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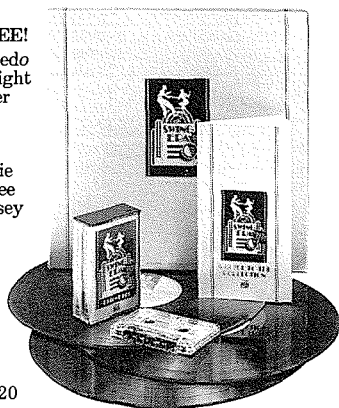
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Editor's Comment

As *Time* noted after Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos fled the Philippines, "Now the hard part begins." The topsy-turvy drama began with the assassination of Benigno Aquino, Jr., in August 1983 and ended last February with his widow's triumphant accession to power in a nearly bloodless coup. It became, toward the end, almost an American hometown political story—complete with repeated TV appearances by the chief protagonists, all English-speakers, on CBS, NBC, and ABC.

American reporting of the aftermath was not limited to revelations of the Marcos's ill-gotten wealth (perhaps \$1 billion). But the Philippines' peculiar legacy of Spanish rule and American tutelage got far less attention. As Asia scholars emphasized in meetings at the Wilson Center, the islands' difficulties did not begin and end with the Marcos regime. They were—and are—rooted in the Filipinos' history, a history intertwined since 1898 with that of the United States in the Pacific.

The *WQ*'s editors thought *that* drama was worth exploring (pp. 91–131) as a backdrop to the headlines of 1986 and beyond.

THE WILSON QUARTERLY

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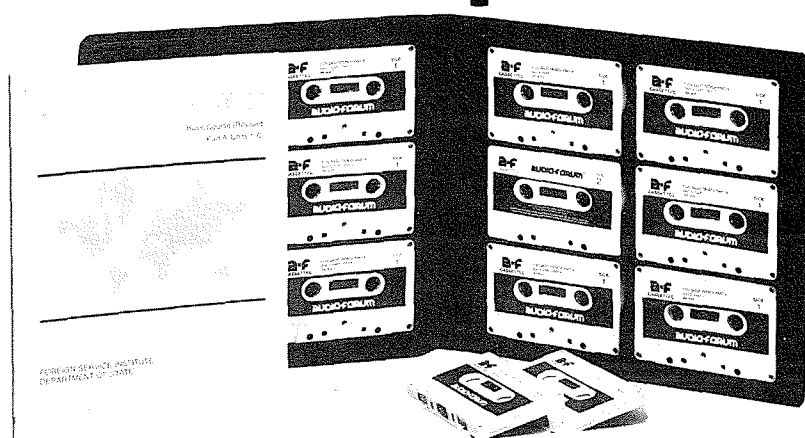
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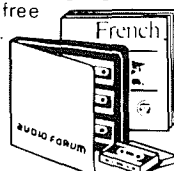
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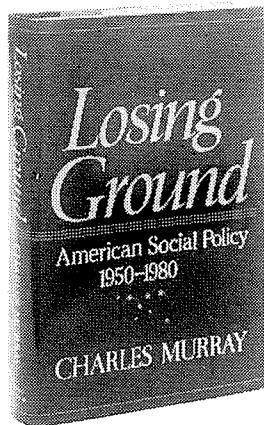
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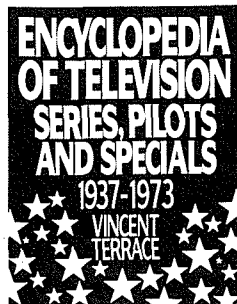
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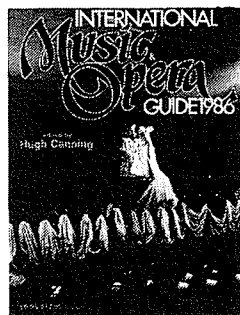
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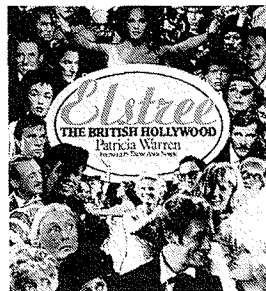
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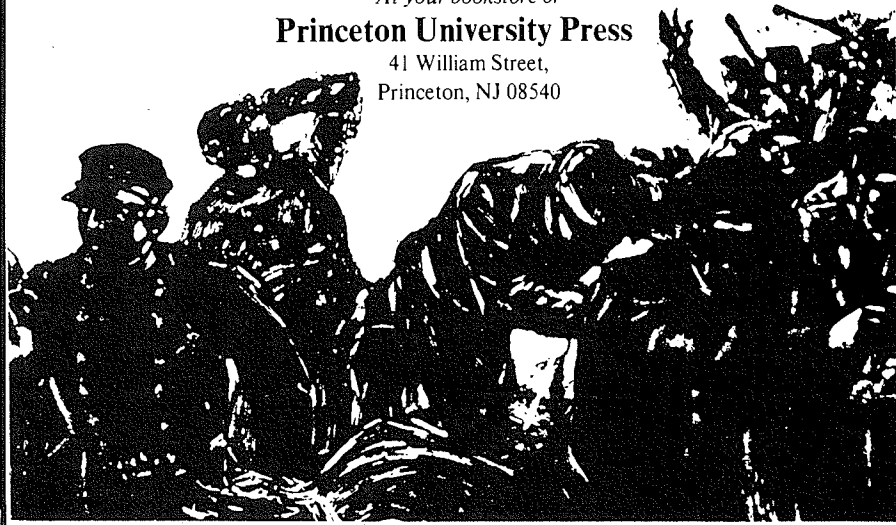
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POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

Reagan's Luck 1981-1985

"The Luck of the President" by Michael Mandelbaum, and "Lost Opportunities" by Charles William Maynes, in *Foreign Affairs* (Special Issue 1985), 58 East 68th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.

Five years into Ronald Reagan's presidency, some observers have begun to suspect that the popular Chief Executive is just plain lucky.

Among them is Mandelbaum, research director of the Lehrman Institute in Manhattan. Owing as much to good fortune as to good politics, the Reagan administration has pursued what he calls "the most successful American foreign policy in 25 years."

At the outset, Reagan was fortunate to face an unlucky Soviet regime, burdened by ailing leaders (until Gorbachev) and a flagging economy. The stalemated Iran-Iraq border war "nicely, if perversely" served U.S. interests by preventing either country from dominating its oil-producing neighbors. China's slow shift toward free enterprise seemed to support Reagan's vision of a world "moving away from communism into the warm sunlight of human freedom."

But luck does not explain everything. Mandelbaum admires Reagan's leadership skills. The President shows good timing (e.g., an "unerring sense of just how far to go" during the 1985 Beirut hostage crisis). He also possesses an "elementary sense of the world," knowing how "to make broad themes compelling to a mass audience."

Maynes, editor of *Foreign Policy*, is more skeptical. He predicts that Reagan's reliance on "negative diplomacy"—a strategy, often associated with Charles de Gaulle, of initially saying "no"—will produce future difficulties with the Soviets. Many analysts, he adds, have failed to recognize the fundamental shift from the foreign policies of the Nixon-Ford-Carter era, perhaps because Reagan's Cold War rhetoric has softened lately. Maynes sees serious hazards in several Reagan innovations: the unilateral Strategic Defense Initiative (Star Wars); a laissez-faire approach to exchange rates and international interest-rate differentials; an over-reliance on "instruments of force" and on the Central Intelligence Agency in the Third World; and the U.S. pullout from the United Nations Educational,

POLITICS & GOVERNMENT



Neither controversy nor turnover in Ronald Reagan's administration has eroded his popularity, gaining him renown as "The Teflon President."

Scientific, and Cultural Organization.

Despite the alarms of 1985 (the Bitburg fiasco, the Beirut hijacking, the *Achille Lauro* incident), Maynes concedes that "the diplomatic costs to the United States of its undiplomatic behavior seemed small." Yet Maynes predicts that later in Reagan's second term a sense of "lost opportunities"—for arms control, improved relations with NATO and Third World countries, and a curb on global debt—will loom large in Washington and among U.S. allies abroad.

Maynes likens the Reagan administration, at this point, to an athlete who has been training for five years but has never entered a race. Political power accumulated but never used for more constructive purposes, he asserts, "is power wasted."

The Virtues Of Dissents

"In Defense of Dissents" by William J. Brennan, Jr., in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* (Feb. 1986), Univ. of Pa., 3533 Locust Walk, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.

Justice Brennan, known for forging majorities during the Supreme Court's liberal era under Chief Justice Earl Warren (1953–69), has become a minority voice under Warren Burger.

During the last five years, the 80-year-old Brennan has often publicized

POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

his opposition to the High Court majority's view of the death penalty, obscenity, and other constitutional issues. Now entering his 30th year in the Court, Brennan defends his judicial role as a chronic dissenter.

For a brief period, Brennan notes, Supreme Court justices did not put forth dissenting views. Chief Justice John Marshall (1801-35), departing from the English tradition of *seriatim* opinions (whereby judges on a panel deliver individual rulings), adopted the practice of issuing the Court's judgment in a single, presumably unanimous, opinion. Not surprisingly, Marshall's innovation did not please his fellow justices. By 1805, the Court allowed formal dissents back into the official proceedings.

To Brennan, the salient virtue of a dissenting opinion is its capacity to "ripen" into a majority opinion—no matter how long such maturation may take. In the case of Justice John Harlan's objection to racial segregation (*Plessy v. Ferguson*, 1896), 58 years passed before the Warren Court vindicated it in *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka* (1954), enabling a 12-year-old black girl to attend a white public school.

Of course, "most dissents never ripen and do not deserve to," Brennan adds. But they may counter "rigid or stale" thoughts, forcing justices to "reconsider the fundamental questions and to rethink the result" whenever a case comes up for review. A single justice's persistent opposition to a majority opinion on a single issue (such as Brennan's objection to the death penalty) should not be regarded as rigid or stale, provided that it reflects "a conviction honestly and sincerely maintained."

Why Sanctuary?

"Sanctuary Scoundrels" by Rael Jean Isaac, in *The American Spectator* (Apr. 1986), 1101 N. Highland St., Arlington, Va. 22210.

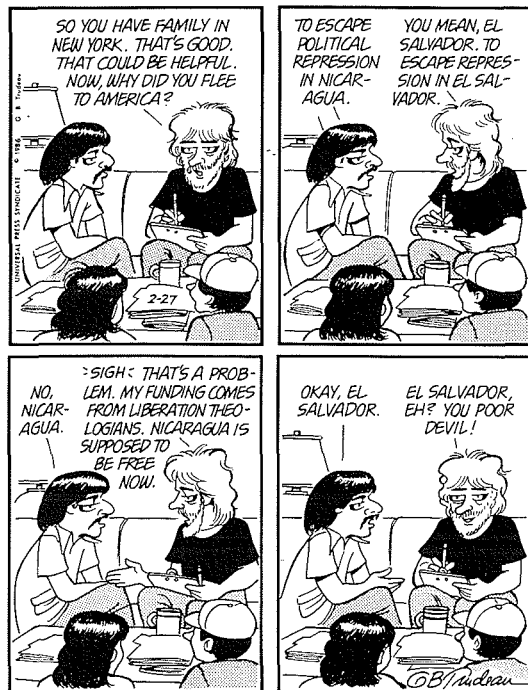
Last year, an estimated 200,000 Central Americans—mainly from Mexico, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Guatemala—illegally entered the United States. Many of those immigrants sought minimum-wage jobs; others sought refuge from wars or oppressive regimes at home.

The U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) finds and deports 2,000-3,000 illegal aliens each month, but it cannot keep up with the influx. According to a 1980 census estimate, roughly 1.3 million Central Americans reside illegally in the United States.

Keen on allowing the Latin newcomers to stay in the United States are members of some 250 churches and 12 synagogues, all part of a "sanctuary movement." They help smuggle aliens across the Mexican border and shelter them from INS officials. In fact, more than a dozen U.S. cities (including Chicago, Seattle, and Los Angeles) and the state of New Mexico have declared themselves sanctuaries—largely a symbolic gesture, since illegal aliens in these places still must face federal immigration laws.

Isaac, author of *The Coercive Utopians* (1985), sees some stark inconsistencies. She argues that the "sanctuarists" are really more interested in creating propaganda against U.S. "imperialism" in Central America than in securing asylum for individual immigrants. For example, the sanctuarists readily take in refugees from El Salvador and Guatemala but often leave defectors from Marxist Nicaragua out in the cold.

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Through his comic strip, Doonesbury, G. B. Trudeau pokes fun at the sanctuary movement: The liberal activist, Reverend Sloan, interrogates Jesus Garza, a Central American refugee.

Why? According to John O'Leary, a member of the leftish National Lawyers Guild, many sanctuary supporters feel it is "not politically correct to criticize [Nicaragua's] Sandinista government."

The sanctuarists claim that if the INS deports Salvadoran and Guatemalan political refugees, it endangers them (they may be tortured or murdered by their respective home regimes). Yet, to Isaac, the evidence suggests otherwise. The American Civil Liberties Union compared the names of 8,500 deportees to El Salvador and Guatemala with those of 22,000 subsequent victims of human rights violations in those countries and found only 113 "possible" matches.

Moreover, when the U.S. State Department launched its own investigation, it too found deported Salvadorans in little danger back home. Checking up on a random selection of 482 deportees, it discovered that 145 had assumed false identities, 39 had returned (illegally) to the United States, and 197 had reported no harassment at all. One was killed, accidentally, by Communist guerrillas.

Isaac does not deny the sanctuarists' humanitarian sentiments, but she notes their consistent anti-administration rhetoric (e.g., slogans against U.S. "oppression"). Refugees chosen for the sanctuarists' "freedom train" must often agree, in advance, to speak out publicly against U.S. policy in Central America.

By exploiting the illegal immigrants' plight for their own political purposes, Isaac contends, the sanctuarists in the United States actually undermine the American tradition of political asylum.

POLITICS & GOVERNMENT

Gender Politics

"Why Are There So Few Women in the House?" by Robert A. Bernstein, in *Western Political Quarterly* (Mar. 1986), 258 Orson Spencer Hall, Univ. of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.

Women are no likelier to win seats in the U.S. House of Representatives today than they were 20 years ago—although three times as many women now gain nominations in Democratic and Republican party primaries.

Why aren't these women getting elected?

For one thing, says Bernstein, a political scientist at Texas A&M, they are winning the wrong kind of nominations: Most female candidates are challenging House incumbents (male or female), an inherently uphill battle. (Although 38 women ran against incumbents in 1984, only one female candidate won.) Seldom do they get a shot at "open seats" in the House left vacant by deaths or retirement.

Races for such open House seats are scarce—and desirable, since they give local politicians the best chance to advance themselves. The past two decades have seen fierce competition among men for such opportunities. Women (despite their greater number in the U.S. population) are no match. Of the 19 who competed against men for party nominations in open-seat primaries from 1964 to 1970, 12 won. Yet, when 91 women ran for such open-seat nominations during 1974–80, only 21 won. The women's winning *percentage* actually dropped.

Who is the typical female House candidate? At 48, she is almost 10 years older than her average male counterpart, reports Bernstein. Her renown derives from longtime service to her party or civic groups, not from professional prominence. And her drive to succeed (for whatever reasons) is not quite as strong as that of her male competitor.

Fierce ambition can give a candidate an edge, Bernstein observes. Furthermore, the more ambitious male candidates tend not to let "principles" keep them from "performing tasks that increase the probability of getting elected."

Until women show that kind of drive, their number in the House (23 at present) is not likely to grow. A sad commentary, says the author, on the U.S. electoral system.

FOREIGN POLICY & DEFENSE

More SALT

"Can the U.S. Trust the USSR?" by Miroslav Nincic, in *Scientific American* (Apr. 1986), 415 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

In July 1983, a U.S. "Big Bird" satellite spotted a powerful new Soviet radar station under construction in central Siberia, roughly 465 miles from the Mongolian border and 1,000 miles from the Arctic Ocean.

Last year, the Reagan administration denounced the project as a violation of the 1972 Antiballistic Missile (ABM) Treaty. In response, the Sovi-

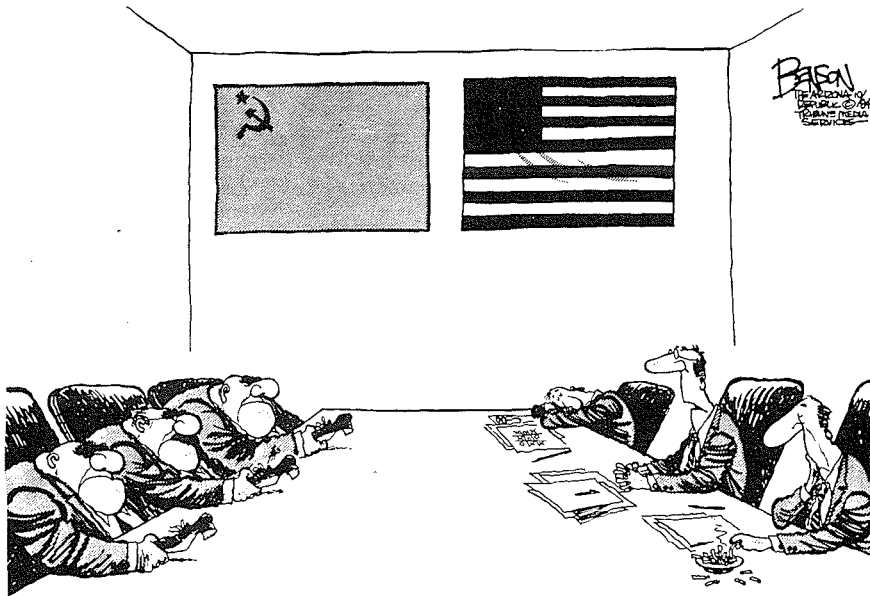
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ets maintained that the radar station would only track objects in outer space; it was not part of an ABM defense system. Washington still has its doubts about Moscow's intentions.

Such charges of treaty noncompliance are not new. Ever since the first Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT I) treaty went into effect in 1972, U.S. and Soviet officials have been accusing each other of violations. In 1973-74, Washington observed that the Soviets were testing a special radar system (initially for use with their SA-5 antiaircraft missile) to track strategic ballistic missiles in midflight. The Carter administration subsequently cited it as an ABM violation. More recently, the Reagan administration has questioned the Soviet testing of its new SA-12 hypersonic missiles, which have ABM capabilities.

The 1979 SALT II treaty does permit each country to upgrade old intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) and to test and deploy one new ICBM system apiece. The Soviets chose to develop the SS-24; Washington, the MX (Peacekeeper). Yet, when the USSR also began to deploy another missile, the SS-25, American officials charged the Kremlin with contravening the treaty. Moscow's response: The SS-25 is a permissible modernization of its earlier SS-13 ICBM. Meanwhile, the Soviets view the U.S. Midgetman ICBM as a SALT violation.

The basic problem, argues Nincic, a political scientist at New York University, is that Americans, in particular, expect too much from arms control agreements. Treaty provisions are often ambiguous; high-tech monitoring of possible violations is an inexact science. In effect, the SALT



"Well, then, how about a compromise—say, mutually verifiable cheating?..." Among U.S. cartoonists, skepticism often outweighs faith when it comes to arms control treaties.

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treaties allow both superpowers to "skirt the edges of the permissible" in strategic weapons development.

Rather than view each alleged infraction as an international incident, the author urges both Washington and Moscow to recognize the SALT agreements, and other arms accords, for what they are: "self-serving tools of national interests," not "airtight formulations." Diplomats from both sides should continue to try, through the Soviet-American Standing Consultative Commission and various "back channels," to clarify the terms of such treaties and to define violations more precisely.

Arms control treaties, however imperfect, do serve a useful purpose, Nincic maintains. They inhibit the arms race. Without such accords, he suggests, the financial costs, and inherent risks, of the nuclear arms race could be even higher.

Saving Chile

"Chile: The Dilemma for U.S. Policy" by Mark Falcoff, in *Foreign Affairs* (Spring 1986), 58 East 68th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.

Once a key source of raw materials, notably copper, Chile is now important to the United States mostly for ideological reasons. So says Falcoff, a Fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

American liberals, he notes, tend to view Gen. Augusto Pinochet's military dictatorship as yet another evil result of meddling by the Central Intelligence Agency in the Third World. Conservatives, after a brief infatuation with the general, who ousted Marxist Salvador Allende in 1973, are beginning to see him as another Anastasio Somoza, the late, ill-fated dictator of Nicaragua.

Washington has never pursued a consistent policy toward Chile, once one of Latin America's strongest democracies. In 1962, worried by Cuba's vows to "export revolution," the Kennedy administration supplied loans and aid to the Christian Democrats' presidential candidate, Eduardo Frei. Once Frei was in office, the United States neglected Chile. In 1970, Frei was narrowly beaten by Allende, the Communist-Socialist leader, in a three-man contest. Alarmed in turn, the Nixon administration applied economic pressure, secretly spending some \$8 million to support moderate opposition groups. But when General Pinochet overthrew Allende, it proved no great victory for freedom.

U.S. hopes for Pinochet were soon dashed by his repressive regime. Neither Jimmy Carter's "human rights" sanctions nor the Reagan administration's "quiet diplomacy" measures have made any impression on Pinochet, says Falcoff—except to suggest that it is possible to defy the United States and still survive, even prosper.

At the moment, Pinochet's overriding goal is to consolidate his military regime forever, via a plebiscite scheduled for 1989. Meanwhile, he has sought to gain the Reagan administration's benign neglect with the "veiled promise" of a civilian president in 1989. But U.S. policy-makers are no longer complaisant; Falcoff predicts that Washington may reinstitute punitive economic measures (a copper embargo, for instance) to pressure Pinochet into allowing a transition to democracy.

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Falcoff suggests different tactics. Instead of sanctions, the Reagan administration should revive covert and overt U.S. political activity inside Chile to support the existing democratic opposition and other reform-minded groups. Two possible approaches: to work toward making Pinochet's autocratic 1980 constitution susceptible to amendment; and to legalize opposing political parties, thereby limiting Pinochet's control.

Above all, says Falcoff, Washington must act before Chile reaches "the point of no return."

NATO in Dutch

"Dateline Holland: NATO's Pyrrhic Victory" by Maarten Huygen, in *Foreign Policy* (Spring 1986), 11 Dupont Circle N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

When Holland finally agreed last November to allow 48 U.S. cruise missiles on its territory, other members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) hailed the decision as a sign of the 37-year-old alliance's unity and strength.

Yet Huygen, a reporter for the Dutch newspaper *NRC Handelsblad*, argues that the decision to deploy the missiles on Dutch soil has done NATO (and Holland) more harm than good.

During the 1950s, Holland was one of NATO's staunchest members. It was the first NATO country to accept tactical nuclear weapons (e.g., the "Honest John" rocket), and it devoted a higher proportion of its gross national product to defense than did most of the alliance's other European members. But Dutch zeal waned during the late 1960s, undermined by a steadily growing welfare state and anti-Americanism sparked by U.S. involvement in Vietnam. In 1977, when President Jimmy Carter spoke of adding neutron warheads to NATO's arsenal, one million of Holland's 14.4 million citizens signed a petition against the proposal.

Confronted by an increasingly vocal peace movement, then-Prime Minister Andreas van Agt waffled when asked to help implement NATO's 1979 "double-track" decision to deploy intermediate-range missiles and pursue arms talks with Moscow. Finally, on November 4, 1985, Prime Minister Ruud Lubbers signed an agreement accepting the U.S. missiles.

Huygen sees little good coming from Lubbers's decision. NATO should have realized that Holland, with its broadly based anti-nuclear movement, was a "poor candidate for the deployment of new nuclear weapons." Most Dutch regard the missiles as "sitting ducks" that invite a pre-emptive Soviet strike.

Furthermore, thanks to the cruise missile controversy, the Hague has neglected its conventional defense efforts. It has not produced a pledged three percent annual rate of growth in its defense budget. Nor has it sent a promised second combat brigade to join allied forces in the Federal Republic of Germany. In the present political climate, domestic Dutch support for such exertions seems unlikely.

Huygen sees no easy way to restore Holland's old pro-NATO consensus. Yet he believes that NATO's leaders could avoid much difficulty all around simply by allowing the alliance's smaller members to participate in

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major policy decisions. (Holland, for example, was not even invited to the January 1979 NATO meeting at which its territory was chosen as a likely missile deployment site.) "The more Holland is involved in international decision-making," says Huygen, "the more it [will] be willing and able to implement the decisions."

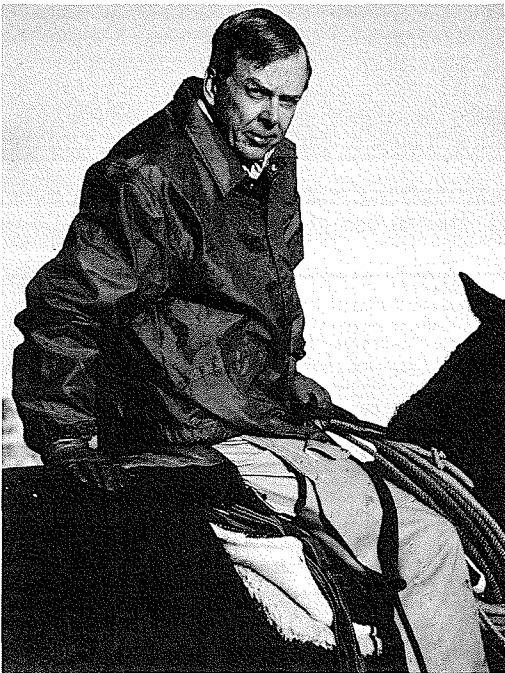
ECONOMICS, LABOR & BUSINESS

Corporate Takeovers

"The Problem of Corporate Takeovers: What Is To Be Done?" by Peter F. Drucker, in *The Public Interest* (Winter 1986), 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Corporate "raiders" have become the bad boys of Wall Street. Since 1980, they have forced unwanted corporate mergers on 400 to 500 companies, or "targets," including Gulf, Union Oil, and the Bendix Corporation.

During these "hostile takeovers," a "raider"—either another company or an individual speculator—acquires a majority share of the target company's stock by offering shareholders above-market prices, almost always with borrowed cash (typically between \$1 billion and \$4 billion). If the raider succeeds, then the debt incurred by the stock acquisition falls on the



T. Boone Pickens, 57, chairman of Mesa Petroleum and a noted champion of corporate takeovers. Takeovers are good for America, he says, because wealth tied up in "over-capitalized corporations" can be reinvested "in more productive areas of the economy."

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target company. On the other hand, if the raider fails (perhaps outbid by a "white knight" corporation invited in by the target company), it can still turn a profit by selling back, at a higher price, the shares it bought.

What has prompted this outbreak of corporate cannibalism? Drucker, who teaches management at the Claremont Graduate School, sees a conjunction of causes.

First, owing to the cumulative effects of post-Vietnam inflation, the cost of capital has outstripped the price of goods produced. "It thus becomes economical," observes Drucker, "to buy already existing capital assets rather than to invest in new facilities and new machines." Many big, integrated corporations (especially in the steel and petroleum industries) have become easy prey to breakup or acquisition. Furthermore, in today's remote world of "corporate capitalism," Drucker asserts, the senior-level management of a company is quite often "isolated and has lost its support base, in its own board of directors, among its own stockholders, and among its own employees."

A tailwind for many raiders is easy access to cash. By using the assets of their targets as collateral, they have little trouble securing high-interest loans from U.S. commercial banks. And although most stockholders realize that such takeovers hurt the target company, they usually go along with the raider's above-market bid. The reason: Most "stockholders" today are giant pension funds; their managers' main goal is to maximize profits and fatten their funds' portfolios.

Drucker sees such hostile takeovers exacting sizable costs, notably the diversion of capital from research and development and the gutting of large firms. "More and more [U.S.] businesses . . . are not being run for business results but for protection against a hostile takeover." To fend off raiders, Drucker suggests that companies issue more stock to employees. Another option is to limit the voting power inherent in some kinds of stock, making it difficult (or impossible) for outsiders simply to *buy* control. The United States could also create a "takeover panel" (as Britain has done) to oversee all large mergers.

Unless something is done to curb this speculative orgy, Drucker says, the American people may lose faith in the free enterprise system.

Big Spenders

"Spending Habits of American Consumers" by David E. Bloom and Sanders D. Korenman, in *American Demographics* (Mar. 1986), P.O. Box 68, Ithaca, N.Y. 14851.

For the American consumer, the years from 1973 to 1983 produced a roller-coaster economy. Two major oil price increases (1973 and 1979), seven years of double-digit inflation (1974-81), and record high interest rates (1979-82) culminated in the nation's worst slump (1981-82) since the Great Depression.

Yet, during these tumultuous times, observe Bloom and Korenman, both Harvard economists, the spending patterns of U.S. consumers showed "little overall change." After analyzing the Bureau of Labor Statis-

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tics' Consumer Expenditure Survey (1982-83), the authors report that Americans still devoted 50 percent of their expenditures to housing and transportation (up from 47 percent in 1972), 17 percent to food (down from 18 percent), and 5.5 percent to apparel (down from eight percent).

At the same time, however, real income in the United States fell 20 percent. Consumers cut back their spending on gasoline and motor oil by one-third (as prices soared by 240 percent) and health care services by one-fourth (those costs rose by 153 percent). Americans also offset above-average prices for meat, fish, and sugar by buying more poultry, eggs, fruits, and vegetables. All told, U.S. households curtailed consumption by 12 percent. But they also saved less money. Whereas the typical household spent 76 percent of its after-tax income in 1972-73, it was paying out 84 percent by 1982-83.

In the wake of the "baby boom"—Americans aged 26-32 who helped to expand U.S. domestic markets—lies a "birth dearth." Both the average age of U.S. consumers and the proportion of "two-earner" households promise to rise. As one result, the authors predict a greater share of consumer expenditures going to goods and services used in leisure time, such as videocassettes and sports equipment. Savings may rise too.

'Outsourcing'

"The Hollow Corporation" in *Business Week*
(Mar. 3, 1986), 1221 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10020.

U.S. manufacturers used to make everything from computers to safety pins in domestic plants. Not anymore. Even established giants such as General Electric and General Motors are shifting factories overseas, becoming what a *Business Week* special report calls "hollow corporations."

Lured by cheap labor, U.S. companies are going abroad to make not only components but finished products. General Electric, for example, will close down its last domestic color-TV plant this summer, moving its television assembly to Japan. Thanks in large part to such "outsourcing," manufacturing accounted (in current dollars) for only 21 percent of the U.S. gross national product (GNP) in 1985, down from 30 percent in 1953.

Some economists claim that low-wage manufacturing overseas will make U.S. industries more competitive. The authors disagree. "Foreign plants," they declare, "spawn their own [future] competition by creating a local pool of managers and skilled technicians." Furthermore, a shift in any manufacturing sector has a ripple effect: *Imported* cars require no U.S. ore, no U.S. steel, and no U.S. machine tools. Data Resources Inc. estimates that each \$1 billion worth of imported autos costs the overall U.S. economy \$2.43 billion.

