1990

**Bostonia: v. 64, no. 1**

**Kington, Miles**

Boston University


http://hdl.handle.net/2144/20295

*Boston University*
Into the Millennium
A Guide for the Perplexed
A-Z
IN 60 SECONDS

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INTO THE MILLENNIUM

As we change decades, predictions and retrospectives are all the rage. We thought we'd do our own soothsaying. So we asked three writers and illustrators to envision a metaphor for the 1990s. Their strikingly differing viewpoints are presented here. — By Miles Kington, James O'Donnell and Robert Hicner

FEATURES

COUNTER-INTELLIGENTSIA

The Congress of Cultural Freedom was the world's leading organization of intellectuals. A new book examines its downfall. — By Len Bushkoff

SPOTLIGHT ON BOSTON THEATERS

In the evolving Midtown Cultural District, photographer A. Samuel Laundon captures the essence of Boston theater architecture. — Text By Jane Holtz Kay

THE ART OF THE RESUMÉ

A Reader's Companion to the Resumé, culled from the great literature of the past, from Cicero to Vladimir Nabokov. — By Peter Lubin

COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

Our post-Orwellian world, signing in with ASL, Medellin's other cartel, reflections on Andrei Gromyko and more.

THE ARTS PAGES

Recommended are an MFA alternative to Monet in the '90s and "Locomotion" at the Photographie Resource Center.

FROM THE STUDIO

Mapplethorpe's forgotten art: Amidst the controversy, the beauty of the photographs has been lost.

BY RICHARD PAPALE

AMONG THE MANY BOOKS

In pursuit of the great American novel: Jan Novák's The Willys' Dream Kit comes awfully close.

BY JOSF SKVORECKY

IN THE MEDIA

The language of date rape: On television something is lost in the translation.

BY JEREMY MURRAY-BROWN

NOTES ON MUSIC

Sounding off about acoustics: Boston University's Tsai Center uses the latest techniques.

BY JON QUEJO

POLITICS

Attention democrats: There are no future presidents in Massachusetts.

BY MARTIN S. GOLDMAN

BEHAVIOR

Is the death penalty a vehicle for revenge? An abolitionist states his case.

BY JACK LEVIN

FINANCE

The building blocks of reform: An inside look at the Soviet economy.

INTERVIEW WITH BORIS FYODOROV

GOURMET

The well-tempered conductor: Christopher Hogwood scours in music and the culinary arts.

BY ELIZABETH RIELY

THE ART OF LIVING WELL

The intricacy of stained glass: monitoring the weather; and a puzzling enterprise.

BY TRACEY MINNIN

IN OUR BACKYARD

The armchair environmentalist

BY JAY COX
As perennial as the sunshine season, one motif blossoms beautifully and with good reason.

Growing like wild flowers in sun-drenched tribute, prints charming, with more Hot Per Suit.

Take a Cruise with Adrienne Vittadini Rose Provence prints. Featured above, the bandeau 2-pc. suit $52. Lemon yellow sarong skirt $46. Shown left Rose Provence print square neck tank, $58. Also available in the Rose Provence print but not shown, the button-front scoop neck romper with drop waist $83. In Boston and selected stores.

Living the good life. jordan marsh

EST. 1851
TO THE READER:

I'm happy to say we got a lot of press for our last issue and, in particular, the cover story on the Chelsea schools project. It was the lead story for that month, it wasn't getting proper analysis from the rest of the media and deserved the prime placing it got. Furthermore, I, for one, have no hesitation in backing the project, which I happen to believe that Boston offers is the freedom to publish first-rate and ideas, have the real means to do so. The major decisions on stories are taken here and ideas (such as this issue) on Boston's old theater landmarks if we couldn't print it in the form and with the color it deserves?

Readers will have to understand that the major decisions on stories are taken here with some anticipation. For instance, we are currently considering what will be the lead story for our summer issue. Into that well-organized universe in which everything fits and is done on schedule, there occasionally comes a very special pleasure.

One of the rarest, for an editor is the arrival of a manuscript in his in-box of which the very first lines reveal a certain genius and invite immediate acceptance. Such was the case with Peter Lubin's The Art of the Resume which appears in this issue. The task to parody exactly, and with wit and invention, texts from different periods on so modern a subject, would defeat many a mind. But not Lubin's.

Not too dissimilar was a telephone call from Leonard Buskoff asking whether I would be interested in an extended review of Coleman's book on the Congress for Cultural Freedom. As one who in the early '60s reported from Latin America for the Congress, I knew the time had come to reconsider its record and the controversy that surrounded its end. The Congress was a major influence in the Kwarkampf between democracy and Soviet expansionism in those far-off days, the intellectuals we now see finding somewhat freer expression in Eastern Europe are those the Congress nurtured.

The controversy over the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe eventually bored me, largely because I knew and loved his work as an artist. I took it that his "secret" pictures, those which aroused such anger, were no more than a personal statement. I think the portfolio we publish here will show that as an artist-photographer, Mapplethorpe deserves the most serious consideration; and that as a technician, he was among the best in his time.

To have José Skvorecky choose his "book among the many" in our Arts Pages gives me even greater satisfaction. When we called him up in Toronto, he was still in pain after emerging from an operation. Quite typically, he hesitated not at all: asked to do literature favor he said no more than "Yes, when?" He is, of course, a remarkable writer in his own right, and the patron saint of contemporary Czech writers, not one of whom is not personally beholden to him.

As for our lead story, we wanted not to be frivolous, but at least relatively light-hearted. The millennium is not a subject that cheers all, the winter is not, either; in Boston, Eastem Europe in general. I hope you enjoy the portfolio we publish here will show that the very first lines reveal a certain genius and invite immediate acceptance. Such was the case with Peter Lubin's The Art of the Resume which appears in this issue. The task to parody exactly, and with wit and invention, texts from different periods on so modern a subject, would defeat many a mind. But not Lubin's.

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Chelsea Feedback

As a resident of Chelsea for the last 28 years and a former member of the Chelsea School Committee, I was particularly interested in your piece on Boston University's management of the Chelsea Public School System (November/December 1989).

Your article, however, made no mention of the Chelsea Coalition for Quality Education, on whose executive board I serve. Our group of parents, teachers and interested citizens has been very actively involved in the Chelsea project and initiated a proposal for citizen participation that eventually became the Citizens Advisory Committee on the BU Management Team.

Although we were in support of the BU proposal, we oppose the exemptions from the state Open Meeting and Public Records laws because this poses a threat to the people's right to know—a point your article did not mention. In addition, you should have mentioned that of the seven members of the Chelsea School Committee, three opposed the BU plan, and those same three felt that the state Open Meeting and Public Records laws because this poses a threat to the people's right to know—a point your article did not mention. In addition, you should have mentioned that of the seven members of the Chelsea School Committee, three opposed the BU plan, and those same three felt that racial bias was shown in not allowing the BU plan, and those same three felt that racial bias was shown in not allowing the Chelsea Commission on Hispanic Affairs a public hearing. And most of the Hispanic leadership and activists opposed the BU take-over.

My experience as an activist in Chelsea for many years has shown that the Chelsea Public School System had deteriorated for three reasons, political patronage in personnel matters and service contracts, the fact that the most politically powerful businessmen, bankers and professional people in Chelsea, most of whom do not live in Chelsea, never exerted their influence to fund and improve public education in our community; and racial bias that formed the attitudes of many as can be demonstrated by remarks such as "they do not care about education for their children" so why bother.

It is true that the overall feeling among Chelsea citizens is that BU will be able to improve Chelsea public education because the University will not have to contend with political interference, and can bring in much needed funding and professional expertise. The educational future of our children in Chelsea now depends on this.

Abe Morochnick
Chelsea, Massachusetts

Opinion or Vendetta?

I don't know Martin Goldman or Larry Rasky and don't care that Mr. Goldman believes that Mr. Rasky is scum (Politics, November/December). Mr. Goldman's mean-spirited diatribe offered me no reason to think that his opinion of Mr. Rasky is of concern at all. It was simply a personal attack cloaked in First Amendment protection.

If Goldman doesn't like Rasky, he should punch Rasky in the nose. It would be far more honorable than carving him up in your magazine and it would give Rasky a chance to punch back.

You thought that Mr. Goldman's hostility merited space in Bostonia? It did if the magazine is to be a forum for personal vendettas and mindless people bashing.

If Mr. Goldman's piece is an example of your best editorial judgment, you ought to be in another line. It was in outrageously poor professional taste.

Neil McGhee
Dover, New Hampshire

The Effects of Pornography

In April 1973 while a student in Clinical Psychology at Boston University, I ran an experiment in which some 30 undergraduate students were paid to write short stories about 10 different pictures ranging from sensual to pornographic, projected on a screen. Male and female students participated in the experiment in which they were shown materials including the quite explicit, and asked to use their imagination.

After many years of reflection, I feel I must apologize to those in the experiment. Pornography may be at its most harmful to clear conscience and to honest feeling and human relationships when it is employed in the name of "science." For then, if the fantasies it occasions may seem worthy of thought, rather than to be dismissed as perverse and obviously degrading to the natural emotions as most people know it to be.

The experiment took place prior to present regulations on research in place at Boston University. The current director of the clinical psychology program did not believe that with present review procedures such an experiment would now be allowed. Yet such a furor has been raised in certain "intellectual" circles by Congressional objection to the National Endowment for the Humanities' funding of "pornographic pictures," I must wonder if there are still those who would cry, "academic freedom" and "science, science," and say, "Yes," when asked if they would condone experiments of this type. They are the ones who illustrate a broader issue. For they are merely an extreme example of the mania in universities by which they collect trivial, useless or even harmful knowledge, often to the exclusion of the useful. Bad drives out good, if allowed to, and where progress up the academic pyramid is inverse to the spirituality, or even centrality of the academician's pursuits, a barren obsession with technique leads to a prostitution of the intellect. When the mind is stimulated to activity, not with a legitimate and enabling object, but with that for which there is merely the greatest assurance of hire, it is a cousin to pornography.

Adrian Sabre
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Something for Everyone

I really wish time would allow more reading of Bostonia. I find the magazine excellent, it has a broad range of timely articles. Since I am a geologist, I especially lean toward the science stories, such as the recent piece "Boston Submerged" (July/August 1989). Bostonia truly has something for everyone.

Dr. George M. Haselton
Clemson, South Carolina
To communicate or not to communicate? If we got into so much trouble by communicating, then, of course, we should stop communicating. And people do stop communicating to their families, their husband or wife, their friends or co-workers. But that's not the answer.

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A HISTORY OF THE LAP

Of all the mysteries of science, none is more provocative than that of the human lap. The lap has been a subject of controversy for as long as people have been sitting down, and yet no one has offered a definitive theory of its origin.

The ancient Greeks were the first to ponder the phenomenon of the lap. Empedocles, who sat a great deal and went so far as to cross his legs, observed that the lap forms more or less spontaneously in the very act of sitting and that upon sitting a lap forms in the very area where before there were only thighs. He attributed this mysterious process to small, invisible and infinitely divisible units of resilient matter that he called paragons.

Anaxagoras, picking up where Empedocles left off (i.e., just below the waist and above the knees) inquired into the nature and meaning of the lap. He claimed that a lap was natural when a person was sitting erect, much less so when they began to slouch. And he theorized that a lap was a convenient place to hold things or to put one's hands, although fear of obloquy prevented him from extrapolating on these lines.

It was Vesalius who pointed out (using the assistance of a picture of a hand in profile with extended forefinger) that clothing was not instrumental in the formation of a lap, which appeared with equal facility among naked or costumed sitters. This was a stunning insight because at the time nudity was rare, the depiction of the organs still a matter of conjecture.

Leibniz, who based his philosophy on the notion of substance, or something that could easily be mistaken for it, believed that all things, laps as well, were composed of monads which were much like paragons but more Germanic and harder to understand.

It was at about this time that there occurred the first recorded incidence of someone sitting on another person's lap. Krafft-Ebbing later linked this with sexual pathology. By the 1930s the double lap phenomenon would come to the attention of topologists, who were for the most part intrigued if not baffled. At this point topology itself was somewhat controversial, having been called "the show business of mathematics" by Koening Heist, the existentialist physicist himself very much a maverick because of his theory of the universe: that matter doesn't.

Finally, it is through Eastern thought and its exotic epistemological techniques that the lap may be best understood. From the earliest times, Chinese philosophers, comfortable with their laps, initiated the practice of nestling "lap dogs" between their legs when sitting. While Krafft-Ebbing refused even to comment on the practice, Bertrand Russell did observe that in the West lap dogs were clearly the product of a leisure society, adding that Alfred North Whitehead often used one, feeding it a Prounness on the day Principia Mathematica was published.

INTERNATIONAL

THE SECOND LONG MARCH

The American media spewed forth a numbing flow of facts. A few months ago we were all in Tiananmen Square; today we look to East Berlin and tomorrow? Though we direct our attention elsewhere, the major problems have a way of persisting. And that includes China. How to stop the forgetfulness? In Newton, Massachusetts, the China Information Center is dedicated to keeping the Chinese democracy movement alive in the American consciousness, and to provide reliable news to the Chinese themselves.

It is not an easy task. "The Center was born in the klieg lamps and overwhelming glare of world-wide publicity," says Marshall Strauss, who left his Washington, D.C. fundraising business to lend his skills to the Center. "But once the TV lights are turned off you see that the room lights are still on."

Last June, during the Tiananmen crackdown, the press descended upon the Center, which then operated out of a single room with two phone lines. The Center established itself as the best source of news. It also helped student leaders such as Wu'er Kaixi, Shen Tong and Lie Yan to escape after the Beijing massacre. Those heady days are now past. Today the problem is to counter the Chinese government's massive propaganda apparatus and to prevent American companies from resuming business as usual with China.

"The Tiananmen massacre surprised the whole world, but that is not the first time the
Communist government did such a thing," says Gong Xiaoxia, the Center’s chairperson, currently a Ph.D. candidate in sociology at Harvard. Involved in promonocracy activities for more than 15 years, Xiaoxia (pronounced Shua-Sha) had earlier been imprisoned in China for nine months, her parents exiled to the countryside. "We have to keep the movement alive by information," she continues. "Information can get inside the society, inside of the people."

For that task, the Center’s future plans include a Chinese-language radio news program and newspaper. "We want to start a war without machine guns and tanks," says the Center’s president, Liu Yuan, "a war of high tech and telecommunications to tell the Chinese the truth." Yuan’s father participated in Mao’s Long March in 1934-35, and was later imprisoned during the Cultural Revolution. Yuan’s mother was exiled to a labor camp; Yuan himself spent three years in a rural labor camp. He has suspended his Ph.D. studies at Brandeis to work full-time at the Center. "We have started on the Second Long March."

For now, the march begins in Newton. Phones ring, faxes arrive, people pound away at keyboards, entering or extracting data. A wall calendar fills up with speeches to be given: Vanderbilt, Cornell, Tufts, Amherst. Someone puzzles over a grant application. Staff members plan an English-language newsletter to provide their supporters with editorials, analysis, translations from the Chinese press. A coffee jar over the refrigerator bears a label: "Pennies for Democracy."

A fruit basket arrives and causes a stir, but the Center’s computer expert, Cheng Mo, is more interested in the plastic tray on which the fruit sits. "This will be for paper clips, this for rubber bands," he explains pointing to each tiny compartment. His co-workers laugh as they munch on the fruit. "In the eyes of one American, what we’re seeing here is the training of the leaders of the largest nation on earth."

MEMOIRS

ANDREI GROMYKO

The late Andrei Gromyko was the perfect example of the old-fashioned homo sovieticus glum-faced and wide-shouldered. He did not exactly bestride the world stage, though he stood somewhere on it, within the chalk marks carefully set down for him by others, for four decades. The Cult of Personality in the Soviet Union the personality, that is, of the Maximum Leader has always required each member of the entourage not to exhibit too lively and distinctive a personality. So Gromyko’s celebrated self-effacement, the deliberate adoption of blandness, was the protective coloration necessary to survive in the jungle of Politburo predators. It worked. Like Abbé Sieyes, he survived, and survived and survived.

In such a system, of course, even the most sprightly souls find themselves inhibited. Yet, in his recently published Memoirs Gromyko offers some surprising details about himself. He tells us, for example, that he was an admirer of Boris Pasternak and visited the poet at his Peredelkino dacha. He was not, he tells us, an uncritical admirer. In his Memoirs, he is careful to distinguish between Pasternak’s difficult verse—which he liked—and Doctor Zhivago, which he did not.

Gromyko, who made the United States the centerpiece of Soviet foreign policy, was not impressed with many of the American officials he had to deal with. He took his own measure of Henry Kissinger, and found him wanting; his was the Character of a Trimmed, willing to abandon any principles, in order to ingratiate himself with whatever political war lord might at that point prove helpful to him. Of Gerald Ford, Gromyko calls him a "simple" man. Whether or not one shares those judgments, they are directed at invariable human types, not at representatives of some abstract enemy.

Not impressed with the cultural level he found in America, Gromyko averted some bizarre criticism there were "few art museums" in America and some that are palpable hits: classical music can scarcely be heard in this country, being drowned out by the damned decibels of rock.

Gromyko was a domestic and quiet man, who lived modestly. While Stalin’s hobby was mass murder and Beria’s hobby was young girls, and Brezhnev’s hobby was money, Gromyko’s hobby was book collecting. And though no member of the Soviet ruling class could be considered guiltless, Gromyko lacked the forensic ferocity of an Andrei Vyshinsky or a stalingraduate with a diploma written in blood.

Gromyko’s Memoirs do not make one more inclined to forgive him for serving what and whom he did serve, so loyally and for so long. But it is somehow a relief to know that even the unsightly Andrei Andreevitch, for many decades The Man Who Never Was—Was.

ADVICE

MRS. FRANKLIN TO A YOUNG FRIEND

In 1745 Benjamin Franklin wrote his oft-quoted "Advice to a Young Man. " Unbeknownst to him, his wife offered similar wisdom to a young woman. The fabled manuscript is reprinted here.

My dear friend,

I know of no Medicine fit to diminish the fervent natural inclinations you mention, and if I did, I certainly would not communicate it to you. Marriage is the proper Remedy. It is the most acceptable State for Both Sexes, and therefore the State in which you are most likely to find solid Happiness. Your reasons against entering into it at present appear to me not well founded. No woman of sense becomes a slave to her husband, and the circumstantial Advantages you have in View by postponing it are not only uncertain, but they are small in comparison with that of the Thing itself, the being married and, in the minds of the Community, settled. It is the Woman and the Man united that make the compleat Human Being. Separate, you want the Force of the male Body and he the delightful Softness of your response, not to mention your everyday Sensibility and acute Discernment that will often keep him from making an ass of himself. Together a woman and a man are more likely to succeed in the World. A single Man has not nearly the Value he would have in that State of Union. He is an Incomplete Animal. He resembles the odd Half of a pair of Scissors. Marriage places you both a cut above what either would be alone.

He will get in you a prudent, healthy Wife, and with reasonable Industry by him in his work and you in yours, your Fortune will be sufficient.

But if you will not take this Counsel, and persist in thinking a commerce with the male Sex inevitable, then my Advice is that in all your Amours first, for heaven’s sake deal only with the young. And then, if you will but be satisfied with plain or even ugly ones, you may have your pick of fully suitable gallants. Since these two Stipulations between them may strike you a Paradox, let me set forth my reasons.

1. Because as the young have less Knowledge of the World, and minds less stor’d with Observations, they are less likely to think they know more than you and will provide their bodies without inflicting on you the banalities of their minds. You will be afforded
plenty of good talking from your women friends and from such male friends as you may find worth talking to.

2. Because the plain ones will value such opportunities as you offer and will more readily consider tutelage in what is agreeable to you, realizing that in pleasing you is their best hope of continuing to please themselves. A pretty Face is of no service.

3. Because, due to their appreciation for the unexpected Opportunity, they will be more compliant in taking those precautions which reduce the hazard of Children.

4. Because such a one will be more prudent and discreet to prevent Suspicion, realizing (as you will make sure he does) that if the Intrigue should become noised about, he will not find so rewarding a relationship again.

5. Because the more plain or even downright ugly he is, the less it will be speculated or believed that a Woman of your Beauty and Refinement could be led into Commerce with such.

6. Because a young man will have the best prospects of maintaining a Vigor that will suit you, and an ugly one will have less Opportunity to waste his Substance with riotous Living apart from you.

7. Lastly, to make explicit and to emphasize the point underlying much of the previous: They are so grateful!

But still in these times I advise you to marry immediately; being sincerely, Your affectionate Friend.

Deborah Reed Franklin

FATHERING

CAN TOXINS AFFECT YOUR CHILDREN?

