1325 words

**Byline:** By Betsy Brown

**Body**

''IN SOUTHERN LIGHT - TREKKING THROUGH ZAIRE AND THE AMAZON'' by Alex Shoumatoff. Simon and Schuster. 239 pages. $17.95.

The feature that unites Zaire and the Amazon in this book is the author's interest in primitive people and life in the jungle. A daring traveler and a keen observer, he describes obscure tribes, exotic landscapes and life in the jungle, including its flora and fauna. He tours the Amazon in a dugout, searching for legends and ancient art; he visits with natives and tells of their superstitions, customs and diets, with foods like manatee and monkey ribs; he travels across Zaire by truck, foot and plane, visiting cities as well as forests. He writes as a journalist, naturalist and anthropologist, tossing off obscure facts in a casual style.

Alex Shoumatoff has lived in Westchester most of his life, currently in New Rochelle and earlier in Bedford. His book ''Westchester: Portrait of a County,'' ran as a series in The New Yorker, where he is a staff writer, as did parts of his other books, including ''Russian Blood,'' about the history of his family - Russian aristocrats who fled after the revolution; and ''Mountain of Names,'' a book on genealogy including details of the Mormon genealogies in Utah, which he discovered in the course of tracing his own family.

He also wrote ''Florida Ramble,'' ''The Rivers Amazon'' and ''The Capital of Hope.''

''THE ITALIAN-AMERICAN CATALOG'' by Joseph Giordano. Dolphin/Doubleday. 246 pages. $14.95.

This celebration of the joys of being Italian tells non-Italians some things they may have wanted to know: how to speak Italian with gestures instead of words; what an Italian mother is really like; where to find the best Italian food in a dozen America cities; and the names of the best Italian wines and cheeses. For the Italian reader, it provides information on tracing the family tree.

The book contains pictures and biographies of famous Italian-Americans from Enrico Caruso to Phil Rizzuto; fine old photographs and drawings, some from museum archives and some chronicling the arrival of early immigrants; a few unusual Italian recipes; and essays on Italian history in America, culture and family life.

Joseph Giordano, a resident of Bronxville for four years, describes himself as coming from a ***working***- ***class*** Italian family in Red Hook, Brooklyn.

Although his book reads like the work of a popular writer, Mr. Giordano is rather a family therapist who has been in the mental-health field for 25 years and is director of the American Jewish Committee Center on Ethnicity, Behavior and Communications. He has spent 13 years doing research on ethnicity and the psychology of group identity and decided to write the book to correct some of the distortions of Italians as ''mafia, gangsters or buffoons.'' His previous book, ''Ethnicity and Family Therapy,'' was published in 1984.

''C. B. GREENFIELD: A LITTLE MADNESS'' by Lucille Kallen. Random House. 181 pages. $14.95.

An unnamed Westchester village becomes Sloan's Ford and its newspaper The Reporter in this comedy-mystery about a newspaper woman, Maggie Rome, apparently middle-age (but that is a mystery, too), who leaves her job temporarily to join a women's peace camp in a demonstration against nuclear missiles. She goes less from idealism than from jealousy over the infatuation of her attractive, 60-ish editor, C. B. Greenfield, for a visiting British violinist. But the editor and the violinist show up at the camp, and so does an antifeminist, pronuclear woman who disappears and is found murdered.

Lucille Kallen, a resident of Ardsley for 30 years, has written four other mysteries featuring C. B. Greenfield, and a feminist comic novel, ''Outside There, Somewhere.''

Sloan's Ford is not Ardsley, she said, but a combination of Westchester communities around Scarsdale and along the Hudson. The Reporter is based on a local paper, from descriptions by a friend who worked on it, and the antinuclear protest is based on one she saw on a documentary program.

Maggie Rome is not an autobiographical character, but ''what I would like to be,'' Mrs. Kallen said.

''MODERN PREVENTION -THE NEW MEDICINE'' by Dr. Isadore Rosenfeld. The Linden Press/ Simon and Schuster. 431 pages. $18.95.

Prevention is ''today's best-kept medical secret,'' according to the author. His book is written in an understandable style, with many anecdotes from his own experience, and is designed to help the layman see warning signs and to know when a visit to the doctor is necessary.

He focuses on the some of the illnesses foremost in people's minds today - AIDS, herpes, Alzheimer's disease and osteoporosis - as well as describing symptoms and prevention of cancer, stroke and heart disease. He gives advice on avoiding jet lag, including the diet used by President Reagan before the Geneva summit; and on sleeping problems, pregnancy and diet.

Dr. Rosenfeld had a summer home in Harrison for 20 years before moving there on a year-round basis in 1979. He is a cardiologist and clinical professor of medicine at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and has an active private practice. He appears on Channel 5 at 1:30 P.M. on ''Hour Magazine'' as a medical commentator. He said his books and his television show, which is syndicated nationwide, allow him to reach millions as opposed to ''a few thousand on a one-to-one basis.''

He is updating his previous book, ''Second Opinion,'' which was a best seller in 1981, and ''The Complete Medical Exam.''

''EARLY AMERICAN COOKING; RECIPES FROM WESTERN HISTORIC SITES'' by Evelyn L. Beilenson. Peter Pauper Press. 90 pages. $9.95.

From the Alamo, there's a recipe for chili, complete with a chili lover's prayer (''Lord God, don't never think we ain't grateful for this chili we are about to eat''); from the Saguaro National Monument there is prickly pear jelly and from the Custer Battlefield National Monument there is Indian pudding. The recipes are American, Chinese, English, Spanish, Indian and even Russian, with a recipe for borscht from Sitka, Ala.

Most of the dishes can be of ingredients that are readily available, except for a few, like Moose Stew, wherein beef can be substituted; and some require items that are newly available, like mesquite steak. A few are old-fashioned dishes that might be worth reviving, like Thomas Jefferson's Snow Eggs (''a little wine stirred in is a great improvement,'' said his cook) and Theodore Roosevelt's Chicken Fricassee, Creole Style. The book is illustrated with historic motifs.

Evelyn Beilenson, a resident of White Plains for 24 years, wrote an earlier book of Colonial recipes, ''Early American Cooking; Recipes From America's Historic Sites,'' which she and her husband, Nick Beilenson, also issued from Peter Pauper Press, a small White Plains company they inherited from Mr. Beilenson's mother, Edna Beilenson.

Before she became a publisher two years ago and author last year, Evelyn Beilenson was an interior decorator.

CORRECTION

In an art review on April 13 of a show entitled ''The Mystical Tale'' at the Thorpe Intermedia Gallery in Sparkill, N.Y., a paragraph concerning the work of Christine Heller was inadvertently omitted. The reviewer, Vivien Raynor, had written:

''Miss Heller assures visitors to her installation that they are entering 'a world of ambiguity and mystery.' But for all practical purposes, hers is a solo show of impressionistically painted abstractions and sculptures made by stretching cloth over rods. Painted black, the latter protrude from the walls or stand on the floor, as if they were imaginary animals exhumed from a tar pit.''

Because of a typographical error, an article last Sunday about efforts to establish stricter standards for regulating day-care facilities included an incorrect number. Last year and this year to date, 12 centers in the county have been the subjects of complaint and all have been closed or brought into compliance, according to records of the state's Department of Social Services.

**Graphic**

Photos of Dr. Isadore Rosenfield, Lucille Kallen, Joseph Giordano, Evelyn N. Beilenson and Alex Shoumatoff, Westchester authors

**End of Document**



[***LOCAL PRESSURE BRINGING MORE LENDING IN INNER CITIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BCW0-0007-H0D5-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 5, 1986, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 11, Column 1; National Desk

**Length:** 1378 words

**Byline:** By JOHN HERBERS, Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON, May 4

**Body**

St. Louis has long been troubled by poverty and decaying housing. Yet a few weeks ago, Boatman's National Bank, Missouri's largest, signed an agreement with neighborhood groups in that city to invest $50 million a year in home loans to residents with low incomes.

The agreement negotiated by the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now, and other agreements like it, have become commonplace in cities around the country. Some social scientists are saying that the investment they have produced has done more than all of the billions of dollars in Federal assistance to arrest decay in old urban areas, neighborhoods long considered too risky for private loans.

According to its advocates, such lending, which they call reinvestment, has generally benefitted ***working-class*** Americans, allowing them to retain a foothold in inner cities increasingly populated by high-income managers and professionals on the one hand and chronically poor unemployed members of minority groups on the other.

Coalition for Investment

The neighborhood strategy for obtaining private investments has been employed in 39 states and at least 117 cities, according to the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Minneapolis, which recently conducted a study of the reinvestment movement.

The movement is being celebrated here this weekend by a coalition of leaders of neighborhood groups most responsible for bringing it about. The coalition, National People's Action, was formed in 1972 in Chicago, and has survived and grown under the administrations of four Presidents.

It lobbied in 1974 and l975 for Congressional passage of two laws intended to end the practice in which banks and other lending institutions refused to make loans by ''red-lining,'' or delineating, neighborhoods where crime and decay are pronounced.

The Community Reinvestment Act, one of the two laws aimed at countering the practice, requires banks to make loans in areas where their depositors live. The other, the Home Mortgage Disclosure Act, requires banks to disclose precisely where they make home loans.

Coalition Adopts New Tactic

In the 1970's, neighborhood groups' pressure on Federal regulators resulted in loans from institutions in central cities to people who lived there. But banking deregulation has led to mergers and closings that reduced the number of lending sources in the central cities.

The neighborhood groups then changed tactics. Using the two Federal laws, they threatened to take legal action against mergers and acquisitions unless the lenders would formally agree to investments in their neighborhoods. In Chicago, for example, Gale Cincotta, head of National People's Action, and representatives of other neighborhood groups, persuaded three large Chicago banks to commit themselves to making $173 million in low-interest loans for both housing and industrial development in poor neighborhoods. In return, the groups agreed not to challenge the banks' merger plans.

As a result of such pressure, investment in urban neighborhoods has increased rather than decreased under deregulation.

''People keep saying that community organizing is dead, that you can't win anything for poor people in the age of Reagan,'' Mrs. Cincotta said in an interview before the annual meeting opened Saturday. ''We are proving that is not so.''

The coalition is also involved in a broad array of other issues. This year, for example, it is beginning a campaign against what it calls waste in military spending. It contends that such waste is robbing communities of Federal assistance under domestic programs.

Rejecting Conventional Beliefs

Leaders of the movement and scholars who have studied it say it is what community activism is all about.

''Neighborhood reinvestment began with a rejection of the universally accepted beliefs about neighborhood life cycles, risk and value,'' said Calvin Bradford, a senior fellow at the Humphrey Institute, in a paper summarizing the institute's findings. He said such beliefs had ''guided professional real estate practice and theory as well as Government program design since the 1930's.''

The conventional belief, he said, was that private investment could not make a profit in old neighborhoods and indeed that lenders might lose money they invested in neighborhoods undergoing racial and economic change. The conventional belief, he added, also held that only an infusion of Federal subsidies and mortgage insurance could lead to renewal.

But residents of such areas, believing that such Government aid led only to more decay and abandonment, ''refused to accept the assumption that these neighborhoods were economically obsolete,'' Mr. Bradford said. ''They had put money in their local banks and savings and loans, and they insisted that these leaders put it back into their communities.''

Investments in Major Cities

Mrs. Cincotta, recalling the first meeting of coalition leaders from major cities in 1972, said some people feared the movement would be derailed by ethnic, income and age differences among participants, who had seldom cooperated in the past.

One of the 117 cities where the neighborhood strategy has been used in the last 15 years, according to the Humphrey Institute study, is New York, where there is a vast complex of neighborhood groups. Lenders such as Citicorp, the Anchor Savings Bank and the Chemical Bank have invested in large areas of Brooklyn and the Bronx as a result of the groups' actions.

In Hartford, the Connecticut National Bank agreed to grant low-interest home mortgages and small-business loans in low-income areas after it was challenged by neighborhood groups. In Newark, major lenders set up a mortgage pool for low-income areas after neighborhood groups publicized evidence of red-lining.

Some of the new agreements go beyond residential and commercial real estate loans. In the recent St. Louis agreement, for example, Boatman's promised to cash welfare and other Government checks at no cost and agreed to provide low-cost basic checking account services for the poor.

Other Efforts for Neighborhoods

Bankers say the loans have not resulted in the losses some had feared, in part because the neighborhood groups were engaged in a number of efforts to improve property and halt decay.

Last September, Richard Hartnack, a senior vice president of the First National Bank of Chicago, told a conference on urban economic development in Cleveland that the negotiations that led to his bank's agreeing to invest $120 million in Chicago neighborhoods had begun with a call from Mrs. Cincotta requesting a meeting. Getting such a call, he said, was like ''running a nice, quiet prisoner of war camp in North Vietnam and having Rambo drop in.''

National People's Action has a reputation for disruptive tactics. It once shut down Washington offices of the Department of Housing and Urban Development for a day with raucus demonstrations against department practices. But Mr. Hartnack said his bank had misunderstood the needs of the central city and wanted to find an investment program it could support.

Conservative and Liberal Ideas

Mr. Bradford of the Humphrey Institute said the reinvestment movement could not be easily classified philosophically. ''It is a movement which is conservative in its revolt against the government grants economy and in its advocacy of private market economies as a key to redevelopment,'' he said. ''It is liberal in its basic view that while the private economy must serve people's needs, it needs to be regulated and aided in order to insure that the economy does not discriminate and harm people in its operations.''

One of the movement's immediate goals here is to secure renewal of the Home Mortgage Disclosure Act, considered essential to reinvestment. Enacted in 1975, it was renewed for another five years in 1980 and has been renewed temporarily since then. But long-term renewal efforts have been locked in Congressional committees because some members consider it to be inconsistent with the Reagan Administration's drive for deregulation.

But the act has such strong popular support that no one is speaking publicly against it. ''It definitely will be renewed,'' said Gerald R. McMurray, staff director of the Housing Subcommittee of House Banking Committee, said. ''The only question is for how long.''

**End of Document**



[***In Deadly Area, Signs Urge End to Killings***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4821-NW80-01KN-24J2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 2, 2003 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 1; National Desk; Pg. 16

**Length:** 1629 words

**Byline:**  By JOHN W. FOUNTAIN

**Dateline:** CHICAGO, March 1

**Body**

The signs are conspicuous: blood-red paint on square slices of worn plywood, nailed high on leafless trees.

They bear a message for all in Englewood, one of the most homicide-plagued neighborhoods in Chicago.

A mostly black, ***working-class*** neighborhood of two-story houses and modest apartment buildings on the South Side, Englewood is dotted with vacant lots, churches and liquor stores. It is a neighborhood where drug dealers congregate no matter the season, and where guns keep blazing and bodies keep dropping.

One of the handmade signs hangs on a barren tree at the corner outside Mack Haymon's house. Mr. Haymon, a graying 69-year-old who has lived in Englewood for 33 years, does not know how it got there. He recalls how he came home from work one day a year or so ago to find the sign in the tree, about 10 feet above the spot where he always parks his car, yards from his front door, where a mugger once put a cocked gun to his head, and where his 28-year-old son was gunned down on a summer night in 1990. The sign reads, "Stop the Violence."

Now it seems that almost everyone around here has seen the signs with their jarring decrees: "Thou shalt not kill." "Who's son is next?" "God love us." "Black on black love."

No one seems to know who put up the signs, but there is no mystery about why they are here. In the last decade, nearly 700 people have been killed in this four-square-mile neighborhood. In 2002, there were 61 homicides, 17 more than the year before.

While homicide rates in many big cities have declined to levels not seen since the 1960's, Chicago'shave been stubbornly persistent. In 2001, Chicago led the nation in homicides with 665. Last year, police records show that Los Angeles outpaced Chicago's 647 homicides with 658. But Chicago's rate in 2002 -- 22.3 killings per 100,000 -- is highest among the nation's nine largest cities with populations over one million, and was four times the national homicide rate of 5.6 in 2001. The rate in 2002 was 17.8 in Los Angeles and 7.2 in New York, which has nearly three times the population of Chicago but recorded fewer than 600 homicides.

Behind the statistics are people like Mr. Haymon, who have to live with the effects of the killings long after the latest homicide has disappeared from headlines and the remnants have been washed from the public way. "When that child got killed," Mr. Haymon said of his son Dwayne, "I was ready to pull out of here. People just said they would stick with us, pray with us. It's been kind of tough."

Standing on the porch of the house he has fortified with block glass over the basement windows, Mr. Haymon said that soon he would tear down the mysterious sign nearby.

"I want to take that old ugly sign down," he said bitterly, looking up at it. "I really want it down."

Outside the tiny storefront on Ashland Avenue, another sign reads, "Englewood Cares."

Inside, where gospel music flowed on a recent afternoon, and where the doors are typically kept locked, the Rev. Phillita Carney and several elderly women had just finished passing out food to the needy. The small Christian outreach, founded by Ms. Carney, offers the essentials: food, love, the Gospel, counseling for homicide survivors. But the gray-haired church mothers have witnessed enough violence for a lifetime, and trade their own war stories.

"I was watching a young man get beat up one night and he was just begging for mercy. 'Please y'all let me go,' " recalled Rosie Lee Melton, 77. "But the boy didn't stop beating him. So I looked up toward heaven and I said, 'Lord have mercy on that young man.' I said, 'Come and see about him.' And when I said that, the police came and rescued him."

"It just does something to me," said Mrs. Melton, 77, whose picket fence has been pockmarked with gunfire. Over the years, some of the bullets have penetrated her basement, and the blood from killings has stained the street outside her door.

Ms. Carney said, "When I witnessed my first homicide, outside my door, and I saw how half the side of the face of a young man was just blown off, my stomach just curled up." Then a crowd gathered. The youngsters played the radio and ate popcorn and candy in the street while the boy's body lay there.

"It was like, nothing -- expendable," Ms. Carney recalled. "That's the part that hurts. That's not normal at all."

Absent normalcy, residents like Mrs. Melton have added security gates and bars on windows and doors, deadbolt locks. They keep their grandchildren and great-grandchildren within arm's reach, too afraid sometimes to let them ride their bikes outdoors.

"I feel like a prisoner," Mrs. Melton said. "The only thing I can do is to pray."

Why not move away?

"Where are am I going?" asked Charlotte Stovall, 75. "You can't sell your property. You're not going to get what it's worth." Besides, how could she escape the violence? "It's everywhere."

Later that afternoon, in a neighborhood south of Englewood, detectives and reporters lingered at the scene of a quadruple homicide, the youngest victim a 2-year-old boy who the authorities said was shot in the face.

On a recent snowy night, Sgt. Ronald Behling's patrol car rolled up Racine Avenue in the Seventh District, which encompasses Englewood. Bad weather typically means a quiet night for police, he said.

Sergeant Behling, 47, is assigned to the third watch, the shift from 3:30 p.m. to 2 a.m., when police say the bulk of crime occurs. A 17-year veteran of the force, he says he has answered about three dozen homicide calls over the years, and the shock has long worn off.

"You're supposed to be professional when we arrive at a scene," he said. "You do your job."

At the Seventh District station, inside the commander's office, a map of the district is dotted with red pins marking the places the bodies fell last year. Sitting behind his desk, Englewood District Police Commander Frank Trigg echoed the department's belief that curbing violent crime is a joint task for police and the community. He pointed to the department's community policing program, which involves monthly meetings between police and residents, and to several law enforcement strategies aimed at combating street gangs and drugs. While such measures were in place last year, and homicide and violent crime fell slightly across the city, Englewood's homicides rose sharply.

Dr. Gary Slutkin, who in 1995 founded the Chicago Project for Violence Prevention, said entrenched street gangs and their gun battles for control of the drug trade accounted for the many killings here -- a trend that defies the falling crime rates in many other major cities.

About four years ago, CeaseFire, a component of Dr. Slutkin's project, based at the University of Illinois at Chicago's School of Public Health, began blanketing high-crime neighborhoods with glossy signs, bearing slogans like "Don't Shoot, I Want to Grow Up." There are now hundreds of thousands, though the project is not responsible for the handmade signs in Englewood. Dr. Slutkin, a physician and epidemiologist, said he believed this "public education messaging" would help do for gun violence what public education campaigns have done for AIDS and cigarette smoking. But he and others say there are no easy solutions.

For every person who is killed, "there are about six or eight people who are shot who don't die," Dr. Slutkin said. "The ripple effect of this is enormous because there are all these witnesses for each shooting." In some Chicago neighborhoods, as many as 80 percent of the children have witnessed serious violence, he said.

In Mr. Haymon's estimation, the handmade signs around Englewood have done little good. He sounds wearied by a lifetime in Englewood, by years of hearing gunfire and by the violence that has touched his family.

He and his wife, Eloise, bought their home, a three-bedroom bungalow, in December 1956, shortly after they were married. It was the place where the Haymons, who were both postal workers and are now retired, would raise their five children. But almost overnight, the whites disappeared, and over time came the decay and decline, the cycle of drugs, gangs and violence.

Three years before his son Dwayne was shot to death outside the family's house, Mr. Haymon discovered the lifeless body of his son, Steven, in the basement of their home. The cause of his death, according to the medical examiner's office, was alcohol intoxication. He was 28, the same age Dwayne would be when he died.

Last year, one of Mr. Haymon's grandsons turned 28. And last September Mr. Haymon was lying in bed when someone came screaming, banging on the door.

"They said, 'Your grandson's laying down there in the street,' " he recalled. "They didn't tell me whether he was dead or alive."

Bythe time he got to the corner about two blocks away, there was a pool of blood but no body. Though Mr. Haymon's grandson had been pumped full of bullets -- 13 in all, Mr. Haymon said -- he survived. "He still hasn't recovered from that yet," Mr. Haymon said.

Neither has Mr. Haymon.

On a recent afternoon, he stared at the mysterious sign outside his home and huffed at the idea that it and the others have done any good. Even so, he said, "It's quiet right now."

Gunfire has not been as frequent recently, he said, and he has seen more police officers patrolling the streets. Even Frank Trigg, the district police commander, is cautiously relishing a bit of good news. In January last year, there were eight homicides in his district. This January, there was just one. So far this year, the Englewood district has recorded 4 homicides, compared with 12 for the same period last year. Citywide there have been 64 homicides as of Feb. 27, compared with 76.

Both men figure it is a good sign, a sign that things may be changing, and perhaps a sign of hope.

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Signs like the one above appear in Chicago's Englewood neighborhood, an area of four square miles where 700 people have been killed in a decade. Eloise Haymon, who did not want her face shown, with pictures of her sons, Dwayne, with a girlfriend, and Steven, who both died at age 28. (Photographs by Scott Olson for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 2, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Guilt by Association***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5G3W-YTB1-JBG3-64XJ-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

May 31, 2015 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2015 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 47

**Length:** 6146 words

**Byline:** By DANIEL ALARCÓN

Daniel Alarcón is the author of four books, including ''At Night We Walk in Circles,'' a finalist for the 2014 PEN-Faulkner Award.

**Body**

On a rainy day last December, in a courtroom in downtown Modesto, Calif., a 24-year-old white man named Jesse Sebourn, along with five co-defendants, sat accused of second-degree murder. The victim, Erick Gomez, was only 20 when he was shot to death. He was a reputed Norteño gang member who had lived just a few minutes' drive from the ***working-class*** Modesto neighborhood where Sebourn was raised. The police estimate that there are as many as 10,000 gang members in Stanislaus County, where Modesto is, most either Norteños and Sureños, two of California's most notorious Latino street gangs. The feud between them often turns deadly, and according to Thomas Brennan, the district attorney, this was one such instance: Sebourn and his co-defendants were Sureño gang members hunting for rivals on Valentine's Day in 2013, when they found Gomez, out on a walk with his girlfriend.

Brennan was not saying that Sebourn had fired the gun; in fact, the accused shooter, Giovanni Barocio, had evaded arrest and is believed to be in Mexico, while witnesses and time-stamped 911 calls made it difficult to believe Sebourn had even been present at the scene when Gomez was killed. But according to the prosecution, Sebourn had set the entire chain of events in motion a few hours before the shooting, when he and two of his co-defendants tagged a mural eulogizing dead Norteños in an alley behind the building where Gomez lived. Sebourn and the others were caught in the act and beaten by Norteños, though they got away with little more than scrapes and bruises. But the prosecution argued that spray-painting over a rival's mural was an aggressive act intended to incite violence -- the equivalent of firing a shot. By this interpretation of events, the afternoon scuffle led directly to that evening's murder: tagging, fisticuffs and finally, hours later, homicidal retaliation, each escalation following logically and inevitably from the previous. ''Ask yourself,'' Brennan said to the jury in his opening statement, ''what are the natural and probable consequences of a gang fight?''

California law gives the prosecution the chance to increase the penalty in cases like these, in the form of a sentencing tool called a gang enhancement. If Brennan could convince the jury that Gomez had been murdered, as he put it, ''for the benefit of, at the direction of, or in association with the Sureño criminal street gang,'' then Sebourn and his co-defendants could be facing 50 years to life in prison. According to the penal code, without the gang enhancement, the sentence could be as little as 15 years. But Greg Bentley, Sebourn's lawyer, told me that his client couldn't have been charged with murder without it. He said, ''The only way a jury is ever going to be able to connect something as minor as spray painting over a wall to a murder conviction is by adding a gang enhancement.''

In California, gang enhancements became law in the late 1980s, at a time when chaos and violence in some of the state's cities had reached alarming levels. The center of the crisis was Los Angeles, where there were more than 800 homicides in 1987. There were multiple reasons behind this explosion of violence -- the crack epidemic, the broad decline of the inner-city economy, waves of new immigration -- but much of the killing was gang-related: foot soldiers in asinine turf battles shooting one another for revenge and sport. By some estimates, there were as many as 45,000 Latino and 25,000 black gang members in Los Angeles County in 1988. That year, a gang shooting near Westwood Village, an affluent, mostly white neighborhood, left a 27-year-old graphic designer dead from a stray bullet. The violence had spilled out of the ethnic enclaves where gangs thrived, and the public demanded action.

The State Legislature responded with the Street Terrorism Enforcement and Protection Act (STEP Act), Statute 186.22 of the penal code, which, for the first time, legally defined ''gang'' in the state of California: a formal or informal group of three or more, sharing a common identifying name, symbol or sign, and whose primary activity is crime. The law augments a prison sentence, adding anywhere from two years to life, depending on the severity of the underlying conviction. The Los Angeles County district attorney at the time, Ira Reiner, whose office helped draft the law, said it would help ''to rid the streets of hoodlums that are terrorizing and killing our citizens.'' Similar laws are now in place in 31 states across the country.

In Modesto, the vast majority of documented gang members are Latino, and most of them affiliate, however loosely, with either Sureños, from Southern California, or Norteños, from the northern part of the state. The line dividing the two groups is imaginary and constantly in flux. Each group has its own symbols (the number 13 for Sureños, 14 for Norteños, both often represented as Roman numerals) and colors (blue for Sureños, red for Norteños) and even their own strain of gangster rap (indistinguishable to the untrained ear, save the different metaphorical targets in the graphically violent lyrics). At the Sebourn trial, Brennan showed the jury and his witness, Robert Gumm, a Modesto Police Department detective, image after image of Sebourn's extended network of friends, photos of young men and women throwing up signs for the number 13, contorting their fingers into crooked forms of the letters CLS, for Celeste Locos Sureños, Sebourn's clique from the neighborhood near Celeste Street, on the east side of Modesto. Most of the pictures had been taken from the defendants' cellphones, as well as from their Facebook pages. The jury saw photos of tattoos, of young men drinking 40-ounce bottles of malt liquor, scowling at the camera. It was a gangbanger's photo album, or at least that was what this curated selection of images appeared to be. And though Sebourn himself was in only a couple, Brennan argued that he was known to these young people, as they were known to him. It was guilt by association. And it was very convincing. That rainy morning in Modesto, I had two contradictory thoughts at once: This doesn't seem fair; and These knuckleheads sure look like gang members.

In Stanislaus County, as in many counties in California and across the United States, law-enforcement officers keep a database of individuals that they have identified as gang members. From their point of view, these lists are vital and necessary, but activists argue that they can be discriminatory. Researchers have found that white gang membership tends to be underestimated and undercounted, while the opposite is true for black and Latino youth. In 1997, California created a statewide database, called CalGang, and by 2012, according to documents obtained by the Youth Justice Coalition, there were more than 200,000 individuals named in it (roughly the same number as the population of Modesto), including some as young as 10. Statewide, 66 percent were Latino, and one in 10 of all African-Americans in Los Angeles County between the ages of 20 and 24 were on the list.

When the STEP Act became law, there were dissenting voices, some of them unsurprising, like the American Civil Liberties Union. But there were others you might not expect: Among law-enforcement authorities, for example, there were concerns that the STEP Act could be applied too broadly. Wes McBride, a retired sergeant of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department and the executive director of the California Gang Investigators Association, told me that although he has come to see the law as valuable, he was initially skeptical. ''We thought the original writing of that bill was bad,'' he said. ''It made being a gang member a crime, and that flies in the face of the Constitution, in my mind. What's to stop the Boy Scouts from being considered a gang?'' Shortly after the STEP Act went into effect, The Los Angeles Times quoted an anonymous law-enforcement official expressing concern: ''I realize that we have to do something, but when you have carte blanche, it's difficult not to abuse it.''

A quarter of a century later, this point is still being raised. Manohar Raju, a lawyer who manages the felony unit at the San Francisco Public Defender's Office, told me he has seen prosecutors' use of gang enhancements go up in recent years. Young men and women are bundled into the broad category of ''gang member'' all the time, based on photos like the ones shown at Sebourn's trial; based on their wearing this color or that one; based, essentially, on a misunderstanding of how difficult these neighborhoods really are for youth. ''Posing in a picture, acting cool or acting tough can be a navigation strategy,'' Raju said. ''That may not mean they want problems; in fact, it may mean the opposite.''

According to Raju, weak cases can seem stronger when prosecutors introduce gang enhancements. Instead of concrete evidence related to the criminal charge, gang allegations permit prosecutors to introduce potentially inflammatory information that might otherwise be legally irrelevant. ''Now we're looking at: what did some other person do six months earlier or six years earlier,'' Raju said. ''Your client may not have anything to do with them, but they both have some connection to some name or symbol.'' In other cases, the very threat of the gang enhancement can often be enough to persuade a defendant to accept a plea bargain. Given the lengthy sentences that can result, a trial might not be worth the risk.

Roughly 7 percent of California's prison population, around 115,000 people, is serving extra time because of gang enhancements; given that the state has been ordered by the Supreme Court to reduce its prison overcrowding, this is hardly an insignificant figure. According to the California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation, nearly half of those convicted with gang enhancements are serving an additional 10 years or more. Black and Latino inmates account for more than 90 percent of inmates with gang enhancements; fewer than 3 percent are white.

But long before an accused gang member arrives in prison, the drama plays out in the streets, in daily interactions between young men and police officers, and then later, in courtrooms like the one in which Jesse Sebourn and his co-defendants were standing trial. At the heart of it all is a question: Are people to be held responsible for their actions or for whom they are perceived to be?

The man tasked with convincing the jury in Modesto that Sebourn was not what he appeared to be was himself a former gang member. On the morning he was to testify, Dr. Jesse De La Cruz, 64, wore a charcoal suit, a purple shirt and tie and black-framed glasses. Though he was a relative newcomer to the role of expert witness, he knew the criminal-justice system well: From adolescence until his mid-40s, De La Cruz had been in and out of county jails and state prisons across California, spending a total of nearly 30 years behind bars for crimes like burglary, petty theft and selling heroin. In the early 1970s, he joined the newly formed Nuestra Familia, a prison gang that would grow to become one of the most fearsome in the California system. Though he left the gang a few years later, he remained a criminal and an addict until he walked out of prison for the last time in 1996. De La Cruz told me later that he was profoundly grateful for his unlikely transformation. ''I don't regret none of the things that happened,'' he said. ''I've had the opportunity to live two lives in one lifetime.''

This second life of his, as expert witness and law-abiding citizen with a doctorate in education from California State University, Stanislaus, was relatively new. He had been introduced to the work by a lawyer defending an accused gang member in Siskiyou County, near the Oregon border. The defendant was facing the death penalty for murder, and De La Cruz's testimony helped get the gang charges dismissed and the sentence reduced to 13 years. Now his services were in demand; he was receiving calls from all over California. Last year, he worked on 16 cases across the state. This year he already has nine. He had faced Brennan in Stanislaus County once before and on that occasion helped the defendant beat gang allegations. His job, he told me, was ''to inform and educate the jury on the real dynamics of gang life.''

Before he could be asked to testify about the case itself, De La Cruz had to be certified as an expert. He brought his leather-bound doctoral dissertation on gang culture to show the jury, but more remarkable was the account of his life. He had spent his childhood in poverty in California's Central Valley, mistreated by teachers, stricken with polio at 3 and teased because of his limp. He got in fights and was full of rage. A local criminal and heroin addict named Big Indio, who had just returned from state prison, stepped in as a kind of mentor. De La Cruz was soon expelled from school, was introduced to heroin and began preparing for prison. ''If you wanted to be a gangster, it was just part of the job description,'' De La Cruz told me later.

Once he was certified at the Sebourn trial, De La Cruz went point by point, attacking the prosecution's assertions: If tagging a mural is akin to firing a shot, why didn't the Norteños who caught Sebourn in the act kill him right then? If Sebourn was so close with Celeste Locos Sureños, why didn't he finish the tattoo on his stomach with the name of that clique? ''My goodness gracious,'' De La Cruz told the jury, ''if you are representing a gang, you're going to finish the tattoo, you know. How are you going to represent if it is half-finished?''

At one point, the defense showed the jury a photo of Sebourn with his 6-year-old son, Jesse Jr. The boy was dressed in a red shirt and reddish gray shorts -- the color most often associated with Norteños. A defense lawyer, Greg Bentley, asked De La Cruz, ''Would someone who was a Sureño criminal street-gang member generally be taking photographs of his son wearing all red and flamed up?''

''Of course not,'' De La Cruz answered.

While the prosecution was intent on connecting Sebourn and his co-defendants to the Sureños, for De La Cruz, no such connection existed. According to the legal definition, crimes like murder, drive-by shootings, drug dealing and burglaries must be a gang's primary activities. Certainly this is true of Sureños generally, but was it true of Celeste Loco Sureños, an apparently aimless group of young men and women who seemed mostly interested in getting drunk and high?

From where I sat in the courtroom, I had a clear view of the judge, the multiethnic jury and the back of Sebourn's head. He kept his dark hair cut short enough that I could make out the outline of the letters ES peeking through in Old English font. The prosecution's gang expert, Detective Robert Gumm, had argued that these letters stood for East Side and were among the indicators of Sebourn's gang affiliation. As someone who does not have a tattoo on the back of my head, who would never consider getting a tattoo on the back of my head, I found it easy to believe that this was some sort of gang statement. De La Cruz, though, didn't agree. Sebourn and his co-defendants were pretenders. Poseurs. Like young people anywhere, they could be trying on identities. They might be irresponsible, perhaps unlikable, maybe some were even dangerous, but legally, none of that was relevant.

Sebourn's father, Michael, was a former Aryan Brotherhood member who spent much of his son's childhood in prison. He had just been released a few weeks before the murder, and he was also a defendant in the case. Sebourn was raised by his mother, Sandra, who worked at a hospital, and her boyfriend, a man named Kyle Garcia, who died of cancer just before the trial began. Beginning when Sebourn was in second grade, his teachers wanted to put him in special-education classes, Sandra told me, but she rejected the idea. ''I didn't want him to deal with that stigma,'' she said. An expert hired by the defense estimated that Sebourn's I.Q. was only 70 and described him as having severe intellectual limitations, unable to remember his own address or phone number. Brian Ford, a clerk for Sebourn's lawyer, told me that Sebourn was something of a neighborhood mascot, a teenager who had never really grown up: a funny, goofy boy, always smiling. He liked to drink, smoke weed and hang out with his friends, most of whom were Latino.

He dropped out of school at 16 and became a father a couple of years later. According to his mother, her son paid his child support on time and had never been arrested. At the time of Gomez's murder, Sebourn was working at a McDonald's, a job he had held for two years. ''I never had a police officer come to my door and tell me nothing about my son,'' Sandra said. ''Not once.'' As for being a gang member, she had a hard time believing it: ''As far as I know, he had six girlfriends, and then he had his son, and then he had to work, so when did he have time to do this gang stuff?''

For De La Cruz, this was a crucial point. When asked in court about Sebourn's work history, he was almost contemptuous. ''Gang members don't work,'' he said. ''I never worked when I was involved. Never.'' And if he had been forced to work, he added, he most certainly wouldn't have done so at McDonald's, ''where everybody is going to go by and see them wearing that little uniform they wear.'' The jury laughed, at Sebourn's expense, but also, I imagined, to his benefit.

Gangs are not an abstract concern in Modesto and the mostly agricultural counties of California's Central Valley. In 2011, nearly 60 percent of the city's homicides were gang-related. From 2002 to 2012, the homicide rate quadrupled, and the following year, the F.B.I. named Modesto one of the five most dangerous cities in the state. That same year, Forbes called the city the fifth-most-miserable in America. More than 20 percent of the population lives below the poverty line.

Todd Irinaga, an acting supervisory senior resident with the F.B.I., has lived in the Central Valley for 20 years, arriving in the area right out of the academy. In the early '90s, gang violence was not the agency's primary concern. ''It was white-collar crimes, bank robberies, violent crime,'' Irinaga said. But then the landscape changed. Over the last decade or so, he has watched the slow, northward creep of self-identified Sureños, past Delano, the town that sits on the imaginary line dividing the state between north and south. The origins of this rivalry are murky and difficult to parse, but the men of De La Cruz's generation recalled for me a kind of golden age, when Chicanos inside California's racially segregated penitentiaries were united against whites and blacks. That changed in the 1970s, and the North-South split inside the prisons set the stage for violence on the streets.

By Irinaga's estimate, Norteños still outnumber Sureños in Stanislaus and surrounding counties by a factor of three or four to one, but the increase in violent crime can be traced to this rivalry. The F.B.I. responded to the worsening situation by creating the Central Valley Gang Impact Task Force in 2005 to maximize the efforts of various municipal, county and federal law-enforcement agencies. The fact that so many different entities were able to collaborate is something Irinaga is very proud of.

Irinaga, along with others I spoke to in law enforcement, insisted that the police have very nuanced criteria for deciding who is and who is not a gang member. According to Irinaga, and contrary to De La Cruz's assertion, people aren't documented as gang members based on a single instance of wearing red or flashing gang signs. ''It's much more sophisticated than that,'' he said. ''It's situational.'' When I asked the Modesto Police Department for more information, an official initially agreed to an interview and then, a few days before we were scheduled to meet, abruptly canceled. ''We don't like to do anything that makes gang members' lives easier,'' Capt. Joel Broumas told me by way of explanation, ''and letting them know how we do our job might do that.''

In March, I visited a neighborhood in Modesto known as Deep South Side with a gang investigator from the Stanislaus County district attorney's office named Froilan Mariscal. The overwhelmingly Latino neighborhood sits at the edge of town, much of it in unincorporated Stanislaus County. Here, the stark nature of the city's struggles comes into focus: There are modest bungalows on small lots, many in a state of disrepair, and streets with no gutters or sidewalks. Just beyond the edge of the neighborhood, the agricultural fields and orchards begin. In 2009, the district attorney's office filed a civil injunction -- a court order -- that named 20 local residents as accused members of a gang called Deep South Side Norteños, and created a two-square-mile ''safety zone'' in the area. The list eventually swelled to more than 100. Those served with an injunction could not be seen in public together inside the ''safety zone'' and could not wear the color red, under penalty of arrest. Mariscal himself selected the targets after a yearlong investigation during which he interviewed admitted gang members, reviewed dozens of field-interview cards from the police and spoke with local residents about their fear of gangs. Minors named on the injunction faced an 8 p.m. curfew; for those over 18, the curfew was 10 p.m., except for work, school or church.

Civil injunctions like these have been used in California since at least 1987 and have been met with controversy in every instance. The first, against an African-American gang in Los Angeles called the Playboy Gangster Crips, had to be modified after fierce opposition from the A.C.L.U. In 2013, the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that Orange County's gang injunction -- similar to the one Mariscal wrote for Stanislaus County -- was not enforceable. This spring, Oakland's gang injunction was dropped, after years of court challenges. Meanwhile, similar challenges are being prepared by several lawyers in Stanislaus County. Like gang enhancements, injunctions are based on law-enforcement designations of someone's gang status, which are themselves based on essentially subjective criteria.

If the legality of these injunctions is in doubt, the question of whether they work is not clear, either. Mariscal certainly believes they do. Now in his late 30s, with short black hair and a skeptical smile, he was raised in Deep South Side, attended local schools and told me he had been aware of gangs and drugs his entire life. He recalled stepping over junkies on the way to baseball practice. As we drove through the neighborhood's rutted alleyways, he pointed out messy graffiti sprayed on the fences. ''Scrap Killa'' here, ''Norte'' there. ''DSSN,'' or Deep South Side Norteños. We stopped at one wooden fence where ''408,'' the area code for San Jose, was spray painted next to a ''209,'' the area code for Modesto. I could hear excitement in his voice. For Mariscal, this proved that there was coordination between cliques claiming Norteño all across the region, extending beyond the local areas. This is precisely what he and other experts argue in court all the time: Sets claiming to be Norteños or Sureños, like Jesse Sebourn's local clique, are part of something larger than themselves.

De La Cruz, naturally, sees things differently: Sure, ''209'' or ''408'' might be a gang sign, or it could simply be a nod to regional pride. In Oakland -- area code 510, numbers considered by some to be gang signs -- there's a food truck called Fiveten Burger. Is that gang-related? Last year, the senior class of a high school outside Sacramento printed up sweatshirts commemorating their 2014 graduation with the Roman numerals ''XIV'' on the front, the number most often associated with Norteños. Was that entire high-school class gang-related? And if they weren't, why would different standards be applied elsewhere?

Mariscal had faced off with De La Cruz twice, and both times the juries failed to accept the prosecution's gang allegations. Still, Mariscal was gracious toward his new antagonist. ''I think Jesse and I would agree on a lot of things about gangs,'' he told me. ''We would agree there's a gang problem, that gang members commit a variety of crimes. We'd agree that it's not right for law-abiding people to live in fear in their own neighborhood.''