The authors place little faith in the "service economy" as a source of future U.S. economic strength. The retail and wholesale trades, transportation, communications, finance, and personal services now generate 68 percent of the GNP and will provide 90 percent of all new jobs over the next decade. But these jobs, on average, pay less than the current U.S. average hourly wage (\$8.58) for production workers. The service indus-

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tries, moreover, show low productivity gains and produce few technological innovations. Finally, no assurance exists that these companies will fend off the international competition that now threatens U.S. manufacturing.

One way to revive domestic manufacturing would be to create fully automated factories, thereby drastically reducing labor costs. Computer-integrated production would control everything from design to distribution and grant management unprecedented flexibility. At Vought Aero Products Division, for example, a \$10.1 million, eight-machine system turns out 564 parts for the B-1B bomber. But the cost of such high-tech machinery can run into the billions of dollars.

To turn such technological dreams into reality, the federal government should push an "industrial policy" that favors research and development and long-term capital investment. Simply allowing the U.S. manufacturing base to shrink, write the authors, is "an abdication of responsibility to future investors, workers, and consumers."

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Teen-age Troubles

"The Declining Well-Being of American Adolescents" by Peter Uhlenberg and David Eggebeen, in *The Public Interest* (Winter 1986), 10 East 53rd St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Pointing to "leading indicators" of child welfare, social scientists and Washington policy-makers predicted great progress for America's youth during the 1960s and '70s.

Indeed, the proportion of white 16- and 17-year-olds living in homes with poverty or large families or poorly educated parents—all factors believed to crimp a teen-ager's prospects—dropped from 68 percent in 1960 to 37 percent in 1980. Meanwhile, expenditures per pupil in the nation's high schools nearly doubled; in 1980 dollars, the average swelled from \$1,248 to \$2,491. All told, 20 federal agencies now administer some 260 programs designed to benefit young Americans.

Despite such striking improvements, write Uhlenberg and Eggebeen, both Harvard sociologists, the well-being of America's youths (not just minority youths) has actually shown a "marked deterioration" over the last quarter century.

Scores on the Scholastic Aptitude Test, a standardized college entrance exam, fell steadily between 1960 and 1982 (verbal scores by 11.1 percent, math scores by 6.4 percent). Fewer high school students now make it through to graduation; between 1970 and 1980, the percentage of (white) 18-year-olds holding high school diplomas declined by five percent. Worse, since 1960 the rates of juvenile crime and delinquency, unmarried (white) teen-age pregnancy, and youth mortality from homicides and suicides have all more than doubled.

What went wrong? The authors blame a breakdown in family ties, specifically a weakening of the bonds between parent and child. From 1960

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to 1980, the proportion of children under 18 years of age who experienced their parents' divorce increased by 140 percent. During that same period, the proportion of mothers in the labor force with children under 18 years of age rose from 28 percent to 57 percent; no evidence exists that fathers are filling the gap in parental supervision.

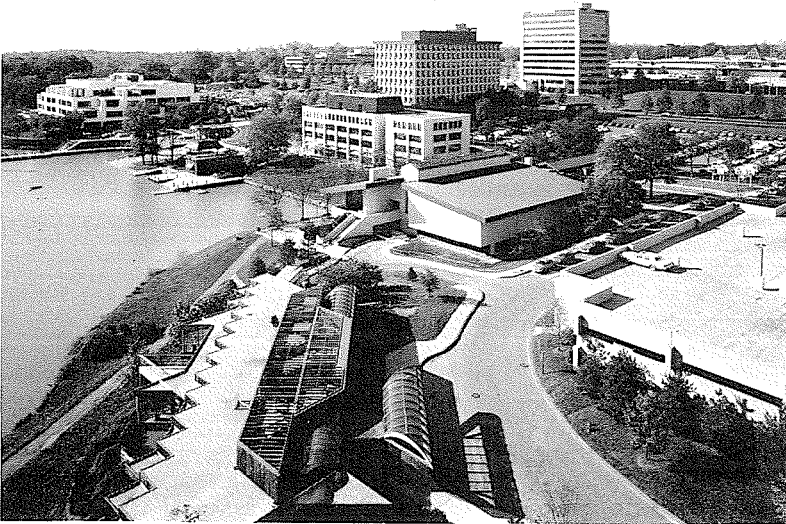
Citing a 1981 study by pollster Daniel Yankelovich, the authors observe that parents are clearly putting their own "self-fulfillment" ahead of their "commitment to sacrificing personal pursuits for their children's welfare." Until parenthood once again takes higher priority, no amount of government effort will improve the lot of the nation's youth.

City Sprawl

"The Cities of the Future" by Don McLeod, in *Insight* (Feb. 17, 1986), 3600 New York Ave. N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Urban planners call it the "balkanization of the suburbs."

America's landscape has become a patchwork of urban "regions." The Census Bureau can scarcely determine demographically where Dallas ends and Fort Worth begins—even though maps show 30 miles between the downtown centers of the two Texas cities. By the year 2000, demographers predict that Los Angeles, in effect, will be one big super-city, spanning 100 miles (from inland San Bernadino to the Pacific coast).



One answer to suburban sprawl: the planned community. In 1967, the Rouse Company opened Columbia, Md., 26 miles from the Capitol. Today 66,000 people live there in 22,670 dwellings, with three lakes and 18 public pools.

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Much of this "urban sprawl," notes McLeod, senior writer for *Insight*, stems from a growth of the U.S. population, up from 151 million in 1950 to 236 million in 1984. Another factor is economics: It is more convenient and less expensive to set up shop on the outskirts of town. Pepsico, Texaco, IBM, and Xerox, for example, have all built new headquarters roughly 20 to 30 miles outside of New York City.

Urbanizing the once-tranquil world of green lawns and tract housing raises the tax base but may lead to "suburban blight." In many suburban counties, traffic congestion is now common, along with rising drug use, deteriorating streets, uncollected trash, and pollution. Most politicians from these areas eye the problems of overcrowded schools, insufficient water supplies, and rising crime rates with "tunnel vision," refusing to pool area resources with those of neighboring localities. Moreover, as time goes on, the suburbs tend to prosper as the cities' tax bases erode; as a result, city museums, libraries, and theaters are in trouble, with few suburban replacements in sight.

To ease such pains, McLeod urges greater financial cooperation. In Seattle, Wash. (pop. 490,000), for example, the suburbs of surrounding King County (pop. 1.5 million) have helped finance, among other things, the \$62 million Kingdome, an enormous enclosed downtown stadium, and the Seattle Zoo, which attracts 800,000 tourists a year.

The Merits of Merit Pay

"Merit Pay and the Evaluation Problem: Why Most Merit Pay Plans Fail and a Few Survive" by Richard J. Murnane and David K. Cohen, in *Harvard Educational Review* (Feb. 1986), Longfellow Hall, 13 Appian Way, Cambridge, Mass. 02138-3752.

Every organization wants to encourage good work by its employees. But in the case of America's public school teachers, the difficulty lies in devising the right incentives.

One oft-proposed incentive is merit pay: First-rate teachers (determined by their students' performance and faculty evaluations) get higher salaries and bonuses than do their less successful colleagues. In 1918, 48 percent of U.S. public school districts experimented with merit pay. Yet, by 1953, all but four percent had reverted to uniform salary systems, where teachers with equivalent credentials and experience received equal rates of pay.

Then came the 1957 Soviet launching of Sputnik. Fearing a Soviet "edge" in education, Americans scrambled to upgrade the nation's schools. Roughly 10 percent of U.S. school districts tried again to set wages according to merit. Today, despite widespread alarm over a "rising tide of mediocrity," only one percent of all U.S. school districts have adopted merit pay programs to improve teacher performance.

Why? Murnane and Cohen, an economist and a historian, respectively, at Harvard, contend that a merit-based salary scale for teachers is inherently flawed. Rewarding teachers for improvements in student test scores, for example, spurs them to devote their time only to those students whose

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marks seem likely to improve. It also puts success in test-taking ahead of other classroom goals, such as reading and writing skills.

Basing teacher bonuses on supervisors' evaluations also has pitfalls. What constitutes "effective teaching," observe the authors, is open to broad interpretation. And unexpectedly low appraisals can discourage some effective teachers and generate resentment among others.

Yet the authors do find some variations that work. Surveying six districts where various merit pay plans were in place, they found, for instance, that offering extra money for additional chores (supervising students' extracurricular activities or community service) gave good teachers a chance to augment their incomes. In some schools, teachers designed the evaluation process, creating a better rapport between themselves and administrators. By making teachers more accountable for their work, such evaluations strengthened parents' confidence in the schools.

Cash incentives, the authors conclude, are not necessarily the key to better teaching. But making teacher evaluations common practice will benefit the nation's educators—and, in turn, its students.

A Great Society For the Nonpoor

"What Antipoverty Policies Cost the Nonpoor"
by Robert H. Haveman, in *Challenge* (Jan.-Feb.
1986), 80 Business Park Dr., Armonk, N.Y.
10504.

The debate over Lyndon Johnson's Great Society programs—Washington's helter-skelter attempts, beginning in the 1960s, to "end" poverty—has lately bloomed again.

Conservative critics argue, among other things, that the cost of the War on Poverty unfairly burdens America's nonpoor taxpayers.

Yet Haveman, professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, contends that such critics have not fully accounted for the Great Society's spillover into middle-class life. Examining the aggregate effects of social welfare expenditures between 1965 and 1980, he disagrees that "the Great Society initiative has imposed large net losses on the nonpoor."

Measured in current dollars, Washington spent \$77 billion in 1965 on social programs, versus \$493 billion in 1980. Depending on accounting methods, Haveman calculates that losses to America's nonpoor totaled between \$142 billion and \$232 billion from 1965 to 1980. These losses included tax hikes ranging from \$115 billion to \$195 billion. Yet the nonpoor made some gains as well. Their *benefits* from subsidized education, medical care, and productivity increases from federally trained low-income workers came to somewhere between \$93 billion and \$145 billion.

On balance, then, the Great Society "cost" the nonpoor between \$49 and \$87 billion, a sum equivalent to two to three percent of America's total personal income in 1980. Not "an unreasonable price to pay" for the net gains experienced by the poor and the nonpoor, says Haveman.

Washington can best serve the interests of all Americans, the author concludes, by improving the nation's antipoverty programs rather than merely abolishing them in one fell swoop.

PRESS & TELEVISION

Badmouthing Mr. President

"The Six O'Clock Presidency: Patterns of Network News Coverage of the President" by Fred Smoller, in *Presidential Studies Quarterly* (Winter 1986), 208 East 75th St., New York, N.Y. 10021.

As presented on the nightly TV network news, presidential faux pas have contributed some less-than-august images to American history: Gerald Ford stumbling out of Air Force One; Jimmy Carter fending off a "killer rabbit"; Ronald Reagan bumbling at press conferences.

The public may be amused, but Smoller, a political scientist at Chapman College, is not. He argues that such gratuitously negative TV coverage of American presidents is now the norm, and that it perverts the political process by unraveling "the careers of individual presidents and the public's support for the . . . presidency."

Each night, about one-fifth of each network's early evening news broadcast features the president, his policies, the First Family, or the White House staff. Smoller examined roughly 5,500 news stories in these categories, culled from "CBS Evening News" transcripts between January 1969 and January 1985. Rating each story, he found that, collectively, 55 percent were "neutral," 18 percent were "positive," and 27 percent were "negative"—an unfavorable balance overall.

Moreover, Smoller claims that CBS's news coverage not only grew less flattering from 1969 to 1985, it also gave each successive president a



June 1, 1975: Arriving in Salzburg, Austria, for a meeting with President Anwar Sadat of Egypt, President Gerald Ford slips as he descends from Air Force One.

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bigger ration of poor coverage during the "honeymoon" (the first 100 days in office). Furthermore, "no president since Richard Nixon (first term) has received a net positive portrayal on the evening news after his first three months in office."

Smoller does not envision an "evil or disloyal" conspiracy at the networks' headquarters in New York. Rather he blames television's own idiosyncracies as a news medium. To hold viewers, television news focuses on events that lend themselves to "dramatic" film clips; it favors conflict and controversy over mundane policy-making. During the 1979 Iranian hostage crisis, for instance, Americans saw little of Carter's behind-the-scenes efforts to free the 52 hostages. But they routinely got an eyeful of angry Iranian students burning the American flag—and a White House correspondent depicting Carter as something of a hostage himself.

How can presidents avoid being sideswiped by TV? Smoller suggests a look at the tactics of President Reagan, who has received even more negative TV coverage than Nixon, Ford, or Carter. By taking a "controlled" approach to the media—using weekly radio broadcasts, televised presidential addresses—and by carefully shaping the cameras' access to himself and his key aides, Reagan has held on to his popularity and triumphed as the Great Communicator.

RELIGION & PHILOSOPHY

China's Churches

"Religion in Post-Mao China" by Merle Goldman, in *Annals* (Jan. 1986), 3937 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.

Under communism, religious groups seeking to practice their faith in China have gotten no encouragement from Beijing.

Until recently, that is. In April 1985, Zhao Fusan, deputy secretary of the Chinese Academy of Social Sciences, rejected Marx's notion that religion "is the opium of the people." Instead, he called religion an "integral part" of civilization.

To say the least, such a turnaround was unexpected. Goldman, a Boston University historian, believes that disillusionment with Marxist rhetoric and the chaotic Cultural Revolution (1966–76) has rekindled spiritual yearnings among the Chinese, many of whom feel "ideologically empty."

As a result, China's Protestant population—roughly 700,000 during the 1950s—now surpasses three million. Chinese Catholics now number about three million too. Christian seminaries have reopened (including the Nanjing Theological Seminary); so has the Buddhist Academy in Beijing. Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations have been revived in Shanghai, Beijing, Guangzhou, and Tianjin.

From the mid-1950s until Mao Zedong's death in 1976, the Communist regime struggled to expunge all religion from China. Christian missionaries, even those who had founded hospitals and schools, were ousted or imprisoned. With the onset of the Cultural Revolution, study of the Bible or

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Koran became a crime; Red Guards leveled churches, burned church documents, imprisoned, tortured, and killed clergy and laity. The nation's 100 million Buddhists and 20-30 million Muslims fared only slightly better.

But with the rise of Deng Xiaoping in 1977 as Vice Chairman of the Chinese Communist Party, persecutions came to a halt. Deng denounced Mao, permitted the printing of holy texts, allowed churches to be rebuilt, and promoted public worship.

In Goldman's opinion, however, Deng's support stems not so much from "a new appreciation of religion" as from a desire to assert Party control over it. Some Christian clergymen have been arrested for refusing to participate in government-sponsored groups or possessing unauthorized editions of the Bible. Restorations of ancient Buddhist temples may be aimed at attracting tourism.

In one sense, Goldman says, Beijing's basic attitude toward religion has not changed: Religion is still a political tool.

Freedom's Flaws

"Authority, Autonomy, and Choice: The Role of Consent in the Moral and Political Visions of Franz Kafka and Richard Posner" by Robin West, in *Harvard Law Review* (Dec. 1985), Gannett House, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Should the law permit informed, consenting adults to pursue any dangerous course of action they choose?

Some libertarian philosophers and legal scholars answer Yes. Richard Posner, a federal judge and author of *The Economics of Justice* (1983), argues that protection of such personal "autonomy" should be a guiding legal principle. He assumes that people will only choose to do what will "improve their well-being." He infers that, ideally, the law should allow for as many "opportunities for choice," or "acts of consent," as possible. Requiring no-fault auto insurance for licensed drivers, compensating victims of fraud or malpractice—such issues should be settled whenever possible in a "free market," not a court.

The trouble with Posner's laissez-faire argument, observes West, who teaches law at Stanford, is that it assumes all people are "rational." Not all people are, under all circumstances. "Wives submit to abusive husbands; employees consent to exploitative and humiliating work environments; consumers consent to sales of defective, dangerous, and over-priced merchandise." Fear, hysteria, masochistic compulsions often drive men and women to do very bizarre things. The purchaser of a \$5 lottery ticket may reckon that he will lose his money; but the patron of a San Francisco bathhouse may refuse to recognize the risk and consequences of catching Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS).

Moreover, the reckless actions of individuals can inflict heavy costs on other citizen-taxpayers, in the form of medical bills, drug rehabilitation programs, damaged property, or simply fear.

For a vision of what such a society of unrestrained opportunism would be like, West turns to the novelist Franz Kafka (1883-1924). In Kafka's fictional world, "Masters, slaves, criminals and law-abiding citizens all con-

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sent to fates over which they have no control: The powerful put themselves in servitude, and slaves consent to their own bondage." Kafka's story *The Hunger Artist* depicts a man who starves himself for show and profit; in *The Judgment*, a boy agrees to drown himself as punishment for being, as his father insists, devilish.

In both Posner's and Kafka's imagined worlds, says West, people live without constraints. Yet such freedom is fatally flawed: "Good and evil, right and wrong, lose all meaning when all that matters is whether . . . people get exactly what they *think* they want."

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AI: Going Nowhere Fast?

"Why Computers May Never Think Like People" by Hubert and Stuart Dreyfus, in *Technology Review*, (Jan. 1986), Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Rm. 10-140, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

A quarter century ago, researchers in "artificial intelligence" (AI)—a branch of computer science attempting to reproduce the process of thought—predicted that, within two decades, computers would be able to do everything humans can do.

This breakthrough has not occurred. The Dreyfuses, professors of philosophy and engineering, respectively, at the University of California, Berkeley, say that it never will, above all because man is not simply a "thinking machine."

The chief trouble is computers' dependence on rules. Humans learn tasks (riding a bike, playing chess, reading) partly by memorizing instructions, but once they "get the hang of it," so to speak, they switch to instinct. Such is *not* the case with computers. Unable to distinguish quickly relevant information from "noise," or to "see" patterns at a glance, the digitized programs remain mired in analysis.

As yet, no computer has made the leap from beginner status to genuine expertise. Some chess and checkers programs, employing myriad "brute force" calculations, have competed successfully in tournaments, but most "expert systems" still fall short. Internist-1, a medical diagnosis program, cannot outperform even novice physicians. In one test, it misdiagnosed 18 out of 43 cases. Young clinicians at Massachusetts General Hospital erred 15 times; staff doctors, eight.

Also hampering computers is their inability to grasp "context"—to "read" texts or human situations correctly. Many of man's perceptions draw on an acquired array of "obvious," but crucial, facts. Since computers do not know what it is like to be human, they cannot comprehend, or address, some simple notions, such as the phrase "love hurts sometimes." Solving equations is easy by comparison.

Yet AI research continues. By the end of 1986, the Pentagon will have spent roughly \$300 million to develop a Strategic Computing Plan that

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embraces autonomous land, air, and sea vehicles capable of attack and reconnaissance.

Needless to say, the fathers of AI research (Alan Newell, Herbert Simon, Marvin Minsky) disagree with the Dreyfuses. Patrick Winston, Minsky's successor as chief of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology AI Laboratory, sees it this way: Just as the Wright Brothers' crude 1903 flying machine led to today's jumbo jets, so contemporary AI researchers are nurturing a technology that will soon bear valuable fruit.

Tenth Dimension

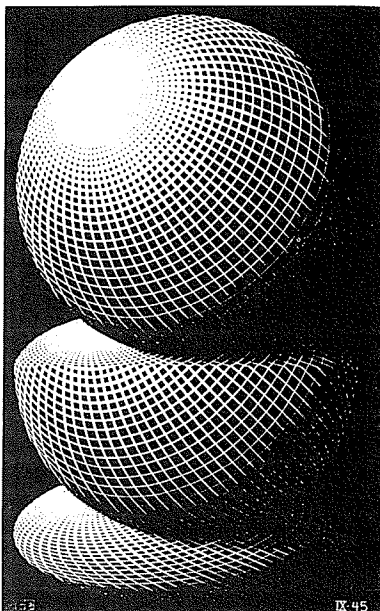
"Life in the Tenth Dimension" in *The Economist* (Jan. 18, 1986), 25 St. James's St., London, SW1A 1HG, England.

Under normal circumstances, most people experience a four-dimensional world (three dimensions in space and one in time). Most students envision the building blocks of matter as little "bits," with electrons circling an atomic nucleus much as the Earth orbits the Sun.

Such notions will soon be considered obsolete. Contemporary physicists, like their forebears during the 1920s, are reinterpreting the laws of Nature. The emerging theory shows the components of atoms (protons, neutrons, and electrons) and their building blocks (quarks and leptons) to be minute "strings" of energy, rapidly spinning in circles. Each is less than a billion billion billionth of a meter long. The theory also posits a universe of 10 dimensions—most of them beyond our perception.

This bizarre picture is the culmination of a century-old attempt to find a Grand Unified Theory (GUT), which physicists hope will explain how the

What might a 10-dimensional world look like? According to some physicists, scattered throughout space are seven-dimensional spheres, each so small that human senses (and instruments) cannot detect them. Here, artist M. C. Escher depicts a microcosm of warped spheres.



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disparate forces of gravity and magnetism, and those forces that bind atoms, all fit together. James Clerk Maxwell first searched for a GUT in 1861, when he observed that electricity and magnetism were really two aspects of the same phenomenon (hence the term electromagnetism).

A half century later, Albert Einstein tried to join gravity to electromagnetism. He could not. Instead he described gravity not as a "force" that pulls bodies together, but as a "curve" in space that alters the motion of all objects. In 1919, a Russian mathematician, Theodor Kaluza, proposed a GUT. But it had a major drawback, setting the universe in five dimensions (using five bits of information to account for all physical events) instead of the traditional four. A Swedish physicist, Oskar Klein, supported the Kaluza theory in 1924. However, most scientists dismissed it.

During the 1970s, physicists revived the Kaluza-Klein model, though it still could not unify all of Nature's forces with one overarching explanation. But in August 1984, Michael Green and John Schwarz, physicists at Queen Mary College, London, and the California Institute of Technology, respectively, discovered that by expanding the number of spatial dimensions in the Kaluza-Klein model to 10, and by interpreting subatomic matter as "strings" of energy (instead of particles), many of the mathematical contradictions faded.

There are still kinks in the model. In its present form, it cannot account for all matter in the universe. But the study of string theory is becoming a booming field. Green, Schwarz, Edward Witten of Princeton, and Stephen Hawking of Cambridge are among scores of physicists trying to unravel the theory's knots. The solution, they say, is not far off.

Grafts for The Brain

"Spare Parts for Damaged Brains" by Edwin Kiester, Jr., in *Science* 86 (Mar. 1986), 1101
Vermont Ave. N.W., 10th Floor, Washington,
D.C. 20005.

Injury to the brain was once deemed irreversible—and for many severe traumas, it still is. But scientists are now more optimistic.

The latest prospect: brain grafts.

The concept is somewhat unsettling: to bring tissue from another part of the body into the "seat of consciousness." Yet, reports Kiester, a contributor to *Science* 86, the idea of brain grafts is not new. In 1903, a researcher at the University of Chicago first injected fetal tissue into rats' brains. Such operations were said to be impossible in human beings, born with a fixed supply of brain cells that slowly die off. Although brain cells cannot regenerate like, say, skin cells, research by the late 1960s showed that the brain can repair some injuries. Geoffrey Raisman of Cambridge University noted "collateral sprouting" in neurons near damaged areas. The brain cells sent fibers into the hurt region in an attempt to make up for the "lost" functions.

Today, Lars Olson and Ake Seiger of Stockholm's Karolinska Institute are grafting adrenal gland tissue into the brains of people with Parkinson's disease, a condition afflicting roughly one million Americans—mostly over 50—with muscular rigidity and tremors.

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Caused by the destruction of brain cells in the substantia nigra (an area just above the spinal cord) that secrete the chemical dopamine, Parkinson's symptoms abate when the level of dopamine is raised. Since the adrenal glands (located above the kidneys) also produce dopamine, its cells are excellent candidates for transplants.

Olson and Seiger tried adrenal-brain grafts in rats and partially reversed Parkinson's debilitating effects. In 1982, they made the leap to humans, grafting adrenal cells into the brains of Parkinson's patients for whom conventional treatments had failed. All four test cases showed improvement. The worst among them, a 46-year-old woman who could not leave her bed or swallow food, could move her hands freely for the first time in years. Her most dramatic improvements faded after four months, but her condition has not deteriorated beyond the pre-graft stage.

Because of their temporary effects and experimental status, cautions Kiester, brain grafts should not be regarded as a miracle cure. Some scientists speculate that the new techniques may one day restore sight to the blind, help the disabled to walk, or halt Alzheimer's syndrome—all currently beyond the reach of modern science.

Progress in Weather-Watching

"The Weather Watchers" by Gordon Williams, in *The Atlantic* (Mar. 1986), 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; "The Meteorological Satellite: Overview of 25 Years of Operation" by W. L. Smith et al., in *Science* (Jan. 31, 1986), 1333 H St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

On April 1, 1960, TIROS-1, the first primitive U.S. weather satellite, took its place in the sky, relaying images of cloud formations to forecasters on Earth twice a day.

In 1986, four U.S. meteorological satellites provide the National Weather Service with some 100,000 readings a day, including information on the Earth's ozone layers and its soil moisture. The data, collected by nearly 300 weather bureaus around the nation, are transmitted to the National Meteorological Center in Camp Springs, Md., where a Cyber 205 supercomputer compiles forecast charts. With 5,000 employees and a budget exceeding \$300 million, notes Williams, an ABC News correspondent, the nation's Weather Service is on its way to becoming a major-league scientific organization.

The biggest advance came with the 1966 launching of the Applications Technology Satellite (ATS-1) into geosynchronous orbit, roughly 22,300 miles above sea level. Infrared cameras made visible the night skies. Scientists can now monitor cloud formations continuously. More frequent satellite transmissions (every 15 to 20 minutes) allowed weathermen to discern jet streams, the onset of thunderstorms, even details of ocean currents. Two Geostationary Operation Environmental Satellites (GOES East and GOES West), first launched in 1980, can record changes in atmospheric density and the height and distribution of clouds.

According to Smith and his colleagues, meteorologists at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), better forecasting has saved an untold number of

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lives. Through GOES, the National Severe Storms Forecast Center can better detect "squall lines," precursors to the deadly tornados, hailstorms, and thunderstorms that can form when air fronts converge. NOAA 6 and NOAA 9, two polar satellites, provide a close-up view; they circle the globe from pole to pole every 102 minutes at an altitude of 500 miles.

On the drawing board, Smith notes, are satellites with sharper sensors and higher resolution. Three new NOAA satellites, to be launched during 1990-92, will provide the first accurate all-weather temperature measurements from space and, among other things, determine the height of ocean waves to within half a meter.

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Fossil Fuels?

"The Origin of Petroleum" by David Osborne, in *The Atlantic* (Feb. 1986), 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

Following the much-publicized energy crisis of the 1970s, many Western pundits warned that diminishing petroleum reserves might threaten future economic growth.

Such fears are unfounded, says Thomas Gold, a Cornell astrophysicist. Indeed, he claims that the Earth still harbors an enormous untapped supply of oil and gas.

The prevailing geologists' theory of oil and natural gas formation, notes Osborne, a contributor to the *Atlantic*, holds that hydrocarbons come from plant and animal remains buried in sediment millions of years ago. Cooked by the Earth's internal heat and pressure, the organic matter forms a tarry substance called kerogen. Depending on underground conditions, the kerogen will eventually yield either oil or methane (an odorless, colorless, combustible gas), which then migrates through layers of rock toward the Earth's surface.

Gold questions this "fossil fuels" theory. Why, for instance, has some oil turned up in areas where vegetation did not exist, or why have hydrocarbons been found on lifeless planets and meteorites? After studying gas formation on other planets, he guessed that a similar process is taking place on Earth: Primordial materials, cooking near the planet's core, are slowly seeping upward through cracks in its crust.

Among other things, Gold's theory clarifies why so many oil and gas reservoirs are found near continental faults, where tectonic plates push against each other (e.g., the Middle East, Texas, the Rocky Mountains). It explains why fossil fuel deposits are usually stacked on top of each other, and how 25 oil fields in the Middle East (of some 30,000 worldwide) can contain almost 60 percent of known oil reserves.

Gold's highly controversial theory is being put to the test. North of Stockholm, the Swedes are drilling into a crater called the Siljan Ring. Some 360 million years ago, a meteor crashed into Sweden's granite bedrock, leaving a 26-mile-wide crater of gravel. "If oil and gas were migrat-

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ing up from the Earth's depths," writes Osborne, "that pile would provide a perfect migration route." Seven test wells have already turned up evidence of methane.

If Gold is right, says Osborne, the implications are startling. Huge natural gas reservoirs may exist where no one has thought to look. East Africa, now poverty-stricken, could be resource rich. The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries could get edged out of the energy market. Nuclear power and synthetic fuels would be unnecessary.

Radiation At Home

"The Indoor Radon Story" by Anthony V. Nero, Jr., in *Technology Review* (Jan. 1986), Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Rm. 10-140, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

Few phenomena are as worrisome to Americans as radiation, commonly associated with nuclear power plants.

Yet the greatest source of radiation exposure for most Americans may be the air in their own homes.

"Significant amounts of radon—a natural radioactive gas—accumulate in our houses simply because we tend to build them on the largest source of radioactivity around: the ground," according to Nero, a physicist at the University of California's Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory. He argues that the cancer risk posed by indoor radon may, in some cases, be greater than that created by other well-documented pollutants.

The decay of radium, a chemical element found in small amounts throughout the Earth's crust, produces radon gas. Temperature and pressure differences inside a house tend to suck radon gas out of the soil, especially through cracks in a house's foundation. The indoor concentration of radon depends, for the most part, on the potency of the radium source in the underlying soil.

One home in Maryland posted radon levels 20 times higher than normal, the "radiation equivalent of having a Three Mile Island [TMI] accident ... occur in the neighborhood once a week," Nero observes. (The 1979 TMI power plant accident exposed local residents to only 20 millirems of radiation, roughly four percent of the annual exposure limit set by the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission for the public.) All told, Nero estimates that radon in houses may cause 10,000 cases of lung cancer per year in the United States.

One to three percent of the 80 million private and commercial buildings in the United States may have unhealthy levels of ambient indoor radiation (above eight pico-curies per liter of air). Happily, the average single-family home (with only 1.5 pico-curies per liter of air) is considered safe, with radiation at less than one-twelfth of the maximum level stipulated for a workplace by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency.

Nero suggests that there is no cause for alarm. The problem is not new: Man has lived with radon ever since he began to build houses on soil. Moreover, the average estimated risk of cancer from indoor radon is only 0.3 percent over a lifetime—compared with a one to two percent risk of death posed by driving a car, and roughly a 25 percent mortality risk associated with smoking cigarettes and cigars.

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Atget's Art

"The Use of History" by Molly Nesbit, in *Art in America* (Feb. 1986), 980 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021.

In 1926, when American artist Man Ray first published a photograph by Eugène Atget, an unknown French photographer, Atget insisted: "Don't put my name on it. These are simply documents I make."

Today, Atget (1856–1927) is considered to be not only a leading documentary photographer of the 20th century but also a significant artist. Nesbit, a Barnard art historian, argues that the two, seemingly contradictory, roles actually complemented each other: Atget's inability to be an impartial bystander, a weakness in his documentary work, helped to distinguish him as an artist-photographer.