Last October, Johnson Controls, the nation's largest maker of automobile batteries, forced several female employees to relinquish their jobs in order to protect their fetuses from risk of lead exposure. The catch was that these fetuses had yet to be conceived. And in many cases the women, some in their mid-50s, had long ago decided to put their reproductive days behind them. Yet, the Vermont manufacturer persisted: all fertile women risked damaging future fetuses by working with lead. The women were made to accept "safer" jobs at lower wages.

The media reported this story so matter-of-factly that few asked the obvious: Why not protect all workers, male and female, from the dangers of lead poisoning? After all, if a woman's exposure to lead before pregnancy might later affect a fetus, might not a man similarly exposed also put his progeny at risk?

The notion that a father exposed to chemicals as common as alcohol or as deadly as lead might also risk compromising his child's development has long been ignored in the media. But in the laboratories, researchers such as Dr. Gladys Friedler, associate professor of psychiatry and pharmacology at the Boston University School of Medicine, have been publishing findings to that effect for years.

Friedler's conclusions, using laboratory animals, are startling. Twenty-five years ago she treated female rats with morphine and later mated them with males never exposed to the drug. What she found surprised her—offspring that were retarded in their growth. At the time, she explains, "it was counterintuitive to give animals drugs, remove them from the drugs and later see effects in their young. This was the mid-1960s, shortly after we became aware of the thalidomide tragedy. So we had just begun to acknowledge that drugs crossed the human placenta. But the idea that something happening prior to mating might alter offspring was sort of up in the stratosphere."

She persisted, finding similar results not only in another species mice but in the second generation, the "grandchildren" of the females exposed to morphine before pregnancy. But what of paternal exposure to drugs before the conception of their offspring? "I saw alterations in the development, behavior and reproduction of progeny whose fathers were treated with morphine and whose mothers were not. I then saw effects in four subsequent generations, suggesting a long-term imprint," Friedler says.

But why, after all, should the social drinker or the factory worker exposed to toxins concern himself with the delayed development of newborn mice? Between three and seven percent of all human children are born with birth defects, and of these, about two-thirds are of unknown origin. According to Dr. Friedler, "a variety of environmental influences can result in birth defects and among these influences may well figure the exposure of the father as well as the exposure of the mother to certain substances. We must be concerned about both parents."

Since the late 1970s, several studies have concurred. A 1986 report in the New England Journal of Medicine cited a correlation between a father's alcohol consumption and infant low birth weight, other research showed neurological alterations in the sons of alcoholic fathers and mothers who abstain from alcohol. For nearly 30 years, in fact, low sperm count and sperm abnormalities have been linked to higher risk of miscarriage.

Research extends to the workplace where according to a joint study by the Massachusetts Department of Public Health and the U.Mass Medical Center, an estimated 14 million U.S. workers are exposed to known or suspected reproductive hazards each year. A 1977 report in the British medical journal Lancet linked sterility and infertility among male workers in the California pesticide industry. And several years ago, The Journal of the American Dental Association noted a correlation between male dentists overexposed to nitrous oxide through their work and an increased risk of miscarriage among their wives.

Findings such as these—and their possible implications for other substances—seem to have escaped notice by the general press. Meanwhile companies such as the Vermont battery manufacturer make headlines with misguided measures aimed at protecting fetuses.

Charles Levenson, professor of work environment policy at the University of Lowell, says "The answer at Johnson Controls should be to make the workplace safe for all. This is an ill-conceived policy that's been presented as an occupational health problem, which it is not. It is, in fact, a legal strategy, an attempt to avoid liability."

As a result, no one wins: men are blithely exposed to toxins; women must accept "safe" work at a lower salary. And most disconcertingly, the lives of future children, for whom such policies are conceived, may remain silently and decisively at risk.

NOTEBOOK

MEDELLIN'S OTHER CARTEL

Our correspondent in Medellin, a town much in the news—whod' it heard of it a decade ago? reports that in that city disequilibrium flourishes, more than orchids or industry. This disequilibrium began at least 40 years ago. Violence in the streets. Undecided Civil War. Everyone taking refuge in the city. Something awful, he concludes, was bound to emerge and it did: the mafia. A consequence of decomposition, not its cause.

In colonial days, Medellin was a village. Mining and smuggling brought it out of oblivion. And in this century, coffee and the capital that coffee brings. So Medellin became an industrial, a bourgeois town. Colombia's Barcelona, nearly as important as Bogota. But centralism prevailed. Medellin went through periodic crises and bankruptcy; as for development, Medellin was a dead end.

In the 1960s, however, a few local businessmen—expert in the marijuana trade and other forms...
of smuggling — became aware of the commercial possibilities of cocaine, which otherwise played no part in its culture. But Colombia, you see, is a bridge between the growers to the South and the great smokers to the North. Their calling not being poetry; our enterprising merchants leaped to this new commercial possibility. The art of the past, smuggling, combined with the merchandise of the day made Medellin a different sort of town. We remained spartan and patient. Those early merchants may suffer from remorse, but since their day, many of their employees have grown independent: overnight they made fortunes worthy of magic realism. The get-rich-quick formula appealed even to high society, with more than one patrician dancing the dance of the millions. Let's not even mention middle-class temptation. But you had to hurry to make it. It was like the old days: quick profit only at double speed.

One can't say for sure that Medellin's economy depends on "underground" funds. That sort of money prefers plunder to investment. Construction gave a lot of work, but that was just a phase. The unpredigreed millions tended to vanish to safe places. With the result that we have oligarchies (business is business) alongside a positively Hindu poverty: Miami and Calcutta. Medellin is now the inversion of the equalization of the world. Three million inhabitants, three million survivors and a murder every hour.

People say it is a lawless city. Nonsense. Medellin is a city of many laws. That is its problem.

There is one law for the mafiosi: for such people have organized delinquency, one for extreme leftist groups, another for extreme rightists. There is a law for the secret security services. In short, a minefield.

Our Medellin mafia isn't organized like the Italian. We lack a single mafia, instead we have many independent mafias. What, no godfather? The truth is, Medellin is many cities in one. There is another cartel that co-exists with the cocaine lab; it works on the alembics of poetry. Mafia and magic. One converts an ordinary paste to diamond dust; the other reduces a less poetical reality to crazy metaphors. I have just been told I am persona non grata. You can see why.

TRAVEL

WHEN IN ROME

Neither the worldly polyglot (who has no need of guidebooks nor the grimy traveler who prepares each trip like a military operation and marches about well-armed with Michelin and Baedeker) will understand what follows. No, my remarks are addressed to those like me, the ordinary tourist who, tired hungry and poor buys— in Barcelona or Budapest, Lisbon or Lyons whatever wretched guidebooks are displayed in huddled masses at the corner kiosk, which, that buyer fondly hopes, will convey to him enough, but not too much, about what he thinks he needs to know: the local color of that particular locus, its household goods and grots, its seven wonders and its deadly sins, and what should be done in its noonday sun, and what may be its pleasures of the night. Yet these guidebooks often employ an English so bizarre that little real information can be extracted from them. As a kind of recompense, they offer a dreamy poetry of their own.

I recently returned from a vacation in Rome, where I happened to rescue one such guidebook floating in the lesser Lethe. From its pages I have woven a slim narrative, sentences to be shored against my Roman ruins. And here it is.

ROME's charm is composite and time, like an insuperable Christian artist, has melted pagan and medieval history into a superhuman obscurantism and papal splendour. People's simplicity and courts as well as Governments' officiality. Rome is not a tautological magniloquent, fatuous town, and this just because the fusion of epochs and styles has also meant fusion of experiences, cultures endures meditations.

The city's irreverent sarcastic motto is not directed to a class over-whelming: it is a subtle display, due to wisdom, to a primary satisfaction of self- amusement. That is why in a world full of eclogues, of a latent progressivism, of a latent violence, it is still possible, in Rome, to go back for a little while, to simplicity, to humility and, why not, to past times' poverty.

Much of the popular humor of the old, simple Rome, is fortunately safe: but that part that is no longer must be revived and assimilated again to the mosaic which, in our days, is perhaps missing a few tesselles submerged by the puff of wind of iconoclast frenzy running for a century all over the world in the name of a fictitious industrial civilization and of a total negation of the past.

The Mediaeval and papal Rome was practically bordered on the west by the Tiber going slowly towards south. Definitely, this is not a beautiful flow of water able to compete with nobleness and scenography of Danube or Tames. But it can be said that every Roman and papal history saw him master of the scene, sleeping testimony of such a great human becomingness. The Tiber at Rome has lost the importance and functionality of landing as well as of city fulcrum.

Goodbye, Rome, The Rome we loved, completely disappeared or simply transformed, therefore remains in our hearts like a goodness message and an hymn to simplicity. We like make ours such feeling which allows us to say that the brief goodbye to the disappeared Rome cannot but live again in a deep desire of renewed experience.

Therefore, we'll see you again, Rome.

LANGUAGE

ASL SIGNS IN

A five preschoolers settle down to a breakfast of toast, Fruit Loops and milk, they carry on animated conversation. Yet no one admonishes them for talking with their mouths full. Here, in Middleboro, Massachusetts, the children communicate using American Sign Language (ASL) and their hands.

Like most of the students, teacher Bonnie Nover has been deaf since birth. In her class the learning of sign language is informal. Discussion deliberately centers on those subjects that mean the most to the children. When they talk with Nover and her assistant Robin D'Agostino, for example, D'Agostino men-
tions that she had visitors the night before. "How did she know when to answer the door?" a child asks. Just as those who can hear have doorbells, she explains, the deaf have lights to signal them.

Educating deaf preschoolers presents unusual challenges. While nearly all children who have language well-established by age four, deaf children enter school with widely varying grasp of sign language. Students whose parents are also deaf usually have a command of ASL; others may have parents and siblings who learn to help. But not all parents of the deaf have the motivation or the resources to learn another language.

Worse, for the past two centuries, education for the deaf has been divided into rival camps. Should lipreading and spoken English, or sign language be used in the classroom? The oral approach attempts to integrate the deaf into mainstream society. ASL uses signs strung together as spoken English uses words, but their respective syntaxes are different.

While critics dismiss ASL as merely a collection of gestures, others recognize it as a distinct language. Robert Hoffmeister, Director of Programs in Deaf Studies at Boston University, is a staunch supporter of ASL. With ASL as a first language, he says, students will more easily learn English as a second language. With between 50 and 60 percent of deaf youngsters living in homes where no sign language is used, they perform develop their own complex gestural system. Yet they may feel a profound sense of isolation in a world without what neurologist/writer Oliver Sacks describes as the "buzz of conversation that is the heightening of our concern to redouble our efforts to do something about it, about the struggle for justice, democracy, and human rights, stronger and more unified support for restructuring the economy, clamping down on drug lords at a small fraction of the cost of traditional programs, to send a clear message through effective education and a comprehensive escalation of a heightening of our concern to redouble our efforts and develop a unified response. Furthermore, we need to devote more attention to the continuing crisis which threatens progress over the long term and to develop new initiatives which can see firsthand that we can no longer afford to delay effective action until our concerns are far from alleviated. It is up to us to deliver on that promise. And, of course, the United States must make clear its abhorrence of the brutal oppression of unarmed words."

TECHNOLOGY

THE POST-ORWELLIAN ERA

In the American post-Orwellian world, it is not politics but business that employs space-age technologies. Consider a little-noticed capability developed by AT&T that notifies corporate customers of a caller's phone number.

American Express was one of the first to use the futuristic Automatic Number Identification (ANI) designed to bring telemarketing into the 21st century. But for American Express, customers the future came too soon.

As a call would come into the American Express center, an employee would use the phone number ANI provided to bring the caller's account file on line, both the call and the caller's account were then forwarded to who else? "the next available representative. The astonished customer would be greeted by name.

Business's purpose in using such technology is not the same as Big Brother's. Business just wants to make money. So why worry about technological Big Brotherism?

Consider Winston, Orwell's main character in 1984. His job was to revise historical documents and textbooks, removing the faces and names of those who had fallen out of political favor. Poor Winston had to manipulate his photographic data manually. Now, however, the dazzling computer technology produced by Scitex, an Israeli-based firm, the nation's headquarters in Massachusetts, will do the same job quicker and more subtly.

Scitex, the leader, has moved the pyramids for National Geographic and removed a gun from a Rolling Stone cover. Women's magazines frequently use Scitex technology to slim, de-mole and otherwise beautify models and movie stars. One industry insider says that a major women's magazine had even gotten Barbara Bush's permission to do a total Scitex makeover—chop off 20 pounds, perform a facelift, remove blemishes, etc. (The resulting image was, apparently, a Nancy Reagan look-alike.)

While fun and useful, technologies like Scitex and ANI can be sinister. Had Stalin had Scitex, getting Trotsky out of the picture once and for all would have been a snap.

WORDS

LOST TRANSLATIONS

The following definitions have been taken from Buckish Stomch, University Wit, and Pickpocket Elocuency by Francis Grose (London, 1811):

Bow-wow — The childish name for a dog; also a jeering name for a man born in Boston in America.

To Gouge — To squeeze out a man's eye with the thumb, a cruel practice used by the Bostonians in America.

Pumpkin — A man or woman of Boston in America, from the number of pumpkins raised and eaten by the people of that country. Pompkinshire: Boston and its dependencies.

Commonwealth Avenue welcomes contributions from skilled writers. They may be on any subject, but should be brief, pungent and sharp. They will be published anonymously and are subject to editing.

Among the contributors to this version of Commonwealth Avenue are Kathleen Cahill and Peter Lubin, joint editors of the section, the Editor-in-Chief, Larry Tritten, Harvey Solomon, Lewis Young, Margot Holtzman and Mark Feinberg.
MUSEUMS

BOSTON UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY, January 18–February 23

COMPUTER MUSEUM
"Ongoing display of computers, robots and technology. SIGGRAPH Animation Festival" 1/29–2/21 The 90-minute 1989 premiere selection of the latest computer graphics and animation, from snippets to short features. Shows 11–4 each day; Free with admission.

DANFORTH MUSEUM OF ART
• "For the Armchair Traveler" Ongoing. Three centuries of British works on paper.

DECODA MUSEUM, Through 2/4
• "Photographs by Bradford Washburn from the Permanent Collection" Landscape photos by the former Director of the Museum of Science, Boston.
• "Ellen Sebring: Visible" Four works shown hourly. Tues–Fri 10–5, Sat and Sun 12–5; $3 adults, $2 seniors and youths. Sandy Pond Road, Lincoln. 259-8855.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART
• "Sophie Calle: A Survey" 1/19–3/11 The Parisian artist's first museum display in the U.S. includes seven recent conceptual works.
• "Currents" 1/19–3/1 The latest works by rising artists or unseen works by known artists, TBA. Wed and Sun 11–5, Thurs–Sat 11–8; $4 general, $3 students, and $1.50 seniors and children under 14. 995 Boylston St. Boston. 266-5161.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS
• "Agnes Martin/Donald Judd" Through 2/25. The first pairing of these two American Minimalist artists in an exhibit of recent works.
• "Photographs by Bernard and Anna Blume" Through 2/25. Photos examining the harried lives of the petit-bourgeois in the 1950s from the Blumes' late 1960s work.
• "Faces of Asia" Through 2/18 Portraits from East Asia, South Asia and the Islamic world in the MFA's permanent collection, never before on public display.
• "New American Furniture" Through 3/11 Leading contemporary furniture makers display works inspired or derived from historical pieces in the Museum's permanent collection.
• "Monet in the '90s. The Series Paintings" This exhibit celebrates the centennial of the 1890s series paintings of Monet, from the famous Rouen Cathedral to the less known cliffs at Varengeville. Tues–Sun 10–5, Wed 10–10, and the Gund Gallery Thurs and Fri 5–10 as well; $6 adults, $5 seniors, free for those under 16 and some students. 465 Huntington Ave., Boston. 267-9300.

MUSEUM OF SCIENCE
• "Animal Art" Through 1/15 Paintings and sculptures of animals sponsored by the Society of Animal Artists.
• "How Things Work" 1/9–2/28 A thinking and working exhibit of mechanical devices and their operation.
• "Space Spinoffs" 2/8–4/24 More than 100 items developed for use in space and transferred to commercial use on display, from satellite communications to foam rubber Tues–Sun 9–5, Fri until 9; $6 adults, $4 children ages 4–14 and seniors. Science Park, Boston. 729-2500.

NEW ENGLAND QUILT MUSEUM

PHOTOGRAPHIC RESOURCE CENTER, Through 2/25
• "Locomotion" The development of movement photography as explored by important artists.
such as Edward Muybridge, Lois Greenfield and Harold Edgerton, among others.

**SPRINGFIELD MUSEUMS**
- "Dinosaurs Alive!" 2/8–2/28
- "Valley Childhoods" Through 11/90
  A historical look at growing up in the Connecticut Valley. Connecticut Valley Historical Museum.
- "Epic Heroes and Fair Damsels" Through 2/8
  And "Art Scene: Michael Tillyer" 1/14–2/8
  The first is a show of drawings, prints and sculpture of romantic themes, many from the Museum's own collection. The second, a display of the Massachusetts-based folk sculptor's work. Springfield Museum of Fine Arts.
- "Art Scene: Linda Mahoney" 1/6–2/6
  George Walter Vincent Smith Art Museum. Thurs–Sun 12–4, Free. At the Quadrangle, corner of State and Chestnut Streets, Springfield. 413) 739-3871.

**GALLERIES**
**PHA TWY**
- "Works on Paper," Through 2/8
  Thrks by Milton Avery, Aaron Fink, Arnulf Rainer Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec and others. Tues-Sat 10–5:30. 121 Newbury Street, Boston. 536-4465.

**THE ARTS PAGES**
**BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA** All January and February performances
- 1/21/19 Klaus Tennstedt, conductor. Radu Lupu, piano. All-Beethoven program.
- 2/3/19 Giuseppe Sinopoli, conductor, with the Philharmonia Orchestra. Strauss and Brahms.
- 2/10/19 Seiji Ozawa, conductor. With Malcolm

**ROBERT KLEIN GALLERY** 1/13–2/20

**BOSI'N FOR THE ARTS**
- "40th Annual Scholastic Art Exhibit," 1/26–3/2
Low, violin, and Jules Eskin, cello. Mozart, Mahler and Brahms.

* 2/16/90. Seiji Ozawa, conductor; Yo-Yo Ma, cello. Haydn, Bruchekovich, Rossini.

* 2/24/90. Claus Peter Flor, conductor. With Ida Haendel and vocal soloists from the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, John Oliver conducting Brahms and Mendelssohn's Die Erste Walpurgisnacht.


* 2/28-3/1. Roger Norrington, conductor; Haydn, Tippett and Mendelssohn. Times vary with day $9 to $16, single ticket prices. Symphony Hall, Boston. Sam CONCERT.

BOSTON CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

* 2/12 and 2/14. A program of Ravel, McKinley and Brahms.

* 2/25 and 2/26. A piece each by Messiaen and Schubert. Friday evenings at Jordan Hall, Boston, and Sunday evening at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. All shows 8 p.m. $25, $18 and $8, with $2 discount for seniors and students. 538-6888.

BOSTON LYRIC OPERA

* 1/22 and 1/23. The Flying Dutchman by Wagner, in concert version. Roger Roff and Cynthia Springsteen star, with a chorus of more than 200, including the Boston Gay Men's Chorus. 8 p.m. 1/22, 1/23, $28, $21, $18 and $9. Emerson Majestic Theatre, 219 Tremont St. Boston. 267-1512.

HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY

* "Chamber Series Concert No. 1" 1/24. Featuring the Consort of Musica Trio (sopranos Emma Kirkby and Evelyn Tubb, and lutenist Anthony Rooley) performing 17th century Italian and English songs, by Monteverdi, Frescobaldi, Blow and Parceval. 6 p.m. $15, $12 and $8, with $2 discount for seniors and students. Symphony Hall, Boston. 540-9932.

Symphony Hall Series:

* "Bach and Sons, Brubeck and Sons" 1/25. Music of the Old and New Worlds, the polyphonic music of Spain and Mexico, sung a cappella. 8 p.m. $12, $10 general. Church of the Advent, Boston.

* "Chamber Series Concert No. 3" 2/24. Music of the Old and New Worlds, the polyphonic music of Spain and Mexico, sung a cappella. 8 p.m. $12, $10 general. Church of the Advent, Boston.

* "Concert No. 4" 2/28 and 3/1. Works by Beethoven and Rossini, featuring Melvyn Tan, fortepiano. Christopher Hogwood, conductor; 8 p.m. 2/28 7 p.m. 3/1, $25, $22, $20, $18, $16. Symphony Hall, Boston. (Another performance 3/5 will be at Mechanics Hall, 321 Main St. Worcester, as part of the International Artists Series. 752-4706.)