According to Mariscal, the gang injunction had undoubtedly improved the area: Before, he told me, gang members would stand in the street, blocking traffic, terrorizing residents. Now they kept a low profile. They were wary of congregating in public. He pointed out a bodega on a dusty side street. Earlier, there would have been a half dozen men standing there, hanging out. Now there was no one. Customers could come and go without being harassed.

Later that same day, I returned to Deep South Side with Mary Lynn Belsher, a Modesto defense lawyer to whom De La Cruz had introduced me. Belsher had challenged the injunction on behalf of Carlos Sanchez, one of the young men added to the injunction list when it was made permanent. He was only 17 at the time. At Belsher's request, De La Cruz interviewed him and determined he wasn't a gang member, but Sanchez was never given an opportunity to contest the designation. Before being named in the injunction, he said, he had never been arrested; afterward, everything changed. Suddenly, ordinary daily acts were a violation of a court order. Just two days after he was served papers notifying him of his designation, he was arrested for walking down the street wearing a red hat and shoes. Since then, he had been arrested five more times, he said, often for petty violations like standing in his front yard with his brother, Sergio, smoking a cigarette. Because Sergio was also named on the injunction, they were prohibited from being seen in public in the safety zone. The fence around their home isn't high enough to block them from view.

Sanchez told me about his long and contentious relationship with the police, dating back to when he was just 12 or 13, being stopped and questioned because he wore red laces in his sneakers or a red San Francisco 49ers jacket. He has a DSSM tattoo on his back that he got when was 12 -- representing his love of his neighborhood (the M is for Modesto), if you ask him; a sign of gang affiliation, if you ask law enforcement. These are the questions on which people's lives can turn. Each arrest had been catastrophic for Sanchez and his family: He has lost jobs, had his car confiscated, spent thousands of dollars on bail. Sanchez, now 20, was soft-spoken when we met but full of anger. ''It's damn hard to find work,'' he told me, and he has two children and a wife to support. ''You can't be comfortable. You can't do nothing. You can't walk down the street. They think it's all funny, but they don't live like I do.''

Mariscal would argue that the point of the injunction was to curb violence and fear. And if that makes life impossible for gang members, then so be it. But what if Sanchez isn't a gang member? He says he isn't; his lawyer says he isn't; the gang expert Jesse De La Cruz says he isn't; and the fact is that no court of law has ever found otherwise. If Mariscal made a mistake, then a law-abiding young man with no previous police record was turned into a criminal with the stroke of a pen. On April 24, the Stanislaus Superior Court granted Belsher's motion to dismiss all charges against Sanchez on federal procedural due-process grounds.

One afternoon, as I was reporting this story, I happened to be in a sneaker store in San Francisco's Mission District. As I was waiting at the counter, two young men standing nearby, an employee and his friend, were discussing sneakers they liked. They were 17 or 18, both Latino, having a conversation like boys across the country surely have every day. ''You like the new Jordans?'' one asked. The other shook his head. ''Not really.''

The young man who asked the question looked surprised. ''What?''

''I don't like to wear red, you know.''

I watched them from the corner of my eye. ''I don't like to wear red.'' From that stray comment, and without even realizing what I was doing, I began sizing them up: Was he saying he preferred blue, and by saying that, was he claiming Sureño? I started looking for tattoos but didn't see any. Maybe they were hidden. It was instantaneous, and I wasn't even aware of what I was doing until a moment later, when the first teenager reluctantly agreed: Yeah, the Jordans were off limits for him too, he admitted sheepishly. ''My mom doesn't let me wear red, either.''

All those prejudicial places my mind had gone, and meanwhile these young men had worried mothers at home, trying desperately to help them navigate a minefield and escape the very same stereotypes that had flooded my head so instantly. Don't wear red, a mother pleads. Never. A police officer or an actual gang member might get the wrong impression.

In a court of law, impressions like those are not supposed to count, but in a gang case, they certainly can. Jesse Sebourn's case went to the jury on Jan. 9, and deliberations became contentious almost immediately. For some, voting guilty or not guilty was inextricably entwined with the question of gang status. I spoke with one woman who was a jury member for the trial. (She asked me not to use her name because of the nature of the case.) ''There are people out there,'' she told me, ''that the minute they hear the word 'gang,' they want to vote guilty.''

This is probably not an uncommon attitude in Modesto or in any American city with a gang problem, and it's part of what makes gang enhancements so attractive to prosecutors. No one likes gang members. No one wants them in their community. At one point early in the deliberations, a bailiff had to be called when one juror pulled a weapon from the evidence box, a machete that was seized from one of the defendants' cars the night of the shooting. He couldn't believe anyone would contemplate a not-guilty vote. ''Who carries this in the trunk of their car?'' he bellowed, according to this juror.

The female juror, who is a white woman in her 40s, was born in Modesto and raised by parents she called ''hippies.'' Her innocence came to an end in high school, when she first encountered racism and learned that some white people refused to be friends with Mexicans. According to her, some of the older, white jurors took a dim view of Sebourn and his young Latino co-defendants. Perhaps they felt something like what I felt when I saw the endless string of images the district attorney had shown: a gut reaction, an uneasy, uncomfortable sense that young people who look like that had to be guilty of something. But she and some of her fellow jurors argued against this notion; they wanted to focus narrowly on the charges at hand. Were the defendants guilty of this particular crime? Had that been proved? To her mind, it hadn't. There were too many questions.

The juror works as a preschool teacher at a local Head Start program, in a part of town where gangs are a problem. Some of her students, boys and girls as young as 3, tell her they aren't allowed to sit on a blue square or use a red crayon. One boy, the son of Sureños, told her in tears that he wanted to give his mom a Valentine's Day card but was afraid if he made it red, he would get a spanking.

For her, people like that -- parents who brainwash their toddlers into this potentially fatal neurosis about colors -- are the gang members. Sebourn, posing happily for a photo with his young son dressed head to toe in the colors of a rival gang, is not. She agreed with De La Cruz. Sebourn and his co-defendants were pretending; at worst, they were dead-end kids looking for meaning, not hopeless criminals to be sent away for five decades.

''When we finally came back with a hung jury, it was because a fight was going to break out,'' she told me. Three jurors voted not guilty with her, and on Jan. 28, a mistrial was declared. Sebourn and his co-defendants went back to jail, to await a new trial that won't be held until March 2016. The accused shooter, Giovanni Barocio, remains at large.

Brian Ford, the law clerk, told me that to everyone's surprise, a few days later, at a routine hearing, Brennan announced that he would be filing felony perjury charges against De La Cruz for lying about Sebourn's gang status. There was an audible gasp in the courtroom. De La Cruz wasn't present, but when he heard about it, he called to tell me the news. ''It's a threat, bro,'' he said. He had beaten Brennan on gang charges three times now. ''They're scared because someone's finally pushing back.''

It's essentially unheard-of for an expert witness to be tried for perjury, particularly if, as in this case, the testimony is an opinion, based on a subjective interpretation of the facts. I called Brennan's office for comment, but no one responded. No charges have been filed against De La Cruz.

Since he began serving as an expert witness, De La Cruz has been involved in around 75 cases. Before Sebourn, he told me, he had only one other white client. According to the Modesto Police, whites account for only 6 percent of all gang members in Stanislaus County. In California, it would be far more likely to find a young Latino or black man in Sebourn's precarious position: facing another trial, a gang enhancement and the gloomy prospect of an impossibly long sentence.

Gang databases, enhancements and injunctions didn't exist when De La Cruz was coming up. Today, being listed as a gang member in your youth can be far more devastating. You might never have the chance that De La Cruz had to start over.

One afternoon last December, De La Cruz and I were driving down San Joaquin Avenue in Stockton, where he lives, chatting about his work, when he spotted a teenager turning onto the avenue, just a block ahead of us. He walked with slumped shoulders and looked vaguely Latino.

''So what about him?'' De La Cruz asked. ''Is he a gang member?''

I narrowed my gaze. The young man wore a baseball cap, baggy beige jeans and a matching oversize beige jacket. He was carrying a bag of chips in one hand and a plastic soda bottle in the other. There was, quite obviously, no way to tell.

''Let's go ask him,'' De La Cruz said, and drove up alongside the young man. He pulled his car over, rolled down the window and called out in his booming voice, ''Hey, homie, come here!'' It was a command.

De La Cruz left the engine running and got out. I did, too. ''Check it out,'' De La Cruz said, nodding at me. ''My friend right here is writing for The New York Times. He wants to know if you're in a gang.''

To my surprise, the young man seemed not put off or even offended, as I would have expected, but amused by the whole line of questioning. He had a dot tattooed by his right eye (something a police officer would certainly have noted as a potential gang symbol) and a tattoo in cursive lettering just below his neck. The strap of his white undershirt ran over it, making it difficult to read. He wore a blue plastic crucifix hanging to the middle of his stomach. If we had been the police, and this interaction had been a field interview, these details could have been noted as signifiers of gang affiliation.

The young man told us he wasn't in a gang, though he said he had been documented by the local police. This means that somewhere in the files of the Stockton Police Department, where a list of active gang members is kept, his name appears. But this alone doesn't necessarily answer the question. Maybe if we followed him home and met his friends and his family, we would have a definitive answer. Maybe if we checked his Facebook page or his cellphone, we would know. He said he wore baggy clothes because he liked the style. ''This is how people in my neighborhood dress,'' he said. I might have said the exact same thing at his age, but I grew up in entirely different circumstances, and no one ever would have thought to ask me.

We switched to Spanish and chatted casually for a few minutes about police harassment, about work (he didn't have a job). Then we shook hands. De La Cruz nodded at me, and we got back in the car. We hadn't driven very far before he admitted the kid might have been lying. Maybe he was in a gang, maybe he wasn't. You couldn't tell from such a brief interaction, any more than you could tell from a block away.

''But,'' De La Cruz said, ''the police do that all the time.''

Sign up for our newsletter to get the best of The New York Times Magazine delivered to your inbox every week.

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2015/05/31/magazine/how-do-you-define-a-gang-member.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2015/05/31/magazine/how-do-you-define-a-gang-member.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Jesse Sebourn with his sister, Jenna. His first trial for second-degree murder with a gang-enhancement charge ended with a hung jury. (PHOTOGRAPH BY SANDRA SEBOURN) (MM49)

Jesse De La Cruz, who now testifies as an expert witness for defendants facing gang-enhancement sentencing, in a lot in Stockton, Calif., where he used to shoot heroin. (PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER BOHLER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES) (MM50) DRAWING (DRAWING BY LOUISE POMEROY) (MM46)

**Load-Date:** June 1, 2015

**End of Document**



[***THE TWIN TOWERS: The Suspect;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X890-0024-J3KV-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***More Light Is Shed On a Shadowy Life***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X890-0024-J3KV-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 6, 1993, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 25; Column 5; Metropolitan Desk; Column 5;

**Length:** 1382 words

**Byline:** By N. R. KLEINFIELD,

By N. R. KLEINFIELD,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** JERSEY CITY, March 5

**Body**

He apparently lived in this country illegally, squeezed into a small disordered apartment here with three others. Neighbors say he kept to a shadowy life penetrated by few people outside of a tight network of Muslims who shared housing and fraternized with him. Some of these friends seem to have vanished in the last few days.

Mohammed A. Salameh, the 25-year-old man described by the police as an Islamic fundamentalist who was arrested on Thursday morning as the first suspect in the World Trade Center bombing, has lived for about two years in a one-bedroom apartment on an unobtrusive residential street here that he shared with two women and another man, neighbors said. At some point, he may have driven a cab or worked in construction.

Neighbors, however, did not know the names of his roommates or what became of them after Mr. Salameh's arrest. The telephone at the apartment, on the ground floor of 34 Kensington Avenue, is listed in the name of Josie Hadas.

Five other Arab men roomed together on the floor above Mr. Salameh's, neighbors said, and were friends of his. The neighbors said those men were evicted from the apartment three or four months ago for not paying their rent. Their whereabouts were also unknown.

Many Visitors Recently

Residents of Kensington Avenue in this ***working-class*** neighborhood knew virtually nothing of the lean, bearded Mr. Salameh, other than that he seemed devoutly religious and remote. What English he knew he delivered in a thick accent. He received an intensifying flurry of visitors shortly before the explosion.

Earl Jones, a supervisor for a cleaning company who lives in a house next door to Mr. Salameh's apartment building, said that in the last couple of weeks a number of Arab men frequently visited Mr. Salameh, sometimes in the middle of the night. "There was a lot of night activity," Mr. Jones said. "After one in the morning I would hear the door slam and there would be talking in Arabic that I couldn't understand. This was in the week before the explosion."

Several neighbors in Mr. Salameh's building said they noticed boxes being lugged in and out of his apartment. They assumed it was dishes or papers.

When the Federal authorities searched Mr. Salameh's apartment, they said, they discovered tools, wiring and manuals, implying the presence of a bomb maker. They said that they believe the bomb was planned at the apartment but built elsewhere, and that others were involved.

Last night, investigators found hundreds of pounds of bomb-making chemicals in a locker at a drive-in self-storage warehouse in Jersey City, and Federal officials said that the van rented to Mr. Salameh had been seen by witnesses at the warehouse.

Tripped Up by Persistence

Mr. Salameh was undone by his persistence in trying to retrieve a $400 deposit on a yellow Ryder van that the authorities believe contained the bomb that rocked the World Trade Center. He was arrested Thursday morning after making his third trip to the Jersey City van rental agency.

While some neighbors found Mr. Salameh cordial -- one woman said he would assist her with her groceries -- others said the Arab tenants were frowned on in the building because of unpleasant food odors wafting from their apartments and because of untidy habits.

The extent of Mr. Salameh's connections remain murky, though evidence mounted that he has ties to El Sayyid A. Nosair, an Egyptian in prison for crimes related to the slaying of Rabbi Meir Kahane. One of Mr. Nosair's lawyers said a man named Salameh, who fit the suspect's description, faithfully attended Mr. Nosair's trial in late 1991 in New York.

"When I was in New York for the trial," said the lawyer, Montasser al-Zayat. "I met a young man in his early 20's named Salameh who attended each session with several other young Arab men. I do not know if this Salameh was the man suspected of carrying out the bombing in New York, but the age and the name seem to be the same. The description I have been given of the suspect fits exactly."

When he acquired a New York driver's license last year, Mr. Salameh gave as his address the Brooklyn apartment formerly inhabited by Mr. Nosair. Its current occupant, Ibrahim A. Elgabrowny, a carpenter who is Mr. Nosair's cousin, was arrested Thursday on charges of obstruction of justice. The authorities said he tried to prevent them from searching the apartment.

'Liked to Do Favors'

Lisa Elgabrowny, his wife, said that they had lived in the apartment for nine years and that Mr. Salameh had never visited them. She said she did not know why he gave that address in pursuing a driver's license. "Maybe he was acquainted," she said. She added that her husband liked to do favors for others.

Mr. Salameh worshiped at the Al Salam mosque in Jersey City, and law-enforcement officials believe he is a follower of the blind Muslim cleric who preaches there, Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman. The Egyptian Government maintains that he is the spiritual leader of a movement responsible for dozens of violent attacks in Egypt. The sheik was acquitted in Egypt a decade ago in the assassination of President Anwar el-Sadat.

According to a Federal official, Mr. Salameh, who carried a Jordanian passport but whose nationality could not be determined, has presumably lived illegally in the United States for more than four-and-a-half years. He entered the country legally on Feb. 17, 1988, with a six-month visitor's visa that had been issued him in Amman, Jordan, in December 1987. That visa expired on Aug. 16, 1988, but the official said there was no evidence that Mr. Salameh had left the United States.

Before he moved to his latest apartment on Kensington Avenue, Mr. Salameh lived nearby on the second floor of an apartment at 26 Weldon Street, sharing that as well with several others, neighbors said. "There would sometimes be like 10 of them living there at the same time," said Lou Lutrario, a 23-year-old unemployed neighbor. "A lot of them were cabdrivers. The cabs would sometimes park out there at 1 A.M. and the drivers would whistle up."

Back to Egypt

Five Egyptians appear to live there now, and neighbors said the place continued to be a haunt of Arab cabdrivers. The Weldon Street apartment was raided by the Federal authorities on Thursday afternoon and neighbors said that two of its occupants -- a man and a woman named Gladys Noore who said she was visiting her boyfriend -- were brought out and questioned by the authorities before being released. Neighbors said that the authorities removed items from the apartment.

Several Egyptians also occupied an adjacent apartment. Neighbors said they had departed for Egypt last week.

Two of the men who now live in Mr. Salameh's former one-bedroom apartment denied knowing the suspect. Two neighbors, however, said he had been spotted in the building recently.

The apartment was sorely in need of housekeeping. The living room contains a cot and a couch arranged for sleeping. The bedroom has two cots and a mattress plopped on the floor. Packed luggage was strewn around the living room.

Hassan Elkhayat, an Egyptian, was asleep on the couch early this afternoon. He spoke hardly any English, but insisted he knew nothing of Mr. Salameh, other than that he previously lived there. He said four other men lived in the apartment with him.

Another man returning to the apartment with a woman said he had been questioned by the Federal authorities but did not know Mr. Salameh.

Aeisha Harreld, a young woman who lives with her children next door, said that she believed Mr. Salameh had been staying at the apartment as recently as a month or two ago. She said she saw him on and off in the laundry room. "He would put money in other people's dryers if they weren't there and the clothes were still wet," she said. "Otherwise, he didn't mess with anybody."

It was unclear how Mr. Salameh supported himself. He said he was a cabdriver on the rental application for his present apartment. The major cab companies in Jersey City, however, said they had never heard of him.

Frank Ferrari, a general partner in Ferarri Investments in Verona, N.J., who is the landlord of Mr. Salameh's Kensington Avenue apartment, said Mr. Salameh rented the apartment about two years ago and had paid the $560 a month rent on time until last month. That payment is still in arrears.

**Load-Date:** March 6, 1993

**End of Document**



[***POP: NEW YORK'S BEST FOLD: BOSTON ALL-STARS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-BS00-0007-H1HD-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 28, 1986, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1986 The New York Times Company

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

**Length:** 1265 words

**Byline:** By STEPHEN HOLDEN

**Body**

NEW YORK CITY may be America's ultimate cultural melting pot, but like many other big cities in the country, it has its own distinctive pop-music climate. Punk rock and rap music, two of the most influential styles of the last decade, were born here - the former in Lower East Side rock clubs like CBGB and the latter on the streets of the South Bronx.

At the conservative end of the pop spectrum, the worlds of Broadway, cabaret and song publishing also continue to have a special vitality in New York, which still exports the music of the theater-Tin Pan Alley axis to the rest of the country. The city is also America's capital of dance-pop and of jazz. It was here last year that Little Steven Van Zandt put together the unprecedented cross section of ''rappers and rockers'' who joined forces to produce the anti-apartheid anthem ''Sun City.'' And tomorrow night at the Felt Forum in Madison Square Garden, a similarly varied rainbow coalition of musicians and styles will align themselves at the first annual New York Music Awards.

New York will also be host to a show celebrating another city's musical ethos this weekend. The Boston-Cambridge area, because of its liberal traditions and large college population, has remained the country's most hospitable climate for folk music. Tonight at Carnegie Hall, Tom Rush, a spark plug of the Boston-Cambridge folk movement in the early 1960's, will celebrate his 25th year in music with an all-star jug band featuring the Cambridge folk-scene veterans Maria and Geoff Muldaur as well as several of the brightest younger East Coast folk-oriented singers and composers.

The New York Music Awards originated two years ago, when Robbie Woliver, co-owner of Folk City, and several business colleagues sent 400 ballots to critics, record-company executives, record-store buyers, disk jockeys and club owners, soliciting nominations. Initially, five nominees were chosen in each of 30 categories. Later 14 categories were added, some of them chosen by special committees.

The winners, chosen by the ballots of 65 critics and some 3,000 members of the public (critics' ballots weighted more heavily) will be announced at tomorrow's concert. The ballots for the public were distributed through some half-dozen record-store chains and The New York Post.

''The artists,'' Mr. Woliver said the other day, ''must be New York identified, meaning that either they were born here, like Cyndi Lauper, David Johansen or Billy Joel, or came here specifically to be discovered, like Madonna, Stanley Jordan and Marshall Crenshaw. One exception is Daryl Hall and John Oates, who grew up in Philadelphia, but whose album, 'Live at the Apollo,' pays tribute to a New York landmark.''

A number of the 44 categories reflect the unusual diversity of New York's musical culture. There are several awards in the categories of dance music, and music on independent labels, as well as awards for best jazz act, best rap act, best ethnic act, best cabaret act, best Broadway musical, best Off Broadway or Off Off Broadway musical, best street performance act and best ''new music'' act. The noncompetitive Hall of Fame category will give awards to Harry Belafonte, Lou Reed, the legendary producer and talent scout John Hammond Sr., the songwriter Doc Pomus and the late Harry Chapin. Nominated for the most important award, act of the year, are David Johansen, Cyndi Lauper, Madonna, Talking Heads and Run-D.M.C. The cross section of styles competing for debut act of the year is revealing. They include Whitney Houston (pop-soul), Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam With Full Force (dance-pop), the Mosquitos (rock), Suzanne Vega (folk) and UTFO (rap).

The performers at the awards ceremony also represent a healthy diversity of style. Among them are Alisha, Mink DeVille, Nona Hendryx, David Johansen (performing both as himself and as his alter ego, Buster Poindexter), Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam With Full Force, UTFO, the Mosquitos, the Roches, Run-D.M.C., Southside Johnny (playing with the rock band Smithereens) and Suzanne Vega. Those making the presentations run the gamut from rappers like Kurtis Blow to the pop intellectual Paul Simon.

Influence for the East

''With these awards, we hope to take the focus away from the West Coast, whose influence has dominated the Grammys,'' Mr. Woliver said. ''We also hope to get much closer than the Grammys to the guts and soul of what's really really happening in music.''

The Felt Forum is on Eighth Avenue between 31st and 33d Streets. Show time is 8 P.M. Tickets, at $25 and $15, are available at the Madison Squre Garden box office and select Ticketron outlets and can be charged through Teletron (947-5850).

Tom Rush calls this evening's Carnegie Hall event a ''Club 47 concert'' in remembrance of the Cambridge coffeehouse that gave him his start when he was at Harvard. ''It was a place where you could hear many different voices - both old masters and new,'' Mr. Rush recalled recently. ''Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Judy Collins and Richie Havens all played there before they became famous.''

Gentleman Farmer's Life

Today, Mr. Rush, who is 45, lives a ''gentleman farmer'' existence with his wife, Beverly (one of the performers in the show), and two children on a 600-acre farm in New Hampshire. In the 60's, the singer, who had a long and respected recording career on two major labels, made his reputation as a soft-spoken, powerful interpreter of traditional songs and also as a spotter of emerging talent, who recorded very early work by Joni Mitchell, James Taylor and Jackson Browne. After his major label career ended in the mid-70's, Mr. Rush began making his own records in a studio on his farm and set about marketing them to a baby-boom audience by taking out ads in publications like The New Yorker.

''Recording for a major label, I would make a royalty of 20 to 30 cents per album,'' Mr. Rush said. ''Selling by direct mail, with an $8.95 list price, there is a $6 profit margin. The good news is that you can earn enough money that way to make another record, and that's the object of the game.''

Evening Ends With 'Party'

Four years ago, Mr. Rush founded Maple Hill, a combined management company, booking agency and record label dedicated to what he called ''reconnecting a certain kind of music with its audience.'' Among other projects, the company handles the management of two acts that will be appearing this evening - the folk-pop duo Buskin & Batteau and the comic singer-songwriter Christine Lavin.

At the three-hour show, Mr. Rush will perform a 40- to 50-minute set in the first half, followed by guest artists, each performing for around 20 minutes. In addition to Buskin & Batteau and Miss Lavin, they include Nanci Griffith, an exceptionally gifted country-folk singer and songwriter from Austin, Texas, and Bill Morrissey, a New Hampshire man whose autobiographical songs about New England ***working-class*** life owe a great deal to writers like John Steinbeck and Jack Kerouac. The second half of the evening - the ''party'' half - will feature a jug band made up of Richard Greene, Bill Keith, Maria Muldaur, Geoff Muldaur, Fritz Richmond and John Sebastian.

Mr. Rush entertains no illusions that a massive folk revival is imminent. ''I would like to see it spread slowly and stably, rather than have a fad situation, because fads are by definition transitory,'' Mr. Rush reflected. ''With my label, I would be delighted to have 10 albums that each sold 10,000 copies a year forever.''

Tonight's concert is at 8 P.M., and tickets are available at the Carnegie Hall box office and through Carnegie Charge (247-7800).

**Graphic**

photo of Tom Rush (David Gahr); photo of Nona Hendryx (Brian Aris)

**End of Document**



[***Another Bridgeport Emerges As a Leader With a Past***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC6-X550-0024-J4FK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 21, 1993, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1993 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Connecticut Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13CN;; Section 13CN; Page 1; Column 1; Connecticut Weekly Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1382 words

**Byline:** By BILL RYAN

By BILL RYAN

**Body**

WHEN the leaders of eight Connecticut cities met last month for what was described as a summit on violence, it seemed appropriate that Bridgeport was the site. It has the highest per capita homicide rate in the state.

But forgetting the violence, which in Bridgeport is hard to do because of the unending series of crimes involving drugs and guns, particularly on its grimy East Side, the city has a terrible image. It has evolved with such public embarrassments as its huge illegal dump known as Mount Trashmore, the attempt by a former mayor to throw the municipality into bankruptcy, and the furor that resulted when an arm of the Unification Church, led by the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, bailed out the university that bears the city's name.

Neighborhood Pride

Despite all that, there is another Bridgeport.

The "other" Bridgeport is made up of homeowners who fight to keep their neighborhoods safe and clean and who take pride in the state's biggest city (population about 142,000) and its history and architectural legacy. In fact, in one category Bridgeport has emerged in recent months as the leader of the state. The city now has more local historic districts -- five -- than any other community in the state. In contrast, New Haven has two districts; Hartford has none.

Bridgeport became the leader in historic districts, an event rather lost to media attention because of the stream of bad news coming from the city, in the latter half of 1992. Four separate districts were voted by residents, to add to the single district, Black Rock Harbor, that had been created a decade and a half earlier.

A Hopeful Omen

The new districts are Stratfield, a section of 280 homes, mostly stately affairs built in the latter part of the 19th century and the first part of this century; Barnum-Palliser, 42 modest homes built by the legendary P. T. Barnum and an architectural firm for ***working-class*** families in the 1880's; Pembroke City, 266 homes dating back to a planned residential development of the middle of the last century that was the brainchild of the energetic Barnum, and Marina Park, a turn-of-the-century seaside enclave of 14 mansions or near-mansions built for Bridgeport's industrial elite of the time.

Preservationists are hailing the creation of the four new districts as a hopeful omen for the future of the city. "I'm so heartened," said Laura Weir Clarke, director of Connecticut Trust for Historic Preservation. "It shows the city has stability. The vote shows concern for the community and its neighborhoods."

John W. Shannahan, director of the Connecticut Historical Commission, said Bridgeport neighborhood groups that were successful in obtaining the historical districts should be commended. "To achieve this in a large city is a real accomplishment," he said. "A two-thirds vote is hard to get."

The two-thirds vote of a prospective district is the latest magic figure in the sometimes turbulent story of historical districts in Connecticut.

The move for such districts grew out of the fear in the early 1960's that towns and cities would lose their identities in an era of massive urban renewal and highway construction. The General Assembly responded with a law enabling residents of areas considered historically significant to set up commissions to regulate exterior alterations on existing buildings and also control the design of new buildings.

From the beginning, the districts were controversial in a state that has traditionally valued individual freedom. Opponents said they reduced freedom of homeowners to do with their properties what they wished. Proponents said old neighborhoods would disintegrate without them, or become so homogenized that they would lose their identities.

The law survived an effort to vote it out shortly after it had been voted in; it has been amended several times. In 1987, the number of affected property owners needed to vote in a historic district was reduced to two-thirds from 75 percent.

Half the Proposals Fail

Even with the reduction, one out of every two proposals to establish historic districts fails because of lack of voter support, Mr. Shannahan noted. The addition of the four new districts in Bridgeport brings to 103 the total spread out among the state's 169 communities.

The most interesting aspect of Bridgeport's districts is that they are not reflective of the Colonial period, as are most of the other historical districts of the state. Instead, they are reminders of Bridgeport's role as a leading industrial city in the 19th and 20th centuries and the part P. T. Barnum played as civic booster, entrepreneur and Mayor.

The man most identified with the new historic districts, and who did the paperwork necessary for them, is Charles W. Brilvitch, city historian and unabashed fan of Barnum.

"He was a pioneer in city planning." said Mr. Brilvitch of Barnum. "The setback requirements for houses, that was his idea. And rural cemeteries, that was his, too." By rural cemeteries, he referred to spacious Victorian-era city cemeteries, adorned with exotic trees and shrubbery and monuments that are high art in themselves.

Barnum's most enduring gesture to the city that he loved is Mountain Grove Cemetery, where he now rests under a massive monument. Nearby is an obelisk with a tiny stone figure on top. This is the burial place of Charles S. Stratton, the Bridgeport midget made famous by Barnum as General Tom Thumb, the world's smallest man.

Glory Days

A trip around Bridgeport with Mr. Brilvitch is a quick education in the glory that was Bridgeport. It is spiced with comments about how stupid he believes city leaders can be when they ignore the heritage of their domains.

"That's the William Hall house," he said, driving by a formidable frame house in the Black Rock district. "I call it steamboat Gothic." William Hall, he explained, was a builder of clipper ships known all over the world. Establishment of the Black Rock Historic District saved the house. "They were going to tear it down," he said.

Driving though Pembroke Park, he supplied a little tidbit about Barnum's requirements for people who bought houses there: "They couldn't drink, they couldn't smoke and they couldn't keep a pig."

Mr. Brilvitch is not a bookish historian. He is a tall, gangling man of 39, with hair hanging far enough down in back to cover a collar, if he wore a collar. Mostly, it's a sweater and jeans. He is a native of Bridgeport, went to Ohio to get a degree from Case Western Reserve University in urban and environmental studies and came back to his home city after trying the Washington scene for a time.

'A Dirty Word'

Actually, being city historian is only part of his job. He is also the city's environmental officer but only on matters involving Federal money. He works out of the city planning office at City Hall. "I'm the only one in the office without a tie," he will say as a means of identification. He volunteers the information that he is not the most popular person in the building.

"Preservation is a dirty word here," he said. "We never would have gotten any restoration done if the city had anything to do with it. The homeowners were responsible, not the city."

Michael W. Freimuth, the city's director of planning and economic development, denies that he was against the four new historic districts but admits that he and Mr. Brilvitch do occasionally have differences about what is best for Bridgeport. "I needle him and he needles me," he said.

Of one thing, there is no question. The votes to create the new historic zones took everyone by surprise, certainly Mr. Brilvitch. "Before they took the votes, I had no idea how they would come out," he said. "It was overwhelming." The vote in the two bigger districts, Stratfield and Pembroke City, was nearly 90 percent in favor. In the two smaller districts, Barnum-Palliser and Marine Park, it was 100 percent.

A homeowner in the Stratfield district and a leader in the move for historic districts, Nancy R. Savin, credited Mr. Brilvitch for much of its success. "He's the lone person at City Hall who seems to have vision," she said.

Flushed with the new historical status, she and others are talking of conducting a house and garden tour. She admits that it may seem a bit strange for Bridgeport, noting, "No one can remember when one of those was held here."

**Graphic**

Photos: Charles W. Brilvitch, top, Bridgeport's historian, near Washington Park iron bandstand. Historic houses include Parmly House, above, in Marina Park District, and a colonial revival house, right, in Stratfield District (pg. 1); Houses in the Barnum-Palliser section of Bridgeport. (pg. 8) (Photographs by Stephen Castagneto for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** March 21, 1993

**End of Document**



[***Great Outdoors Shrinks at Summer Camps for Urban Children***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5TP0-000P-N40P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 16, 1997, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1;; Section 1; Page 23; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Column 2;; Second Front

**Length:** 1403 words

**Byline:** By NORIMITSU ONISHI

By NORIMITSU ONISHI

**Dateline:** TUSTEN, N.Y.

**Body**

To generations of poor and ***working-class*** children, summer has been the time for escape -- for just awhile -- to another world, one of summer camps run by charities and nonprofit groups. These camps were a quintessential New York rite of passage, part of growing up in the city by getting away from its crowded subways and tenements on the Lower East Side or the South Bronx.

That tradition is quietly coming to an end, as soaring operating costs and declining government aid have in recent years shut down many nonprofit sleepaway camps for low-income families.

Between 1985 and 1996, more than a quarter of the state's nonprofit sleepaway camps were closed, dropping from 435 to 321, according to a study conducted last year by the New York State Camp Directors Association. About one-third of the city's 37 settlement houses once owned summer camps, said Emily Menlo Marks, executive director of the United Neighborhood Houses, an umbrella organization. But only one still operates a traditional summer camp: Boys Harbor, which was founded during the Depression and is still supported by the Duke family.

The Hudson Guild, a settlement house in Chelsea, closed and sold one of its camps four years ago and recently put its 75-year-old camp in Hopatcong, N.J., up for sale.

Goddard Riverside Community Center, which serves the Upper West Side, closed and sold one camp in 1994 and is negotiating the sale of Camp Wel-Met here in the Catskills, about 100 miles northwest of New York City.

"It killed me to do it, but it's just incredible what it costs to keep places like these going," Bernie Wohl, Goddard Riverside's executive director, said. "If you want to take poor kids to camp, there's no way to take them without subsidizing them."

Goddard Riverside bought Wel-Met from its founder, the Jewish Welfare Board, a decade ago, Mr. Wohl said. Two years ago, faced with mounting deficits, Goddard Riverside eliminated its two-week summer camp programs and instead began bringing about 150 children in day camp here for a few days.

At Camp Wel-Met's peak in the 1950's and 1960's, children stayed for several weeks; some were even sent on bus trips across the country. Up to 1,500 children gravitated here each summer.

"Everybody knew somebody who went to Camp Wel-Met," Mr. Wohl said. "Howard Stern went to Camp Wel-Met."

So has Jose Alicea, 12. For two summers now, he has left his steamy apartment in New York City and spent a few days at Camp Wel-Met. But this will be the last trip here for Jose and 150 other children.

Jose likes pitching tents with blankets and sticks in his room in his parents' apartment at 104th Street and Manhattan Avenue. He wants to be an architect. "A lot of kids, they can't see the stars because of pollution and stuff," he said. "They can't go camping in Central Park."

Perhaps it is not surprising, especially in the era before air-conditioning, that the United States' largest camping industry grew around the nation's largest and most densely populated city. Summer camps also played a more subtle role in the city's history, offering new perspectives for New York's children.

Sheila Krumenaker's parents sent her and her sister Elizabeth to Camp Ohnehtah in Windham, N.Y., in the early 1950's, paying on a sliding scale.

"My sister and I both feel that if it weren't for camp, we wouldn't be the people we are today," said Mrs. Krumenaker, 58, who now lives in Stamford, Conn. "Your self-worth went up 17 notches because everything you did, someone lauded. You climbed a mountain and you got an award."

Behind these activities were the ideologies of individual camps, some of them affiliated with labor, socialist or other political groups.

Charles Hargate Jr., 77, remembered being among the handful of black children at a Jewish camp in the Adirondacks when he was 12. He went only one summer, but some images, including sitting around a fire, never left him. "That shows you how wonderful it was," Mr. Hargate said from the Allen Community Senior Citizen Center in Jamaica, Queens.

Maybe more so than for any other ethnic group, summer camp left a lasting impression on Jewish children, said Jenna Weissman Joselit, a historian who curated an exhibit on summer camps at the National Museum of American Jewish History in Philadelphia three years ago.

"From the philanthropists' view, summer camp was a form of moral uplift: removing children from an inhospitable environment to a more salubrious one," Ms. Joselit said. "Implicit in all of this, especially for the children of immigrants, was that summer camps were very often artful ways to make kids American, to teach them sportsmanship and gentlemanly codes."

After a period of decline, camp directors and industry officials say demand has picked up in recent years, as new immigrant groups have discovered the New York summer tradition. Because of the shortage of nonprofit sleepaway camps, settlement houses, churches and other organizations are offering cheaper alternatives, including day camps that do not provide children with food, housing or extended trips outside the city.

For the last five years, the waiting list for Camp Ohnehtah's six-week session has kept growing, said Eva Lewandowski, the director for the last 11 years. But rising costs have made it impossible to accept more than 300 girls for the summer, a far cry from 1,200 in the 1970's.

Compared with a decade ago, the share of the annual budget for staff salaries has doubled. Ohnehtah, like other camps, has hired more skilled workers, partly to reduce the risk of lawsuits that sharply raised premiums for liability insurance. A decade ago, insurance was 10 percent of Ohnehtah's budget. Today, it is closer to 15 percent.

Rising costs hurt nonprofit camps that in recent years also faced cuts in government funding, especially in Federal child-care programs, industry officials said. What's more, government cuts to other city agencies had a ripple effect on camps like Wel-Met.

In 1990, Wel-Met earned $215,000 in rental income, mainly from the Board of Education and the City Volunteer Corps, which leased the campsite for training programs. But as those programs were scaled back, the rental income they provided Wel-Met began to decline, disappearing in 1994, Mr. Wohl said. Since then, Wel-Met has lost between $200,000 and $400,000 a year.

Many nonprofit camps are turning to private fund-raising with mixed success, said Jordan Dale, president of the New York State Camp Directors Association. A few with corporate sponsors, like the Fresh Air Fund camps that are supported by The New York Times, have done well.

Exacerbating their financial problems, industry officials said, is the growing number of private camps that draw middle-class children who might otherwise pay full tuition at nonprofit camps and subsidize other children. Between 1985 and 1996, according to the association's study, the number of private sleepaway camps grew by 20 percent in New York State. Private camps often charge from $2,000 to $3,500 for a four-week program, said Jeff Solomon, executive director of the National Camp Association.

Next summer, Goddard Riverside will keep its day-camp program, Mr. Wohl said. But it will not include the short trip to Wel-Met.

Cindy Zingher, the camp director, had told the children that it would be their last summer here. The news, though, hardly distracted them.

City kids to the core, they screamed when a big yellow butterfly flew by. Jason Patterson, 12, of Brownsville, Brooklyn, leaped off a bench in fear when the butterfly flew close to his face. "I never had one on me before!" he protested.

Curtis Cotton, a counselor, was having a hard time getting the children safely aboard the canoes. "I need someone who's been in a canoe before," he said.

Charles Phipps, 10, promptly stepped up, clambered into the canoe and stood as straight as a tree.

"You never stand up in a canoe!" Mr. Cotton yelled. "I thought you canoed before."

Back on the dock, Charles said softly: "I haven't done it in a long time."

Other children, including Jose Alicea, came to swim.

Jose was a little puzzled. Last summer, there had been a third dog, a three-legged black Labrador named Lucy. This time, he counted Shadow and Comet. But where did the three-legged dog go?

Maybe Ms. Zingher would tell Jose and the others about a blizzard last winter. And maybe, before riding the bus back to New York City, the children would also learn about mortality at Camp Wel-Met.

**Graphic**

Photos: A camper taking a swimming test at Wel-Met in Tusten, N.Y. At its peak in the 1950's and 60's, the camp drew 1,500 children per summer. (Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 25); The children visiting Camp Wel-Met this summer will be the last. Like many nonprofit camps, Wel-Met, in Tusten, N.Y., has become too costly to run. It is being sold. (Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 23)

**Load-Date:** August 16, 1997

**End of Document**



[***THE 2000 CAMPAIGN: THE IMPRESSIONS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41D2-JF60-00MH-F3J6-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Voters All Tepid and Bothered About Candidates***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41D2-JF60-00MH-F3J6-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 11, 2000, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk

**Section:** Section A; ; Section A; Page 29; Column 1; National Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1470 words

**Byline:** By RICHARD L. BERKE

By RICHARD L. BERKE

**Dateline:** CIRCLEVILLE, Ohio, Oct. 8

**Body**

Joan Rovy, 75, a retired secretary here, usually votes for Democrats. But she said she just could not commit herself to Vice President Al Gore.

"He doesn't stick with what he says," she said. "He's told some lies about several things, like about contributions. I'm a Christian and that bothers me very much."

Joseph Ewing, 34, a firefighter, usually votes for Republicans. But after watching Gov. George W. Bush of Texas tackling a foreign policy question in the debate last week, he said he was not sure what to do. "He's inexperienced," Mr. Ewing said. "He was having trouble even in the debate when they were asking him the Yugoslavia question."

Conversations with more than two dozen voters like these from this town in the middle of one of the most competitive states in the presidential race shed some light on why the electorate is still so divided, and ambivalent, only four weeks before the vote. Voters expressed the same considerable doubts about the two candidates that they had when the campaign began -- and the candidates were less known to Americans.

The theme that emerged was that Mr. Bush had yet to inspire great confidence, while Mr. Gore was still fighting the impression that he cannot be trusted.

With the plastics, chemical and light bulb factories here humming along, many voters interviewed said there were no burning issues in their minds; no one seemed to be particularly interested in foreign affairs, even the overthrow of Slobodan Milosevic. Instead, they often mentioned personal characteristics in each candidate that, more often than not, they found wanting.

The uncertainty is not unique to Circleville, a ***working-class*** community that is roughly split between Republicans and Democrats and is known far and wide for its annual pumpkin festival and the gigantic pumpkin-shaped water tower that looms over the roughly 12,000 residents. Even among the voters nationwide who support Mr. Bush or Mr. Gore, 4 in 10 have reservations about their candidate, according to a New York Times/CBS News poll. Four years ago, only 3 in 10 expressed reservations about the nominees.

In their second debate, in Winston-Salem, N.C., on Wednesday, the contenders will seek to allay the voters' lingering doubts. But judging from the interviews in this town about 30 miles south of Columbus, Mr. Gore and Mr. Bush have a tough sell.

When asked about Mr. Gore, the first response of voter after voter -- even some supporters -- was that he has trouble telling the truth. Voters raised the matter themselves with no prompting. They seemed to be reacting to the instances in last week's debate, or the news coverage of it, in which Mr. Gore embellished events.

"He acts like Opie sometimes -- 'I'm a good ole Southern boy,' " said Don Gose, 42, recalling the little boy on the old "Andy Griffith Show." "He gets caught and there's a goofy grin and a laugh," Mr. Gose said. "But you've got to bring some integrity here. We're dealing with world governments."

Mr. Gose, who owns the Pumpkin Patch Farm Market, said he planned to vote for Mr. Bush. But he is hardly thrilled with the Republicans. "You don't see Bush signs around here," he noted.