Orphaned early in life, Atget worked as a sailor, then as an actor, touring France with an itinerant theater company. But his stubby physique limited his stage career, and, at the age of 42, he moved to Paris and took up photography. Museums and historical societies became his chief clients; they hired him to record various aspects of the city's rapidly changing architecture, entertainment, and transportation system.

Meanwhile, artists such as George Braque and Maurice Utrillo were urging him to do more than just documentaries. Occasionally they painted from his photographs. Such encouragement, plus a commitment to leftist politics, led Atget to abandon the "bourgeois" world of *Vieux Paris* for



Joueur d'orgue (1898–99). Atget went to Paris in 1898 to photograph monuments but soon devoted himself to the portrayal of ordinary folk, such as this organ grinder and his assistant.

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the daily struggle of the city's working class. Albums of "modern life" that he prepared for the Bibliothèque Nationale show ragpickers in poor neighborhoods, not the *belles jardins* that the archivists had sought. Atget's 1911 album on shopping ignored the *grands boulevards*, featuring instead the proletarians—*pommes frites* stands and junkyards.

Destitute during the World War I years, he accepted a commission in 1921 to document Paris's red light district. He hated the assignment (mistaken once as a customer, he was arrested) but produced fine pictures, including "Brother, Versailles" (1921). Still poverty-stricken, he died six years later.

Much of Atget's success, beyond his careful eye and sense of history, observes Nesbit, stems from his ability to evoke the prevailing mood in turn-of-the-century Paris.

Milan Kundera

"The Ambiguities of Milan Kundera" by Roger Kimball, in *The New Criterion* (Jan. 1986), 850
Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Czech novelist Milan Kundera has won his share of literary laurels. When his latest work, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, appeared in 1984, one enthusiastic reviewer went so far as to call him "the world's greatest living writer."

Kimball, a contributor to the *New Criterion*, agrees that Kundera is "indisputably a writer of great talent." Yet he feels that the political dimensions of Kundera's work raise troubling questions about his "good faith and ideological motives."

Kundera's first novel, *The Joke*, came out in 1967, just prior to a period of relative political freedom—the Prague Spring. After Soviet troops occupied the country in August 1968, Kundera's book—which ridiculed the Czech Communist Party—was banned, and Kundera himself was fired from his teaching post at the Prague Film School. Denied the right to hold a job, he left Czechoslovakia for France in 1975.

Kundera's works draw heavily on his experiences under totalitarian rule, weaving in bits of history, philosophy, psychological conjecture, and autobiography to portray communism's dehumanizing effect on the individual. Yet, writes Kimball, Kundera also "maintains a fundamentally equivocal attitude toward the West." When asked if he thought private life was less threatened in the West than in the East, he replied that there was no difference; he compared the intrusiveness of the Western media to the activities of secret police. In *Unbearable Lightness*, he equated the sentimental response of a U.S. senator watching children playing to "the smile Communist statesmen beamed from the height of the reviewing stand to the identically smiling citizens in the parade below."

Kimball criticizes Kundera for wanting "to have it both ways." By drawing what Kimball calls an "absurd" parallel between the failings of totalitarianism and those of democracy, Kundera has won Western admirers on the far Left. In so doing, he has sacrificed the chance to be truly great for the chance to be ideologically popular.

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Art and Insanity

"The Artistry of Psychotics" by Rudolf Arnheim, in *American Scientist* (Jan.-Feb. 1986), 345 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn. 06511.

The visual landscape of schizophrenics lies beyond the grasp of rational people. Their "cracked" minds, commented British psychiatrist R. D. Laing in 1965, "may let in light which does not enter the intact minds of many sane people."

A half century earlier, such thoughts occurred to Hans Prinzhorn, a Heidelberg psychiatrist with a background in philosophy and art history. He collected some 6,000 artworks, produced between 1890 and 1920, by 516 patients in asylums in Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. The collection, which made the rounds in U.S. museums in 1984, reveals much about the nature of mental illness, argues Arnheim, a Harvard art historian.

Prinzhorn's *The Artistry of the Mentally Ill* (1922) stirred up Europe's avant-garde, not least because many paintings in his collection resembled the most advanced cubist and surrealist works. The continent's art elite—Paul Klee, Max Ernst, Jean Arp, René Magritte—especially admired the asylum art's inherent alienation and its divergence from artistic traditions.

Works by patients differed according to their respective afflictions.



Fear and Death, a schizophrenic's charcoal sketch, from the Prinzhorn collection. Such apparent paranoia, and confusion of animate and inanimate objects, is common among schizophrenics, as well as users of hallucinogens.

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Manic depressives have wild mood swings, so pictures by them tended to alternate between elation and melancholy, galvanic scribbles juxtaposed with delicate, shadowy lines.

Where schizophrenia was involved, the compositions mirrored the patients' confusion and detachment. Ornate designs, repetitive geometric shapes, arcane symbols, and handwriting filled every inch of the canvases. In a jigsaw puzzle of incongruous interlocking shapes, an arm ends in the head of a snake, fingernails hold eyes, a human figure lies in a shoe.

When Hitler's Nazis came to power, they used the similarity between psychotic and modernist art to justify their persecution of avant-garde artists, depicting both, writes Arnheim, as "degenerate products of diseased minds." Arnheim flatly rejects such a simplistic link between artist and madman. Psychosis can "liberate" the powers of the imagination from social and educational conventions, but it cannot generate genuine artistic talent. If the visionary imagery of the mentally ill sometimes evokes a powerful response, reflects Arnheim, it is "only because it derives from deep-seated psychological sources shared by all human beings."

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West Bank Stalemate

"No Illusions: Israel Reassesses Its Chances for Peace" by Thomas L. Friedman, in *The New York Times Magazine* (Jan. 26, 1986), 229
West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

June 1986 marks a milestone in Israel's history. The Israelis will have possessed the West Bank of the River Jordan for as long as they lived without it—19 years.

Israel took control of the West Bank after its victory over Egypt, Syria, and Jordan during the 1967 Six-Day War. Since then, the fate of the captured territory has embittered relations not only between Israel and its Arab neighbors but among Israelis themselves. Indeed, according to Friedman, Jerusalem correspondent for the *New York Times*, the "new reality" of Israeli domestic politics, marked by bitter debates about the West Bank's future, looms as one of the biggest stumbling blocks to peace in the Mideast.

Many Israelis no longer put much stock in United Nations Resolution 242 (which affirms Israel's right to exist) or in terms such as "territorial compromise" and "comprehensive settlement." Even the much-hailed 1977 Camp David accords have proved disappointing, bringing no real rapprochement between Israel and Egypt. Today, Israeli opinion on disposition of the West Bank (where some 140,000 Jews now live) is divided into three camps. To the religious Zionists led by the Gush Emunim Party (about 10 percent of the electorate), any territorial compromise is a form of blasphemy. Nationalist members of the Labor, Likud, and Tehiya parties (45 percent of the electorate) view the matter simply as a fight between two groups—Arabs and Israelis—for the same piece of land, which is

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essential to Israel's security.

Israel's "pragmatists" (the remaining 45 percent), in Friedman's opinion, come closest to a workable solution. Their goals are both practical (compromise with the foe) and spiritual (preserve Jewish values). They seek to form an Arab-Israeli condominium, arguing that to suppress the 1.3 million Arabs in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip is to betray Israel's humanitarian principles.

If they win the argument, even the pragmatists will find no easy going. Their best bet, says Friedman, may be an "interim" recipe that might include some form of Palestinian autonomy on the West Bank, joint security patrols with Jordan, and Israeli-Jordanian-Palestinian agricultural and economic cooperation.

One underlying difficulty since 1967, Friedman concludes, has been the chronic search by Western diplomats and Israelis alike for an "ultimate solution." Yet their grand designs have led, so far, to no solution.

Britain's Racial Woes

"Racial Conflict in Britain" by David Winder, in *The Journal of the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies* (Winter 1986), Airport Rd., White Plains, N.Y. 10604.

Once the hub of an expanding empire, Britain today is having trouble absorbing newcomers from the Asian, African, and Caribbean territories it formerly ruled.

Last summer, frustrations over economic hardship and racial bias led black and Asian residents of London, Liverpool, and Birmingham to riot. Compounding their grievances, observes Winder, a reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor*, was a widespread perception that many white Englishmen had not yet accepted their nonwhite neighbors as "anything more than immigrants."

British citizens of West Indian descent (mainly Jamaican) now number just under one million in the United Kingdom. Together with some 123,000 persons of West African origin (largely from Ghana and Nigeria), they constitute Britain's "Afro-Caribbean" contingent. More unsettling to many Englishmen are recent arrivals from India, Pakistan, and Bangladesh. In contrast to declining birth rates among Afro-Caribbeans, Asians have steadily increased their share of all births in Britain, from 2.8 percent in 1971 to 4.5 percent in 1982. Even so, blacks and Asians account for only 2.25 million (or four percent) of Britain's 56.4 million citizens.

The minorities, especially blacks, suffer disproportionately from England's current hard times. White Britons are saddled with a jobless rate of 16.1 percent; the West Indian rate is nearly twice as high—31.4 percent. In London's poor Brixton district, or Toxteth in Liverpool, black unemployment has reached 90 percent.

Aggravating black discontent is the progress made by many recent arrivals from Asia. While most blacks rent decrepit housing in slums, more than 70 percent of all British Asians now own their own homes. Asians have also surpassed blacks (and whites in some industries) in employment rates; a large percentage are self-employed, owning small retail shops and various service stores.

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Black hostility toward the Asian newcomers has turned into violence—in riots, mob attacks, and “Paki-bashing.” During the first six months of 1985 alone, 690 cases of arson involved Asians’ homes. Some young blacks now believe that Britain is no longer simply a clear-cut world of “haves and have-nots,” says Winder, “but a three-tiered society in which Whites are first-class citizens, Asians are second-class citizens, and the Blacks are third-class citizens.”

Armenia Again?

“The Armenian Nation and the Ottoman Empire: Roots of Terrorism” by Pierre Papazian, in *The Midwest Quarterly* (Winter 1986), Pittsburg State Univ., Pittsburg, Kans. 66762-5889.

In January 1973, Gourgen Yanikian assassinated the Turkish Consul and Vice-Consul in Los Angeles. Yanikian claimed revenge for the massacre of roughly one million fellow Armenians (half the total Armenian population) by Ottoman Turks in 1915.

Since 1973, at least 41 Turkish diplomats and officials have been slain in more than 200 attacks worldwide. The worst came in July 1983, when Armenian terrorists killed five civilians and wounded 56 others during a bomb attack in Paris’s Orly airport. Claiming responsibility for most of these attacks are the Armenian Secret Army for the Liberation of Armenia and the Justice Commandos for the Armenian Genocide.

Most journalists find such outbursts perplexing, but Papazian, a historian, does not. Whereas Turkey has, since World War II, enjoyed the international limelight, a free Armenia is just a dim memory. Although the Republic of Armenia was founded in 1918, two years later it became part of Soviet territory.

Armenians, mostly Christians, have had trouble with Muslim Turks for more than 500 years. In 1453, Ottoman emperor Sultan Mehmed II forced all non-Muslims to live in “millets”—autonomous, theocratic enclaves. The millets were supposed to lessen friction between the two cultures. They did not. As the empire began to disintegrate during the 19th century, hostility between Muslims and Armenians escalated. Massacres took place in 1869, 1876, and 1878.

When Armenians launched their own revolutionary parties, the Hēnchak in 1887 and the Dashnak in 1890, the Ottomans reacted by massacring another 250,000 Armenians in 1895–96. The Turks embarked on all-out genocide in 1915, citing wartime Armenian complicity with the invading Russians as the cause. Papazian finds such an explanation wanting. The Turks could have simply imprisoned any suspected traitors and meted out justice to the guilty.

Papazian believes that the spectacular 1973 Los Angeles killing has spurred much of the recent violence. Moreover, he contends that the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) has lent a helping hand, having trained Armenian gunmen in its Mideast camps; the PLO may even have supplied arms and money for terrorist activities. In fact, he adds, the level of Armenian terrorism has almost directly paralleled the rise and (present) fall of the Palestinian terrorists in the international arena.

RESEARCH REPORTS

Reviews of new research by public agencies and private institutions

"Mexico in Crisis."

Foreign Policy Institute of the School of Advanced International Studies, 1740 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. 17 pp. \$3.95.

Author: Bruce Bagley

On January 3, 1986, President Ronald Reagan and President Miguel de la Madrid of Mexico met for their fourth "Border Summit," at Mexicali, Mexico. Both leaders waxed optimistic. Reagan praised de la Madrid's "strenuous efforts" to deal with the country's economic problems; de la Madrid hailed the Reagan administration's plan for commercial banks to lend a total of \$20 billion to Third World debtor nations between 1986 and 1989.

The upbeat rhetoric signaled an about-face in U.S.-Mexican diplomatic relations, says Bagley, associate professor of Latin American politics at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies. Both nations, he says, have been forced to find solutions to common problems.

The relationship has not always been so amicable. During the administration of José Lopez Portillo (1976-82), Washington and Mexico City squabbled often. The Reagan administration resented Portillo's enthusiasm for Nicaragua's Marxist Sandinista regime. (Between 1979 and 1982, the Mexicans sent some \$100 million in technical and economic assistance to Managua.) Administration spokesmen also lamented the increase in illegal Mexican immigrants—perhaps 1.5 to 2 million in 1985—and the growing cross-border influx of narcotics. Whether unable or unwilling, Portillo did little to mollify U.S. complaints.

Recent economic hard times, Bagley reports, have forced Mexico to pay closer attention to Washington's wishes. As the world's fourth greatest oil exporter, Mexico depends on petroleum for 45 percent of its tax revenues and 75 percent of its foreign exchange earnings. Thus, the sharp drop in the price of oil—from about \$32 per barrel in 1980 to \$13 today—has had disastrous effects on the Mexican econ-

omy. For every \$1 drop in the price of oil, the country loses \$550 million in foreign earnings each year. Mexico's foreign debt now stands at \$100 billion, second in Latin America only to Brazil. In 1985, Mexico's economy grew by just one percent, while inflation reached 60 percent. "Not since the 1930s," observes Bagley, "has this . . . nation of almost 80 million inhabitants teetered so close to the brink of financial collapse."

To shore up the national economy (further burdened by the September 1985 earthquake that did \$3 billion in damage), de la Madrid wants to borrow \$4 billion in 1986 from the International Monetary Fund (IMF), the World Bank, and foreign commercial banks. To attract their support, he has liberalized Mexico's trade policies, reduced the country's tariff and nontariff barriers to trade, and cut its budget deficit.

Moreover, de la Madrid has curbed official pro-Sandinista rhetoric, while sharply cutting back on oil shipments to Managua.

Bagley applauds de la Madrid's actions and urges the United States to give its neighbor more of a helping hand. Mexico, he points out, is the United States' third largest trading partner (behind Japan and Canada), supplying it with more oil than any other country. U.S. firms have directly invested some \$15 billion in Mexico, and U.S. banks hold more than one-half of the country's outstanding debt. As a result, according to Bagley, the United States now wants to ease Third World debt repayments (including Mexico's) to the IMF and commercial banks. The Reagan administration, he comments, has finally abandoned "the notion that the debt crisis was a problem for debtor nations and their bankers to resolve among themselves."

“Electronic Surveillance and Civil Liberties.”

Office of Technology Assessment, Washington, D.C. 20510. 72 pp. \$3.00.

Miniature cameras, electronic beepers and sensors, cellular radio interceptors, night vision systems, telephone taps, and pen registers—these are just some of the forms of electronic surveillance now used by federal agencies. While such snooping devices have become invaluable in U.S. crime-fighting efforts, Congress's Office of Technology Assessment (OTA) reports that their increasing sophistication also raises a host of legal questions.

In 1984, federal and state-approved bugs and wiretaps were at their highest level since 1973. Led by the Drug Enforcement Administration and the Federal Bureau of Investigation, some 35 federal agencies reported using electronic surveillance. (The study did *not* include the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency, or the Central Intelligence Agency.) One-quarter of all intercepted communications were deemed “incriminating in nature,” leading to 2,393 arrests.

According to the OTA, however, the

new technologies have tipped the balance between the individual's right to privacy and the government's need to detect crime—in favor of the latter. When it comes to electronic surveillance, the Fourth Amendment's proviso barring “unreasonable searches and seizures” is a fuzzy judicial guide. Only in 1967 (*Katz v. the United States*) did the Supreme Court rule that wiretapping constituted a “search.” One year later, the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act delineated the circumstances under which a judge may rule electronic snooping lawful. But the law protects only those communications audible to the human ear, allowing the unauthorized interception of data communications, electronic mail, and digital, cellular, and cordless telephone calls.

OTA recommends that Congress rewrite the Crime Control Act to guard people using these communication technologies against “unreasonable searches and seizures” by modern snooping devices.

“Closing the Gap: Forty Years of Economic Progress for Blacks.”

Rand Corporation, 1700 Main St., Santa Monica, Calif. 90406. 128 pp. \$10.00.

Authors: James P. Smith and Finis R. Welch

In 1944, the Swedish educator Gunnar Myrdal wrote, in *An American Dilemma*, that “the masses of American Negroes ... are destitute. They own little property; even their household goods are mostly inadequate and dilapidated.” Today, the image of *all* blacks as poorly housed, fed, and educated persists.

But that view of black America, say Smith and Welch, economists at Rand and the University of California, Los Angeles, respectively, is outdated. Drawing on U.S. census data, the authors detail the progress that black Americans have made

over four decades. Between 1940 and 1980, the average black man's real income (in 1984 dollars) quadrupled, from \$4,500 to \$19,000—increasing 52 percent faster than did that of his white counterpart.

The progress of blacks, the authors say, does not stem from federal favoritism or handouts. Like members of other ethnic groups, blacks have worked hard and shared in America's economic growth.

In 1940, as World War II loomed, 75 percent of all blacks lived in the South. Many of them toiled as sharecroppers, picking cotton in the fields. Nationwide,

few were well educated. While the typical white youngster received 10 years of formal schooling, blacks stayed in the classroom for only six. Only one in five black men belonged to the middle class.

But America's industrial surge changed this picture. Between 1940 and 1970, some 1.5 million blacks left the South for more lucrative factory wages in New York, Chicago, Detroit, and other Northern cities. The education and income gaps between blacks and whites soon began to narrow. By 1980, black men could report remarkable gains: Most came to their first job with a high school diploma in hand. Twenty-nine percent (or 1.3 million) actually earned more than the median white

male income (\$25,791).

Unfortunately, a growing gap has emerged between black "haves" and "have-nots." Thirty percent of all black families (and 46 percent of all black children) still live in poverty. Most of these have-not households (73 percent) are now headed by single women, often on welfare, straining to raise their children alone. Undereducated black youths still find a job hard to come by. In 1980, 22 percent were unemployed. Thus, a black "underclass" remains. But "the real story of the last 40 years," contend Smith and Welch, "has been the emergence of the black middle class, whose income gains have been real and substantial."

"The Ultimate Insiders: U.S. Senators in the National Media."

Brookings Institution, 1775 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

114 pp. \$22.95.

Author: Stephen Hess

Many Washington pundits, politicians, and scholars fear that television has created a new breed of U.S. senator, a "carefully coiffed show horse," in the words of one journalist, "who pushes a few favorite causes [and] scorns legislative chores and serious homework." But Hess, a Brookings Fellow, finds that, for the most part, senators who shape laws also make the news.

Hess ranked the news popularity of each senator in 1983. The legislators received between one and three points each time they appeared on one of the three network nightly news shows, Sunday interview programs (e.g., "Meet the Press"), and each time their names were mentioned in one of five major newspapers (the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*).

He discovered that the same handful of senators made all the news. John Glenn (D-Ohio) ranked as the Senate's top national news-maker, partly because he was a

Democratic presidential hopeful in 1983. Glenn was followed by Alan Cranston (D-Calif.), Howard Baker (R-Tenn.), Robert Dole (R-Kan.), and Gary Hart (D-Colo.). Most other senators received scant media attention. Two-thirds of the legislators appeared on the TV network news programs fewer than five times all year.

Moreover, Hess notes, "Senators' media coverage is virtually predetermined by their place in the hierarchy of the Senate, their committee membership, and their association with particular issues." Twenty-three of the top 33 news-making senators held leadership positions. Hess credited about 80 percent of the news coverage of senators Charles Percy (R-Ill.) and Pete Domenici (R-N.M.) to their chairmanship of, respectively, the Senate Foreign Relations and Budget committees.

Journalists "focus on those senators who seem to wield institutional power," Hess concludes. "Today those who do the work get most of the publicity."



A fanciful 1951 sketch of a Hollywood studio cafeteria, showing, among others, Bob Hope, Gary Cooper, Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre, Tallulah Bankhead, Orson Welles, Charlie Chaplin, Fred Astaire, Edward G. Robinson, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Al Jolson.

The Movies in America

Sixty years ago, American moviegoers were dazzled by *Don Juan* (starring John Barrymore), the first film ever made with synchronized, pre-recorded sound. The "talkies" revived the flagging appeal of Hollywood's products and created new stars for the young to idolize and imitate. Today's movies, seen on the screen, on TV, and, lately, on videocassettes, reach an even wider audience. *National Lampoon's Animal House* sparked a collegiate craze for food fights and toga parties; *Star Wars* gave us "the Force" and a name for President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative. And critics debate the political significance of Sylvester Stallone's *Rambo* dramas. Here, Douglas Gomery explains how Hollywood works; Noël Carroll argues that current film fare is more escapist than ever before; and David Bordwell appraises the dilemmas of today's cinematic avant-garde.

HOLLYWOOD'S BUSINESS

by Douglas Gomery

Andy Warhol is lunching poolside, amid the palm trees and exotic bird-of-paradise flowers. CBS News's Mike Wallace has already dashed off for a taping, but director Robert Benton is still sunning himself on one of the 200 chaise longues. Nearby, a young Paramount Pictures executive is poring over a script. Gossip hounds Susan Mulcahy of the *New York Post* and Barbara Howar of "Entertainment Tonight" are sniffing out stories. In a yellow-and-white striped cabana (rent: \$35 per day), executives from Tri-Star Pictures shake hands on a new venture with a group of movie producers.

It is just another day, as the *Wall Street Journal* reported last year, at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool, long "the watering spot where movie stars and moguls meet to make deals." The hotel management even furnishes poolside secretarial service. In Hollywood legend, the Olympic-size pool (for hotel guests only; their visitors pay \$10 for admission) rivals Schwab's Pharmacy as the place to go if you want to

be "discovered." Even the pool's manager, Svend Peterson, has appeared on the big screen, in bit parts in *The Prize* (1963) and *Torn Curtain* (1966). He keeps his Screen Actors Guild membership current, just in case. Robert Evans, who became the producer of *Chinatown* (1974) and *The Cotton Club* (1984), was a women's clothing manufacturer until destiny plucked him from his Beverly Hills Hotel lounge chair three decades ago.

A mile or two down Sunset Boulevard is the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA) film school, which emerged during the 1970s, along with the University of Southern California (USC) film school across town, as another launch pad for success. Enroll, Hollywood lore says, and before long the film school "mafia," led by George Lucas (B.A., USC, 1966) and Francis Ford Coppola (M.A., UCLA, 1968), will discover you.

Unfortunately, neither the "by-the-pool" nor the "at-school" method has ever produced a very high individual success rate. For anybody who really wants to make it to the top in Hollywood, who wants to be in a position to hire and fire the movie crowd at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool, there is a much clearer path: Go to law school, land a job with one of the conglomerates that dominate the movie business, and slowly work your way up.

The \$1 Billion Question

That is how Ned Tanen of Paramount Pictures and Frank G. Wells of Walt Disney Productions did it.

Hollywood's executives preside over an industry whose public profile far exceeds its economic heft. The annual net *profits* of the International Business Machines Corporation (IBM) are greater than the domestic box-office revenues (\$4.2 billion) of the entire U.S. motion picture industry. Including cameramen, actors, secretaries, and film editors (but not theater personnel), it employs only 220,000 people. Why all the glamor? Some of it comes from the high-stakes character of the business and the enormous earnings of the stars. The difference in gross revenues between an expensive flop like *Heaven's Gate* (1980) and a smash hit like *Star Wars* (1977) can amount over a period of years to nearly \$1 billion. Big films, such as *Jaws* (1975), *Out of Africa* (1985), and *The Color Purple* (1985), can leave their mark on fashion, fads, behavior, and, sometimes, pub-

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Americans love to go to the movies, especially to see love bloom. And Hollywood rarely forgets the romantic "angle." *Boy Meets Girl*—*Boy Loses Girl*—*Boy Gets Girl* was the theme of three "Andy Hardy" pictures starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland between 1938 and 1941.

lic debate. But, above all, Hollywood captures the popular imagination because it is still the nation's (and the world's) "dream machine," projecting private hopes and fantasies and fears onto a big screen for all to see and share.

Despite some considerable changes in the way Hollywood does business, an industry "insider" from the 1930s would still recognize today's dominant companies. Gone are the flamboyantly tyrannical movie moguls like Louis B. Mayer and Darryl F. Zanuck, the paternalistic studio system, and Hollywood's old monopoly on stardom, American-style. Many of the vast and glorious backlots, where the likes of Gary Cooper faced *High Noon* (1952) and Gene Kelly went *Singin' in the Rain* (1952) have disappeared or shrunk, now occupied by office buildings and hotels.

Yet there is one constant on the Hollywood scene: Eight multinational corporations formed more than 50 years ago still have hegemony over the production and worldwide distribution of feature films. Of the old Hollywood film factory giants, only RKO (producer of the 1933 version of *King Kong* and those dazzling Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musicals) has gone under, dismantled during the 1950s by its owner, the eccentric billionaire Howard Hughes.

Studio executives still make or break the careers of the Robert Evanses, Jessica Langes, and Richard Geres. They also decide whether to distribute the films of George Lucas, Francis Ford Coppola, and those of every one of Hollywood's legion of aspiring

producers and directors. And without a studio distribution contract, few film-makers can raise the \$12 million required for the average Hollywood production budget, even if they spend a lifetime at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool. (Distribution and advertising expenses add at least another 50 percent to a movie's costs.) Orson Welles, the brilliant director of *Citizen Kane* (1941) who died last year, never directed another major release after *Touch of Evil* (1957) because the studios viewed him, as his biographer Joseph McBride put it, as a "wastrel, a rebel, a continuing challenge to the Hollywood system."

"The new Hollywood," as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (MGM) executive vice-president David Chasman observed in 1981, "is very much like the old Hollywood."

Citadels of Fantasy

The Big Eight studios have survived repeated challenges: the breakup of their theater networks, the rise of broadcast television, the advent of cable and "pay" television, and, most recently, the videocassette revolution. They show no signs of weakening. The studios, despite their age, are among the nation's most adaptable, agile corporations.

Today, old-fashioned entrepreneurs own just three of the eight studios—20th Century-Fox, MGM, and United Artists Communications. Yet their economic reach vastly exceeds anything ever dreamed of by the moguls of Hollywood's Golden Age.

The Australian-born press lord Rupert Murdoch, for example, created America's first vertically integrated movie-television company when he bought 20th Century-Fox for \$575 million in 1985 and combined it with the chain of six big-city independent TV stations that he recently acquired from Metromedia Television. This means that a Fox-made film such as *The Jewel of the Nile* (1985) can be shown by the new Fox TV stations after it appears in the nation's theaters, keeping all the film's revenues within the corporate family. Ultimately, Murdoch hopes to create a fourth television network to challenge ABC, CBS, and NBC.

Ted Turner of cable television fame agreed to buy MGM in 1985 for similar reasons: MGM's film library will feed his television operations. He made the deal with Kirk Kerkorian, another entrepreneur who still owns United Artists, which he acquired in 1981.

Two of the Big Eight are now subunits of large, diversified conglomerates: Columbia Pictures Industries has been a division of the Coca-Cola Company since 1982. And Paramount Pictures is the corporate stepchild of a billion-dollar giant, Gulf & Western Industries. Hollywood still prides itself on being a liberal, "creative" community—although Orson Welles once lamented the "gray flannel shadow" over Movieland—and not a few of its celebrities are chor-

ting over the tribulations of the buttoned-down corporate types from Coca-Cola, which has not been notably successful in the motion picture business.

In recent years, top honors at the box office have gone to studios owned by two conglomerates that specialize in entertainment: Warner Brothers, owned by Warner Communications, and Universal, a division of MCA. (MCA, following the Murdoch-Turner strategy, recently bought an independent New York television station for \$387 million.) The Disney studio, part of the Disney entertainment conglomerate, has not done so well. But with the release of *Down and Out in Beverly Hills* (1986) under its new Touchstone Films banner, it is now pursuing adult audiences, and greater profits.

In Hollywood parlance, the Big Eight corporations are "the majors." Year in, year out, they control almost 80 percent of the movie business in the United States and approximately half the market in Sweden, West Germany, and several other nations in Western Europe, not to mention Asia. (Hollywood derives roughly 50 percent of its revenues from overseas film rentals.) Every few years, a couple of bold pretenders (recently, Orion Pictures and New World Pictures) emerge to challenge the Big Eight at home, and as often as not they



*Louis B. Mayer, head of production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, huddles with producer Cecil B. DeMille to consider plans for *Dynamite* (1929).*

PUTTING TOGETHER *TOOTSIE*

For each of the 350 or more feature films that Hollywood turns out every year, there is a "story" behind the story. But "saga" may be a better word for the making of *Tootsie*.

Tootsie was born during the 1970s as a script called *Would I Lie to You?* by a little-known writer-director named Don McGuire. Purchased by theater owner Henry Plitt and two partners, it made the rounds of Hollywood producers, directors, and agents until 1978, when it landed in the hands of comedian Buddy Hackett. Hackett wanted to play one of the supporting roles, so he took the script to a producer, Charles Evans. Evans bought an "option" on it. (Because of long delays in beginning production, he would be forced to pay to renew the option "one or two" more times.)

Months later, Evans convinced his friend, Dick Richards, director of *Farewell, My Lovely*, to show the "property" to Dustin Hoffman, his partner in a "property development" firm. Hoffman, reports author Susan Dworkin in *Making Tootsie* (1983), liked it immediately. Thus began a commitment that was to last nearly four years.

Hoffman wanted complete creative control, and he insisted that Hal Ashby direct the picture. Evans kicked himself upstairs to executive producer; Dick Richards dropped out entirely (so, eventually, did Buddy Hackett). But with a star like Hoffman on board, Evans had no trouble convincing Columbia Pictures to advance a few hundred thousand dollars in "development" money.

Hoffman set to work rewriting the story with his friend, playwright Murray Schisgal, while interviewing actors and actresses and painstakingly perfecting his make-up.



In the autumn of 1981, Columbia executives, acting as mediators, reported that Ashby was unavailable. Sydney Pollack, however, was free, and they favored him because he was a sound investment: Six of his last eight pictures had been money-makers. But Pollack would sign on only if he was guaranteed control over the "final cut"—the final version. Hoffman agreed. Pollack became both producer and director of the picture.