* "Concert No. 5" 3/5. Works by Beethoven and Rossini, featuring Melvyn Tan, fortepiano. Christopher Hogwood, conductor; 8 p.m. 3/5 7 p.m. 3/6, $25, $22, $20, $16. Symphony Hall, Boston. 540-9932.

BOSTON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS PRO MUSICI, 1/11

* "Gala Benefit Concert" Featuring Symphony No. 9 by Beethoven. Benjamin Zander conductor presents again his celebrated and controversial interpretation of this great work. 7:30 p.m. $100, $50, $35 and $20. Symphony Hall, Boston. 536-4001.

PRO ARTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA

* 2/12. Britain's Bramwell Tovey, guest conductor, with John Williams, violin. Program consisting of Sir Arnold Bax, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and a Boston premiere by Louis Boucicaut, dedicated to AIDS victims.

* 2/11. Craig Smith, guest conductor. Program of Stravinsky's "Le sacre du printemps" and Walton's Façade. Both shows 8 p.m. $29, $14, $7, with $2 discount for students and seniors. 1/28 at Jordan Hall, New England Conservatory, Boston. 2/21 at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. 661-0957.

NUCLASSIC, 1/29

* Works by Dana Brayton, Amelia Rogers, Augusta Thomas, Andy Vores and guest composer Jeff Stadelman. 8 p.m. $11 general, $5 students. First and Second Church, 66 Marlborough St. Boston. 965-0906.

THE OLIVER CHORALE, 2/2

* "Le Vin Herbe" by Frank Martin. John Oliver, conductor. 8 p.m. $15, $14 and $7, plus $2 discount for seniors and students. Old South Church, Boston. 965-0906.

MELVYN TAN, 2/9

* Part of the International Early Music Series, a program of Schubert and Beethoven, with Tan on fortepiano. 8 p.m. $20, $17 and $13. Paine Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge. 262-0650.

JEWISH THEATER OF NEW ENGLAND, 2/17

* "New Americans in Concert" Featuring the musical talent of several Russian émigrés to the Boston area, focusing on classical Russian and Jewish composers. 8 p.m. $12 general, $10 seniors and students. 333 Nahant St. Newton Centre. 965-7410.

DINOSAUR MUSIC ENSEMBLE, 2/18

* Jayne West, guest soprano. Works by David Lang, Richard Burch, Scott Lindroth, George Cram and Ralph Shapey. 7:30 Prelude, 8 p.m. concert; $8 general, $6 students and seniors. First and Second Church, 66 Marlborough St. Boston. 262-9756.

THE BOSTON MUSICA VIVA, 2/23

* Works by Christopher Rowe, Seymour Shifrin, Kathryn Alexander, and Kamran Ince. 8 p.m. $10, $5 students and seniors. Pickman Hall, Longy School of Music, Cambridge. 353-0656.

HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY, 2/24

* "Music of the Old and New World" Polyphonic music of Spain and Mexico, a cappella, with Jeffrey Kink, conductor. First in a series of concerts at the Peabody Museum in Salem, beginning with a brief lecture on the architecture and history of the North Shore. 8 p.m. $15 general. East India Marine Hall, Peabody Museum, Salem. 265-3565.

NEWTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, 1/15


WINTERSAUCE CHORALE, 1/14

* "Red, White and Wintersauce" American music, from folk to jazz to patriotic. 3 p.m. $25, $18 and $12, half price for seniors and children under 12. John Hancock Hall, Boston. 423-4854.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF EARLY MUSIC

* "Music at the Court of Francis I" L'Ensemble Claude-Gervaise with Gilles Plante, conductor. All performances 8 p.m. $10 general, $7 students. Boston 1/26 at The Goethe Institute, 170 Beacon St. Carlisle 1/26 at The First Religious Society, on the Common; Weston 1/19 at the Jesuiah Smith Tavern, Boston Post Road; Cambridge 1/30 at Swedenborg Chapel, 50 Quincy St. 964-5550.

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Radio — It can be a lonely business — if Nobody Listens
Mapplethorpe’s Forgotten Art
Amidst the Controversy, the Beauty of the Photographs has been Lost

You start somewhere, when your subject has died. In this case you start in a modest frame home in Floral Park in Queens, New York. This is the home in which Robert Mapplethorpe grew up. It is the house he left at 18 to make his fortune.

Mapplethorpe’s father Harry, a retired electrical engineer whose technical orientation and interest in photography led him to dabble as a weekend photographer years ago, He is a tallish, handsome man, with the warm smile and soft laughter of your next-door neighbor. His tone is friendly, his manner unflattering. He’s endured the recent death of his wife, of whom he spoke lovingly his oldest son Richard, a marine engineer who died of cancer and the death-by-AIDS of his son, the late, controversial art-photographer Robert Mapplethorpe.

I said I was reluctant to call him because of the recent death of his wife. “I sensed that when we talked on the phone,” he responded. “I just glad to have the opportunity to talk to people.”

Harry took me on a tour of his home. It is a family home. There are framed family pictures in each room. There are individually framed photographs of each of his children and grandchildren on his bedroom wall. A large color photograph of a rose, a work by Robert, hangs prominently over the headboard of his bed.

In the living room, where we speak, we are separated only by a black, laminate coffee-table. circular at one end, straight at the other. The table has an inset and suspended triangular glass top and a fitted drawer at the circular end. It was designed by Robert and Harry refused to have it auctioned off with the rest of the things from Robert’s studio. As Harry sits in his chair across from me, another work of Rob-
For the artist-photographer however subject matter is whatever he chooses. Before his death, Robert Mapplethorpe was asked about "transcending subject," and he said, "Go beyond the subject somehow, so that the composition, the lighting, all around reaches a certain point of perfection." Whatever he looked at, he said, he looked at "in the same way. Just in my own way, with my own eyes."

For Mapplethorpe, transcending subjects was the essence of his career. He came up as a student and as an artist in New York in the late 1960s and early '70s. What was in the air then among photographers of that generation—people like Garry Winogrand and Lee Friedlander—others who had come a generation after the European photographers of the 1940s, '50s and '60s, the post-war, so-called Magnum photographers (the likes of Robert Capa, Jean Gaumy, Gilles Peress, David Seymour)—was the idea that you had a camera, you were out on the street, you were this eye with sensitivity to react to something and respond to it, to experience what Henri Cartier-Bresson coined, "the decisive moment." All of a sudden with your 35-millimeter camera, you take a picture, and there's this fleeting gesture and it's all very subjective and intuitive and has to do with emotion and feelings.

"Robert's idea was completely counter to that," asserts Howard Reed of the Robert Miller Gallery. "I think he was bored by that. He was sickened by it. He hated it. Robert's idea was more in keeping with the new generation of artists, even the pop artists or the conceptual artists, or the minimal artists of the '60s and '70s, in that Robert wanted to view an idea and conceive it in his mind and then go about creating that and setting up in front of the camera and then photographing it. What was unusual to Robert was to walk down the street and just sort of react and respond to something and say, oh, I'm gonna make a picture of this moment, this fleeting gesture. He wouldn't do that. He never did do that. Everything was controlled. He always talked about this kind of perfection. He didn't feel he could achieve it.
unless he was in the studio and unless all the elements that come together to make the statement, the picture, were there."

In the early 1970s, looking to experiment beyond painting, drawing, and sculpture, in an art mood exhausted by Minimalism and Conceptualism, Mapplethorpe followed the lead of Andy Warhol, Cindy Sherman, Marie Cosindas and David Hockney and latched onto the popularity of the Polaroid. His earliest artist-photography portrait is a photograph of a photograph of Andy Warhol, torn and spray-painted. Thereafter in the early years, he altered and exploited photographic images. He experimented with different printing materials, with unconventional framing, sometimes using sculptural frames and different kinds of glass.

Mapplethorpe's other subject, his process was obsessively concerned with beauty and presentation—the beauty of the photographic elements (images, materials, framing) that comprise the object. Beauty, he said, has "to do with the way it sits on the page, the way the shadows fall, and hopefully, a little magic comes through it transcends whatever it is, it's something you can't quite put into words."

Mapplethorpe's eye for form and his brilliant use of space; his use of subtle colors, of lavender, mauve and Etruscan red, his masterful command of black and white tonalities; his skilled use of light and printing techniques are all part of a classical aesthetic—a quiet, conscious formalism seemingly unpreoccupied with subject matter. Whether photographing the exotic or the erotic; portraits of artists, actors, celebrities, an orchid, a rose, a tiger lily, a wave, a body, each became a clinical image, composed self-confidently and discerningly. It is Mapplethorpe's eye for the intrinsic beauty of each that counts.

Somehow appreciation of this beauty has been lost within the seams of the controversy surrounding Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art's cancellation of Mapplethorpe's controversial, traveling show. A select sampling of Mapplethorpe's graphic and sexually
explicit subject matter continues to generate
a similar exaggerated media recognition
once given to Andy Warhol's soup cans. And
as a result of this inverted, media boomer-
ang, Mapplethorpe's celebrity has quickly
inflated to Warholian heights.

In death Robert Mapplethorpe has
become an "example" held up to a subjected,
pendular society. Yet, it is time to take a
look at Mapplethorpe's work as art, as art
whose subjects are diverse and sometimes
controversial, but whose ultimate subject is
beauty and art itself.

What does Harry Mapplethorpe think of
the controversy surrounding his son's works?
"It's such a minor portion of his work.
They're making mountains out of a
 molehill."

And what did Harry think of those sex-
ually explicit photographs? "Well," he says
when we went to the Whitney retrospective,
"I saw a few objectionable pictures and I
said to Patricia: Mapplethorpe's biographer
they didn't take any of the photographs down
because we were going to be here, my wife
and I. I mean, because, there were so few of
them. I think we saw everything because I
pushed my wife around in the wheelchair
and I think we went around everything twice.
As I said, there were a few pictures you
wouldn't be proud of. The other thought is
that maybe they took them down, but Pat
said 'absolutely not.'"

How would Harry like Robert to be
remembered? He hesitates and then says
"Well, I think for his accomplishments as
far as photography is concerned, I'd like to
have them forget all about this Corcoran sit-
tuation, and all those other photographs. I
just wonder whether he would have gotten
the notoriety or publicity, if it for weren't for
those objectionable, so-called objectionable
pictures"

Richard S. Popale is a writer-editor who
worked for a number of years at Burton-
Skira and Rizzoli, art book publishers. He
has contributed to two volumes of Robert
Mapplethorpe's work
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In Pursuit of the Great American Novel

Jan Novák's The Willys' Dream Kit Comes Awfully Close

In the old days when American literature was interesting it was the secret ambition of everyone who made a living by scribbling to write the Great American Novel. As a boy, living in the world of indiscriminately devoured American fiction (which, miraculously, survived the abominable translations of those unsophisticated times), I even read a book entitled The Great American Novel. It concerned an American journalist who, for years, suffers the daily drudgery of the newsroom only to save enough money so that he might take a year off, find his great theme and shape it into the Great Book of every pen pusher's dreams. The journalist never achieves anything of the sort; he dies during an operation, still looking forward to his sabbatical. The author's idea was transparent: the poor hack never wrote the Great American Novel, he lived it; he led the characteristically American life as it was then: a life of hard work, noble dreams and experience as wide and varied as the great society itself.

In retrospect, I wonder how the author avoided the final impression of a letdown which often results from such an ambitious idea. Perhaps I was too young to notice, perhaps I was too obsessed with American novels so that almost every single one seemed to be the Great American Novel. Perhaps it really was good. These were the old times, and even second-rate novels were at least interesting.

The dream about the Great Novel, of course, was a variation of the American Dream, a concept strongly attached to America ever since the Pilgrim Fathers sought refuge on its shores. Though affluent children of later generations may scorn the dream as empty, it still exists, with unabated intensity, in new variations and with new twists, in the minds of contemporary pilgrims. The Willys' Dream Kit, written by a Czech immigrant from Chicago, Jan Novák, is one such variation. Published by Harcourt Brace and Jovanovich in 1985, it was nominated for the Pulitzer Prize, and although it didn't get it, and never made it into paperback, it has all the makings of what, according to the old dream, American fiction should be.

The dream is even in the title: an old, discarded U.S. Army jeep, painted virginal white and lovingly restored to pristine beauty by the novel's Czech hero, a victim of the multiple European persecutions of our unblemished century. At the beginning of the story, however this American machine does not symbolize America as a land to which the hero wants to escape, but America as the ideal opposite of the systems that destroyed the hero's motherland. Nazi concentration camps had reduced the jeep's owner's father from a muscular butcher to a sickly survivor and soon afterwards, the Communists stole the man's business. The hero's father-in-law's farm was expropriated by the state, and the son-in-law, marked by his doubly bad origin—bourgeois and kulak—seems destined for a life of drudgery with no prospect of ever doing anything meaningful.

Somehow, however, he secures a part-time job as the sole clerk in a State Bank branch that is open once a week for the convenience of workers in the large factory where, for the rest of the week, the man of bad origin hauls barrels into railway cars. There he decides to take his revenge on the unjust society that killed his ambition to become a great Czech poet, and starts to dream his first dream. It's the dream of all embezzlers, based on a complex method of playing betting games with the idea that, once the gambler hits the jackpot, he will return all the money "borrowed," from the bank and still end up a millionaire. For several years he manages to fool the old controller who appears in the minibank once a year, but his luck runs out, the trusting oldster retires and a new man is expected any day. Disaster looms over the dreamer. Then a strange deus ex machina saves him.

The nervous tired white confused faces the crew cuts the hands clutching machine guns, the brown jackboots dangling to the roaring rhythm of the khaki tanks, the camouflage fatigue—all that brought back memories of the Germans he had watched as a teenager with the same unambiguous feelings as everyone else, gnashing his teeth in impotent anger. It was the same invading horde, only the insignia were changed. But now the banker stared at them and all he felt was relief. The scared, dumbfounded Russian young...
Thus we are offered the first twist of the old story of persecution and flight. National tragedy becomes the salvation of the cornered embezzler. The snow-white jeep that used to symbolize the dream of unattainable opportunities in a land free of the perversions of race and class justice, suddenly becomes a symbol of an attainable America. For a brief time, the border crossings are open and with his family, the banker pursues his second dream.

Like the hero of *The Great American Novel*, he achieves nothing. He only lives another American novel which, of course, is not what his dream was about. The generic sobriquets the author gives his hero indicate the progress of his fortunes. He is in turn dreamer, poet, Mephisto, banker, American Capitalist, Philanthropist, Pyromaniac and eventually the author of *Omnium*, a Great American Philosophy Treatise, of which he turns out hundreds if not thousands of pages in his final American home, a loony bin. *Omnium* is not a book about America but about the profound unfairness of the world, the testament of a man with a metaphysical grudge:

“It said that the people with advantages got to keep them and those with handicaps got to keep their handicaps and if you decided to do anything about it, you became a criminal. Which was good, because break-

the first step: he becomes a capitalist, buys a cleaning shop and goes bust in no time. A second trip to Las Vegas yields only empty pockets and eventually leads him to petty dishonesty, to fantasy, to crime, to lunacy.

His is, however, not a simplistic American tragedy. His lunacy has roots that reach to the other side of the Atlantic. If the original symbol of the beautiful jeep had been realized in the old country, there would have been no *Omnium*. The *Willys' Dream Kit* is, therefore, only seemingly a story about the empty American dream. Deep down it is a story about Europe and its aftermath.

And yet it contains an American happy ending. The dreamer has two children and the children become what he has never been: American. It’s only here that the real American story is indicated. By the paradoxical magic of art, the ray of this future shines even through the desperate last pages of *The Willys' Dream Kit*. The lunatic author of *Omnium* loves his children with a love that is requited. By the paradoxical magic of art it is incarnated in the novel which, though so wonderfully imaginative, is so obviously anything but a figment of imagination. Its author has stepped out of its pages to write them. His father, the father in the novel, once hoped to become a poet; one of his many hopes that never came true. His son in the novel who became the author of the novel is a poet. A poet in prose, that is, of the American language. “*The Willys' Dream Kit* practically poured out of me,” he tellingly wrote in an essay printed in *The Bostonia*. 

"One look and I knew it wasn’t a cream."

"One sip told me it wasn’t a whisky."

"Mmmmm, it’s smooth. Subtle. Delightful."
It came so easily that I had clearly been ready to trade languages. Almost a century ago, Joseph Conrad did a similar swap. I often wake up with the distant echo of Czech rhymes in my ears; writes the author of The Secret Agent. Wasn’t it the distant echo of Polish rhythms that created some of the strangest but also most beautiful poetic slashes of words in books written in an acquired language? Perhaps and I very much hope, and strongly believe this unusually talented author will grow to become someone not unworthy of the great Pole’s tradition. Over the pages of The Secret Agent had the pleasant dI Old feeling of reading the Great American Novel, the same feeling I used to have when I read so many of them. And some were not just the products of a teen-ager’s intellectual virginity. They were great American novels, that rare and increasingly rare commodity. There were, among them, books by Lewis, Hemingway, Steinbeck and Faulkner.

Alexsander Wat: My Century (University of California, 1988; $35). A protracted, brilliant, excoriating dialogue between one of Poland’s leading poets and Nobel Prize winner Czeslaw Milosz. Wat lived through more lives than most of us could bear, in a fashion few of us, fortunately, have had to bear. This abridgment of the 1977 original, in a fine translation by Richard Lourie, is matter-of-fact and thereby doubly deadly.

Saul Bellow: The Bellarosa Connection (Penguin, $8.95). Bellow is in fine form in a novella about a man with too much memory, too clear sight and various other victims of the Zeitgeist. Full of wit and devastating physiological observation.

Erik Orsenna: L’Exposition Coloniale (Seuil, Paris; $29.95). The tale of a love affair with a father-two sisters and rubber. The richest French novel in decades. In style, luxuriant; in sensibility, full of wormwood, in genre, exotic and fantastic. A translation must be, or should be, on the way.

John le Carre: Russia House (Random House; $14.95) Le Carre’s novels gain in richness as they diminish in complexity. Here, only the English unwilling spy’s Russian beloved is a relative failure: everyone else, as well as the intrigue of Russian dissident and conformist intellectuals, is spot on.

Nicholas Freeling: Not as far as Velma (Mysterious Press; $17.95). Freeling’s detective, if that’s what we have to call a character of considerable human riches, Henri Castaing works through the quirks of Freeling’s style and the mysteries of terrorists who aren’t in that fine fettle.

Naguib Mahfouz: Midao Alley The Thief and the Dog (Mysterious Paperbacks; $9). The 1988 Nobel Prize winner is a touching, quotidian realist: his people, mainly denizens of Cairo’s lower life, are real, vibrant and generous with their hearts. Three satisfying novels in one.

John Cheever: Letters (Touchstone; $10.95). Cheever was among the most solid and satisfying of our writers. His correspondence, lovingly edited by his son, gives one letters one would have dearly loved to receive. They have style, wit, feeling and reveal a wonderfully innocent and mischievous eye.

Heda Kovaly: Under a Cruel Star (Penguin; $8.95). Mme Kovaly has suffered more disasters than most: the camps, the party, the execution of her husband. She remains on the side of life. Despite the horrendous appearance of this Penguin, the must read of must reads. She is compelling, truthful, detached and intelligent.

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HOWARD JOHNSON
The Language of Date Rape
On Television, Something Is Lost in the Translation

Early this year, a Boston television station screened a segment about date rape. Incorporated into a Saturday evening magazine show, it was a program any network affiliate in the United States might have attempted; a subject well calculated to attract viewers, but also one of increasing public concern. While we tend to view such local efforts as lightweight craft bobbing along in the wake of the flagship programs produced by the networks, it behooves us to examine them. For in their use of formal techniques they all employ what constitutes a new aesthetic style of communication. We need to know what this new language is saying to its audience if we are to criticize it properly.

The format of this particular date rape segment followed a style common in news features: recorded interviews are cut up into short sections interspersed with other program material. Television producers call these short segments “sound bites” and “talking heads.” The terms describe an audio-visual phenomenon unique to television. For contrary to what contributors are led to believe, the primary value of the sound bite/talking head is not the intellectual content of what is said but the audio-visual impact of how it is said. And so the length of time allowed for a talking head depends on aesthetic, not intellectual considerations.

Unlike reading, the act of viewing does not give us control over the pace of ingesting information. We cannot pause to return to an earlier sentence whenever we want to reflect. We can properly judge the value of a sound bite, therefore, only by experiencing it in its audio-visual context. It loses much of its point when transcribed into print. How then should we evaluate the way producers handle this new audio-visual language?

The substantive part of the “Date Rape” program ran for approximately 13 minutes. In addition to a hostess, nine different individuals appeared in 21 separate sound bites. Their combined verbal contributions amounted to about six and one-half minutes, or half of the program. On average the sound bites lasted no more than 20 seconds each; none, in fact, was more than 30 seconds.