Toni Lewis, 44, a bus driver, said she would probably vote for Mr. Gore because as vice president "he's already in the spot where he can take over." But she was deeply troubled by how Mr. Gore presented himself.

"He doesn't tell the truth," Ms. Lewis said. "If you ask him a question, he goes with something else."

Ms. Lewis's friend John Peele, 46, a prison worker, piped in, saying Mr. Gore would be more acceptable than Mr. Bush, who he said was "not capable of taking over the country."

Fred Brown, 65, a retired minister who backed Ross Perot four years ago, said he was so put off by Mr. Gore that he would probably back Mr. Bush. "He's got his dad to lean back on," Mr. Brown said. "I can't stand the lying man. I embellish, but I can get away with it. I'm not running for president."

Unlike the sentiments expressed about the vice president, not one overriding concern about Mr. Bush stood out with voters. Still, many expressed reservations about him, the most common being whether he had sufficient depth of knowledge or experience to be president.

"Gore seemed a lot more intelligent to me than Bush," Jason Overly, 24, an electrician, said of the debate. "Gore seems superior. That's very important. You have to be smart to be president."

Rob Dolby, 24, who owns a collectibles business, said he was torn over whom to vote for, and may even end up with Mr. Bush, but was distressed by the governor's use of vulgar language to describe a reporter.

"Bush made those comments off the cuff," he said. "It was a slip-up. But you want a kind of godly guy in office."

Many of the voters acknowledged that they were not versed in the issues. Several said they had not watched the presidential or vice-presidential debates. Yet they said they had formed impressions of the candidates from their friends and families and from hearing about them on television.

Even voters who had settled on a candidate often said they were basing their backing on party loyalty, not enthusiasm. Several Democrats suggested that they wished they could for President Clinton again.

"I'll probably vote for Gore because Bush won't raise the minimum wage," said Walt Seymour, a warehouse worker in his 40's. "But Clinton has more backbone. Gore has never impressed me as being as firm as Clinton. I didn't vote for him because he had sex. I don't care if he's gay. I voted for him because he's a good president."

Republicans are not enamored of Mr. Bush, either. Many said after watching the vice-presidential debate that they would favor Mr. Bush's running mate, Dick Cheney, over Mr. Bush himself.

"I watched the debate and I thought Gore was more comfortable than Bush," said Robert Alphin, 48, a highway equipment operator, who is not sure whom to vote for. "They're both about the same."

The politician who impressed Mr. Alphin most -- and seemed far more in command of issues than Mr. Bush -- was Mr. Cheney.

Mr. Alphin said he liked Mr. Cheney's delivering his answers in the vice-presidential debate by looking directly at the moderator "instead of talking to the TV screen." Like many interviewed, he did not remember the name of Mr. Gore's running mate, Senator Joseph I. Lieberman of Connecticut.

Mr. Alphin's suggestion: "There should be a Gore-Cheney ticket. They'd probably win in a landslide!"

Bob Lutz, 74, who sells coins as a hobby in retirement, said, "I probably won't make up my mind" until Election Day. "I don't care much for either one," he said.

If he ends up voting for Mr. Bush, Mr. Lutz said, "it's not that I like Bush so much" but that Mr. Gore is not genuine. "My problem with Gore is I don't know which Gore he is today," he said. "Each time he appears he's somebody a little different."

Ned R. Young, 80, a retired electrical engineer, said he was backing Mr. Bush because he was tired of paying high taxes. "I've watched my taxes go from $340 a year to $1,400 a year," Mr. Young said. "Bush will do a better job on leadership. Bush said in the debate he would be better able to work with Democrats and Republicans in Congress. I never heard Gore make that statement."

Mr. Young said he was deeply troubled by what he described as the vice president's lack of credibility. "He handles the truth a little recklessly," he said. "It's like my wife telling me she's never burned anything on the stove. We've been married 62 years!"

Without prompting, Mr. Young mentioned how Mr. Bush often mangled words. "I'm not worried about how people speak," he said. "That's a picky, picky thing."

Down the street, Mary K. May, 84, a retired geography teacher, who has lived in a white brick house at Franklin and Washington Streets for 76 years, sounded more lukewarm about Mr. Bush. Both candidates, she complained, were obsessed with soliciting voters for donations.

"They're just running around spending money," Miss May said. "It makes me sick. They are begging me for money all the time. I tell them, 'You young whippersnappers, leave me alone!' "

Miss May said she would vote Republican, not for the candidate but because of what the party stands for. Explaining that she had worked hard for her money, she said, "I don't feel it's my duty to give it to everyone else. Some people are freeloaders. You might as well know that."

For some voters, the alternatives were not appealing: a candidate they think is not quite ready for the job versus a candidate they cannot quite trust.

"Bush is more honest, more reasonable, even though he doesn't have the experience Gore has had the last eight years," Michael Smith, 32, an engineer, said over lunch at Goodwin's Family Restaurant. But sounding hardly thrilled by the prospects, Mr. Smith added, "It seems like I can't say I'm proud of my government."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Joan Rovy and Robert Alphin have yet to decide whom to vote for. "They're both about the same," Mr. Alphin said, adding that a Gore-Cheney ticket had possibilities. "They'd probably win in a landslide!"; Don Gose, who says Vice President Al Gore "acts like Opie sometimes," said he planned to vote for Mr. Bush, but without much enthusiasm.; Ned R. Young and Mary K. May said they would vote for George W. Bush, though Miss May said she was voting for the party, not the man. (Photographs by Kevin Fitzsimons for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** October 11, 2000

**End of Document**



[***On the Pavement, A New Contender***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:47RX-DHY0-01KN-247P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 23, 2003 Thursday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2003 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section G; Column 1; Circuits; Pg. 1

**Length:** 1614 words

**Byline:**  By JOHN SCHWARTZ

**Body**

FRANK TROPEA stands on the Brooklyn Bridge, taking in the breathtaking view of Manhattan on a bitterly cold Saturday afternoon.

Actually, he is standing about eight inches above the bridge, atop his Segway Human Transporter, the high-tech celebrity scooter.

He has stopped because a young woman and her husband saw him riding along the bridge and ran after him, flagging him down. "Hey, a Segway!" shouts Jon Levitsky, pronouncing the name as if its first syllable rhymed with "hedge." (It is pronounced SEG-way, like "segue.") Mr. Levitsky and his wife, Sharon Herbstman, catch up to chat. The conversation goes the way hundreds of conversations have already gone for Mr. Tropea, the owner of the first Segway in New York City.

Women, in general, ask whether it is difficult to ride.

(No.)

Men, in general, ask three questions:

How much does it cost? How fast does it go? What kind of mileage do you get with that?

(About $5,000, 12.5 miles per hour, about 11 miles per electrical charge.)

The 12.5 miles per hour is, apparently, theoretical. Mr. Tropea can rarely reach that speed; too many people stop him to gawk and talk.

In a world where toys still matter, he has the most awesome secret decoder ring of the moment, the shiniest Schwinn. The two-wheeled Segway's simple looks have been compared to an old-fashioned reel lawn mower's, but its seeming simplicity is deceptive.

Using sensors, solid-state gyroscopes and home-brewed software, the Segway's inventor, Dean Kamen, has made a remarkably stable machine that keeps the rider balanced and even compensates for the hazards of rough terrain, gravel and sand. But the technology is hidden with the stylish understatement of the Tivoli Audio radio, which places sophisticated frequency-grabbing circuitry behind only two knobs and an old-fashioned case.

It will not be available to the general public until March, but advance sales have already made it one of the 200 best-selling items on Amazon despite its $4,950 price tag.

But something there is that doesn't love a Segway. Some groups speaking on behalf of pedestrians say that the vehicles will crowd the sidewalks, increasing the risk of injury. One such group, America Walks ([*www.americawalks.org*](http://www.americawalks.org)), has fought legislation that would legalize the Segway on sidewalks, and says on its Web site, "Nothing that moves faster than walking speed belongs in the space intended for walking."

Thanks to a vigorous lobbying campaign by Mr. Kamen's company, 33 states have passed laws explicitly allowing the Segway to roam their streets and sidewalks. Many of those states allow cities, however, to ban the machines, and several are considering it. San Francisco is the first major city to have done so; Santa Cruz, Calif., after mulling a ban, decided to wait and see.

On the Brooklyn Bridge, Rick Heffernan, a 38-year-old epidemiologist walking along with a Starbucks cup in his hand, asks Mr. Tropea about the risks and whether the safety mechanisms built into the device could be defeated.

"Everything is dangerous, if you're stupid," he replies.

Mr. Tropea got his Segway early, on Dec. 24, by winning a contest in which he had to say, in 75 words or less, why he liked the Segway. He wrote that he liked the idea of eliminating the expensive taxi trips that "contribute to air and noise pollution, as well as traffic congestion." The "practical and elegant" invention, he said, "moves you forward towards a cleaner and quieter city."

He had been a fan from the beginning, when Inside.com, a media-oriented Web site, broke the story in January 2001 about a mysterious new invention by Mr. Kamen, who had achieved fame and fortune through creations that include an innovative arterial stent and a wheelchair that climbs stairs. A frenzy of speculation and hype ensued over IT, the code name for the machine at the time. Meanwhile, Mr. Tropea, who works in Manhattan as an administrator for the city's courts, created his own Web site, SegwayChat.com, to discuss the invention and help other fans keep up with the news.

Winning the contest (there were 31 other winners) did not get him a discount, but it did get him a trip to New Hampshire to tour the Segway plant, to take a brief training course and to have dinner with the other winners at Mr. Kamen's home. Mr. Tropea, 27, speaks of the experience the way a teenager might talk about meeting a rock star.

One might expect the wife of anyone who brings home a $5,000 scooter, no matter how cool, to call the family psychiatrist. But Mr. Tropea's wife, Azeeza, is happy with the purchase.

"I can't ride a bicycle," she says, but "it took me about a minute to learn to ride the Segway." She believes they will, over time, save money on car service fares. "Too bad we cannot have two so we can ride together." She calls it "the magic ride."

Mr. Tropea has no financial deal with the company to promote the machine, but no force on earth can keep him from doing so, either. He is besotted. "It's called a Segway Human Transporter. Five thousand bucks. Yeah, electric, just 10 cents a charge. You want to try it?" He lets people stand on the device, get the feel of the machine's calculated balance and spookily intuitive responsiveness.

The rider tells a Segway to go by leaning forward, and to slow down or go backward by leaning back. Twisting a small ring on the left handlebar tells the device to turn.

"It's awesome, man!" shouts Kalin Ivanov, who broke off from videotaping a panoramic sweep of the city to capture Mr. Tropea in action.

Mr. Tropea said some people argue that he has bought an overpriced "geek magnet." But it is rather a people magnet, especially for the opposite sex, he said. "If I wasn't married, this is what I would need to meet girls," he said.

It is no exaggeration. A young woman catches his eye and asks about his ride. "Can you go fast?" she asks, and raises an eyebrow playfully. "Do you think you could catch me?"

Segway fans like Mr. Tropea envision fleets of the machines in a range of models replacing current forms of transportation for police officers on the beat, letter carriers and hundreds of other workers who need to scoot around but do not need a car or truck for the job.

Commenting, "We live in an obese society," one man on the Brooklyn Bridge, Jack Smith, asks why a machine that allows people to exercise even less is a good thing. Mr. Tropea answers, "I don't replace any walking with the Segway." He uses it only for trips that are not within easy walking distance, like his weekly visit to his parents' home in the Gravesend neighborhood of Brooklyn, a few miles away from his place in Bay Ridge. He figures that he is saving more than $100 each month in car service bills.

He even takes the machine on the subway, using mass transit to extend its reach. (Going up and down stairs is less trouble than might be expected. He dismounts and lowers the 85-pound Segway gently in front of him on the stairs, bouncing it down one step at a time. Going up, he is able to turn on the "power assist" feature so that the wheels turn and help him pull it.)

Mr. Smith walks away satisfied. But like the members of America Walks, he has picked up on an undercurrent of resentment. Some of that is almost certainly related to the backlash sentiment against Hummers, Escalades and other holdover symbols of boom-time excess that would cast the Segway as the sport-utility vehicle of the sidewalk.

"It's got this redolence of New Economy foolishness," said Thomas Frank, a social critic and the author of "One Market Under God" (Anchor Books, 2001), which skewered the dot-com heydays. Even the Segway's playfulness, its appeal to the inner child, he finds galling. "It's as though being a responsible adult is a burden of the ***working class***," he says, while the more fortunate "get to posture as special, exalted beings of wonder and innocence."

If that pothole lies ahead, Mr. Tropea seems unconcerned. As he hits the sidewalks of Lower Manhattan, he weaves effortlessly through the throngs along Canal Street. He glides around people who pull loaded carts that are more than twice the width of Mr. Tropea and his machine, and he avoids the tables set up by outdoor hawkers. He takes up less space than, say, a beefy football lineman, but he does attract attention. He is going gently.

Mr. Tropea was chosen to be a pioneer because he is all the right things: patient, considerate, passionate. He will demonstrate it for anyone who asks, answering the same questions endlessly. His 75-word essay, after all, did not say, "I like the Segway because it would help me to terrorize people on the sidewalks and run over adorable puppies." He is SegwayMan, who has pledged to use his powers of effortless transport and celebrity for good instead of evil.

Come March, a different breed of Segway owner may begin to appear, the kind of people like the young man who skated by Mr. Tropea at breakneck speed and looked back, smirking. The idea of people like him trading in skates for a Segway would do far more than America Walks might to sour people on the scooter.

Still, many of the would-be skeptics might not be able to bring themselves to hate the Segway. Fiona Bayly, a marathon runner who lives in New York, says she is inclined to dislike it because the city "depends on its pedestrians to give it its vitality." Removing people's shoes from the sidewalk encroaches "on an aspect of city life that it shouldn't encroach on," she says. "It just seems so foreign."

Then Ms. Bayly wavers. "It's good that they don't pollute," she says. "If we could decrease car use and increase Segway use, that would be fantastic."

And stops again.

"They look like fun, to tell you the truth."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: LOOK AT ME -- Whether he is on the sidewalk, in the street or on the Brooklyn Bridge, Frank Tropea attracts attention wherever he goes on his Segway Human Transporter. Mr. Tropea, 27, won the opportunity to be the first New Yorker to own one of the much-heralded scooters, which are to go on the market in March for about $5,000. (Photographs by Michael Nagle for The New York Times)(pg. G1); URBAN PIONEER -- In Lower Manhattan, Frank Tropea negotiates the subway system on his Segway. He uses the machine only for short trips but says he figures that it saves him about $100 a month in car service fares. (Photographs by Michael Nagle for The New York Times)(pg. G6)

**Load-Date:** January 23, 2003

**End of Document**



[***Cracks Found In the Myths Around Statue;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41HP-14D0-00MH-F0G8-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Park Service Librarian Writes Book to Clarify Lady Liberty's Origins***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:41HP-14D0-00MH-F0G8-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 28, 2000, Saturday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1480 words

**Byline:** By GLENN COLLINS

By GLENN COLLINS

**Body**

Here are just a few of the things that many New Yorkers swear they know about the Statue of Liberty:

Lady Liberty was created by the sculptor Frederic-Auguste Bartholdi and presented as a gift from the French nation to the people of New York. It was designed to be a female personification of American freedom to welcome immigrants and salute them with the famous words of the Emma Lazarus poem, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." The pennies of schoolchildren paid for the pedestal so the statue could be erected on Liberty Island.

Sorry! Not exactly.

A newly published harvest of scholarly research suggests that many commonly held notions about the monument are only a part of the whole truth.

For example, the father of Lady Liberty was actually the not-terribly-well-remembered French author and politician, Edouard de Laboulaye. There is evidence that the supposed gift was something of a diplomatic maneuver, a bid for trade advantage, and a celebration of democracy intended to sway internal French politics.

Furthermore, scholars say that the statue was originally intended to be an anti-monarchy, antislavery symbol. Immigrants, and the Lazarus poem, were not popularly connected with the statue until the 20th century.

Much of the money for the 154-foot-high pedestal and foundation came from wealthy donors and the monument was in fact erected on 12.7-acre Bedloes Island (renamed Liberty Island in 1956).

Not to mention that many scholars believe that "the statue is a visual representation of a Roman goddess," said Barry Moreno, a National Park Service librarian at the Statue of Liberty National Monument and Ellis Island.

"In fact, 120 years ago, Roman Catholics objected to New Yorkers making obeisance to a 151-foot-high heathen goddess smack in the middle of New York Harbor," Mr. Moreno said.

Then there's the debate over whether Miss Liberty was originally intended to be a black woman; more on that later.

Mr. Moreno, 34, has spent five years researching and writing a new illustrated book, "The Statue of Liberty Encyclopedia" (Simon & Schuster). His job on Ellis Island, which is part of the national monument, is to delve into the monument's archives.

The book reflects his own work as well as the research of others who have long studied the statue. Although the encyclopedia presents no single discovery to invalidate previous beliefs about Lady Liberty, Mr. Moreno's patient excavations provide not only a fuller picture of the statue's origins but a broader understanding of its symbolic history.

"The statue's whole history has been mystified and mythified," said Dr. Albert Boime, a professor of art history at the University of California at Los Angeles and one of the scholars whose work is incorporated in the book.

For example, "the main myth was that this was simply a gift of the French people to the American people," Dr. Boime said. "As a gift, it was more accurately an instrument of statecraft on the French and American sides, intended to heighten interest in trade and to call attention to French technology."

Furthermore, the statue's message "was aimed at the French, since it was one way to promote opposition to Napoleon III," said Dr. Marvin Trachtenberg, Kitzmiller professor of art history at New York University. Napoleon ruled at the time of the initial discussions about the statue, in the mid-1860's.

Dr. Wilton S. Dillon, senior scholar emeritus for the Smithsonian Institution, said, "The omnipotence of the statue's image is such that it produces almost an amnesia about its origins."

It is true that Bartholdi (1834-1904) was "immensely important in the Lady Liberty story," Mr. Moreno said, since he created not only the image but also the monumental concept of the statue standing in New York harbor.

But "it was de Laboulaye who conceived it and put everything in motion," said Dr. Dillon, co-editor of "The Statue of Liberty Revisited: Making a Universal Symbol" (Smithsonian Institution Press, 1994).

Laboulaye (1811-1883), an "Americanist" like Alexis de Tocqueville, hired Bartholdi to sculpture the monument. Scholars say he approved Bartholdi's clay models, and gave him introductions to Americans ranging from President Ulysses S. Grant to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to win acceptance for the statue.

Historical amnesia also seems to have affected the Lazarus poem. According to Mr. Moreno's book, "The New Colossus," though written in 1883 to help raise money for the pedestal, it was forgotten until it was rediscovered in a Manhattan bookshop; the text was inscribed on a tablet placed on the pedestal in 1903.

"Emma Lazarus's poem was not originally attached to the statue in the public mind," Dr. Boime said. "That would come with the waves of immigration after the turn of the century."

Mr. Moreno, who grew up in Los Angeles, is no stranger to the immigrant experience himself; his parents left Fidel Castro's Cuba. As a park ranger giving guided tours of the Statue of Liberty 12 years ago, "I gave the most accurate information I could," Mr. Moreno said. "But as I worked in the library through the years, and responded to inquiries and went through our research, a fuller story began to suggest itself."

Many Americans have little more than "a shallow overview" of the history of the Statue of Liberty, said the thin, intense Mr. Moreno on a recent afternoon, as he sat in the Ellis Island archive, which contains 4,000 books, 400 manuscripts and 10,000 photographic images. (The library is open by appointment on weekdays.)

Mr. Moreno said that the 560,000-pound statue, with its 42-foot arm and 21-foot torch, was controversial even before its 1886 inauguration ceremony. In 1880, the American Catholic Quarterly printed a denunciation of the goddess and her torch, contending they received light "not from Christ and Christianity, but from heathenism and her gods."

This objection surfaced because "ultimately the statue can be traced to Roman antiquity, there is no question about it," Dr. Boime said. Mr. Moreno's book presents evidence that an inspiration for the statue was the Roman goddess Libertas, the personification of liberty and personal freedom ordained by the Roman state.

It was wealthy Republicans, however, who raised much of the money for the pedestal, though the final $102,000 came from ***working-class*** families who gave small donations in return for getting their names listed in Joseph Pulitzer's newspaper, The New York World.

"Pulitzer's support was not entirely a selfless patriotic act, given his concerns about circulation," said Dr. Boime, who examined the distortion of the image of the statue in a recent book, "The Unveiling of the National Icons: A Plea for Patriotic Iconoclasm in a Nationalist Era," (Cambridge University Press, 1997).

Mr. Moreno's book offers much obscure information about the statue, devoting attention to its 3-foot-8-inch nose, 2-foot-6-inch eyes, and its interior armature designed by Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, engineer of the eponymous tower in Paris.

The tallest metal statue ever constructed -- believed to be bigger than the Colossus of Rhodes -- the monument "is one of those omnipresent symbols in the public consciousness," Dr. Trachtenberg said.

And through the decades, the statue's symbolic meaning has been transformed. When the United States became a world power after its defeat of Spain in the Spanish-American War, the statue began to represent American might -- and ultimately American imperialism -- in political cartoons, Mr. Moreno said.

In World War I, the monument first began to replace Columbia as the symbol of the nation. In the 1930's it became the "lady of hope" for new waves of refugees and immigrants. Soon it became an emblem of the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War; then, during World War II, the statue served as a ubiquitous democratic symbol.

Some Afrocentric groups contend that the statue was originally intended to depict a black. "It is an African monument," said Dr. Leonard Jeffries Jr., a professor of African-American Studies at City College. He said his research showed that early models of the statue "were more Negroid," adding that "the idea of the black Statue of Liberty has been kept out" of historical accounts.

Dr. Trachtenberg, who wrote the text for the Statue of Liberty exhibition on Liberty Island and is the author of "The Statue of Liberty" (Viking, 1976), said: "I don't know of any evidence that it was supposed to be a black figure initially."

Dr. Boime of U.C.L.A. said that "I would have pursued that belief if it had any substance, but perhaps this is a reference to the model for Bartholdi's Suez project, which was the statue of a Nubian woman," which was never built.

In the end, the statue "is a big Rorschach test about ourselves," Dr. Dillon said. "It has been internalized now as part of our national iconography, and it has become our symbol of ourselves."

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Barry Moreno, a National Park Service librarian, spent five years researching and writing "The Statue of Liberty Encyclopedia." The monument's original flame, now on display indoors on Liberty Island, is above. (Photographs by Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. B1); Barry Moreno and a bust of the French statesman Edouard de Laboulaye in a reading room on Ellis Island. (Nicole Bengiveno/The New York Times)(pg. B3)

Chart: "How Well Do You Know Her?"

True Or False

1. Philadelphia and Boston each wanted to be the home of the Statue of Liberty.

2. Asbestos was used in the construction of the statue.

3. The statue's nicknames have included Aunt Liberty, Great Dame, Everybody's Gal and Green Lady.

4. The restoration of the 1980's included a nose job.

5. The pedestal was called footstool of Liberty.

(Answers: 1. True. Both cities were ready to jump in if New York fell short in its fund-raising drive to build the pedestal. 2. True. In the restoration of the 1980's, workers found that asbestos had been used as an insulator when the statue was built, and it was removed. 3. True, False, True, False. 4. True. Unsightly cracks were repaired during the restoration. 5. True)

(Source:The Statue of Liberty Encyclopedia)(pg. B1)

**Load-Date:** October 28, 2000

**End of Document**



[***FILM;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2WR0-000P-N29S-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***A Man Who's True To His Convictions***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-2WR0-000P-N29S-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 10, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Arts and Leisure Desk

**Section:** Section 2; ; Section 2; Page 11; Column 1; Arts and Leisure Desk ; Column 1; ; Biography

**Length:** 1465 words

**Byline:** Robert Carlyle

By ALAN RIDING

By ALAN RIDING

**Dateline:** GLASGOW

**Body**

ANYONE WHO HAS SEEN Robert Carlyle only in "Trainspotting," the unsettling 1996 film about junkies in Scotland, might well wonder about his sanity. In that movie, Mr. Carlyle, a 36-year-old Glaswegian, plays the psychotic Begbie with such conviction that the actor himself seems possessed by demons. But, be assured, in the handful of roles that have won him recognition as one of Britain's new acting talents, he has also been gentle and loving. Indeed, Mr. Carlyle is all too wary of being typecast as a "Glasgow hard man."

In Britain, he need not worry. True, he has played a couple of psychopaths apart from Begbie. But television viewers here have most recently seen him in the title role of "Hamish Macbeth," a BBC serial about a gentle marijuana-smoking Highlands policeman. In Antonia Bird's "Priest," he played the gay lover of a troubled Roman Catholic priest. In Ken Loach's film "Carla's Song," still unreleased in the United States, he is a Glasgow bus driver who falls in love with a Nicaraguan exile.

Still, after "Trainspotting," Mr. Carlyle was looking for something different.

"The Full Monty," which opens on Wednesday, is his first comedy. Directed by Peter Cattaneo, the film tells of a group of Yorkshiremen left without work or hope after the closing of a steel plant in Sheffield. Gaz, played by the short and wiry Mr. Carlyle, has a particular problem: unless he can find money to pay child support, his former wife will prevent him from seeing their son. So, inspired by seeing local women gawking at naked male dancers, he convinces his mates that they, too, can earn good money by putting on a strip show. But there is a but. To persuade women to pay to see their bodies, they must go "the full monty" -- they must strip all the way.

Inevitably, the film has echoes of "Brassed Off," another recent British export, which dwells on a Yorkshire mining community's struggle to keep its brass band alive after the local colliery is closed. "The Full Monty" is less sentimental and arguably funnier, but both films are set against the harsh backdrop of a Britain in which towns and cities have fallen into decay as mines, shipyards and steel plants have gone out of business. For Mr. Carlyle, a former labor organizer with a strong distaste for Thatcherism, the political dimension of "The Full Monty" was as appealing as the comic one.

"What I thought interesting was the idea of gender politics," Mr. Carlyle said the other day over coffee at a hotel in Glasgow's West End. "Suddenly, these guys were forced to look at themselves the way they had always looked at women. They had to re-evaluate their place in society because the women now had jobs and they didn't. It's funny, it's charming, but there's a lot of sadness and tenderness there too."

"The Full Monty" fits logically into Mr. Carlyle's career in that he is once again playing a ***working-class*** character, tapping what he knows. He was brought up by his father in Glasgow hippie communes in the 1960's (his mother left home when he was 4) and remembers his childhood as "very bohemian, very idyllic, very left-wing." But by the time he left school at 16, his only job prospect was to follow his father and work as a house painter for a building firm. Unhappy and rebellious, he became a trade union official and began hanging out, as he puts it, "with people I wouldn't be seen dead with today." Then, one day when he was 21, he was given "The Crucible" by Arthur Miller to read.

"Someone obviously told me it was about McCarthyism, and I thought, how fantastic to be able to tell a story so accurately, yet set in an entirely different context," he recalled. "The play's first impact with me was political, not artistic. But then I began looking at how you could talk about a particular subject but not quite show yourself. That was when I was drawn to amateur theatricals. I liked the idea of taking on a character and portraying myself in the guise of another. I liked dressing up, hiding behind something, but speaking the truth."

Within a year, Mr. Carlyle was studying -- without much enthusiasm -- in the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama. When he left three years later, he found work in various repertory theaters, but he soon grew impatient with doing "the same old Chekhov and Ibsen." In 1990, he and three friends set up their own company, Rain Dog, with the idea of adapting or creating plays through improvisation. No sooner had they produced their first than Mr. Carlyle won the lead role in Mr. Loach's film "Riff Raff," about union busting in the building industry in England.

"I wanted everyone in the film to have had experience in the building sector, and Bobby had worked as a painter and decorator," Mr. Loach said. "But he also combined warmth and gentleness with an authentic sense of what he was doing. The film was about construction workers, but Bobby gave you a glimpse into a private world as well. That was very important."

It was also important that Mr. Carlyle was able to work with Mr. Loach, a director who has never disguised his commitment to leftist causes. (And it was predictable that they should work together again in "Carla's Song," a love story set in Glasgow and amid the war in Nicaragua in the 1980's.) On his second film, "Safe," made for the BBC, Mr. Carlyle met a second mentor, Ms. Bird, with whom he later made "Priest" and the recently concluded "Face."

"Like attracts like," he said. "Antonia is very, very political. She can't leave it alone. The film we have just made is a gangster thriller thing set in the East End of London. But there's a heavier political slant on it because it's under Thatcherism. The most important thing for me is for a screenplay to have some social worth. It doesn't have to be talking about that awful woman who used to run this country as long as it's saying something to someone."

In "Safe" and "Looking for Jo-Jo," a drama set in the drug-ravaged Edinburgh district of Sight Hill that Mr. Carlyle recently made for BBC Scotland, the "social worth" involves showing the dark side of a money-driven society. In "Priest," it is about tolerance and hypocrisy. And Mr. Carlyle said he took on the role of a young man struck by multiple sclerosis, in Michael Winterbottom's film "Go Now," "because it's such a misunderstood illness." Danny Boyle's "Trainspotting," with its tragicomic take on heroin addiction, takes a bit more explaining.

"I was shocked by those who said it glamorized drug abuse," Mr. Carlyle said. "In my eyes it's about the society that allows that kind of world to exist. I'd go further and say that 'Trainspotting' is probably one of the finest antidrug films ever made. Anyone who looks at that and says it's an attractive-looking life style needs help."

In any case, it was "Trainspotting," which has grossed more than $70 million worldwide, that carried Mr. Carlyle's name beyond Britain for the first time. But unlike his co-star, Ewan McGregor, Mr. Carlyle has not been tempted to work in the United States. Instead, in quick succession, he made "The Full Monty," "Carla's Song," "Face" and "Looking for Jo-Jo," all low-budget films. This fall, he will be in Prague to shoot "Plunkett and MacLeane," the story of two 18th-century highwaymen in London.

"I'm happy going along the way I'm going," he explained. "I have no great desire to jump into this crazy race for megastardom. I came from Nicaragua straight into the madness after 'Trainspotting' was released, and I was able to distance myself from it all because I had just been through another experience. I had been totally unprepared for that kind of third-world poverty. It affected me profoundly. It was humbling. So when people said to me after 'Trainspotting,' 'Well, that's it, lad, off to Hollywood,' I said, 'Not necessarily.' "

Mr. Loach believes Mr. Carlyle is simply remaining faithful to himself. "I think with Bobby you have a sense of solidarity, a sense of injustice, a sense of where you belong, where you're coming from, how you see the world, what side you are on," the director said. "It's not a question of political correctness. It's about how every little instinctive judgment you make about people has a political base."

Politics or no politics, however, "The Full Monty" came down to whether Mr. Carlyle and five other actors were ready to strip naked to loud music in front of 300 screaming women.

"The scene took two and a half days to shoot," Mr. Carlyle recalled, "but most of that was close-ups of a tie or a jacket coming off, and the women were getting bored. Finally the camera went behind us and we did the whole strip scene through, ending with a 10-second freeze. The women went wild. And we just stood there."

He paused and seemed to shudder at the memory. "It was terrifying," he said softly, "absolutely terrifying."

**Graphic**

Photos: Mr. Carlyle in "The Full Monty" -- Comedy and politics. (Tom Hilton/Fox Searchlight)(pg. 17); Robert Carlyle -- "I have no great desire to jump into this crazy race for megastardom." (Robin Holland for The New York Times)(pg. 11)

**Load-Date:** August 10, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Dark-Horse Albanese Seeks His Stride***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-33P0-000P-N4SS-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

August 18, 1997, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1486 words

**Byline:** Sal F. Albanese

By ADAM NAGOURNEY

By ADAM NAGOURNEY

**Body**

Sal F. Albanese spent just three minutes the other day discussing his mayoral candidacy in the basement of a Greenwich Village church, finally giving up after trying to compete for attention in a clamorous room filled with elderly New Yorkers more interested in the 75-cent plates of chicken, corn and watermelon than in a serving of mayoral politics.

"Does anyone have a question for our mayoral candidate here?" asked Caryn Resnick, the moderator of the "Ninth Annual Political Picnic" at Our Lady of Pompei Church on Carmine Street. She scanned the steamy basement, filled with delegates from three local senior-citizen groups, most of them Democrats and more than a few wearing Giuliani buttons.

"We have no questions for our mayoral candidate?" Ms. Resnick continued. She paused again. "Are there any questions?" There were not, so Mr. Albanese smiled cordially, thanked his audience, and gamely proceeded to work the room before heading for the stairs.

Six months ago, Mr. Albanese, a personable Councilman from Bay Ridge with an iconoclastic voting record and some definite ideas about ways to defeat Mayor Rudolph W. Giuliani, loomed as potentially the most unpredictable force in the mayoral contest.

He appeared, on paper at least, the perfect challenger to Mr. Giuliani: an Italian Catholic from a ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhood, a former public-school teacher, a liberally inclined Council member who had represented one of the most conservative districts in the city for 15 years. So it was that Mr. Albanese seemed to be in the best tradition of the dark-horse candidate: the unconventional scrapper, poised to topple first the Democratic front-runner, Ruth W. Messinger, and then the Mayor himself.

Raymond B. Harding, the Liberal Party leader and one of Mr. Giuliani's main political advisers, said that he had long feared that Democrats, tepid at the prospect of a Messinger candidacy, would surprise Mr. Giuliani and select Mr. Albanese in the Sept. 9 primary. "Albanese would be the stronger candidate," Mr. Harding said.

But in politics, what looks good in the script often does not look quite as good on the stage -- and particularly, it seems, when it comes to the understated and underfinanced Mr. Albanese.

With just three weeks to go until the primary, Mr. Albanese's candle remains unlighted. He is still the little-known Councilman from Brooklyn, trailing in polls and, to his constant irritation, struggling to break into the pages of the city's newspapers or onto the television news shows with his singular message: a dramatic curb in campaign contributions and a warning that New York is in danger of becoming a city of two economic classes, the rich and the poor.

Mr. Albanese's best hope may be a burst of late television advertising. But he cannot afford it: fund-raising efforts have been so lackluster that he will be forced this week to head to Buffalo to produce advertisements -- it is cheaper to film there than in the city where he wants to be mayor.

New York primaries are always unpredictable, and Mr. Albanese said that a combination of factors could thrust him into the lead after Labor Day. Those factors could include the lack of enthusiasm for Ms. Messinger, a strong showing by the Rev. Al Sharpton -- particularly after the attention he received in the days following the allegations of police brutality in Flatbush -- and what Mr. Albanese described as the compelling rationale of his own candidacy.

"We're beginning to climb and she's beginning to decline," Mr. Albanese said, referring to Ms. Messinger. "I happen to believe that even though we're working hard -- we're working seven days a week -- the bottom line is people still aren't paying attention. I believe the last three weeks will be critical.

"I'm very happy with the way our campaign is being conducted," he said. "We're raising some very important issues that the other candidates aren't raising."

But as the primary approaches, Mr. Albanese may be almost alone with that perception. "Potentially, it is there: but it would take a massive, massive Messinger mistake at this point," said Hank Morris, a Democratic consultant. Indeed, talk about Mr. Albanese has shifted -- if unfairly -- from what might have been to what went wrong.

"He was fresh," said Henry A. Sheinkopf, a consultant who worked for the now-ended mayoral campaign of Fernando Ferrer, the Bronx Borough President. "He was entirely candid. He was certainly the least disingenuous quantity I've seen in politics for along time, and he was an outspoken ethnic who appeared to relate to people in the outer boroughs. But it never jelled."

Mr. Albanese has heard these tidings, yet pushes ahead optimistically, alternating between bursts of frustration and wry humor. So when the sound system failed in Brownsville after he had waited 30 minutes for the chance to speak for 30 seconds (someone had stepped on the plug), Mr. Albanese just grinned, if tightly. "A bad omen," he said. And when State Assemblyman William F. Boyland of Brooklyn introduced him as someone with the "dubious distinction of running for mayor," Mr. Albanese hiked an eyebrow and muttered to himself: "Did you hear that? Dubious distinction?"

The other morning at Times Square, Mr. Albanese even seemed unfazed as many people rushed past him, ignoring his pleas for them to stop so he could register them to vote. He did not even seem to mind that a young aide in aviator sunglasses kept bellowing at his back, "This is your last chance! This is your last chance!" -- a reference not to Mr. Albanese's electoral prospects but to the voter registration deadline.

"Here's my analysis, and I know the city pretty well," Mr. Albanese said as his campaign van bounced along the Belt Parkway. "If you got problems in your own base -- which Ruth has -- and then she doesn't have a real appeal in the outer boroughs, and to top that off, she was banking on a heavy African-American vote, which isn't going to be there . . . " Mr. Albanese ended the sentence with a "Well-what-do-you-think-is-going-to-happen?" shrug of the shoulders.

Still, a few hours later, Mr. Albanese let his poise slip for a moment, turning in his seat to inquire, "Will you be shocked if I pull it out?"

A number of things are working against him. He is not a particularly accomplished campaigner; on the stump, his words come out in a quick and mumbled monotone. Mr. Albanese's lack of campaign funds reinforces his indistinct image. While Ms. Messinger drives in a van filled with six aides, Mr. Albanese travels with a single assistant, who drives the car, guides the candidate from apartment complex recreation rooms to street fairs, and hands out literature.

To succeed, observers say, Mr. Albanese has to find a way to emerge from two shadows at once: Ms. Messinger's and Mr. Giuliani's. And he has to do that as a City Councilman who is barely known outside his own neighborhood.

In truth, Mr. Albanese has distinguished himself with the kind of explicit and contrary campaign themes that are rarely heard from Ms. Messinger (though such ideas are often floated by Mr. Sharpton).

His central argument is that campaign contributions should be sharply reduced. "It's one of the big issues in the campaign," he said. "The system is polluted. The system is being driven by big money so that what happens is when you get there, you simply can't run the city properly."

Mr. Albanese has said he would support some tax increases -- like a change in the city's tax structure that would increase the tax rate on the wealthy. "People are willing to pay a little more if they can get something in return," he said.

And Mr. Albanese's style, if low-key, can be endearing to voters more accustomed to the higher-voltage breed of politician. "I wish he were running for another office so I could vote for him," said Anita Schmidt, a Democrat from Manhattan, who plans to vote for Mr. Giuliani. "He seems like a fine, decent man."

Not surprisingly, Mr. Albanese has his dark moments. He refers to Ms. Messinger as the "alleged front-runner," and complains that Ms. Messinger's excitable and quotable press secretary, Leland T. Jones, gets more public attention then he does.

He is most displeased with the media, which he describes as biased in favor of the Mayor. "I happen to believe that Messinger is the weakest candidate against Giuliani and I think there are some in the media who are trying to prop up Messinger so she can be Giuliani's opponent," Mr. Albanese said. "I just don't think we're getting a fair shake."

But Mr. Albanese endures, and people seem to notice that -- though it remains to be seen if that will count for much on Election Day.

"Giuliani is a shoo-in," said Sylvia Seidman, a Democrat and a retired school teacher who lives in Chelsea, after shaking Mr. Albanese's hand at the Greenwich Village church. "But this guy is trying so hard, I have to give him credit. He may not win, but maybe next time."

**Graphic**

Photo: Sal F. Albanese, a mayoral candidate, marching during the recent Puerto Rican Day parade. With the Democratic primary approaching, Mr. Albanese, who trails Ruth W. Messinger in the polls, is having trouble rousing enthusiasm among voters. (Frances Roberts)

**Load-Date:** August 18, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Wolf's Wit Just Keeps On Biting;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5Y70-000P-N172-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Small-Town Shock Jock Picks on Neighboring Village - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-5Y70-000P-N172-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk;

**Section:** Section 1; ; Section 1; Page 25; Column 2; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Column 2; ; Second Front

**Length:** 1334 words

**Byline:** By FRANK BRUNI

By FRANK BRUNI

**Dateline:** WALDEN, N.Y.

**Body**

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 now they have found themselves 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 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 to his listeners 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 proven.)

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 were 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 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. These kids 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.

**Correction**

Because of a production error, an article yesterday about a disk jockey in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., who relentlessly ridicules a neighboring town included a duplicated passage in some copies in place of its third column on the front page of the Metro Section. The complete article, including the missing third column, is reprinted today on page 36.

An article published on Aug. 9, and reprinted in some editions on Aug. 10, about a disk jockey in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., who relentlessly belittles the nearby town of Walden misidentified the mountains that can be seen from the highest ground in Walden. They are the Shawangunk Mountains, not the Catskills.

**Correction-Date:** August 10, 1997, SundayAugust 20, 1997, Wednesday

**Graphic**

Photos: Bob Wohlfeld, a k a "the Wolf," in the studios of WPDH, Poughkeepsie. He thinks his remarks about the nearby village of Walden are funny: Residents hold weddings in abandoned cars. They consider discarded refrigerators lawn ornaments. Darren Hernandez, the village manager, in the center of Walden. To him, the village, with a population of 6,000, is a nice place, not a redneck bastion. Village officials have long debated whether trying to prove that to Mr. Wohlfeld would backfire. (Photographs by Suzanne DeChillo/The New York Times)(pg. 25)

Map of New York State showing location of Poughkeepsie: Bob Wohlfeld's gibes at Walden are broadcast from Poughkeepsie. (pg. 29)

**Load-Date:** August 9, 1997

**End of Document**



[***Broadway's Cookie, Un-Sugarcoated - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S8K-WHF0-TW8F-G0NX-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 13, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section AR; Column 0; Arts and Leisure Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2207 words

**Byline:** By JESSE GREEN

**Body**

HAIR

There she was, the Broadway star, swaddled in a plastic smock, head down in a sink, her hair spackled with goo.

It was Faith Prince, someone assured me, but I wouldn't have known from the first 10 minutes of our conversation. Gone was the hiccupy, adenoidal voice of Miss Adelaide, her breakthrough role in the 1992 ''Guys and Dolls'' revival. Gone was the brassy comic persona she refined over the next decade in ''Little Me'' and ''Noises Off.'' And gone were the last remains of her trademark hair color, a shade she called ''springer spaniel'' but that memory recollects as flame.

Much more was gone too. But on a rainy day at the beginning of March, at the Louis Licari salon on Fifth Avenue, the subject was roses, as in varieties of red. Her first weekend back in New York after five years away, Ms. Prince was enduring a dye process seemingly more complex and potentially toxic than bringing a nuclear power plant online. Or a new musical.