By November 1981, all of the principals were ready to sign on the dotted line. *Tootsie* (Hoffman's title) became a Columbia Pictures presentation of a Sydney Pollack Film, A Mirage/Punch Production. Mirage is Pollack's production company; Punch, Hoffman's. The deal: Columbia agreed to finance production of the movie from its own revolving line of bank credit to the tune of \$20 million. (Usually producers must corral outside investors to finance a film; movie investments are a popular tax shelter.) Hoffman was to be paid \$4.5 million plus a percentage of the profits; Pollack would get \$2 million and a percentage. Among the others entitled to a cut of the profits was Don McGuire, the original writer but long out of the picture.

Money in hand, Pollack (with Hoffman's help) hired his own team—55 actors and actresses and a production crew of 65 (including assistant directors, cameramen, a transportation “captain”). Hoffman's co-stars—Jessica Lange, Teri Garr, Bill Murray—were signed up. Also on Pollack's staff was a production manager who would file daily budget reports with Columbia.

During nine days of meetings at Pollack's beach house, Hoffman, Pollack, and writer Larry (*M*A*S*H*) Gelbart, who, at Columbia's urging, had replaced Murray Schisgal, worked over the script yet again. By now, the basic plot was clear: An out-of-work actor masquerades as an actress and becomes the star of a TV soap opera. Ultimately, eight writers labored over the script, at a cost of some \$1.5 million.

Filming began in New York City on April Fool's Day 1982, lasting, as *New Yorker* film critic Pauline Kael put it, a “rather scandalous” 98 days—23 days over schedule. The production budget was set at \$80,000 a day, or \$110 per minute, using the usual 12-hour workday. Having sacrificed his “final cut” privileges, Hoffman knew that he would have to fight his creative battles during the filming—he and Pollack often debated acting technique, dialogue, and lighting as the cast and crew waited. Several times, Hoffman's heavy make-up brought out a rash, delaying shooting.

By late August, when filming (all of it on location in Manhattan and upstate New York) was finished, the picture was way behind schedule for its planned Christmas 1982 release. Pollack had to have a rough cut ready to screen for theater owners by mid-October, and a completed film to show critics by mid-November. He flew back to Hollywood the day the last scene was shot, missing the cast's “wrap” party. Using a cutting room rented from Columbia, he edited the film in five weeks



instead of the usual five to six months. Among his concerns: shaping the film to get a PG (Parental Guidance) rating and attract the “family” audience. “For me,” says Pollack, “every picture is . . . a hopeless disaster until a certain point in the editing.”

Tootsie turned out to be one of the 20 percent of Hollywood films that have a happy ending: It made money, becoming the hit of the 1982 Christmas season. (According to the Motion Picture Association of America, 60 percent of all feature films never recover their costs, 20 percent break even, and the rest make money.) A year later, Home Box Office bought the cable rights to *Tootsie* for a reported \$20 million, and Columbia signed a deal to bring out a *Tootsie* videocassette priced at \$79.95. In September 1985, the movie had its TV premiere on ABC.

Four years after its release, *Tootsie*'s revenues are still rolling in. The “bottom line” will not be known for years, but Columbia's yield from rentals to U.S. and Canadian theaters alone topped \$95 million, making *Tootsie* number 11 on *Variety*'s list of all-time hits.

succeed in creating a modest hit or two. But no challenger has survived over the long haul.*

There is no secret to the majors' success. In essence, their power derives, as it always has, from their ability to distribute films. At considerable expense, they maintain offices in about 25 cities in America (and up to 65 overseas), where their representatives are in constant contact with the heads of regional theater chains. The studios' "hit parade" record at the box office is what impels theater owners (a conservative lot) to rent their products.† In the "new" Hollywood, there are dozens of independent producers, but virtually all of them pay the big studios to distribute their films.

In 1945, during the high tide of movie-going in America, the majors owned most of the nation's movie theaters. Downtown "picture palaces"—the Paramount in New York, the Oriental in Chicago, the Mastbaum in Philadelphia—were the showcases of the system. "In Hollywood's heyday," notes *Time* magazine, "the films were only celluloid but the cinemas that showed them were marble citadels of fantasy and opulence . . . some of the most exuberantly romantic architecture ever conceived in the U.S." Marcus Loew, the founder of MGM, once said, "We sell tickets to theaters, not movies."

Guess Who's Going to the Movies?

From these Xanadus, with their baroque architectural splendor and acres of seats, came the bulk of any film's revenues, even though smaller neighborhood houses, with about 500 seats, outnumbered the dream palaces by 9 to 1. In the years right after World War II, the theaters sold some 90 million tickets every week.

That all began to change in 1948, when the U.S. Supreme Court declined to hear an appeal of the Paramount antitrust case, forcing the majors to sell their theater holdings. They gradually divested themselves during the next decade—just in the nick of time, as it turned out. As middle-class Americans migrated to the suburbs, many of the downtown movie houses decayed or closed their doors.

Today, 50 regionally based companies dominate the film exhibition business, led by Cineplex Odeon, General Cinema, and United Artists Communications, each with more than 1,000 screens. (Total screens in the North American market: 20,200.) Many of these new

*The U.S. film industry is unique: In the nations of Western Europe (including Great Britain) and most other areas of the world, directors and producers must secure the backing of a single national government-owned film production authority. The search for more money and wider film distribution occasionally drives noted foreign directors such as Ingmar Bergman and Kurosawa Akira to Hollywood.

†The studios and the theaters engage in a never-ending tug-of-war. The studios' revenues come from the rental fee and a share of the box-office receipts; both sums are negotiable. To enlarge "profit centers" in which the studios cannot share, some theater owners now deploy ushers hawking popcorn and soft drinks in the aisles as well as in the lobby. One reason: Three cents worth of popcorn can be sold for \$1. Theaters now ring up some \$340 million in popcorn sales annually.



Among the matters carefully negotiated in Hollywood contracts are where and how credits will appear in movie advertisements. Here, nobody won billing above the title, a prime spot. But producer-director Paul Mazursky's name appears four times. While all three star actors are listed in the same size type, Nick Nolte has top billing.

film exhibition giants got their start as operators of drive-in theaters, the "passion pits" of the 1950s. They prospered not only because they offered a trysting place for older adolescents but because they offered a cheap night out for young parents—they could put the kids in the car's backseat, no babysitter needed. (Some families also threw their dirty laundry in the trunk: A few drive-ins offered laundromats for overworked mothers.) Opening a drive-in required only a fence, a macadam parking lot, some speakers for the cars, a projector, and an enormous screen. Best of all, the drive-ins could be built on cheap land at the edge of town.

As the suburbs matured and land became relatively more expensive, "hardtop" cinemas enjoyed a comeback, usually in the form of mini-cinemas with a couple of hundred seats squeezed into a plain box shell in a shopping center. Then, during the 1970s, came the cineplexes, usually with three to 12 screens under one roof.

In a way, the exhibition business has come full circle: The new cineplexes essentially are unadorned, chopped up versions of the glorious Paramounts and Orientals of old. (A few new theaters are even putting on some frills again to lure customers.) The economics, as *Fortune* magazine explained earlier this year, is simple. "A theater with four screens, roughly the national average, is four times more likely than a one-screen house to book a hit picture." A hit movie can be shifted to a big room, a dud to a smaller one.

ROOM AT THE TOP

In his novel Her Only Sin (1985), a portrait of one Susan-Marie Warmack, who becomes a successful Hollywood studio executive, scriptwriter Benjamin Stein describes the anxieties among those who make it to the stratosphere:

On Saturdays I often drove out to the Malibu Colony to visit Susan-Marie and [her husband] Paul. They had calls to make and scripts to read. I, the perpetual tourist, would walk along the beach and look at the millionaires. The more spectacular their manse, the more angry, terrified, and vulpine were the looks on their faces, like Damascus street assassins in gold and tailored leather, perpetually on guard against a return to dusty souks and goat's cheese. . . .

Still, I could easily see the attraction of Hollywood despite its liars, its thieves, its heartbreak, and its fundamental confusion about human life.

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For six months a redheaded waiter served me and my various dates seaweed, dumplings, and spicy beef at Mr. Chow. Then one day he sold a script to Columbia. He got forty thousand for a first draft and a set of revisions, and then he was officially a writer. . . . The pool man for my apartment building used to bring around his girlfriend. She was a redneck with tiny features and dirty blond hair. The pool man also serviced the pool of Leonard Spellberg in West Hollywood. He saw her stretching out to rake the bottom of the pool one day while she was wearing tight white shorts. In a year, she was a regular on "The Emperor's New Clothes," a long-running series about the play and intrigues of the rich in Boca Raton. One year after that she owned the apartment building where I lived.

Seemingly, Hollywood was the Philosophers' Stone of human morphology. It could make small people big and poor people rich. More important, Hollywood could do all of this as if by magic, overnight, while the subject of the experiment in metamorphosis was sleeping, so to speak. You simply came to town, put down your number by being thin and available, and you took your chance.

The fact was that Hollywood did not make the waiter strong and happy. It did not make the pool man's girlfriend serene and contented. . . . Hollywood took those people and gave them a lifelong anxiety attack: Will my contract be renewed? Will I be able to afford the \$10,000-a-month payments on my house? . . . I am up in the stratosphere, but will I be able to stay here? Will someone younger and thinner and hipper and *luckier* come along to take my place on Parnassus and Vine?

After all, if [the newcomers] were sent heavenward by divine interference and not by any kind of real world effort and discipline, if they had simply made it because of a stroke of luck, they had to know that it could all be taken away by another stroke—of *bad* luck.

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The cineplexes are far better suited to the film release patterns that developed as the majors sold off their theater holdings. Under the old system, the studios turned out nearly a picture a week to feed their chains: A film would open for a week at downtown picture palaces, return a few months later for a week at the larger neighborhood houses, then appear on successively lower rungs of the distribution ladder. At each step down, the price of admission dropped.

"Once separated from their theater chains," writes film historian Arthur Knight, "the studio heads quickly realized that they no longer had to supply a new movie each week for their own houses. They cut back on their production schedules." The change spelled the end of the already ailing studio system: Why keep stars and directors and screenwriters on costly year-round contracts merely to work on two or three films a year?

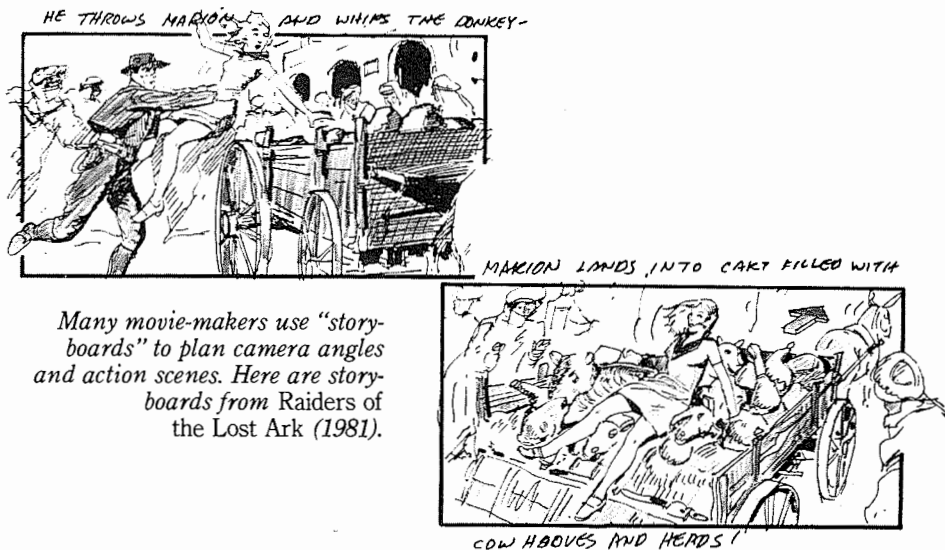
Viewing patterns also changed. After 1948, television siphoned off part of the film audience, and moviegoers who once went to the pictures no matter what was showing changed their ways. "Filmgoing used to be part of the social fabric," observes Art Murphy, a USC film professor. "Now it's an impulse purchase."

After dropping from a peak of 4.5 billion during the late 1940s, annual admissions leveled off at about one billion during the 1960s and have remained relatively steady at that number. Considering the growth of the population, this represents about a 25 percent decline in the proportion of the U.S. population going to the movies. At the same time, the composition of the movie-going audience has changed. The new schedule targets today's biggest ticket buyers: Teen-agers on school vacations. According to the *1986 International Motion Picture Almanac*, young people aged 12 to 19 make up 40 percent of the typical movie theater audience. They go out to the movies almost three times as often as their parents or grandparents. The over-40 set accounts for a mere 15 percent of ticket sales.

Adapting to TV

In the cineplex world, summer, beginning before Memorial Day and ending on the Labor Day weekend, is the season when the majors unleash their hoped-for hits. Blockbusters such as *Back to the Future* (1985) hang on for months, sometimes even a year. According to *Variety*, the industry's trade newspaper, the summer movie season accounts for nearly 50 percent of the domestic box-office take. The Christmas and Easter vacation periods are also peak periods.

Where have the older folks gone? Literally, nowhere. Most are staying home, parked in front of their television sets. The "tube" serves up not only cop shows and other standard TV fare, but a surprising number of Hollywood productions. A quick survey of *TV Guide* reveals that about one-quarter of the average television broad-



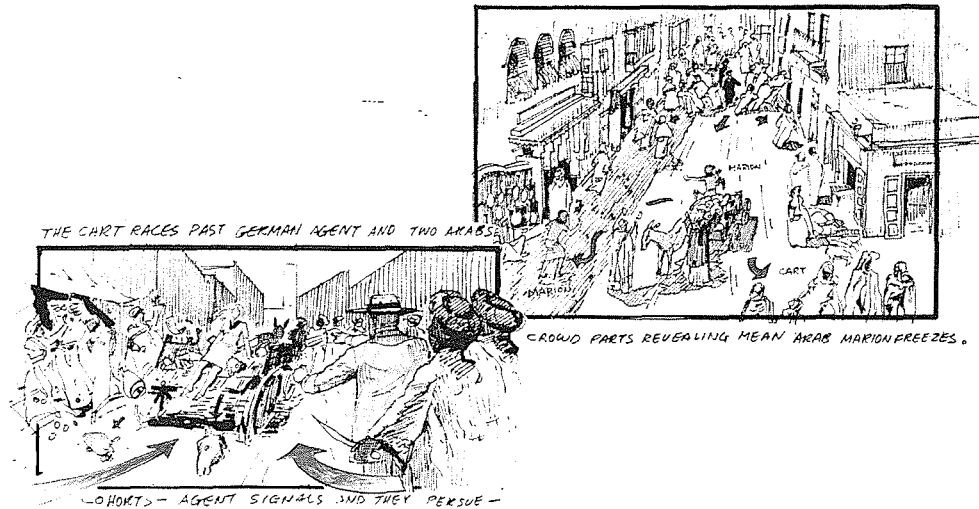
Many movie-makers use "storyboards" to plan camera angles and action scenes. Here are storyboards from *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (1981).

cast day is devoted to movies, most of them aired by independent stations. Add cable television's film-heavy menu and the movie time vastly increases.

During the late 1940s, the majors had tried to deal with the rise of television in a number of ways: Several attempted (unsuccessfully) to establish their own television networks or to ally themselves with existing ones. Others tried to offer more of what the public could not get from television. They came up with "3D" films, wide-screen pictures, and, in two extremely short-lived experiments, AromaRama and Smell-O-Vision. The big shift began in 1955 when Howard Hughes, then in the process of dismantling RKO, agreed to rent pre-1948 RKO feature films to the fledgling TV networks. One by one the major studios followed suit.

Thereafter, Hollywood became indispensable to television. By the late 1950s, all of the major studios had plunged into the production of TV series. Universal's television division now boasts such prime-time hits as *Miami Vice* and *Murder, She Wrote*.* During the 1960s, Hollywood began to rent recent films (usually three to five years old) to the television networks, which, thus provisioned, mounted a "Night at the Movies" for every night of the week.

*The studios are deeply involved in the production of television shows. Even without their old backlots, they retain the sound stages, prop collections, and managerial talent needed to mount elaborate prime-time series, as well as mini-series and dramatic anthologies such as Steven Spielberg's *Amazing Stories*. (Situation comedies, game shows, and soap operas are the province not of major studios but of specialized TV production companies.) In some ways, the studios' TV operations recall the old days: To work on television programs, Universal, for example, keeps over 100 writers and producers on contract.



Unhappy with the ever-increasing rents that they were paying for Hollywood studio features, the networks moved during the 1960s to create their own movie fare—the made-for-TV movie, then the mini-series and novel-for-television. Some critics dismiss these low-budget productions as the “disease of the week,” but in reality today’s made-for-TV dramas are successors to Hollywood’s “B” movies of yore. In any event, these in-house TV products have not eliminated the networks’ need to rent Hollywood films.

In 1972, Time Inc. entered the fray with Home Box Office (HBO), which for a modest monthly fee of about \$10 offered cable television viewers recent Hollywood motion pictures uncut and uninterrupted by commercials. For the first time in the television age, a way had been found to make viewers pay for what they watched in their living rooms. Thus, the term “pay television.” The result was aptly summed up by a headline in *Broadcasting* magazine: “Ten Years That Changed the World of Telecommunications.”*

Four years after HBO appeared, Sony introduced its revolutionary Betamax half-inch home videocassette recorder (VCR). Originally priced over \$1,000 (double that in today’s dollars), the cost of Beta machines and their newer rivals, the VHS, dropped to just over \$300 by 1986. And the price keeps falling. An enthusiastic American public

*For the film buff, the “superstations” offered by ordinary cable television are even better than HBO. Consider Ted Turner’s WTBS in Atlanta. Turner took a typical local independent station, complete with its commercials, sports, series reruns, and old movies, and beamed its output to America’s cable systems via satellite. Turner makes his money chiefly by charging advertisers premium rates to reach his large audience. Perhaps half of WTBS’s airtime goes to old films, providing a rich repertory cinema in the home.

has snapped up some 25 million machines; the industry expects to sell 10 million more in 1986. Such numbers, notes *Washington Post* critic Tom Shales, give "home video nearly the penetration of cable TV and, thus, virtual 'mass medium' standing."

From the beginning, Hollywood loathed the new machine. In allowing VCR owners to tape movies from their television sets, and to control when and where they would view pre-recorded films, the device seemed designed to rob Hollywood and the movie theaters of patrons. The VCR, declared Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, "is a *parasitical* instrument."

The Future As Rerun

But, characteristically, Hollywood has already found a way to make the most of the VCR.

At first, the studios tried to sell pre-recorded movies to the public. But the \$80 price tag on most popular films kept the public away in droves. Then, in 1980, local entrepreneurs began to buy multiple copies of pre-recorded tapes and offer them for rent. By the mid-1980s stores renting video tapes seemed to be popping up on every street corner. Record stores and even grocery stores jumped into the business, including, most recently, the Southland Corporation, with a trial run in some of its 7,250 7-Eleven stores in the United States. These outlets are something like the old neighborhood picture houses—except that today's most popular neighborhood theater is the living room.

The studios have been quick to capitalize on the trend. In 1985, they grossed \$1.5 billion at the box office, and between \$1.5 billion and \$1.8 billion from sales of videocassettes, mostly to the rental clubs. Complaining that there is not enough "product" to satisfy demand, one videocassette manufacturer has announced plans to make its own films.

Videocassettes have created new markets. Some films only become hits when released as videos. For example, director Martin Scorsese's *Scarface* (1984) did reasonably well for Universal at the box office but later commanded the top spot among VCR rentals, thus gaining a fresh new audience.

Citing the 12 percent drop in theater attendance in 1985, the head of one large theater chain remarked recently, "Anyone who doesn't believe videocassettes are devastating competition to theaters is a fool." But Richard Fox, head of the National Association of Theater Owners, thinks that Hollywood "just didn't make the movies people wanted to see this year." The only certain victims of the VCR revolution are pornographic movie houses: As many as 40 percent of them have closed their doors since viewers gained the ability to watch movies of their choice at home.

For better or worse, the VCR is making an impact on everybody who shows motion pictures. Paradoxically, new movie screens are now going up at the fastest pace since the 1920s, mostly in shopping malls in America's outer suburbs and in affluent city neighborhoods. Why? In order to offer movie-lovers ease of access to the latest in first-run Hollywood films. For their part, HBO and other pay television channels are fighting back against the VCR by offering one-time "pay per view" showings of new films after they debut in the theaters but before they appear on videocassettes.

All of this competition guarantees that the TV networks will reduce their reliance on Hollywood's motion pictures. The trend is already well advanced. When CBS aired *Star Wars* in February 1984, that blockbuster looked to be a sure-fire ratings hit. The network doubled its prime-time ad prices. Then *Star Wars* was beaten in the ratings by ABC's *Lace*, a steamy, made-for-TV movie that cost only \$3 million to make, less than half what CBS had paid to rent *Star Wars*. Yet, as the networks seek alternatives to Big Eight products, the cable superstations and over-the-air independent TV stations will gladly take up the slack, gradually moving toward round-the-clock showings of the best and worst of Hollywood's past.

All of these changes, from the expansion of cable to the rise of the VCR, add up to one clear trend. More and more people are going to be watching more and more motion pictures. And to filmdom's Big Eight, that is nothing but good news, for they will still be shaping most of what people watch.

In Hollywood, the past exists only on film and in memory, and many of the film colony's older folk mourn the Golden Age. The parties were grander, the celebrities more glamorous, the studios more magnificent. But, such memories aside, it is remarkable how little has changed during the last 60 years. The cast of characters is different, but the same studios still direct the action. Old patterns of doing business have survived into the age of television and the VCR. Aiming at new generations of movie-viewers, the studios even turn out the same kinds of pictures—science fiction, Westerns, horror films—in the same predictable cycles. And every picture still represents a big-money gamble on public taste. In more ways than one would have imagined, watching the business of Hollywood today is like watching an old movie that one has seen before.



BACK TO BASICS

by Noël Carroll

Vampires from outer space, pirate treasure, time machines, cowboys defending homesteaders, dinosaurs, a half-naked warrior vanquishing hordes of enemies, a house that turns into the biggest popcorn machine in history.

These are the images you would have seen in some of Hollywood's major productions of the past year—in *Lifeforce*, *The Goonies*, *Back to the Future*, *Silverado*, *My Science Project*, *Rambo: First Blood Part II*, and *Real Genius*.

This list may remind some older Americans of the kinds of movie choices they faced when they were children during the 1930s, '40s, or '50s. Those films could be neatly defined—as science fiction, horror, Westerns, war pictures, and slapstick comedies. For critics and movie-makers, these labels, along with others, such as musicals, mysteries, and thrillers, sort out the major film "genres."

A decade and a half ago, the genre film seemed close to becoming an endangered species. Hollywood had largely turned away from the old standbys, seemingly forever (although it still produced a fair number of them), in favor of more experimental films in the vein of *Steelyard Blues* and *Five Easy Pieces*. "What these films—and others—had in common," writes Arthur Knight, a film historian, "was their articulation of contemporary attitudes and emotions, in a language that had its own modern rhythms and nuances."

But Hollywood attentively follows ticket sales at the box office, and by the mid-1970s, the movie-going public was telling studio executives that it wanted old-fashioned genre films again. This time, instead of churning out simple copies of past hits, Hollywood produced fairly sophisticated confections, larded with in-jokes and arcane allusions to motion picture history. Few in the audience understood those references, but crowds flocked to the new movies—science fiction, Westerns, and other variations on old recipes.

Genres, of course, have shaped film production almost since the beginnings of cinema.* The Frenchman George Méliès enthralled turn-of-the-century audiences with "trick" films that exploited special effects in frame after frame of miraculous disappearances, apparitions,

*The word *genre* comes from the Latin *genus*, a kind or a sort, a category based on regularly recurring patterns. Westerns, for example, repeat certain settings (the American West in the 19th century), actions (gunfights), and certain hero-villain plot structures. But there is no one set of criteria for identifying genres. A Western must be set in the West, but a musical can be set in any time or place, as long as there is singing and dancing. A *film noir*, on the other hand, has more specific demands: a downbeat mood, signaled by dark lighting and rain-slick streets, a contemporary setting, and a pessimistic plot line. Horror films, to cite a final example, are named after the emotion they provoke.



Half man, half fish, the Creature from the Black Lagoon was one of many screen monsters that appeared during the 1950s.

tions, and transformations. Later, chase, escape, and rescue films, perfected during the 1910s by D. W. Griffith and others, introduced suspense as a staple ingredient of the cinema. The 1920s call to mind the great slapstick comedies of the Keystone Kops and Charlie Chaplin; the years of the Great Depression seem inextricably bound up with escapist musicals, swashbucklers, gangster films, and horror shows; the late 1940s recall the *film noir*; the 1950s, Westerns, science fiction, and thrillers.

During Hollywood's Golden Era, the general notion of genres provided film-makers with ready-made formulas for large numbers of films. A genre label, the studios discovered, helped a film find an audience. Musical fans could be counted on to turn out for the latest Busby Berkeley creation; werewolf lovers would pay to see many of the movies of that genre. Moreover, the reliance on genre production supplied a sort of common language for the film-maker and the audience. Knowing that the audience was aware of the assumptions and conventions of the form—that, for example, in horror films vampires abhor daylight—directors could spare lengthy exposition in favor of continuous action.

In the hands of an especially talented director, the shared genre

"vocabulary" was not just a short cut but a means of creative expression. When Orson Welles opened *Citizen Kane* (1941) with a shot of an old, dark house on a hill, for example, he artfully used the imagery of the horror movie to convey the sense that his film (a thinly veiled portrait of ambitious newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst) would deal with the hidden and unholy. And Alfred Hitchcock often invoked the conventions of the thriller in order to make jokes. In *Strangers on the Train* (1951), the murderer and the hero's wife take a ride in an amusement park's Tunnel of Love. A shadow appears; there is a shriek. But when the pair reappears, the audience discovers that they have simply been flirting.

Finding a Formula

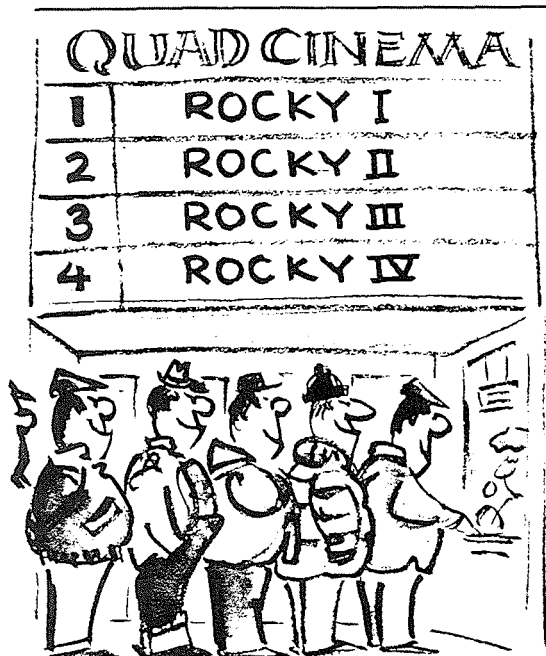
From the studios' perspective, genres were useful in plotting production strategy. Genre films come in cycles: On the principle that nothing succeeds like success, Hollywood would follow one box-office genre hit with many clones. Each would be refined in its own way. "It is as if with each commercial effort, the studios suggested another variation on cinematic conventions," writes Thomas Schatz, a University of Texas film scholar, "and the audience indicated whether the inventive variations would... be conventionalized through their repeated usage." As the audience for one genre was exhausted, the studios could then revive and promote another genre that had lain dormant for several years.

During the late 1930s and early '40s, for example, Hollywood tried, without much success, to repeat the popular horror cycle of the early Great Depression years. Make-up men busied themselves with *Son of Frankenstein*, *Ghost of Frankenstein*, and *House of Frankenstein*, as well as *Son of Dracula* and *House of Dracula*. During the same era, comedians Abbott and Costello met monsters W, X, Y, and Z.

More than one film critic has seen the constant repetition and recycling in the history of popular movies as a sign that celluloid is a significant repository of contemporary myth. "When a film achieves a certain success," the French director François Truffaut observed in 1972, "it becomes a sociological event, and the question of its quality becomes secondary." Laconic cowpokes, bug-eyed monsters, singing sailors, and sinister, domineering gangsters rehearse on the screen the audience's hopes and fears, its notions of loyalty and authority, of masculinity and femininity.

The chief preoccupations of each genre tend to change very

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In Hollywood, there is never too much of a good thing. Each of Sylvester Stallone's Rocky movies has earned more than \$40 million at the box office.

little over time, but the inflections shift from one cycle to the next. Take the horror film. Its essential ingredient is *Otherness*, epitomized by a monster. Frankenstein, Dracula, and the Mummy made their screen debuts during the early 1930s, when distraction from the day-to-day difficulties of the Depression was good box office. Often, the movie monsters of the 1930s were themselves creatures of some pathos: Not a few tears were shed in movie houses over the demise of King Kong. But when Hollywood recycled the horror genre during the 1950s, the early Cold War years, things had changed. There was nothing sympathetic about the giant insects and repulsive aliens who ravaged the cinematic Earth during those years. In *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1956), for example, aliens from outer space slowly infiltrate a California town, taking over the bodies of its human inhabitants. Only one telltale sign gives the aliens away: They lack emotion. The Other had become a completely repulsive force bent on dehumanizing us, a stand-in for the Soviet menace.

By the late 1960s, however, it appeared that the curtain was coming down on genre movies. Amid growing domestic disarray over the war in South Vietnam and black riots in the nation's big cities, none of the old formulas seemed to work, on the silver screen or in real life. Most clearly, there was bad news at the box office.

In their perpetual quest to offer something TV could not, the studios had hit on two new high-budget genres during the early 1960s. Epic spectacles such as *Ben Hur*, *Lawrence of Arabia*, and

THE CRITICS

Anybody who knows anything much about current movies knows these chaps. One is tall and thin, described by his partner as "cold and detached" on-camera; the other is short, a bit on the rotund side, voluble.

They are not actors. They do not even live in Hollywood. They are Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert, the odd-couple hosts of "At the Movies," a weekly half-hour syndicated TV show, based in Chicago, in which they applaud and/or deplore Hollywood's latest offerings. And Hollywood listens. "We pore over every word," one Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive said a few years ago.

Few of the duo's counterparts at newspapers and magazines can claim as much influence. Movie reviews have been around since the earliest days of motion pictures, when short notices of new films began appearing in newspapers. James Agee, Vachel Lindsey, and Carl Sandburg are among the noted American writers who scratched out a living as movie reviewers at one time or another during their careers. But even during the movie-happy 1920s, the limited influence of reviewers was obvious. The general public, Sandburg flatly declared, "doesn't care about [reviewers'] recommendations."

•

On rare occasions, a magazine critic can alter a movie's fate at the box office—as the *New Yorker's* Pauline Kael did when she broke with other reviewers and praised *Bonnie and Clyde* to the skies in 1967. Today, *Bonnie and Clyde* is considered a classic American hit. Eleven years later, Kael was right on target again when she dismissed *Grease* as "a bogus, clumsily jointed pastiche of late '50s high school musicals." This time, many other reviewers echoed her opinion. But millions of young Americans were eager to see John Travolta dance and romance with Olivia Newton-John, no matter what the critics said. They made *Grease* one of Hollywood's all-time money-makers.