The appearance on the screen of these 21 sound bites was broken up by an assortment of visual elements. Of these, the most striking consisted of excerpts from films depicting acts of violence by men against women, the prelude supposedly to the women being raped. These film clips were inserted at regular intervals, their purpose being to provide visual arousal as a counterpoint to words spoken by the hostess, by experts and by the victims. Like the sound bites, the film clips were never on the screen long enough for us to get a firm picture of what was going on. On five occasions we can hear the original sound track on the film, but these segments are so fleeting—the longest runs for only 12 seconds—all we register are cries of fear, pain, anguish. In other words, these segments have been chosen solely for their shock value.

The effect of this program structure is to convey the impression that the violence depicted in the film clips is symbolic of acts of date rape. Thus we are not tempted to make a rational connection between what is said at various points in the program. Our attention instead is diverted at regular intervals by cuts in the picture and changes in the sound track, with neither sound nor picture being allowed to remain before our senses long enough for us to interpret the logic behind them. In the 13 minutes or so under review, there are some 100 picture cuts and changes in sound—an average of one “audio-visual signal” every eight seconds.

This procedure or language is clearly unsuited to rational analysis of any subject, let alone one as emotionally charged as date rape. Apparently aware of this, producers often approach their viewers with little respect for their powers of reasoning. Date rape was indeed a principal theme of the Boston program and was discussed by experts. But the three women who appeared in the role of victims were not victims of date rape. They had suffered from different forms of sexual trauma, but their experiences were not relevant to what the experts were asked to talk about. What the three victims, therefore, provided was a sensational context that gave a false legitimacy to the program, a production tactic that was
apparent right from the beginning.

"Date Rape" opened with a 30-second "teaser" in which we hear brief, shocking words from three women whose forms dissolve in and out of what appear to be scenes of romance, followed by violence. These scenes are so short, however, that all we have time for is to register a mood—a young man and woman kissing on a couch, a young woman crying out and a young man hitting her. Sexual violence, terror, the words "gang rape" establish a tone for all that follows.

And what follows takes the same form of shocking words, abrupt cuts and arousing visuals, all emotionally loaded procedures that deny the possibility of any rational analysis that might have been provided by the experts. Together with these production devices goes the frequent use of arousing words that strike our senses like flashing neon signs, their value lying not in their verbal content, but as a dramatic cue for these picture cuts. Here is how the hostess leads us into the program proper soon after the opening "teaser"—"But for many women, what began as an enjoyable evening can soon turn into a nightmare."

With these words, the picture cuts to a victim, Jan Brown. Jan Brown, it turns out, was attacked by a man who broke into her apartment one evening with a knife. Immediately the word nightmare has captured our attention and diverted us from expecting a logical analysis of a date rape.

Jan Brown was not in fact raped, although she suffered all the trauma of rape. She had met her attacker two months before at a party, but by no means could her experience be called a date rape. In the program, however, she is followed by a psychiatrist who explains how date rapists deliberately set out to win the confidence of women in order to rape them. This was not what happened to Jan Brown. Nevertheless by juxtaposing her appearance with that of the psychiatrist, the program has suggested such a connection. "The fact is," the psychiatrist concludes, "rape is not an act of sexual seduction, it's an act of violence."

The sound bite cuts on the word "violence," the word and the cut thus together forming an audio-visual cue to the next segment, a clip from a training film used, says the hostess, in high schools and colleges. In the clip we see a group of high-school boys entice a girl they meet at a cafe into a car—"an easy target" says the hostess, who's "hopping for romance."

The car pulls up in an isolated spot, where the boys, we assume from her screams, rape her.

None of our three victims' experiences, it must be recalled, were similar to what we've seen in this film clip. But now there's a cut to another victim, a sound bite that was included in the teaser because of its sensational appeal and is inserted at this point for the same reason. It seems to follow logically from the scream of the girl in the film clip—not the logic of rational analysis but the logic of audio-visual cues: "When I was 13 years old," related the victim, "I was gang raped by a group of boys whom I had grown up with, I knew them my entire life."

This cut is again typical of television's linguistic procedure. The shock of the picture cut followed immediately by the words "gang rape" persuades us that there must be sense in the information we're being given. Reading it we realize her experience has nothing to do with date rape, but in viewing it our critical faculties are overwhelmed by the audio-visual language of the medium.

A complaint often made by professional people after they've been interviewed for television is that only a fraction of what they've said was used. The sound bite procedure, they think, rendered their contributions meaningless; the meat of what they wanted to say was left out and what remained was played out of context. The date rape program was indeed incomprehensible if read with the expectation of literate communication. Yet the professionals who appeared reported that it was widely viewed by the Boston community. Many women called in to say that the program had meant a great deal to them; these women, articulate and shy and withdrawn from their own experiences of being raped, said that after seeing the program they were ready to come forward and testify against their attackers.

In other words, the program did succeed in communicating a particular kind of emotional information about rape. It produced some positive response from a special section of the audience and in this at least, vindicated its original claim to be "a story about how some women are fighting back."

But at what cost? What of the effect on the remainder of the audience? Television producers will no doubt argue that they must follow industry practice to compete in the marketplace. But it is also possible that these producers do not understand how ethical content is related to artistic form, how their own moral and intellectual integrity is measured by the aesthetic choices they make. I watched this program because my wife was one of the experts interviewed. How many other viewers, I wonder felt victimized, as I did, by its audio-visual sensationalism? In the end we could justifiably say, we had a date with a television program and we were raped by it.

Jeremy Murray-Brown is a professor of communication at Boston University. He was a producer at the BBC for many years.
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Sounding Off About Acoustics

Boston University's Tsai Center Uses the Latest Techniques

In the late 1890s, when officials at Harvard University got fed up with the terrible acoustics in one of their lecture halls, they called on Wallace Sabine to solve the problem. Sabine, a young assistant professor of physics, was initially baffled. Yet, in a memorable display of perseverance, he began removing seat cushions from a nearby theater, lugging them across the street and placing them in the hall to see how they affected sound. He did this repeatedly; carrying the cushions over at night and returning them the next morning. Eventually his efforts became something of a campus joke.

But Sabine's humiliation was not in vain. By installing different numbers of seat cushions in different-sized halls, and measuring how they affected reverberation time—the time sound takes to decay to inaudibility—he developed the first scientific formula for measuring acoustics. And within a few years, Sabine was given the chance to apply his formula to a new building under construction in Boston Symphony Hall, which is now considered acoustically the second-best concert hall in the world.

Despite Sabine's inroads, science has yet to devise a reliable formula for creating acoustically perfect concert halls. The failure of such halls as New York's Philharmonic (whose sound was so bad the building had to be rebuilt) and the recent renovation of Carnegie Hall (whose acoustic reviews have been less than resounding) demonstrate that creating good acoustics involves more than moving seat cushions.

Nevertheless, many good concert halls have been built, thanks to advances in the field. One of the most interesting developments has been the invention of "electronic architecture." Installed in halls that refuse listeners the courtesy of providing good sound on their own, electronic systems can now artificially erect walls and expand ceilings to create desirable acoustics. It was one of these systems, recently installed at the Tsai Performance Center at Boston University, that helped convert a former lecture hall into a first-class recital hall.

How does a first-class concert hall sound? To answer that question involves first interpreting the vague terminology associated with acoustics. Music can be "wet" (the echoey sound you hear in a large, empty room), "dry" (the muffled, absorbent sound you hear inside a coat closet), transparent, brilliant, full, bronze, round or fibrous.

Fortunately, defining the science behind fuzzy descriptions has been an important part of the recent advances in understanding how concert halls work. As most of us remember from high-school science, sound travels through the air in waves; these waves reach our ear in a variety of lengths depending on the instruments and notes being played. Almost as important is the way the room in which they're played reflects waves. And the most important measure of how concert halls affect sound waves is reverberation.

In fact, music lovers have long known that the more reverberant a hall is, the more it gives listeners the sense of being immersed in sound. But to understand the more subtle qualities of good acoustics, scientists have had to analyze reverberation more closely. For example, while reverberation time is considered the most important aspect of reverberation, Leo Beranek, a renowned acoustician and now trustee emeritus of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, figured out in the 1960s that a longer reverberation time in the low notes gives music its "warmth." Beranek was also the first to suggest that the sense of "intimacy" a person feels in a good concert hall is not determined by the sound coming directly from the performers, but by the reflections of sound that reach the listener after the direct sound. A hall's unique shape and materials determine when these reflections arrive and from what direction. In fact, acousticians now know that in the best concert halls, "early reflections" arrive at the listener's ear within 20 thousandths of a second after the direct sound (any longer, and the listener may hear it as an echo). Moreover, the more these early reflections arrive from the side, the more listeners feel "immersed."

Acousticians also know that a hall's geometric shape plays a major role in whether or not it creates these reflections. For example, although traditional fan-shaped halls allow large...
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that electronically simulates the acoustics located over the stage pick up live music from the performer; the sound is sent through various electronic circuits that filter and delay it by fractions of a second. The refurbished sound is then broadcast through speakers throughout the hall, resulting in new reverberation times and reflection patterns that otherwise could only be created by physically altering the hall's architecture. Although audiences cannot hear sound directly from the speakers, the live music is enhanced in the same way that it would be by the architecture of a top-notch concert hall.

Jaffe's system, called ERES (for electronic reflection energy systems), can be used in several ways, to improve the acoustics of an existing hall, or to increase the versatility in new halls. So far, the ERES has been used successfully in a number of locations including the Laurie Auditorium (used by San Antonio Symphony), the Hall Center in Oregon (Eugene Symphony) and the Circle Theatre (Indianapolis Symphony).

Jaffe's ultimate vision is that ERES will enable conductors to use more than a baton to direct their music; he contends that they will be able to tailor the hall acoustics to the style of individual composers, types of music and even movements within a piece. Despite the appeal of this futuristic vision, however, Jaffe admits that for now, "Most clients don't want infinite adjustability. In fact, they don't want any adjustability at all. They prefer that we turn the system at the outset and provide a simple on/off switch."

Boston University's goal in hiring Jaffe Acoustics was to convert a common lecture hall into one of concert-quality. In its original state, Hayden Hall, located in the University's School of Management, lacked the volume, reverberation time and visual appeal needed for concert performances. When Jaffe, working with the architectural firm Hardy Holtzmann Pfeiffer completed the new Tsai Center last February, the stage had been cut away, an orchestra pit had been created, the false ceiling had been removed to increase the hall's volume, acoustic drapes, a movable orchestra shell and ceiling panels installed and the seating had been gradually raked to the back balcony. Yet, although acoustics in the new hall were vastly superior to the old version, they still weren't good enough. In fact, according to Gregory Kacherovich, senior consultant from Jaffe, reverberation time in the new Tsai Center was still only 0.9 seconds. (Symphony Hall with a full house is 1.8 seconds.) Even with the acoustic drapes along the sides raised, the reverberation time remained an undesirable 1.2 seconds.

Enter ERES, with its two microphones over the stage, customized electronic equipment and 48 speakers strung overhead. The Tsai Center's ERES was designed to increase the reverberation time in the lower notes, adding greater "warmth," and increase the overall reverberation time to about 1.6 seconds. And all of this at the flick of a switch.

But does it work? "It's noticeable, yes," says Kacherovich. "The direct sound of the live music prevails, but all of those speakers lift the sound. You can only hear the difference if the system is on or off."

According to Robert Siriota, director of Boston University's School of Music, reviews of the Tsai Center so far have generally been good. "Everyone who has performed there says it sounds absolutely wonderful from the stage," he notes, although he admits, "There are varying opinions about how it sounds in the hall. Some say it's perfect, others would like a little more resonance." Mark Beaulieu, a violinist with ALEA III in an-in-residence ensemble at Boston University, echoes the view of some critics who have complained that the hall is too dry. "As a string player I don't have the sense that what I'm sending out is being amplified enough, so I have to force my playing a little bit." Yet Beaulieu adds that the sound is a distinct improvement over the old Hayden Hall and says that as a member of the audience he has heard chamber music in the hall that sounded fine. David Pelletier, director of the Tsai, agrees that there's still room for improvement and says he is hoping to "tweak" things a bit to get even more reverberation.

As reviews of the Tsai Center continue to come in, fine-tuning will be restricted to adjusting acoustic draperies and elements of the orchestra shell. For now, the ERES's potential to give conductors the same control that other artists have over their masterpieces—a dash of New York Carnegie here, a touch of Symphony Hall there and a shading of Vienna Musikvereinsaal throughout—will be limited to a somewhat more pedestrian palette: a simple on/off switch.

Jon Queijo is a free-lance writer based in West Roxbury, Massachusetts.
Into the Millennium
A Guide for the Perplexed

If we could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Coleridge’s statement would be appropriate at the beginning of any decade; we are poised on the millennium. What does time to come have in store for us? What can we learn from time past? At Bostonia, we thought we’d ask three writers to consider the upcoming decade as a metaphor, and their viewpoints are strikingly different. James O’Donnell took the path of retrospection, Miles Kington that of prospection and playwright Robert Hvnor that of looking to the future from the deep past. Coleridge would be pleased.
PROPHETS ARE GENERALLY CAUTIOUS about their prophecies in order to guard against failure. This is a great mistake, as it makes all prophecy dull, and in any case nobody ever checks back to see if you were right or wrong. So I have no hesitation in making my forecast for the 1990s as detailed as possible.

1990. President George Bush takes to opening his speeches with the words "My fellow Americans and illegal immigrants." An enormous quantity of disused, rusty garden tools is found in Alaska. This is put down to the greenhouse effect. Mrs. Thatcher says she has no intention of resigning. A major earthquake occurs in Beirut, and nobody notices. There is a considerable influx of Poles into East Germany which, for all its poverty, is much better off than Poland. Frank Sinatra makes a comeback. USA fails to win soccer’s World Cup, but emerges as the top baseball nation in the world.

1991. A national crisis occurs in American cooking. For years it has been the custom to go crazy over one national cuisine after another—Mexican, Japanese, French, you name it. Now it is discovered that they have run out of national cuisines to import. Except Canadian. Mrs. Thatcher says she will not resign. Mr. Bush starts making his speeches twice, once in English, once in Spanish. The first signs are seen of an influx into Poland of Russian citizens. Poland may be bad, they say, but you should see Russia! It is discovered that the Japanese have bought minority rights to Frank Sinatra’s comebacks.

1992. An American citizen wins the U.S. Open Tennis title! No, only kidding. A European wins the title and becomes an American citizen. At the latest count, seven republics have left the USSR and become independent of Russia. Mr. Gorbachev is reported to be secretly frantic, as they all have their own independent nuclear strike force, and he doesn’t know if they are pointed at Moscow or Washington. East Germany does badly at the
Olympics, as all the good rumors have left the country already. Somebody in Iceland discovers 10,000,000 packets of parsley seed, all well past the sell-by date; this is thought to be part of the greenhouse effect. Mrs. Thatcher refuses to resign.

1993. The President opens what he calls the new national debate: to find a new enemy. Now that America and Russia are friends, China is busy at home and Europe otherwise occupied, who should the American national enemy be? An opinion poll puts Japan in the lead at 23 percent. An amazing development in Eastern Europe; now that the Ukraine, Lithuania, etc. have all gone independent, Poland is no longer next door to Russia; they are separated by new neighbors. This makes it harder for the Russians who are flooding into Poland. Spanish becomes the official language of California.

1994. Scandal in Tokyo; the world’s first thinking computer is sacked for taking bribes. It self-destructs and becomes the first computer to commit hara-kari. Mrs. Thatcher declares she will stay in office. As Western Russia becomes emptier with the exodus to Poland, many Siberians start moving west to fill the vacuum. People in Alaska start feeling edgy; they don’t want to move to Siberia, for God’s sake. Sylvester Stallone makes the last Rambo film, in which Russia and America team up to beat the hell out of the title character.

1995. Phew! Luckily, the world’s first thinking computer had an identical twin. The first question it is asked in an effort to trick it is the old unanswered: “How come if the Japanese make all the cameras in the world, there is no Japanese photographer that anyone has heard of?” The computer thinks for a while, then answers: “And there are no Japanese motorcyclists either, come to think of it. Weird, isn’t it?” Spanish becomes the official cooking of California.

1996. Siberia now empty. The national debate on who should be the next enemy of the USA comes under the ownership of the Japanese, who immediately disappear as a possible enemy. New front runner is Noriega (formerly known as Panama). The invention of the age is launched, Videospecs, a pair of spectacles on which you get TV with all the impact of a wide-screen movie. Trouble is, you keep getting run over when you wear them. Mrs. Thatcher declines to resign. World’s brightest computer is asked another question: “Is there a God?”

1997. Computer answers, “Absolutely! I know what you mean; scary, isn’t it? Could you pass me another one of those delicious salmon canapées?” It is realized that the first socially evasive computer has evolved, thus signaling the opening of the decadent period of computing. Russia goes bankrupt, but nobody notices. Hong Kong goes back to the Chinese—20 million inhabitants of Hong Kong leave the place in boats. Mrs. Thatcher considers resigning, but decides against it. Japan turns out to be the new owner of Siberia, with an option for the rest of Russia.

1998. Worldwide hunt begins for people who were born before 1900 and are thus candidates for living in three separate centuries. Last man is found in Britain who can remember Queen Victoria. “I didn’t like her much,” he says. “She was old, grim and wouldn’t clear off. Not unlike Mrs. Thatcher,” he adds. America finally decides to choose illegal immigrants as the national enemy of America. New super-intelligent computer is asked “Is there a God?” It replies, unnervingly: “Yes, I am.”

1999. Mrs. Thatcher announces she will not resign. Britain is highly embarrassed. She was ousted as party leader eight years ago and still thinks she is in charge. Illegal immigrants declare war on the United States. U.S. has all the firepower, but illegal immigrants have a stranglehold on fruit-picking, shoe-shining and dish-washing industries. Stalemate. Graham Greene turns down Nobel Prize. Legal history is made in America when a man sues his defense lawyer for failing to get him off, and wins. Many organizations ask writers to forecast shape of 21st century. Gore Vidal accepts 300 such invitations and sees only gloom ahead. Gigantic world-wide party on Dec. 31st, 1999, during which Mr. Malcolm Forbes flies around the world in an effort to keep ahead of the date change. Party only slightly dampened by revelation that the Japanese have bought up all rights to the 21st century.


Miles Kington is to British readers in the Independent of London; what Art Buchwald is to Americans. A former jazz musician and contributor to revues, he is arguably not merely a wit but a national treasure.
I usually leave millennial thoughts to prophets and poets. Joel speaks of a coming time when the old men shall dream dreams, and the young men have visions. Virgil and Dante, Shelley and Yeats are great at the vision thing. Moreover, it has been my experience as a journeyman journalist that it is almost always the self-proclaiming Utopians who are the first to set up the guillotine in the middle of the public square. Or, to take over banana republics and promptly produce a shortage of bananas.

The Second Coming! In western civilization the phenomenon our scholarly glossators call chiliasmus is linked with the Christian calendar and the earlier messianic Jewish scriptures—Isaiah and hissaving remnant. I find it difficult to read the earlier gospels “Go, take what thou hast and give to the poor” without a vivid sense of how immediately the apostles expected the return of Their Lord, before the blooming of next year’s roses of Sharon. Veronica would surely be there with another veil. Time passed, as it always does. The last gospel, Revelation, already seems outside the Palestinian time-warp, a book with seven seals.

By the time of St. Augustine of Hippo and the onrushing collapse of the Roman Empire, the Christian mind had retreated into the marvelous City of God. We Christians were now being told that our kingdom was not of this world, a lesson we have been relearning ever since.

It was around Christmas time, 1955. My then senior editors at The Saturday Evening Post in Philadelphia, wholesome meat-and-potatoes Midwesterners all, sent an urgent cable that caught up with me in Paris.

PLEASE OFFTAKE PRO MUERZZUSCHLAG COMMA TOWNSHIP SOMEWHERE SOUTH VIENNA STOP BEEN TOLD ITINERANT PREACHER DOWNCOME FROM HILLS PROCLAIMING DOOMSDAY STOP REPORTS GOOD BURGHERS ALL HEADING EITHER CHURCH CONFESSIONALS LOCAL BROTHELS OR NEAREST BEERGARDENS STOP OUTCHECK.

Muerzzuschlag! The end of the world at world’s end. Muerzzuschlag-on-the-Muerz is to the Viennese about what Saugus, Massachusetts, is to a Bostonian. I offtook. By the time I reached Salzburg (in a blinding snowstorm), second and third thoughts dictated that I do another check on this yarn. I telephoned an old editor friend in Vienna.
Since the days of the satirist Karl Kraus, Vienna has been the secret world capital of dubious journalism. His response: "Menschenskind! Is that canard flying the rounds again? It first surfaced in the 1890s. On a really dull weekend here in Vienna, some lazy editor always tries to peddle it yet once again. Nothing ever happens in Muerzzuschlag."