And that's why she was here. As Aggie, a dour, ***working-class*** Bronx housewife in 1953, she heads the cast of ''A Catered Affair,'' a risky show even by the standards of an insanely risky industry. Not that it lacks pedigree. The book, based on a Paddy Chayefsky teleplay and on Gore Vidal's screenplay for a 1956 Bette Davis weepie, is by the four-time Tony Award winner Harvey Fierstein, who helpfully tailored himself a part as Winston, the gay uncle. The score is by John Bucchino, new to Broadway but admired on the cabaret circuit for his meticulous songwriting, here supported by no less an orchestrator than Jonathan Tunick. Tom Wopat, Matt Cavenaugh, Leslie Kritzer and the rest of the company are solid names who are given solid material; the design and production team is top-notch.

But as directed by John Doyle in the minimalist manner familiar from his actors-as-orchestra productions of ''Sweeney Todd'' and ''Company,'' ''A Catered Affair'' has set itself some nobly unreasonable tasks: telling a story of poor people richly, telling a sad story with humor, telling an intimate story for 933 theatergoers a night. (At least Mr. Fierstein is not asked to play flute.) As befits a plot that turns on the use of a Korean War bereavement benefit -- should it pay for a fancy wedding or a long-dreamed-of business investment? -- there's no ha-cha-cha or confetti cannons, just kitchen-sink drama, with a live kitchen sink. Whatever her hair color, Ms. Prince, as Aggie, wears a dowdy, gray-blond wig. She actually scrambles eggs onstage and Mr. Wopat actually eats them.

Broadway is a strange place. If you play a frump, you'd better look terrific at Joe Allen afterward. On the other hand, Ms. Prince, at 50, no longer wants to be seen as what Mr. Doyle called ''a cutesy comedy redhead.'' And so, in anticipation of the gantlet of events surrounding the show's opening on Thursday at the Walter Kerr Theater, and the likely Tony Award campaign to follow, she was transitioning toward a subtler hue: a ''medium red, warm chestnut brown,'' the colorist said.

''And it's a difficult transition,'' she continued, examining the raw results and applying more goo. ''Because she came in with a lot of old things to get rid of.''

Did she ever.

Only a few women at any one time have the name recognition, the vocal placement and the deep confidence in their own stage-worthiness to shoulder a Broadway musical. Because viable roles for even so small a number are rare, each member of the diva guild tends to develop a brand. In recent years there have been perhaps six: call them the sweetheart, the steamroller, the ditz, the doll, the thrush and the cookie -- that last one Ms. Prince.

The brands are rarely comprehensive in their description of an actress's range, let alone her real personality. For Ms. Prince the fit was unusually poor, and the brand was more like a trap. ''Most people know me as a comedic actress, and that's a part of me,'' she said while being reshampooed. ''But probably not the biggest part. And I don't really think of myself as a singer, either: maybe 30 to 40 percent.''

Still, the brand gets set early: in Ms. Prince's case, as early as her 1989 Broadway debut as the stripper Tessie Tura in ''Jerome Robbins' Broadway.'' And though her eight major outings since then have included serious roles like Gretta Conroy in ''James Joyce's 'The Dead,' '' only the cookies got much attention. By the time she starred as Ella in the short-lived 2001 revival of ''Bells Are Ringing,'' the cookie was crumbling; to herself she was more of a turtle, determined to keep moving. She certainly understood how Ella, an answering service operator with many fake personas, could tire of her campy roles. When she belted, ''I'm going back where I can be me'' in the show's 11 o'clock number, she seemed ready to blast a hole in the back of the theater and march right through it.

Though Ella doesn't make good her threat to leave New York (for the Bonjour Tristesse Brassiere Company), Ms. Prince did. She and her husband, the Broadway and jazz trumpeter Larry Lunetta, soon ditched their eight-show-a-week habit and moved to Los Angeles. (The last straw was when their son, Henry, then 7, said, ''Mom, do you think you'll ever put me to bed before college?'') Ms. Prince has not sung in a Broadway musical since.

WARDROBE

The high-end knitwear company St. John had agreed to provide her with six ''looks,'' including shoes and accessories, for the ''Catered Affair'' campaign, so Ms. Prince was in the flagship store one morning, appraising herself in a full-length mirror, sucking her cheeks into the international symbol for ''do I look thin enough in these clothes?''

Most of the outfits, beautiful and understated, showed off her great legs. ''This one I could wear at an American Theater Wing dinner where I might have to sing but also sit at a table,'' she mused, looking at a $1,295 jacket and a $950 pair of chiffon palazzo pants. The total package was worth more than $15,000.

Aggie in ''A Catered Affair'' does not have six looks. She doesn't have any looks. She has a spot-on 1950s day dress, designed by Ann Hould-Ward. To it she sometimes adds an apron or sweater. At the start of San Diego tryouts in the fall, she had three more costumes, but Mr. Doyle cut them. ''She's poor,'' he said. ''She does without.'' Aggie's entire wardrobe would cost less than $100 in a thrift shop.

Ms. Prince is fine with that. She didn't leave her perfectly nice life in California for flash. Nor was it for money; television paid better, and she liked it. Yes, there were those failed early sitcoms, but soon she settled into a routine of playing what she called ''juicy'' guest spots on one-syllable shows like ''House'' (frantic mother) and ''Monk'' (woodland killer). In a 2005 interview she joked, ''I'm the Kathy Bates of the USA channel.''

By the time a cameo role on ''Huff'' (Best Buy clerk in a thong) turned into a recurring character with a terrific 19-episode arc, she had happily transformed the cookie brand. And far from missing New York, she rejected offers to return for various shows. Instead she left it even farther behind, moving from Los Angeles to Sacramento, where Mr. Lunetta grew up, and where Henry, now 12, could be near his paternal grandparents.

''What's not to like?'' Ms. Prince said. ''I worked 1.2 days out of 10, and the rest of the time I'm a mom in a house with a great pool.'' For diva perks she booked concerts around the country -- always singing ''Adelaide's Lament'' -- 30 to 40 times a year.

And yet.

''My instinct was I had to get back to Broadway,'' she said, now checking out a suit with delicate black sequins. (''I don't even know who you are,'' she said to her reflection.) ''But I wanted it to be something I've never done before. So when 'A Catered Affair' came along, I said, 'What do I have to do to do this?' I was prepared to read or sing for it. But that wasn't John Doyle's way. For my audition we talked on the phone.''

Mr. Doyle explained: ''The producers wouldn't have offered me someone who couldn't deliver the goods. I was looking to see if she understood the character'' -- a woman who had put her dreams in deep storage.

Ms. Prince convinced him that she did.

PRESS

A star who's opening a Broadway show may appear almost as often at luncheons and tributes and Monday night fund-raisers as she does onstage. Though Ms. Prince accepts this, publicity is not her favorite part of the business. For a meet-the-cast event held at Kleinfeld, the bridal store, she wore her lovely new knits but left the heavy lifting to Mr. Fierstein and the younger leads.

If she was cautious, she had cause. When she and Nathan Lane unwittingly reversed the usual polarity of ''Guys and Dolls,'' turning supporting roles into starring ones and winning Tonys, the reaction was so ''volcanolike,'' she said, it ''shot my adrenals'' and gave her a three-month case of vertigo. ''I remember that doctor, after the CAT scans, saying, 'I don't even know how you walk, much less perform.' And I was like, 'Well, I don't have a choice.'''

But her years away from Broadway's small-pond insanity have changed her thinking about what choices she has. And so has her role in ''A Catered Affair.'' Aggie is a woman who ''does not go the extra mile,'' she said. ''And that's useful to me. I take one thing from each role for my life, and from this I hope to take the value of letting the audience, or anyone, come to me. Not vice versa.''

PROPS

Rehearsing the egg-making scene, Mr. Doyle asked Ms. Prince what she could do without. ''The whisk?'' she suggested. ''The half-and-half?'' Gradually he removed every extraneous prop and piece of shtick until there was little left but a fork and a pan.

''I'm looking for film acting onstage,'' he said. ''The delicacy of minimalists. It's a stripping-away process. It might seem that it would take her away from being Faith Prince, but no, it's allowing her to be comfortable being who she really is. Of course for this method to work you have to have fantastic actors. Their technique has to be developed to the point it's automatic. Faith's is. She has a wonderful voice and a wonderful ear, she knows how to be still, and can rhythmically get the language to flow clean.

''The question is how you use it. To get attention or to express a character's truth? Faith has a lot of tricks at her disposal: facial expressions, mouth expressions, eye expressions. She can visually comment a thousand ways on a line and do the audience's work for them. I tell her not to be responsible to them.''

This was counterintuitive direction for the former Adelaide, but she followed it. The result is a performance in which she is hardly recognizable. Instead Aggie is.

''The shtick actually gets in the way,'' Ms. Prince said. ''Working around the absence is much more interesting. But it's also hard because I'm completely codependent personally and professionally. Codependent professionally because I'll always at any cost take care of the audience. If you're not getting it, I will go around the long way to make sure you do.''

As for codependent personally, she explained that over lunch another day. Growing up in Georgia and Virginia, she was the family entertainer; her father was an alcoholic, her brother a drug addict. She and her mother propped them both up. ''The difference was that my dad would always put it on other people; my brother put it in himself.'' In college, she said, she went to sleep praying that God would not send her back home; instead home followed her to New York. Her brother, by then a theatrical sound engineer, died of an overdose while she was in ''Guys and Dolls''; her father died soon thereafter, ''of grief.''

''When things start to cave in,'' she said, ''people either push out and find something better, or they implode. I pushed out.''

She sat quite still for a while, no expression or gesture commenting as the tears fell. ''So when people see the show and say, 'How can you go there?' -- well, I've been there.''

VOICE

Ms. Prince had a bad cold on the day of the sitzprobe, the first meeting of cast and orchestra. She sang at about one-third volume, still plenty to etch the portrait. ''Is there nothing John Doyle won't take away?'' I asked.

''Actually, he likes it when I'm sick,'' she said. ''He told me, 'Whenever you feel like you want to speak up to be heard, don't.' ''

MAKEUP

Not surprisingly, Ms. Prince wears little makeup in ''A Catered Affair.'' No blush, no eyelashes -- just foundation. ''I told Doyle that if this show doesn't run, I'm moving into his apartment,'' she said. ''Because the way I look in it, I'll never work again.''

At press events, though, she gets the full treatment. In the dressing room before an evening in which she was to perform a scene with Mr. Fierstein, she instructed the makeup artist to pile on the purple-gold eye shadow. Meanwhile a hairstylist blew out and curled her medium red, warm chestnut brown hair. By the time she stepped onstage for the scene, wearing St. John's look No. 1., she could have passed for a very sophisticated anchorwoman.

Amazingly, though, she was also Aggie. Sometimes you have to go far away to come back to what you are.

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about Faith Prince misstated an accolade given to Nathan Lane, who appeared opposite Ms. Prince in ''Guys and Dolls.'' Mr. Lane was nominated for a Tony; he did not win one for that show.

**Correction-Date:** April 20, 2008

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: Faith Prince, who has been living in Sacramento and working ''1.2 days out of 10,'' returns to Broadway.(PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. AR1)

Top, Tom Wopat and Faith Prince in ''A Catered Affair,'' a new musical directed by John Doyle at the Walter Kerr Theater. Above, Ms. Prince with Richard Easton (left), and Peter Gallagher in ''Noises Off,'' and left, performing ''A Bushel and a Peck'' in ''Guys and Dolls.''(PHOTOGRAPH BY ABOVE AND BELOW, PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARA KRULWICH/THE NEW YORK TIMES)(pg. AR1)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTHA SWOPE)(pg. AR8)

**Load-Date:** April 13, 2008

**End of Document**



[***A New Era Is Dawning for the Grand Concourse***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SJ5-5DG0-0014-523V-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

January 24, 1988, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1988 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 8; Page 1, Column 1; Real Estate Desk

**Length:** 2923 words

**Byline:** By IVER PETERSON

**Body**

ON DEC. 18, New York City officials turned over the last five vacant apartment buildings on the Grand Concourse to private developers for rehabilitation into badly needed housing for the Bronx.

For years they and a dozen other buildings like them had stood empty and abandoned by landlords fleeing the decline of the Bronx and the decay of the Grand Boulevard and Concourse, the borough's main street.

Now, attracted by Federal and city subsidies and inspired by a surging demand for apartments throughout the city, developers and tenants have returned to a boulevard that used to be thought of as the Champs Elysees of the Bronx. The commitment last month to proceed with the rehabilitation of the empty apartment buildings - Nos. 1197, 1220, 1250, 1290 and 1326, all of them on a five-block stretch south of East 170th Street - marked a milestone in the process.

During its golden era before World War II and into the mid-1960's, the boulevard's four-and-a-half miles of modern buildings introduced a generation of up-and-coming New Yorkers to Art Deco facades and the design signature of a Grand Concourse apartment, the sunken living room. Then came two decades of decay and abandonment.

But since 1981 more than $120 million in city, Federal and private funds have been invested in restoring 179 buildings along the Concourse and, to a lesser extent, on the nearby streets, while dozens more have been rehabilitated with private funds under state rules that allow owners to raise rents to recoup the costs of major capital improvements.

Rising rents make this is a success story with an ironic twist for the generally poor families who hung onto decayed housing during the bad years and now find themselves priced out of the improved apartments. Many are being displaced, not by the affluent, but by working people with rising incomes.

The 179 rehabilitated buildings contain 11,545 apartments. Contracts between the city and private developers and community nonprofit housing groups are being drawn up to cover the rehabilitation of an additional 48 occupied city-owned buildings containing 2,285 apartments.

One of the early success stories of this revival was Roosevelt Gardens, at East 171st Street, which was restored in part with money from a Federal low-cost housing program in 1981 after its decline and abandonment became a widely noted symbol of the Concourse's troubles.

The Concourse Plaza Hotel at 161st Street, where President Harry S. Truman campaigned and the New York Yankees stayed on game nights, was reopened as a home for the aged in 1983. At the Concourse's northern end, where it meets the Mosholu Parkway, as well as at its southern end near 161st Street, several big apartment buildings have been converted to cooperative ownership.

LITTLE of this activity would have occurred without the infusion of public money from nine sometimes overlapping Federal and city housing assistance programs.

The last abandoned apartment buildings to be bought on the Concourse are six- and seven-story elevator buildings, between East 167th Street and East Marcy Place, containing a total of 228 apartments.

They were turned over to private developers for a small price, in most of the buildings about $500 per apartment, in return for a commitment by the developers to maintain some apartments for moderate-income tenants and, in the case of 1220 Grand Concourse, to reserve the building for rental to artists.

The costs of rehabilitating the buildings is to be shared, with the new owners spending about $6.5 million, the Federal Government contributing grants totaling $6.2 million and the city providing $2.8 million in 1 percent long-term loans.

Numbers 1290 and 1326 were bought by LZ Corporation, owned by Leo Zisman, and numbers 1197, 1250 and 1220 by Sparrow Construction Company, both of the Bronx. Sidney Silverstein, president of Sparrow Construction, said the success of his projects will depend on whether the Concourse has revived sufficiently to attract tenants willing to pay the $650 a month he will charge for a market-rate two-bedroom unit.

''I was born in the Bronx and I think the Concourse is an area that can support the kinds of rents we need to make these projects work,'' he said. ''I think it is coming back, and that's what these projects depend on.''

Not all programs involve rehabilitating empty buildings. Under the Article 8a program, for example, $13.4 million has been lent at 3 percent to landlords for the repair of major building components such as boilers, roofs, doors and windows.

Another important program is the Participation Loan Program in which the city has lent $7.5 million at 1 percent interest to help the owners of nine apartment buildings on and off the Concourse refurbish 899 apartments.

Except for the northernmost end of the Concourse, the private housing market has not been strong enough to support such a large expenditure of money in a poor neighborhood. The northern end, an area called Bedford Park, did not experience the same middle-class exodus during the 1960's and 70's, and so remained stable.

The immediate beneficiaries of the rehabilitation work are lower- to moderate-income tenants, which may mean incomes ranging from $12,000 to as high as $48,000 a year, depending on the size of the family.

The new apartments for these tenants are subsidized by the higher market rents charged for the rest of the apartments. The landlord is compensated by his low costs for the building and the subsidized rehabilitation financing or by direct government payments. So although about 20 percent of the new or rehabilitated apartments are kept at low rents, the majority will be rented at market rates, two or three times as high, which are beyond the means of many current residents.

Many of the tenants take the revival of their neighborhood in stride, saying they have been asking for the city's attention for a long time.

''You can see the difference now - the place is a lot better,'' said Charles Selden, a warehouse worker who said he has lived in his apartment on McClellan Street near the Concourse for eight years. ''But they still haven't done anything about all those empty buildings off the Concourse.''

By the early 1970's, the Grand Concourse and much of the South Bronx were no longer places to be for aspiring middle-income families. By then, many older people had moved to the suburbs or to one of the 15,000 new apartments in Co-op City in the northwestern part of the borough.

Faced with empty apartments, many landlords rented at low rates to the poor, among them many who found even the permissible regulated rents hard to meet. When costs zoomed with the inflation of the 1970's, landlords cut services and repairs, and as buildings declined, vacancies climbed. Vandalism and fires helped to empty buildings of better tenants in a spiral of decline.

Hundreds of buildings were abandoned by their owners and then vacated by tenants when strippers and vandals made them uninhabitable. Since then, the city has speeded the process of taking over abandoned buildings, so that decline can be arrested at an earlier stage.

Despite the improvements to dozens of buildings, the Grand Concourse is far from returning to its former condition. Many of its side streets are still darkened by the hulks of empty-windowed, abandoned buildings. Elsewhere, there are still negative signs - graffiti, broken windows stuffed with blankets and plastic sheeting, and burned-out cars.

Nevertheless, the millions in public and private dollars have put a new sheen on the wide and handsome street. Community groups that once worked to just keep buildings standing now worry that rents are rising so quickly that the old families, the blacks and Hispanic people who survived the hard times, will not be able to savor the good.

As a reflection of this concern, the Northwest Bronx Community and Clergy Coalition, a group of 11 neighborhood associations that sponsor the rehabilitation of low-cost housing in the Concourse area, has changed the name of its Reinvestment Committee to the Affordable Neighborhoods Committee. Now, its members say, the stress is on maintaining affordable housing in the Bronx in the era of rising rents.

''In the beginning the coalition strategy was to prevent further abandonment and to work for reinvestment, mostly in residential properties,'' said the Rev. Paul Brant, a coalition board member.

''It's been quite successful, and now the problem has shifted and the stress is on maintaining affordable housing,'' he said. ''So many of these government-backed programs are placing renovated apartments out of the reach of people who have lived there all their lives.''

Father Brant and other community workers said that some poor families were being forced to double up, for example. But Joe Bodak, a landlord with long experience in the Concourse area, said the doubling up came because of the scarcity of apartments, not because of high rents.

As a survivor of the bad times and the owner of several buildings on the Concourse and a dozen more off of it, Mr. Bodak can drive around the area and tell how he could have had this building for a dollar, or how he carried the mortgage on that one but was never paid or how junkies started a fire in the one over there to scare the tenants out and clear the way for their predations.

''If you had seen it years ago - it was a disaster,'' he said. Yet he put thousands of dollars into fixing up Concourse buildings he acquired for almost nothing, and waited for better times to return.

''They used to ask me why,'' he said. ''But I knew it started out very good, and it's going to be a very good street again, and the whole Bronx is coming back. Everyone used to think I was stupid, but now I'm the smart one.''

MANY elements of the New York economic boom have contributed to the strengthening of rental housing in the Bronx, but most specialists seem to agree that the very shrinkage of supply through abandonment has created a stronger market for the supply that remains.

Now that apartments are once more scarce, Mr. Bodak said, landlords are being more careful about their tenants. The city's most recent survey, in 1983, estimated a vacancy rate in the Bronx of 2.44 percent.

At the same time, the mortgage market has improved and real estate values have bounced back. ''Buildings that could be had for one-and-a-half the annual rent a few years ago are now selling for six times rent,'' said Bernard Englander, district manager of Community Board 7.

Many apartment owners have taken advantage of low-cost capital improvement loans for replacement of windows, roofs and boilers, and today virtually none of the old, rotting wooden window sashes can be seen along the Concourse.

Still other landlords have availed themselves of the Major Capital Improvement provisions of state's rent regulations to pass along the costs of building improvements to the tenants. Under the program, rent increases are limited to 6 percent a year.

The Department of City Planning, meanwhile, has begun an attack on the proliferation of illegal commercial establishments that crept from the side streets on to the Concourse during the years of decline. The department says it will propose the legalization of some of the bodegas and medical offices that are close to designated commercial zones, while rooting out the upper-floor offices, particulary those of lawyers, that have appeared in recent years.

The Parks Department, which in the 60's earned the scorn of Concourse dwellers by tearing up the grass on the medians and replacing it with green cement, began putting grass and trees back between the traffic lanes in the early 80's.

In 1985 alone, the department planted some 500 trees along the sidewalks and center malls of the Concourse, and it is considering plans to extend the tree planting to the side streets as well, according to Bernd Zimmermann, director of the Bronx office for the Department of City Planning.

The Parks Department has also announced plans to spend $4 million to refurbish Franz Sigel and Joyce Kilmer parks at the Concourse's southern end.

The Housing Department even broke its own rules to steam clean the exteriors of some of the city-owned buildings.

''We're not supposed to spend city money on cosmetics,'' said Samuel Kramer, the department's head planner for the Bronx, ''but because we were making a special effort not only to make the buildings habitable but to make the Concourse beautiful again, we spent the money. It was worth every bit of it.''

All of this investment has been reflected in higher rents, which are estimated to have risen on average from $60 to $80 a room since 1981, according to Dart Westphall, former head of the Housing Department's Fremont-Kingsbridge Neighborhood Preservation Office, which covers an area on both sides of the Concourse, and now head of the Mosholu Preservation Corporation, a nonprofit housing development corporation that operates at the northern end of the Grand Concourse.

At the same time, a dozen major buildings at the northern and southern ends of the Concourse - the two ends weathered the years of decline better than the middle because their populations have remained more stable - have been converted to cooperative ownership.

Finkelstein-Morgan, a big landlord in the Concourse area, is in the early stages of converting its 109-unit apartment at 940 Grand Concourse, near the Bronx County Courthouse, for example. Phyllis Hammond, co-op sales director, estimated that a two-bedroom apartment will sell for between $32,000 and $35,000.

Another building, at 1075 Grand Concourse, was converted to cooperative ownership three years ago, she said, and two-bedroom units there would sell for about $45,000 - still far below prices for similar units in Manhattan - if the building were not sold out.

''You couldn't beg, borrow or steal an apartment in that building, because there is so little turnover,'' she said. ''The market is there, and it is being created in good part by the plight of the civil servant and the folks in Manhattan who can't compete anymore.''

Rising rents and the prospect of profitable conversions to co-ops has pushed up prices as well, said Mr. Westphall. Buildings that sold for $6,000 an apartment in early 1980's are going for upwards of $17,000 per apartment today, he said.

The rising rents and co-op conversions, said Bertha Keller, a 50-year resident of the Concourse area and a low-income housing activist with the Community Coalition, are arguments for allowing nonprofit groups, but not private developers, to take over abandoned buildings for rehabilitation. She said that nonprofit owners are able to hold down rents even for those tenants to whom they are allowed to rent at market rates.

Both nonprofit and for-profit owners are using city assistance from the Municipal Assistance Corporation rental program, in which 20 percent of the apartments must be reserved for low-income tenants, defined as those earning up to 80 percent of the median income for the metropolitan area. The rest are for tenants of moderate or middle income.

THE Mount Hope Neighborhood Association has sponsored the rehabilition of a building at East 177th Street and Morris Avenue that is also being done with M.A.C. assistance but on a nonprofit basis.

When it is completed later this year, its higher-rent studios will rent for $273 and a three-bedroom apartment for $391, a price well below what a builder can charge for such units without subsidies beyond those that the M.A.C. rental program offers.

Rent levels in typical unrehabilitated buildings on or near the Concourse are about $400 a month for a two-bedroom apartment.

It is the trend toward higher and higher rents that concerns Mrs. Keller and members of the Community Coalition.

''What ***working-class*** family with children is going to be able to swing $950 rents?'' Mrs. Keller said. ''So instead we're getting the people who are being priced out of Manhattan. We're getting the young couple that has been living in Manhattan with two good incomes and then the children arrive, the mother has to stay home and they can't afford Manhattan any more, so they come here.'' The Concourse ''is being gentrified all over the place,'' she said. A total of 12 vacant and abandoned buildings in the Concourse area have been taken over by such nonprofit groups, all of them members of the Community Coalition, for nonprofit rehabilitations.

Mark Fine, who is Mr. Bodak's son-in-law and partner, argues that more affluent tenants may be moving into the Concourse area, but not necessarily the middle-class gentrifiers that some fear will drive the poor and minorities out of the area.

''I just rented an apartment to a fellow who works for a trucking company, a fellow we wouldn't have seen three years ago - he wouldn't have come here,'' he said, because the area was too run-down. ''So if it's gentrification that's happening, it's black and Hispanic ***working-class*** gentrification.''

Three years ago, Mr. Fine said, the same three-room, $312-a-month apartment would have been rented to a welfare family.

Now Mr. Bodak and Mr. Fine find themselves surrounded by newer development companies that have moved back to the Bronx for a piece of the Concourse revival.

One day Mr. Fine noticed that this competition was installing landscaped planters, with evergreens and flowers, outside their buildings in their courtyards.

''So now we're building courtyards,'' Mr. Fine laughed. ''From trying to stay alive in this business to building courtyards. But if they can put in courtyards, we can put in courtyards.''

**Graphic**

Photos os Joe Bodak, landlord, at Thomas Garden, a partly abandoned apartment complex at 840 Grand Concourse that he restored; Roosevelt Gardens, a major restoration on East 171st Street (pg. 1); The Grand Concourse looking north from East 167th Street. (The New York Times/Sara Krulwich); map of area of development in the Bronx (NYT) (pg. 18)

**End of Document**



[***SUBURBS STRUGGLE WITH RISE IN THE HOMELESS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8C60-0007-J2SK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 22, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Part 1, Page 1, Column 3; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1354 words

**Byline:** By PETER KERR

**Body**

The suburbs, cities and towns around New York City are struggling with a growing problem of homelessness that is fast overwhelming local support programs, according to officials and advocates for the homeless in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.

Some of the most affluent communities in Connecticut, New Jersey, Westchester County and Long Island have been caught up in the growing problems of individuals and families living in shelters, hotels, abandoned buildings and even automobiles.

Although the experts say the number of homeless people in these areas is smaller than the total in New York City, advocates contend that the potential for suffering is greater outside New York because of the widening gap between what homeless people need and what local and state agencies provide.

And the problem is increasingly becoming a national issue.

Poverty Amid Affluence

''Growing numbers of homeless men, women and children are not receiving assistance in even some of the most affluent areas surrounding New York,'' said Thomas H. Styron, a co-director of the National Coalition for the Homeless, an organization based in New York City that released a report last week on homelessness in Connecticut. ''Public officials have been extremely slow to respond.''

The new homeless include more families with children and more ***working-class*** people than in the earlier waves of homeless that first struck big cities in the 1970's, experts say. Their plight, the experts say, is largely the result of a housing crisis. Previously, they add, a far higher proportion suffered from mental illness, drug abuse and other personal problems.

''More and more people are falling out of the housing market and into a state of homelessness who were not the stereotypic folks we have always associated with the problem,'' said Prof. Michael Fabricant of the Hunter College School of Social Work and an advocate for the homeless. ''We are seeing working families.''

These reports come during a winter of mounting concern about homelessness as a national problem, drawing the attention of community groups and government agencies in large cities from Washington to Los Angeles, Miami to Des Moines.

Across the country, the same questions are cropping up: Who should bear responsibility? Who should pay the mounting costs?

Officials in some areas, such as New Jersey and Nassau County, dispute the contention of advocates that homelessness is on the rise, and say their government agencies are responding adequately.

'A Horrendous Problem'

But in Westchester and Connecticut, officials say the homeless present a growing quandary that local governments cannot handle alone.

''We have a horrendous problem and it is getting worse,'' said John J. Allen, Westchester's Commissioner of Social Services. ''The number of homeless people in Westchester in proportion to its population is now as high as New York City, and we have more families and children. It is a problem that the county in the long run just can't solve.''

A panel appointed this fall by County Executive Andrew P. O'Rourke came to much the same conclusion, calling homelessness in the Westchester ''a disaster'' and criticizing towns and cities for failing to address the issue.

Mr. Allen said Westchester had been forced to raise expenditures for emergency shelter for the homeless from $750,000 in 1983 to an expected $12 million in 1986.

Schoolchildren in Hotels

The county of 885,000 people now has 1,400 people supported in hotels and motels and other emergency housing. Of those, 800 are children, and some must commute to schools from hotels as far away as Poughkeepsie.

On Friday Mr. O'Rourke ordered the county police to take homeless people off the streets when the temperature fell below 32 degrees and to take them to shelters or hospitals for psychiatric observation. Mayor Koch started a similar policy in the city earlier this year.

In Connecticut, the new study charges, there may be as many as 10,000 homeless people but only 950 beds available in emergency shelters.

According to the report, hundreds of people, including children, teen-agers and battered women, are turned away from shelters every night.

The report contends that homelessness is growing throughout the state and is overwhelming the capacity of private and municipal shelters from affluent Fairfield County to rural northeastern Connecticut.

Wanderers in the Suburbs

People without permanent shelter, advocates say, can now be seen wandering in plush bedroom communities or resting against a backdrop of Gothic-style structures at Yale University.

On Friday Gov. William A. O'Neill reacted angrily to the report and said the plight of the homeless was near the top of his list of priorities.

The chairman of the Governor's Task Force on the Homeless in Connecticut, Howard G. Rifkin, disputed many of the report's conclusions, but he agreed that Connecticut was facing an increasingly serious problem.

After a family is burned out or evicted, workers with the homeless say, there is often nowhere to turn for affordable shelter.

One Family's Travail

For Rosa Alford of New Haven, a 40-year-old mother of two teen-age daughters, the events that led to homelessness began two months ago.

Unemployed with back problems and living on public assistance, she moved in with a daughter after her landlord discovered she was on welfare and asked her to leave.

When her daughter was threatend with eviction for having too many people in the apartment, she moved in with a friend, then to a motel and, finally, into a shelter operated by Christian Community Action, a private nonprofit agency.

''I had tried for two months to find a place,'' Mrs. Alford said. ''Everyone I called either said they don't accept people on welfare or their apartment was too small for me and my children.''

Mrs. Alford has been told she will have to leave the shelter on Jan. 2 to make room for others.

The Governor's chief expert on the problem, Mr. Rifkin, estimated that that there were 3,000 to 6,000 homeless people in the state. The Governor and the Legislature have created a wide array of programs that are helping deal with the problem, he said.

''Connecticut has not been insensitive to the homeless,'' Mr. Rifkin said.

He agreed, however, that that the disappearance of low- and lower-middle-income housing in the state had led to an ever-increasing number of people who could not find homes they could afford. It is a problem, Mr. Rifkin said, that the state and local governments alone cannot solve.

''I would put the blame squarely on the Federal Government,'' he said. #20,000 Homeless in Jersey In New Jersey, the state estimates that there are 20,000 homeless people and says that shelters run by local governments and nonprofit organizations with state support provide 1,700 emergency beds.

Advocates say the state has failed to provide enough shelter and support services to the rising number of homeless people in New Jersey. Homelessness is acute in Newark, Hoboken, Paterson, Elizabeth, Camden and Trenton, and in rural southern counties, they say.

Last week shelters in Bergen County reported that they were jammed and often had to turn homeless people away.

In Atlantic City, the public advocate filed an emergency plan in Superior Court that described homelessness in the resort as a mounting problem and said there were only 35 emergency beds for 877 homeless people.

Larry Lockhart, the deputy commissioner for the New Jersey Department of Human Services, said the state had coped well with the problem.

This year, Mr. Lockhart said, the state has allocated $2.85 million to aid emergency shelters and $4 million more for the Aid to Families of Dependent Children program, which is financed by the state and Federal Government.

On Long Island, an advocate group, the Nassau Action Coalition, estimated last year that there might be as many as 5,000 homeless people in the county. The National Coalition for the Homeless is suing the county to provide more beds and services for the homeless.

But Dorcas Carlos, a spokesman for the County Department of Social Services, said the group's findings were ''distorted with very inflated numbers.''

**Graphic**

Photo of children at a shelter in Danielson, Conn.; photo of Rsa Alford with her children; photo of the Rev. Skip Ferry (NYT/Rollin A. Riggs; Gale Zucker)

**End of Document**



[***After 25 Years, a Once-Promising Golfer Resurrects His Game***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6720-000P-N229-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 20, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Long Island Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 13LI; ; Section 13LI; Page 6; Column 1; Long Island Weekly Desk ; Column 1;

**Length:** 1350 words

**Byline:** By DAVID WINZELBERG

By DAVID WINZELBERG

**Body**

SOON after he began swinging a golf club at age 10, Harry Hurt 3d won more than 20 competitions in and around his hometown of Houston. By the time he was 18, he was the No. 1 man on the Harvard University freshman golf team and on the fast track toward a lucrative golfing career. Then he jumped off the train.

Playing against the likes of Ben Crenshaw and Bruce Lietzke on the competitive Texas junior golf circuit, Mr. Hurt got an early taste of the thrills of tournament golf and did well enough to expect professional success. But, disenchanted with the elitist attitude and country club mentality of the game amid an era of social change in 1970, he quit, and played little more than one round a year for the next quarter century.

Two years ago, at the age of 43, Mr. Hurt began an attempt to resurrect his game to respectability and beyond, as he set a course to compete on the P.G.A. Tour. He has chronicled the journey in a book entitled "Chasing the Dream: A Mid-life Quest for Fame and Fortune on the Pro Golf Circuit."

The Sag Harbor resident began his golfing comeback at Barcelona Neck, a modest, nine-hole course about a mile from his home. The state-owned course is run by the Sag Harbor Golf Club, a group of local year-round residents who help maintain the grounds and manage its finances. The antithesis of the surrounding luxuriant East End country clubs, Barcelona Neck supplies golf in its most proletariat form, said Mr. Hurt, and was an appropriate place to have his training camp headquarters.

In "Chasing the Dream," Mr. Hurt immortalized several members of the Sag Harbor club, like Jimmy Schiavoni, a plumber; Whitey King, a construction worker, and Jack Somers, who worked as a groundskeeper at the nearby Maidstone Club in East Hampton. Mr. Hurt said it was the members of this "working man's" golf club who turned into the supporting cast in his quest.

"Those guys were so proud," said Mr. Hurt. "I'm the only guy from that club that ever qualified for the New York State Open. I was coming from the lowliest of the low."

For convenience as well as financial considerations, the Sag Harbor club became Mr. Hurt's home club, where he was able to receive the required official United States Golf Association handicap to try to qualify for the United States Amateur Championship. Failing that, he renounced his amateur status and turned pro for his attempt at the P.G.A. Tour Qualifying School. In the first month since his return to the game, he had yet to shoot par on any tour-quality golf layout, but Mr. Hurt had declared himself a professional golfer.

Although his Qualifying School application confirmed it, Mr. Hurt's professional status would really be earned throughout the next year, as he often suffered the ignomies of defeat and the infrequent joys of small victories (his largest winning check totaled $600), competing in small mini-tour events around the country. His only win came in a 40-plus Tour event in Florida, but as Mr. Hurt pointed out, it was a win just the same.

"In less than a year back in the game I won a professional tournament," he said. "That's a tribute to a lot of things. Eden Foster, the guys at Barcelona Neck and a lot of other people."

The head golf professional at the Maidstone Club, Eden Foster, helped Mr. Hurt get his game back in gear. At their first meeting, he saw Mr. Hurt as a "rusty amateur," but he also knew his pupil had some potential. "He seemed like a nice guy and a pretty good athlete," said Mr. Foster. "You can tell he had been a good golfer at one time."

It was Mr. Hurt's aim to close the gap between being a good golfer and a touring pro. And even if he could hit all the shots, said his coach, the difference isn't always in his hands.

"It's all a mental thing," said Mr. Foster. "You really have to want that to be your life. It's like anything else you do for a living. If you're unhappy, you're not going to do a very good job."

Chuck Workman, the head golf pro at Bethpage State Park, said the common denominator for becoming a tournament pro was consistency. "It's the ability to shoot the same score even if you don't play as well," he said. "Getting the ball up and down out of precarious situations."

Mr. Workman, 62, who has played in several events on the Senior P.G.A. Tour, also stressed the mental side of the game. "The first three times I tried Q School I was fooling myself," he said. "The fourth time, I made it. I wasn't ready mentally the other times."

Mr. Hurt said: "At a certain level, it becomes 90 percent mental. It is a combination of grit and determination. The real difference is in your head and in your heart."

A lot changed in the 25 years he was away from the game, Mr. Hurt came to realize. There were twice as many people playing golf, as it had become the recreation of choice for his baby-boomer generation. Technology had also altered the game, with the introduction of graphite shafts and metal woods, the ball could fly farther, though he would have to learn to swing the new clubs all over again.

During his odyssey, Mr. Hurt traveled the country to get tutored by some of the most famous names in golf instruction, including Dick Harmon, director of golf at the River Oaks Country Club in Houston (where the young Mr. Hurt first learned to play); Tom Jenkins, a leading short-game specialist, and Dr. Bob Rotella, a sports psychologist.

The attitudes that had caused Mr. Hurt to give up the game had also changed, as golf organizations have been promoting it as a game of the people, and not just for the privledged few.

"I guess I have a foot in both worlds," said Mr. Hurt, who has played on both lush country club fairways and courses where the ball washers are spit and the side of your trousers. "I think it's an advantage. Most golfers are middle class and ***working class***, like the majority of people. Golf has been under a lot of pressures to change. It's going to change, but it's going to go kicking and screaming."

An accomplished magazine writer, Mr. Hurt has written three previous books: "Texas Rich," about the Hunt family dynasty; "For All Mankind," about astronauts and the space program, and "The Lost Tycoon," about Donald Trump. The Trump book first brought Mr. Hurt to Sag Harbor, in 1991, and a year later he met his wife, Alison, at an art gallery opening she was catering in Manhattan. Ms. Hurt now owns two restaurants, Alison on Dominick in SoHo, and Alison by the Beach in Sagaponack, and she is expecting their first child this fall.

"He or she will be born with a golf club in hand," said Mr. Hurt, "and then they'll be able to put it down and do whatever they want." Perhaps pick them back up after 25 years.

Although he is not forgoing his writing career, (Mr. Hurt begins writing a business column for U.S. News and World Report next month), he seemed to favor the title golfer/writer rather than the other way around.

Tomorrow, he will try to qualify for the Canon Greater Hartford Open, a regular stop on the P.G.A. Tour, and he is currently being considered for the job of head professional at an East End course. And like every golf professional, Mr. Hurt will try to do some business on the side. He has signed on to represent the designer Nicole Miller's new line of golfing attire.

"I didn't think he'd get as far as he did. His putting wasn't that good," said Tom (Toad) Sabloski, a Sag Harbor house painter who partnered with Mr. Hurt in his first event at Barcelona Neck. "He's improved so much. He's advanced way past us."

"It's starting to come along," said Mr. Hurt. "I've gotten a good tan and a bad back out of this whole exercise, but I'm still chasing the dream."

Mr. Foster said: "It's a whole change of life and it's a pretty big gamble. You need a lot of money in the bank and a lot of desire. Harry's worked a ton of hours. The book was one thing, but he really wanted to do this."

There is something transcendent about the game, and it really exposes everyone's character, said Mr. Hurt. "It is man in nature, man against the elements and man against himself.It's great to write about."

And apparently, for Mr. Hurt, it's even better to play.

**Graphic**

Photos: Harry Hurt 3d, a professional golfer, practicing at the Barcelona Neck course. Mr. Hurt, who has written a book about his experiences, at his Sag Harbor home. (Photographs by Maxine Hicks for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** July 20, 1997

**End of Document**



[***WILDWOOD WAS PARADISE ENOUGH***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8M60-0007-J32N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 24, 1985, Sunday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 7; Page 11, Column 1; Book Review Desk; REVIEW

**Length:** 1227 words

**Byline:** By Rebecca Pepper Sinkler; Rebecca Pepper Sinkler is the deputy editor of The Book Review.

**Body**

PRIDE By William Wharton. 288 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $16.95.

THE family has come in for remorseless bashing in the fiction of the last couple of decades. In bleak or hilarious novels about self-absorbed parents and confused children, it's often been hard to tell the grown-ups from the kids. So it should be comforting to pick up a nice, wholesome domestic portrait. And we've had several this year. I'm thinking of E. L. Doctorow's ''World's Fair,'' Ntozake Shange's ''Betsey Brown,'' Anita Brookner's ''Family and Friends'' and now, William Wharton's fifth novel, ''Pride.'' Tellingly, all these novels are set a generation or so ago - a golden age when fathers were strong, mothers tender and children were, well, children.

William Wharton - a pseudonym for an American who divides his own domestic life between a houseboat in Paris and a summer place in Cape May, N.J. - has been worrying over the family in all his novels. A typical Wharton hero is torn between nesting and flying the coop. ''Dad'' read like a combat report filed from the sex war. Even ''A Midnight Clear'' - a real war story -toyed with ideas of family: two of its main characters are soldiers nicknamed Mother and Father.

In ''Pride,'' Mr. Wharton comes at his subject straight on in a conventional, realistic novel. The author, with a disconcerting simplicity of diction, creates his characters, engages our interest in them and then moves them slowly toward the X that marks their fate. The fatal spot is Wildwood, N.J.; the day, Oct. 6, 1938; the moment, the predawn hour when someone allows a lion to escape on the boardwalk of that seaside town.

Of the two main human characters (the lion plays a leading role too), we first encounter 10-year-old Dickie Kettleson. Dickie lives with his mother, father and little sister in Stonehurst Hills, one of the ***working-class*** suburbs that lie to the west of Philadelphia, Mr. Wharton's hometown. When Dickie's dad is recalled to his factory job after several Depression years working as a jack-of-all-trades, he vows never to relinquish his independence again, joins the union and immediately loses his independence. The company goons who beat him up are little worse than his union buddies who pressure him to hang tough, even when he gets a kidnap threat against his children.