Every week, *Variety*, in its inimitable style, mocks the judgments of the critics with reports on which movies audiences paid to see. In 1978, it reported that *Jaws II*, shrugged off by many critics, was "biting big" at the box office. The next year, the critically despised *Rocky II* was "Socky" in New

Spartacus often seemed to use Pax Romana and Pax Britannica as metaphors for Pax Americana to illustrate the trials and tribulations of imperium. (Other epics, such as *The Longest Day* and *Fifty-Five Days at Peking*, meditated more directly on American military history.) The runaway success of *The Sound of Music*, starring Julie Andrews, in 1965 marked the apogee of a series of lavish musicals celebrating the bright optimism of the times with uplift and gaiety: *Music Man*, *Mary Poppins*, and *Hello Dolly*.

When the big-budget genre balloon finally burst, notably with the flop of 20th Century-Fox's \$15 million *Star!* in 1968, it blew up with a bang. In 1969, five of the Big Eight studios were deeply in the red, and Wall Street was bearish on their future.

In that same year, the year of Richard Nixon's inauguration, Hollywood witnessed the monumental success of *Easy Rider*, a low-

York; *Heaven Can Wait* was "celestial."

The most that writers usually can hope for is to alter subtly the way Americans talk about the movies. Consider the case of Andrew Sarris, long-time film critic for Manhattan's *Village Voice*. Most moviegoers have never heard of him. But, during the 1960s, by popularizing the French auteur theory—the notion that directors are the real "authors" of movies—Sarris revolutionized the way many Americans think about films. Before Sarris, most filmgoers regarded the great Western *Rio Bravo* (1959) as a John Wayne–Dean Martin picture. Thanks to Sarris and his influence on other critics, many would now say that *Rio Bravo* is a Howard Hawks film.



Siskel and Ebert

If he were starting out today, however, Sarris and his opinions would not go very far. Critics' theories do not play well on television. And, since Siskel and Ebert made their first appearance in 1976, a host of local and network TV imitators have taken to the airwaves, diminishing further the influence of newspaper and magazine commentators. The Chicago partners, with more than 10 million viewers, remain the undisputed kings of

the aisle. They have also become stars in their own right, with each probably earning upwards of \$250,000.

The opinions of print reviewers are still (selectively) quoted in movie ads. But the scribes cannot hope to match the audiences and influence of their TV counterparts. And the studios know that. They cater to the TV folk by delivering conveniently packaged film clips of their latest releases, hoping for a few precious seconds of airtime, even if the critics turn thumbs down on the picture. What matters most to Hollywood is public attention of almost any kind—then favorable word-of-mouth. As the old Hollywood saying goes, "All publicity is good publicity."

—Douglas Gomery

budget motorcycle tour of America's emerging counterculture starring Peter Fonda and the then-unknown Jack Nicholson. The studios were quick to climb aboard the new bandwagon, ushering in a period of cinematic experimentation unprecedented in a half century of American film-making.

Traditional genre films were thrust into the background by a slew of original offerings that included *Alice's Restaurant*, *Zabriskie Point*, *Drive, He Said*, *Brewster McCloud*, *Harold and Maude*, *Mean Streets*, *Five Easy Pieces*, *M*A*S*H*, and *Carnal Knowledge*.

These films reflected the nation's (or at least Hollywood's) Vietnam-afflicted, antitraditional mood. *Carnal Knowledge* was sexually explicit; *M*A*S*H*, a black satire on war; *Harold and Maude* recounted the love affair of a teen-age boy and an 80-year-old woman. The films were experimental in form and composition as well as

content. The plots were loosely constructed and the editing disjunctive, reflecting the influence of Jean-Luc Godard and other directors of the French New Wave.

J. Hoberman, film critic of the *Village Voice*, recently described it all as the "small-and-weird-can-be-beautiful revolution."

The most remarkable genre pictures of this period—such as *Bonnie and Clyde*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *The Long Goodbye*—were not straightforward genre exercises, but self-conscious and reflective. Their directors were well aware of the old formulas and turned them upside-down in order to thumb their noses at the established order. In *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* (1971), for example, Robert Altman set up McCabe as a typical Western hero, a rugged individualist and founding father of a pioneer town, then exposed him as a weakling and a loser. The unrelenting hail of bullets in many of these movies echoed the domestic and international strife of the day, so the critics said, while the astounding stupidity and seediness of the new "anti-heroes" made it hard to tell who wore the white hats and who wore the black ones.

This is not to say that "experimental" and revisionist genre features monopolized the nation's movie screens. Hollywood still churned out standardized Westerns (*The Stalking Moon*) and cops-and-robbers pictures (notably, *Bullitt* and *The French Connection*). These films, too, indirectly reflected popular anxieties about the war against evil, foreign and domestic. In Clint Eastwood's *Dirty Harry*, a San Francisco cop deals with a psychotic terrorist named Scorpio the old-fashioned way: He kills him. And a spate of disaster films—*The Poseidon Adventure*, *Airport*, *Skyjacked*, *Earthquake*, *The Towering Inferno*—exploited the theme of entrapment, whose political and social correlates were easy to identify.

Menu for Teenyboppers

But these efforts were the exception. For a time, experimentation thrived, commanding much greater critical and public attention than the more pedestrian genre offerings.

It was an unexpected string of blockbuster hits—William Friedkin's *The Exorcist* in 1973, Steven Spielberg's *Jaws* in 1975, and then George Lucas's *Star Wars* two years later—that sent Hollywood producers rushing back to genre films. Or, as one film title later put it, back to the future.

One by one, the blockbusters slowly rose to high rank on *Variety*'s list of all-time hits. Indeed, today all of *Variety*'s top 10 are movies made since 1975.*

*At the top of *Variety*'s list, with \$228 million in U.S. and Canadian film rentals collected by its distributor, Universal, is *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*. It is followed by *Star Wars*, *Return of the Jedi*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Jaws*, *Ghostbusters*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, and *Grease*.

The success of these genre features underscored the fact that movie audiences had changed. No longer was Hollywood mainly in the business of offering entertainment for all ages: More than half of the people lining up at the theaters were under 25, many of them teen-agers. The older folks were staying home with TV. "If Hollywood keeps gearing movie after movie to teen-agers," quipped comedian-director Mel Brooks, "next year's Oscar will develop acne."

Youth was also making its mark in Hollywood. Spielberg (who was 24 when he agreed to make *Jaws*) and Lucas were among the first "movie brats," a new cadre of young film-makers who were beginning to make their way up the Hollywood ladder when *Jaws* swam onto the scene.* Raised in the age of television, the newcomers had watched endless late-night reruns of Hollywood's trash and treasures. Many were also trained in university film schools when the reigning form of criticism, *auteurism*, accorded special emphasis to such Hollywood classics as Hitchcock's *Psycho* and John Ford's *The Searchers*. In the view of the auteur critics, Hollywood's previously unrecognized contract directors were maestros of film who made sharp personal statements in their works. The new directors were more than ready to follow in their footsteps.

Slashers and Splatters

Whatever else might be said of these film-makers—that, as some critics contend, their works are clever but often empty—they know their craft. Spielberg, Lucas, and company can put the old genres through their paces with awesome precision, invent new plot twists, graft old tricks onto contemporary subject matter, and combine genres into new alloys.

But that is not all that they do. Often, the works of these new directors contain sly and not-so-sly allusions to film history—a camera movement here, the re-creation of a famous scene there. *Time* said of *Star Wars* that it was "a subliminal history of the movies, wrapped in a riveting tale of suspense and adventure." The new genre films often appear to have been designed with two audiences in mind: the connoisseurs on the lookout for "scholarly" references, and a mass of younger viewers in search of thrills.

One of the first genres to reappear was horror. Revived by the success of *The Exorcist*, which generated a half-dozen spinoffs, the trend did not appear long for this world. However, *Jaws* and *The Omen*, with its Grand Guignol stagings of stylized murders, gave the cycle a second push. Every kind of monster that audiences had ever seen rose up from its Hollywood grave: werewolves (*The Howling*,

*The newcomers and their credits include: Joe Dante (*Gremlins*); Brian De Palma (*Body Double*); Tobe Hooper (*Poltergeist*, *Lifeorce*); Lawrence Kasdan (*Body Heat*, *Silverado*); John Landis (*National Lampoon's Animal House*, *The Blues Brothers*); Nicholas Meyer (*Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*); Irving Reitman (*Ghostbusters*); and Robert Zemeckis (*Romancing the Stone*, *Back to the Future*).



In 1984, "movie brats" George Lucas and Steven Spielberg joined forces to create Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom. Together or alone, they have been involved in seven of Variety's all-time top 10 hits.

American Werewolf in London), vampires (*Dracula*, *Lifeforce*, *The Hunger*, *Fright Night*), psychics (*Firestarter*), zombies (*Dawn of the Dead*, *The Fog*). With *The Car* and *Christine*, the studios added a new family of monsters to the Hollywood immortals: old cars.

Many of these movies share the same basic plot structure. First the monster appears, committing ghastly atrocities (the shark's mauling of a young girl in *Jaws*). Next, someone (the boy next door in *Fright Night*) discovers the agent of death (a vampire, in this case). Then, he must convince unbelievers that there really are vampires, big sharks, or whatever. And together the good guys go off to confront the monster in a final showdown.

This kind of plot seems to appeal to young audiences because it is a kind of parable about growing up. It highlights the discovery of hidden knowledge, while also dramatizing a moment when adults are finally forced to listen seriously to the young. And many horror films stress biological deformity and Otherness, thus broaching adolescent anxieties about the body.

Sometimes just the act of viewing a film can be a kind of rite of passage for teen-age boys: Are you man enough to sit through a gruesome "slasher"* film (e.g., *Halloween*, *Friday the 13th* and its

*"Slasher" films, in the tradition of *Psycho*, are those in which victims are done in by knives and axes. "Splatter" movies take advantage of sophisticated new special effects: Victims either explode on-screen or deteriorate in gruesome ways.

sequels, *Prom Night*), or an even gorier "splatter" film like *Scanners* or *The Evil Dead*?

A sizable share of the current menu of science fiction offerings—such as *Alien*, *The Thing*, *The Dark*—are really horror films, films about monsters. They are classified as sci-fi only because their monsters hail from outer space. A new twist in this old genre is the beatific, in contrast to horrific, sci-fi movie: *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *E.T.*, *Cocoon*. These films, with their friendly extra-terrestrials, confirm the adolescent wish for a universe filled with warm and compassionate beings.

Even more appealing to teen-age audiences is that these pictures involve quests or rites of passage. *The Last Starfighter*, for example, not only enacts the notion of a trial in cosmic proportions but exploits the desire of every girl and boy to escape the humdrum world of school and family. Because of his prowess in video games, Alex, otherwise an ordinary earthling boy next door, is drafted by the Star League of Planets to defeat the forces of the traitorous Xur.

Knights in Punk Armor

The projection of adolescent fantasies onto big screens does not happen by accident. When Lucas was working on the script of *Star Wars*, he recalls, "I researched kids' movies and how they work and how myths work." "Do not call this film 'science fiction,'" he told the marketing men at 20th Century-Fox. "It's a space fantasy."

The commercial success of the space operas spawned several variants built around the quest and rite-of-passage themes. In the sword-and-sorcery genre—*Excalibur*, the *Conan* series, and, in 20th-century garb, *Time Bandits* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—swords and whips replace ray guns, and magic, science. The *Mad Max* series depicts a post-apocalyptic world cloaked in imagery of the Dark Ages. Castles and chargers are made out of old cars, the barbarians are at the gates, and the spark of civilized life hinges on the outcome of stock car races between knights in punk regalia.

Today's comedies are not much closer to reality. With the exception of such sex farces as *10* and *Unfaithfully Yours*, both starring Dudley Moore, most of them are keyed to younger sensibilities. This is apparent in the flurry of films about high school romance, often in a light comic mood (*Sixteen Candles*, *Risky Business*). It is even more obvious in the aggressive irreverence of the gross-out/fraternity house humor of *Animal House* (and its numerous progeny) and the Burt Reynolds redneck car films. When they decide to sabotage their college homecoming parade with "a really futile, stupid gesture," Bluto and his *Animal House* brothers sum up the new comedy's attitude toward adult values.

Physical humor—slapstick, sight gags, and comic chases—have

also gained a new lease on life. But the same sense of unreality prevails. Slapstick shares several traits with science fiction and supernatural films. All three genres demand the suspension of the laws of physical probability: The world becomes a kind of playground. In Woody Allen's *Zelig*, for example, a man metamorphoses into whomever he is with; in *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, a character steps off a movie screen that the characters are watching. This assault on the reality principle is so extreme that it verges on vulgar surrealism in films such as *The Blues Brothers*, the *Cheech and Chong* series, and *Pee Wee's Big Adventure*.

No Place to Go

Fantasy prevails even when the settings seem real. In 1976, Sylvester Stallone restored the power of positive thinking to the screen with *Rocky*, a story about a "ham 'n egg" prize fighter who nearly wins the heavyweight boxing crown from the glamorous Apollo Creed. *Rocky* paved the way for a slew of uplifting sports films, of which Britain's *Chariots of Fire* is aesthetically the most noteworthy, as well as success stories about all sorts of down-and-outers, such as *The Verdict*.

There have been three *Rocky* sequels so far, all of them exercises in improbability. In *Rocky IV*, a boxing match becomes the solution to East-West tensions. Some of the most effective wish-fulfillment films, such as *Breaking Away* and *The Karate Kid*, have adolescents in the leading role. And, of course, the resurgence of the teen musical, spearheaded by *Saturday Night Fever*, *Fame*, and *Flashdance*, owes much to the success story motif.

The darker side of adolescent fantasy is evident in Stallone's two *Rambo* pictures. The *Rambo* movies have several ingredients that make them especially compelling to young audiences: the figure of the misunderstood loner, and the themes of betrayal and revenge. In *Rambo: First Blood Part II*, the Pentagon dispatches Rambo back to Vietnam to rescue American soldiers who have been declared "missing in action" (MIA). But then officialdom deserts him, claiming that there are no MIAs. So he uses his perfect, high school weightlifter's body to execute unstoppable rampages, leading his MIAs back to the United States over the dead bodies of scores of his foes. On the screen, Rambo transforms teen-agers' feelings of alienation and frustration into cinematic delusions of grandeur.

Of course, Hollywood has always emphasized escapism. Yet, it is astounding what a high percentage of its products today are literally fantasy films—horror, sci-fi, and absurdist comedies—or, in the case of *Rocky* and its kin, psychological fantasies. Even during the Great Depression, the heyday of Hollywood escapism, the studios released a fair number of gritty "realistic" pictures. But *The Grapes of Wrath*

has no real counterpart today. *The Color Purple*, Steven Spielberg's effort to explore the unhappy history of the black family in America, was filmed like a fairy tale. *Country* and *The River*, two recent films that dramatized the plight of the nation's farmers, were thoroughly drenched in sentimentality. And there were many empty seats in the theaters where they were shown.

Lucas and the other new university-trained directors, with only a few notable exceptions, are no more interested in the "real world" than are their audiences. During the 1970s, they set out to rescue their heroes—not only Alfred Hitchcock and Howard Hawks, but Superman and Flash Gordon—from critical contempt and oblivion. In their eyes, the Hollywood genre movie was one of America's great art forms: How could so many people fail to see that?

In a sense, the movie brats have accomplished their revivalist mission in grand style. Indeed, they have managed to achieve a level of financial success and celebrity beyond the imaginings of their predecessors. But now they have nothing left to do. Movies have become the subject of movies, as though the most vital elements in our contemporary environment are representations and images rather than the "real world."

If today's directors are paid handsomely to indulge themselves, it is because their audiences make it profitable for the studios to sign the checks. And the youthful ticket-buying public seems to find more comfort and authenticity in honey-spun fantasy films than in those that confront political and social themes or simply dramatize the often painful realities of everyday life. Until the nation's movie audiences change their minds, Hollywood is sure to travel ever deeper into its past in search of its future.

THE AVANT-GARDE

by David Bordwell

If Louis B. Mayer, the Hollywood mogul, had lived until the late 1960s, he would have been startled by some of the changes in the tastes of movie-going Americans.

True, the lines would have been longest at theaters offering such easily recognizable Hollywood fare as *Dr. Dolittle* or *Paint Your Wagon*. But in the larger cities and college towns, a good many movie fans would have been elsewhere. Some would have been thronging local "art" theaters to see Ingmar Bergman's *The Hour of the Wolf* or Luis Buñuel's *Viridiana*. Others would have been at the museum watching experimental works by Stan Brakhage or Andy Warhol. And the local campus film society might have been packing them in with Jean-Luc Godard's *Weekend*, a savage denunciation of bourgeois lifestyles.

Most Americans were (and are) still going to the movies to be entertained. But the emergence after World War II of a big new generation of college graduates—some of them with film appreciation courses under their belts, many with some exposure to modernism in the arts—created a sizable audience in the United States for experimental films.

Such films were nothing new. Almost as soon as it was born, cinema encountered modernism. The meeting occurred not in the Hollywood studios but, during the 1920s, in the cafés of Paris and Berlin and the chilly meeting rooms of Moscow. Painters were attracted to cinema by its capacity to become what one artist called "drawings brought to life." Composers found its dynamic movement and montage a counterpart of musical rhythm. For artists in many fields, the new medium represented modernity itself. "Most forms of representation have had their day," declared Antonin Artaud, the French poet and founder of the "theater of cruelty," in 1930. "Life, what we call life, becomes ever more inseparable from the mind. The cinema is capable of interpreting this domain more than any other art, because idiotic order and customary clarity are its enemies."

It was thus not simply the technical side of cinema that appealed to modernist artists. Cinema was an ideal vehicle for the modernist urge to question the solidity of reality, to probe the way the world seems to the beholder.

Among the first film-makers to take this approach was Germany's Robert Wiene, in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1920). With

*In a scene from Robert Wiene's hallucinatory *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1920), Caligari's hypnotized servant, Cesare, looms over one of his victims. Many film critics argue that Cesare represented the "enslaved" German working class.*



remarkable sets painted in the expressionist style, the film conveyed the hallucinatory vision of a madman named Francis. Only in the end is it revealed that Dr. Caligari is the warden of the insane asylum where Francis is an inmate. Yet the audience is led to wonder whether there is some larger metaphorical truth about society in the hallucinations of the madman. This theme is well-worn today, but it was novel in its time. Not until after World War II did the probing of psychic ambiguity become a common theme for movie-makers.

And there were other ambiguities. A samurai has been killed and his wife raped; a bandit has confessed. So much is fact. Yet, through flashbacks, the wife, the bandit, and a witness each present a different version of events. Was the rape resisted? Did the samurai fight bravely, or did he try to flee? That is the substance of Kurosawa Akira's *Rashomon* (1951), which inaugurated the illusion-reality theme in post-World War II cinema. Although considered "too Western" in Japan, the film had an enormous impact in the West—not least for its refusal to answer the riddles it posed. The audience never learns the truth; Kurosawa suggests that each version *is* the truth, at least to each character.

The inquiry into the relativity of perception preoccupied a whole generation of European film-makers during the 1950s and '60s. In *Wild Strawberries* (1957), Sweden's Ingmar Bergman used flashbacks to detail an old man's nostalgic revision of his past. Later, in

Persona (1966), Bergman merged almost seamlessly the chaotic dreams of a nurse on the edge of a nervous breakdown with his portrayal of her reality. Bergman suggests that film-making itself is as mysterious and impenetrable as the lives he portrays: "The illuminated face, the hand raised as if for an incantation, the old ladies at the square, the few banal words, all of these images come and attach themselves like silvery fish to my net; or, more precisely, I myself am trapped in a net, the texture of which I am not aware."

Empty Spaces

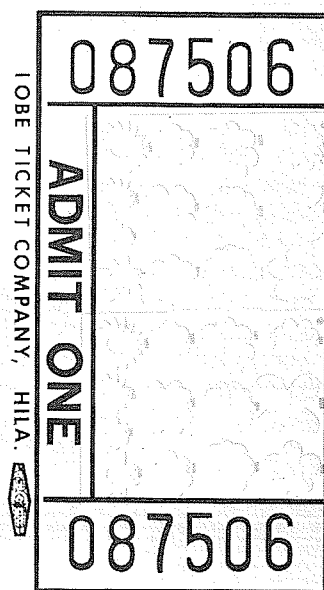
Federico Fellini's lively *8½* (1963) advanced the theme further with its hero, a harried movie director whose memories and fantasies are filtered through film conventions and clichés. Fellini thus introduced a reflection upon cinema itself, the machine for producing realistic-seeming illusions. Just as Pablo Picasso's work questioned realistic conceptions of painting, so such films as *Rashomon* and *8½* challenged the "customary clarities" of the Hollywood film. As Alain Resnais, co-director of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (1959), put it, "My aim is to put the spectator in such a state that a week, six months, or a year afterwards, placed before a problem, he would be prevented from cheating and be obliged to react freely."

But Resnais and his colleagues clung to the belief that a film should tell a story. Other modernists, not only in film, were going a step further, de-emphasizing story-telling, or even eliminating it altogether. They aimed to draw the audience's attention to the medium itself, to the tangible patterns of words, gestures, scenes. The idea originated in modern painting. Some painters, such as the Soviet constructivist Vladimir Tatlin (1885–1953), held that doing away with "stories" would return the spectator to a state of innocent perception, allowing him to see the elements of art clearly. Artists of a more mystical turn believed that the purist approach could provide a glimpse of the ineffable—what Kazimir Malevich (1878–1935), inventor of the school of abstract geometric painting known as suprematism, called "the semaphore of light across an infinite abyss."

Malevich's ideas were echoed after World War II in the work of young directors influenced by abstract expressionist painting. In the films of Missouri-born Stan Brakhage, perhaps the most important American avant-gardist of his generation, the "story" is no more than

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Andy Warhol's poster for the 1967 New York Film Festival. Avant-garde film-makers exhibit their works at dozens of major festivals held around the world every year in hopes of winning critical acclaim—or gaining the attention of a commercial distributor.



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an episode from his personal life or a sketchy mythic formula, transformed into a purely cinematic vision of flickering hues, flowing shapes, and endlessly changing views of mundane objects. In *Scenes from under Childhood* (1967), Brakhage produced the most poetic of home movies. He interspersed photos from a family album with images of domestic activity, as well as with superimpositions, reflections, and other distortions, to suggest the lyrical deformations of memory. In *The Text of Light* (1974), he put an ordinary ashtray close to his camera lens to create a startling play of color and shape.

The classic example of the "purist" avant-garde is probably Michael Snow's *Wavelength* (1967). *Wavelength* tells a "story," but it is completely fragmented. The scene is a New York loft: People come and go, play a radio, answer a phone call. Perhaps a murder is committed. But the film is organized around a camera technique. The camera is in a fixed position. Snow's zoom lens begins with a long shot inside the loft and jerkily enlarges the room little by little until the distant wall fills the frame to reveal a photograph of ocean waves. The film's 45-minute duration is thus revealed as a "wavelength."

As the frame enlarges, the audience is invited to play a perceptual guessing game. How will the shot's composition change? Will the

fragments of story ever coalesce? Snow's explanation of *Wavelength* shows that his intentions were purely abstract: "The image of the yellow chair has as much 'value' in its own world as the girl closing the window. The film events are...chosen from a kind of scale of mobility that runs from pure light events, the various perceptions of the room, to the images of moving human beings."

To which playwright Bertolt Brecht (1898–1956), another father figure of modernism, would have replied that art is about society, not just light and figures. The political and rhetorical uses of film technique had been pioneered during the 1920s by a group of young Soviet film-makers, notably Sergey Eisenstein in *Strike* (1925) and *Potemkin* (1925). Four decades later, it was to Brecht and the Soviets that young leftist film-makers turned to merge experimentation with social criticism.

Beginning at the End

From the Soviets they adopted the notion that film should not passively copy reality but challenge it through disjunctive editing, explicit commentary, and by allowing audiences to see that scenes have been staged. From Brecht came the "estrangement effect," the notion that by calling attention to the mechanics of presentation instead of concealing them Hollywood-style, actors and directors could make audiences think critically about what they were seeing.

This trend shows clearly in the work of the West German film-making team of Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet. In *Not Reconciled* (1965), they depicted a fascist specter haunting Germany by interrupting scenes from the daily life of a contemporary family with an elliptical series of flashbacks to Germany during the two world wars. The characters are barely identified; the chronology of events is unclear. The camera dwells ominously on empty spaces, as if waiting for the hidden meaning of history to emerge. *History Lessons* (1972), adapted from a Brecht novel, uses anachronism to make viewers think about the links between economic and political power. Set amid the ruins of imperial Rome, it is a portrait of Julius Caesar, busily juggling state business with the pursuit of private profit, drawn largely through fake TV interviews with his toga-clad colleagues.

From Soho to Paris, today's film-makers are still experimenting with these three modernist "traditions": the illusion-reality theme, the purely cinematic statement, and the political critique built on innovative film techniques. Raul Ruiz traces the convolutions of memory and misunderstanding in such elusive films as *Three Crowns of the Sailor* (1983). The American film-maker Jim Jarmusch, in *Stranger Than Paradise* (1984), dramatizes his portrait of three wandering down-and-outers with a rigorous, almost mathematical use of framing and editing. Hans-Jurgen Syberberg's *Our Hitler: A Film*

from Germany (1977) uses Brechtian techniques to trace the links between Germany's Wagnerian romanticism and the rise of Hitler.

In recent years, many avant-garde film-makers have trimmed their sails a bit. During the late 1970s, younger directors like Wim Wenders and Rainer Werner Fassbinder (1946-82), raised on a steady diet of Hollywood classics, created a more popular "art cinema." With his recent parodies of the early *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* movies, Andy Warhol has moved into straightforward feature filmmaking, and several experimentalists have followed. Even Bruce Conner, master of the surreal compilation film, now makes commercial music videos for Devo and other rock groups. And many directors with a political message have set off in search of larger audiences, a trend best seen in such films as the popular *Night of the Shooting Stars* (1982), about Italy's internal wrestling with fascism during World War II, by the brothers Vittorio and Paolo Taviani.

The relationship between avant-garde and popular cinema is, as always, complex. The Hollywood classics of the 1930s and '40s, for example, inspired the experiments of the French New Wave directors of the 1950s, which influenced the young directors who began arriving in Hollywood during the late 1960s. The makers of popular horror and science fiction movies, always in search of new cinematic shocks, are quick to exploit new avant-garde techniques.

At the moment, the avant-garde is in a bit of a lull. But there remains a large and growing audience, ready to welcome all manner of films that would have been unthinkable during the heyday of the Hollywood studio system. The experimentalists are sure to thrive.

The work of Jean-Luc Godard perfectly exemplifies the fluctuations and adjustments within the alternative cinema. From New Wave cinephilia during the early 1960s, he shifted to strident and forbidding Marxist works later in the decade, and then to serene, voluptuous studies like *Passion* (1982). Last year, he released *Hail Mary*, a mystical retelling of the Virgin Birth in contemporary times. It is anything but conventional.

To many film connoisseurs, Godard is the symbol of cinematic modernism's vitality. The twisting path of his career suggests that there is always a new avenue for experimentation, that many possibilities remain open to avant-garde film-makers imaginative enough to seek them out. An exasperated inquisitor once demanded of Godard: "But surely you will admit that a film must have a beginning, a middle, and an end?"

"Certainly," he replied. "But not necessarily in that order."

BACKGROUND BOOKS

THE MOVIES IN AMERICA

"The coming of the motion picture," newspaper publisher William Randolph Hearst once said, "was as important as that of the printing press."

Hearst, as was his wont, exaggerated a bit. But during its humble beginnings in a Menlo Park, N.J., laboratory, nobody could have guessed what an enormous impact on Americans' fantasies, mores, and morals the motion picture would have—least of all its inventor, the redoubtable Thomas Alva Edison.

Edison and his assistant, William Dickson, at first saw the moving picture as something to accompany music from Edison's phonograph, notes Emory University's David A. Cook in **A History of Narrative Film** (Norton, 1981). So they experimented with ways of putting pictures on rotating cylinders like Edison's early audio records. In the process, they created the world's first motion picture "star," a burly Menlo Park mechanic named Frederick Ott, who shamelessly hammed it up in front of the camera dressed in a white sheet belted around his middle.

In 1889, Dickson came up with the idea of putting pictures on a single film strip with sprocket holes on each side, and the Kinetograph was born. (Edison and Dickson stuck with their star: Their first picture was called *Fred Ott's Sneeze*.) In most of its essentials, it was the predecessor of the modern movie. With one crucial exception.

The Kinetograph did not project pictures on a screen; it was a peepshow. And Edison did not think enough of the machine's potential to pay the \$150 needed for an international copyright. Seizing the opportunity, Auguste and Louis Lumière, of Lyon, France, adapted Edison's technology and invented a projection system, the Cinématographe. Other projectors followed, including Edison's Kinetoscope.

So quickly did American film-makers churn out new movies that by 1926, Terry Ramsaye, a journalist turned newsreel producer, could offer up a serious 868-page study of the American cinema, **A Million and One Nights: A History of the Motion Picture** (Simon & Schuster, 1926). "For the first time in the history of the world," Ramsaye observed, "an art has sprouted, grown up, and blossomed in so brief a time that one person might stand by and see it happen."

Arthur Knight's **The Liveliest Art: A Panoramic History of the Movies** (Macmillan, 1957; rev. ed., 1978), living up to its title, is the best popular survey of film history through the late 1970s.

After attracting curious throngs during their first years, Knight recalls, movies were relegated to the clean-up spot in vaudeville revues. Most were novelty items, running no longer than a minute. Then, in 1903, Edwin S. Porter filmed one of the first coherent cinematic narratives, *The Great Train Robbery*, and before long, movies were everywhere.

American film-makers soon began to head West, to the sunshine of Burbank and Hollywood, where year-round outdoor filming was possible. In the beginning, the locals were not happy to see them. Los Angeles boarding houses hung signs that read, "Rooms to Rent—No Dogs or Actors."

The rest, as they say, is history.

Most of the insider chronicles of Hollywood's Golden Age have been lost among the countless exposés and kiss-and-tell memoirs that bring in profits for booksellers. For a distillation, consult **Hollywood on Hollywood: Tinsel Town Talks** (Faber & Faber, 1985, paper), an entertaining compendium of words wise and otherwise by Hollywood's notables, collected by freelance writer Doug McClelland.

"I am paid not to think," said a straight-faced Clark Gable, commenting on the studio system's control over his acting career. The first words Fay Wray heard about her role in *King Kong*: "You will have the tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood." On the semi-serious side, studio boss Louis B. Mayer suggested in 1937 that Hollywood's celluloid creations were "important to world peace."

In recent years, film scholars have moved away from the "great man" view of Hollywood, the notion that a handful of top studio executives and directors dictated the way movies would be made.

By 1920, for example, Hollywood had unconsciously defined a "proper" style of film-making and ruled out most alternatives. The results are still with us: The emphasis is on telling stories with seamless narratives, usually set in more or less realistic surroundings, with at least a few characters sure to engage the sympathies of the average moviegoer. Avant-garde directors may make statements by shooting entire films composed of one-second scenes or populated by pathetic characters; in Hollywood, such things simply are not done.