A second reportorial experience, a decade later. A gifted young German journalist named Ulrike Meinhof had seemingly gone round the bend. She was now making world headlines as co-leader of the Baader-Meinhof Gang. They robbed banks, kidnapped businessmen, threw homemade bombs into publishing houses. I had known Ulrike in one of her nicer incarnations. Once, on the magic North Sea and North Frisian island of Sylt, we took a long beach promenade on the "Textilensands" (the only beach where wearing a bathing suit is allowed). We chatted about Roman Catholicism and whether the Pope believed blue chickadees ("Blauemsen") have souls.

Sex, religion, the Kingdom of God, they were all tangled up in Ulrike Meinhof's active mind. I told her that we Roman Catholics did not really believe that birds or animals have souls. But I went on to say, I truly believed that God let blue chickadees fly all around Paradise anyway. Hadn't he promised St. Francis and all birdwatchers eternal bliss? "Ulrikchen, His Eye is up on the Blaumeise." It was then that she told me how, as the Protestant daughter of an anti-Nazi family in Thuringia, she with her family had fled in 1945 to Osnabruck in North Germany. One of her first teachers was a nun, Sister Maria Theresa, who was charged with caring for refugee children. After Ulrike left the convent school, the women corresponded for years. This correspondence only ceased after La Meinhof's disastrous marriage, which included dinner-sessions in a millionaire's villa on how to toss hand grenades.

When the Reader's Digest assigned me to profile Ulrike Meinhof and the terrorist millennium, I remembered the story of the elderly nun and sought her out in the chapel of the convent. (She was praying for her Ulrike. I was spooked a bit when the next morning, I read of the capture of Meinhof in nearby Hanover. It had been 6:00 p.m. the hour of the evening Angelus, and the hour that had brought Sister Maria Theresa to the chapel and me to her.) She told me: "Before the devils of this world brainwashed her, I think that Ulrike was a secular saint, a natural do-gooder. In the Middle Ages, Holy Mother Church would have rushed her off to a nunnery." (Probably to a "Wasserschloss," a moated castle with the drawbridge up.)

I thought the Reader's Digest would be delighted with my report. Not at all. They covered my three months expenses, but wrote me an apologetic letter: "So sorry we simply cannot print this. It seems to be the shocking story of a young German woman who goes around killing people!" The Pleasantville idea of a terrorist is Anne of Green Gables.

Sister Maria Theresa was right. In the decade leading up to the end of the 10th century, the Christian Church, now very much the establishment, had to handle all sorts of exalted zealots suddenly coming down from the remote hills and their hermit caves. The medieval woodwork was teeming with liberated human termite. The Book of Revelations became a kind of monastery samizdat. Much talk of the Fifth and Final Monarchy, Armageddon to be followed by the Kingdom of God on earth.

Perhaps the most terrible of these apocalyptic outbreaks—religion as politics—took place in the German city of Muenster deep in Westphalia, in the predawn light of the Reformation, the early 1500s. A charismatic, barn-burning orator named Jan Bockelson, sometimes called John of Leyden (Holland) arrived in Muenster to preach his own brand of liberation theology—salvation by excess. Through the art of fornication and other forms of spiritual ecstasy, including the beheading of aristocrats, the buggering of bishops and the communal dividing up of all property, Bockelson encouraged the priests and nuns (now liberated, of course to get roaring drunk at altar wine, dance naked in the vestiary and copulate on the altars. These madmen and madwomen called themselves Anabaptists, washed in the blood of the lamb. A similar scene was repeated in 1793 during the French Revolution. The most notorious actress of Paris was escorted to the Church of the Madeleine by the Jacobins and enthroned on the high altar as the Goddess of Reason. After some 18 months of revolutionary revels, the doughty Bishop of Bruemen Marched in and with fire and sword put an end to this chiliasmic revelry.

I stress this link between politics and religion, sex and millenarianism, for the same reason that Englishmen climbed Mt. Everest because it's there. Last fall Boston University held a two-day Conversazioni seeking "a metaphor for our time." None of the guests came up with a convincing one, but I rather liked Bernard Levin's (London Times) columnist mention of his favorite graffiti. "Nietzsche is dead. Signed, God." As that it were true, God is alive again, but so is Old Friedrich, who, signed himself Zarathustra-Christ-Caesar and then went bonkers.

Whenever men and women abandon traditional religion and morality, the faiths of our fathers, that spiritual void is soon filled by the rush of Utopianism, the evangelical urge to establish the Fifth Monarch of Christ, the King as the Kingdom of God here on earth. There comes that old yearning for a this-worldly paradise, the city on the hill.

Professor Hegel was a chiliasmic type at the high academic ex cathedra level. He once wrote that the owl of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, first takes wing at dusk. There we are moving toward the evening hours, the "Abenddämmerung" of the 20th century. I speak as a country boy from Maryland, born down on the Chesapeake Bay in 1917. I have thus lived long enough to be able to report on the demise or disintegration of the two great substitute, ersetzi religions of our time. Adolph Hitler's

continued on page 71.
POPE BONIFACE VIII b. 1235 r. 1294-1313
RAYMUNDO LULL 1232-1315

ROME 1295. A ROOM IN THE VATICAN. Front, two chairs. Back of them a screen hiding two persons except for their black shoes. From behind this screen throughout come appropriate whispers, hisses, laughter.

POPE BONIFACE My son, Raymundo.
RAYMUNDO. Kissing ring. Your Holiness. At last it is good of you to see me.
P. Your fame put me off, Raymundo. That is why we are alone. Lull looks at screen. Even in Death we will not be alone. Sit. Note, my chair is not a throne nor is yours. But I am now an Apostle, Vicar of Christ and you are still just a genius. So they say in Barcelona. What language can we speak?
R. Your vernacular will do.

A young cleric comes from screen, gives the Pope a folder, backs off.
P. Now Raymundo, about visions. Reads in folder I have the stone. You have visions. If I make a face it will not be an Angel floating in the air but a stone in the gut.

R. I have had mystical visions.
P. Yes, the name of one is a matter of record. Reads.

Mallorca. A member of the Court of your King Jamie. You chased her through the Church of San Francisco on a horse. Reads on. You caught her in the sanctuary but did not offend her. This beautiful vision!
R. She bared her breast to me and it was cancerous. God knows that was not a vision. They came later when I was 40.
R. He first appeared high in the sky. Each time he got lower. In the fifth vision He was on ground level and still living. He said my name.

Shorts of laughter from screen.
P. I was at my desk. Happy with my Muse. Happy founding, if I may say so, the literature of Catalonia. Laughter from screen. Great though my inspiration was it was nothing to the exaltation of that divine sacrifice. You rebuke my genius but those books led me to those Eyes from the Cross which looked into my soul. Then I took up my own cross.
P. This Art of Lull, this system which combines logic and piety in a machine. Did it come to you...
as a vision? All complete?
R. As a ship is finished before it is launched. Out of a luminous cloud. The circles spinning. The Logos.
P. Alberto! Bring in the Ars Magna of Ramon Lull.

Much business behind screen.
P. Alberto and Dino are Dominicans. Not Lullists.
R. School Teachers. Librarians.
P. They are my cousins.

An easel is set up by the two clerics. A large chart is put upon it with the impressive Lullian figures.
P. What do I see?
R. They brought in the wrong Ars. This is Ars Brevis not Magna.

R. A in the center stands for the triune God. The letters about the circle represent his attributes. See B for Bonitas Goodness. K for Glory and so on. Not numbers but universals. What the Greeks call Ideas. The inner circles can move and the universals combine with subjects. It is a combinatory engine, you see.

Alberto comes in and whispers to the Pope, returns. The Pope has heard bad news. Shaken, he rises from his chair.

P. lßu want our missionaries and crusading knights to use your Art to convert the Saracens. It is a thought worthy of your great soul but I must decline your petition.

R. Your Holiness, the Moslems love truth. They seek it, and God willing, will find it through my devices. Through my Art the good Moslems will come to love the Church.

Hissing from behind screen.
P. That book on Chivalry you wrote.
R. My first.
P. Is there perhaps a tractatus on the Art of War?
R. No. Go to the devil for that one, your Holiness. From screen, the stamping of feet.
P. Go in peace, my Son. Your glory is best made plain outside our walls.

Lull and Boniface VIII meet in the afterlife as Monads.

POPE. Raymundo
RAYMUNDO. Your Holiness!
P. What language shall we speak?
R. The vernacular.
P. How goes the afterlife?
R. I liked it better when the world was flat. And the ladies were round.
P. Cheer up. I learn that millions of men, women and children are using symbolic and logical machines on our old planet.
R. So many! Ah, then those lands must be very happy and virtuous. You say "logical" machines. Like mine? Based on the eternal realities, the universals. Goodness. Magnanimity. Wisdom. Stick-to-it-iveness.
P. And so on.
R. In any case, the Logos.
P. Ah, my glorified friend, in every one of those engines is a bit, if I may use the expression, of Ramon Lull. But they are much changed. They run by electricity. They have a past or memory. They do any subject so long as it can be put in mathematical terms.
R. Of course. Hmm. Risky. X stands not for God but the Unknown. The devil knows math. Also pharmacology. Town planning. Hmm. Are any of them named after me?
P. No.
R. After the German Leibniz. Or Boole. Or von Neumann.
P. Turing. I've heard of Turing machines. An Englishman. He just died but he's not ready to talk.
R. How did he die? Proudly I was stoned to death. Yes, martyred in North Africa. Stoned. But whether I was martyred for my faith, or my long books, or my symbolic logic machines I do not know.

Theep Dinker

Robert Hicnor is a New York playwright with a substantial following. His works, which have been produced in New York, London and Salzburg, include "Ticklish Acrobat" and "Assault on Charles Summer"

than now and that relations between America and China will be hard. I am afraid for my country and I suppose, I'm afraid of staying here for a long time with no hope, no future, no work.

The 1980s was the best time in my life of 30 years. The decade was one when China had one of the best times—we had more rice production; people had more money food, clothes of better quality. And they knew the world better than before. Maybe there will be even better times. Confucius said that when a person is 20 years old he should do very good work, and when he is 40 years old his ideas will be clear. I hope when I am 40 I will have very clear ideas about my life, my work, my home nation.

—We Gossip
Former Senior Commentator, Annam Min Pan, Beijing, and speechwriter to Zhou Ziqiang, former General Secretary of the Chinese Communist Party

During the next decade I hope that petroleum will run out, because only in this way will we be able to breathe and to put a stop to the tyranny of the internal combustion engine. What I fear most in the '90s is the destruction of the very ideals of socialism, and the complete horrible triumph of the worst brand of plutocracy.

—Gino, Pozz Journalist, Corriere della Sera, Milan, Italy

Finally, our colleague Saul Bellow received the following request from The Wall Street Journal:

"Dear Mr. Bellow: Periodically, we like to survey the short opinions of noteworthy individuals on some pertinent topic...This time around, we'd like to get 50 words or less from you responding to the following: What is your best hope for the 1990s?...As always, replies that are specific and creative will be given preference, as space is short..."

Bellow's response: "The 90s will see a renaissance of chivalry, supported and strengthened by selective massacres of the extremely rude."
I first came upon *Encounter* and the Congress for Cultural Freedom in 1954, in the browsing room of the Conwell Library at Temple University in Philadelphia.

Just born in London, *Encounter* was a sparkling mixture of famous international names, vigorous anti-Communism and inside stuff from Bloomsbury, the Left Bank and West Berlin. I was enchanted here was the great world, far from shabby Philadelphia and the impersonal subway school I was attending.

It wasn't until I transferred to the University of Chicago, however, that I found the embodiment of the publication in one Edward Shils, a professor who was reputed to have read every major book in every major Western language, to know every major intellectual everywhere and to understand every major political and social movement. Shils was highly visible, vaguely English in speech and dress (he actually came from Philadelphia), an accessible, yet guarded figure. He was adept at cultivating students we all craved recognition and were awed by his easy way with great ideas and language.
Shils also was a luminary of the Congress of Cultural Freedom which enrolled some impressive names: W.H. Auden and Stephen Spender, Raymond Aron and Denis de Rougemont, Niccola Chiaromonte and Ignazo Silone, J. Robert Oppenheimer and George Kennan. His elegant essays on modernity, on civility, on the responsibility of intellectuals and their relationship to politics and power appeared regularly in Encounter, the flagship of the Congress. So did his name in announcements of intellectual gatherings at Paris or Geneva, Venice or Rhodes and other glamorous places. Rumor had it that he was immersed in a great book on intellectuals that would raise both subject and author to the very top.

Here was a vision of intellectuals as a breed apart, a secular priesthood, bound by tacit vows of integrity, honesty and courage and of hard slogging in the library stacks. Yet, the vision was under attack and had been since the 1930s. Nazism had, to be sure, been vanquished. But various brethren had betrayed the faith by embracing Marxism, with its alluring portrayal of a better, egalitarian world and its terrible reality. And there was the McCarthyite danger, which Shils countered in a small book, The Time—Space of Secrecy, and which he equated with those baying hordes who loved The Chicago Tribune while hating the University.

The Congress sought to mobilize anti-Communists and demonstrate that 1950 was not 1938, that appeasement was dead and that Communism would no longer have a clear field among Western intellectuals.

Coleman breaks new ground by offering plenty of dates, names and short biographies of the participants. But there is little insight or true understanding of the Congress’s significance in American and European life which Coleman—a barrister, editor and politician in Australia addresses as an outsider; stumbling over the nuances and complexities of both the Cold War era and the very different late 1960s, when the Vietnam War dominated Western consciousness.

The Congress came into being in June 1950 as the result of a mass meeting in West Berlin, attended by Arthur Koestler, James M. Burnham, Sidney Hook, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr and a cluster of other prominent intellectuals. The Korean War had just erupted. There was widespread fear of a Soviet attack in Europe, possibly on Berlin itself. The Congress, whose intellectual origins probably lie in the creation of Der Monat, funded by General Lucius Clay, edited by Melvin J. Lasky and Helmut Jassrich and designed to counter the flow of Soviet-inspired intel-

Illustration: Eileen Watson
lectual propaganda in Berthold Brecht’s *Sinn und Form*, was visualized as a fighting force on the intellectual front. Its purpose was to mobilize anti-Communists, attract neutralists and fence-sitters and demonstrate to all that 1950 was not 1938, that appeasement was dead, that everyone should stand up and be counted and that Communism no longer had a clear field among Western intellectuals.

Within months of its birth, however, the Congress began receiving funds from the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), whose continued financial backing ultimately led to the Congress’ downfall. The relationship was carefully concealed by the handful of Congress administrators who explicitly knew of it, a somewhat wider circle of Executive Committee members may have heard rumors, but did not make any further inquiries, and a still wider circle took matters at face value. Funding was obviously the vulnerability which lay at the heart of the Congress and this was recognized by the CIA. In a world of realpolitik, of course, the CIA involvement could be seen as a corollary of the American-led drive to repel Communism. If Europeans accepted NATO, the Marshall Plan and American troops on their soil, why hold back on CIA involvement in cultural and intellectual life?

Of course, rumors circulated regarding American government money and the Congress. The grand scale on which the Congress operated at a time when Europe was dirt poor virtually ensured the rumors. But these could be plausibly denied until the spring of 1967, when, after *The New York Times* and especially *The Saturday Evening Post* published an undeniable authoritative account by Tom Braden, a former senior CIA officer who had been directly responsible for the Congress connection during 1960–54.

The result was a major uproar in Britain and the United States. accusations, denials, protestations of innocence and much gloating on the Left (Andrew Kopkind wrote of “spies who came in for the gold,” while Norman Mailer denounced these “cockroaches in a slum sink.”) The Congress continued with a new name, new policies and new personality, but finally voted itself out of existence in 1979.

In his book, Coleman writes of the Congress as a true believer. As editor of *Quadrant*, the Congress’ Australian off spring, liberal anti-Communism has been his life, the Soviet system his unquestioned enemy and the Congress his nominee as the single force which turned the intellec-
tual tide in Europe. That politics is dynamic, not static; that the Congress’ accomplishments — let alone its influence — are difficult to measure; that the Vietnam War which Coleman simply ignores) turned the Western world upside down, that the Congress was too strongly identified with the early Cold War to change its public image, despite all its work during the 1960s in trying to create an “international intellectual community” to all this Coleman is oblivious.

And he ignores the question of why Tom Braden could, in a spirited defense of CIA covert funding (“I’m glad the CIA is ‘Immoral’”), tuck into *The Saturday Evening Post* article a 130-word expose that simply destroyed the Congress. Why did he do it? And above all why was the Congress so fragile, so vulnerable to his words?

**THE BRADEN RATIONALE**

Even now, nearly 23 years later, Braden seems no more forthcoming about his reasons. A tall, gaunt man of 71, Braden is blunt, moody and rambunctious. Like all the early CIA elite, Braden came out of World War II, which he was so keen to enter that he joined the British Army well before Pearl Harbor and saw much combat before transferring to the American Office of Strategic Services. There he fought with the French and Italian resistance and learned something of European politics. “You didn’t find guys from the Bourgeoisie in the Maquis,” he growled. “They were clipping coupons in Paris, not out there risking their lives.”

Braden likes risks and brawls and has had his share as a journalist, columnist and politician, and as the house liberal against Pat Buchanan on cable television in recent years. His wife, Joan, a Washington hostess and occasional journalist, whose recent kiss-and-tell memoir is raising Washington eyebrows, also delights in the unconventional.

Why did you do it? I asked Braden. “God, I don’t know,” he drawled, a Huck Finn caught in a scrape, “I guess I just got sore. Here was Victor Reuther, talking about how awful it was to take money from the CIA. Hell, he got money from us for anti-Communist unions in Germany. So I was griping about Reuther to Stewart Alsop (Washington editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*) and he said, ‘Why don’t you write about it?’ So I did.”

What of your written pledge to the CIA of secrecy, I asked. “You know,” Braden replied, straight-faced, “I forgot all about it! The Agency was sore, pointed to me as a bad example. But I’d just forgotten about that damned statement.” This is disingenuous. In actuality, Braden did try for a kind of circuitous clearance, by informing a highly placed CIA friend that he was writing an article that would counter the bad press the Agency was receiving by recalling its glory days in the 1950s. And this was broached at the directors’ daily staff conference. Some of those present were hesitant: after all, no one knew what Tom would actually write. But others, mindful that good publicity always had been vital to the CIA, were in favor. Clearly, no one expected that Braden would go so far, explode so many lightly camouflaged operations.

His words, for example, implied that the Congress was little more than a CIA front. “We had placed one agent in the Congress for Cultural Freedom.” “Money for *Encounter*’s publication came from the CIA, and few outside the CIA knew about it.” Why such damning detail? I asked. “I mean that they were really part of the Cold War, weren’t they?” Braden replied. “Times had changed. And you know how hard it is to cut a program, you appoint a committee and everybody ends up saying, ‘Jim is doing good work there; let’s fund them for another year and then we’ll see.’ And so it keeps going.”

How did your CIA friends react to the article, I asked. Braden was quiet. “Well, I did get word that Allen was hurt. Not angry; just hurt. And that was worse. Like when you do something and your mother is upset.”

“Allen” was of course Allen Dulles, the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Grand Old Man and Great White Case Officer of the CIA, who headed during 1953–61. Neither he nor Braden were intellectuals. But Dulles, unlike Braden, had long experience in the intellectual struggle for hearts and minds, first in mobilizing Americans against the Axis before Pearl Harbor, then in the OSS, trying to strengthen the German opposition to Hitler, and finally in the CIA’s offensive against Communism.

Dulles had also been one of the Washington patrons of the Congress. He had, in fact, vigorously supported Braden’s plans in 1950 for an International Organization Division within the CIA that could handle the administration and support for groups such as the Congress. Later, Dulles was decisive in protecting the Congress’ intellectual/cultural orientation against those CIA factions that focused on intelligence gathering and hoped to use the Congress. Tom Braden had been one of Dulles’ bright young men, after 1956, Dulles no longer spoke to him.
THE TRAIL OF INTRIGUE

If Allen Dulles felt betrayed, so did the Congress, especially its staff on the third floor of the building at 104 Boulevard Haussmann. Here was the Executive Secretariat under Michael Josselson, which organized the wide-ranging, international seminars, helped publish the magazines and books and administered the grants and other programs that made the Congress a global enterprise.

As Executive Director from 1950 until his resignation after Braden’s revelations in 1967, Josselson was the key administrative officer. An Estonian Jew by birth and later an American citizen, he combined the experienced businessman’s concern with details and financing with the intellectual’s commitment to ideas.