Dickie - a sweet, but wan, little boy - is terrified; he wishes his dad would quit and go back to rebuilding neighborhood porches with him as they did when Kettleson was out of work. Suddenly Kettleson packs the family into the car and heads for Wildwood - paradise enough for any Philadelphia kid but even more so for the traumatized Dickie.

Mr. Wharton makes us feel the whole family's liberation. On the beach, they can breathe free, play, return to nature. Dickie's father wrestles with him (''fun but . . . scary''), his mother acts like a girl again (''nobody else's mother I know of walks like that''). Actually, his mother and father get so playful that Dickie concludes, ''From the way they're jumping around [in bed] I think maybe Dad's teaching Mom how to wrestle, too.'' (This kid's no Oedipus.) Even Dickie's kitten - a fierce little fur ball named Cannibal - revels in the world's biggest litter box. Cannibal sets us up for some easy comparisons to the lion, Tuffy, who comes to the book by way of a parallel plot about his owner, Sture Modig. Mr. Wharton gives Sture the same poor but proud kind of family as Dickie's. The child of immigrant Swedes on a Wisconsin farm at the turn of the century, the boy is a paragon: bright, hardworking, a mechanical wizard who is also in tune with nature.

But like the Kettlesons, Sture falls afoul of history. One of Mr. Wharton's themes is that terrible things often happen to decent folks. His hero is the proverbial little guy - put to heroic tests. Wounded and gassed in World War I, Sture, now nicknamed Cap, returns home and becomes a champion race-car driver. Along the way, he picks up a scraggly lion cub in a sailors' bar and then picks up a not so scraggly girlfriend, Sally.

Just as Mr. Wharton has put Dickie down in a child's Eden on the Jersey Shore, he grants Cap, Sally and Tuffy a moment in a paradise of their own - just a moment. Luck turns against the little family and they end up working a sleazy boardwalk concession in which Tuffy, king of the beasts, is reduced to riding in a motorcycle sidecar, roaring around inside a giant wooden bowl: bad things happen to good lions too.

We haven't seen a major lion act in American fiction since Saul Bellow's ''Henderson the Rain King.'' If anyone has earned his right to cast an animal in a leading role, it's Mr. Wharton - the creator of Birdy, the boy who turned into a canary in the magnificent novel of the same name. But Tuffy just can't stand up under the heavy-handed treatment here. We get a full, National Geographic-style chapter on lions in the wild, with ham-handed references to humanity. And when the Kettlesons happen on the seedy old cat in the boardwalk act, Dad gives the family one of his frequent sermonettes:

''This lion was probably born in captivity; he's never had any family, any pride. . . .''

''Is that pride like one of the capital sins, Dad? Can lions commit sins too, like people?''

''There's all kinds of pride, Dickie. There's real pride, like being proud of good work, like when we do a good job building a porch. Then there's false pride like when you think you're better than somebody else for no good reason; that's the sin one. Then there's the lion's pride, his family.''

''Pride'' often reads like ''Dick and Jane.'' If many contemporary writers take risks with language by pushing it to extremes of flash and subtlety, Mr. Wharton ventures in the opposite direction - toward a kind of exhibitionist plodding, as if he were double-daring us to walk a plank two feet wide and a foot off the ground. A ND his insights here match his wooden dialogue. The epigraph asks, ''What are we but family?'' The implicit answer is ''nothing.'' Or worse, ''evil.'' The moral seems to be that humans are innately good, but overcivilized in dangerous ways. Poverty, war, politics, class are the enemies: they cripple and thwart. And the only way we'll get back to our essential goodness is through love, family-style. Aside from being stale, Mr. Wharton's ideas are sometimes odious. Women seem put on earth to tame the lion in men. Dickie's mom is always fussing over him and his dad, sissifying them. She's a pill. And Sally evolves from Cap's ''ideal of the opposite sex'' into a centerless, masochistic bitch - rape turns her on, she rejects faithful old Cap and gets addicted to brutal sex. And the man who corrupts innocent Sally stands for evil beyond redemption. Why? Because his family didn't love him! It's just too pat.

For all its flaws, ''Pride'' is full of fondness for Mr. Wharton's boyhood haunts and, you suspect, for his childhood itself. And he is a better than good storyteller. His descriptions of processes and things - clotheslines heavy with laundry, a lion's eyes, the deserted beach in autumn - are often intensely real, wonderfully effective in carrying off the nostalgia that ruins this book. Like other memoirs of family life, ''Pride'' could be filmed in sepia. Like the sepia prints in our attics, it is affectionate, engaging and comforting. Also posed, sentimental and oddly beside the point.

**End of Document**



[***Piermont Prospers From Makeover on the Hudson;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6X40-000P-20WK-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***Location, Location, Woody and Mia Aid Transformation From Factories to Galleries***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6X40-000P-20WK-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 11, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1315 words

**Byline:** By JACQUES STEINBERG,

By JACQUES STEINBERG,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** PIERMONT, N.Y., Dec. 5

**Body**

Howard Brawner vividly remembers the day in 1983 when he pointed his camera out his living-room window and captured Mia Farrow daubing on some makeup outside his family's home on Piermont Avenue.

Oddly enough, he may have recorded a pivotal moment in the comeback of this tiny Rockland County village.

Long an isolated, two-mill town, Piermont fell down hard in 1982 after its paper and cardboard factories shut down, eliminating about 1,000 jobs and testing the town's spirit.

Now Piermont is thriving again, having reinvented itself as a charming collection of upscale galleries, specialty shops and fine restaurants set against the serene backdrop of the Hudson and within easy reach of well-heeled consumers from New York City, Westchester County, northern New Jersey and Connecticut.

A Successful Rebirth

"It went from being a depressed factory town with a dying factory to a booming village that attracts tourists," said Robert C. Samuels, president of the Piermont Civic Association. "Piermont used to be a place where some people were ashamed to say they lived. Now it has status in the real estate ads."

By formulating a new niche for its outdated main street in the era of the shopping mall, Piermont joined a growing list of communities that have been reborn as one-day destinations for shopping and dining. But where Piermont and such communities as Corning, N.Y., Oyster Bay, L.I., and Cranbury, N.J., have succeeded, just as many others have failed. And those who look for a fail-proof formula will find little agreement here about what turned things around.

When asked to tick off the reasons for Piermont's revitalization, each of its 2,163 residents seems to have a pet theory. But many first mention Ms. Farrow and Woody Allen, who came here briefly in late 1983 to film parts of "The Purple Rose of Cairo," Mr. Allen's fable about a character who steps out of a film and into the heart of a small-town waitress, played by Ms. Farrow.

Mr. Allen's production team -- which dressed up many of the vacant buildings on Piermont Avenue, the village's main street -- not only brought in a sizable crew but also attracted a flurry of tourists. All seemed to discover Piermont for the first time and many returned with family and friends.

Some of those who sensed untapped potential in Piermont, which is about 20 miles north of the George Washington Bridge, began buying and renovating dilapidated buildings on Piermont Avenue, fundamentally recasting the tone of the village's one-block downtown.

The names Armani, Ralph Lauren and Donna Karan have been stenciled in black on the front window of the old Coneys Grocery Store, which is now a resale dress shop named Abercorn Place. Nearby, the old Meyers Meat Market, the sawdust on its floor long since swept up, has been trimmed in terra cotta and converted into Hudson Valley Bazaar, which counts zucchini corers among its eclectic inventory of cooking utensils. And DeLorenzo's Shoe Repair has been reborn as Boondocks, which bills itself as "the environmental marketplace" and sells shoulder bags made from recycled inner tubes.

Prescience and Research

Virtually the only establishments that predate the 1980's are the Community Market, a longtime general store that now carries squid-ink pasta opposite cans of Campbell's soup, and The Turning Point, a 16-year-old restaurant that offers live entertainment, including, on occasion, the singer Arlo Guthrie.

Piermont's success cannot, of course, be explained solely by the filming of a movie. Among other factors, people here cite the careful planning by village officials -- particularly in the mapping of a new shopping and condominium development on the old mill site -- and the prescient, grass-roots initiative of individual merchants. The village was also able to study the experience of Nyack, N.Y., a waterfront community about three miles north that had undergone a similar spruce-up several years earlier.

"In Piermont, they -- meaning the town, the individual businesses and the property owners -- identified their strengths and built on them," said Peter Mosbacher, executive director of the New York Main Street Alliance, a nonprofit group that advises municipalities on economic development. "They have the advantage of being surrounded by wealthy communities and people with a lot of disposable income."

Not surprisingly, change has brought some new stresses to Piermont, including the overcrowding of narrow Piermont Avenue on summer afternoons by tourists who can occasionaly be a bit brusque, some say.

Mr. Brawner, the 70-year-old shutterbug who snapped Ms. Farrow, and his wife, Ruth, 67, have had to post an "Absolutely No Trespassing" sign on the side of their purple home to deter bicyclists, who tend to use the 142-year-old house as a bike rack.

'We Still Say Hello'

"Everyone is friendly, but I couldn't tell you the last name of one person who lives across the street" said Mrs. Brawner, who has lived on Piermont Avenue since she was 3 and has watched as young professionals have slowly replaced ***working-class*** families. "But we still say hello to everyone."

Nevertheless, the Brawners say that their gripes are allayed by Piermont's vitality. "I think it's nicer now than it was in earlier years," Mrs. Brawner said, to which her husband added, "I have no problem with the town at all."

While generally applauding the village government's shepherding of the transition, Mr. Samuels, of the civic association, laments the increase in rents, home prices and property taxes. A one-bedroom apartment, which might have rented for $300 a month 10 years ago, can now command $800 to $900. One home on Piermont Avenue recently sold for $425,000, village officials said.

Mr. Samuels said he wonders what will happen when people begin moving into Piermont Landing, the new condominium development that has replaced the old mills on a 35-acre peninsula jutting into the Hudson.

"We're concerned that most of the people who move into the condominiums will be wealthier than the residents who are here and have different values," he said.

But Mary Hardy, the village clerk for 23 years, defends the development, saying Piermont could not afford to let prime real estate that accounts for almost a third of the village tax base lie fallow. Ms. Hardy said the Mayor and the village board of trustees aggressively planned the conversion of the mill site, designating it as a mix of retail and residential zoning, keeping the concentration of units at a level far lower than many developers wanted.

"They really did their homework," said James Cymore, the deputy commissioner of planning for Rockland County.

The first residents are just now preparing to move into the development, built at an estimated cost of $50 million. The original developers found themselves stymied by a variety of problems including a sluggish real-estate market and a complicated review process as well as a lawsuit involving construction of the project so close to the river.

Chase Manhattan Bank took back the deed for the project rather than foreclose on it. Since then, the bank has concluded sales of 22 of the 62 condominiums that make up the development's first phase, said James R. Psaki, a Chase vice president. The units, which have been discounted 15 to 35 percent from the original prices, are being sold from $170,000 to $360,000, depending on size and location, he said.

In contrast with its earlier incarnations, Piermont has an urban sophistication now, especially with Xaviar's -- an elegant restaurant where waiters wear black tie -- and the recently opened Piermont Flywheel Gallery, a cooperative of 24 artists and sculptors.

"For me, as a European, it makes me feel very much like I'm in Europe," said Linda Majors, who was born in London and named her Piermont dress shop, Abercorn Place, after the street where she was raised. "In any given weekend, I can hear four different languages."

**Graphic**

Photo: In 1982, Piermont, N.Y., was a rundown mill town. But it reinvented itself as a charming collection of galleries, specialty shops and fine restaurants. The tiny Rockland County village joined a growing list of communities that have been reborn as one-day destinations for shopping and dining. Two youngsters watched window shoppers. (Susan Harris for The New York Times) (pg. B1)

Map of New York, indicating Piermont (pg. B4)

**Load-Date:** December 11, 1992

**End of Document**



[***IF PARENTS PART: YOUNG ADULTS DESCRIBE THEIR OWN ANGUISH - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-8RC0-0007-J397-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section B; Page 9, Column 2; Style Desk

**Length:** 1150 words

**Byline:** By GEORGIA DULLEA

**Body**

Michael Ostrow, who has seen the film ''Twice in a Lifetime'' twice, says it revived memories of his parents' seperation two years ago while he was away at college. ''The Gene Hackman character reminded me of my father,'' he says ''and Ann-Margaret, with dark hair, could be my father's girlfriend. Maybe I'm beginning to understand this better now, although when my father left it was very traumatic.''

The trauma of divorce on adult children, a major theme in the film, is only now becoming a subject for the social scientists. Focused first on young children and then on teen-agers, those who study the effects of divorce on families are now looking at adult children. Young adults experience the same feelings of loss, anger, shame and disillusionment as their younger brothers and sisters, they say, at a time when they are trying to assert their independence.

Although the film received mixed reviews, one performance singled out for praise was that of Amy Madigan, a 28-year-old married daughter who rages over her parents' breakup and tries to manipulate the situation to restore their marriage.

Movie Starts Discussion

For Michael Ostrow and 16 other students - undergraduates at Barnard and Hunter Colleges and postgraduates at the Center for the Media Arts - watching the movie at a recent screening touched off discussions about what happens to young adults when parents part; when money saved for college tuition goes to pay divorce lawyers; when studies suffer because of family stress, and coming home for the holidays can be too painful to bear.

Many of the students parents are divorced or separated. Some said the character played by Ellen Byrnstn, a mother of three grown children whose husband leaves her for another woman, reminded them of their own mothers. some spoke of being overly protective of their mothers, like the older daughter in the film, and intensely angry at their fathers, at least intially.

At the same time, the students found themselves wishing that both parents would stop attacking each other. 'Parents become babies when they divorce,'' Jeany Heller said. ''Their emotions get all mixed up.''

The mother in the film lived for home and family, which struck students as unrealistic in view of the divorce rate. ''You see a lot of women her age planning their lives around their husbands,'' Janice Vaughn said. ''What if the man leaves? Its strange - even after the divorce your mother tells you to take care of the man. What she's really telling you is to make the same mistake she made.''

Being away at school when divorce occurs can be an advantage because ''you don't get caught up in your parents' craziness,'' as one student acknowledged. But relief over escaping the tension at home can be offset by guilt and regret. Some students worried that they were not there to provide emotional support to a depressed parent, usually the mother, and they worried that younger siblings were getting the worst of it.

Nonetheless, some found excuses for not regularly writing or calling their parents and a few preferred to stay on campus during holidays rather than return to a changed home. Jeany Heller said each of her parents assumes she will be spending the holiday with the other. ''Neither of them makes plans and there's nothing or you have to go through everything twice - two Thanksgiving dinners,'' she said, ''It's easier to stay at school.''

While the students found the older daughter's rage believeable, the acquiescence of the younger daughter, played by Ally Sheedy, baffled them. The first member of a ***working-class*** family to attend college, the film character expresses no anger that the tuition money has disappeared because of the divorce and decides to take a job and go to night school. She even decides to marry and continue living at home so she and her husband can help her mother pay the rent.

Payment of college tuition has become a major issue for this generation now that the age of majority has been reduced in most states from 21 to 18 years. As a result, students over age 18 are no longer considered minors in need of support, and divorce settlements do not necessarily provide for college education.

One or both parents may be willing to pay the tuition, but their lawyers may advise against doing so until the agreement is signed, leaving the students in limbo. Students who apply for loans may be turned down because one parent has a high income even though that parent may not be contributing to their support.

''My father has money,'' Leslie Rosenberg said, ''but when you turn 18 you have to act for yourself, and sometimes it takes you into the legal area. To go to school I had to go to court and sue him.''

Two other students complained that they were not getting all the child support paid by their fathers because their mothers needed the money. ''I'm at a point where I don't want to deal with it anymore,'' one said. ''I just do what I can to make my own money.''

The ability to find work and other satisfactions outside the family after the divorce gave them an advantage over younger brothers and sisters, the students agreed. On the other hand, because they were older their memories of the family spanned many years, and the shock of seeing it split was especially disillusioning.

''My father brought me up to believe that family was very important and when he left I felt betrayed and totally confused,'' Mr. Ostrow said. ''I believed that everyone else's parents would get divorced but never mine. When it happened to me, I realized that anything's possible.''

On the other hand, he and Randy Williford spoke of making up with their fathers, despite initial bitterness over the separation.

One Benefit

''Parents are people,'' Mr. Williford said. ''Before they split up everything was done for me, and now I have to start doing for them. To keep a relationship with my father I had to work at it. I got to know him a whole lot better - not right away - but if he'd stayed, I probably never would have understood him.''

The oldest child in the film, played by Stephen Lang, immediately understands his father's affair and embraces him. In the view of several students, this contributed to the film's ''glorification of divorce.''

Chang S. Lee, who has not experienced divorce personally, said: ''Divorce destroys family life. In the movies, they say it's O.K. as long as you're happy.''

The film ends on the church steps after the daughter's wedding. The father steals and handful of flowers to bring home to his girlfriend. The mother, who has become a blonde, talks of taking a word-processing course. The feeling is that everyone has emerged a bit stronger after a painful year or so.

Divorce in real life doesn't end this way, according to the students. Marrianne Pugatch, who wrote her high school thesis on the effects of divorce on children, said, ''It's not over in one year, it's not over in 10 years, it's never really over.''

**Correction**

A caption on some copies of the Style page yesterday, with an article about the effect of divorce on adult children, misidentified the student shown at the bottom of the picture grouping. The student was Chang S. Lee, not Marianne Pugatch. He said: ''Divorce destroys family life. In the movies, they say it's O.K. as long as you're happy.''  
**Correction-Date:** November 12, 1985, Tuesday, Late City Final Edition

**Graphic**

Photo of Leslie Rosenberg; photo of Chang Lee; photo of Janice Vaughn; photo of Michael Ostrow

**End of Document**



[***Union City and Miami: A Sisterhood Born of Cuban Roots***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7060-000P-23TF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 30, 1992, Monday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

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

**Length:** 1341 words

**Byline:** By EVELYN NIEVES,

By EVELYN NIEVES,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** UNION CITY, N.J., Nov. 25

**Body**

Roberto Moreiro wants his new restaurant to stand out among the dozens of others packed into this Cuban enclave in Hudson County. So he is serving the food and ambiance of a place his patrons know and love: Miami.

His Union City Cafeteria serves "Miami-style Cuban sandwiches," with thicker cuts of ham than the competition offers, said Mr. Moreiro, a native Cuban who came here 27 years ago. The restaurant also offers both a formal dining room and a cozy doughnut-shaped counter like many in Miami but few in Union City.

The concept may work, for Miami and Union City, though 1,310 miles apart on Interstate 95, could hardly be closer. Two bus lines make daily trips between them. Spanish-language radio stations here carry Miami news as if it were their own. Union City tabloids are shipped to Miami; Miami newspapers are flown here.

'Next Best Thing'

Bound by blood in many cases and grief for the motherland in virtually every case, the dominant Cuban exile communities in both cities have wound tightly together in the 33 years since Fidel Castro came to power. And the bonds seem to be growing even stronger.

As Cubans living in Union City and nearby Hudson County towns reach retirement age, they are moving to Miami to join the 700,000 Cubans in Dade County, said Lisandro Perez, a sociologist at Florida International University who studies Cuban demographic patterns. The retirees' adult children stay in Hudson County.

"The tendency for Cubans has been to concentrate in Miami," Mr. Perez said. "It's still considered the next best thing to home for close to 60 percent of the one million Cuban exiles living in the United States. But the children raised in the North may not want to move down."

Some Union City families move to Miami to be closer, spiritually and geographically, to Cuba, said Jose Manuel Alvarez, an aide to Robert Menendez, who stepped down as the Union City Mayor last week to prepare for his job as a newly elected member of Congress.

"People here always want to move to Miami or South Florida," Mr. Alvarez said. Aside from the weather and the greater Cuban presence there, he said, there is more space in Miami. Union City, with 58,000 people on 1.4 square miles, according to the 1990 Census (and 70,000 residents, according to city officials) is the most densely populated city in the country. As the Cubans have prospered, they have sought more room, closer to home.

To Florida and Back

"But a lot of times they find they miss it here," Mr. Alvarez said. "Just about everyone who has moved to Miami has family here. People come back." His own family first moved from Cuba to Brooklyn in 1962, when he was 14, then to Union City. His father, a doctor, practices in Elizabeth. "I may be the only Cuban in Union City," he said, "who doesn't have a lot of family in Miami."

Mr. Moreiro, the restaurateur, moved his family to Florida four years ago after selling his first Union City restaurant during the height of the real estate boom. He returned because he felt more comfortable among his friends here, he said. His two sons remained in Florida, while his daughter came back. "We still keep a summer house in Daytona and visit friends in Miami," he said. "Both Florida and here are home to us now."

In the best of times, Union City and Miami celebrate together. Mr. Menendez, a Cuban-American who went to Miami earlier this year when he campaigned for New Jersey's 13th Congressional District seat, was toasted there for becoming the first Hispanic representative from New Jersey.

In the worst, they help each other out. After Hurricane Andrew, Union City was the first to offer help to Dade County, organizing a radiothon and telethon that gathered 285,300 pounds of food and almost $52,000 in cash. It also became a refuge for victims of the hurricane.

'Feeling Is Different'

"They're sister cities and every other relative," said Carlos Vento, stepping off a bus on 32d Street here after a 26-hour ride from Miami on the Astro Eastern bus line. The 45-year-old accountant had come to visit friends and a brother who had remained here after their family, which fled Cuba for Union City in 1967, moved to Miami two years ago.

Like most Cubans familiar with both cities, Mr. Vento finds some marked differences between South Florida and this homely speck of Hudson County. "There is this incredible connection and I love it," he said. "But it's not as easy to get used to Miami coming from Union City, as you might think. The whole feeling is different."

Bergenline Avenue, the 90-block commercial artery that stretches through Union City into North Bergen, West New York and Guttenberg, resembles Little Havana's famed Calle Ocho: the majority of the businesses are Cuban-owned, Spanish is the first, and often only, language spoken, and hand-rolled Cuban cigars, Cuban pastries and small cups of mighty Cuban coffee are available for the asking. But sloping, landlocked Union City, whose streets can get as crowded as a rush-hour subway platform, has little more in common with Miami's sprawling tropical landscape.

Moreover, people in both places are most likely to say that Union City Cubans are "different" from those in Miami.

Both cities had Cuban communities before the Castro revolution, but Union City's has always been more rural and ***working class*** in origin. In the 1940's, Cubans from rural Fomento in Central Cuba came for the jobs in Union City's embroidery and crochet factories. By 1959, 2,000 Fomenteros lived in the city, paving the way for the tide of exiles. But most of Cuba's upper class ended up in Miami, where many have built a reasonable facsimile of the lives they left behind, Mr. Perez, the sociologist, said.

Roy Fornaris, a 53-year-old advertising executive who moved to Miami from Union City 10 years ago, said that he misses Union City but that Cubans in Miami "have more class and are more polished."

Yet Jeorge Rodriguez, a 26-year-old artist whose father lives in Hudson County and mother lives in Miami, sees it differently. He finds Miami Cubans "more pretentious."

"Here, there is more of a mix of people," said Mr. Rodriguez, whose family fled Cuba when he was 5. "In Miami, they're more princessy. They're still into debutante balls."

Just as Miami's Little Havana has become more of a polyglot immigrant community than a strictly Cuban barrio (Cubans now make up about 60 percent of its 250,000 residents) Union City is more than its old nickname, "Havana on the Hudson," suggests.

The city is 75 percent Hispanic and Cubans remain the largest group, with 16,000 or 35 percent of the population. But there are also Puerto Ricans, immigrants from the Dominican Republic, Mexico, the Philippines and several South American countries, and small groups of Italians, Irish, Germans, Jews and blacks.

The political might of Hudson County Cubans, along with the Cuban American National Foundation, the powerful Miami anti-Castro organization, no doubt helped prompt Congressman Robert Torricelli, an Englewood Democrat, to sponsor the much disputed Cuban Democracy Act, which tightens the embargo against Cuba to topple Mr. Castro's Government.

But politics seem less rabid here, Mr. Alvarez, the aide to Mr. Menendez, said.

"Those that came to Miami only heard the propaganda. Those that came to the North had a much more open perspective," he said. "I think the reality of feeling a different kind of weather and having to bundle up gives you more time to reflect and makes you realize that the world is more than Cuba."

Some Union City Cubans who move to the paradise of Dade County find they miss their first adopted home. Longing for the precious commodity of space, they then wind up in North Bergen and West New York. Both cities are now home to a larger percentage of Cubans than Union City.

Others simply go back and forth from South Florida to New Jersey. Miriam Cordova, manager of Astro Eastern bus lines, said she has customers that travel between the two cities several times a month. "They have businesses in one place or the other," she said. "They want to keep one foot in each door."

**Graphic**

Photo: Miami and Union City, N.J., though 1,310 miles apart on Interstate 95, could hardly be closer. Roberto Moreiro, a native Cuban who came to Union City 27 years ago, cut meat for a "Miami-style Cuban sandwich" at his new restaurant. (William E. Sauro/The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** November 30, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Annus Horribilis***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SP8-6RT0-000P-N19N-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

June 22, 1997, Sunday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1997 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Book Review Desk

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

**Length:** 1499 words

**Byline:** By Sidney Blumenthal;

Sidney Blumenthal's latest book is "Pledging Allegiance: The Last Campaign of the Cold War." He is joining the White House staff as Assistant to the President.

By Sidney Blumenthal;  Sidney Blumenthal's latest book is "Pledging Allegiance: The Last Campaign of the Cold War." He is joining the White House staff as Assistant to the President.

**Body**

The Year

the Dream Died

Revisiting 1968 in America.

By Jules Witcover.

544 pp. New York:

Warner Books. $25.

On Oct. 31, 1968, Lyndon Johnson announced, in a televised speech, a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam, which he said could "lead to progress toward a peaceful settlement of the war." Until that moment, he had fiercely resisted even the suggestion of such a reversal of his course. In his adamant resistance to change, he broke his Presidency and shattered the possibilities of his loyal Vice President, Hubert Humphrey. Johnson demanded a tribute of ruin from his designated successor as a perverse form of vindication. Now, only five days before Election Day, he had finally committed an act that would have saved him earlier in the year.

Humphrey, his natural ebullience restored, declared that he had been "hoping for months that it would happen." Polls showed him approaching a dead heat with his Republican opponent. Yet Richard Nixon was preternaturally calm in the face of the original October Surprise. The night of Johnson's announcement, he appeared at a rally at Madison Square Garden with his running mate, Spiro Agnew. "Neither he nor I will destroy the chance of peace," Nixon pledged. "We want peace." Nixon's rhetorical gambit was a calculated effort at raising expectations that he knew would soon be dashed. What mechanism of projection inspired him to hint at his ability to "destroy" the peace process? While he was playing at the Garden, his campaign manager, John Mitchell, was on the phone with Anna Chennault, a member of the old China Lobby, who had been secretly serving as the campaign's go-between with the South Vietnamese Government. "Anna," Mitchell said, "I'm speaking on behalf of Mr. Nixon. It's very important that our Vietnamese friends understand our Republican position and I hope you have made that clear to them." Two days later, an American tap on the South Vietnamese embassy picked up a call in which she urged the Saigon Government to refuse to participate in the peace talks. That same day, President Nguyen Van Thieu called a joint session of the National Assembly to announce a boycott of the Paris negotiations. Nixon, campaigning in Texas, remarked with deadpan aplomb: "The prospects for peace are not as bright as we would have hoped a few days ago."

Jules Witcover's re-creation of the driven politics of 1968, unfolding the drama month by month, is among the most valuable contributions to the recent retrospectives on that centrifugal year. Witcover, a nationally syndicated political columnist based at The Baltimore Sun, is old-fashioned in the sense of being possessed of an empirical eye. He clearly enjoys politics, tries to understand the particular motivations of politicians and observes events to see how it all plays out. His approach is the opposite of using people and circumstances as grist for the turn of phrase, whose object is not really to describe the man in the arena but to polish the image of the spectator. Witcover is, above all, a reporter; "The Year the Dream Died: Revisiting 1968 in America" is drawn from his notebooks of the 12 months in which the idea of the virtue of politics was discredited.

The vacuum at the center of American politics came into being because Lyndon Johnson was blind to all geopolitical strategy and to his own political interest. Out of his fear of being labeled a nervous Nellie, a President who lost a country to Communism, besmirching the legacy of the martyred President Kennedy, Johnson relentlessly pursued the Vietnam War. The descent from the grand consensus of the Great Society to the fractionalization of the Democratic Party, the protest marches of hundreds of thousands of young people and the riots of blacks in every major city would take only about two years.

The final result of 1968 was hardly foreordained. It was certainly not the consequence of student protesters who behaved badly, but, as Witcover describes, of a larger political failure. Fittingly, he begins with the winner, who was commonly thought of as the least likely to succeed, and whose rise depended upon unexpected national catastrophe. In 1966, on the road with Richard Nixon as he campaigned for Republican candidates in the midterm election, Witcover discovered the defeated, resentful politician attempting to reinvent himself. On the stump, Nixon praised the opposition as a prelude to attack. He explained the technique to Witcover: "It's a device, of course, to show I'm fair-minded."

Everyone assumed that Johnson would run for re-election. Incapable of transcending his frustration and rage, the master politician was his own prisoner. "The enemy has been defeated in battle after battle," he declared in his State of the Union address. Less than two weeks later came the Tet offensive.

Eugene McCarthy had already been beckoned by antiwar crusaders to make his run. Senator McCarthy, who threw himself into the campaign with the air of a fatalistic poet who didn't quite care about the outcome, was their only available substitute for Robert F. Kennedy, who withheld himself. When McCarthy upset the President in the February New Hampshire primary, however, Kennedy suddenly felt compelled to enter the race, and was promptly assailed as unprincipled and ruthless. Johnson announced he would not run. McCarthy's role was to have been to act as the instrument to force Johnson off the stage and, having cleared it, to yield to Kennedy, who could hold it. But McCarthy refused to accede to the inevitable, seized by his own momentum and a belief in his moral superiority. He reacted to the enthusiasm he had generated by withdrawing ever farther into his cool persona. His idea of his candidacy was passive-aggressive. He didn't want election; he wanted to be the elect.

Kennedy struggled under his belated, obviously opportunistic start, and the suspicion that he was at once calculating and demagogic. As Senator McCarthy made plain, Kennedy's ability to appeal to blacks and the discontented white ***working class*** -- and the fervent crowds at his rallies -- became a point of mistrust. But only Kennedy and Nixon fully grasped that it was politics that must command the vacuum. In the final primary, in California, after losing Oregon, Kennedy "scored the heaviest points," Witcover notes, by calling for "doing away as much as possible with the welfare system, the handout, the dole," replacing them with jobs, mostly generated by the private sector. It was after their single debate, four days before the June 4 California primary, that McCarthy said: "I don't want to talk about politics. I want to talk about Dante's Sixth Canto." Kennedy won 46.3 percent to McCarthy's 41.8, with the remainder going to a Humphrey slate; that night, he was assassinated.

This was the opening for Humphrey to demonstrate his independence, which was what the voters wanted of him. From June to August, he went into free fall, down to 29 percent in the polls. Twice before the Chicago convention he tried to fashion a plank calling for a bombing halt. Twice, Johnson intimidated him. In private, Johnson still harbored a fantasy that out of the chaos he might rise phoenixlike to the nomination. Without a peace plank, Humphrey conceded all control over the dynamics of the convention. The debacle in Chicago was a consequence of the vacuum that Humphrey had widened through his weakness.

He left Chicago with the nomination, but absolutely no strategy. Still, all was not lost. At the end of September, Humphrey delivered a speech calling for a bombing halt. Privately, Johnson expressed his contempt. Nixon, however, keenly understood that progress in the Paris peace talks would buoy Humphrey.

Drawing upon previously unreleased Presidential documents, Witcover reports that the White House had extensive proof of the Republicans' plot to wreck the talks, and that assistants to the President urged its exposure. Humphrey considered blowing the whistle, but declined; it was his last opportunity to win. Johnson held him in further contempt. For his book, Witcover located and interviewed Anna Chennault, who told him: "The only people who knew about the whole operation were Nixon, John Mitchell and John Tower, and they're all dead. . . . I was constantly in touch with Mitchell and Nixon."

"The Year the Dream Died," estimably reported, concludes with comments from figures of the period and from historians. Their remarks have an oddly weightless and anachronistic effect. There remains a good deal of finger-pointing, self-importance and self-flagellation. The Democratic Party is still debilitated by the stereotypes of leadership established almost 30 years ago. Lyndon Johnson left an impression of politics as an ignoble calling. Hubert Humphrey was the liberal as ineffectual and weak. Eugene McCarthy's vanity and frivolous disdain of politics masked itself as purity. Robert Kennedy has been carried down as somebody too good for us. Because his promise was never tested, we never have to know.

**Graphic**

Drawing

**Load-Date:** June 22, 1997

**End of Document**



[***HOSTAGES AND HIJACKERS: A FRAGILE COALITION SHATTERS;***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9020-0007-J44J-00000-00&context=1519360)  
[***SIMMERING FEUD OF 2 ITALIAN PARTIES IS BROUGHT TO BOIL BY HIJACKING CRISIS***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9020-0007-J44J-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 18, 1985, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section A; Page 8, Column 1; Foreign Desk

**Length:** 1322 words

**Byline:** Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** ROME, Oct. 17

**Body**

It was a bitter moment today when Prime Minister Bettino Craxi was forced to hand in his resignation. His Government was just 28 days shy of becoming Italy's longest-lasting administration since World War II.

There was, however, a certain symmetry to his resignation: Defense Minister Giovanni Spadolini, whose withdrawal from the five-party coalition touched off the crisis, saw his own first Government brought down on Aug. 7, 1982, by the departure of none other than Mr. Craxi.

The competition between the two men has been a key element in Italian politics in the 1980's. Some of the most important competition in this country's political life has been for the broad ground between the Christian Democrats, the largest party, and the Communists, who are the largest Communist Party in the West.

What Mr. Craxi and Mr. Spadolini have in common is their success in breaking the hold of the Christian Democrats on the Prime Minister's post.

Seen as Restoring Respect

Until Mr. Spadolini became Prime Minister on June 28, 1981, every Prime Minister since the war had been a Christian Democrat. Called to office to help repair damage caused by the scandal over a spurious Masonic lodge called Propaganda 2, Mr. Spadolini led two Governments and was credited by many with restoring respect to the Prime Minister's office.

Thus, in some ways, Mr. Spadolini helped paved the way for Mr. Craxi, who became Italy's first Socialist Prime Minister since the war on Aug. 4, 1983.

The Christian Democrats have dominated Italian politics since the war. They are a motley coalition that crosses class and ideological lines and that was based on strong support from the Roman Catholic Church and the United States. The Americans saw the party as the one force able to overcome the Communists.

Over the years, however, support for the Christian Democrats lagged, partly because voters tired of a party that had held power for so long and seemed always to be involved in one scandal or another. Also, the influence of the church declined steadily, weaking one foundation of the party's power. In the meantime, the Communist vote grew, slowly but steadily.

Alternative to 'Two Churches'

Both Mr. Craxi and Mr. Spadolini rose to power in this context. Both the Socialists and the Republicans seemed to offer voters alternatives to what have became known here as ''the two churches,'' the Catholic and Marxist faiths. The two party leaders capitalized on the voters' search for something different.

The Socialists, once allies of the Communists, had switched allegiance to the Christian Democrats in the early 1960's. But in both of their alliances, the Socialists seemed stuck as the junior partner. Mr. Craxi, who took over the Socialist Party in 1976, was determined to change that.

Born to a Socialist father in Milan on Feb. 24, 1934, Mr. Craxi grew up in a home that was a stopping place for Partisans and Jews fleeing from the Germans, who occupied northern Italy after Mussolini fell in 1943.

By age 14, Mr. Craxi - who once thought of becoming a priest - was pasting up his father's election posters. He joined the Socialist Party at 18 and rose through the ranks.

If there is one word associated with Mr. Craxi in the popular mind, it is ''ambitious.'' A tall man, he imposes himself in conversation and has done the same on Italian public life.

Shunned the Communists

One of the many ironies of the current Government crisis is that Mr. Craxi, who made decisions against the wishes of Washington in the Achille Lauro affair, was cultivated by the United States for his firmly anti-Soviet views. It was Mr. Craxi who steered the Socialists away from an alliance with the Communists and saw his future in a centrist coalition with the Christian Democrats. Many Communists thus detest him.

Mr. Craxi was also a defender of Italy's decision to accept American Pershing missiles in Sicily.

But it took Mr. Craxi some time to reach the Prime Minister's chair. Mr. Spadolini's chance came first.

The personal contrasts between the two men are striking. Though both are physically imposing, Mr. Spadolini's girth - he weighs perhaps 350 pounds - has made him the favorite target of Italy's merciless cartoonists, who often portray him naked.

Where Mr. Craxi has always been a politician, Mr. Spadolini was once a history lecturer and an editor, known mainly for his academic bent.

Expert on Church and State

Born on June 21, 1925, Mr. Spadolini was editor of Corriere Della Sera, the respected Milan daily. As a history professor at the University of Florence, he became a leading expert on the uneasy relationship between the Catholic Church and the Italian state. He began his political career in 1972 by entering the Senate and became leader of the Republicans in 1979.

The Republicans, once a revolutionary force against monarchy and church power, had settled into the role of representing more progressive sectors of Italy's business and professional classes. The Republicans were also seen by many voters as the party of rectitude in a system sometimes plagued by its opposite.

When Mr. Spadolini became Prime Minister, it was his party's big chance, and he rapidly became one of the country's most popular politicians. His image for honesty helped, and so did the Government's success in freeing Brig. Gen. James L. Dozier, an American, in January 1982 after he was kidnapped by terrorists.

The results at the polls were gratifying. The Republicans rose from about 3 percent in 1979 elections to 5.1 percent in 1983. Their progress suggested that they might become a political home for Italy's ''yuppies,'' the sort of centrists or moderate liberals who might vote for Gary Hart in the United States.

This was to some degree the role Mr. Craxi coveted. His party was already Italy's third largest, with 11 to 14 percent of the vote, and had a traditional ***working class*** base to add to the new middle class.

Offered as Balance of Power

Almost every move Mr. Craxi made seemed designed to force the Christian Democrats to accept the idea that his Socialists held the balance of power. Only by dealing with him, Mr. Craxi kept saying, could the Christian Democrats insure a stable government and keep the Communists out of office. He won his point when he took over in 1983.

The last 26 months have generally been regarded as very good for Mr. Craxi and not bad for Italy. The endurance of his Government was taken as a sign of stability. Inflation, though still high by current Western standards, was reigned in. The economy grew. A well-publicized attack on the Mafia made it seem that the Government was very serious about fighting organized crime.

There were still major difficulties, including an ill-handled devaluation this year and a very large budget deficit that the Government has only now begun to tackle.

But in two elections this year, voters suggested that they liked what Mr. Craxi was doing. In the process, they dealt electoral setbacks to the Communists. In all this, Mr. Craxi was seen as the dominant figure.

It was all too much for Mr. Spadolini's party, which increasingly felt left out as Mr. Craxi, along with the Foreign Minister Giulio Andreotti and the Christian Democratic leader, Ciriaco De Mita, seemed to hold iron control over public life.

Barred From Decision-Making

It was thus not surprising that Mr. Spadolini broke with Mr. Craxi over his handling of the Achille Lauro affair and the Prime Minister's decision to release Mohammed Abbas, the Palestinian the United States and Israel say planned the hijacking of the cruise ship.

Mr. Spadolini's main complaint, that he had been excluded from decision-making in the affair, was of a piece with his unhappiness with Mr. Craxi's style. And his anger at the Prime Minister's increasingly sympathetic policy toward the Palestine Liberation Organization went deep.

Mr. Spadolini has long been sympathetic to Israel and a friend of Italy's Jews, who provide the Republicans with substantial support.

**Graphic**

photo of officers inspecting baggage (AP)

**End of Document**



[***Rumormongers in Calais Mirror a Demonic Time***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-76Y0-000P-22F4-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 30, 1992, Friday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Foreign Desk

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

**Length:** 1333 words

**Byline:** By ROGER COHEN,

By ROGER COHEN,  Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** CALAIS, France, Oct. 25

**Body**

In a Europe of the returning demons of racism, ultranationalism and ethnic violence, this depressed port has been gripped by mass hysteria. It was ignited by rumors that blond children have been raped and killed here, and it rapidly touched off a vendetta against a young man of French and Tunisian descent.

With its unemployment averaging 13 percent, and ranging over 40 percent in some poorer districts, its declining port and lace industries, and its general air of moroseness, Calais is representative of a Europe in which close to 17 million people are now without work. The irrationality of what happened here in recent weeks has struck some as a warning.

"I am not a psychologist, but I know there is a growing sense of insecurity and an increasing concern about the future," said Michel Sajot, the deputy mayor. "And right here in Calais, in the Beau-Marais district, everything was ripe for an explosion."

That explosion began a month ago, prompting first local and then national media attention. Somebody suggested that a dark-skinned young man was propositioning blond children and taking their photographs outside the Georges-Andrique school in the Beau-Marais, a bleak ***working-class*** area of crumbling high-rises with a population of 24,000 and an unemployment rate of more than 50 percent.

It is unclear who made the suggestion and how it led to a virtual uprising, with hundreds of parents insisting that several children had been abducted, raped, beheaded and eviscerated.

Hounded From Neighborhood

What is evident, however, is that a 19-year-old man named Christophe Beddeleem has been hounded from the neighborhood amid threats of death, while his mother, marooned in her apartment, is now afraid even to bring her younger children to school.

Among the insults hurled at Mr. Beddeleem in the Beau-Marais is "Bougnoule," a term that roughly translates as "dirty Arab." He has also been referred to as "Dracula," "Frankenstein," and "Freddy the long-nailed rapist." One unemployed father of two, Andre Beauvillain, summed up sentiment among many in the neighborhood by saying, "If he sets foot back here, I'll be the first to kill him."

And yet, it seems that nothing happened. Not one child has disappeared. Nobody has been raped. No lewd photographs have been found. No evidence has been unearthed of violence or any wrongdoing.

The local police chief, Daniel Cott, has ended an investigation after concluding no crime was committed. "The case is closed and we have nothing to add," a police spokesman said. Mr. Beddeleem is now in hiding.

A Surveyor Taking Photographs

His ordeal began on Friday, Sept. 25. Someone's child -- nobody knows whose -- seems to have told a parent that a man was taking photographs. In fact, a city surveyor was at work with a camera near the school preparing a study for the construction of a new square.