Such is the thesis of *The Classical Hollywood Cinema* (Columbia, 1985) by David Bordwell, Janet Staiger, and Kristin Thompson, all at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

A more obvious influence on movies—at least until the 1960s—was Hollywood's self-censorship at the hands of the Production Code Board (1930–68), better known as the Hays Office. Jack Vizzard's account of his years on the

board, *See No Evil: Life inside a Hollywood Censor* (Simon & Schuster, 1970) is an engaging, sympathetic look at the censors' work.

The Hays Office worried not only about nudity, blasphemy, and profanity (among the taboo words were "cripes" and "fanny") but about plots that seemed to let sinners and malefactors off too lightly. The war between the censors and the studios was unrelenting. One story has it that a screenwriter once tweaked the censors by penning the stage direction: "From offstage, we hear the scream of a naked woman."

Vizzard admits the excesses and absurdities of the old censorship, but he laments that under the industry's current rating system (G, PG, PG-13, R, X), just about anything goes, if it sells tickets.

Of all the many writers who have journeyed to Hollywood in search of fat scriptwriting fees, only F. Scott Fitzgerald, in his unfinished portrait of *The Last Tycoon* (Scribner's, 1941, cloth; 1983, paper), has written a lasting novel about movieland.

The problem for novelists may be that it is very difficult to wrap an illusion around an illusion. As David Lees and Stan Berkowitz note in *The Movie Business* (Random, 1981, cloth & paper), even Hollywood's palm trees, its brick and concrete, are deceptive. "The uninformed," they write, "show up at Hollywood and Vine and see nothing but tacky tourist traps and hookers of both sexes breathing in a lot of brown smog. Visitors find it hard to imagine that at that very corner, and nearby as well, movies are happening."



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Many of the titles in this essay were suggested by Douglas Gomery.*

THINKING ABOUT HELL

The mind, wrote John Milton in *Paradise Lost* (1667), "can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n." Metaphor or spiritual reality, men's notions of Hell have always reflected developments within their earthly societies as well as the ruminations of philosophers and poets. Here, historian Alan Bernstein ponders the major Western views of Hell from the ancient Hebrews to the present.

by Alan Bernstein

Hell today is enveloped in silence.

Among those in the West who unquestioningly accept its existence, on faith, the subject is rarely open to debate. To those who reject the notion of Hell altogether, it is an aspect of religion that they have successfully overcome, like some childhood fear.

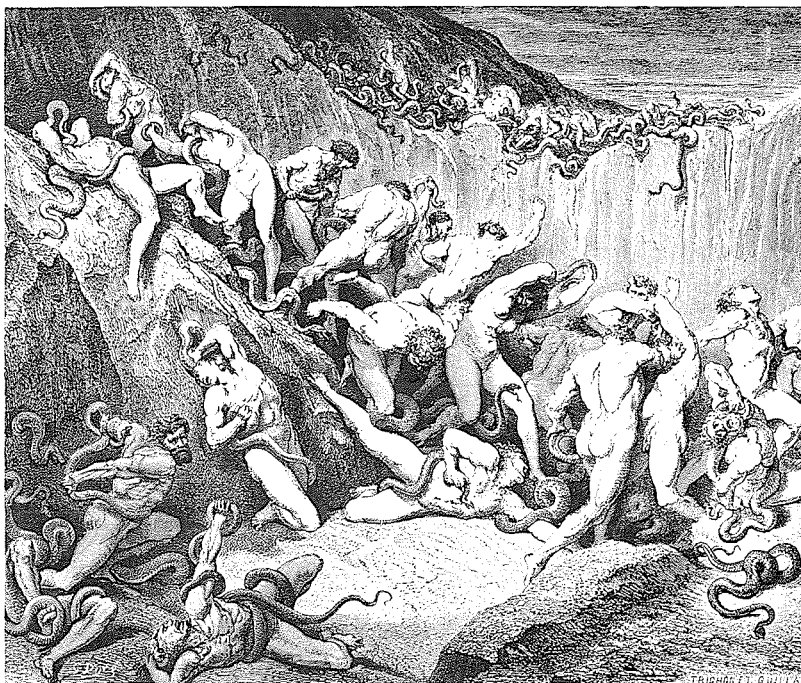
Between such extremes, there are many who deem Hell unworthy of serious reflection, given the pressing secular concerns of the day. Some, sincerely interested in religion, nevertheless subordinate Hell to matters such as free will, grace, and salvation, or to such political-ethical issues as capital punishment, euthanasia, and abortion.

Hell and its associations, it seems, are unlikely to loom large as a topic of public discussion.

And yet, for all that, Hell retains a certain resonance. "Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, / And then thou must be damned perpetually." Is there anyone who would not appreciate the plight of Dr. Faustus, the protagonist of Christopher Marlowe's 17th-century tragedy, and possibly squirm a bit imagining the prospect?

Looking back, it is sometimes difficult to say just how seriously our forebears entertained the reality of Hell. But there can be no doubt that, real or not, Hell has exercised a peculiar fascination over the minds of men. It is intimately bound up, of course, with the dread of death, but then so are many other things.

What Hell promises is an *accounting*: Yes, there is evil abroad, much of it never punished in this life; but in the end there will be justice. Beyond that, Hell holds out the hope that, if the foregoing is



On his journey through the circles of Hell, the poet Dante comes upon the ditch of thieves: "Among this cruel and most dismal throng / People were running naked and affrighted." The engraving comes from Gustave Doré's famous 1861 illustration of The Divine Comedy (1308-21).

true, or if enough people believe it to be true, then perhaps human behavior will be modified accordingly.

Such hopes, illusory though they may be, have guaranteed Hell a long run—for all we know, an eternal one. Today, however, with Hell, so to speak, on the back burner, it is easy to forget that the functions Hell once attended to still need to be performed. Indeed, upon reflection, it may be that modern man has not so much discarded Hell as reinvented it. History shows that conceptions of Hell have always reflected, imperfectly, the societies in which they existed. Perhaps, in the 20th century, instead of looking into the supernatural, we have come to look instead at ourselves.

If written records are an accurate guide, the Western notion of a punitive Hell was developed, in stages, by the ancient Hebrews. As the worship of the Hebrew God, Yahweh, became more uniform throughout the Promised Land during the second millennium B.C., a residual, household-based cult of ancestors—who were thought to be

semidivine—remained a problem for religious authorities. Yahweh needed no competition. To make a place for ancestors in the scheme of things, while supplanting the ancestor cult, the Hebrew monarchy and priesthood promoted the idea of Sheol (literally, the grave). Sheol was a single underworld for everyone, a vast realm in which all of the dead shared equally without distinction of family, wealth, or virtue. It was little more than a synonym for death.

Then came the destruction of the Northern Kingdom of Israel (in 721 B.C.) and the Babylonian Exile (587–38 B.C.).

Both events raised unsettling questions about how a community of the just—a community, indeed, that considered itself the Chosen—could be allowed to suffer political impotence and exile. Helpless in the here and now, the Jews sought justice in an afterlife. A new and more differentiated view of death and the underworld emerged in the Scriptures. Isaiah taunts the King of Babylon not only for falling prey to death (“You are brought down to Sheol”) but also for the scorn he suffers in the underworld: “You are cast out, away from your sepulchre, like a loathed, untimely birth.” Thus did the oppressor receive his comeuppance.



As time went on, what held true for impious nations came to obtain for impious *individuals*. Exile had brought separation from the Temple in Jerusalem and dispersal of the Jewish community. Cohering in smaller groups under rabbis expounding the Torah, Jews confronted the Law and raised questions not only of national ethics but also of personal morality. What should be the fate of the individual Jewish lawbreaker? Psalmists wondered why, in this life, the wicked might prosper and the righteous suffer. They proposed no single answer with doctrinal clarity—the Book of Job asserts that it is not for mortals to challenge the will of God—but popular yearnings for some sort of ultimate retribution are plain.

The Hebrews entertained two possibilities, both of which would long persist in Jewish thought: Either a Messiah would come and restore the Jewish people to a place of honor, or a divine judge—Yahweh—would somehow render just desserts to each person, whether alive or dead. The first solution looked forward to a kingdom of the just on earth, the second to a resurrection of the dead and the

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definitive separation of the good from the evil, of the sheep from the goats. Both Isaiah and Daniel looked forward to a resurrection and Last Judgment. "And many of those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake," Daniel prophesied, "some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

The Jews gave various names to the portion of Sheol reserved for the wicked—Abaddon (Destruction), for example, and Bor (the Pit), and Gehinnom (the Valley of Hinnom). Gehinnom, or Gehenna, was a ravine outside of Jerusalem where, according to the prophet Jeremiah, the bodies of victims were thrown after being sacrificed to Baal by backsliding Jews. The Book of Enoch describes Gehinnom as a fiery cleft in the earth: An "accursed valley," in the angel Uriel's words, "for those accursed forever; here will gather all . . . those who speak with their mouth unbecoming words against the Lord."

Christian notions of Hell owe much to Jewish precedents. The idea of a central place of torment for the damned was adopted by the Christians, as was the term Gehenna. Like the Jews, the Christians worshiped a single God, who they believed would judge each soul for its deeds in life. But while Christianity had roots in Judaism, it came to maturity in the larger Greco-Roman world, deeply influenced by the intellectual currents of Greco-Roman civilization.

In Greek mythology, the underworld was the domain of the god Hades, a domain he received when he and his brothers overthrew their father, the Titan king Cronus. Zeus usurped the heavens, Neptune the seas, and Hades the earth and its bowels. To the underworld were consigned the bodies of the human dead, for the Greeks believed that without proper burial the "shades" would wander without a home. Hades did not punish the shades in his domain, though the underworld was indisputably a dark and dreary realm.



We know this from literary eyewitnesses. According to the poet Homer, Odysseus sailed to a land where shades from the House of Hades, recognizable but "impalpable as shadows," were revived by sacrificial blood. The shades tell Odysseus how they died but say nothing of suffering, although Achilles allows that he would rather "break sod as a farm hand" among the living than rule all the dead. (By contrast, John Milton's Satan preferred to "reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.") Minos serves as Judge of the Dead, but a strict statute of limitations seems to be in force. The judge's job is not to assess lives led on earth and inflict punishment for misdeeds but to resolve the shades' post-mortem quarrels.

In Homer, the moral overtones of Hades are meager. Only three men are shown in torment—Tityos, Sisyphus, and Tantalus—and each was an offender from the dawn of time, guilty of defying the

gods. Why the lack of interest in a final settling of accounts? One reason, surely, is that classical Greece never developed a centralized judicial system upon which to model the afterlife. Thanks to the intense fragmentation of the Hellenic world into competing cults and warring city-states, not even a loosely shared Olympian mythology could produce a single, uniform, consistent religion.

In ancient Greece, philosophers also pondered the afterlife—deriving their conclusions from the study of human society and from reason. Plato (428?–347 B.C.) provides the fullest exposition of his own views in the *Phaedo*, his poignant recounting of the last hours of Socrates. Plato establishes a specific link between punishment (or reward) in the afterlife and one's behavior when alive. "I have good hope," Socrates says at one point, "that there is yet something remaining for the dead, some far better thing for the good than for the evil." Plato also posited the duality of body and soul—appropriated with modifications by Christian theorists—and argued that the latter alone enjoyed immortality.

What happens after death? According to Plato, those who had sought after truth and abstained from fleshly lusts—in a word, philosophers—would sit for all time among the divine, in places of great beauty. "No one," he wrote, "who has not studied philosophy and who is not entirely pure at the time of his departure is allowed to enter the company of the gods."

The great mass of the departed, with baser natures, would endure a spell in the afterlife of punishment or reward before returning in some new form to the living world—thus completing a cycle that would be repeated until the soul is pure. Only the incurably wicked, such as the despot Ardiaeus, a patricide and fratricide, would be hurled forever into Tartarus, which Plato describes as a drain or sewer channeling rivers of mud, fire, and molten rock. For most of the dead, a cleansing spell in Tartarus was temporary.



Plato's cyclical view of existence thus holds out the possibility of a perpetual second chance. Hell is not much of a sanction in Plato's cosmos, and recidivism rates are doubtless very high.

The Romans, initially, shared a key trait with the Greeks, on whose culture they unashamedly fed: religious eclecticism. Despite Rome's political dominance in the Mediterranean, regional cults and altars to ancestors at the hearth enjoyed a remarkable longevity. The rites of the Capitol notwithstanding, Roman religion proved difficult to centralize. Few deities, no matter how foreign and obscure, could not boast a marble shrine in Rome.

Gradually, however, especially under Augustus (63 B.C.–A.D. 14) and his imperial successors, Roman rulers were able to unify adminis-

tration, jurisprudence, and political theory under a systematic state ideology. Generations of jurists showed in detail how each aspect of government derived from a uniform set of absolute principles. Religion played a role in this transformation—the emperor, after all, claimed divinity—and was altered by it in turn.

The changes became dramatically apparent in Virgil's account of Aeneas's trip to the underworld. Unlike Homer, who never quite defined the lines of authority in Hades, Virgil meticulously describes the function of each official that Aeneas encounters. Charon ferries the dead across the River Styx. The dog, Cerberus, guards the distant shore. Minos judges the dead for their lives and crimes and assigns them places in Hades.

While Homer introduces only individuals, Virgil, like a legislator, deals with broad classes of people: infants, suicides, those who died of love or fell in battle, those who hated their brothers, struck a parent, kept riches from kin, killed for adultery, or betrayed their lords. Each offense merits a specific punishment. There is no chaos in this underworld. What we have instead is the order of a great administrative empire. The afterlife is organized like the imperial bureaucracy, and even Hell, it would seem, serves the needs of the Pax Romana.



Christianity, as it matured after the first few centuries A.D., achieved a complex synthesis of Roman, Greek, and Hebrew thought, a synthesis peculiarly reflected in the evolving conception of Hell. In the earliest New Testament texts, St. Paul seems not to have wanted a Hell at all. He refrains from calling God's wrath eternal and yearns for an end in which "God will be all in all." In the Gospels, written some decades later, Jesus is quoted as describing Hell in various ways: As outer darkness, as a place of weeping and gnashing of teeth, as eternal fire, as a place of fire and worms (after Isaiah) or fire and brimstone (the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah). Like other Jews, Jesus accepted the notion of Hell as, originally, a place of torment for the "fallen angels" who, led by Satan, had rebelled against God at the beginning of time. "I saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven," Luke quotes Jesus as saying. And in the Gospel of Matthew, Christ explains how on Judgment Day, the Son of Man would say to the wicked: "Depart from me, you cursed [ones], into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

The fate of the rebellious angels would be taken up frequently by apocalyptic writers, who added a stern warning: If God did not spare the angels, he would not hesitate to cast humans into the Pit.

The themes of judgment, vindication, and retribution—so powerful in early Christian writings—remind us of how important the experience of persecution was to the primitive Church. Of the origi-

nal Apostles, all but one (John the Evangelist) earned the crown of martyrdom. Countless thousands of the devout met their death in the arenas of Rome. It was only natural that the survivors, like the Hebrews, should try to turn the tables in the only way they could. Christian writers frequently depicted the divine Avenger as a lamb: The Sacrificial Victim becomes the Just Judge. In Matthew's Gospel and John's Apocalypse, the Lord, like the Emperor, sits upon a throne before all the gathered nations, great and small, from the four corners of the earth. His jurisdiction, like that of Caesar, is universal, and his verdict is rendered before a court—consisting, in this case, of angels, saints, and martyrs. Fates are individual and irreversible.

And, as in Virgil, they are varied. Gruesome ordeals are vividly retailed in such apocryphal writings as the so-called Apocalypse of Peter (circa A.D. 135) and Apocalypse of Paul (third or fourth century). Slanderers hang by their tongues, temptresses by their hair. The torments of murderers and women who obtained abortions are witnessed by their victims, who praise divine justice. Blasphemers, idolators, perjurers, showy dressers, loan sharks, and those who persecute the Church—their punishments always fit the crime.



Even the saved, it would appear, sometimes cringed at the horrors of Hell. In the Apocalypse of Paul, the saintly visitor entreats Christ to take pity on the damned, and a day of weekly reprieve, on Sundays, is granted. Whether the punishments of the damned might *ever* be mitigated remained for centuries a popular theme in unofficial religious literature.

Was Hell permanent?

Early Christians reached no consensus. Origen of Alexandria (185–254), using an approach derived from neo-Platonic philosophy, argued that souls could not undergo suffering without becoming purified. Ultimately, he contended, they would be fully deserving of eternal life. Then all souls would be restored to their original company with God, and, as Jesus prayed: "As Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, they also may be in Us." Origen was vigorously attacked by St. Jerome (347?–420), who sarcastically asked whether someday Satan would be seated next to the Virgin Mary.

The greatest champion of everlasting damnation was St. Augustine (354–430). In *City of God*, Augustine describes two kinds of resurrection at the Last Judgment: One to life after death (for the just) and one to death after death (for the wicked). Augustine insists that the torments of the damned will be eternal. Their bodies, he believes, will burn forever without being consumed (like the bowels of Mount Etna, Augustine ventures). Worse than this will be the sheer sense of loss: "To be gone from the kingdom of God, to be an exile

from God's city, to be cut off from the divine life, to be without the manifold sweetness of God... is so mighty a punishment that no torments that we know can be compared with it."

With the decline of the Roman Empire—a Christian empire since the conversion of Emperor Constantine early in the fourth century—the Catholic Church lost the support system that had guaranteed rapid communication and a degree of doctrinal uniformity. For a time, the fulcrum of civilization shifted east, to the courts of Constantinople and Baghdad.

In the West, the collapse of Rome spelled opportunity for competing religions. Roman paganism remained strong in the countryside, and the popular Christianity of the apocryphal writings was open to all sorts of influences. After the destruction of the Temple in A.D. 70, Jewish scholars compiled the monumental Talmuds of Babylon and Palestine, a focus for academies scattered across the Mediterranean world. In the early medieval West, Judaism was an ad hoc affair, tied to a few urban centers, whose scholars were free to interpret the Bible their own way.

When the Germanic tribes penetrated imperial territory, their pagan mythology supplied an alternative set of gods and concepts. Later, Manichaeism migrated from Persia through the Near East and Balkans, re-emerging in 12th-century France and Italy as Catharism.

Neither the Germans nor the Cathars, for different reasons, would countenance the idea of Hell, though both took some sort of afterlife for granted.



Among the Germans, the constant political tension between weak kings and strong warriors, as well as among hundreds of fractious tribes, seems to have carried over into mythology. Just as German kings had trouble keeping order, so too did the gods repress evil only with difficulty. Indeed, evil is so pervasive that, in the person of the god Loki, it has infiltrated Valhalla itself. The chronicler Saxo Grammaticus, in the 12th century, writes of an evil that lurks below the seas, where the dead have the power to entrap the living. Snorri Sturluson in his *Prose Edda* depicts a world enveloped by evil forces—fire, ice, forests, seas, serpents—that in time will combine in a climactic struggle against the gods. For the barbarian Germans, no Hell exists because neither kings nor gods are powerful enough to confine evil to a single place.

The Cathars, for their part, mounted the most significant sustained challenge to Hell in all of Christian history. Catharism, which flourished in northern Italy and southern France during the 12th and 13th centuries, was characterized by an extreme "dualism," an exaggerated emphasis on the opposition of good and evil, of spirit and

flesh. The Cathars did not believe in an end of time, and refused therefore to accept the Last Judgment. The worst fate a man might suffer, they believed, he was suffering already, with his spirit imprisoned in the impurity of the flesh.

The Cathars believed in reincarnation; how well one lived on earth—how ascetic a life one led—determined whether one's soul advanced to a finer body or regressed into that of an animal. All in all, the Cathars' system of reincarnation seems vaguely democratic: Among souls, from one life to the next, there is a great deal of "social mobility." It is probably no coincidence that Catharism cut across class lines and was embraced by nobles and peasants, rich and poor alike; or that it thrived in those parts of Europe where towns and individual lords enjoyed the greatest autonomy, and where men and women were most nearly equal in the eyes of the law.



Generally Jews of this time saw Gehenna as a vast city, presided over by angels. Commentaries on the Torah enumerate the seven compartments of Gehenna, which are measured in centuries; they describe the seven houses of Gehenna, each containing myriads of nations. Gehenna has its neighborhoods and courtyards where there are torments similar to those encountered in the Apocalypse of Peter. (Who knows whether these tortures sprang first from Jewish or Christian imaginations? Perhaps they came from the same pagan sources as Virgil's scourges, shackles, and wheels.)

Lacking a strict orthodoxy, probably because they had no political base or center, Jews held widely varying views about the afterlife, a subject that Christian theologians would come to define with increasing vigor beginning around 1100.

The triumph, in the popular mind, of Rome's version of Hell—Augustine's version, essentially—would not occur until the dawn of the Renaissance. Yet Hell remained a serviceable concept nonetheless. It appears, for example, in satires during the eighth and ninth centuries, as Charles Martel and Charlemagne were (temporarily) re-establishing the Western Empire. One ninth-century chronicle describes Martel, who appropriated ecclesiastical property in order to equip his cavalry, being forced to drink molten gold. (The account was written, of course, by a member of the clergy, which chafed under unwonted secular control during the Carolingian era.)

The three centuries from roughly 1000 to 1300 were profoundly important ones in Europe. During those years, Europe underwent rapid population growth; demographic expansion both fostered and was sustained by the revival of commerce and the city. Europe was becoming a highly complex society—but an increasingly fragmented society as well. It was a society that yearned deeply for a

state of order and unity, and an institution to preserve it. Intellectually and politically, the Church of Rome sought to become that institution. With substantial success, strong popes such as Gregory the Great and Innocent III asserted their claim to a "plenitude of power"—to being, in effect, monarchs of a universal church, from whom secular potentates derived all authority.

From the middle of the 11th century onward, the Church proclaimed itself anew the standard for what, indeed, was Catholic. In the young universities at Bologna, Paris, and elsewhere, theologians codified Church doctrine—using Roman Law as a model for its divine counterpart. An ecumenical council in 1215 made annual confession mandatory. Mendicant friars, notably Dominicans and Franciscans, fanned out as missionaries. By 1300 the Christianization of the areas occupied by Germanic tribes, including the Vikings of Norway and Iceland, was a *fait accompli*. Closer to home, the popes created the Inquisition and launched a ferocious (and ultimately successful) crusade against the Cathars.



The 13th century, when opposition in Europe to the concept of Hell was finally eliminated, marks the turning point. Henceforward the Roman Church would take elaborate steps to maintain belief, leaving the triumph of Hell neither to chance nor to Providence.

The system worked roughly as follows. Popes defined dogma. Theologians justified scripture and dogma on rational grounds, adding refinements such as Purgatory (for those whose souls are not hopelessly soiled) and Limbo (for unbaptized infants)—concessions, perhaps, to popular demand. At the same time, theologians emphasized the utility of Hell as a deterrent to sin (although, as with capital punishment, it is easier to believe in Hell's deterring power than to prove, from hard evidence, that deterrence has been accomplished). Encyclopedists codified the conclusions of theologians and illustrated them with popular tales, called *exempla*. Preachers recounted *exempla* to move the laity toward penitence and confession.

Theologians generally resisted describing the physical character of Hell, preferring vague generalities (e.g., "In Hell, everything contributes to the suffering of the damned"). Preachers, less squeamish, selectively invoked details of the Hellscape to impress their flocks. The rapid proliferation during the Renaissance of detailed vernacular tracts on Hell reflects an expanding grassroots belief in punishment after death. The most famous of these travelogues is, of course, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, of which the first part, the *Inferno*, appeared around 1314. In the *Inferno*, Dante underscores Augustine's view of Hell as a place where "*sanza pro si penta*," where one repents without profit. But he does not doubt that Hell, for all its

hopelessness, is the work of a just God.

The *Inferno* set a standard—and marked, in some respects, Hell's apogee. After about 1600, Hell never again provoked the same unanimous shudder that it did during the two centuries immediately following Dante. This is true even though Hell retained its force in certain circles and received refinements from modern thinkers.

The leader of the Protestant Reformation, Martin Luther (1483–1546), adapted the Catholic view of Hell to suit his own introspective nature. He placed a personalized version of Hell in the individual conscience.

According to Luther, the erring soul despairs of salvation and blames God for afflictions that are in fact manifestations of grace. Thus blinded, the faithless become isolated from God and so, like those dispersed from Babel, they suffer an isolation and disorientation that is a foretaste of Hell. What in life was an interior anguish becomes, at the end of time, a physical reality too. As Luther put it, "Everyone carries his own Hell with him wherever he is." Thus this rebel who placed his conscience above the prevailing orthodoxy, who celebrated the priesthood of all believers, was also the prophet of individual Hell.

Images of hellfire and brimstone continued to trouble the imaginations of Christians in the New World. Indeed, some American churchmen gave new force to the old threat of damnation. The 18th-century divine Jonathan Edwards, in his memorable sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," pictured a fierce Almighty dangling sinners, like spiders held by a thread, over the gaping mouth of Hell. Elsewhere, Edwards declared that the "vitals" of the wicked "shall forever be full of a glowing, melting fire, fierce enough to melt away the very rocks and elements; and, also they shall eternally be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel the torments of hell... for ever and ever, without any end at all, and never, never be delivered."



Despite such attempts to preserve people's belief in Hell, powerful new currents were reshaping the intellectual and material life of Europe and increasingly deflecting those efforts. Capitalism and the commercial revolution, the advance of science and technology, the age of exploration and the apotheosis of Reason—these and other factors prompted a new faith in human potential. Intellectuals came to question the authority of, first, the Catholic Church, then of all organized religion. Hell, inevitably, was among the victims.

Voltaire and other 18th-century French *philosophes*, with an eye on the wars of religion, decried established churches as props of oppressive government—and denounced Hell as, in effect, the prop of the prop. Other thinkers took a different approach. The great

19th-century English philosopher John Stuart Mill claimed a contradiction in the idea of a deity "who could make a Hell: and who could create countless generations of human beings with the certain foreknowledge that he was creating them for this fate. Is there any moral enormity which might not be justified by imitation of such a Deity?"

The very basis of religion was called into doubt. German philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach (1804–72) interpreted human definitions of a transcendental reality as precisely that—human definitions—thus making the "other" world, the spiritual one, a mere figment of the imagination. Karl Marx's characterization of religion as the "opium of the people" combined Voltaire's view of religion as an instrument of rule with Feuerbach's claim that it amounted to self-delusion.

Yet Hell hangs on. Sigmund Freud conceived of Hell as a sublimation of anxiety common to all humanity. For Freud it was neither a divinely established institution nor an evanescent dream, but a vital aspect of our inner lives, an integral part of the human condition. With a different emphasis, Jean-Paul Sartre, in *No Exit* (1944), agreed: "Hell is you others." He saw Hell immanent in humanity itself. Why should Hell be so entrenched? Needing God and Heaven, that makes some sense. But why can't we get rid of Hell? Is there something deep in the human heart that somehow *needs* the certainty of Hell, under whatever guise?

Whatever else it may be, Hell represents an unacceptable future. And if it has been dismissed as an artifact of the human imagination, it has reappeared as a result of the human imagination, the work of human hands, the manmade horrors of the Nazi death camps, the Gulag, and the atomic bomb. Perhaps the calamities of recent history have so impressed us that they will prevent their own repetition. In a secularized age, we call these calamities hells. Thus we have made many hells, our hells on earth, our living hells.

Yet our hells lack one crucial ingredient of the Biblical Hell: justice. God's Hell contains only the wicked. Our hells are inverted. Either they are for the innocent, or they are indiscriminate. Our hells offer little recourse to the weak against the mighty, to the exploited against the exploiter. Hell was sought first by the psalmist as a weapon against the tyrant, as a *cri de coeur* against oppression. That retributive side of Gehenna we have not reproduced. We have only feeble mechanisms to punish the creators of concentration camps or the instigators of large-scale suffering. Only when human society can justly punish every evil will Hell be forgotten.



American ties with the Philippines go back to a nearly forgotten conflict: a brutal bush war between U.S. forces and native insurrectos (as the Yankees called them) that began in 1899, after Spain ceded the islands to the United States. These insurrectos posed with a gun captured from a boat belonging to the USS Yorktown, which was based near Manila and did coastal patrol duty until 1903.

The Philippines

On the night of February 26, 1986, Ferdinand Marcos left the Philippines aboard a U.S. Air Force transport.

The autocrat who had ruled the island republic for two decades was 68 years of age, ailing, and bitter. He said that he had been "deceived" into flying into exile by U.S. officials, after the disputed "snap" election of February 7 and massive street protests. Weeks passed before he would begin to talk to newsmen in Honolulu. Marcos conceded, finally, that his days in the Malacañang presidential palace were over. Speaking of Corazon Aquino, his successor, who had to deal with the problems Marcos left behind (including a \$26 billion foreign debt and a Communist insurgency), the ex-President was patronizing: "Poor girl, she may have bitten off more than she can chew."

Times have changed. When Marcos took office in 1965, one U.S. news magazine described the Philippines, with a proprietary optimism, as "a model of hope for all of non-Communist Southeast Asia." The United States has been involved with the islands for nearly 90 years. The link grew almost as a by-product of the Spanish-American War, which followed the explosion of the battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor in 1898. It took Adm. George Dewey's squadron just six hours to sink a Spanish fleet anchored in Manila Bay. But the victory gave the history books Dewey's famous line ("You may fire when you are ready, Gridley"); the subsequent U.S. occupation of the islands came as Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem urging America to "take up the white man's burden." Perhaps less well remembered today is President William McKinley's sardonic post-mortem: "If only old Dewey had just sailed away when he smashed the Spanish fleet, what a lot of trouble he would have saved."

This summer brings the 40th anniversary of the day (July 4, 1946) Washington granted independence to the islands. On the following pages, Stuart Creighton Miller recalls the evolution of the U.S. role in the Philippines; Claude Buss traces the republic's early days; Arthur Zich describes the Marcos era and the underlying difficulties facing Mrs. Aquino and her new government.

COMPADRE COLONIALISM

by Stuart Creighton Miller

A myth nurtured by two generations of historians is that Adm. Dewey's 1898 victory at Manila Bay came as a surprise to Americans, few of whom had heard of the Philippines. Humorist Finley Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" said that no one was sure if they were "islands or canned goods." One legend had President McKinley scurrying to a globe to see where "those darned islands" were.

In reality, U.S. and European firms had established commercial houses there many decades earlier to trade for hemp. The isolation imposed by Spain continued to erode in the 19th century thanks to steamships, the Suez Canal, and the laying of submarine cables.

The land *was* exotic. Lush and tropical, it was composed of some 7,100 islands and islets, with more than 21,000 miles of coastline. Most of the 10 million people lived on 11 major islands, whose fertile lowlands and steep mountains would sear through a dry season and then be whipped by monsoon rains and typhoons. The northern tip of the most populous island, Luzon, was 1,100 miles from the southern coast of sparsely inhabited Mindanao. The one railroad was a British-built line linking Manila with central Luzon's rice lands.