Josselson has been described by Daniel Bell, the Harvard sociologist, as “a Russian by day,” in his precision and organizational skill, and “a Russian by night,” in his zest for ideas and argument. “Mike did raise his voice a lot, no doubt about that,” says John Hunt, the classicist and novelist who shared in administering the Congress and resigned with Josselson after Braden’s revelations, “but he was strict about everything, had high standards about people and how money was spent. Some people couldn’t understand Gandhi’s remark that ‘an organization’s integrity begins in the treasurer’s office.’ But Mike could.”

Josselson enjoyed the confidence of the CIA, he acted as the link between the Agency and the Congress, as did Hunt after the late 1950s. It was predictable, perhaps inevitable, that the Congress, as an anti-Communist intellectual organization, and the CIA, whose purpose was combating Communism, should have come together. It was facilitated by the rise to influence in Washington and New York after 1945 of a World War II generation of media, propaganda and psychological warfare specialists, who ascribed Hitler’s victories as much to words as to tanks. Old-timers at the State Department, fearing Congressional opposition and the danger of embarrassing incidents in free-wheeling operations, drew back.

The CIA, eager to make its mark with new ideas, felt differently. The Soviets already were staging conferences of intellectuals in various countries, at one in East Berlin during 1947, a young American journalist, Melvin Lasky (the editor of Encounter since 1958), caused a sensation by raising the names of Soviet writers whom Stalin had destroyed. Arthur Koestler, the aggressive ex-Communist whose best-selling novel, Darkness at Noon, had cast a terrifying light on Stalin’s purges, was pushing the idea of an American-sponsored anti-Communist intellectual organization in talks with General William O. Donovan, the influential founder of the OSS, and with others in the corridors of power.

Clearly, the Congress was an idea whose time had come. It extended into the cultural and intellectual sphere, the American power being felt in Europe in the military realm, with NATO and the American troops in Germany and elsewhere; in the economy, with the Marshall Plan, and in intelligence, with a broad CIA build-up. Here was a strategy of presence on a grand scale, an attempt to deter any Soviet adventures by underscoring the American readiness to fight it out on every front.

Josselson had won his spurs as a “Berliner,” i.e., one of those Americans whose careers in cultural politics originated in their de-Nazification and cultural re-construction work in West Berlin after 1945. The Cold War was taking shape; Germany, the most powerful country in Europe, was its ultimate prize and Berlin remained its key point. The Americans were hurrying to show Europe that they had more to offer than cars and a victorious army.

Josselson was among those who could do it. He was widely read in four languages, his cultural roots lay in the Germanized culture of the Baltic states, he had the businessman’s fixation with getting things done on time; he was resolutely anti-Communist, and he had a strong advocate in Melvin Lasky.

“After the Congress was formed in 1950,” says Tom Braden, “the Agency was looking for someone who could make this complicated thing work, keep these Europeans and Americans pulling together; Josselson was the guy.” Braden tells how contact was maintained in the early 1950s. “Josselson couldn’t come to Washington. too risky. The French bureaucracy was loaded with Communists and someone might see him at the airport. But I traveled a lot and I’d meet him in Paris, often at bicycle races. We’d go in separately, get adjoining seats, talk business and leave with the crowd.” Another retired CIA officer, for years a member of the Paris station at the American embassy, speaks of meeting Josselson “after dark, at an apartment or a safe house. We never met publicly, no dining out or anything and of course I never went near Boulevard Haussmann.”

Despite these occasional exchanges, it is dead wrong to label the Congress as simply a CIA puppet, tightly controlled in every action. There was no need for that; the liberal internationalist wing of...
the CIA and much of the Congress were in complete accord, Josselson would not and could not have stayed for 17 years otherwise. Only such hard, bellicose anti-Communists in the soon-to-be-dismembered American Committee as James M. Burnham, who sneered at bridge-building to Eastern Europe as more leftist, and who later became neo-conservative, brawled with the Paris headquarters; and he ultimately left the Congress.

The CIA, in fact, shrewdly confined itself to support, not to using the Congress in any more direct manner. Tom Braden and Cord Meyer, his successor after 1954 as the head of the International Operations Division of the CIA, also defended the Congress against strategic intelligence and other segments of the CIA who wished to use the Congress' excellent contacts with Eastern Europe and the Third World as cover for penetration and intelligence gathering.

In the name of the Cold War, the CIA and a handful of top leaders of the Congress had taken actions which, though fully accepted in 1950, even in 1956, collided head-on with the changing tone of 1960s America.

Such proposals were occasionally advanced, Meyer indicated, but he—fully supported by Allen Dulles and later directors—shot them down. The reasoning was that trying to build an intelligence network would split the Congress wide open, and that the Congress should concentrate on cultural politics instead of entering intelligence work, for which its administrators, Josselson and Hunt, were neither experienced, nor enthusiastic.

But all this is not to say that the Congress for Cultural Freedom was free of CIA directives, that it received its subsidies like a MacArthur grant, with no strings attached. The CIA did pay most of the bills, it did expect a return on its investment, and no amount of ex post facto rationalization can explain away the fact that a few, but nonetheless prominent Western intellectuals, whose authority as moral exemplars rested on their reputation as upright men, chose to go along.

The counter-argument is that the likes of Raymond Aron and Ignazio Silone, who may well have suspected but did not necessarily know, were not in any case likely to be influenced by CIA money; they would have fought Communism with or without CIA backing. True enough, but their influence was greatly intensified by CIA support. Without the CIA, there would have been no Congress for Cultural Freedom; fewer magazines in which to write, lecture halls in which to speak, conferences to attend. Aron and Silone would have continued as publicists but with a much smaller audience.

No one raked in any CIA "gold," as Andrew Kopkind suggested. Congress salaries were generally modest, but the benefits were significant. Congress representatives in the Third World or in Europe and the United States were taken seriously by magazines, publishers and by the White House. They were part of the struggle for hearts and minds. The Congress did not offer gold, but it might open doors.

The Congress' record is heavy with ambiguities, from which we have to reach a conclusion: for or against. The Congress published books, magazines, reports that otherwise would not have appeared, surely a good thing. But it did so with secret CIA money; for believers in the open society, not such a good thing. The Congress raised a beacon of freedom in Eastern Europe and elsewhere, another good thing. But, again, with CIA funding. The Congress worked hard—with Shils in the forefront—to bring Third-World intellectuals out of isolation and into the great world: a good thing. But did this also tempt them into the Western orbit? Nasser and Nehru thought so, and were deeply suspicious of such "neo-colonialism."

Concealment and intellectual activity are essentially incompatible, as Shils argued convincingly in scores of articles. Hence the controversies about universities doing closed work for government or private businesses. The Congress did involve concealment. And, since intellectuals hold themselves to a higher standard, the revelations of 1967 helped damage public confidence in both the intellectual and the intelligence communities. With the Vietnam War in full swing, the public was in no mood to differentiate between those few in the Congress who knew, and the many who simply surmised or didn't know at all. So public confidence in the anti-Communist intellectual community was badly hurt, damaging the vital center precisely when it already was under attack from the left and the counter-culture. The CIA, already weakened by the Bay of Pigs and by revelations that touted it as a virtual "invisible government," was weakened still further. The conclusion is clear in the name of the Cold War, the CIA and a handful of top leaders of the Congress had taken actions which, though fully accepted in 1960, even in 1966, collided head-on with the changing tone of 1960s America and Britain.

Why? The true and basic reasons reach far back, well before the Berlin rally in June 1950, back to Hitler's victory in January 1933; to the annihilation of Austrian socialism in February 1934, to the crushing of Spanish republicanism in 1936-39; to the mass butchery of Stalin's purges, to the betrayal that was the Nazi-Soviet Pact in August 1939; and to the Hitler's victories, the Holocaust and finally, the eruption of Soviet power into Eastern and Central Europe, with the destruction of democratic hopes that followed.

The men of the Congress had faced nearly 20 years of defeat and personal loss (Josselson and many others lost family to the Holocaust) plus of course the destruction of the great, humanistic dream of European social democracy. If those bright and enthusiastic young men from the far side of the Atlantic were prepared to help them fight back, why say no? And if there was a hope of compelling Stalin at the cost of a "necessary lie," why hesitate because of some abstractions called "the responsibility of intellectuals?"

There is a postscript on deceit and revelations. Some years after Tom Braden created a public scandal that destroyed the Congress, he wrote a little book, "Eight is Enough," about the delights, perils and tribulations of raising eight children. It did well at the bookstores and even better as a television series, running for several seasons and elaborating on the myth of the great, happy American family, its children tumbling into scrapes and difficulties, but emerging intact, thanks to their strong and loving parents.

Now Joan Braden has written a book, Just Enough Rope: An Intimate Memoir, in which she has created a junior-league scandal by hinting at her long, openly romantic relationships, during 40 years of marriage, with the great and near-great of American politics. Robert Kennedy. Henry Kissinger. Certainly Robert McNamara. And so on. In so doing, she has of course destroyed the myth of the solid, reputable family of "Eight is Enough." Curious people, the Bradens.
BOSTON THEATERS

TEXT BY JANE HOLTZ KAY

SPOTLIGHT ON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. SAMUEL LAUNDON

The current Opera House (above and opposite) was built in 1926–28 and called the B.F. Keith Memorial Theatre in honor of the "grandfather" of vaudeville. Later renamed the Savoy, today it is home to Sarah Caldwell's Opera Company of Boston.

BOSTON THEATER FANS DATE THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CITY'S STAGES IN TWO PARTS: "BEN HUR" AND "BEN SACKED."

"BEN HUR" sprawled across the stage of what one historian called Boston's "Rialto." In the glory days of the early century when incandescent lights beamed from more than a dozen marquees, a chariot race with horses on a treadmill galloped across the stage of the Colonial Theatre on opening night. Behind the Renaissance Revival facade of the theater, the costumed splendor of ancient Rome was paralleled in the work of architect Clarence H. Blackall who drew his inspiration from St. Peter's and the Vatican.

Then there was Ben Sack, a man whose size matched his ego and whose name described his vandalism. Boston's version of a movie-era mogul gathered the last theaters of the city into his cinematic empire. He gutted and pillaged them, sold their ornament, stripped their facades and, as Larry Murray, chairman of the Midtown Cultural District puts it, became the "Ben Sacked" of the city's theaterland.

Sack was not the only Visigoth. Most of the turn-of-the-century city's legitimate theaters had vanished by the mid-20th. Some, like the Opera House on Huntington Avenue were obliterated by the wrecking ball; the rest declined, thanks to diminishing audiences. A generation that saw "Pali Face" at the Metropolitan and "Cinerama" at the Modern sprawled out to the suburbs.

In the theaters that remained, the roofs leaked, the walls came tumbling down and the plaster pealed. There were plans to turn one theater into a parking garage, another into a restaurant; others looked destined for the bulldozer. At the Metropolitan, now the Wang, the pipes from a dentist's office in the building above made the sound of running water an accompaniment to the declamations of the actors. The old stage was so small, one architect recalls, that it took until 2 a.m. to get "Aida" and its entourage on and off.

That is not the scene that greeted A. Samuel Laundon when he went on his photographic safari with large format camera and
The Colonial Theatre (upper left), considered by many to be the flagship Boston theater, was one of 12 designed by Charles Blackall. The Emerson Majestic (upper right), built in 1903, was the first in Boston to have electricity designed into the building. The Shubert (bottom right), built in 1910, is unique for its elegant marquee and the old YMCU building (bottom left) is now home to the Lyric Stage.
tripod in hand in Boston’s streets recently. Surveying the theater district, the photographer could see signs of stability: pausing in the center of the Combat Zone, he could look beyond the tawdry “adult” entertainment and “Rooms for rent by the hour” signs. In spirit, the curtain is not quite up on Boston’s theaters, but their fate, observers feel, is less precarious. “People are definitely going to theater,” says Connie Brown, executive director of the Boston Theater District Association. “The Wang has been running. The Wilbur is repaired. The Shubert is refurbished. The Majestic has come back. The Colonial sustains itself. The Opera House has deteriorated a little, but the Paramount is about to be refurbished and come back,” Murray adds.

The theaters captured by Laundon for these pages still bear the “dirt and grime” of the past. The crumbling plaster of the maiden overlooking the Majestic Theatre’s elegant interior; the smirched facade of the Pilgrim; the blank marquee of the Shubert match the languor of the hushed hour the photographer chose. No nighttime glamour here. But the approach Laundon brings to these buildings, shooting dead-on to catch “the elusive light,” illuminates their architecture. The morning light parallels the spotlight brought to bear on these historic buildings.

The Lazarus of the lot, the Majestic, has risen from the dead. Architect John Galen Howard’s 1903 gem has been bought and is currently being repaired by Emerson College. The handsome theater with its faux marble lobby and its “flamboyant Beaux Arts interpretation of the Baroque,” in the words of the Boston Landmark Commission, has emerged. Relieved of the schlock marquees, the acoustical tile and plywood of Sack’s Saxon movie house, the Majestic has been open since last fall.

Some two million dollars went to make the theater workable. The repairs were “more operational than cosmetic,” says manager Brooks Russell, walking through the still-ragged but elegant 825-seat interior. “All new lighting, fire alarms, dressing rooms, new seats,” he says. A small segment of the lobby was polished to a pristine state by the architects, the firm of Stopfel, Miller Inc. They restored some of the columns and ornate plaster figures in the lobby. Nearby, a sign reads “Coming attraction: restoration of original grandeur,” encouraging donations toward the four million

"Currently being restored by Emerson College is the Majestic’s “flamboyant Beaux Arts interpretation of the Baroque,” in the words of the Boston Landmark Commission.

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dollars needed to complete the work.

The sun vibrates on the current Opera House too, in these photos, enhancing the wedding cake elegance of Thomas Lamb’s facade. Though the debt incurred by Sarah Caldwell’s current opera company mounts and the leaking roof and separating ceramics mar the architecture, the photograph looks beyond the theater’s current trials to its illustrious past: its B.F. Keith Memorial facade, testament to the “grandfather” of vaudeville, is a splendid pre-Depression memorial built by two equally historic figures, Joseph Kennedy Sr. and Edward Abbey.

Many such standbys survive and new ones are being revived. The clutch of buildings along Tremont Street’s theater district has turned into a mini-White Way. The most pristine of the theaters, the architecturally reserved Shubert, will light anew while across the street, its architectural opposite, the sumptuous Wang, that “public castle” of the past, has accelerated its fundraising. The fix-up of the Hotel Bradford and the food-fest at the Transportation Building nearby draw crowds and make the empty lot next to the Shubert look inviting to developers.

That real estate lure is both the promise and the threat to the theater district from the still-echoing Boston boom. The promise lies in the plan to transform the adult entertainment Combat Zone into an entertainment zone for well, adults. So does the threat. The renamed Midtown Cultural District a title that would send B.F Keith to the land of nod) aims to create “a center for the arts, for everything that requires creativity.” In theory. In fact, its plan bulges with super-scale structures that would dim even the transient light captured in these photos. The plans calling for a Commonwealth Center and Boston Crossing in this district do away with the low-scale ease of Washington Street as well as demolish several theaters.

Revitalization here, as elsewhere, wears a tragic-comic mask. Happily, behind the animated facade of the YMCA under the old basketball hoop, the Lyric Stage will perform near the stage where Jenny Lind appeared. Less happily, the epic and span design to restore the Paramount comes with a steep price. Developers will drop a lofty intruder atop the deco building: a high-rise shaft mounted above the old movie house will turn the movie palace into an awkward base for a profiteering column. Likewise, the Opera House owners are hoping to extract money from selling the so-called air rights above their building. There, too, the elegantly wrought rooftop and fairytale facade would become a mere platform for the latest commercial shaft.

“A sad trade-off,” says preservationist Leslie Larson. “We’re losing the State Theater, the old Park Theater and putting in black boxes. I don’t think we should sacrifice what we’ve got. I do feel that a theater is an architectural expression as well as a dramatic or musical one.” And you can ride your chariots on that.

Jane Holtz Kay is architectural critic for The Nation and a design columnist for The New York Times. She is author of Lost Boston and Preserving New England.
There is no skill more critical in this fast-paced, dynamic world than that of writing a resume. Some people assume it is a trivial task, that all one need do is list the relevant facts. They apparently agree with Robert Frost that "Some have relied on what they knew/Others on being simply true./What worked for them might work for you." What worked for them might work for you, but in these leaner, meaner times that may not be good enough. Others assume that one must inflate, distort, exaggerate one's achievements. They like to quote those bitter, cynical lines that Shakespeare wrote about the resumes of his day: "Truth may seem, but cannot be./Beauty brags, but 'tis not she./Truth and Beauty buried be."

At Resume Art, Inc. we do not agree that Truth and Beauty buried be. We believe, with John Keats, that "Truth is Beauty, Beauty Truth - that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know." Beauty and Truth are all ye do need to have on a resume, but they have to be packaged in a way that will attract the attention of a human resource in a Human Resources office.

We believe that the truest and most indispensable art of our time, writing a resume, requires a kind of divine inspiration. Who today remembers, or cares, about the muses of Greek mythology - Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia, Urania? We had to look them up ourselves. At Resume Art, Inc. we are devoted to the only muse that counts nowadays, the Muse of the Resume. That is why we have prepared this book, two years in the making, at a cost of more than $1.2 million. It has not been easy. Our staff combed through the great resume literature of the past, in all cases going directly to the original sources. In translating excerpts from foreign languages, great care was taken to preserve the exact tone and flavor of the originals, and we believe the results are uncommonly faithful.

We realize that we have not done justice to the great resume tradition of the East, particularly that which flourished during the Ming and Qing dynasties in China, and during the age of Lady Murasaki in Japan. That is unfortunate, particularly given the new importance of Asian employers, but no one on the staff felt confident enough in those languages to make selections. As to the Subcontinent, a secretary in our office with a Ph.D. in Sanskrit Studies assures us that there is no resume literature in India. Apparently, there is no need, once an untouchable, always an untouchable. The same goes for brahmans. Finally, we were surprised to discover that the literature of ancient Israel contains no mention of resumes, not even in the Bible. Amazing, but true.

So here it is. The Art of the Resume. We believe it contains the very best that has been thought and said on the subject. Instead of imposing any stultifying order, chronological or alphabetical, we have preferred to arrange the passages in a sequence that brings out the best in each. Such an arrangement is, after all, the essence of the successful resume.

And while we cannot promise results, we are certain that you, our client, will discover that the $29.95 you paid for this handbook is one of the wisest investments you have ever made, and we hope that you will derive not only pleasure but profit from the pages that follow.
The Resume must be all things to all men.

_NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI_

*Il Ragionamento sopra le Virtù del Resume*

I celebrate myself, and sing myself.
I am larger, better than I thought.
I did not know I held such goodness.

_WALT WHITMAN_

*The Resume*

Thursday, June 7, I dined with him at a Tavern, with Goldsmith and Langton. JOHNSON. 'I have been reading Maclpherson's *Resume*. It is not so good as Addison's, despite the languages. The references—if you except the one from Dean Swift—have nothing to recommend them. Pope's *resume* being mentioned. JOHNSON. Yes, his was very fine, better I think than Dryden's, though much shorter. He did not credit himself with too much learning, for indeed, he had been taught at home. A man should not testify to his own merit but should let his friends do that for him.' Mr. Langton. 'But how should one's friends write one's *Resume*? That cannot be.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, I did not say it was so, I only said it ought to be so. If a man must boast of himself, he will make much of trifles and bestow upon them an importance they cannot have. No, sir, it is a mischievous thing, a fiendish thing, this late invention of the *Resume*. There may be many a drudge who will possess a poetical reputation because of it, and there will be a man of genius who will never come to possess happiness for want of it. No, no, it is a wicked practice, and must be stopped.'

_JAMES BOSWELL_

*Johnson on the Vanity of the Resume*

As for living, our *resumés* will do that for us.

_VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM_

*Le Salon des Résumés*

Lacking even the smallest vestiges of feudalism in his social arrangements, and living free of the weight of history that every inhabitant of the Old World, including even the Frenchman after '89, accepts as part of the natural order of things and would not rid himself of if he could, this American, Crevecoeur's "new man," this creature half-Atala and half René, carries his past with him very lightly, and neither in his heart nor in his head (from which they could not be erased), but on an ordinary sheet of paper, which he may at any time choose to rewrite—for the past is remade every day in this strange and volatile country, always in a state of flux and reflex, by the trapper, the merchant, the lawyer, even the runaway slave. And if he wishes, the American allows himself to discard his past altogether, and so eternally begins his life anew.