Armand Pierrot, the headmaster of the Georges-Andrique school, which is attended by 327 children between the ages of 6 and 12, said he was abruptly called to the door of the school, where he found about 20 enraged parents.

"They were saying there were children with throats slit," he recalled. "One woman said there were two children in the field behind the school with their stomachs cut open."

Having asked what evidence there was, and receiving no clear reply, Mr. Pierrot urged the crowd to calm down. Eventually, the parents dispersed.

Rumor Grows

But by that evening, the story had mushroomed. Accounts began to circulate that 13 children had been found with their throats slit in the cellar of one of the high-rises; in the gym of a nearby school called La Greuze it was said that a young girl had been carved up. These stories were apparently fueled by the presence of policemen in the Beau-Marais -- although in fact they had come to stop a man threatening to commit suicide by jumping from a sixth-floor window.

A scapegoat for the imagined crimes was now found. Mr. Beddeleem, a former drug addict with a heavily pock-marked face, had come to Calais from Paris to live with his mother, Marie-Christine Tueux, three days before.

Having been raised in an orphanage after his Tunisian father disappeared and his mother was jailed for stealing, and then living a gangland life of petty thefts and drugs in Paris, he was now seeking a new start in a new town where he would be reconciled with his mother.

Speaking by telephone from a hiding place after being contacted by his mother, Mr. Beddeleem said his attempt to start over was brutally cut short. The day after the rumors began to circulate, he was stopped at gunpoint in the Beau-Marais by a group of men who accused him of taking lewd photographs of their children and being a rapist.

"It was enough that my face is heavily marked for them to assume I cannot satisfy my sexual needs normally," he said. "And it was enough that my father is Tunisian for them to start calling me a dirty Arab."

Press Coverage Fuels Hysteria

Within three days of the onset of the hysteria the situation had spun out of control. Although the area's regional newspaper, La Voix du Nord, had immediately reported that the police had found no evidence to back any of the suggested crimes, the rumors continued to increase. Indeed, as press coverage of the bizarre events spread to national newspapers and television, people in the Beau-Marais seem to have concluded that if there was all this attention something must have happened.

By Monday, Mr. Pierrot, the headmaster, said he found about 200 people outside the school, some of them with megaphones, screaming that countless children had been burned alive and vowing to lynch Mr. Beddeleem.

When police detained the young man for two days, starting that Monday, and brought him to the school, there were scenes of chaos as parents hurled abuse at him. But asked to describe the man who had allegedly been taking pictures, some children said he was blond, others dark; some said he was fat, others thin; some said he had blue eyes while others said he was wearing sun-glasses.

Mr. Beddeleem was released.

Still, his specter lurks in the Beau-Marais. Rosine, a mother of three who refused to give her last name, insisted that a little girl had indeed had her stomach cut open in the nearby Greuze school, and that signs could still be seen in the neighborhood saying, "Blond girls and boys, I will have you."

Asked how she knew all this, she said she had been told by friends. Everyone, it seems, has been told something by friends. Jean Boin, another unemployed resident, said: "Of course the guy was taking photos. That's what I heard."

Mother Is Under Siege

Mrs. Tueux, surrounded by four of her eight children in her subsidized apartment next to the school, is still besieged. Her door has twice been broken down. Last week, she said, a neighbor exposed himself to her youngest child and threatened to sodomize her. She is afraid to go out.

"My son Christophe was a drug addict, but he took a cure and he has no history of violence," she said. "He is innocent."

Mr. Beddeleem said: "I came back to my mother's home, which became our home. But now neither of us has a home thanks to the hatred of people here."

Around Calais, officials are still trying to explain the hysteria. Racist violence had been little know here, a town where there are few immigrants and most anger against foreigners is reserved for the English who pour across the channel from Dover. But in the Beau-Marais, it seems that a combination of boredom, frustration, fear, anger and ghoulish television-fed fantasy had slowly built to breaking-point.

"The place is a ghetto," said Mr. Sajot, the deputy mayor. "Most people are out of work with scant prospects. When the police came and then television crews, rumor became fact and the place snapped."

Olivier Duhamel, a sociologist at the Sorbonne, suggested that the incident was typical of period of deep uncertainty in Europe in which people found solace by joining in hating a scapegoat. "It's an exemplary tale of a time when demons abound," he said.

**Graphic**

Photo: Marie-Christine Tueux, whose 19-year-old son, Christophe Beddeleem, was hounded from their neighborhood in Calais, France, after rumors that a young man had raped and murdered children. Mrs. Tueux, marooned in her apartment, is now afraid even to bring her younger children to school. (Roger Cohen/The New York Times)

Map of France showing location of Calais.

**Load-Date:** October 30, 1992

**End of Document**



[***Neo-Neo Realism***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:7V8S-PYJ1-2PBB-20H2-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 22, 2009 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2009 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section MM; Column 0; Magazine Desk; Pg. 38

**Length:** 5023 words

**Byline:** By A.O. SCOTT

A.O. Scott, a chief film critic at The Times, last wrote for the magazine about the impact of the small screen on the movies.

**Body**

IT IS NOW ALMOST A YEAR SINCE ''Wendy and Lucy'' played in Cannes -- not a watershed moment in the history of cinema, perhaps, but a quiet harbinger. Kelly Reichardt's third feature, about the struggles of a young woman and her dog stranded in an Oregon town en route to Alaska, was certainly among the more admired films in a strong festival, where it showed out of competition. But by the time it opened in New York last December, the movie, a modest, quiet, 80-minute study in loneliness and desperation, seemed like something more -- not so much a premonition of hard times ahead as a confirmation that they had arrived.

''Wendy and Lucy,'' with Michelle Williams in one title role (the other belonged to Reichardt's dog), had a successful art-house run and found its way onto many critics' year-end best-of lists (including mine). There was some talk of an Oscar nomination for Williams, who was so believably ordinary in her look and so rigorously un-actressy in her manner that you could easily forget her celebrity. But ''Wendy and Lucy,'' released by Oscilloscope Laboratories, a small and ambitious new distributor started by Adam Yauch, a member of the Beastie Boys, would have looked a little awkward alongside the other Academy Award nominees. It's true that the big winner, ''Slumdog Millionaire,'' concerns itself with poverty and disenfranchisement, but it also celebrates, both in its story and in its exuberant, sentimental spirit, the magical power of popular culture to conquer misery, to make dreams come true. And the major function of Oscar night is to affirm that gauzy, enchanting notion.

The world of ''Wendy and Lucy'' offers little in the way of enchantment but rather a different, more austere kind of beauty. And while Wendy, at the end of the film, is poignantly, even devastatingly alone, the film itself now seems to be in good company. This spring, as the blockbuster machinery shifts gears from ''Watchmen'' to ''Wolverine,'' a handful of small movies from relatively young directors are setting out to expand, modestly but with notable seriousness, the scope of American filmmaking.

''Goodbye Solo'' is the third feature directed by Ramin Bahrani, a New York-based filmmaker whose previous movies, ''Man Push Cart'' and ''Chop Shop,'' explored corners of the city rarely acknowledged by Hollywood. In the weeks following its debut at the end of this month, Bahrani's movie will be joined by -- and, given the beleaguered state of distribution for noncommercial movies these days, may have to compete with -- Ryan Fleck and Anna Boden's ''Sugar'' and So Yong Kim's ''Treeless Mountain,'' each a second feature. All of these films -- like ''Wendy and Lucy'' and Lance Hammer's ''Ballast,'' which came out last fall -- were highlights of the 2008 film-festival calendar, showing up at Cannes, Sundance, Toronto and elsewhere.

The lives they illuminate, of fictional characters most often played by nonactors from similar backgrounds, are not commonly depicted on screen: the Senegalese cabdriver in Winston-Salem, N.C., whose friendship with a customer is at the center of ''Goodbye Solo''; the aspiring baseball player in ''Sugar'' who is transplanted from the Dominican Republic to rural Iowa; the African-American shopkeeper in a sparsely populated stretch of the Mississippi Delta whose grief is the dominant mood of ''Ballast''; the two very young Korean girls abandoned by their mother in an unfamiliar provincial town in ''Treeless Mountain.'' But these people and their situations are nonetheless recognizable, familiar on a basic human level even if their particular predicaments are not. And if the kind of movie they inhabit is not entirely new -- the common ancestor that established their species identity is a well-known Italian bicycle thief -- their unassuming arrival on a few screens nonetheless seems vital, urgent and timely.

WHAT KIND OF MOVIES do we need now? It's a question that seems to arise almost automatically in times of crisis. It was repeatedly posed in the swirl of post-9/11 anxiety and confusion, and the consensus answer, at least among studio executives and the entertainment journalists who transcribe their insights, was that, in the wake of such unimaginable horror, we needed fantasy, comedy, heroism. In practice, the response turned out to be a little more complicated -- some angry political documentaries and earnest wartime melodramas made it into movie theaters during the Bush years, and a lot of commercial spectacles arrived somber in mood and heavy with subtext-- but such exceptions did little to dent the conventional wisdom.

And as a new set of worries and fears has crystallized in recent months -- lost jobs and homes, corroded values and vanished credit -- the dominant cultural oracles have come to pretty much the same conclusions. Remember the '30s, when we danced through the Depression with Fred Astaire and Busby Berkeley and giggled amid the gloom with Lubitsch and the Marx Brothers? (Not many of us do, of course, which makes this kind of selective memory easier to promote.) Then as now, what we wanted most was to forget our troubles. In recession, as in war -- and also, conveniently, in times of peace or prosperity -- the movies we evidently need are the ones that offer us the possibility, however fanciful or temporary, of escape.

Maybe so. But what if, at least some of the time, we feel an urge to escape from escapism? For most of the past decade, magical thinking has been elevated from a diversion to an ideological principle. The benign faith that dreams will come true can be hard to distinguish from the more sinister seduction of believing in lies. To counter the tyranny of fantasy entrenched on Wall Street and in Washington as well as in Hollywood, it seems possible that engagement with the world as it is might reassert itself as an aesthetic strategy. Perhaps it would be worth considering that what we need from movies, in the face of a dismaying and confusing real world, is realism.

In 1940, Otis Ferguson, the plain-spoken film critic of The New Republic, saw unbounded democratic potential in this still-young art form's connection to the everyday. ''Like the novel,'' he wrote, ''the fiction film is wide open to anyone who can use it to advantage. Unlike the novel . . . it has taken all of actual life to be its province.'' By ''all of actual life,'' Ferguson meant the ordinary modes of existence idealized in the political idioms of the time as belonging to the common man. The faithful representation of ''the majority of people'' was the very substance of what Ferguson grandly called ''the promise of the movie in America.''

But in the decades that followed, American movies had other, gaudier promises to keep. Which is not to say that realism was altogether forsaken as a practice or an ideal -- it strutted its hour on the Broadway stage with Arthur Miller and Elia Kazan in the '40s and '50s, and some of its theatrical cachet migrated briefly from there to Hollywood. But more radical and innovative cinematic explorations of ''actual life'' occurred elsewhere, most notably in Italy, where filmmakers during and after the Second World War, driven by a mixture of necessity and inspiration, invented Neorealism.

Their methods included the casting of nonprofessional actors, often portraying characters close to their real selves; the use of unadorned, specific locations and an absorption in the ordinary details of work, school and domesticity. Some of the first Neorealist masterpieces -- Roberto Rossellini's ''Open City'' and ''Paisan,'' for example -- were stories of war staged in the immediate aftermath of the fighting. But it was in the late '40s, a moment of economic crisis and political turmoil, that the movement achieved its characteristic form in movies like Luchino Visconti's ''Terra Trema'' (1948) and Vittorio De Sica's ''Bicycle Thief'' (1948), an international sensation at the time and still perhaps the single best known Neorealist work.

These movies, made by directors closely (if not always comfortably) aligned with the Italian Communist Party, concerned themselves with the plight of the poor, in Visconti's case a family of Sicilian fishermen, in De Sica's a Roman man fighting to keep himself, his wife and their young son from destitution. Neither ''La Terra Trema'' nor ''The Bicycle Thief'' is exactly subtle in its politics: they paint a somber picture of a society ruled by exploitation, mistrust and an imperious bureaucratic state. But if they were merely didactic -- simple indictments of the system or hymns to the nobility of the proletariat -- the postwar films of Visconti and De Sica would now most likely be regarded as historical curiosities rather than as artistic touchstones. Their art lies not in their messages but in their discovery of a mysterious, volatile alloy of documentary and theatrical elements. Simple, fablelike tales unfold to the beat of quotidian rhythms -- the morning bustle and noontime stillness of Roman streets; the implacable movement of the tides on a primordial stretch of coastline -- and the faces of characters show not only emotion but also the natural reserve of people whose dignity is at stake. The ''star'' of ''The Bicycle Thief,'' a steelworker named Lamberto Maggiorani, is hesitant and inarticulate in ways that capture, with a gravity few professionals could approximate, the character's struggle to maintain some control over his circumstances.

That character, Antonio Ricci, wants to work and finds a job pasting movie posters to empty stretches of roadside wall. He gets the job because he owns a bicycle, and when it is stolen, everything else starts to unravel -- Antonio's status as a father and a husband, his confidence in the efficacy of the law and the decency of other people, his ethical grounding. Antonio's dream of autonomy, humble as it may be, is cruelly untenable -- a fate he shares with the fishermen of ''La Terra Trema,'' whose attempts to own and operate their boats founder in the face of social injustice, poor planning and plain bad luck. Though these stories end in disappointment, they are somehow the opposite of depressing. Neorealism rests equally on the acknowledgment that life is hard and the recognition that life goes on, that there is something in human nature that will persist in the face of defeat.

In the '50s and after, Visconti and De Sica -- and Italian cinema generally -- moved on, to bigger stories and more elaborate productions. The Neorealist impulse, however, proved remarkably mobile and adaptable. It might be thought of less as a style or genre than as an ethic that finds expression in various places at critical times -- touching down in Bengal in the '50s and early '60s and infusing the work of Satyajit Ray; migrating through Brazil in the '60s, Senegal in the '70s and '80s and Iran in the '90s; surfacing in the recent waves of post-Soviet cinema from Romania to Kazakhstan. But in the United States, Neorealism has sent up only fragile shoots, popping up at the edges even of what is habitually and somewhat misleadingly known as independent film. Historians will point to outliers like ''The Exiles,'' Kent MacKenzie's 1961 drama about Native Americans living in the Bunker Hill section of Los Angeles, or Charles Burnett's ''Killer of Sheep'' (1977), a small masterpiece steeped in the details of black ***working-class*** life in Watts. These films, and a handful of others like them -- David Gordon Green's ''George Washington'' (2000) and Jim McKay's ''Our Song'' (2001) serve as more recent examples -- offer not only bracing, poetic views of real life but also tantalizing glimpses of a cinematic tradition that might have been. Their local, intimate narratives remind you that, in spite of the abundance of American movies, there is an awful lot of American life that remains off screen.

''The Exiles'' and ''Killer of Sheep,'' long known more by reputation than firsthand, were recently revived in theaters. Burnett's film is finally on DVD, and MacKenzie's will be later this year. The timing of their availability -- and the appreciative attention they received from critics and cinephiles -- hardly seems coincidental. American film is having its Neorealist moment, and not a moment too soon.

''WHY SHOOT THIS WAY?'' That was the question Ramin Bahrani, the 34-year-old director of ''Man Push Cart,'' ''Chop Shop'' and ''Goodbye Solo,'' asked when I sat down with him in the back corner of a West Village cafe on a frigid afternoon not long ago. It was our third meeting. Two weeks earlier, we ate lunch together at a noisy Dominican restaurant in a workaday, relatively unhipsterized corner of Williamsburg not far from his apartment, and more recently I spent most of a day following Bahrani from a classroom at Columbia University, where he was teaching a graduate course on directing, to a downtown screening room, where he was checking the color on new prints of ''Goodbye Solo.'' On those occasions, our conversations had ranged far and wide. We had discussed Dostoyevsky and Persian poetry, the logistics of location shooting and the mysteries of effective casting, the shortcomings of ''Slumdog Millionaire'' and the virtues of ''The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance.''

But it seems we had not quite gotten to the heart of the matter, and Bahrani, politely reversing the usual protocols of journalist-subject relations, e-mailed me to request a further interview. Tall, thin and stoop-shouldered, with a calm voice and gracious demeanor that only partly disguise an almost-feverish intellectual intensity, Bahrani greeted me with the question I had been asking myself somewhat obsessively over the past few years, inspired by the appearance of movies like ''Chop Shop'' and ''Man Push Cart'' at festivals and on art-house screens. ''Why realism?''

When ''Man Push Cart'' surfaced in 2006, those who saw it had the experience of discovering something that they couldn't quite believe hadn't been done before. The film follows a Pakistani immigrant named Ahmad -- played by Ahmad Razvi, whom Bahrani discovered in the Midwood section of Brooklyn, home to many South Asian cabdrivers and pushcart vendors -- through the dramas and routines that define his working life. Ahmad, who operates a coffee cart, is hardly an unusual figure on the streets of New York but rather the kind of guy nearly everyone who works in a Midtown office building has encountered many times. He is also a dreamer, a lover, a hustler, a former pop singer and, not incidentally, a Muslim man making his way through a city still gripped by post-9/11 anxiety.

But if ''Man Push Cart'' can fairly be described as an immigrant's story, a home-front tale from the War on Terror, it is none of these things in the usual way. It is not, in other words, a parable of the melting pot or a lesson in tolerance. And even though Bahrani's subsequent films are also about immigrants working their way toward some version of the American dream -- a Dominican doing odd jobs amid the low-rent mechanics and auto-body repair technicians of Willets Point, Queens, in ''Chop Shop''; an African man ferrying passengers through the North Carolina night in ''Goodbye Solo'' -- their multiculturalism is not a theme but a fact.

Bahrani describes these characters as outsiders, but in a sense that designation is as much existential -- the image conjured by the title ''Man Push Cart'' was inspired by Albert Camus's ''Myth of Sisyphus'' -- as sociological. Bahrani, whose parents emigrated from Iran before he was born, grew up in Winston-Salem, with only a few other Persian families in the area. In 1998, Bahrani went to Tehran, planning a six-week stay in his parents' homeland, which he had never visited, and ended up living there for almost three years. He was, he says now, amazed by the complexity and energy of the city, the way it scrambled all different types of people together and forced them to deal with one another. ''This is the part of New York that reminds me of Tehran,'' he said to me one windy afternoon as we walked east under the train tracks in Williamsburg. He did not mean the demographic particulars -- a smattering of arty establishments among the bodegas, chop shops and dollar discount stores, with blue-collar Latino blocks flanking one side of the avenue and Hasidic enclaves on the other -- so much as the hectic, patchwork ambience of work and idleness, affluence and hardship.

In Tehran -- whose metropolitan area has almost double the population of New York -- this atmosphere was overwhelming, he said, and he tried to make his first feature there. It was going to be an urban romance, ''something like what Wong Kar-wai did in 'Fallen Angels.' Not like an Iranian movie at all.'' After Sept. 11, it proved impossible to secure financing for such a movie. Bahrani came back to America and, as he put it, instead of making ''a Taiwanese-style movie in Tehran,'' set about shooting ''an Iranian-style movie here in New York.''

''Man Push Cart'' is just that, which is to say that it shows the influence of Iranian filmmakers like Abbas Kiarostami and Amir Naderi, who refined the old Neorealist spirit through the 1990s and into the next decade. Most of the scenes in the film take place outdoors, and while there is a clear, poignant story, it takes shape not through expository dialogue but through gestures, actions and details that the camera absorbs in long, patient shots.

''Chop Shop,'' released last winter, is, if anything, even more deeply Iranian in mood and method, in part because its protagonist is a child -- something of a hallmark of Kiarostami's mid-'90s work in particular -- and also because it seems at once utterly naturalistic and meticulously composed. The main characters are Ale (short for Alejandro), an energetic 12-year-old, and his older sister, Izzy (short for Isamar), who comes to stay with him in his makeshift quarters above the car-repair shop where he does odd jobs. There is no back story -- no flashbacks or conversations about how they arrived at this state of virtual orphanhood in the shadow of Shea Stadium -- and, at first, only the whisper of a plot.

A conventional way to explain what this movie feels like is to say that it's like a documentary, but this is misleading. To some degree, the sense of uninflected realness comes from the authenticity of the setting. Bahrani and his cast and crew spent months in the area of Willets Point, known as the Iron Triangle, and some of the workers and business owners in the neighborhood appear in the film. But Bahrani also spent a long time rehearsing with Alejandro Polanco and Isamar Gonzales, the amateur actors who play Ale and Izzy, and when it came time to shoot, he pushed them through 20 or 30 takes of each scene. Every camera movement, nearly every bit of incidental business -- a plastic bag blowing along a dark, empty street like a tumbleweed; a pigeon fluttering into the frame -- was blocked out, controlled, adjusted, repeated.

All of this, he explained, was in the interest of clarity -- the necessity of communicating, at any given point in the story, what the characters are doing and why. It was a notion Bahrani impressed rigorously, perhaps even ruthlessly, on his students at Columbia, whose three- or four-minute scenes (drawn from longer scripts they had written) he took apart shot by shot, word by word. His insistence on the tiniest details of camera movement, expression and composition was a reminder to them -- and also to me -- that transparency, immediacy and a sense of immersion in life are not the automatic results of turning on a camera but rather effects achieved through the painstaking application of craft.

And movies, even as they take their audiences on virtual journeys into hidden pockets or unexplored reaches of experience, are also frequently responses to other movies. ''Goodbye Solo,'' for instance, is in part an answer to, or a variation on, some of the themes and problems suggested by Kiarostami's ''Taste of Cherry.'' That film, which shared the Palme d'Or at Cannes in 1997, explores the uneasy bond between a driver and passenger, one of whom turns out to want the other's help in committing suicide.

A similar relationship is at the center of ''Goodbye Solo,'' in which Solo begins to suspect that a regular customer, a crusty old Southerner named William, is preparing for his own death. But the link between ''Solo'' and its precursor is not one of quotation or allusion -- the viewer who has not seen Kiarostami's movie does not miss anything essential in Bahrani's; nor is the moviegoer who spots the connection rewarded with the self-admiring frisson that comes, say, when you decode a King Hu or Godard reference embedded in a Quentin Tarantino film.

''In Persian culture there's something called tazmin,'' Bahrani told me, ''which is a longstanding tradition of poets taking one line or one beat or one idea from an earlier poem, picking it up and putting it in their own poem and going on from there.'' His own borrowings are not acts of imitation or homage but rather attempts to absorb and extend what other filmmakers have done. And you can see a similar process of appropriation and modification going on in ''Wendy and Lucy,'' for instance, which seems to pick up an idea from De Sica's ''Umberto D'' -- a lost dog as symbol and symptom of an increasingly heartless society -- and follow it from the bustle of Rome into the silence of the Pacific Northwest. And Reichardt's film, based on a story by her frequent collaborator Jonathan Raymond, also shows some affinities with ''Rosetta,'' Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne's groundbreaking and relentless 1999 film about a young ***working-class*** Belgian in a state of stubborn, futile revolt against her circumstances.

''Rosetta,'' whose heroine is unforgettably vivid and not entirely sympathetic, was the movie that inspired ''In Between Days,'' So Yong Kim's debut feature, an almost painfully intimate immersion in the life of a Korean girl drifting through adolescence in a wintry North American city. Kim, who started out as an experimental filmmaker, was drawn into narrative filmmaking partly through the example of her husband, Bradley Rust Gray, also a director. To make her second film, ''Treeless Mountain,'' Kim, who came to the United States when she was 12, returned to her family's hometown in Korea. The story -- two sisters must learn to cope with life as unwelcome wards of their moody, alcoholic aunt -- had been on her mind for some time, but it was ''Nobody Knows,'' a 2004 film by the Japanese director Hirokazu Kore-eda, that persuaded her to try to bring the story to the screen. ''Nobody Knows'' is also about abandoned children -- four kids left by their mother to fend for themselves in a small Tokyo apartment -- but the inspiration Kim drew from it was as much practical as thematic. That Kore-eda managed to draw such delicate, authentic performances from very young children encouraged Kim to try something similar.

''I was in Toronto, with 'In Between Days,' '' Kim said in an interview, ''and I saw Kore-eda, and I went up to him and asked him: 'How did you do it? How did you work with those kids?' '' The language barrier prevented her from getting the answer she wanted -- ''he was giving all these long answers, and the translator turned around and said, 'Kore-eda san says, ''Everything is good with Super 16,'' ' and that was it!'' -- but further research helped her figure out what to do once she found the right children. The girls who play the sisters, 5 and 7 when shooting started, did not know anything about the story they were enacting. ''We set up rules, like a game or something,'' Kim explained. ''There were four or five rules: You can't look at me, you can't look at the camera, you can't leave the set until I say 'cut' and you have to repeat whatever I say, with all the other rules still applying.''

From this simple, mechanical process, a luminous, poignant story takes shape. And the accessibility of the story, the vividness of the emotions within it, is an important feature of the kind of realism that Kim and her peers practice. ''Treeless Mountain'' is not a difficult or an obscure movie. Nor, for all its lyricism, is ''Ballast,'' in which Lance Hammer uses the reticence of his actors and the strangeness of the Delta landscape to lay bare complex, primal feelings of loss, loyalty and fear. And ''Sugar,'' Ryan Fleck and Anna Boden's new movie, is in some respects a classic sports picture, its narrative engine the familiar, quintessentially American drive to make it in the big leagues. You will recognize a lot of what you see, if you take the time to look.

AN INTEREST IN MOVIES from other countries is too often, even among people who should know better, taken as a sign of snobbery, an overrefined devotion to the esoteric and the difficult. There may be some commercial benefit as well as creative satisfaction in aspiring to be the next Tarantino or Scorsese -- or even the next Spike Lee, Kevin Smith or Wes Anderson. But to set out to be the next Dardenne Brothers, the next Kore-eda or the next Kiarostami is to court stares of incomprehension from your peers and polite demurrals from financial backers. American filmmakers who decline to follow the standard career path, in which a low-budget, independent debut leads to festival exposure and, eventually, work for hire in Hollywood, are themselves outsiders of a kind, subsisting on the edges of the entertainment marketplace. This marginality is a challenge for filmmakers -- some of them, like poets and novelists, support themselves between projects by teaching, as Bahrani and Reichardt do. But it is also, more important, a loss for the moviegoing public, which finds itself at once glutted with choices and starved for meaning. There are so many movies. How do we know which ones matter?

Nearly every movie, good or bad, commercial or independent, asks a version of that question: What matters? It's a big question sometimes most effectively addressed on a small scale. ''Goodbye Solo'' is a film that, in its final moments, contemplates death, nature and the fragility of human identity in an indifferent universe. But it is also the story of a man striving to improve his lot, to move up, quite literally, from taxi-driving to a career as a flight attendant. This ambition is not just a matter of better working conditions or more money; work is never only about those things. Solo's upward striving is an expression of his optimism, which in turn is crucial to his sense of himself as a man, a husband and stepfather, a friend and, though he would never put it so bluntly, an American.

Similarly, the main narrative of Lance Hammer's ''Ballast,'' like that of ''Goodbye Solo,'' is not directly concerned with money or work. It dwells on the stricken reaction of Lawrence, a stolid bear of a man (played with heartbreaking stoicism by Micheal J. Smith, another remarkable nonprofessional) to the suicide of his twin brother and his subsequent rapprochement with the brother's son and former wife. But at the center of this family drama is the store Lawrence and his brother owned, a small commercial enterprise whose continued existence becomes a tangible metaphor for enigmatic, ungraspable questions of life and death.

Money is never just money; a job is always more than a job. In ''Chop Shop,'' young Ale is saving to buy an old van that he plans to convert into a food-vending truck, in effect an expanded version of Ahmad's coffee cart in ''Man Push Cart.'' Once this happens, everything will fall into place; Ale and his sister will have the comfort and security that is so evidently lacking in their lives. Wendy in ''Wendy and Lucy'' is, like Ale, almost entirely preoccupied with money. The notebooks where you might expect to find a young woman's spiritual reflections or earnest love poems are instead filled with numbers. Wendy is budgeting her supply of cash, calculating how much will go for food and gas. Once she reaches Alaska, Wendy hopes to find work in a fish-canning factory. After that, everything will be fine.

The young Dominican pitcher in ''Sugar'' may seem, at first, to harbor a loftier, more glittery dream -- he is working for a shot at the major leagues -- but it is based in some pretty earthbound desires. He wants to help his mother finish a small addition to her low-ceilinged, cinder-block house, and to give her a new table. He might also want fame, glory, money and women -- he is 19, after all -- but these are expressions of that basic impulse to get ahead.

I don't want to spoil any plots, but if you have read this far, it will hardly surprise you to learn that, in these movies, dreams generally do not come true. Antonio Ricci never did recover his bicycle.

''They all of them, in a way, can be connected to the myth of Sisyphus,'' Rahmin Bahrani said to me, as our conversation ranged from his own films to those of his peers and precursors. ''Because it's like, that's it: you will push the stone up to the top, and it will come back down again.'' In contrast, Bahrani said, Hollywood wish-fulfillment tales -- or the faux-independent dramas of adversity followed by third-act redemption -- did not strike him as hopeful at all. ''They just don't make any sense,'' he said. ''They create massive confusion.'' To which his own films (and films like ''Ballast,'' ''Wendy and Lucy,'' ''Sugar'' and ''Treeless Mountain'') might serve, in their very different ways, as an antidote. Not because they offer grim counsels of despair or paint lurid tableaux of desperation but rather because they take what has always seemed seductively easy about moviemaking -- the camera can show us the world -- and make it look hard. Their characters undergo a painful process of disillusionment, and then keep going. The disappointment they encounter -- the grit with which they face it, the grace with which it is conveyed -- becomes, for the audience, a kind of exhilaration. What happens at the end of a dream? You wake up.

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

**Graphic**

PHOTOS: TOP ROW: Ramin Bahrani's GOODBYE SOLO

Anna Boden and Ryan Fleck's HALF NELSON

Bahrani's CHOP SHOP

Lance Hammer's BALLAST

So Yong Kim's IN BETWEEN DAYS. BOTTOM ROW: Kelly Reichardt's OLD JOY

Kim's TREELESS MOUNTAIN

Reichardt's WENDY AND LUCY (PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOP ROW: HOOMAN BAHRANI

THINKFILM/PHOTOFEST

JON HIGGINS

LOL CRAWLEY/STRAND RELEASING/PHOTOFEST

K INO INTERNATIONAL.)

(PHOTOGRAPH BY BOTTOM ROW: KINO INTERNATIONAL

OSCI LLOSCOPE LABORATORIES (2)

FERNANDO CALZADA/SONY PICTURES CLASSICS

JON HIGGINS.)(pg. MM38)

(pg. MM39)

FROM TOP: RAMIN BAHRANI on the set of ''Goodbye Solo''

ANNA BODEN AND RYAN FLECK on the set of ''Sugar''

SO YONG KIM (in baseball cap) on the set of ''Treeless Mountain''

KELLY REICHARDT on the set of ''Wendy and Lucy.''(PHOTOGRAPH BY FROM TOP: HOOMAN BAHRANI

FERNANDO CALZADA/SONY PICTURES CLASSICS

EUN YOUNG K IM AND BRADLEY RUST GRAY

OSCILLOSCOPE LABORATORIES.)(pg. MM41)

It Started ith a Bicycle . . .: FROM LEFT: ''The Bicycle Thief'' (Italy), directed by Vittorio De Sica, 1948

''The Exiles'' (United States), directed by Kent MacKenzie, 1961

''Deus e o Diabo na Terra do Sol'' (Brazil), directed by Glauber Rocha, 1964

''A Taste of Cherry'' (Iran), directed by Abbas Kiarostami, 1997.(PHOTOGRAPH BY FROM LEFT: ARTHUR MAYER & JOSEPH BURSTYN INC./PHOTOFEST

MILESTONE/PHOTOFEST

NEW YORKER F ILMS/PHOTOFEST

ZEITGEIST F ILMS/PHOTOFEST)(pg. MM42)

FROM LEFT: ''Rosetta'' (Belgium), directed by Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne, 1999

''Nobody Knows'' (Japan), directed by Hirokazu Kore-eda, 2004

''Flight of the Red Balloon'' (France/China), directed by Hou Hsiao Hsien, 2007

''Tulpan'' (Kazakhstan), directed by Sergei Dvortsevoyy, 2008.(PHOTOGRAPH BY OCTOBER FILMS/PHOTOFEST

KAWAUCHI RINKO/ IFC F ILMS

TSAI CHENG-TAI/I FC F I LMS

ZEI TGEI ST F ILMS/PHOTOFEST.)(pg. MM43)

**Load-Date:** March 22, 2009

**End of Document**



[***The Next TriBeCa? Stick a Pin in the Map***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4DFY-D160-TW8F-G1YF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

October 3, 2004 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Column 3; Metropolitan Desk; Second Front; Pg. 39

**Length:** 1726 words

**Byline:** By JOSEPH BERGER

**Body**

It has become a familiar New York story: Another neighborhood written off as doomed becomes the Next New Thing.

Twenty-five years ago, dowdy TriBeCa, the Upper West Side and Park Slope began blossoming into some of the city's most alluring places to live, prompting thousands of daydreaming home buyers to slap their heads and ask, ''Why didn't I buy there?''

Then far bleaker neighborhoods like Harlem, the South Bronx, Fort Greene and Williamsburg saw their rubble-blanketed lots, burnt-out shells and down-at-the-heels brownstones transformed into appealing, sometimes voguish habitats. Now even the badlands of East New York, Bushwick and Red Hook are luring adventurous developers and homesteaders. There is scarcely a New York neighborhood that is not on an upswing.

''Every borough and every section of every borough has a huge success story today,'' said Julia Vitullo-Martin, a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute, a conservative policy group, who specializes in development. ''You can sort of name your borough. They've all had amazing resurrections.''

Some of the forces that have been pressing gentrification into once-pariah neighborhoods are well documented. Crime has plummeted since 1990, when a record 2,245 murders were recorded -- more than three times current levels -- rendering once treacherous blocks safe once more. Then, too, escalating housing prices in sturdy neighborhoods have forced buyers and renters with more shallow pockets to look at the city's ragged margins.

But urban experts say that there are other elements that have come together to fuel this across-the-board metamorphosis of the city's real estate.

Municipal government, starting with the Koch administration in the late 1970's, can claim large credit for rebuilding properties taken for nonpayment of taxes, and providing tax abatements for landlords who rehabilitated their apartment houses. John H. Mollenkopf, director of the Center for Urban Research at the City University of New York, estimates the amount the city spent on rebuilding over the years at $5 billion.

''There were places in the South Bronx where some buildings got rehabilitated a couple of times before it took,'' said Mr. Mollenkopf. ''There must have been many moments when people thought 'this is folly.'''

Indeed, in 1976 one housing expert, Roger Starr, looking out at acres of the postwar-Berlin-like wasteland in the South Bronx, proposed ''planned shrinkage'' of such areas, urging that the luckless remaining residents be encouraged to leave and that subway and other services be cut off. Wiser heads prevailed. The subsequent waves of construction, prompted by the city, primed the pump for investments by private developers. It encouraged banks to again lend money and spurred insurers to issue fire and damage policies.

Spending on transportation has also helped fuel real estate development across the city. The breathtaking improvements in the reliability and ambience of the subways -- even the ability to transfer from buses to trains without paying another fare -- have helped revive neighborhoods far from Midtown.

And the city's population has rebounded after falling to almost 7 million in 1980. The Department of City Planning estimates that 8.15 million now live in the five boroughs and that, by some projections, more than 9 million could be living here within 20 years. All those additional people need shelter. Since comparatively little new housing is available in established neighborhoods, prices in those areas have skyrocketed. So many who want to live in New York -- which imposes far lower real estate taxes than the suburbs and where a car is often not necessary -- are willing to gamble on once moribund blocks. A study to be released soon, by Mitchell L. Moss, professor of urban planning at the Robert F. Wagner Graduate School of Public Service at New York University, and Hugh O'Neill, president of Appleseed, an economic development consulting firm, has found that building permits for privately owned residential properties increased by more than 40 percent between 2000 and 2003, rising to 99,320 permits issued.

Much of the population spurt is the result of immigration, and many newcomers from overseas have been open to living in racially diverse neighborhoods and have shown the spunk to risk their life savings on still-shabby blocks. Immigrants, including many from China, India and the West Indies, look to real estate as a way to make their American fortune, often using the income stream from renting half of a two-family home as a springboard. It's not a coincidence that many of the neighborhoods gentrifying now are full of two- and three-family homes.

The city is also attracting young singles and couples from all over the country in record numbers, said Professor Moss. ''This is the city where a good waiter can make $100,000,'' he said. ''You can find ways to do well in New York City without having a college degree.''

Many of these young people, said Jerome Krase, a professor emeritus of sociology at Brooklyn College, are drawn to polyglot neighborhoods like the Lower East Side and Williamsburg.

''Multicultural is now hot,'' said Mr. Krase. ''In the 60's and 70's people were seeking homogenous neighborhoods. Now they like the ambiance of multicultural. On the Lower East Side they're complaining that gentrification is changing the diversity of the neighborhood.''

The city has also been lucky that the nation's economy remained on a fairly high plane through the 1990's and into this decade, experts said, with real incomes rising and interest rates low enough to keep the mortgage market accessible to many first-time buyers. New York has also been fortunate because it has had a strong intellectual economy -- of finance, arts, journalism and entertainment -- that allowed it to weather the decline in manufacturing better than other American cities.

Perhaps no neighborhood demonstrates the city's reversal of fortune more palpably than East New York, a low-rise neighborhood in Brooklyn near the Queens border. Its run-down or ruined brick and wood-frame, two-family homes, poor schools, drug markets and soaring crime made it notorious as one of the city's worst places to live. In some corners more than half the lots were flattened by arson, abandonment, neglect and two riots. Even five years ago developers were skittish about investing.

But today nearly every vacant lot is spoken for, with spanking new two- and three-family row houses, and older homes being spruced up by longtime residents awakening to their new value.

''We're one of the last frontiers,'' said William S. Wilkins, the Empire Zones coordinator for the Local Development Corporation of East New York. ''It's the cheapest game in town. Where else are you going to find houses for $200,000 to $300,000 in Brooklyn?''

But African-American and Latino police officers, nurses, firefighters and civil servants are not the only ones snapping up houses in a neighborhood that has been largely black and Latino since the 1960's. So are newcomers to these parts -- Bangladeshis -- whose community is spilling over the border from Queens. The Millennium Homes company has built or is building 32 two- and three-family homes, many of which are being bought by Bangladeshis, according to Shariar Uddin, Millennium's sales director. Women in burkas are now a common sight along Pitkin Avenue in the heart of East New York. Several mosques have opened and groceries now sell Bangladeshi vegetables, spices, and halal meats.

''You need to mix up with American culture, and this is a neighborhood with mixed people,'' said Mohammed Hamid, a 52-year-old Bangladeshi mechanical engineer who is buying one of the 17 three-family Millennium homes on Shepherd Avenue and Essex Street near Pitkin Avenue.

Rashida Khanam, 46, a Bangladeshi widow with two daughters in college, chose to buy a three-family house in East New York rather than a more settled area like Astoria, Queens, where she has been renting, because the price was affordable. On periodic visits to a niece who already lived in East New York, she looked for evidence of any unpleasantness like crime that might change her mind. ''I didn't see anything bad,'' she said.

''I think the neighborhood will be O.K.,'' she said.

The much-praised Nehemiah Housing program, put together by a coalition of local churches on vacant land turned over by the city, has already built 2,900 homes in East New York and is now taking orders for 576 homes it will build near the new Gateway Mall by Jamaica Bay, filling in the last large swath of undeveloped land in that area. The mall, with Home Depot and Target stores, already attracts New Yorkers from miles around.

The area's factories and distribution warehouses, where products like pasta and light fixtures are made or stored, are humming with workers once more, with a vacancy rate estimated by some real estate agents at under 10 percent compared to 25 percent a decade ago. The neighborhood's most notorious school, Thomas Jefferson High School, where in 1992 two teenagers were shot to death an hour before Mayor David N. Dinkins was to visit, has been divided into five more manageable mini-schools, with such themes as civil rights and fire safety. A new family entertainment center, Madd Fun, with bumper cars and laser tag, is scheduled to open in about a month in a former doll factory.

Ben Shavolian, a developer who has built 25 houses in East New York, said he has been selling two-family homes, many just in the blueprint stage, for between $325,000 and $400,000. City Councilman Charles Barron of Brooklyn said he was worried that local residents will not be able to afford the new houses and tries to press developers appearing before the Council's land use committee to find ways of lowering their prices.

Mr. Wilkins, the Empire Zones coordinator, still notices the vestiges of earlier blight -- graffiti, buckled and weed-dappled sidewalks, boarded-up stores -- as well as the historically gritty features like the elevated train lines that have always kept East New York a ***working-class*** neighborhood. But he prefers to focus on the new houses sprouting on virtually every block he passes.

''It's not Shangri-La because you have the train,'' he said. ''But if you've been renting your whole life, this is the American dream.''

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

**Graphic**

Photos: Shariar Uddin, left, sales director of Millennium Homes, with Rashida Khanam and Mohammed Hamid, who have bought new homes in East New York.

Mr. Uddin prepared recently to show prospective buyers a home built by Millennium in East New York. (Photographs by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 39)

Traditional and modern dress mixing in front of a store on Liberty Avenue in East New York, Brooklyn. (Photo by Angel Franco/The New York Times)(pg. 42)Chart: ''Rebuilding Poor Neighborhoods''With real estate in established neighborhoods already very expensive, many poor neighborhoods have seen increases in population, income, educational attainment, and home buying. In many cases, these changes have occurred along with an influx of foreign-born residents. Here are three examples.Percentage increase between 1990 and 2000 in . . .EAST NEW YORK, BROOKLYNTotal population: 9.6Foreign-born: 42.0College-educated: 52.8Owner-occupied housing units: 42.7Median household income: 0.7MOTT HAVEN, BRONXTotal population: 7.0Foreign-born: 94.7College-educated: 86.5Owner-occupied housing units: 229.1Median household income: 29.1EAST HARLEM, MANHATTANTotal population: 10.6Foreign-born: 131.5College-educated: 44.8Owner-occupied housing units: 18.1Median household income: 10.0(Source by Analysis of U.S. Census Bureau data by the Queens College Department of Sociology)Maps of above mentioned areas. (pg. 42)

**Load-Date:** October 3, 2004

**End of Document**



[***FOR THE WORKER: CHANGING TIMES, NEW CHALLENGES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9C30-0007-J18P-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 2, 1985, Monday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section 1; Page 23, Column 1; Metropolitan Desk

**Length:** 1270 words

**Byline:** By ROBIN TONER

**Body**

He was a radio operator during World War II, and afterward Raymond Liebgott decided there was a future in all those tubes and wires. By the late 1940's, he was working on black-and-white televisions. By the 1980's, he was peering at circuitry so tiny he sometimes needed a microscope.