Unlike other Asian colonies, the Philippines was never a single nation with a recorded history before the Spanish came during the 16th century. Geographic and cultural barriers restrained such a development. The polyglot population spoke nearly 70 languages and dialects. Negrito Pygmies, stone-age mountain tribes, and the fiercely independent Muslims of Mindanao and the Sulu islands hardly felt Spanish rule at all. Many Chinese immigrants survived pogroms during the Spanish era to thrive as artisans, traders, and bankers.

Three centuries of Spanish dominion provided a lingua franca for at least some of the population, as well as a common religion, Roman Catholicism, for the lowland people. The growing demand for export crops led to large farming estates, *haciendas*, which in turn led to the growth of what might be called a middle class, one of the first in Asia. It was composed mostly of Chinese *mestizos*, who had access to Chinese credit. Prosperous *mestizos* sent their sons to European universities, creating a new native elite of doctors, lawyers, intellectuals, and absentee landowners called *ilustrados*. These "enlightened ones" had imbibed such intoxicating Western ideas as nationalism and democracy, which in time filtered down to others. This nationalism was further stirred by inflexible Spanish rule.

In 1896, a year after the native revolt against Spain began in



Turn-of-the-century cartoonists, if not Uncle Sam, had a field day with the Philippines. Said the caption of this New York Journal entry: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child."

Cuba, an uprising started in the Philippines. This caught the eye of crusading American editors, eager for further signs of oppression in Spain's decaying empire. At the time, America was going through something of a psychic crisis, as popular faith in its future seemed to falter. The frontier was settled, according to the 1890 census, and historian Frederick Jackson Turner declared that "the first period of American history is over." While old Civil War sores still festered, the Panic of 1893 began a four-year depression. "Coxey's Army" of jobless men marched on Washington in 1894 while the populist Mrs. Mary Lease urged farmers "to raise less corn and more hell."

A moral crusade against Spanish cruelty helped to divert attention from this domestic malaise. Many politicians and publishers, such as William Randolph Hearst, believed war would at last unite the blue and gray, and a surge of patriotism would lift the nation's spirits. It would also establish America as a world power, a new role that required colonies to support commercial and missionary ventures and provide outlets for the surplus goods and capital produced by a maturing industrial economy. This would be the new "frontier."

Asia's millions had always loomed larger in the American imagi-

nation than they ever did in the statistics of trade and religious conversion. The United States shared the Chinese ports secured by England's gunboat diplomacy. Com. Matthew Perry opened Japan in 1854. Midway was annexed in 1867, while agreements in 1875 and 1878 with Hawaii and Samoa brought those islands within the U.S. sphere of influence. Yet commercial and missionary success in Asia, particularly in China, remained elusive. When McKinley was inaugurated in 1897, such "expansionists" as Theodore Roosevelt and Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge advised him that *Manila* was the key to America's future in Asia. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Roosevelt would not only pick Dewey to command the Asiatic Squadron but provide him with orders to strike at Manila when war was declared.

Emperor of Expediency

McKinley proved almost as reluctant to march to war as was his predecessor, Grover Cleveland, who refused to allow "the rascally Cubans" to stampede him in that direction. But jingoism was high. Sen. George Frisbie Hoar lamented that papers everywhere were "painted in red ink shouting for blood." After the *Maine* blew up in Havana Harbor in February 1898, war was inevitable. The *Chicago Tribune* warned that "an administration that stains the national honor will never be forgiven." Dewey's May 1 victory, almost two months before ground fighting began in Cuba, was just the elixir needed. But once the war fever died down, discussion of the fate of the Philippines began in earnest.

In June 1898, on the day that Hawaii was annexed, foes of colonialism held a meeting in Boston to curb the "wicked ambition" of expansion, and to start an Anti-Imperialist League. Recruits included Back Bay brahmins (Gamaliel Bradford, Moorfield Storey), university heads (Harvard's Charles W. Eliot), scholars (William James, Herman von Holst), and writers (Mark Twain, Lincoln Steffens). Labor pioneer Samuel Gompers and Sen. "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman of South Carolina (which he called "Africa") took up the cause.

What motivated many anti-colonialists was not sympathy for the downtrodden but fear that the U.S. Constitution would "follow the flag," bringing foreign lands into the Union. Even old abolitionists worried about assimilating "aliens in blood." Journalist Carl Schurz, a Civil War general and former politician, warned of eventual trouble from a mix of "Indian and Negro blood, and Malays and other un-

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speakable Asiatics by the tens of millions!"

The expansionists, too, included university presidents (Stanford's Benjamin Ide Wheeler), professors (Albert Bushnell Hart, Woodrow Wilson), and writers (Walter Hines Page, Julia Ward Howe). Most of the Protestant clergy supported empire-building. The *Missionary Record* suggested that Jesus was "the most imperial of the imperialists." More important, expansion in Asia was very popular with the man in the street.

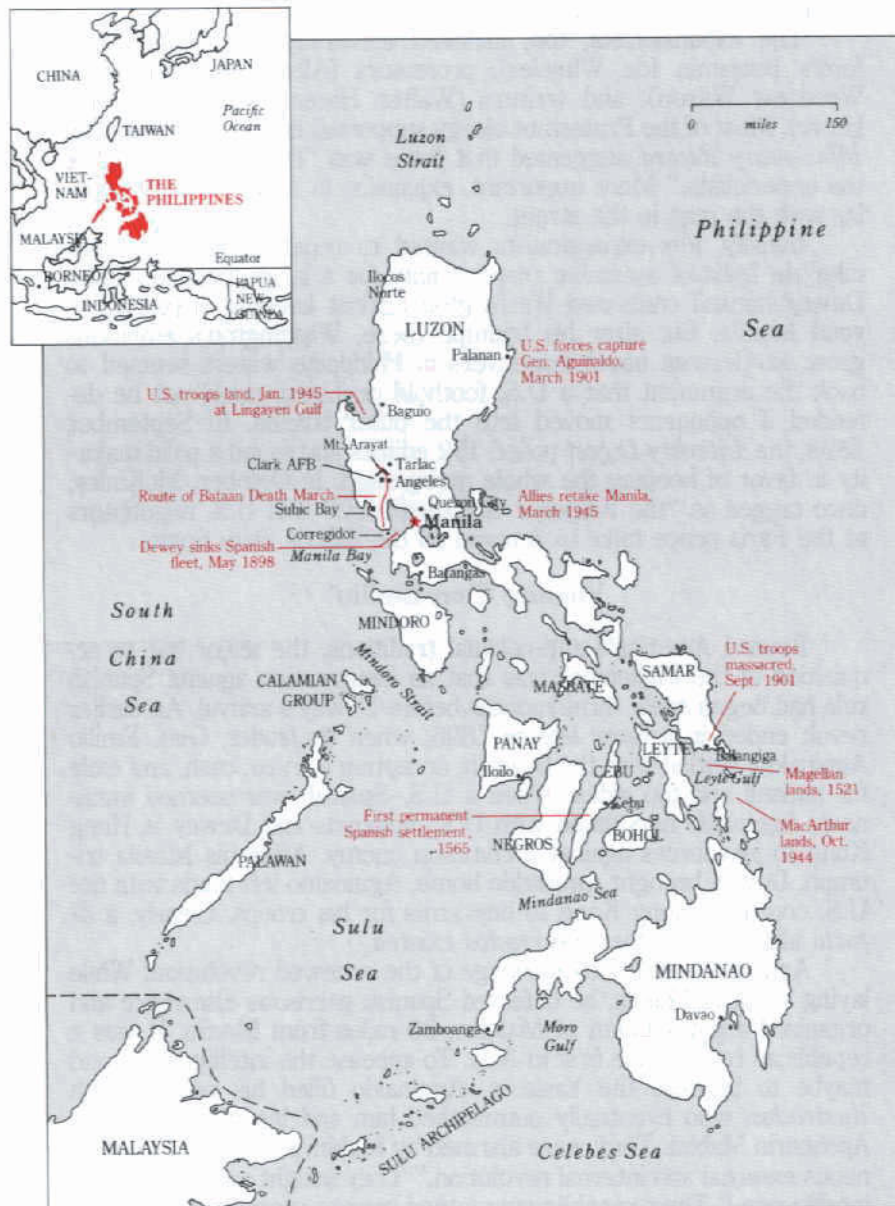
Initially, few expansionists wanted to repeat England's "mistake" in India of assuming responsibility for a large, populous area. Dewey himself cautioned Washington against keeping anything beyond Manila. But after his triumph there, Washington's ambitions grew, as German naval maneuvers in Philippine waters seemed to back the argument that a U.S. foothold on Luzon could not be defended if opponents moved into the other islands. In September 1898, the *Literary Digest* polled 192 editors and found a solid majority in favor of keeping the whole archipelago. In October, McKinley, once tagged as "the Emperor of Expediency," told U.S. negotiators at the Paris peace talks to demand all the islands from Spain.

Visiting 'Don Emilio'

Beyond America's anti-colonial traditions, the major bar to acquisition of the Philippines was that an insurrection against Spanish rule had begun anew three months before Dewey's arrival. An earlier revolt ended in a draw late in 1896, when its leader, Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, settled with the Spanish, accepting a truce, cash, and exile for himself and top aides. When a U.S.-Spanish war seemed imminent, Aguinaldo negotiated with U.S. diplomats and Dewey in Hong Kong to join forces against a common enemy. After his Manila triumph, Dewey brought Aguinaldo home. Aguinaldo left funds with the U.S. consul in Hong Kong to buy arms for his troops. Clearly, a *de facto* alliance with the *insurrectos* existed.

Aguinaldo quickly took charge of the renewed revolution. While laying siege to Manila, he defeated Spanish garrisons elsewhere and organized a government at Malolos, 30 miles from Manila. It was a republican regime, the first in Asia. To appease the intelligentsia, and maybe to impress the Yankees, Aguinaldo filled his cabinet with *ilustrados*, who eventually outmatched him and his radical adviser, Apolinario Mabini. They were alarmed by Mabini's call for a "simultaneous external and internal revolution." They sought an "oligarchy of intelligence." Their republic guaranteed private property and limited suffrage to "men of high character, social position, and honorable conduct." Most wanted U.S. protectorate status. Aguinaldo's Director of Diplomacy, Pardo de Tavera, urged him to beg McKinley not to abandon the islands.

THE PHILIPPINES



Sources: Defense Mapping Agency, National Geographic, Philippine Embassy, The Times Atlas of the World.

The Philippines straddles key shipping lanes (e.g., the Indonesia-Japan oil route) and faces Soviet bases in Vietnam. For Clark Field and the Subic Bay Naval Base, Washington pays a \$180 million yearly rent under a pact that runs to 1991.

Ironically, it was American military leaders playing diplomat who later radicalized Aguinaldo's regime. Dewey made his visits to "Don Emilio" informal, lest they be construed as U.S. recognition. When U.S. troops arrived in June 1898, the admiral persuaded his "good friend" to make room for them in Cavite, south of Manila, and supply them with food, but refused to put the request in writing. When Gen. Wesley Merritt assumed overall command, he forbade any communications with the "insurgents," military or civilian. He lifted this prohibition once, to allow Dewey to persuade Aguinaldo to make room in his siege lines for U.S. soldiers, who were to take part in a secretly arranged sham battle for Manila that would allow the Spanish to surrender with honor to Merritt. The Filipinos were excluded.

Taft's Carrot

Aguinaldo resumed his siege, with the Americans now occupying the city. Merritt's successor, Gen. Elwell S. Otis, began a campaign to humiliate the Filipinos, including threats of force if Aguinaldo's "undisciplined mob" did not leave positions Otis arbitrarily decreed to be within Manila's boundaries. Soldiers on both sides traded insults.

As this cold war dragged on, Aguinaldo proposed at Malolos that he rule by decree while "the country may have to struggle for independence." His claim to power frightened many *ilustrados* in his regime, who fled to Manila and reinforced U.S. misperceptions of Aguinaldo. Already, expansionist editors in America were calling him "a lying popinjay," and his ragtag army a "band of looters."

If any Filipino doubts about U.S. intentions lingered, they were dispelled by the Treaty of Paris, signed in December 1898. Spain ceded the Philippines to America in return for \$20 million for Spanish "improvements."* Washington, said one U.S. editor, had bought "10 million Filipinos at two dollars per head on the hoof."

Aguinaldo's only hope now was that the Senate would reject a treaty that so violated U.S. traditions. One evening in February 1899, two days before the Senate vote, U.S. sentries shot some unarmed, possibly drunk Filipino soldiers at one of Otis's disputed outposts, and wild firing erupted. Otis could have dismissed the episode. Instead, he launched an offensive. The first U.S. ground war in Asia had begun.

The fighting continued even after Aguinaldo was captured in March 1901 and pledged allegiance to the Americans. But local self-government was restored in areas once they were pacified. An investigative commission under Cornell president Jacob Gould Schurman

*Puerto Rico and Guam were also ceded. Congress, to protect U.S. sugar interests, had precluded the American colonization of Cuba. Its new freedom was compromised, however, by the Platt Amendment of 1901; until rescinded in 1934, it asserted a U.S. right to intervene to maintain Cuban independence and domestic tranquility. Guantánamo Bay was leased in 1903 for \$2,000 a year in gold. Today Havana accepts a rent of \$4,085 in cash.

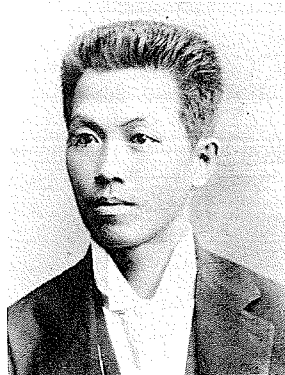
'DAMN, DAMN, DAMN THE INSURRECTOS!'

On the evening of February 4, 1899, Pvt. Robert W. Grayson of the 1st Nebraska Volunteers saw four Filipino soldiers near his post in a Manila suburb. He said "Halt." A Filipino replied "*Halto.*" As Grayson recalled, "Well I thought the best thing to do was to shoot him. He dropped."

Thus began an undeclared war that would turn out to be far more taxing than the U.S. campaign against Spain. It lasted more than three years, engaged 126,000 U.S. troops, and cost 4,234 Yankee lives. Some 16,000 native *insurrectos* were killed; perhaps 200,000 died of disease or famine.

On the first full day of fighting around Manila, there were 60 U.S. deaths to the Filipinos' 3,000. The Army's VIII Corps, composed initially of nearly 30,000 Spanish-American War volunteers, expected a quick victory. The troops, as one said, were "itching" for a fight before they left "those damned islands." Pug-nacity also ran high at home. Speaking of the *insurrecto* chief, Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, the *New York Times* declared that "this tricky little man must be broken."

U.S. troops had old Springfields and new Krag-Jorgensen rifles; Navy guns could smash coastal villages. The *insurrectos*, though armed with Mauser rifles as well as bolo knives, seemed no match. But in November, Aguinaldo's army dispersed into guerrilla units. *Amigos* by day, the Filipinos turned bush fighters by night. Pvt. Hugh Clapp wrote home to Nebraska: "You have niggers you can't see shoot at you until you get close enough to shoot at them and then Mr. Nigger tears off to another good place and shoots again."



Aguinaldo

The Americans, whose commanders were mostly veterans of the Indian wars, countered in kind. One trooper reported to his parents in Kingston, New York: "The town of Titatia was surrendered to us a few days ago, and two companies occupy the same. Last night one of our boys was found shot and his stomach cut open. Immediately orders were received . . . to burn the town and kill every native in sight . . . about 1,000 men, women, and children [died]. I am probably going hard-hearted, for I am in my glory when I can sight my gun on some dark skin and pull the trigger."

The war became a bloody stalemate. Gen. Elwell S. Otis, the U.S. commander, hailed new weapons. An "ingenious combination" of Hotchkiss cannons, Gatling guns, and borrowed naval artillery mounted on railcars would blast enemy sanctuaries in the interior. An explosive called thorite, Otis said, would rock the Filipinos "to their senses." U.S. sweeps were launched with fanfare ("the last stroke of the war") and were invariably reported later by their leaders to have been a "complete success."

At home, the optimism wore thin. A June 1899 editorial in the antiwar San

Francisco *Call* protested that "General Otis has been dealing 'crushing blows.' He has ended the 'rebellion' repeatedly. But the 'crushing blows' do not crush." The general, returning home after being relieved early in 1900, claimed that "the thing is entirely over." Scowled the New York *World*: It was "not for the first time [that] the war in the Philippines was ended."

Otis's successor, Gen. Arthur MacArthur, argued that he needed 100,000 men. (U.S. troop strength would peak at about 80,000.) A "war tax" was levied. While the Washington debate over the conflict went on, racial tensions erupted in riots in Chicago and San Antonio. "Dissension at home became more disagreeable than fighting the Filipinos," wrote historian Mark Sullivan. "The spirit of America became sour." Yet William McKinley easily defeated his Democratic challenger, William Jennings Bryan, in November 1900. Congress voted \$400 million to continue the war.

The worst U.S. defeat was to come on September 27, 1901, at Balangiga on Samar island. Guerrillas had hidden bolos in a church where a U.S. infantry company planned to hold a memorial service for the recently assassinated President McKinley. That morning the *insurrectos*, some disguised as mourning women, retrieved their knives and struck. They killed 59 soldiers and wounded 23; only six were unscathed. Gen. Jacob Smith vowed to turn Samar into "a howling wilderness."

His troops complied. Reported a Philadelphia *Ledger* correspondent: "Our men have been relentless. They have killed to exterminate men, women, children, prisoners, and captives... from lads of 10 up." Entire towns were burned; inhabitants were herded into makeshift camps or shot.

By the summer of 1902, the *insurrectos* were largely vanquished. That July 4, McKinley's successor, Teddy Roosevelt, declared that victory had come. The Senate held hearings on atrocities committed by both sides, but most Americans wanted to forget the far-off bloodshed. In 1960, Manila's envoy to the United States, Carlos Romulo, urged that Washington formally recognize that the "insurrection" had in fact been a Philippine-American war. Secretary of State Christian A. Herter turned him down.

Today the war is remembered in the United States chiefly by the "Military Order of the Carabao." Founded by U.S. veterans of the conflict, it is an assemblage of present and former servicemen who gather occasionally to poke fun at the brass and revive old Philippine campaign ditties like this one, sung to the tune of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Boys Are Marching":

In the land of dopey dreams, happy, peaceful Philippines,
Where the bolomen are busy all night long,
Where ladrones they steal and lie, and Americans die,
There you hear the soldiers sing this evening song:

Damn, damn, damn the *Insurrectos*!
Cross-eyed, khakiac ladrones!
Underneath the starry flag, civilize 'em with a Krag,
And return us to our own beloved homes.

had arrived in March 1899. Then came a permanent group under William Howard Taft, the first civilian U.S. governor general.

Taft pursued a "policy of attraction" that was a carrot to the Army's stick. He restored Filipinos to positions of authority. Some were appointed to his Philippine Commission, which served as a cabinet and legislature. The government that evolved was an alliance between the Americans and the *ilustrado* elite, which had pretty much abandoned Aguinaldo once the war began. Taft needed the *ilustrados* to mediate with the masses; they needed U.S. power to maintain order and check any challenges to their leadership.

Family, Loyalty, Oligarchy

In essence, a self-liquidating U.S. regime was planned to allow Filipino nationalism to evolve peacefully under Yankee tutelage. While this formula, unprecedented in the Third World, assuaged American guilt about the conquest, it also reflected a certain U.S. disillusionment with the colonial experiment. Even President Teddy Roosevelt described the islands as a "heel of Achilles" in 1907, calling for independence as soon as possible. That year, an assembly was elected* to serve as a lower house to the commission.

Taft, elected president in 1908, had second thoughts about the cozy relationship with the *ilustrados*. U.S. policy, he complained, was "merely to await the organization of a Philippine oligarchy or aristocracy competent to administer and turn the Islands over to it." America's continued presence in the islands, with no pressure for needed reforms, made it easy for the *ilustrados* to exploit the issue of independence while ignoring more important questions of social justice, including a more equitable distribution of land.

As historian Peter W. Stanley has observed, America thus became "a double sanction for elite rule—buttress and target simultaneously." Yet, it should be noted, while U.S. support hastened the growth of an oligarchy, the *ilustrados* would have been able to shape the islands' political development without it. By no means static, the oligarchy co-opted possible opponents by opening its ranks to technocrats, bureaucrats, and other rising folk.

The political parties that evolved resembled the Philippines' family system. An extension of loyalty and obligation to third and fourth cousins on both maternal and paternal sides broadened the family greatly. It was further enlarged by godparenting, which linked the family not just to the *compadres* and *comadres* but to *their* kin as well. Added to this were ritualized friendships carrying reciprocal

*The electorate was then just three percent of the population. Voting was limited to males aged 23 or older who had held certain municipal posts under the Spanish; or owned property worth at least 500 pesos or paid a minimum of 30 pesos in taxes annually; or could read, write, and speak English or Spanish. Gradually, suffrage was broadened. Today, everyone 18 and above can vote.

obligations. In similar fashion, politicians would build a personal following, a "family." Voters, attuned more to personalities than issues, would support their political patriarch. One result would be powerful leaders with long tenure.

With Taft's blessing, the Partido Federal was formed late in 1900 by Filipino conservatives, who misread U.S. aims and the temper of their own people by seeking statehood. Racial and economic fears in America precluded this; moreover, once the Philippine-American fighting began, it was not politically viable to demand anything short of independence. Taft tried to delay the formation of opposition parties, but several independence groups were created by young radicals, most of whom had fought U.S. rule. With the first municipal election in 1907, a single Partido Nacionalista emerged. This political "family," led by rival patriarchs Sergio Osmeña and Manuel Quezon (a Chinese *mestizo* and *ilustrado* who had fought with Aguinaldo), would reign supreme until the Japanese invasion of 1941-42.

Outdoing Gandhi

Americans came to lament the Nacionalista dominance, but the U.S. presence fostered this triumph of political fusion over fission. Quezon would prove adept at using U.S. rule and the independence issue to consolidate his own and his party's power. "Damn the Americans," he once said. "Why don't they tyrannize us more!"

Pushed by anti-imperialists, President Woodrow Wilson named Francis Burton Harrison governor general in 1913. Committed to independence, Harrison abandoned any supervisory political role over the next eight years while pushing economic growth to support that goal. The Jones Act of 1916 pledged independence "as soon as a stable government can be established." Wilson and Harrison thought the Filipinos were ready, but events—World War I and the League of Nations campaign—distracted Washington.

Not until the New Deal was Congress ready to make a new promise of freedom. American farmers were in distress, and many blamed their woes on produce from the Philippines. In this atmosphere, Osmeña and Manuel Roxas, a rising politician from a landed family, went to Washington in 1933 and secured an offer of independence after a 10-year period as a self-governing commonwealth.

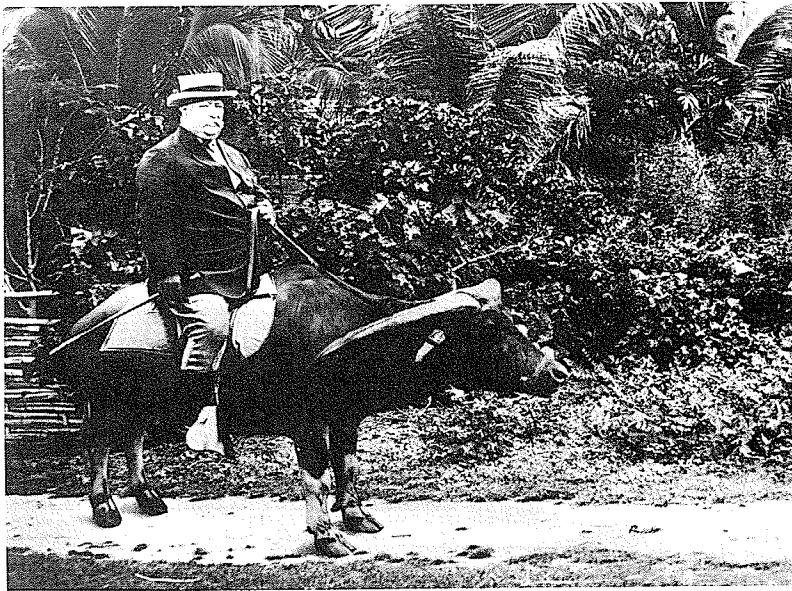
Fearing a power play by Osmeña to gain the Nacionalista leadership, Quezon criticized the terms. Among other things, he argued, the offer did not encompass full independence, since U.S. military bases would be as sovereign as Britain's were in Egypt. He got the Philippine legislature to reject the offer and headed for Washington. He thus displayed, notes historian Theodore Friend, "power without comparison in the colonial world. Gandhi and Nehru, for instance, had just been released from jail . . . while . . . Quezon was planning a trip to

the United States to obtain an independence act more to his liking.”

Yet Quezon had little bargaining power. When he pushed for better trade agreements for Philippine products, President Franklin Roosevelt threatened him with independence in 24 hours, which not many Filipinos wanted. By gaining a few cosmetic changes in the Tydings-McDuffie Act (1934), Quezon could claim that he had won better terms, leaving Osmeña and Roxas little choice but to go along.

The commonwealth era began in 1935 with a new constitution modeled after the American one, but with differences. It exalted authority. “The good of the state, not the good of the individual, must prevail,” said Quezon. Great power was vested in the chief executive, who could become a dictator “in times of war or other national emergency.” Friend described the president as a combination of the Spanish *caudillo* and the Filipino *datu*, a pre-Spanish chieftain.

Elected as the commonwealth’s first President, Quezon spoke of a “partyless democracy,” raising fears of dictatorship. Faced with problems of economic development and decolonization, and correcting a lopsided distribution of wealth, he accomplished little, except when some window-dressing would enhance his popularity. Although depression-wracked America did little to help him, his failures could



Governor General William Howard Taft (1900–04) believed that America's “little brown brothers” would need 50 to 100 years of U.S. supervision “to develop anything resembling Anglo-Saxon political principles and skills.”

not be attributed solely to Washington, as he often asserted.

To ready the Philippines for its own defense after independence, Quezon enlisted (with FDR's blessing) the outgoing Army Chief of Staff, Gen. Douglas MacArthur. The son of Arthur MacArthur, the U.S. commander in the Philippines in 1900-01, he had served three tours in the islands, beginning with his first assignment out of West Point in 1903. Unlike most U.S. officers, he treated Filipinos as equals. Over the years, he had grown close to Quezon. He was made a field marshal of the new Philippine Army, the only American ever to achieve that exalted rank. In turn, the Quezons became godparents to MacArthur's only child, Arthur IV, born in 1938. Thus the President and the field marshal became *compadres*.

'Craven Helots'

MacArthur's plans to make the Philippines "a Pacific Switzerland," militarily, faded in time. Economic problems forced Quezon to cut MacArthur's budget, finally straining relations between the two men. Given his difficulties on so many fronts, Quezon thought of postponing independence beyond 1946, although he was too astute to say so publicly. At any rate, the U.S. Congress would not have brooked a delay.

After the Japanese invasion in 1941, MacArthur declared Manila an open city and retreated to Bataan and then to Corregidor, the island fortress in Manila Bay, with Quezon and his Vice President, Osmeña. Before the last American-Filipino forces capitulated in May 1942, the two politicians went to Washington* to lead a government in exile, and MacArthur was ordered to make his way to Australia.

In all, some 70,000 U.S. and Filipino troops surrendered by May 1942. Perhaps 10,000 died on the Bataan Death March or in Japanese prison camps. Thousands escaped to the mountains to fight on as guerrillas. More than 180,000 Filipinos took up arms against the Japanese and those Filipinos who sided with them, beginning a pattern of violence and civil strife that would long haunt the land.

Upon Quezon's death in the United States in 1944, Osmeña assumed the presidency, and returned to the Philippines that October, literally in MacArthur's footsteps. As areas of the country were liberated, MacArthur turned civil authority over to Osmeña—to the irritation of Interior Secretary Harold Ickes, who, said MacArthur, "seemed to think of the islands as another one of his national parks." The scholarly Osmeña rarely got along with military folk, and he suspected that MacArthur was fobbing off on him the difficult task of dealing with Filipino collaborators. Ickes wanted these "timid, craven, opportunistic helots" executed, but far too many of them were pre-war oligarchs and members of Osmeña's own political "family."

*Before departing, Quezon rewarded MacArthur with a gift of \$500,000.

There had always been a few Japanophiles among the *ilustrados*. After granting the islands nominal independence in 1943, the Japanese occupation authorities chose to embrace the remnants of the government that Quezon had left behind, to retain an appearance of legitimacy. Thus the puppet regime's rosters were filled with *ilustrado* family names, some of which would dominate the headlines years later. After Manuel Roxas, Tokyo's first choice as the wartime republic's president, adroitly evaded the honor, the job went to Quezon's Minister of Justice, José P. Laurel, who had studied law at Yale and Oxford and received an honorary J.D. in Japan in 1938. Benigno Aquino, Sr., a sugar baron and charter member of the Nacionalista oligarchy, served in Laurel's cabinet.

A 21-Gun Salute

While Washington pressed for prosecution of the collaborators, MacArthur complicated the process by personally exonerating Roxas, a friend and prewar aide who had held the rank of U.S. Army brigadier general. In truth, Roxas had cooperated with great reluctance, exaggerating a heart condition to avoid appointments and, when that failed, refusing to accept any Japanese financial rewards for his service as minister in Laurel's cabinet. In contrast, Laurel obediently declared war on the United States and Britain in 1944.

The bitter Osmeña-Roxas race of 1946, with memories of wartime resistance and collaboration still fresh, split the oligarchy and ended the Nacionalista dominance established by Quezon. Vicious tactics were employed by both sides. Roxas owned three newspapers and enjoyed the support of the U.S. Army occupation officials who controlled radio broadcasting. As the incumbent, Osmeña had the power of patronage and the support of the Truman administration. Roxas, running as a Liberal, won the April election, and on July 4, 1946, was inaugurated as the first President of the Republic of the Philippines. Later, Quezon's remains arrived aboard the USS *Princeton*, and were given the head-of-state's 21-gun salute that he so coveted in life. Laurel also arrived, from Japan, under guard, to join the 5,000-plus other accused collaborators charged with treason.

But the collaboration issue soon faded, despite the years of wartime privation and struggle. Early convictions were successfully appealed before Roxas-appointed judges. The other accused, Laurel among them, got their trials delayed until 1948, when Roxas issued an amnesty. By then, many prominent collaborators out on bail were back in government. With the Cold War looming, it was in America's interest to reunite the oligarchy, to have a stable Pacific ally.

A widespread good feeling for the United States remained in the Philippines long after independence. There was even a sense of gratitude for the years of "tutelage." Imperialism cannot be viewed in

absolute terms. Except for the initial years of bloody conquest, the United States, at the very least, avoided the worst excesses of other colonial regimes and shielded the Filipinos from European incursions. The Americans barred the further conversion of public lands into large private *haciendas*. Up to the commonwealth period, they assumed all military expenses, instead of strapping the colonized with this burden as European powers did. As Friend observed, "For such negative accomplishments the Filipinos in general could be grateful: no encouragement of great estates, as in Indochina; no assistance to Muslim separatism, as in India; no wave of coolie labor flooding the country, as in Burma and Malaya; no government opium concession, symptom of social decadence and symbol of imperial hypocrisy in Indonesia, Indochina, and the Malay States."