At the great Western entrepôt of Cincinnati, on the banks of the Ohio, a tributary of the vast Mississippi, from which so many depart to start their lives afresh in the virgin forests and glades of what only yesterday was French Louisiana, I saw with my own eyes swarms of those paper pasts swirling about in the wind, abandoned by their owners as they gaily boarded a steam ferry, as if it were taking them across not some actual river but rather across the Lesser Lethe. This piece of paper, which so many toss aside or throw glibly to the winds, the Americans call a *Résumé*, a mysterious word, seemingly of French origin, that according to their lexicographer Webster, traveled up the Mississippi along with the steamboats from New Orleans. The habit of summarizing one's life on a single page, so common in the New World, is a practice still rare in the Old, for there is little need, we Europeans carry our past within ourselves, and are unable, unlike these carefree sons of Franklin and Washington, to alter or abandon this past as a snake sheds its skin.

ALEXIS DE TOUCHEVILLE

*Réflexions sur le Résumé en Amérique Septentrionale*

Mr. Mortimer Bumbleby would have no objection, in this Christmas season, when man could afford to be a friend to man, to letting others partake of that edifying story, the Life of Mortimer Bumbleby, M.B.A. For he was sure that many would derive as much profit and pleasure from the tale, as Mr. Bumbleby would from the telling of it. As who would not be inspired by a brief and true relation of how one Mortimer Bumbleby, of the Lower Chipping Bumbleby's, had from the humblest
hearthside risen quietly and steadily, and inexorably, until this prodigy of nature, this monster of accomplishment, now seemed to b estride like a colossus not only the City, but the entire universe of commerce, from Lands End to John o’Groat’s.

For what a Glorious Life Mr. Mortimer Bumbleby had led, up to that very day, December 24th, in the Year of Our Lord 1837 and ætatis suae thirty-one. To set down, once and for all, and for all mankind, his Lasting Achievements, to inform the skeptical multitude, from Chumblewit and Captain Proddle to Henry Sniggle, Esq., that Mr. Bumbleby had been Born, not in the usual manner, but Very Grandly; that he had been Educated, ditto; that his Experience was beyond compare, for he had, in his many and various occupations, come to know the Great World as few nowadays could possibly know it; that from a tender age he had had vast responsibilities thrust upon him, that for nearly half his life he had enjoyed the tremendous satisfaction—as who could not find it satisfying—of ordering about grey and servile ranks of bent clerks who were twice his age, and even, when they happened to displease him, discharging them and casting them into the outer darkness forever; that he, Mortimer Bumbleby, Master of Business and its Administration, had been entrusted by the Highest and Mightiest with tasks far beyond those given to other mortals, that he had tested his mettle in the unforgiving fire of the marketplace, and emerged triumphant, that he knew all Foreign Languages, and was prepared to deploy them—if foreigners insisted upon using them, as foreigners often did—in the happy pursuit of Business, that his career Objective was clear: to Work, and to Direct, to Climb, to Manage, and to Climb, until there was no further peak to be attained, and then to Expire Gloriously.

For every line in his Resume, as every line in his upturned palm (which his proud mother had engaged a passing tinker to read when young master Mortimer was scarcely out of swaddling) foretold this fate for Mortimer Bumbleby, bachelor of business and World Conqueror, of 24 Wiggleforth Mews, Islington.

CHARLES DICKENS
“The Christmas Resume”

No man is a hero to his Resume.

JOHANN PETER ECKERMANN
Conversations with Goethe about his Resume


CICERO, De Arte Scribendi Curriculum Vitae

I’ll conjugate the bashaws of the Turk,
And clip proud Perse enclitic to my throne,
Deserts adust, and Nova Zembla’s frost
Within one Resume shall now contend.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
The Revenger’s Resume

While in exile in Odessa, Pushkin sent three copies of his resume to the Czar, return receipt requested. All three were lost in the mail.

VLADIMIR VERESAev
Zhizni Pushkina i ego C.V

When Francesco I de’ Medici, the second Grand Duke of Tuscany, inherited the dukedom, he used to leave the cares of office on his visits to the villas of Trebbio and Cafaggiolo. Later, when he entangled himself in the net of the notorious Bianca Cappello, his Venetian mistress so cordially hated by the Florentines, he would take her for quiet trysts to Poggio a Caiano. But none of these pleasure palaces, created for others before him, quite gave him the satisfaction he sought, and Francesco resolved to build for himself and his mistress a villa and gardens more spectacular than any of the Medici villas then in existence, dedicated to divine otium. He bought property on the old road to Bologna in 1568, far from the heat of Florence, then sent for various architects to submit their plans and their Resumes.

According to the testimony of many, the prodigy Buontalenti, who had already endeared himself many times over to Francesco, and who had been the Duke’s boyhood companion and tutor, was so favored that no other Tuscan architect of merit dared enter the competition. Buontalenti’s plan did not disappoint. It showed a fine genius and an extraordinary wealth of felicitous fancies. Unfortunately, so wrapped up was Buontalenti in the details of his entry that he forgot to send his Resume along with the charrettes. By the rules, therefore, which had been handed down from the great Cosimo himself, Buontalenti had to be automatically disqualified. Consequently, the villa at Pratolino which Buontalenti had so wondrously planned, the gardens studded with grot-

According to the testimony of many, the prodigy Buontalenti, who had already endeared himself many times over to Francesco, and who had been the Duke's boyhood companion and tutor, was so favored that no other Tuscan architect of merit dared enter the competition. Buontalenti’s plan did not disappoint. It showed a fine genius and an extraordinary wealth of felicitous fancies. Unfortunately, so wrapped up was Buontalenti in the details of his entry that he forgot to send his Resume along with the charrettes. By the rules, therefore, which had been handed down from the great Cosimo himself, Buontalenti had to be automatically disqualified. Consequently, the villa at Pratolino which Buontalenti had so wondrously planned, the gardens studded with grot-
toes and fountains and craggy statues, was never built. Francesco was very sorry about this, but rules were rules.

While others of talent had stayed away, only a thorough rustic, the obscure (but nobly named) Pazzo Pazzi, who had never before designed on so grand a scale, was intrepid or foolish enough to enter. Unlike Buontalenti, Pazzo Pazzi had given careful thought to his Résumé, and submitted a most elaborate one. And thus it came to pass that his jejune efforts were awarded the palm, much to the chagrin of Francesco. Pazzi promptly cut down all the cypress trees, covered most of the demesne with asfalto fiorentino, and erected a squat rectangular structure made of cement. It was all of surpassing ugliness, Florence had never seen its like.

After this fiasco, Francesco I ruled that a résumé would no longer be necessary, and Buontalenti proceeded to win every subsequent competition. Pazzo Pazzi disappeared. Soon after Francesco's death, however, the requirement of a résumé was quickly reintroduced. By this time the second- and third-rate artists of Florence—who had more time to learn such things—had perfected the art of the impressive résumé, while their masters in painting and architecture remained simpletons on the subject. From that time forward the commissions of Tuscany went to lesser men. Some protested this state of affairs, but to no avail. Florence was now a city whose achievements rested on the résumé that flimsiest of all foundations. The city never recovered.

GIORGIO VASARI
_Vite delle Più Eccellenti Vite_

Bembo, Bodoni, and Baskerville—
Pretty boys fibbing like Maundeville.
How can we from false Resumes surmise?
Keep mum, or exeleutherostomise.

W. H. AUDEN
"The Truest Resume is the Most Feigning"

Southey has left us the story of how Dorothy Wordsworth, freshly arrived in Nether Stowey, happened upon a note at the greengrocer's from a family renting a summer cottage on Lake Windermere. They had "four wonderful children" and were looking for an au pair who could "furnish a c.v. with references." As Dorothy had never worked before and had only two O' levels, she decided to ask her brother and Coleridge to help her write her resume. Of course they readily agreed. One Sunday, after the three had been working on it all morning, Coleridge discovered there was no tea to be had. Wordsworth promptly set off for the only shop that was open, in the nearby town of Porlock. When he returned a few hours later, he found a scene of utter disarray: the wind was rushing through the window which had been flung open, the Aeolian harp on the sill was emitting a cacophony of shrill sounds, and Coleridge was sitting at

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the college settle for the home-grown species, some native dubina or Dumbarton oak who had “majored” in Russian and now felt ready to teach it? And what did it matter—for Timofey would be long gone, and once again he had nothing, nothing.

Pnin knew that he did not know what to do. The chairman had helpfully explained that he must scatter his résumé “everywhere, Timothy, everywhere.” For the first time in his life, Russian Pnin walked with his hands in his pockets, po-americanski. For if they had not been so imprisoned, those hands would have too expressively wailed in the Russian manner. Down the hall, out the door of Anderson Hall, further and further away from the Department Office, with its bullies, and bulletin boards, and its Summer Russian Program in Glupov or Zlograd.

An operatic sadness overcame him. Tosca, toska. A sympathetic squirrel on the path offered the secret of the universe, then took back the offer. He would have a last game of chess with his next-door neighbor, the French-Canadian mailman whose sea-roving father had visited Petrograd in the early 20s and managed to see Lenin in the pre-mausoleum period of his existence. Then Timofey would turn in his grades for his final semester. A plus for Persian-eyed Miss Goldwasser, that genius, and Cs for everyone else in the elementary class. And then he would have to gather up all the books that formed little ziggurats on his desk and night table and on the floor by his bed and truck them to the college library one last time. And only then, Pnin silently resolved, would he pay a visit to Joan, wife of Henry Berkman of the History Department, whom Timothy, trying out a new American image, had once called a “pillar” of the History Department (“No, Timothy, I’m a flying-buttress—I support it from the outside”) and who was lonely Pnin’s only friend on campus. Joan would know how to write a résumé. Joan knew everything. And Pnin had nowhere else to go.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV
“Pnin Writes His Resume”

One memorable night I met the poet Leopoldo Lugones at the restaurant known as La Conechita on the South Side of Buenos Aires. Speaking rapidly in his locked lunfardo he raised a question that was disturbing his serenity. What would it mean, he said, if a man were to write out the story of his own life on a single page, and the details of that page turned out to correspond exactly to the story of another man’s life? Everything—the date of birth, the education he had received, the dangers he had passed, everything would be the same down to the same baroque praise offered by the same references. It had happened before in history, he asserted, when Almutassim, king of Grenada, and Albudafar, king of Seville, had met one unforgettable August evening in an orange grove near the Guadalquivir, to decide the fate of the Christians they had captured in battle. And there, the two Arab warriors discovered that they were not two men, but only a single man, whose résumés, which they had brought with them, were identical in all respects but one: while Albudafar had used the script of the caliphate of Baghdad, Almutassim had employed that of the caliphate of Damascus. It was a tale that became famous throughout Andalucia and spread through the Arab kingdoms as far as Alexandria and beyond. It even reached the Rambam, Maimonides, in Cairo, and he has told the story in his Guide for the Perplexed. Who was real, and who was false: Albudafar, or Almutassim? Even the Rambam could not answer the question.

For Lugones this story had great significance. That very day he had applied for a post at the journal published by the Ocampo sisters. It was for Silvia Ocampo that Lugones had long ago written the line that had won him fame from Buenos Aires to Montevideo: “So chaste she was/That lilies were her roses.” While waiting to be interviewed Lugones had indescribably happened to glance down at the desk of Senora Ocampo, and there he saw another résumé, identical to his in every respect, except that the name—the ineffable name he would not or could not utter—was different from his by a single letter. In the infinity of chaos, what did it matter? Everything was real. Tables were real, and so were phonemes, and so was love. Who could say that one of those men—Lugones or his double—was more real than the other? The wise men of Safed, when they were asked whether the Rambam or the Ramban was to be followed, were unable to decide between one man—one letter—and another.

In the fire and algebra of his thought, Lugones conceived that the reverse might also be true: one man, in the infinite manipulation of his own past, in the carefully chaotic enumeration of his own reality, might create an infinity of résumés for himself, each as true or as false as the next. Then one man might become every man, Almutassim, or Rabbi Low of Prague, or Heinz Mueller of the Wehrmacht, or even an anonymous gaucho flipping his knife outside a bar on the South Side of Buenos Aires, waiting for two men—Borges and Lugones—to emerge after an evening of idle speculation in order to meet the destiny which, all their lives, had been waiting for both of them.

Jorge Luis Borges
“El Résume y el Vaiven”
In the merry month of May,
Jill would write her resume.
Jack suggested something new.
Jill did the thing Jack wanted to.
Played at pindle-pull and then
At cock-o-merkin played again.
In the hayloft, up the stair,
Les affaires sont les affaires.

The resume was not gone from view.
Jill needs Jack to fill that, too.
"References upon request."
"Fair maid, I'll swear—you do it best."
So Jack has had his Jill for May.
And Jill now has her resume.

ROBERT HERRICK
The Maid, the Man, and the Resume

And then he with his tickling and putting it up my leg
And where is it he said where is what I said the resume o
here and what's this no aboe or jaydee or l.l. bean but
me with my O levels and my secretarial course wouldn't
that do it when I was a girl in Galway and he saying
times have changed you know what with girls going to
business schools so I'll give you the business I say forse
che si forse che no and la donna è mobile, well I'd rather
he says but I'll need it shorter and will you do it over
again just one page this time and I needed the money so
yes I said yes I will Yes

JAMES JOYCE
"The Resume Scene in Nighttown"

And so the quene Guinevere told her damesell that she
would choose a proved knight, whether sir Launcelot or
sir Kay or sir Bors or sir Trystram, or any of all the
knightes within thys londe. And no knight should do
battle or go in queste of the Sankgreall or do such
deedes as are passyng perilous, but eche knight shall
bear tydynges of his birth, and of his torne, and of his
adventures in the forest, and on the stronde, and over
the seas to the lands of the paynlm, and whatsoever he
did when he came into thatcontray. And that knight
should write it on parchment, the quene for to rede.
And sir Bors wrote of his adventures, and sir Kay, and
sir Trystram, and the quene red all of them and could
nor chose betwene sir Bors, or sir Kay, or sir Trystram,
and was sore attrysted.
And sir Launcelot at last did com into that castell.
And he wrote down hys adventures, from the tyme he
first toke hys horse and hys swerde, and foughte three
knightes at the pavylon of sir Trystram, and how he had
won the swerde from Morgan le Fay; and how he had
gone to the realm of Irelonde beyond the seas and seen
such mervayles, and smote downe knights uppon the
ryght honde and uppon the lyffte honde. And then sir
Launcelot wrote down the wordes of alle the battles he
had fought, and all the mervayles of Bretane he had
scene, save for La Beall Isode, and all he had done togi-
dir with the fellowship of the Table Ronde, and the for-
ayne tongues he spake, and the knights and dameselnes
who could speak no ill of him and could send goodly let-
ters to the quene.
And when the quene asked, the goodly letters were
sent telling quene Guinevere of sir Launcelot, letters by
sir Galahalt, and sir Lamerok, and sir Palomydes, and
the kynge of Irelonde, and eke kynge Arthur did show
him favour And the fellowship of the Table Ronde to a
man did tell of his deedes, though sir Trystram and sir
Bors were passyng wroth to do so, but could do no
o'ther.
And quene Guinevere could in no wyse imagine a
resume of a better knight could ever be found, whether
in londe or sea, and she did yeild, and did clippeth him
and kisseth him full ofte, and either loved the other
passyng sore, and their love did not slake, for by his
resume sir Launcelot was renomed the moste nobelyst
knight of the world, and the quene had grete joy of it.

SIR THOMAS MALORY
"The Quest of the Holy Resume"

Remove this. Take away the sheet.
Else (my God) I should entreat
Som other servant to be mine.
Unless the Beauty hold some Truth
Must Wee these fictions and false hair
Endure? My Lord (I cried): More wine!

GEORGE HERBERT
"The Resume"

Le Résumé: la passion, la douleur, le défi du destin.

VICTOR HUGO
"Les Résumés d'antan"
Attention Democratic Presidential Hopefuls!

There are No Winners in Massachusetts

When Nebraska Senator Bob Kerrey blew into Boston recently to appear before a community group, he couldn’t leave town without meeting with a number of the local helix-spittles—the ones who continually get their names in the papers because they’ve somehow convinced reporters they have an inside track on national Democratic politics. You see, Bob Kerrey has presidential aspirations.

But if Senator Kerrey is really serious about seeking the presidency, the first thing he should do is stay as far away from Massachusetts as possible. The same guys Kerrey met over lunch in the North End worked for Dukakis or Biden-then-Dukakis in 1988, and Mondale/Ferraro in 1984. If you check him out, you’ll find that the Massachusetts players even though their political game has been continually off center.

Just look at recent history. With but a single hiatus—after Governor John Volpe left Massachusetts to serve in Richard Nixon’s cabinet as Secretary of Transportation—Massachusetts Democrats have been firmly entrenched in power since 1970 when Boston Mayor Kevin White was beaten by Republican West, the Democrats enter the nomination and then botched the campaign, and then with the Ferraro experience still fresh, orchestrated the nomination and then botched the campaign of Michael S. Dukakis, a man whose persona was largely manufactured in Massachusetts where these operatives convinced themselves, if not the nation, with images of miracles and miracle workers.

The old operators and their ever-present operatives are still waiting in the wings here in Massachusetts. But to win, Democratic leaders must find candidates closer to the rank and file of the party. But maybe it is high time for the Democrats to wise up to their political game. These Bay State Democrats have one long and lousy track record over the last 20 years.

They helped defeat Hubert Humphrey by organizing for Eugene McCarthy in his 1968 quest for the presidency even after Humphrey had the nomination. They helped defeat Massachusetts Greenfield has written, “To use the kind of analogy so favored in politics, it is as if a football team began every series of games at the public trough. Some of these operatives are still waiting in the wings here in Massachusetts.”

With the old Democratic “Solid South,” completely shattered since 1944 and a new conservative majority emerging in a solidified Republican West, the Democrats enter every presidential November short of between 120 and 140 electoral votes. As Jeff Greenfield has written, “To use the kind of sports analogy so favored in politics, it is as if a football team began every series of offensive plays on the 50-yard line.”

Matt S. Goldman is a political writer based in Sudbury, Massachusetts.

Illustration: Bruno Liew
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Is The Death Penalty Only a Vehicle for Revenge?

An Ardent Abolitionist States His Case

Whenever I articulate my opposition to the death penalty, I feel like a voice in the wilderness. Almost 86 percent of all Americans now favor the death penalty and the remaining 14 percent would be willing to make an exception if it meant eliminating the Ted Bundys of the world. In fact, the United States has the dubious distinction of being the only remaining Western nation not to have abolished the death penalty for civil homicide.

The argument that I wish to make and I believe the people of the United States are ready to accept is that the death penalty, whatever your position on it, is a vehicle for revenge. I say this knowing that it may seem to some people, especially the advocates of the death penalty, to be criticism of a public sentiment and an argument that may be beneath them.

The facts are these. The argument for the death penalty, however, is a counterintuitive appeal, actually falling outside the realm of empirical inquiry. Instead they are often emotionally charged, arguing that convicted killers deserve to die or that “getting even” is valuable as a measure of psychological compensation for victims and society. As an abolitionist, however, I rest my entire case on the weight of economic and social issues that can be demonstrated by empirical inquiry. These three important issues involve cost, deterrence, and protection.

Many people ask why we should spend hard-earned taxpayer money to imprison a murderer when we could just as easily execute him at much lower cost. But the fixed costs of running a maximum-security prison are little affected by the presence of a few additional inmates serving life sentences for first-degree murder. The warden still has to be paid and the heat still has to be kept on. Moreover, because of the lengthy appeals process required by the Supreme Court in capital cases, it actually costs less to imprison a killer than to execute him. In Florida, for example, the average cost of a case that results in execution is $3.2 million, whereas the estimated cost of imprisonment for 40 years is $600,000. And to those who argue, “If it costs so much to carry out the appeals process, then take him out and stir him up,” consider the number of errors that have been made under less stringent requirements. Since 1900, 139 people have been sent to death who were later proven innocent. Twenty-three were exonerated, but only after the executions had been carried out. In addition, the typical length of imprisonment between sentencing and execution is actually only three years, not the 11 years that Ted Bundy manipulated out of the court system.

Proponents of the death penalty also claim that it deters violent criminals. They believe we need to execute murderers to send messages to potential killers that, if they can’t control their murderous behavior, the same thing will happen to them.

Yet the death penalty has little if any effect on killings. In a study of 14 nations in which the death penalty was eliminated, criminologists Dane Archer and Rosemary Kantzer report, for example, that abolition was followed more often than not by a reduction in national homicide rates. For example, homicide dropped 59 percent in Finland, 30 percent in Italy, 68 percent in Sweden and 46 percent in Switzerland. In only five of these 14 countries did homicide increase at all.

Even more ironically, research conducted by criminologist William Bowers suggests the murder rate actually rises for a short period of time after the killer has been executed, producing what they call a “brutalisation effect.” That is, would-be murderers apparently identify more with the state executioner than they do with the inmate.