When Quentin Headen graduated from high school in 1981, he went to work as a trucker's helper, delivering freight in New York City. But he decided secretarial work was the wave of the future, and signed up for a course in word processing. Today, he said with a laugh, he considers himself ''light-blue collar.''

Mary Coradin became a directory assistance operator in 1963. She remembers hearing about the technology of the future, but said she could not comprehend it at the time. Today, she has grown accustomed to computerized directories and automated voices.

Article discusses changes in labor force over years; holds American workers today present a tableau of striking diversity and constant flux; old lines between blue and white collar are often blurred, more and more women are entering labor force and increasingly, end product of labor is not goods, but services; illustrations (M)

To many Americans, the archetype of the ***working-class*** laborer was the steelworker or the autoworker -blue-collar men in mills and factories, direct economic descendants of the workers who marched through New York City on the first Labor Day, 103 years ago.

A Changing Work Force

But American workers today present a tableau of striking diversity and constant flux. They include people like Mr. Liebgott, foot soldier in the electronics revolution; Mr. Headen, adaptable member of the service sector, and Mrs. Coradin, veteran of technological change that has transformed a traditional job.

Today, the old lines between blue and white collar are often blurred, some experts say. The workingman is often a woman. The sounds of work can be the soft hum and plunk of advanced automation. And, increasingly, the end product of labor is not goods, but services.

According to the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics, New York City's economy has undergone sweeping structural change in recent years. Since 1977, the city has lost more than 100,000 jobs in manufacturing, while it has gained more than 150,000 jobs in finance and business services, said Samuel M. Ehrenhalt, regional commissioner for the bureau.

Word processors, health technicians and millions of other workers in service industries are increasingly dominant in the ranks of labor - in the city, the state and the nation.

''During the 1970's, about 90 percent of all new jobs were added in service organizations,'' said a recent report by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. ''By 1990, service industries will employ almost three-quarters of the labor force.''

To that fundamental shift add the impact of technology.

''The computerization of the work place is fundamentally different than previous forms of automation,'' said Harley Shaiken, a research associate at M.I.T.

''It's a far more powerful technology, it's a far more pervasive technology, and it reorganizes not just specific jobs, but how factories and entire corporations are run,'' Mr. Shaiken said. Behind such trends are the lives of individual workers. In their attitudes toward their jobs, in their perceptions of the future, are glimpses of the American worker, circa 1985.

A 'Word Oriented' Environment

When Mr. Headen, son of a maintenance foreman, was searching for a vocation while a Brooklyn high school student, his advisers suggested cosmetology. So he pursued that training, although he heard throughout his high school years that secretarial work - of the computerized variety - was a growing field.

He took a detour after high school, working on trucks and in warehouses, but finally decided to enroll in an eight-month course in word processing at the Katharine Gibbs School. At the end of the course, the school asked him to stay on as an instructor.

Mr. Ehrenhalt suggested that workers like Mr. Headen were well-equipped for the future. ''More than ever, today's workers need to be able to function successfully in a word-oriented, information-intensive work environment,'' Mr. Ehrenhalt said in a recent report.

But Mr. Headen, polished and confident at the age of 21, indicated that change was the only constant he was counting on. ''It's hard to say that anyone is in 'the right field,' '' he said. ''You can be an expert with one machine today, and then tomorrow that machine is outdated.''

'You Really Never Know'

He has taught himself basic computer programming, he said, and prides himself on his adaptability. Where will he end up in the economy?

''I have no idea,'' he said with a laugh. ''That's the fun part about it. You really never know where you will land.''

As Mr. Headen embarks on his career, Mr. Liebgott, at age 64, stands just a year from retirement. In Federal labor statistics, Mr. Liebgott would be classified as a manufacturing worker. But the quiet intensity of the Loral Electronic Systems plant in the Bronx, where Mr. Liebgott works, is a world away from traditional factories.

He works in the testing department of the plant, which produces electronic systems for the military, such as radar warning devices. ''Everything is getting smaller and smaller all the time,'' said Mr. Liebgott, who works with the concentration of a jeweler.

When he first began working on radios ''it was all tubes,'' Mr. Liebgott recalled. ''I figured it was a good steady job, because of new improvements and new technology and everything.''

'Pride in Their Work'

Mr. Liebgott's career took him from radio to the telephone to television, and then on to the intricate circuitry of military electronics. But while production has changed, Mr. Liebgott suggests that the American work ethic has not.

''There are so many people who are still conscientious in their work,'' he said. ''They take pride in their work. There are some goof-offs, but I believe most of the people are still earning their pay for what they do.''

And the satisfaction of a production job is still the same, one of Mr. Liebgott's co-workers said. ''I love it, I really do,'' said Lucille Lebel, who was weaving multicolored wires into a complicated pattern that would eventually go into a radar system. ''You start out with nothing -they give you connectors and wires - and when you finish, it looks like something.''

New technologies have moved quickly throughout the economy. Experts debate the long-term effects of automation and computerization on the economy, on worker satisfaction, on labor-management relations. Meanwhile, workers like Mrs. Coradin quietly learn to live with change.

Adjusting to Technology

Mrs. Coradin joined the New York Telephone Company 22 years ago as a directory assistance operator. It was called ''information'' then, she said. She sat amid long rows of operators, all wearing heavy headsets, all armed with telephone and street directories. She used a rubber finger cover to leaf quickly through the pages of the Manhattan and the Bronx phone books . ''You learned to do it fast,'' she said.

As the years passed, the books were replaced by video display terminals. The headsets grew lighter, the pace of work quicker. A year ago, New York Telephone put an automated response system in the New York City area. Operators like Mrs. Coradin can now push a button and a voice will convey the number to the caller.

Mrs. Coradin said that when she first saw some of the new equipment, ''I thought, 'Oh, my goodness, will I ever learn it?' ''

But she adjusted. ''It's just like anything else,'' she said. ''You learn it and you get used to it.''

**Graphic**

Photo of Mary Coradin and Nicholas Silvestro using computerized directories and automated voices for New York Telephone's directory assistance; Photo of Lucille Lebel arranging wiring for radar system made at Loral Electronic Systems (NYT/Ruby Washington)

**End of Document**



[***Hostility Greets Students at Black School in White Area of Detroit***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-6YV0-000P-2393-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

December 2, 1992, Wednesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** National Desk;

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 12; Column 1; National Desk; Education Page; Column 1;; Education Page

**Length:** 1358 words

**Byline:** Special to The New York Times

**Dateline:** DETROIT, Dec. 1

**Body**

When the virtually all-black Malcolm X Academy moved into a virtually all-white pocket of Detroit this fall, the reception was so hostile it reminded many people of Little Rock in 1957, not Detroit in 1992.

About 30 police officers patrolled the school and a police helicopter circled overhead.

"It made me feel unwelcome," said 10-year-old Matthew Weaver, who is now unlikely to ever forget his first day of fifth grade.

Malcolm X Academy is one of three public elementary schools in Detroit created last year as educational alternatives for urban black boys, who have historically been at risk of academic failure. The academy, like similar schools in Baltimore, Milwaukee and Portland, Ore., teaches an African-centered curriculum that emphasizes black achievements.

Raising Self-Esteem

Educators say the curriculum raises the self-esteem of black children, and that in the long run will help keep those children interested in school. But school officials also contend that all children can benefit from such a curriculum. So far, however, only one of Malcolm X Academy's 470 students is white.

"I don't think it is any place for a white kid to go to school," said Wayne Earhart, 29, a leader of the opposition to Malcolm X Academy. "They teach the kids that blackness is the center of the universe."

Deborah McGriff, the Detroit superintendent of schools, said, "As a school district we are committed to African-centered education, not only in the acadamies, but to infuse African-centered concepts across the entire curriculum."

The district has started three more academies since the first three opened and, because of a Federal judge's order, all six are open to girls as well as boys. They are public "schools of choice," to which parents from across the city apply. Students are selected through a lottery, although one-fourth of the spaces are reserved for neighborhood children.

Attendance Put at 98%

Parents and educators say the schools have been successful so far; as evidence Clifford Watson, the principal of Malcolm X, pointed to a 98 percent attendance rate at his school.

Last year Malcolm X Academy shared space with another elementary school in a different part of Detroit. The school district decided to give the academy its own building and selected a closed elementary school in Warrendale, a white ***working-class*** neighborhood, because it would cost less to renovate than other sites.

But many Warrendale residents opposed the move. At a chaotic meeting of neighborhood residents and school officials last August some shouted, "I don't want niggers in my neighborhood!" and "Go home!"

Some residents complained at the meeting that black children bused to the academy would make their neighborhood unsafe, diminish property values and scare away whites. They demanded that children coming to class be frisked.

"We don't feel a need to do security checks on 5- to 11-year-olds," said Ms. McGriff, who is black. Her response was met by boos from residents.

After the meeting vandals spray-painted white swastikas on Malcolm X Academy's new building. Bomb threats were made against the school. On several occasions, Warrendale residents picketed the school before classes began in September.

"I heard people say, 'If you open that school we will burn it down,' " said Malaika Kenyatta, whose son is a fourth grader at Malcolm X. "I took those threats very seriously."

Despite their fears Malcolm X parents voted overwhelmingly to stay, saying that to back down would set a bad example for the children.

Since the school opened the animosity has continued. Parents patrol the school daily along with round-the-clock guards. They have reported several incidents: Eggs and rocks have been thrown at school buses. The words "white power" were spray-painted on a school wall.

"Even now, they ride by and hurl threats and racial slurs at the security guards," said Tandrea Black, whose son is in fourth grade. "They holler, 'Niggers go home!' "

Bottom Line Is Racism

Mrs. Black said she had tried to explain all this to her 8-year-old son Ellis. "I told him they don't want you out there simply because you are black," she said. "I told him: 'You hear Mommy talk about racism. This is it.' "

Yvonne Hicks, president of the Warrendale Community Organization, which is trying to repair the rift with the school, said the bottom line is racism.

"The kids are in, and people have seen that their worst fears are completly unfounded," said Ms. Hicks, who is white. "You are going to find racist people no matter where you go. It is inbred."

Some Warrendale residents are trying another approach. They recently asked the Michigan Board of Education to investigate the academy and its African-centered curriculum. They have also hired a lawyer and plan to file a lawsuit charging that the academy violates the First and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution by teaching religion and by creating separate and unequal schools.

Focus on Curriculum Change

These neighborhood residents insist their actions are not racist. They say they are not seeking to close the academy, but rather, to change its curriculum. They contend that the students meditate every day and observe a religious holiday called Kwanzaa.

Dr. Watson, the principal, said there is no meditation. Students do recite the Malcolm X Academy pledge daily, instead of the Pledge of Allegiance, which one parent said "wasn't written for us."

The Malcolm X pledge goes: "We at the Malcolm X Academy will strive for excellence in our quest to be the best. We'll rise above every challenge with our heads held high. We'll always keep the faith when others say die. March on till victory is ours: Amandla!"

The last word means "power."

Instead of Halloween, students celebrate Heritage Day, dressing up like black historical figures and giving speeches about them. The academy also honors the birthdays of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., the abolitionists Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman and Frederick Douglass, the singer and actor Paul Robeson and the black nationalist Marcus Garvey, as well as Malcolm X.

This month the students will celebrate the seven days of Kwanzaa, which means "first fruits of the harvest" in Swahili. The holiday, cultural rather than religious, focuses on seven principles: unity, self-determination, collective work and responsibility, co-operative economics, purpose, creativity and faith.

But beyond the issue of "religion," the Warrendale residents' broader concern is that the African-centered curriculum excludes whites. That the school is named after a man who once called white people "devils" also bothers some residents.

"They are placing so much emphasis on the needs of the African-American kid in this city," said Terri Zyskowski, a 28-year-old Warrendale parent. "They have needs, but so do all the other kids. They say they had to learn a Eurocentric way and now it's their turn. As I see it, their curriculum is distorted."

Parents and educators say the academy's main thrust is to educate students in mathematics, reading and writing. But beyond that, teachers supplement conventional textbooks, which rarely mention the accomplishments of blacks, with lessons that stress black achievements and try to correct the practice of overlooking African history.

"Science books talk about the work of Thomas Edison or Sir Isaac Newton," said Dr. Watson, holding up a fifth-grade science text. "But you won't find a black scientist named in this book. Why couldn't you have a Lewis Latimer or a Mae Jemison?" Mr. Latimer was an inventor and engineer who worked with Alexander Graham Bell in developing the telephone; Ms. Jemison is the first black female astronaut.

Discipline is strict at Malcolm X Academy. Students wear uniforms, and Dr. Watson routinely reminds boys to tuck in their shirts.

Behind all this is the goal of raising the students' awareness of their cultural heritage to encourage them that they can succeed in school.

"In my old school they didn't teach us hardly anything about African-Americans, except in February during Black History Month," said Matthew Weaver, the fifth grader at Malcolm X. "Here, they do it every day. And that's important to me."

**Graphic**

Photos: While the reception outside the walls of the Malcolm X Academy in Detroit remains hostile, inside the classrooms, students find a curriculum aimed at improving the self-esteem of black children. Darryl Davis, a teacher,; second-grade pupils through a lesson last month.; Discipline is strict at Malcolm X Academy. Students wear uniforms, and Dr. Clifford Watson, the principal, is often in the halls to counsel the pupils and to remind them to tuck in their shirts. (Photographs by Peter Yates for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** December 2, 1992

**End of Document**



[***The Listings: Movies***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:5BWW-D521-JBG3-62JH-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

April 4, 2014 Friday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2014 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Column 0; Movies, Performing Arts/Weekend Desk; Pg. 17

**Length:** 4729 words

**Body**

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

'About Last Night' (R, 1:40) This remake and update of the '80s Demi Moore-Rob Lowe rom-com, based on David Mamet's play, moves the action to Los Angeles, where two couples negotiate the complexities of heterosexual courtship. Bernie (Kevin Hart) and Joan (Regina Hall) pursue an on-again-off-again, emotionally volatile, sexually adventurous relationship, while Danny (Michael Ealy) and Debbie (Joy Bryant) proceed from dating to cohabitation and pet ownership. Danny and Debbie are dull and likable in the usual Valentine-movie way, but Bernie and Joan provide some raunchy laughs as well as a bit of romantic wisdom. (A.O. Scott)

&#x2605; 'American Hustle' (R, 2:09) David O. Russell directs this wonderfully pleasurable comedy, a Martin Scorsese screwball that's very (very) loosely based on the 1970s Abscam scandal and which finds a brilliant Christian Bale playing a molting con man who's the Cary Grant to Amy Adams's Rosalind Russell. Jennifer Lawrence and Bradley Cooper also co-star in the film, which is one of the year's best and one of its most fun. (Manohla Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Anita' (No rating, 1:17) Freida Mock's documentary about Anita Hill, who accused Clarence Thomas of sexual harassment during his Supreme Court confirmation hearings, segues from the hearings in 1991 to the present, where Ms. Hill is seen in a context of power as she speaks in front of rooms full of women in her new role as an activist. (Miriam Bale)

'Bad Words' (R, 1:29) Jason Bateman, making his feature directing debut, stars in this would-be gonzo comedy about an unwelcome participant and universally loathed champion in a national spelling bee where everyone else is decades younger. Written by Andrew Dodge, the movie has a tough exterior and a marshmallow center and while it would be something to see Mr. Bateman go authentically dark, sometimes it's enough just to watch him pop his eyes, furrow his brow and show off his excellent timing. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Big Men' (No rating, 1:39) Unfurling a complicated story teeming with masked militants, well-fed politicians, reassuring suits and the desperate poor, Rachel Boynton's astonishing documentary about the 2007 discovery of oil off the coast of Ghana is as remarkable for its access as for its refusal to judge. (Jeannette Catsoulis)

'Breathe In' (R, 1:38) What distinguishes this film (starring Guy Pearce, Amy Ryan and Felicity Jones) from countless others about marital discontent and disruption is the restraint with which the story is handled, the subtlety of its performances and its almost perverse refusal to turn into a prurient, heavy-breathing examination of adultery and its consequences. (Stephen Holden)

'Cesar Chavez' (PG-13, 1:38) The story of the United Farm Workers in the 1960s is the subject of this earnest, conventional biopic, directed by Diego Luna and starring Michael Peña in the title role. There is too much telegraphed inspiration, and not enough illumination, which is a shame since some of the issues Chavez faced could hardly be more timely. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'Cheap Thrills' (No rating, 1:28) The actors play this dark comedy completely straight, which makes it all the tastier. Craig (Pat Healy) is a young father who is desperate for money. He and a friend fall in with a rich man and woman who entertain themselves by issuing preposterous dares, and Craig and his friend become their playthings, to gruesome but amusing effect. (Neil Genzlinger)

'Dallas Buyers Club' (R, 2:00) Skinny and fierce, Matthew McConaughey brings terrific energy to the role of Ron Woodroof, a Texan who receives a diagnosis of H.I.V. in the mid-1980s. The film, directed by Jean-Marc Vallée, chronicles Ron's transformation from a homophobic hedonist into a medical crusader, bringing experimental (and at the time unapproved) drugs to desperate patients. It is an inspiring story, but the movie, Mr. McConaughey's performance notwithstanding, is too predictable and conventional to do justice to its political and social dimensions. (Scott)

'Divergent' (PG-13, 2:23) With this film adaptation of Veronica Roth's hugely popular dystopian tale, the latest gutsy teenage heroine has arrived at American movie theaters. As Tris Prior, Shailene Woodley conveys a sense of genuine, deep-tissue sincerity, and it's not hard to root for her, but she's ill-served by a production in which the director, Neil Burger, gives you little to hang onto -- beauty, thrills, a visual style. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Elaine Stritch: Shoot Me' (No rating, 1:20) This late-life portrait of the great Broadway and cabaret entertainer, now 89, is a moving bone-deep X-ray of an indefatigable woman who is described as a ''Molotov cocktail of madness, sanity and genius.'' (Holden)

'Enemy' (R, 1:30) Jake Gyllenhaal plays a Canadian professor whose glum, routinized life is turned upside down when he discovers that he has a double, an amoral actor also played by Mr. Gyllenhaal. Adapting a novella by the Portuguese Nobel laureate José Saramago, Denis Villeneuve (''Incendies,'' ''Prisoners'') has made an enjoyable creepy psychological thriller that is perhaps not as profound as it dreams of being. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'Ernest & Celestine' (PG, 1:20, in either French or English) A tale of mice and bears, derring-do and dentistry, this lovely animated movie about would-be foes who become friends originated in a cycle of children's books by the Belgian writer and artist Gabrielle Vincent. The books have simple stories and enchanting illustrations by Vincent that are characterized by graceful lines, muted colors and blurred edges, which focuses your attention on animals that, in their poignant delicacy, evoke Beatrix Potter. The screen character designs are broader and more overtly comic, but the three directors -- Benjamin Renner, Vincent Patar and Stéphane Aubier -- have retained enough of Vincent's charming vision that the movie feels intimate and personal, as if it, too, had sprung from a single hand. (Dargis)

'Exposed' (No rating, 1:17) Dancing on the wilder shores of burlesque, from Manhattan clubs to the Coney Island boardwalk, the eight performers profiled in Beth B's joyfully explicit documentary blend politics, gender and sexuality into candid portraits of the person beneath the exhibition. (Catsoulis)

'Finding Vivian Maier' (No rating, 1:23) An exciting electric current of discovery runs through John Maloof and Charlie Siskel's documentary about the street photographer who worked as a care provider and never exhibited her work. Maier is a terrific story -- part Mary Poppins, part Weegee -- and the movie is a solid if finally thin introduction to her. It's also, to state the obvious, a feature-length advertisement for Mr. Maloof's commercial venture as the principal owner of her work and would have been stronger if it had dug into the complexities of what it means when one person assumes ownership of another's art. (Dargis)

'The French Minister (Quai D'Orsay)' (No rating, 1:53, in French) Fires burn, simmer and die, only to rekindle, in Bertrand Tavernier's sharp, sly comedy of manners and errors. The movie is based on ''Quai d'Orsay,'' a graphic novel illustrated by Christophe Blain, whose sharp caricatures and comic-book flourishes Mr. Tavernier has nicely translated to the screen. The book's writer, Abel Lanzac, is a pseudonym for Antonin Baudry, a diplomat who based it on his experiences working for Dominique de Villepin (a terrific Thierry Lhermitte plays the fictionalized version), the foreign minister during the lead-up to the war in Iraq. (Dargis)

'From Both Sides of the Aegean' (No rating, 1:27) This documentary by Maria Iliou revisits the forced ouster of Orthodox Greeks from Turkey and Muslim Turks from Greece in the 1920s. Though the film explores a fascinating subject, the storytelling style is dry, static and even convoluted. (Bale)

&#x2605; 'Frozen' (PG, 1:40) A beautiful princess with magical powers that she can't control; an adorable snowman with buck teeth and a carrot for a nose who longs to sunbathe because no one ever told him that heat melts ice; a picture-perfect prince who is not what he appears to be: these are among the unconventional characters in the new Disney 3-D animated movie musical very loosely based on Hans Christian Andersen's ''The Snow Queen.'' (Holden)

&#x2605; 'The Grand Budapest Hotel' (R, 1:39) Wes Anderson's latest film is whimsical, fussy and ingenious -- a Wes Anderson film, in other words -- but it is also a sly and touching engagement with some of the ugliest parts of 20th-century European history. Ralph Fiennes plays a hotel concierge in the fictional Central-European republic of Zubrowka in the fateful year of 1932. The frames are beautifully composed, the production design exquisite and a large cast is dispatched on a complex caper. But all the fun is shadowed by -- and is a brilliant protest against -- some very cruel realities. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'Gravity' (PG-13, 1:30) Alfonso Cuarón's gripping, spectacular film about astronauts in peril is less a science-fiction story than a lean and simple tale of the struggle to survive. Sandra Bullock and George Clooney are the space travelers orbiting the Earth, but the real star is Mr. Cuarón's breathtaking sense of scale and movement. He also grounds his technical bravura in a friendly, low-key humanism, and the result is a movie that is at once cosmic and intimate. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'The Great Beauty' (No rating, 2:22, in Italian) This deliriously alive movie from the Italian director Paolo Sorrentino tells the story of a man, a city, a country and a cinema, though not necessarily in that order. Set in Rome, it follows Jep (a sybarite played with a veneer of wit and fathomless soul by the great actor Toni Servillo), who dances into the story while celebrating his 65th birthday and slowly, stirringly, wakens to the world around him. A must-see. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Her' (R, 2:05) At once a brilliant conceptual gag and a deeply sincere romance, Spike Jonze's exquisite new movie is an unlikely yet completely plausible love story set in the near-future about a man (a wonderful Joaquin Phoenix), who sometimes resembles a machine, and an operating system (voiced by Scarlett Johansson), who very much suggests a living woman. From Mr. Phoenix's wide-open face to the diffused lighting and ravishingly lovely sherbet palette, this is a movie you want to reach out and caress, about a man who, like everyone else around him in this near future, has retreated from other people into a machine world. In ''Her,'' the great question isn't whether machines can think, but whether human beings can still feel. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Hide Your Smiling Faces' (No rating, 1:21) Daniel Patrick Carbone's haunting feature debut, though set in the present, evokes a semi-rural 1950s America in which packs of neighborhood boys pass the time riding their bikes, exploring the woods and engaging in ritualistic roughhouse games. The mood of the film, shot in woodsy areas of Sussex County, N.J., suggests a darker reflection of the same vision of boyhood adventure depicted in Terrence Malick's ''The Tree of Life.'' (Holden)

&#x2605; 'It Felt Like Love' (No rating, 1:22) Photographed with a soft light that makes skin tones sing, Eliza Hittman's sensual and insightful first feature, set in a ***working-class*** Brooklyn neighborhood, observes a coltish 14-year-old (Gina Piersanti) who longs for sexual assurance and romantic connection. (Catsoulis)

'Jews of Egypt' (No rating, 1:36, in Arabic and French) This compelling documentary focuses on the turbulent period from 1949 to 1956, when many Egyptian Jews left or were forced out of the country. Despite some filmmaking quirks, like freeze-framing interviewees at emotional moments, the director Amir Ramses shows a talent for storytelling. (Bale)

&#x2605; 'Just a Sigh' (No rating, 1:44, in French and English) In this contemporary Gallic answer to ''Brief Encounter,'' Emmanuelle Devos and Gabriel Byrne play a struggling French actress and an older British academic who meet by chance on a train and have a daylong fling. The narrative is episodic but the movie is beautifully acted. (Holden)

'The Lego Movie' (PG, 1:40) This movie is an energetic stew of visual wit, action, family-film sentiment and pop-culture japery, with lots of celebrity voices. What distinguishes it from lesser, merchandise-centric animated entertainment is its commitment to the discipline and endless creative potential of Lego itself. The filmmakers conjure a universe made of interlocking plastic blocks in which everything seems possible. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'The Lunchbox' (PG, 1:44, in Hindi) Ritesh Batra's charming debut, set in Mumbai, refreshes an old and sturdy conceit (perhaps most familiar from ''You've Got Mail''). Two lonely souls -- a neglected young housewife (Nimrat Kaur) and a middle-aged, widowed office worker (Irrfan Khan) -- pursue an anonymous correspondence that begins when a home-cooked lunch is delivered to the wrong place. (Scott)

'Mr. Peabody & Sherman' (PG, 1:32) A dog and his boy, traveling through time. This latest bit of big-studio baby boomer pop-culture recycling is genial and witty, though not quite as aggressively brainy as the original Jay Ward animation. The goofy high spirits are marred by the kind of unthinking sexism that, even in the wake of ''Brave'' and ''Frozen,'' remains the default setting for feature-length animation. (Scott)

'Muppets Most Wanted' (PG, 1:47) In this follow-up to the 2011 Muppet movie, Kermit lands in a gulag while an evil frog who bears a striking resemblance to him takes his place on an international Muppet tour. The charm of the earlier film is replaced with plotting complexities, and the movie has more grown-up jokes than its predecessor. It's sometimes funny but rarely lovable. (Genzlinger)

'Need for Speed' (PG-13, 2:10) This 3-D driving movie, adapted from a popular series of video games, aims for the unpretentious B-picture glory of the ''Fast and Furious'' franchise at its best. There are some good moments -- thanks to Imogen Poots, Michael Keaton and a souped-up Mustang -- but the cornball story and witless acting (including from Aaron Paul, the brooding lead) slow down the action and gum up the story. (Scott)

'Noah' (PG-13, 2:18) Darren Aronofsky's version of the familiar Sunday school story is a scary, brooding environmental allegory, in which Noah (Russell Crowe) takes his divine instructions as a warrant for fanatical, almost genocidal behavior. Noah, assisted by stone giants, is pitted against Tubal-Cain (Ray Winstone), who wants to save corrupt humanity from its creator's wrath. The movie is clumsy and not always coherent, but at its mad best it is a powerful, sincere attempt to find modern meanings in the Old Testament. (Scott)

'Non-Stop' (PG-13, 1:46) A satisfying, primitive bluntness distinguishes ''Non-Stop,'' which turns on an air marshal (Liam Neeson) who, during a super-bad flight, tries to stop an anonymous extortionist from killing a passenger every 20 minutes. The story is as nonsensical as it sounds, but the film's director, Jaume Collet-Serra, has a sure genre hand and real feeling for what Mr. Neeson brings to the screen at this stage of his career. (Dargis)

'Nymphomaniac: Volume I' (No rating, 1:58) The title of Lars von Trier's latest would-be provocation is preposterous, a huckster gimmick; it may also be a dig at those who, I think wrongly, label him a misogynist because of the abuse he rains down on his female characters. Women suffer in his work, yet they also dominate, shape and haunt it. That's true of Joe (Charlotte Gainsbourg) who, over the course of this fitfully amusing sometimes explicit demi-movie, relates her sex life to a stranger (Stellan Skarsgard). And then the movie bluntly ends and the credits roll next to some teasing clips from ''Volume II'' that imply Joe's sexcapades are about to turn very ugly or deeply silly, both being possible with Mr. von Trier. (Dargis)

'On My Way' (No rating, 1:53, in French) This likable, Gallic comedy is a valentine to Catherine Deneuve, who plays a former beauty queen, now in her 60s, who owns a financially failing bistro. When her longtime boyfriend leaves her for another woman, she goes on the road and has a series of mild adventures in the French heartland. (Holden)

&#x2605; 'Particle Fever' (No rating, 1:39) This documentary, directed by Mark Levinson, chronicles the work of theoretical and experimental physicists involved with the Large Hadron Collider, an enormous gizmo near Geneva that in 2012 isolated the elusive Higgs boson (a subatomic morsel believed to hold the key to understanding the universe). If that sentence is clear to you, you should buy a ticket now, but even if the intricacies of physics lie beyond your grasp, the grandeur of the enterprise and the humanity of the scientists themselves make for mind-blowing viewing. (Scott)

&#x2605; 'Philomena' (PG-13, 1:38) Judi Dench's portrayal of a stubborn, kindhearted Irish Catholic trying to discover what became of the son she was forced to give up as a teenager is so quietly moving that it feels lit from within. A major theme of this anticlerical screed is forgiveness. Ms. Dench's Philomena glows with the radiance of someone serene in her faith despite inhumane treatment by the church. That she makes you believe her character has the capacity to forgive provides the movie with a solid moral center. (Holden)

'The Raid 2' (R, 2:28, in Indonesian) The pleasant surprise of Gareth Evans's sturdy sequel to ''The Raid: Redemption'' is that neither its undercover drama nor its long running time bog down its bracing, expertly staged fight fests. Iko Uwais returns as Rama, a principled Jakarta cop who infiltrates a crime syndicate by aiding the boss's son. (Nicolas Rapold)

'Rob the Mob' (R, 1:44) Bright and fleet, Raymond De Felitta's breezy retelling of one of New York City's more unusual crime sprees follows a pair of crazy-in-love and comically dumb crooks (Michael Pitt and Nina Arianda) as they rob a series of Mafia social clubs. (Catsoulis)

'Sabotage' (R, 1:49) Lovers of camp and cannabis are the most plausible audience for this extravagantly silly movie about a gang of marauding Drug Enforcement Administration undercover thugs led by Arnold Schwarzenegger. Filled with howling, yowling characters who look like they've made a close study of the FX show ''Sons of Anarchy,'' the movie has the kind of jagged, jolting visual excesses and frenzied energy that solicit gasps and guffaws. It's doubtful that the director, David Ayer, who shares script credit with Skip Woods, intentionally embraced self-parody, but it sure sneaked up on him. (Dargis)

'300: Rise of an Empire' (R, 1:42) Taking the battle to the sea, this new story about the gory defense of ancient Greece strives to uphold the rah-rah visuals and rhetoric established by its popular predecessor, ''300.'' A fresh mortal threat to manliness arises in the person of the Persians' vicious naval commander, Artemisia (Eva Green), but this round of gravity-defying melees and meager intrigue lacks the momentum and bombastic je ne sais quoi of the first film. (Rapold)

'Tim's Vermeer' (PG-13, 1:20) One of the title figures of this documentary directed by Teller and produced by Penn Jillette, is Tim Jenison, a scientist, inventor and restless hobbyist who embarked on a multiyear odyssey to discover whether the movie's other, better-known, subject, the Dutch master Johannes Vermeer, used any kind of optical tools when he created his extraordinary paintings. Did Vermeer ''cheat''? Does it matter? (Dargis)

&#x2605; '12 Years a Slave' (R, 2:14) Written by John Ridley and directed by Steve McQueen, ''12 Years a Slave'' tells the true story of Solomon Northup (Chiwetel Ejiofor), an African-American freeman who, in 1841, was snatched off the streets of Washington, and sold. It's at once a familiar, utterly strange and deeply American story in which the period trappings long beloved by Hollywood -- the paternalistic gentry with their pretty plantations, their genteel manners and all the fiddle-dee-dee rest -- are the backdrop for an outrage. Essential viewing. (Dargis)

'Tyler Perry's Single Moms Club' (PG-13, 1:51) A movie-length act of affirmation, Tyler Perry's latest film touches on some recognizable and realistic challenges with efficient compassion, but there's probably more dramatic tension in a car pool than in the film's collection of predicaments. (Rapold)

&#x2605; 'The Unknown Known' (PG-13, 1:42) Errol Morris and Donald H. Rumsfeld face off (though only one is seen on camera) in this combative, intellectually thrilling documentary about truth, power and the Iraq War. It's a disturbing inquiry into recent American political history that plays out as a philosophical skirmish. (Scott)

'Veronica Mars' (PG-13, 1:47) For three well-received seasons, Kristen Bell played the title character in ''Veronica Mars,'' a high-school (then college) sleuth from the fictional, filthy rich town of Neptune. Veronica looked like a SoCal cheerleader and alternately talked like Sam Spade and Noam Chomsky, a combination that made her television's very own Little Miss Sunshine and Noir. She's back in this unnecessary footnote to the show, which was canceled in 2007. The showrunner turned movie director Rob Thomas suggests that even after graduating from law school, Veronica yearns for Neptune and its sordid intrigues, but he can't make the case or his story convincing. (Dargis)

&#x2605; 'Le Week-End' (R, 1:33) Nick (Jim Broadbent) and Meg (Lindsay Duncan), a left-leaning, academic British baby boomer couple, arrive in Paris to celebrate their 30th anniversary. But are we witnessing the celebration of a long marriage or its sudden unraveling? The writer Hanif Kureishi and the director Roger Michell (whose previous collaborations include ''The Mother'' and ''The Buddha of Suburbia'') confect what is on the surface a bittersweet comedy of love in maturity. But there are strong, angry passions under the surface (particularly as far as Meg is concerned) and an eruption of sharp social satire when Jeff Goldblum shows up playing an old graduate school chum of Nick's who has matured into a happy and prosperous sell out. (Scott)

'The Wind Rises' (No rating, 2:06, in Japanese) Hayao Miyazaki's newest (and reportedly final) film tells the fictionalized story of Jiro Horikoshi, a gifted aeronautic engineer who is historically notable -- or infamous -- for designing deadly war planes used by Japan in World War II. Mr. Miyazaki's elegantly lyrical film chronicles Horikoshi's process of invention and his poignant romance with his tubercular wife, shadowed by dreamlike premonitions and creative visions. (Rapold)

Film Series

The Aesthetics of Shadow, Part 2: Europe and America (through April 17) This cinematic exploration of Daisuke Miyao's book of the same title, which takes Jun'ichiro Tanizaki's theory on ''the magic of shadows'' in Japanese architecture and adapts it to film theory, first looked at how Japanese filmmakers absorbed this aesthetic. As Part 2 makes clear, the influence arrived in the West in the form of brooding, visually austere films that are frequently -- and perhaps reductively -- described as ''noir'' or ''Expressionist.'' Masters of mood like F.W. Murnau and Josef von Sternberg are represented, and the series wisely includes visually innovative cinematographers like Billy Bitzer, known for his discomfitingly visceral work on D.W. Griffith's ''Broken Blossoms,'' and William Daniels, who played as central a role as anyone in turning Greta Garbo into a screen legend. Museum of Modern Art, 212-708-9400, moma.org; $12. (Eric Grode)

Blonde Venus: The Films of Dietrich and von Sternberg (Friday through next Friday) Has any other director-performer pairing captured an era, an ethos or a personality as indelibly as that of Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich's? They collaborated on seven films in six years, and all eight will be shown by BAMcinématek. Yes, all eight: On Sunday their 1930 masterpiece, ''The Blue Angel,'' will be screened in the usual German-language version (at 4 and 6:30 p.m.) as well as the long-lost English version (at 8:45 p.m.). That movie was the first one to cross the desk of the Hays Code enforcers, and subsequent films like ''Blonde Venus'' (on Wednesday at 4:30, 7 and 9:45 p.m.) and the Catherine the Great biopic ''The Scarlet Empress'' (on Thursday at 4:30, 7 and 9:30 p.m.) fell in a curious grace period before the enforcers began cracking down. BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Avenue, at Ashland Place, Fort Greene, Brooklyn, 718-636-4100, bam.org; $13. (Grode)

Panorama Europe (Friday through April 13) This annual festival of underrecognized European films was called Disappearing Act for its first five years, but now the Museum of the Moving Image and a collection of European cultural institutions have adopted this more optimistic name. A few titles are familiar to New York moviegoers: ''Paradise: Love,'' the first of Ulrich Seidl's gimlet-eyed ''Paradise'' trilogy, will be shown on Saturday at 7 p.m., and the series opener, the Spanish police thriller ''Unit 7'' (on Friday at 7 p.m.), appeared at last year's Tribeca Film Festival. Among the other titles are several Eastern European offerings, including ''Dream Team 1935'' (on Sunday at noon), about a Latvian basketball team, and ''Blood Type'' (on April 13 at noon), a documentary about Estonian soldiers fighting in Afghanistan. A handful of screenings, from Tuesday through Thursday, will be held at Bohemian National Hall in Manhattan. Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Avenue at 37th Street, Astoria, Queens, 718-784-0077, movingimage.us; $12. (Grode)

Permanent Vacation: The Films of Jim Jarmusch (Wednesday through April 10) Another week, another comprehensive blitz through a director's work in anticipation of his latest release. On the heels of Museum of the Moving Image's Darren Aronofsky series, Film Society of Lincoln Center is presenting 11 films by Mr. Jarmusch, the personification of indie-'80s cool. ''Stranger Than Paradise'' knocked 'em dead at the first Sundance Film Festival, and ''Down by Law'' (various dates, including a screening on Wednesday that Mr. Jarmusch will attend) introduced the indelible screen pairing of Tom Waits and Roberto Benigni. Next Friday, Mr. Jarmusch's latest effort, the vampire romance ''Only Lovers Left Alive,'' will be released. Elinor Bunin Munroe Film Center, Lincoln Center, 144 West 65th Street, 212-875-5601, filmlinc.com; $13. (Grode)

Tout Truffaut (through April 17) Film Forum's tribute to one of the cinema's greatest auteur bromances continues. Fresh off its Hitchcock retrospective, Film Forum shifts its attention to his admirer and interviewer, François Truffaut. (The more than 26 hours of interviews resulted in the irresistible 1967 book ''Hitchcock/Truffaut.'') This series is another bonanza for completists: Nestled alongside classics like ''The 400 Blows'' and ''Jules and Jim'' are such lesser-known 1970s titles as his Henry James adaptation, ''The Green Room'' (on Tuesday), and the director's cut of his Belle Époque love triangle, ''Two English Girls'' (next Friday). 209 West Houston Street, west of Avenue of the Americas, South Village, 212-727-8110, filmforum.org; $13. (Grode)

WSB100: William S. Burroughs on Film (through Sunday) The Beats just go on and on, with Anthology Film Archives joining the Issue Project Room, the Stone and other downtown venues this month to honor what would have been William S. Burroughs's 100th birthday. (It was actually in February, but Burroughs, the author of ''Junky'' presumably wouldn't object to a bit of sluggishness.) Cineastes will probably gravitate toward ''Haxan: Witchcraft Through the Ages'' (on Friday at 7:30 p.m. and Sunday at 8:30 p.m.), in which Anthony Balch re-edited and condensed the 1922 silent grotesquerie. This version has new narration by Burroughs. Literary types, meanwhile, might opt for ''Nova Express'' (Saturday at 8 p.m.), Andre Perkowski's three-hour found-footage adaptation of Burroughs's 1964 novel of the same name. Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Avenue, at Second Street, East Village, 212-505-5181, anthologyfilmarchives.org; $10. (Grode)

[*http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/04/movies/movie-listings-for-april-4-10.html*](http://www.nytimes.com/2014/04/04/movies/movie-listings-for-april-4-10.html)

**Graphic**

PHOTO (PHOTOGRAPH BY JANUS FILMS)

**Load-Date:** April 4, 2014

**End of Document**



[***Jeeves of the Plaza - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4S2M-PBT0-TW8F-G1JF-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

March 16, 2008 Sunday

Late Edition - Final

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2008 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section CY; Column 0; The City Weekly Desk; Pg. 1

**Length:** 2127 words

**Byline:** By SAKI KNAFO

**Body**

THE PLAZA HOTEL, which reopened on March 1 after a three-year renovation, employs a handsomely attired staff of bellmen (gold-braided uniforms), doormen (silver whistles) and housekeepers (white aprons), along with several concierges (pinstriped suits) and assistant managers (embroidered damask blouses).

The demands of today's traveler may, however, exceed the capacities of traditional hotel personnel. That would explain why the Plaza also engages 15 men and 2 women who wear black morning coats and white gloves and who, upon request, will do a number of things for you, like laying out your clothes in the morning, employing on your selection of socks a venerable technique referred to as the royal fold.

The butler, that mainstay of the English manor brought so vividly to life by the likes of P. G. Wodehouse and Kazuo Ishiguro, has not gone the way of the pince-nez or the silver-plated pistol. In fact, over the past 10 or 15 years, the profession has flourished, especially in New York.

According to David Robinson, a vice president of the International Institute of Modern Butlers, a Florida-based training company whose clients include the Plaza, the borough of Manhattan now has more butlers in private service than any other city in the Western world, including London. Mr. Robinson attributes this in part to the preponderance of people of means in Manhattan.

''More people recognize the value of having a butler in the private home,'' he said.

And more hoteliers, it seems, recognize the value of having a butler, or 17 of them, in a luxury hotel. The ''hotel butler'' is a new profession, having emerged only in recent years, as hotels from Dubai to Las Vegas have engaged in a kind of arms race, each stockpiling luxuries in an effort to compete against the others for the dollars of an increasingly affluent global elite.

The Plaza's butlers, who range in age from 21 to 45, generally come from milieus very different from the ''Upstairs, Downstairs'' archetype. Unlike most men who practiced the profession in the past, for example, the Plaza's butlers are unlikely to have spent time in households where it's understood that Devonshire tea isn't a beverage but a light meal consisting of tea with milk, warm scones, strawberry jam and clotted cream (never butter).

By the same token, they tend not to have English accents, or American ones. Cesar Galvez, formerly the houseman at an East 78th Street town house, comes from Peru. Bal Sharma, previously the sommelier and manager of an Indian restaurant in Midtown, was born in Nepal. Benny Slesicki, a former counterman at a Ukrainian diner in the East Village, was raised in Poland.