The third argument, of course, is that capital punishment protects society by guaranteeing that killers like Charles Manson will never be paroled. And certainly, capital punishment would make sure that particular murderers never kill again. But before I support the death penalty, I want to know whether an alternative exists for protecting society for making sure that a killer isn’t granted another opportunity without taking human life. If the alternative in response to a brutal, hideous murder is life imprisonment with parole eligibility, then I am indeed in favor of the death penalty. If, however, the alternative is a life sentence without the possibility of ever being paroled, then capital punishment becomes unnecessary for the protection of society and I am therefore against it.

In fact, I cringe whenever I hear that Charles Manson is being considered for parole, because I know what people will say: “The criminal justice system is soft on murderers. We should be executing those who commit heinous crimes.” Actually, Charles Manson did receive the death penalty. But in 1972, the Supreme Court struck down capital punishment because it was being applied in an uneven, capricious manner. At that point, any murderer on death row was instead given the next most severe sentence under state law. In California, that sentence was a life sentence with parole eligibility. As a result, Charles Manson was then eligible for parole after serving only seven years.

A series of rulings by the Supreme Court in 1976 paved the way for states to restore the death penalty, but only when applied...
under strict guidelines. In some states (for example, California), those convicted of murder continue to become eligible for parole after serving only several years in prison; but if the court adds the “special circumstances provision,” the only possible sentences are either death or life imprisonment without parole eligibility.

Most states now have special circumstances statutes for heinous crimes such as multiple murder or murder with rape. In some states (for example, Massachusetts), all first degree murderers are ineligible for parole, so that no special statute is required. Under such conditions, the death penalty is unnecessary as a means for protecting society from vicious killers, because we can instead lock them up and throw away the key.

Actually, many proponents of the death penalty raise the issues of cost, deterrence and protection of society only to rationalize what essentially is a thirst for revenge. This can be seen most clearly in the public response to heinous crimes.

In December 1987, Ronald Gene Simmons brutally murdered 16 people in Russellville, Arkansas, in the largest family massacre in American history. When the residents of Russellville learned that Simmons had suffocated the young children in his family and that he had had an incestuous relationship with his married daughter, cries for the death penalty were heard loud and clear throughout Arkansas. In 1989, Simmons was convicted of multiple murder and sentenced to die by means of lethal injection. Similarly, in October 1989, a young pregnant woman from Reading, Massachusetts was shot to death and her husband critically wounded by a lone gunman in the Mission Hill section of Boston. Public outrage quickly took the form of demands for Massachusetts legislators to enact a death penalty statute.

Florida certainly did get a measure of self satisfaction last year by executing serial killer Ted Bundy in the electric chair. For many Americans the opportunity to get even with a serial killer is reason enough to apply the death penalty. But for those few who instead believe that capital punishment can be justified only to the extent that it protects society’s members or serves as an effective deterrent, then execution by the state is cruel and unnecessary punishment. In a civilized society, our best defense against “wild animals” is to lock them in cages so they can’t get to rest of us.

Jack Levin, a professor of sociology at Northeastern University, is the author or co-author of 12 books, including Mass Murder: America’s Growing Menace. He received his Ph.D. from Boston University.
The Building Blocks of Reform

An Inside Look at the Soviet Economic System

Facing major policy changes in Eastern Europe and more bad news about the Soviet economy, the U.S.S.R.'s leading politicians and economists met in Moscow for a three-day conference.

Boris Fyodorov, an economist attached to the Central Committee, was at that conference. He was subsequently interviewed by Bostonia.

Bostonia: Why have there been so few tangible changes in the Soviet economy?

Fyodorov: Partly a lack of experience, not understanding certain things, such as what a market is. Some argue that change will make things worse for ordinary people.

Few want capitalism on the American model; some fear that reforms might lead to that.

Bostonia: Where would you start?

Fyodorov: First, with money, the basic framework of a financial system on which to build an economy. In the past, we simply had no rules concerning taxation or money.

Specifically, with a banking law to stop inflation. Reining in the budget to limit internal debt. Credit arrangements that encourage people to produce efficiently. Banks should act like banks; they should lend to those who can repay. That is not the policy now.

Bostonia: Do you have the human capital for such banking reform? It is easier to execute an order from above than to decide what loans to grant.

Fyodorov: Many talented people are ready to act rationally; until now they haven't been allowed to. We don't need to train people to the level of the Japanese because we don't have industry at the Japanese level.

Bostonia: What about the scarcity of capital?

Fyodorov: As for capital, the main problem is obtaining stability and at some point, making our currency convertible.

Bostonia: Should there be a Marshall Plan for the Soviet Union?

Fyodorov: We should not receive aid unless we learn to distribute it efficiently, only if we change things, above all by stabilizing the currency. At the moment we have a system of multiple exchange rates. Each Soviet enterprise, by industry, has its own exchange-rate. Banks should be authorized to create a free market, to quote daily exchange rates on a daily basis. The government should sell its hard currency.

Bostonia: What is the future of COMECON, the economic association that links the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe?

Fyodorov: COMECON will continue to exist. In the future, however, each member will more strongly press its own interests. The economies of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe must be integrated into the global economy.

Bostonia: Do you worry that Western countries may simply regard the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe as sources of cheap labor?

Fyodorov: Even if in some situations things will not be to our liking, I would permit the free movement of labor. If someone wants to work abroad, say in West Germany, why not? There is, after all, hidden unemployment in the Soviet Union that simply does not show up in the official statistics.

Bostonia: What about Soviet support for certain subsidized economies, such as that of Cuba?

Fyodorov: We must look more closely at how such subsidies are spent. We should continue to help other nations, according to our means, with economic aid. But we will be more reluctant to send money abroad when there is not enough at home.

Bostonia: Could you comment on the failure of state socialism to satisfy consumers?

Fyodorov: Most Soviet economists understand that the totally planned system we had before was wrong. But we do not want a completely free market. We prefer to retain a large state sector, as in some Western countries—Sweden, Austria.

Bostonia: Should the Soviet state sell off certain properties?

Fyodorov: The present system, where the government does what it wants in the economy, must end. There must be a new, clear definition of the relationship between the state and companies. A certain percentage of shares should be offered first to the workers in particular companies, and then to the general population. For a long period the government should retain a majority.

Bostonia: Do you share the opinion that the Soviet economy could go to ruin soon?

Fyodorov: No. But it will take drastic measures in coming years to avoid calamity. And it is up to us to change things. Foreign assistance is not a crucial element of reform.

Bostonia: Will the Soviet Union continue to cut the proportion of its GNP spent on armaments?

Fyodorov: We should and will cut military spending; it is a terrible waste. But while it is easy to talk about cutting military spending, in practice it will be difficult. We should even cut military exports, though they are a source of hard currency.

Bostonia: Other than such commodities as oil, timber, furs, platinum, what can the Soviet Union offer the West?

Fyodorov: I am not even sure we have all of these commodities in such great supply. We may have to limit our exports of oil, for example. We shall continue to export raw materials to Eastern Europe, and they will export consumer goods to us, not to the West.

Bostonia: Why won't they export consumer goods to Western Europe?

Fyodorov: Their quality is not good enough to compete with consumer goods in Western Europe, so they have to export to the Soviet Union.

Bostonia: Do you think that if you are able to offer a good return on investment, Western Europe may choose to invest in Russia, not in the United States?

Fyodorov: Yes, why not? But I do not think that what is needed is to offer preferential tax treatment. Western businessmen in the Soviet Union need a reasonable infrastructure, good offices and communications.

They complain of the primitive state of such things, and who can blame them?
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The Well-Tempered Conductor

Christopher Hogwood
Scores in Music and the Culinary Arts

To Christopher Hogwood, artistic director of Boston's Handel & Haydn Society, music and food are timeless arts. Each depends on an interpretation of a written document, either a score or a recipe. And Hogwood, H&H's master conductor since 1986, believes that we must trust this document implicitly even if it was written centuries ago and for conditions removed from our own.

An early music specialist and founder of London's Academy of Ancient Music in 1973, Hogwood has spent his career interpreting original scores. Rather than depend on modern transcriptions and editions, he peruses early manuscripts and compares various versions. “The music is transferred” from the score to the listener “by the instruments,” Hogwood explains. Therefore to achieve the “correct” 18th or 18th century style, he uses original period instruments rather than later ones. Although this is now an accepted practice with a considerable audience, only two decades ago it was revolutionary, and Hogwood has been a leader in the change.

The difficulty today lies in finding modern day musicians who can play the original instruments. “Bach's raucous oboe and out-of-tune bassoon,” he says facetiously, can give the sweetness or roundness appropriate to Bach's musical line or orchestral balance.

Similarly, the foodstuffs for an 18th-century recipe should approximate the originals as closely as possible. Margarine, Wonder Bread or Red Delicious apples will not make a proper 18th-century apple pudding any more than an electric Wurlitzer organ can convey the original sound of a Handel organ concerto. Only rich and fragrant butter, textured bread from unbleached flour and apples with the firmness and flavor of old-fashioned varieties will balance the sweetness and acidity of the pudding.

Though modern technology has transformed most kitchen appliances and utensils, authenticity implies cooking by the original methods. While Hogwood acknowledges that few of us are able to cook on an open-hearth fire or in a wood-fired oven to prepare old recipes, he believes that occasional forays into these areas have much to teach us. Antique implements, used correctly, can restore the original qualities of a dish. The salamander, for instance, a long-handled iron disc heated red-hot in the fire, can caramelize the top of a cream brûlée far better than an electric or gas broiler.

Just as a violinist playing early music on a viola da gamba uses a different style of vibrato when playing Brahms or Mahler, Stravinsky or Webern, the 20th-century cook must resist the desire to season a historical dish to modern taste. Trust the score. Those elusive shorthand directions an 18th-century cook would have grasped at once—“take a good knob of butter” or “then cook until done”—will with practice become natural.

Hogwood, relaxed yet intense, charming yet cogent, was talking in his office near Jordan Hall. Educated in music and classics at Cambridge University and awarded a C.B.E. last spring, he still makes his home in England. Prodigious energy has enabled him to take on the musical directorship of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra in addition to his Boston and London groups. At the same time, he continues to produce a stream of books and recordings as well as many guest conducting engagements. On his peregrinations through Europe and America, his favorite haunts are libraries and antiquarian bookstores. In addition to his duties conducting the Handel and Haydn Society, he has turned the organization's annual fundraiser into an historical banquet.

This 175th anniversary year, in keeping with the October performances of The Creation, whose U.S. premiere was given by the H&H in 1817, he will celebrate the anniversary with a Haydn dinner on February 18th at the Four Seasons Hotel. The gala is based on the London ball during which Haydn was honored by the British royal family. The gala commemorates the 1791 birthday party for Queen Charlotte, George III's consort.

Mary Hall, the H&H General Manager, says that they are trying "to recreate an event that's splashy enough for a fundraiser" with a menu as authentic as possible.

Since Queen Charlotte loved artichokes, hearts of artichokes in puff pastry may be an hors d'oeuvre along with "petty patties" or little pies. Soupe à la Renné, an elegant creamy soup with various meats (not just the chicken used in à la reine dishes today) will begin the dinner. Stuffed roasted sturgeon garnished with crab, shrimp and ketchup (not our tomato ketchup, but chopped preserved mushrooms or walnuts) will follow, unless adaptations prove too difficult. Fresh sturgeon is harder to come by these days. Lamb or veal olives (stuffed scallops) with forcemeat and garnishes will be the main course. Dessert will be an authentic Apple Charlotte.

Hall adds that they must work out the menu "without ruffling the creative feathers of the chef!" Once in the past, she said, a hotel chef wanted to roast a dish over mesquite chips, an anachronism equivalent to seasoning an 18th-century sauce with Heinz's tomato ketchup or making Apple Charlotte with Crisco and kiwi. But this year the executive chef happens to be her brother, Mark White of the Four Seasons, so presumably they can resolve such matters without dissonance.

Hogwood loves to give such historical parties. They are another one of his tactics for removing the mystery from music's past. “People think there's some sort of magic in music,” he says. But “there should be no mystique.” Music, like food, he believes, should be a part of our everyday existence. And it seems as if his brigade of followers savors the culinary counterpoint as much as he does.

Elizaht Riely is a culinary historian and author of The Chef's Companion: A Concise Dictionary of Culinary Terms.

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PIECE MAKER

Lynden Sipma was working in Iowa as a high performance engine mechanic in the early 1970s when friends from a local stained glass studio were looking for some original design help. Sipma, who had always been an amateur sketcher walked into the studio one day. "Something felt real good," he says. "I've been at it ever since." Sipma now works out of his own Providence studio, creating commissions for clients around the country. His style has been called pre-Raphaelite he creates large panels that are filled with painstakingly detailed landscapes and borders that, while echoing the influences of Tiffany and LaFarge, have a distinctly original feel. "I do a lot of listening," he says, before the intricate process of assembling a commission for a home. Work-
ing alone, Sipma might spend a month on a small, three-by-four panel, while as many as four months on a larger piece. Still, he manages to squeak in some time for fixing up automobiles. Just as long as they rumble far enough away from the glass.

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promised *Thousand Year Reich* died in the Bunker in Berlin, April 30th 1945, 15:40 hours, Central European time. Berlin is the city that was supposed to become Germania. (Skeptics who don't accept National Socialism as a millenarian creed have just never seen architect Albert Speer's megalomaniac plans for Berlin-Germania, with its Street of Splendor six miles long and a *Fuehrerpalast* 20 times the size of the Reich Chancellery. I have.)

The other bogus or secular religion is Marxist-Leninism. As I write these lines world communism, from Tiananmen Square in Beijing to the *Poetsdamer Platz* in the heart of Berlin, is showing its political, moral and economic bankruptcy. I profoundly hope this may lead to a genuine revival of the old-time religion. I mean religion with a theology, a morality, a public ethic and a sense of purpose. All the world seems waiting for the sunshine. I am quite sure this is happening in Judaism (thank Jehovah) and in the world of Islam. About Christianity, I am not so sure. There are times when what that rough beast Yeats foresaw in *The Second Coming* seems slouching away from Bethlehem.

When Steve Allen, my favorite American comedian, recently proposed doing a spoof show to be entitled "Should lesbian black nuns have cash or voucher-entitlements to finance their abortions?" his staff told him such a straight-faced show had already been done twice in the past three months by Phil Donahue and Oprah Winfrey.

Some closing thoughts as we all fasten our seat belts to head down the road toward 2000. I am not too excited. Life has taught me that this sad world is full of people who have dramatic and simple solutions to the most complex of problems, and that these simple solutions (said my first editor, H.L. Mencken) will always prove to be dead wrong. Still, we red-blooded Americans were born to be cock-eyed optimists, and I have always liked Prince Harry Hotspur's spirited retort to the doubting Owen Glendower: "out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

I have a little list. For Europe, by the year 2000, I would like to see a United or at least Federated continent of Europe with those French, German and other Common Marketers bringing capitalist knowhow and investment shekels to Polish Silesia as they (and the old Marshall Plan) have brought such prosperity to the once disputed province of Alsace. Here I mean the fulfillment of the old Adenauer and deGaulle dream to make of Wroclaw (Breslau) a kind of Strasbourg of Central Europe. Yes, a Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals. Then those eyeball-to-eyeball GIs and GIvans in Berlin can both go home, and the Third World War thus never takes place.

I am tempted here to add my dream of one of the six sons of Otto von Hapsburg returning to the double throne in Vienna and Budapest as the democratically elected president of a customs-free Danubian Confederacy. But even the hint of such monarchistic nostalgia drives my liberal friends up the wall.

American tax money legitimately saved on the defense budget might even help to save the environment before it gets too late. I really would like at least once before I go to join the great majority, to catch, skin, filet, cook and eat a Boston Harbor flounder without vomiting. And how I would love to swim again in the Charles River without taking a pre-immersion tetanus shot.

Hopes for other continents? Back in 1956, during the Suez crisis, A.J. Liebling of *The New Yorker* and I were standing in Port Said, watching the Union Jack being lowered at sundown for the last time in Egypt. A jaunty British Brigadier whom we both knew came over and said: "I know you American chaps dismiss the likes of me as a wicked old imperialist. But let me give you one word of advice in the long run, whoever wins Africa, loses."

The trees will not grow into the sky, not even for the millennium. But let's save all the trees we can, and all the elephants, too. Konrad Adenauer, the former German Chancellor, once told me a charming story about Martin Luther, and how he had once said that if Almighty God were to tell him the end of the world was coming in eight days, he would still go out into his garden and plant an Apfelbaumchen, a little apple tree.

Voltaire, a couple of centuries later, was saying much the same thing. Whatever looms ahead, whatever may happen, *il faut cultiver notre jardin.*

James P O'Donnell, whose journalistic career began under H.L. Mencken, and who continues to sap the love of the trade at Boston University's College of Communication, was for many years the doyen of foreign correspondents in Berlin. Currently working on his memoirs, he is best known for his chronicle of Hitler's last days, *The Bunker.*
The Armchair Environmentalist

I am suffering from an environmental headache. You should be too, considering all the incomprehensible, multisyllabic stuff above us, below us and in us. Enough clutter, contamination and climatic chaos exists, in fact, to fuel scientific studies and political waffling until we either dehydrate, drown, choke, freeze, impale or turn so terribly rancid that no extraterrestrial beings will ever contact us.

Not that I’m overly concerned about a few traveling aliens. But unless they’re shilling Spit-and-Scrub Earth Clean-up kits or D-I-Y Home Radiation Detection Beepers, I’m not interested. That’s because I’m busy as an armchair environmentalist and it’s my duty to maintain composure and prepare for the next environmental atrocity.

The menace of ecological haphazardness first came to my attention more than two decades ago. Not when Rachel Carson published Silent Spring, but when I personally committed a heinous environmental crime: I destroyed the family fish tank’s ecosystem by scooping out a squirming species and eliminating it in one gulp for a 50-cent payoff. I was left with a foul flavor in my mouth and guilty of obliterating a fragile community for less than half a buck.

But economic advancement isn’t the sole antagonist of environmental well being. Sometimes, things just happen. And that really gives me the jitters. Just sitting here, for instance, I could be terrorized by an unbalanced manic frothing apple bits at the mouth and shouting, “I’ve been contaminated with Alar!” Or I could be breathing bucket loads of radon and slipping into the non-returnable doldrums of Multiple Chemical Sensitivity, while sanitation engineers quietly bury glowing garbage in my root cellar.

Nothing truly alarming there, though. After all, the Age of Ecological Innocence was scrubbed over two centuries ago when the Industrial Revolution became fashionable and man discovered burning compressed dinosaur bones was more profitable than donating them to museums. Since then, our planet has gradually become so discombobulated that, according to one report, it might vanish. Imagine that. And aren’t we part of the deal? Personally speaking, I’m not thrilled over securing a space on the Endangered Species List alongside the wild yak, Indigo musew, Bonytail chub and Ozark big-eared bat.

But, unfortunately for us, a stack of statistics makes it worth a mulling session: Overpopulation is up, global grain production is down; the weight of atmospheric heavy metals is up, acid rain is plunging down; and grilled cheeseburgers are the latest miracle medication. These are serious environmental implications. And as an armchair environmentalist, I’m concerned enough to sit up straight and procure earth-enhancing actions on the environmental front such as:

Kids Create Vegetable Crop A rioting group of school children stampeded through a primed-for-picking vegetable patch and trampled all pesticide enhanced produce. “This isn’t a tomato,” 11-year-old Mort Canicably said, scraping a smashed facsimile from his sneaker sole. “It’s plump proof of steroids’ abuse and we don’t approve. Now I’ll never land on my dinner plate.”

CEO Sentenced to Lengthy Sentence For ordering the illegal dumping of the Forget-the-Consequences Company’s unpleasant wastes, Judge H.A. Hardwood sentenced company CEO Jacob Greenfield to writing in longhand 5,826,890,371 times: I promise never again to contaminate my surroundings with polychlorinated biphenyls, Chlorofluorocarbons, methychloroisothiazolinone, dichloromethane, Putrid Pink Dye No. 18, and on my dimmer plate.

NRC Rebate Coupons Available The Nuclear Regulatory Commission admitted yesterday its policy of granting operating permits to bankrupt nuclear power plants was an amusing ruse. Just some good-natured fun,” NRC spokesman Blank Planner said. “We knew all along those pieces of junk would never work.”

The NRC is now offering taxpayers rebate coupons that can be exchanged for a free glass of heavy water, which citizens can use to generate fusion power in their own kitchens.

Of course, if that doesn’t work, you can wash down a couple of aspirin with the heavy water, ease the environmental headache and wait for the next Ice Age to arrive.
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