Their tutor, Mr. Robinson, is a self-described ''persnickety Brit.'' On a recent morning, he studied a small room-service table laden with gold-rimmed dishes while a group of butlers in training awaited his reaction.

''Always remember,'' Mr. Robinson, a stout, cheery man with silvery hair, told the assembled group, ''salt to the left and pepper to the right. Why?''

A moment later, he answered his question. ''Because it's 'salt and pepper,' '' he said. ''Not pepper and salt.''

A staff of butlers was introduced to the Plaza in the late 1990s, but they were relatively few and their services were available only to guests who requested them. That arrangement began changing after the El-Ad Group, an Israeli real estate company, bought the hotel in 2004 and began converting part of the Beaux-Arts landmark into condos while reserving about half the building for hotel use.

Today, the butler department offers round-the-clock service and, generally speaking, a butler for each floor. In the coming months, as the renovations proceed through the upper floors, the size of the butler department is expected to double.

Of the current group, only Moro Musah, a soft-spoken man from Ghana, is a holdover from the old staff. The main factor that distinguishes him and his new colleagues from their predecessors is the amount of training they have had.

Along with studying the practical aspects of their craft with Mr. Robinson, the butlers, who earn about $21 an hour with benefits, took a classroom course taught by Mr. Robinson and Steven Ferry, chairman of the Modern Butler Institute, in which they learned about the ''butler mind set,'' which Mr. Robinson described as the ''ability to see things through the eyes of your guests and always being able to put other people before yourself.''

They also studied ''the butler code of ethics,'' which, much like the chivalric code, is characterized by virtues like ''duty'' and ''discretion.''

''If a person doesn't act like a butler, doesn't sound like a butler, doesn't think like a butler, then he's not really a butler,'' said Mr. Ferry, a 55-year-old Englishman who wrote ''The British Butler's Bible,'' a textbook for the aspiring Jeeves. (Technically, Wodehouse's Jeeves was a valet, who serves the man, as opposed to a butler, who serves the house, but Wodehouse wrote that Jeeves could ''butle with the best of them.'')

In one lesson at the Plaza, the butlers were taught to rate the moods of their guests on an ''emotional scale'' ranging from apathy to exhilaration. In another, they were instructed to sit and simply look at one another until they could do so comfortably, because, as Mr. Ferry put it, ''it's sometimes difficult to make eye contact with people, especially if they're imposing or important.''

The butlers of the Plaza have a number of well-defined duties, like packing suitcases and drawing baths, but they are also expected to perform some tasks that have traditionally fallen under the purview of housekeepers, bellmen and concierges. Indeed, the precise nature of the butler's role was a point of contention at a staff meeting held just eight days before the hotel was set to open.

The meeting took place in the butlers' temporary office, an eighth-floor bedroom from which the bed, though not its gilded headboard, had been removed. Presiding over the meeting was Arin MacDonald, the Plaza's head butler and a former waiter from Colorado who had so little money when he arrived in New York in 2003 that his first stop was a Bowery hotel.

At the session, Mr. MacDonald produced an Oxford English dictionary, from which he read the definitions of ''honor'' and ''privilege.'' Then he reminded the butlers that unlike bellmen and housekeepers, they should not accept tips, even though they would sometimes be required to assume responsibility for tasks like carrying luggage that would normally fall to tip-earning employees.

''We are butlers,'' said Mr. MacDonald, ''who have a sense of pride and professionalism and do our duties with happiness, cheerfulness, enthusiasm, excitement and because we love it. Not because someone is going to give us $3 to carry a bag.''

Not all of the butlers were sympathetic to this way of thinking.

''I agree, it's not about the money,'' said a woman in her late 30s. ''I worked as a teacher for 10 years in Puerto Rico, and I'll be making more money here. I don't care about $2 or $3. But like you said, we are butlers, not busers. I disagree with picking up that bag.''

Butlers are proud of the fact that their post ranks high in the hierarchy of service. Still, the question remained: If no bellman is available to carry a guest's bag, should a butler have to stoop to the task? Mr. MacDonald's answer went to the very core of what it means to think like a butler.

''Your job,'' he said, ''is to do anything and everything a guest wants and needs from their arrival to their departure that is legal and ethical.''

Indisputably, a fundamental part of the job of a Plaza butler is what the hotel calls its personalized wake-up service. If a guest requests this service, a butler knocks on the door at the appointed hour and enters in a supremely dignified manner, often balancing on one hand a coffee service atop a silver tray. He then glides to the window and slowly pulls up the shades. The butler may also pour the guest's coffee, draw the guest's bath and lay out the guest's clothes.

One Monday morning, five days before the Plaza's opening, a group of butlers rehearsed this procedure while Mr. Robinson lay on a bed and cracked jokes, playing the part of a garrulous and even politically incorrect guest.

One of the butlers in training that day was Edward Charter, the department's only Englishman. Before working at the Plaza, Mr. Charter ran what is sometimes called a rent-a-butler service in the English Midlands.

Though only 26, Mr. Charter looks like what you might imagine in a butler. He is tall and a bit paunchy, with thin lips, a sharp nose and a dash of rose in each cheek. His exchange with Mr. Robinson sounded like something out of an episode of ''Jeeves and Wooster.''

MR. ROBINSON: Oh, God! Oh, who is this?

MR. CHARTER: It's the butler, sir.

MR. ROBINSON: Oh, Edward, is that you?

MR. CHARTER: Yes, it is, sir.

MR. ROBINSON: Oh, thank you! Oh, God! You've rescued me from the most hideous of nightmares, Edward.

MR. CHARTER: Oh, sir.

MR. ROBINSON: I dreamt I was making love to Nancy Reagan! Thank you for waking me up! Good God!

MR. CHARTER: I'll pour you some coffee, sir.

(Mr. Charter pours. A few minutes later, Mr. Robinson, sipping, looks up from his magazine.)

MR. ROBINSON: How's the old country, Edward?

MR. CHARTER: It's very good, sir.

MR. ROBINSON: Still there?

MR. CHARTER: It is, sir.

MR. ROBINSON: Are you a coffee drinker or one of the old school, Edward?

MR. CHARTER: I'm a tea drinker, sir.

MR. ROBINSON (laughing): Tea drinker! I swear to God, someday the queen will have me beheaded in the Tower.

Mr. Robinson approved of Mr. Charter's performance and was particularly impressed by the remarkable precision that Mr. Charter's exercised in noting that Mr. Robinson's bath would be ready ''in three to four minutes.''

The other butlers received high marks as well; Mr. Robinson's wisdom had apparently rubbed off on them. Over the past few days, he had expounded on the nuances of nearly every conceivable butler-related activity.

On entering a room in the morning: ''You don't know whether the room is going to be in darkness, so when you get to the door, close one eye.''

On setting a table: ''If you can get your credit card down the middle of the two forks, then it's O.K.''

On executing the royal fold: ''We turn the sock inside out and then pull the toe through halfway and make sure it's nice and straight. It has a sense of niceness to it, I think.''

One Tuesday afternoon, four days before the opening, several butlers sat at a table in the back of the staff cafeteria, a windowless room in the basement, chatting over the remains of a decidedly un-Plaza-like lunch: roast chicken, pulled pork, and macaroni and cheese.

Among them was John Negron, 38, a cheerful former bodyguard with a solid build and thick wrists. Born near Southern Boulevard in the South Bronx, he had a rough childhood, he said, but found solace in the study of martial arts. At age 8, while living in a group home, he came down with a case of what he described as martial arts ''fever.'' Thus began a lifelong obsession.

A sixth-degree black belt in taijutsu, Mr. Negron has taught that discipline and others at martial arts schools around New York.

''Ironically,'' Mr. Negron said, ''a lot of people don't realize that samurais originally developed from butlers. The word means someone who served. The lords were rich people, and the samurais would do everything, including protection.''

One might assume that the incredible wealth commanded by guests of the Plaza would arouse resentment in people like Mr. Negron -- people of poor or ***working-class*** origins from places like the South Bronx or Nepal, Peru or Poland. But Mr. Negron, for one, insists that his devotion to service transcends class.

''I sincerely do not believe in discrimination,'' he said. ''Someone's money, someone's living situation, their inheritance -- these things I don't try to judge.''

There's a passage in George Orwell's 1933 memoir, ''Down and Out in Paris and London,'' in which the author describes a typical waiter at a smart Paris hotel: ''He is not thinking as he looks at you, 'What an overfed lout'; he is thinking, 'One day, when I have saved enough money, I shall be able to imitate that man.' ''

Mr. Negron, for his part, entertains no ambitions of becoming as rich as his guests. He lives with his wife in a modest two-bedroom apartment in Jersey City, and he seems content. Yet he enjoys his guests' wealth vicariously. ''Not having it,'' he said, ''and not ever going to have it, probably, I get to experience it through the window, so to speak, with nonjudgmental eyes and professional eyes.''

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about the butlers at the Plaza Hotel misidentified the type of coat they wear. It is a frock coat, not a morning coat.

An article last Sunday about the butlers at the Plaza Hotel misidentified the type of coat they wear. It is a frock coat, not a morning coat.

**Correction-Date:** March 23, 2008

**Graphic**

Photos: Save for their accents and their backgrounds, the Plaza's 17 butlers could have stepped from the pages of a Wodehouse novel. Bruno Soubirous of France, left, Daniel Becker of Philadelphia and Maciej Polek of Poland awaiting the arrival of guests. Premendra Chouhan, from India, a guest's laundry in hand. Daniel Becker, on shoe polishing detail. (PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE FORNABAIO FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES)

**Load-Date:** March 16, 2008

**End of Document**



[***Major Races to Watch in Today's Election in New Jersey***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3SC4-7600-000P-2191-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

November 3, 1992, Tuesday, Late Edition - Final

Copyright 1992 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Metropolitan Desk

**Section:** Section B;; Section B; Page 4; Column 1; Metropolitan Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1533 words

**Body**

U.S. House of Representatives

2D DISTRICT: ATLANTIC, BURLINGTON, CAPE MAY, CUMBERLAND, GLOUCESTER, SALEM

The Candidates

WILLIAM J. HUGHES, 60, a Democrat. The incumbent, he has represented the district for 18 years. Was an assistant prosecutor in Cape May County for a decade before that.

FRANK LoBIONDO, 46, a Republican. Elected as State Assemblyman in 1987. Had been a Cumberland County Freeholder for 3 years. Operations manager for a family-owned trucking business.

The District

The Second is the state's largest congressional district, sprawling over six counties, from the Delaware River to the Atlantic Ocean. The vast majority of residents are white, and among voters, Republicans outnumber Democrats, 82,000 to 65,000. But the largest group of voters -- more than 138,000 -- are unaffiliated.

The Issues

Gun control has become a significant issue in the race because the two men have very different views. Mr. Hughes, a gun-control advocate who has written several major anti-crime bills as chairman of the Judiciary subcommittee on crime -- he has since switched to the subcommittee on courts, intellectual property and judicial administration -- has emphasized Mr. LoBiondo's support from the National Rifle Association, which despises Mr. Hughes and applauds Mr. LoBiondo for his sponsorship of a measure to repeal Gov. Jim Florio's ban on assault weapons in the Legislature.

Mr. LoBiondo has assailed Mr. Hughes for votes against the balanced budget amendment to the Constitution and in favor of the Congressional pay raise, as well as his acceptance of such Congressional perks as a taxpayer- provided automobile.

Analysis

Mr. Hughes's self-effacing popularity and attention to the district -- he has spent few weekends in Washington during his long tenure -- have made him all but unbeatable. Despite Mr. LoBiondo's aggressive campaign, the incumbent's roots in the district give him the edge.

6TH DISTRICT: MONMOUTH, MIDDLESEX

The Candidates

FRANK PALLONE JR., 40, Democrat. Lawyer and former Long Branch City Councilman and state legislator. Elected to Congress in 1988.

JOSEPH M. KYRILLOS JR., 32, Republican. A State Senator and former member of the General Assembly. Manager of business standards and ethics for the Mid-Atlantic Health Group, a hospital management company in Rumson.

The District

The new Sixth District is an amalgam of two areas: the northern half of Mr. Pallone's old Third District along the Jersey Shore, and southern and central Middlesex County from the old Sixth District, which was represented for the last 12 years by Bernard J. Dwyer, who has retired. The southern end of the district begins in Sea Girt, an affluent oceanfront town, and heads north and then west into industrial Middlesex County, which makes up 58 percent of the district and gives it a blue-collar and Democratic cast.

The Issues

Mr. Kyrillos has been basing his campaign on voter frustration over the economy and the resulting anti-incumbency mood. He said he recognized that much of the anger was aimed at President Bush, whom he supports, but that voters should remember the role of Congress. He characterizes Mr. Pallone, who attracts many large donations from political action committees, as "the ultimate insider."

Mr. Pallone calls himself a "maverick" and repeats that he was the only member of the New Jersey delegation to vote against the last Congressional pay raise in 1989. He has won the support of national and state environmental organizations for his sponsorship of clean-water legislation in the State Legislature and Congress.

Both men support abortion rights, although Mr. Pallone was a strong opponent of abortion before changing his position three years ago.

Analysis

Mr. Pallone has raised five times more money over the last two years than Mr. Kyrillos, who entered the race only last spring. The edge in financing and the strong showing of Gov. Bill Clinton in the Presidential race have helped install Mr. Pallone as the favorite. With Mr. Bush closing the gap in recent days, Mr. Kyrillos has been attracting new support and exhibiting increased enthusiasm as the race ends. Still, a Kyrillos victory would be considered an upset.

7TH DISTRICT: ESSEX, MIDDLESES, SOMERSET, UNION

The Candidates

ROBERT D. FRANKS, 41, Republican. A member of the Assembly since 1979. Twice served as chairman of the New Jersey Republican State Committee.

LEONARD R. SENDELSKY, 58, Democrat. A house builder who founded his own company in 1958. Has never run for office. One of the state's major fund-raisers for Democratic candidates.

The District

The newly redrawn district, for 20 years the fief of Representative Matthew J. Rinaldo, a Republican, stretches across northern New Jersey and is one of the most ethnically diverse in the state.

The Issues

Neither candidate has found a specific issue to exploit. Instead each has focused on portraying himself as a Washington outsider intent on reforming Congress, while painting his opponent as a political insider.

Analysis

Representative Rinaldo surprised everyone when he announced his retirement just days before the filing deadline for the election. With no incumbent and a new district, this is one of the most unpredictable races in the state. After winning the Democratic nomination, Mr. Sendelsky spent much of his effort compiling material for a race against Mr. Rinaldo. Nearly all of it became useless. Mr. Franks's campaign had a late start. Each candidate has claimed to hold a slight edge, while worrying about the outcome.

8TH DISTRICT: ESSEX, PASSAIC

The Candidates

JOSEPH L. BUBBA, 54, Republican. He was elected to the State Senate in 1981. He also served as Passaic County Freeholder and Passaic County Republican chairman in the mid 1970's and early 80's.

HERBERT C. KLEIN, 62, Democrat. A lawyer, he served in the State Assembly from 1971 to 1976 when he was defeated in his bid for a third term. As executive director of the Passaic County Democratic Committee, he has remained politically active. He is also one of the biggest fund-raisers for Democratic candidates and causes in the state.

The District

With the voting-age population almost equally divided between urban and areas, blue-collar bedroom communities and wealthy mountainside suburbs, the 8th is one of the most varied political districts in the state. Democrats outnumber Republicans, 92,000 to nearly 55,000. But in recent national and statewide elections, an unaffiliated bloc of voters, now numbering about 125,000, have given the edge to Republican candidates. About 70 percent of residents are white, with large blocs of second-generation immigrants. Blacks make up about 15 percent of residents, with most concentrated in two cities, Paterson and Passaic.

The Issues

Mr. Bubba, a conservative who prides himself on never having voted for a tax increase in 11 years in Trenton, has attacked Mr. Klein for voting for the state income tax when he was a member of the Assembly in 1976. Mr. Bubba also highlights his tough stance in the Legislature against crime.

Mr. Klein argues that he is "not a career politician who has lost touch with ordinary people." He also assails Mr. Bubba for accepting contributions from the National Rifle Association and supporting the overturn of the state's ban on assault firearms.

Analysis

When Robert A. Roe, a very popular Republican, announced he would not run again after 22 years in Congress, the district turned into a battleground for the first time in two decades. Mr. Bubba has the edge in name recognition, and is thus favored, but the race at this point is considered too close to call.

13TH DISTRICT: HUDSON, ESSEX, MIDDLESEX, UNION

The Candidates

ROBERT MENENDEZ, 38. Mayor of Union City since 1986. Was serving his second term in the State Assembly when selected to fill a vacant State Senate seat in February 1991; was elected to a two-year term in the Senate in November.

FRED G. THEEMLING JR., 48. Lawyer and former assistant Hudson County prosecutor. Tried unsucessfully to unseat the retiring incumbent Congressman, Frank Guarini, in 1988 and 1990.

The District

The 13th was drawn after the 1990 Census, when New Jersey lost one seat, and comprises ***working-class***, urban areas. Was drawn to maximize Hispanic voter strength; about 43 percent of the district is Hispanic.

The Issues

Both candidates have focused on jobs, the economy, health-care costs and crime. Mr. Menendez's "urban agenda" would focus on tax incentives for new development and job-training in urban areas. Both candidates favor urban enterprise zones; Mr. Theemling would also grant tax breaks to companies that hire new workers and raise taxes on businesses that lay off workers to make a profit.

Analysis

Mr. Menendez, the Democrat, is the heavy favorite in a district where Democrats far outnumber Republicans. Besides outspending Mr. Theemling by more than 15 to one, he has received all the major endorsements. He is a Cuban-American and many Cuban-American voters in the district, who tend to vote Republican, are expected to support him. He would become New Jersey's first Hispanic representative in Congress.

Mr. Theemling's hope is that the anti-politician, anti-incumbency sentiment in the district will work in his favor.

**Load-Date:** November 3, 1992

**End of Document**



[***AT THE MOVIES***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:3S8G-9T10-0007-J1T0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

July 12, 1985, Friday, Late City Final Edition

Copyright 1985 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section C; Page 10, Column 4; Weekend Desk

**Length:** 1251 words

**Byline:** Special to the New York Times

**Dateline:** HOLLYWOOD, July 11

**Body**

''The Gods Must Be Crazy'' - one of those rare foreign movies that become phenomena - opened at the 68th Street Playhouse in Manhattan on July 9, 1984. The cockeyed comedy about the trouble an empty Coke bottle causes an African bushman celebrated its first anniversary in New York this week by taking in almost twice as much money as it did a year ago.

''The Gods Must Be Crazy'' -which was written, directed, produced and edited by Jamie Uys, a 63-year-old South African - sold $14,796 worth of tickets during its first week at the 68th Street theater. In its 52d week, it sold $25,770 worth of tickets. And 20th Century-Fox is celebrating the movie's year in New York this week by sending it to the suburbs. The studio has added 14 theaters in such places as Scarsdale, Nassau County and New Jersey.

''The Gods Must Be Crazy'' isn't solely a New York taste. The movie has been playing longer than six months in a dozen other cities, including 47 weeks in Los Angeles, 48 weeks in Toronto, 42 weeks in Miami, 38 weeks in Phoenix and 39 weeks in Sacramento.

Meyer Ackerman, a distributor of specialized movies and the owner of 19 other screens besides the 68th Street, is particularly happy about the success of the movie because he pursued the film for four years before he finally caught it.

Five years ago at the Cannes Film Market, Mr. Ackerman saw a 20-minute product reel for ''The Gods Must Be Crazy.'' He was enthusiastic enough to watch for the finished film. ''I saw it, loved it and wanted to distribute it, but they had ambitions of selling it to a major,'' said Mr. Ackerman. Then Jensen-Farley, which had the policy of opening G-rated pictures in lots of theaters in a single region, like the South, got the rights. ''My wife had shown it to her film club,'' Mr. Ackerman said, ''and I sent those sensational comment cards to Jensen-Farley with a letter that said, 'You don't know what you've got in this picture. You've got to open in New York.' They sent a letter back that said, 'No. We did market research and decided the title is wrong.' I said it was one of the best titles I'd ever heard and I'd play the picture at the 68th Street and even pay for the advertising. They said no and a few months later they filed bankruptcy.''

Again Mr. Ackerman tried and failed to get the rights to distribute the movie. When it was sold to Fox's classics division, he called and said, ''I think this movie can play a year in New York.''

''It's not a picture, it's a phenomenon,'' Mr. Ackerman said this week. ''It defies season, it defies weather, it defies advertising. There are days when Fox has no advertising at all, not even a guide, and it doesn't make any difference. After five months, the film took on a life of its own, and we were no longer selling it. We get young people, old people, middle-aged people, sophisticated and unsophisticated people and all ethnic groups.''

The 68th Street Playhouse is one of the few theaters in the country without a concessions stand. At the waemmle Music Hall in Los Angeles, which does sell snacks, the assistant manager, Simon Korot, can pinpoint the changing audience. ''The film started as an art film and now we get the 'Beverly Hills Cop' and 'Goonies' audience,'' Mr. Korot said. ''We went from selling Swiss chocolates and Perrier to selling regular everyday junk food.'' Seeing 'Lifetime' Through, From Start to Finish Bud Yorkin's work on ''Twice in a Lifetime'' did not end with producing, directing and completely financing that $8 million movie starring Gene Hackman. Now Mr. Yorkin - who is best known as the co-creator with Norman Lear of such classic television series as ''All in the Family'' and ''Sanford and Son'' - is preparing to take the unusual step of distributing the movie himself.

''It's a gutsy thing to do,'' said Norman Levy, the former vice chairman of 20th Century-Fox who will be handling the distribution for Mr. Yorkin. ''He'll have to foot all the marketing costs himself, maybe $5 million to $6 million. It will take a lot of nerve.''

''Twice in a Lifetime'' tells what the breakup of a marriage does to a ***working-class*** family. Ellen Burstyn co-stars as the wife Mr. Hackman leaves. Ally Sheedy and Amy Madigan play their daughters, while Ann-Margret is a barmaid with whom Mr. Hackman falls in love. The movie was written by Colin Welland, the Academy Award-winning screenwriter of ''Chariots of Fire.''

Mr. Yorkin - who directed several movies about 15 years ago, including ''Start the Revolution Without Me'' and ''Divorce American Style'' - is passionate about his new film. ''Anything that's bad about this picture, I'll take the blame; anything good, I'll share the credit,'' he said. ''There's not one scene, not one line, I didn't want. I can't blame it on anybody.''

''Twice in a Lifetime'' is to open at the Beekman in Manhattan in late October and in Los Angeles, Toronto and Seattle several days later. In a release pattern very similar to the Ladd Company's ''Chariots of Fire,'' the movie will creep into other theaters by late January.

Mr. Yorkin said that he has had some offers from studios to distribute ''Twice in a Lifetime'' but felt his film needed more nurturing than they would be willing to give. ''Studios like to go out with a minimum of 800 prints,'' he said. ''I'm not Steven Spielberg. They're not dependent on me for eight more pictures. This way I have control of my own destiny.''

This week he was happily tinkering with advertising copy that read: ''For better or for worse . . . but not necessarily forever.''

Mr. Levy said the mechanics of distributing ''Twice in a Lifetime'' - policing contracts, collecting the money, physically selling the film -would be considerably more difficult than ''having 300 people at a major company servicing the movie.'' However, he also said that it wouldn't be any more difficult than usual to develop a marketing plan and that he expected ''Twice in a Lifetime'' eventually ''to play every city in America just as a major studio release does.''

A Reunion on 'Gung Ho'

Paramount Pictures will soon be announcing ''Gung Ho,'' a new movie by Ron Howard that will reunite the director of ''Splash'' with the screenwriters Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, who wrote ''Splash,'' and the actor Michael Keaton, who made his movie debut in Mr. Howard's first film, ''Night Shift.'' In ''Gung Ho,'' a comedy, Mr. Keaton stars as a man who tries to save his town when its only industry, an automobile manufacturing plant, moves out. Arbitration Urged In 'Mask' Dispute The professional standards committee of the Directors Guild of America announced its decision this week in the squabbling between Universal Pictures and Peter Bogdanovich, the director of ''Mask.'' Mr. Bogdanovich, who has filed a lawsuit against Universal and the producer Martin Starger, had attacked the studio for cutting two scenes and refusing to buy Bruce Springsteen music for the soundtrack. Universal had accused Mr. Bogdanovich of trying to keep the movie's cast from publicizing the film and of damaging the studio's reputation through a trade-paper advertisement in defense of Mr. Bogdanovich signed by prominent directors.

Although the language was bland, the committee essentially slapped Mr. Bogdanovich on the wrist by saying that inducing an artist to withdraw support for his project ''is not ethically acceptable'' and by recommending that he withdraw his lawsuit and enter arbitration. Mr. Bogdanovich's public-relations concern, PMK, said the director would be withdrawing the suit.

**Graphic**

photo of Bud Yorkin

**End of Document**



[***Endowment Chairman Coaxes Funds for the Arts***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4D8C-CR20-TW8F-G1V0-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

September 7, 2004 Tuesday

Late Edition - Final

Copyright 2004 The New York Times Company

**Section:** Section E; Column 1; The Arts/Cultural Desk; Pg. 1; Poet Brokers Truce In Culture Wars

**Length:** 1858 words

**Byline:** By BRUCE WEBER

**Dateline:** WASHINGTON

**Body**

One summer afternoon, Dana Gioia, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, brought his staff and his board of advisers to the Capitol for a tour. Their guide was Representative John L. Mica, Republican of Florida.

''I'm an arts nut,'' Mr. Mica said, introducing himself to the visitors. ''I'm a right-wing Republican, but I'm still an arts nut.''

Afterward there was a reception in the Mike Mansfield Room, a short walk from the Senate floor. Mr. Gioia (pronounced JOY-uh) introduced Rick Santorum, the conservative Republican senator from Pennsylvania, who had stopped by to nosh a few canapes and to extol the work of the advisory board: 14 artists, patrons and arts administrators who, with 6 members of Congress, make up the National Council on the Arts, which reviews grant applications for the endowment.

Cass Ballenger, a 10-term Republican congressman from North Carolina, and Robert F. Bennett, a Republican Senator from Utah, also stopped by to acknowledge that while the 39-year-old endowment hasn't always been welcomed so festively in the halls of Congress, they were happy it was happening now.

Conservative support for the agency is among the little-noticed political developments of this election year. In January President Bush asked Congress to increase the endowment's budget by $18 million for the 2005 fiscal year, the highest percentage increase in a quarter-century.

Mr. Gioia said he was confident that Congress would ultimately grant more than half of that request, which would raise the budget to $131 million, far short of the high-water mark of $176 million in 1992 but the highest appropriation for the endowment since a deep budget cut in 1996.

This will no doubt surprise those who recall the culture wars of the 1980's and 90's, when conservatives raised a clamor over a handful of grants that supported projects like Robert Mapplethorpe's homoerotic photographs. Congress then chopped the endowment's budget by more than 40 percent and curtailed grants to individual artists. It has been a slow crawl back towards viability ever since.

The process began under the Clinton-era administrators of the endowment, the actress Jane Alexander and William A. Ivey, long-time director of the Country Music Foundation. But it is Mr. Gioia, 53 -- a poet, music critic and former corporate executive appointed by President Bush in 2002 -- who to a large degree has won the Congressional approbation that eluded his predecessors. And he has done so without alienating artists, who tend to resist all restraints on their independence.

''Dana is a superb politician, which is a very good thing,'' said David Gelernter, a painter, art critic and professor of computer sciences at Yale whom President Bill Clinton named to the National Council on the Arts. ''He knows how to talk to Congress and to the arts community, and to state and federal agencies and to the complex, gigantic, fire-breathing beast called the White House.'' Mr. Gioia is a boyish-looking, talkative man whose prep-school mien belies his ***working-class*** childhood in Hawthorne, Calif., and whose blondish, Ken-doll looks obscure his heritage: Italian on his father's side, Mexican on his mother's. He went to Stanford, Harvard and the Stanford Business School and spent 15 years working for the General Foods Corporation, rising to become marketing manager of the desserts division.

He left the business world to write full time -- poetry, essays and music criticism -- in 1992. Though he compiled two collections of poetry while working for General Foods, he kept his writing life secret from his colleagues. That would be uncharacteristic of him today. He's not the sort to play down his achievements, and an oft-heard complaint is that he's arrogant and that he gives little credit to his predecessors' contributions to stabilizing the endowment.

Still, in conversation he's vivid, engaging and passionate, especially in articulating his vision of the endowment as a remedial public-service agency that is filling a void by bringing uncontroversial, high-quality art to a large number of Americans who lack access to it.

He spent the first year of his tenure trundling back and forth to Capitol Hill, selling the agency to senators and congressmen one at a time.

''Artistic quality and democracy are not mutually exclusive terms,'' Mr. Gioia said during a series of interviews this summer. ''What I would like to accomplish here is to maintain the artistic standards of our programs but improve the equity of our programs, reach more of the country. If I represent anything in American culture it's the necessity for the arts to have public engagement. I'm a kind of populist elitist. Some art is better than other art, but without an audience, it's all diminished.''

His view -- that supporting audiences is a more urgent priority than supporting artists -- has allowed many conservatives who were opponents of the agency to get behind it. In June the House Interior appropriations subcommittee ignored Mr. Bush's budget request and offered a bill that left the endowment's budget at its current level. After lobbying by advocates, an amendment to the bill, restoring $10 million of the president's request, was passed on the House floor by a vote of 241 to 185, doubling the margin of approval for the endowment budget from a year ago. The bill is headed for the Senate (though not likely before the election), where, Mr. Gioia said, he is confident it will pass.

Critics remain of course, including a legislative faction, led by Representative Thomas G. Tancredo, Republican of Colorado, that seeks to abolish the endowment on the grounds that the federal government shouldn't be in the business of deciding what art to support any more than it should be deciding what religion to support. But even Mr. Tancredo acknowledges that the spunk has gone out of much of the opposition. Mr. Gioia's administration has eliminated ''what some have called egregious violations of someone's idea of good taste,'' Mr. Tancredo said, adding, ''So for a lot of people it's just not worth the fight anymore.''

Mr. Gioia hasn't bothered to defend the independence of artists or the value of subversive art, stances that hampered previous chairmen, among other reasons because many in Congress bristled at the way artists condescended to them.

Instead his approach has been to seek common ground between artists and legislators, to remind lawmakers of how important the arts can be in awakening the imaginations of people who haven't been exposed to them. ''Excellence'' and ''access'' are Gioia buzzwords, values that are hard to assail.

He has steered the endowment toward the creation of big, visible programs like Shakespeare in American Communities, which is bringing professional productions of ''Othello,'' ''Romeo and Juliet,'' ''Richard III'' and ''A Midsummer Night's Dream'' to smaller cities and towns, and Operation: Homecoming, through which poets and novelists visit military installations to conduct writing workshops for veterans of Iraq and Afghanistan.

These programs, though successful, have dismayed some arts administrators, who say the endowment's creation of its own programs -- and its solicitation of corporate funds to foot the bill -- puts the endowment in direct competition with the organizations it is supposed to support.

''The N.E.A. has always been seen as the entity that stimulates other organizations to raise money, not one that takes the money for itself,'' said Robert L. Lynch, president of Americans for the Arts, the country's largest nonprofit arts advocacy group.

Another criticism of Mr. Gioia's stewardship of the agency is that he has not restored, or even attempted to restore, its former emphasis on supporting artists and new art.

''Gioia has gotten praise from those people who say, 'You see, it doesn't have to be all Mapplethorpe,''' said Gordon Davidson, the artistic director of the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles and a member of the national council. ''Well, I'm sorry. I think we need Mapplethorpe. I think the agency has to be Mapplethorpe and Shakespeare. And I worry there isn't enough energy being put into the people who make art, as opposed to into projects.''

Even so, many artists, though they would like to see it more strongly behind the pure artistic impulse, are gratified that the endowment now seems on its surest financial and political footing in a decade.

''I like Dana's approach,'' said Makoto Fujimura, a painter who also serves on the council. ''The strategy is to try and create momentum for N.E.A., in terms of reach and influence, with projects designed intentionally to cover the broadest area. Once that's successful, I think we can do more creative things.

''I tell artists we can benefit from serving communities. I understand why they complain about the agency's not funding experimental things, but I think we'll get there if we're successful. At least we've repaired some of the broken walls between artists and public.''

Mr. Gioia assumed his post in February 2002, replacing Mr. Ivey's successor, Michael P. Hammond, a composer and dean of Rice University's school of music, who died at 69, within days of assuming the job.

''I found an agency that, with no disrespect to my predecessors, was demotivated, defensive and unconfident,'' Mr., Gioia said. ''It had been under continual assault for about 15 years, and it was suffering from the institutional version of battered child syndrome. In some ways our communications department felt it was their job to keep us out of the newspaper. And at every party I went to, in every senatorial office, everywhere I went people would take me aside and explain why nothing could be done. They said: 'Your job is to stay out of trouble, keep a low profile. You're not going to be able to rebuild the agency. It can't happen.'''

That challenged his ego as well as his sense that the endowment was ill perceived as an arbiter of taste or a promoter of artistic invention.

''The debate about public funding of the arts over the last 20 years has been determined by the critics,'' he said. ''I felt if one were to rebuild the agency, what we needed to do was to take an unapologetic role in creating the public conversation about arts support.''

That's why, when a recent arts participation survey financed by the endowment turned up stark data about the decline in the reading of literature by Americans, Mr. Gioia seized on it, trumpeting the results in a news conference and dozens of interviews in order to make the case for a renewal of public attention to reading in particular, the arts in general and the endowment's role in both.

The loss of readers fits right in with his position that the current problem in this country is not with the supply of art, but with the demand.

''We have a generation of Americans growing up who have never been to the theater, the symphony, opera, dance, who have never heard live jazz and who increasingly don't read,'' he said. ''In a country where we've lost 40 million potential readers in the last 20 years,'' I question whether the problem is an insufficient number of new books.''

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

**Graphic**

Photo: Dana Gioia, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, is working to make friends in Congress. (Photo by Susan Ragan for The New York Times)

**Load-Date:** September 7, 2004

**End of Document**



[***Town Sees Pressure By Suffolk On Houses - Correction Appended***](https://advance.lexis.com/api/document?collection=news&id=urn:contentItem:4110-CFR0-00MH-F219-00000-00&context=1519360)

The New York Times

**Correction Appended**



Copyright 2000 The New York Times Company

**Distribution:** Long Island Weekly Desk

**Section:** Section 14LI;; Section 14LI;Page 3;Column 1;Long Island Weekly Desk; Column 1;

**Length:** 1466 words

**Byline:** By STEWART AIN

By STEWART AIN

**Body**

IN the view of Huntington Town officials, the Suffolk County Legislature is engaged in petty politics. But Suffolk lawmakers contend they are only trying to entice the town to address the crucial issue of affordable housing.

At issue is whether the county should have a direct say in the development of a 382-acre site in Melville that was the home of the Long Island Developmental Center, a state psychiatric hospital for children.

A committee of county, town and civic leaders proposed in 1996 that the property be devoted almost exclusively to housing for families in which at least one member is 55 or older. The state solicited bids, and early last year awarded the site to SBJ Associates of Garden City for $16.1 million.

The town's zoning board held a hearing July 25 on the firm's application to rezone the property for 1,375 units, all but 75 of which would be restricted to senior housing. Another 100 would be sold at below-market prices, and another 100 would be rental units for low-income seniors. The other 1,100 units would be sold for $175,000 to $350,000.

"More than 1,500 people showed up and they were overwhelmingly in favor of the project," said John A. Harras, of Morton Weber & Associates in Melville, the attorney for SBJ. Steve A. Israel, a Democratic town councilman, said the board was expected to act by the end of September on the request for a variance, from the current two-acre zoning.

But two weeks ago, the Suffolk Legislature added another unknown to the equation: It offered the town $1.8 million for the developer if SBJ devoted 30 percent of the homes, or about 400 units, to low-cost housing for people of all ages.

The money, which will go to the town in 15 months even if it does not make such a change, is Huntington's share of an $8 million fund derived from a settlement with the Long Island Power Authority involving the closing of the Shoreham nuclear plant.

The legislature's presiding officer, Paul Tonna, a Republican of West Hills who sponsored the legislation, said the money was offered as "a carrot -- no strings attached."

He pointed out that 7 out of 10 young people who grow up on the Island and leave for college do not come back. "The No. 1 reason is that they can't afford to live here," Mr. Tonna said. "Major employers, banks and industries are saying that this has got to stop. The L.I.D.C. site, the largest available tract of land available for housing on Long Island, cannot be a missed opportunity."

But a spokesman for Huntington Town, George Hoffman, said the lawmakers had imposed no such precise conditions on other towns.

"All of our supervisors agree that this was a usurpation of home rule," he said. "Only the Town of Huntington has been limited to using the money for infrastructure at the L.I.D.C. property, and only if the developer agrees to a 30 percent affordable component for all ages. This is politics at its worst."

Mr. Hoffman's view of home rule is supported by officials in Smithtown, Southold and Riverhead.

Mr. Harras, the SBJ attorney, said his client did not want to change the plan and did not want the $1.8 million. "We say the Legislature should not micromanage our project," he said.

The property is in a section of Huntington represented by Legislator Allan Binder, who said Mr. Tonna "put the bill in without the usual courtesy of discussing it with me."

He suggested that Mr. Tonna was getting even with him because Mr. Binder opposed Mr. Tonna's selection as presiding supervisor. "This seems to me purely political in nature," he said.

Mr. Binder cited the county's recent purchase of 10.5 acres in Mr. Tonna's district in West Hills to preserve open space, which "could just as easily have been for affordable housing, if that was his real motive."

Mr. Israel said Mr. Tonna had had an opportunity to insist the property be used for affordable housing when the state sold it. And he said Mr. Tonna and the co-sponsor of the latest bill, David Bishop, a Democrat from Lindenhurst, could have mentioned the housing needs when the site committee was in session.

"Not at any time did they show up during that process and utter a word of concern about affordable housing at the L.I.D.C.," Mr. Israel said. "And now, four weeks before the primary election, they suddenly found their conscience."

Mr. Bishop and Mr. Israel are in a Democratic primary Sept. 12, along with a community activist, Ghena Grant, for the Second Congressional District seat of Rick Lazio, who is running for the Senate against Hillary Rodham Clinton.

Mr. Tonna insisted that his bill was not driven by politics. He said it was introduced in February and that the L.I.D.C. stipulation was inserted in June at the behest of advocates for low-cost housing.

And Mr. Bishop said that "petty politics is being a 'nimby' and refusing to open the gates of that enormous property to middle- and ***working-class*** families."

Noting that 75 of the homes in the proposed complex have multiple bedrooms and are to be sold without any age restriction, Mr. Bishop said: "The real purpose is to make that an enclave for millionaires. Everybody knows those homes will sell for $600,000."

Asked about Mr. Israel's charge that he had never before suggested that the property be used for affordable housing, Mr. Bishop replied: "We didn't have the economy we have now. Long Island's economy and the developments of the last 10 years dictate that we create affordable homes for families in order to keep young people on the Island. And earlier this year we passed a bill setting aside for affordable housing all dwellings taken for back taxes. We also recently passed a $20 million bond to buy available land for affordable housing."

Huntington was singled out in the legislation, Mr. Bishop said, because "it has a particularly bad record and is under court order to do better."

"They have not remedied their past wrongs," he continued. "They are embarrassed, and this bill put a spotlight on the town's record."

But Mr. Israel pointed out that the Huntington Town Board had "voted for or authorized 353 units of affordable homes in the past four years, and I'll put that record against the number of affordable homes they have built any day of the week."

He added that just as it is important to keep young people on the Island, "senior citizens deserve to stay on Long Island."

That sentiment was expressed repeatedly at the July 25 town hearing.

Among those who spoke was Avi Saks of Dix Hills, who said he did not want to see seniors pitted against young people in the quest for housing. He said that affordable housing had been created elsewhere in the town and that this site should remain largely for seniors. And he quoted from Psalms the words, "Don't forsake me in my old age."

Also expressing concern about the prospect of much more low-cost housing for families with children was Alissa Taff, president of the Half Hollow Hills School Board. She said that more than 1,000 new children had entered the 8,600-student district in the last three or four years and that construction of another 400 homes is currently planned.

In a later interview, she said that to set aside 30 percent of the L.I.D.C. site for low-cost housing would mean another 400 families with children entering the district. That, she said, "would push us over the edge."

It would mean, Ms. Taff continued, that the district would have to build a $42 million middle school for 800 children and a $20 million elementary school for 550 youngsters. But she questioned where the money would come from because voters twice rejected the library bond after approving $103 million in school bonds.

"I can see the handwriting on the wall," said Ms. Taff. "We can't ask taxpayers to pay for more."

Ms. Taff pointed out that while 491 youngsters graduated this year, the incoming kindergarten class has 705 students. To cope with the surge in enrollment, the district plans to build additions to each of its 11 school buildings and will "likely reopen the Manasquan School, which is now used for the administration and special education programs," Ms. Taff said. "We would then have to build a new administration building for them."

But Jim Morgo, president of the Long Island Housing Partnership, said studies had shown that 400 condo units of affordable housing would generate fewer students than the 75 non-age-restricted homes already planned.

"A three-bedroom condo unit, according to all the empirical evidence, generates about one-third of a child," he said. "But the 75 homes planned will have four or five bedrooms, and they will give you 150 to 170 kids."

Tim Ryan, a spokesman for the Suffolk County Executive, Robert J. Gaffney, said that although Mr. Gaffney supports low-cost housing, he would like to bring all parties together "to try to accomplish this objective without interfering in local affairs."

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

**Correction**

An article last Sunday about plans to redevelop the former Long Island Developmental Center in Huntington misstated its function. It was a residence for the mentally retarded and developmentally disabled of all ages; the Sagamore Children's Center, adjacent to the Developmental Center and still in operation, is a children's psychiatric hospital.

**Correction-Date:** August 27, 2000, Sunday

**Graphic**

Photo: Legislators Allan Binder, left, and Paul Tonna, right, are at odds over a bill sponsored by Mr. Tonna to encourage affordable housing in Huntington. The legislators are shown with Legislator Steve Levy in 1997.

Map of Suffolk and Huntington highlighting the former Long Island Developmental Center.

**Load-Date:** August 20, 2000

**End of Document**