More positively, America developed an impressive school system. If its English-language, Western-oriented curriculum was "denaturalizing" and "irrelevant," as its critics charged, it also markedly reduced Filipino illiteracy. U.S. health services increased the life span and helped to double the population in 20 years. The Americans also brought improvements in transportation and other economic gains, though these might have been more impressive had not the islands remained so dependent upon U.S. trade and aid.

Finally, the Americans rapidly developed self-government. The oligarchical system that evolved reflected Philippine culture rather than the U.S. model, but that was unavoidable—and by no means fostered by America alone. Indeed, the three years of Japanese rule deepened the division among Filipinos between the majority of the population, which mostly resisted the occupation, and the leading families, most of whom went along with the invaders from Tokyo.

The 47 years of often reluctant U.S. rule yielded a mixed legacy—but the Americans left behind much of which they can still be proud. What to do with the legacy would be up to the Filipinos.



WAKING FROM A DREAM

by *Claude Buss*

At a small dinner in Manila on the eve of World War II, President Manuel Quezon turned to Manuel Roxas, his Secretary of Finance. "Manoling," he said, "it looks to me as though I got the blessed thing, but it will be up to you to figure out what to do with it."

The "thing" was a U.S. timetable for full independence for the Philippines. When independence came, in 1946, Quezon was in his grave. As forecast, Roxas was President, and he had much to ponder.

With the removal of U.S. authority, the Philippines had to formulate a government system that would respond not to the wishes of America but to its own needs. Filipinos had evolved a pattern of social relations pre-dating Spanish times that linked peasants and landlords in a mutually beneficial patron-client relationship. Central to it was a concept of mutual obligations known in Tagalog as *utang na loob*, literally "debt from within."

A landowner looked after his sharecroppers. He provided money and food in hard times and protected them from government authorities and other outside powers. Often he would formalize this relationship by becoming godfather to his peasants' children. The peasants in turn pledged loyalty. The islands, as historian Peter Stanley has noted, thus developed a "matrix of reciprocal social and cultural obligations that link the great and the small in a kind of extended family." Society was arranged "in a series of vertical columns uniting rich and poor, rather than dividing it horizontally." It was a stable arrangement; what peasant revolts occurred were local and brief.

During the 20th century, the old extended family came under strain due to the economy's shift from subsistence farming to supplying the U.S. market. More farm acreage was needed to feed a growing population *and* produce export crops (by 1940, 81 percent of exports went to America). Result: More land was cultivated, and more was devoted to sugar and coconut products, which would become the islands' leading sources of rural jobs and foreign exchange.

Peasant life changed. In 1918, there were about two million farms, and 75 percent were worked by their owners. By 1939, the farms were fewer (1.6 million) but bigger—and only *half* were owner-run. By the thousands, small proprietors became tenants or migrant laborers. Typically, tenants borrowed from owners to meet expenses. By 1924, it was estimated that the typical tenant family would have to toil for 163 years to pay off loans and acquire the land it worked; since children inherited debts, families were bound to their



Independence Day celebrations, 1946. President Manuel Roxas greets his old compadre, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, then U.S. proconsul in postwar Japan, as the Philippines ends 47 years of American rule.

bosses for generations. In a nation whose economy was 70 percent agricultural, all this augured ill for a democratic government.

The rich-poor disparity was growing. On the eve of independence, 10 percent of Filipinos had 40 percent of the national income. This unusual concentration worried some affluent Manileños. Lawyer-politician Juan Sumulong warned that society was dividing into poor folk "with neither voice nor vote in the formulation of government policies" and a "feared and detested oligarchy."

The oligarchy was typically composed of families who prospered as rural landholders, moved to Manila to educate their children, and then turned to business. The Roxas family, landowners in the Visayan islands, ran the first Philippine corporation, the San Miguel Corporation, launched during the 1890s as a brewery. The Cojuangcos began as sugar planters in Tarlac. The Lopez family parlayed profits from sugar holdings in the Visayas into such properties as the Manila Electric Company and the *Manila Chronicle*.

Politics, too, became family-centered. The Laurels of Batangas province, south of Manila, would produce not just José P. Laurel, the Supreme Court Justice and President under the Japanese, but also his sons José, a leading Congressman, and Salvador (Doy) Laurel. The

name of the Aquinos of Tarlac was carried into public life not only by Benigno Sr., a cabinet officer in the Quezon and Laurel governments, but also his son and namesake, the martyred Ninoy, as well as Ninoy's widow, Corazon, who happened to be born a Cojuangco.

The political oligarchy was open to newcomers who acquired wealth or power or a rich man's patronage. But while there was room at the top, a politician's rise depended on his skill in dealing with the oligarchs. Ferdinand Marcos would be a prime example.

Hence, Washington's confidence that the islands had all that was needed for a working democracy was misplaced. What was lacking was the U.S.-British heritage—familiarity with compromise, the rule of law, civil liberties—and the experience that taught Americans to respect constitutional checks and balances. These pillars of a democratic system the Filipinos would have to erect for themselves.

Even so, the Truman administration regarded the Philippine government as well launched. There was an elected President and a two-house Congress. Washington was providing \$620 million in aid, and the Bell Act granted breaks on tariffs for Philippine sugar and other products for years, in return for the right of Americans to do business in the islands in "parity" with Filipinos.

One year after World War II, as Washington saw it, the country had a stable peso, little debt, and fat currency reserves. Nor was it crowded: There were only 20 million Filipinos in a land area equal to Italy's. Industry was scarce, but there were valuable forests, plains and terraced hillsides for crops, and many mines. (The islands have the world's largest deposits of chromite, are sixth in gold output, and are a source of iron, copper, nickel, silver, and coal.) Other assets were such legacies of the U.S. era as rising life expectancy (which would lengthen from 37 years in 1904 to 62 by 1981) and a commitment to mass education.*

But Roxas, speaking on his 1946 election as President, was gloomy. The "wounds of war and economic prostration" were great. In mountain provinces and other areas, "children starve." Health

*Classes in most schools are taught in Pilipino, a variant of Tagalog, which is the dialect of central Luzon; it was declared the main Philippine language in 1946. English remains widely used in higher education, and in business and government (Spanish is rare). Literacy, once a prerequisite for voting, is easy to achieve, at least officially: The government deems anyone with four years of elementary schooling to be literate. In 1981, the claimed literacy rate surpassed 89 percent.

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programs, housing, and schools were in shambles. People had pesos to spend, thanks to U.S. aid. But prosperity was "a hallucination," he said. "Soon, very soon, we must awake from that dream."

On the surface, in those days the islands seemed a happy place. The rebuilding proceeded with speed. Rice and corn provided ample food while sugar and coconut exports earned the money needed for fun and fiestas. The country rivaled rice-rich Thailand as Southeast Asia's "land of smiles." With their carefree nature, ordinary folk left worries about national problems to their elected officials.

Though it had suffered more combat damage than any other capital but Warsaw, Manila swarmed with people—rural landowners in luxurious homes, peasants seeking work or handouts, and all manner of merchants and carpetbaggers. "It may well be," as journalist Robert Shaplen observed, "that in no other city in the world was there as much graft and conniving after the war."

The \$500,000 Senator

Guns were ubiquitous. The sign I saw outside a law office in Cebu was typical: "DEPOSIT YOUR FIREARMS BEFORE YOU ENTER." People were settling old scores. None did so with more zeal than the Peoples' Army against the Japanese, a Communist-led guerrilla group known by its Tagalog acronym, the Hukbalahap. At first a group of aggrieved peasants in a rice-growing area of perpetual unrest in central Luzon, the Huks became wartime resistance fighters. They claimed to have killed 25,000 people, most of them not Japanese but Filipino landowners that the Huks accused of collaborating. Joined after the war by labor leaders and leftist college students from Manila, the Huks had 15,000 men under arms and a new goal: to bar the revival of the prewar landlord-peasant relationship.

The war, as José Laurel said, accelerated "transformations in social and political life" that might have taken years to develop.

But the *machinery* of politics had not kept pace. There were now two parties, the Nacionalistas and their offshoot, the Liberals. Both had grown up as advocates of independence. With that won, they had no clear philosophy. They represented the same stratum: those who had wealth. Politicians could easily switch parties. There was no brokering of power in the U.S. sense. Elections would not be won through a confluence of ideologies or regional interests but through dispensations of favors. Westerners would call this corruption. To Filipinos, it was *utang na loob* applied to politics.

With independence, underlying problems began to surface. His treasury drained by the costs of repairing war damage, Roxas in 1947 sought a \$400 million U.S. loan, and was refused. A commission decided that Manila should get its house in order with import curbs and other austerity moves. Filipinos were shocked at their old pa-

tron's rebuff. Still, hours before he died of a heart attack on April 15, 1948, Roxas vowed in a speech at Clark Field, the U.S. air base in Luzon, that if need be the allies would again fight "side by side."

With the 1949 election, the flaws in democracy, Philippine-style, were glaring. Voters had a Hobson's choice. The Liberal incumbent, Elpidio Quirino, had been Vice President in Roxas's oligarchical regime. His Nacionalista challenger, José Laurel, still bore the taint of wartime collaboration. Quirino won the race with a proven formula of "guns, goons, and gold."

The military was not ordered to ensure honesty at the polls or to curb thugs who assaulted opposition candidates and cowed voters. Scores of people died. Quirino was accused of using bribery, forced contributions, padded voting lists, and other tactics. In some areas, results were declared before ballots were counted. In others, the votes exceeded the population. It was said that in Mindanao, the tally included the birds and the bees and the trees.

The electoral corruption was symptomatic. By the late 1940s, scandals were everywhere—profiteering from surplus war supplies, customs fraud, illegal sales of visas to Chinese, and so on. The attitude of people with power seemed to be "we will rehabilitate the country, but first we will rehabilitate ourselves." The bank account of the Senate president, José Avelino, reportedly grew from \$3,000 when he took his seat in 1946 to \$500,000 by April 1948. When the Ministry of Justice probed abuses, Avelino protested. "We are not



President Ramon Magsaysay and predecessor Elpidio Quirino in 1956. Both wear the traditional barong tagalog. At formal events, it is buttoned to the neck, a reminder of the days when the Spanish forbade natives to wear ties.

angels," he told Quirino. "What are we in power for?" As for reform, he invoked the distinction that Christ made on Calvary between bad and good thieves. "We can prepare to be *good* crooks."

By 1950, the economy was in crisis. In many instances, production per capita and living standards were below prewar levels. Rice was in short supply. Mining was slow to recover from the war, and foreign markets for hemp and coconut products diminished. While some Manileños were reaping profits, overall poverty deepened. As unemployment rose, wages went down—and inflation drove prices skyward. Trade stagnated, forcing the government deeper into debt.

Unable to attract capital from abroad or find it at home, the Quirino regime resorted to state financing. Industries covering agriculture, industry, and transportation were created by Manila, then foundered due to poor management, lack of operating funds, and still more corruption. U.S. aid was sought, and this time the Truman administration was receptive. Mao Zedong's rule of China had begun, a Communist-led insurgency had shaken French Indochina, and a test of East-West strength lay ahead in Korea. A prosperous Philippines could help contain the Red Menace. Quirino was promised \$250 million in aid over five years—if Manila would push land redistribution and other reforms. That would become a pattern.

After North Korean forces struck South Korea in June 1950, a token Philippine contingent joined the United Nations "police action" there—in return for U.S. aid. One backer of this move was Ferdinand Marcos. But another young Congressman, Ramon Magsaysay, demurred. The main threat, he said, was at home: the Huks.

Learning from the Pygmies

No longer seeking mere agrarian reform, the Huks' Communist leaders wanted power. By 1950 they roamed over much of Luzon and ran their own local administrations. Their politburo met under the government's nose in Manila. The islands, Huk leaders said, would go the way of Red China by 1952. What the revolt *did* bring was the Philippines' first capable democratic leader—and the first to rise outside the old oligarchy. When public order declined to the point that Manila streets were unsafe at night, Quirino declared an emergency and named Magsaysay Secretary of National Defense.

The large, amiable Magsaysay was born in a bamboo hut, the son of a teacher-turned-blacksmith in central Luzon's Zambales province, about 130 miles from Manila. His first job was as a mechanic for a Manila bus company. When the Japanese attacked, he became a captain in Douglas MacArthur's army, running a fleet of ambulances. After the defeat, he joined some Americans as a guerrilla fighter in Zambales. His political career began early in 1945 when MacArthur appointed him Zambales's military governor.

At the time, farmers were being hurt by raiders from among the 7,000 Negrito Pygmies in the Zambales mountains. Rather than launch punitive sweeps, Magsaysay, who had hunted with the shy Negritos for wild pigs as a boy, contacted the Pygmy chief. The raiders' motives were simple: The Negritos were hungry. Magsaysay got them to join his forces, thereby solving the food problem, ending the attacks on farmers, and increasing military strength.

Magsaysay began his anti-Huk drive by building up (with U.S. help) the competence and patriotism of the 40,000-man Philippine Army, said to be so inept that it could not shoot its way out of a hut with a howitzer. He fired poor officers, promoted good ones, and dealt with troops as a father treats his sons. When he sent them into the field to "kill the Huks," he went along. As with the Pygmies, he then focused on what he saw as the causes of the Huk revolt.

Another Eisenhower?

"They are fighting for a house and land of their own," he said. "They can stop fighting because I will give it to them." Should that fail, "by golly, I have another big deal for them. I am going to make the Huk a capitalist. I am going to set up a carpenter shop and let the Huks run it." Those who surrendered were promised pardons and the chance for a new life, including possible resettlement in Mindanao. The Huks started coming in.

Magsaysay decided to run for the presidency. Having used the revitalized army to assure clean congressional elections in 1951, he felt he could win a similarly fair race in 1953. He broke with Quirino's Liberals to become the Nacionalista nominee.

The election was a high point for Philippine democracy. Incumbents or their designated successors had always been considered unbeatable: They controlled the soldiers, the bureaucrats, and the treasury. Buying votes, cheating at the polls, and voter intimidation were standard. Magsaysay decided to buck the system. Besides his own magnetism, he had other assets: the support of a corps of U.S.-educated "whiz kid" technocrats, of the Catholic Church hierarchy, and of American officials. Among them were Ambassador Raymond Spruance and Col. Edward Lansdale, a former journalist who was advising the Philippine Army on anti-guerrilla tactics.

He ran a U.S.-style race. Magsaysay-for-President clubs sprang up in most towns and barrios. He traveled by plane, car, boat, and even carabao to shake hands and play the happy warrior. When a Quirino backer said he was "fit only to be a garbage collector," Magsaysay cracked that he would indeed "clean out the dirt and filth of graft and corruption." A National Movement for Free Elections (NAMFREL) was organized to monitor the electoral process with volunteer watchdogs. The army guarded the polls.

In *The Magsaysay Story* (1956), Carlos Romulo and Marvin M. Gray reported that if the election were stolen or Quirino refused to concede a defeat, Magsaysay had plans to oust him by force. But Magsaysay won with a very decisive 69 percent of the 4,226,719 votes cast. Even the Huk leader, Luis Taruc, was impressed. He surrendered after summoning a reporter—a young *Manila Times* man named Benigno Aquino, Jr.—to his hideout to say that “the people have spoken” and the revolt “must now cease.”

Time had called Magsaysay “the Eisenhower of the Pacific,” a man who “brought a glimmer of hope for democracy in the Orient.” But as President, he had no economic plan. He wished only that the Philippines should make the most of its resources. His hero was the *tao*, the common man. Forever flying around the islands, he lived among peasants and would even argue their cases with landlords.

He fought to help tenants get better housing, a decent income, pure water to drink, electric lights, more technical help, better irrigation, and more roads to get crops to market. He wanted the poor to have easier credit, to liberate them from moneylenders and Chinese pawnbrokers. Yet after he signed a land reform law, its execution flagged. His energies were diverted by other demands, and he was opposed at every turn by the oligarchs—and let down by his *tao*, too. They came to expect government to do everything for them.



Manila's Roxas Boulevard, 1966. Then as now, from some angles the city looked more like Miami or San Diego than an Asian capital. Manileños today can find "Laverne and Shirley" on TV and Blondie in the papers.

Magsaysay died before the 1957 election, in a plane crash.

The virtues he brought to politics seemed to die with him. Splitting tickets, voters elected the Nacionalista presidential candidate, Carlos P. Garcia, a landlord and businessman, and the Liberals' choice for Vice President, Diosdado Macapagal, another old-style pol. Bureaucrats joined candidates in stumping the country and distributing funds. Students sported "My pal, Macapagal" shirts. The race, said the *Philippine Free Press*, suggested that "public office is not a trust but a prize, that election to office is purely a business transaction with candidates buying their way into office and then using the office to enrich themselves, their relatives, and friends."

Garcia could not stop slippage in rural programs. Funds for roads and wells ran out. Seeds and fertilizers intended for needy tenants or small landholders wound up on the black market. What did expand was a policy of economic nationalism that led to growth in central planning and state ownership of businesses. Then, as the climate for foreign capital cooled, Filipino businessmen invested in new enterprises and bought out old U.S. firms, such as Firestone rubber and the Luzon Stevedoring Company.

'Throw the Rascals Out'

Whether from luck or general world prosperity, the economic numbers turned up, at least temporarily. As the old rich poured money into joint ventures, Manila acquired a new gloss. Avenue 54 (now Avenue Edsa) blossomed with a flour mill, a garment factory, and plants bearing names such as Pfizer Drugs and Pepsodent. While the city still had scores of shell-scarred buildings and shacks, as Robert Shaplen observed, "Most of them were encircled by the neon glitter of the kaleidoscopic 'new' Manila. . . . The effect was like that of a ruined university hemmed in by night clubs."

Yet poverty and slow economic growth persisted. Resentment grew as Filipinos tended to blame external influences for their problems. Disillusionment with their excessive attachment to the United States fueled the fires of nationalism. Sen. Claro M. Recto, a venerable intellectual known as the "Great Dissenter," was the most eloquent spokesman for respectable independence: "We have drawn so close to America that we have placed Asia beyond our reach." Politicians, university folk, columnists, ambitious native businessmen, and left-wing activists fanned the flames. They criticized the United States for everything from oppressive landlords to the bars, brothels, and black market dealings outside Clark Field and Subic Bay, the American naval base. They assumed that prosperity would come when nationalism was enshrined.

The Philippines was not alone in reacting to the political currents sweeping over post-colonial Asia as the 1960s began. National-

ism and neutralism flourished in the area as the East-West struggle grew in Vietnam. Philippine oligarchs were divided on foreign policy. Those whose enterprises prospered from the U.S. link backed America; those who felt threatened by U.S. pressure for reform supported Filipino First, the extreme position of Philippine nationalism.

But what determined the 1961 election was no foreign policy issue. The Liberal candidate, Macapagal, won by accusing Garcia and company of stealing everything but the curtains at the Malacañang Palace. Pointing out that Garcia's own brother was president of the Continental Oil Company's local subsidiary, the Liberals said he had used nationalism as a smoke screen for his own corruption. "He preaches austerity, yet he lives like a rajah."

Population growth, near the highest in Asia, ran far ahead of economic growth. Manila's deficit, along with the paucity of private savings and foreign investment, made a serious economic development program impossible. A 1963 Land Reform Act intended to abolish tenancy and sharecropping was a dead letter: There was no money to buy out the landlords. Without outside help, there was no way that industrialization could reach what Western economists called the "take-off" point leading to self-sufficiency.

By the end of his term, Macapagal had a new worry: The rebirth of Communist insurgency. The Huk leadership was invigorated by new blood. Macapagal went to Washington for talks with President Lyndon Johnson, who agreed to "review existing programs of assistance" in exchange for Macapagal's efforts to persuade the Philippine Congress to send a token force to South Vietnam, where America was now battling Ho Chi Minh. But the Filipinos were sharply divided on joining the U.S. war in Indochina.

The opposition was led by none other than the ambitious Liberal Ferdinand Marcos, now Senate president and still climbing. Macapagal, he said, was using the Vietnam issue to make himself a dictator. In truth, Marcos was angry that Macapagal had reneged on a promise not to block him by seeking re-election. When Macapagal was renominated by the Liberals in 1965, Marcos switched parties, got the Nacionalista nomination, and ran on its ticket.

The man who would dominate Philippine politics for the next two decades seemed to be a typical office seeker, bright, tough, and supported by a good organization, an astute wife with much crowd appeal, and an effective slogan: "Throw the Rascals Out."

Thus began the Marcos era.

THE MARCOS ERA

— by *Arthur Zich*

On December 30, 1965, a crowd of 200,000 gathered in Manila's Luneta Park, under a huge red MARCOS balloon, for the inaugural of the sixth President of the Republic of the Philippines. He recognized his countrymen's love of fiery oratory, and he did not disappoint them.

"The Filipino has lost his soul, his dignity, and his courage!" Ferdinand Marcos said. "We have ceased to value order." The government was "in the iron grip of venality. Its treasury is barren, its resources are wasted... its armed forces demoralized." He would need help. "I ask for not one hero alone among you, but for many."

So began a 21-year drama that would culminate in eight years of martial law and end with the collapse of what Marcos called "constitutional authoritarianism." He won power as the putative savior of a flawed democracy, and lost it as the *datu* of a despised autocracy.

After two decades of independence, much of the country suggested the U.S. ante-bellum South. On Negros and other islands, vast sugar plantations were worked by as many as 20,000 tenants, sharecroppers, and laborers. The owners, the oligarchs who dominated politics, had scant interest in land reform or improving farming generally, and rural backwardness was all too evident. During the 1960s, a traveler in Luzon could see a peasant farmer plowing fields with a carabao while listening to a transistor radio hanging from one of the animal's horns. Because rice yield per acre was the lowest in Asia outside Cambodia, Laos, and Nepal, that staple had to be imported. Its price, Asia's enduring index to discontent, was at a peak.

Philippine industry was protected from foreign competition by high tariffs (favored by the oligarchs), and thus inefficient. Of the 200 largest companies in the islands, 47 were American-owned. The annual economic growth rate had not risen above five percent in a decade. Crime had jumped sharply during the two pre-election years; by the late 1960s, the homicide rate would be eight times higher than America's, and the wealthy maintained private armies. Roads, railways, and ports were decaying. Marcos's predecessor, Diosdado Macapagal, had emptied the treasury in his vain bid for re-election, and thousands of public employees had not been paid for months.

In the view of U.S. officials, the only non-Communist country in Southeast Asia then faring worse than the Philippines was war-torn South Vietnam. A development specialist, David Sternberg, saw the nation as a sugar cube on the edge of a wet saucer: The problem was



First Family, 1965. Ferdinand and Imelda Marcos with children Ferdinand Jr., Irene, and Imelda.

“to somehow stop it from dissolving without removing the cube.”

The man to whom that task fell was clearly a survivor. Marcos, 48, had first won notice in an odd episode during the late 1930s: He received the top score on his bar examination while successfully appealing a conviction for killing his father's opponent in an election in Ilocos Norte, his home province in northern Luzon. If he had embellished a modest World War II record as a resistance fighter, voters also knew him as a skillful operator in Congress. He had the patronage of the Lopez family, pillars of the old oligarchy. And he had a glamorous wife, Imelda Romualdez Marcos, born into a relatively poor branch of a landowning family in the Visayans. If she had not, as advertised, won the 1954 contest for Miss Manila but a lesser title instead, few seemed to mind. Filipinos liked the duets that the Marcoses sang on the stump.

Some politicians had forebodings; Jovito Salonga, an opposition Senator, suggested to a U.S. journalist that Marcos may be “the most ruthless” public figure the islands had produced. Yet Marcos was disciplined, dashing, and tough, a man who could go to Washington and, as the saying went, “bring home d’bacon,” U.S. aid.

Marcos got off to a promising start. He recruited technocrats to draw up a development plan and lifted revenues by boosting tax collections and curbing smuggling. He won friends in the barrios (where the votes were) by pushing road building, electrification, and

other improvements. He was deft. During the mid-1960s, Vietnam was an issue with many politicians and the growing numbers of university students, and Marcos himself had argued against involvement in America's new Asian war. But when the Johnson administration asked for support, Marcos saw opportunity; a deal was quietly struck. A 2,000-man Philippine Civic Action Group (PHILCAG) of engineers and health specialists was dispatched; in return Washington supplied enough equipment to outfit 10 army construction battalions, which Marcos put to work on rural public works projects.

More good fortune came his way during 1967, when scientists at the International Rice Research Institute south of Manila developed high-yield "miracle rice." In 1968, the country met its rice needs for the first time in decades. Campaigning on "Rice and Roads" in 1969, Marcos became the first President to be *re*-elected.

The Cut-Off

But by then discontent was rising on many fronts.

Marcos's 1969 campaign drained the treasury. Seeking revenue, he kited the import tax so high that the price of a legally imported \$3,000 car jumped to \$10,000-plus. The peso staggered and living costs rose 25 percent. Strikes and protests followed.

And a new political force appeared. A generation of Filipinos came of age to whom U.S. tutelage, World War II, and postwar independence were ancient history. Third World nationalism had been rising since before the 1955 Bandung Conference in Indonesia, and the prestige of America, mired in Vietnam, was at an ebb all over Southeast Asia. That included Manila, where the campuses were filling up with middle-class youths facing a cloudy economic future.

Filipino firebrands, and Communist front groups such as the Kabataang Makabayan (KM, or Nationalist Youth) at the University of the Philippines, assailed Marcos for sending PHILCAG to Vietnam. Inspired in part by the young Red Guards spearheading Mao Zedong's Cultural Revolution in China, KM leader José Maria Sison, a university instructor, declared a "revolutionary situation" and founded the Maoist-oriented Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP). Its military wing: the New People's Army (NPA).

"America's chickens," said Sison, "are coming home to roost."

Early on, the NPA had only a few hundred armed guerrillas, in northern Luzon. But Muslim separatists were in rebellion in Mindanao and the Sulu islands, and left-wing student agitation had come to

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Manila. The crowded, crime-ridden "Pearl of the Orient" hardly needed more chaos. By that time, as a U.S. editor wrote, it was "one of the most violent cities in Asia . . . the habitat of thugs, gangsters, and political bosses." It also had the world's most raucous press.

Many Filipinos, especially in government and business, feared that the country's once-stable society was crumbling. Leaving Congress after his 1970 state of the nation address, Marcos and the First Lady were met by protesters who hurled garbage, rocks, and bottles. When rioters stormed the gates of the Malacañang Palace a few days later, troops opened fire, killing six. Marcos, recalls Deputy Defense Minister Rafael Ilet, then the army commander, "was furious," and considered declaring martial law right then and there.

In this charged atmosphere, fissures were developing within the oligarchy. Marcos had long chafed at two realities of Philippine politics. First, while the presidency was powerful, the man who won it incurred so many debts on the way up that he was hard put to exploit his powers. Second, the political opposition's chief concern was rarely the public good. Then as earlier, its leaders sought to block the president's programs so he would have no record to get re-elected on. The Senate, Marcos had said, "is a conglomeration of individuals all wanting to be president next time." A change was needed.

The Lopez family had assisted Marcos's rise, and a son, Fernando Lopez, was his Vice President. But Marcos now wanted to be his own man. He accused the family of backing riots with the aim of deterring an oil tax increase that would hurt the Lopez-owned Manila Electric Company (Meralco). Fernando Lopez quit the cabinet. The Lopez-owned *Manila Chronicle* and 10 other English-language dailies (most owned by oligarchs) ran a joint editorial declaring no confidence in Marcos. When the President took his case to the people via TV, Meralco cut off the TV station's power in mid-speech.

Amendment Six

Eventually, the political combat in Manila turned deadly. During 1971, a rally held by the opposition Liberal Party was bombed, killing a score of people. Marcos suspended habeas corpus, and student protesters poured into the streets. Explosions rocked the U.S. and South Vietnamese embassies, City Hall, and other targets. A ship carrying Soviet-made arms was seized in northern Luzon, along with an NPA manifesto said to detail a terror campaign in Manila.

More violence followed. Finally, on the night of September 21, 1972, the official blue Ford of Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile was ambushed on a Manila street. Enrile was unhurt, but six hours later Marcos went on the air to exercise his power under the 1935 constitution to declare nationwide martial law. "Front organizations," he said, were working among "our peasants, laborers, professionals,

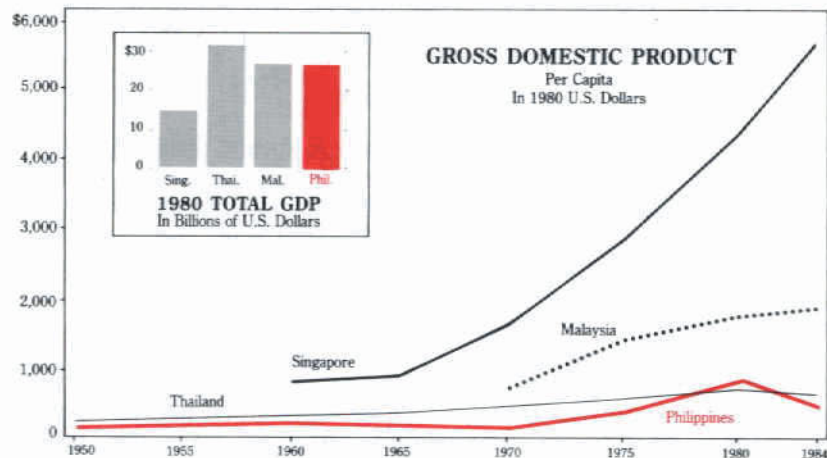
intellectuals," and others to create a new state based on "Marxist-Leninist-Maoist teachings." While dealing with the threat of "violent overthrow," a Marcos statement added, "we must now reform [our] social, economic, and political institutions."

Marcos suspended the constitution, padlocked the Congress, and imposed a curfew. He shut down seven TV channels, 40 radio stations, and the nettlesome newspapers. The military rounded up some 30,000 Filipinos, including not only criminals but student activists, journalists, and congressmen. Some were held indefinitely, among them the man who seemed most likely to succeed Marcos: Benigno "Ninoy" Aquino, Jr., a bright, cocky ex-reporter and scion of a landed family who had been the youngest Senator ever elected. He had been accusing Marcos of planning martial law and "a garrison state."

Private armies were broken up, and more than 500,000 weapons (including an anti-aircraft battery) owned by citizens were confiscated. Strikes, demonstrations, and public meetings were banned. Airlines, railroads, and utilities were seized, including Meralco.

Historians will long argue over Marcos's motives. His aides had drafted a martial law contingency plan back in 1969, and Enrile (now Corazon Aquino's Defense Minister) has acknowledged that the ambush of his car was staged. But the nation *did* seem close to anarchy. Enrile insists that martial law originally had a high purpose, to fashion a society of "discipline and decency." However, as Marcos foes saw it, the President's sole aim was to keep power beyond the end of his second, and, by law, his final, four-year term, in 1973.

In any case, the "New Society" that Marcos set about building hugely increased his power. A new constitution allowed him to re-



place any officials, including justices of the Supreme Court, which became a rubber stamp. Reorganizing government down to the *barangay* (village) level, Marcos set up a pervasive political machine known as the KBL, for Kilusang Bagong Lipunan (New Society Movement), that was similar to GOLCAR, the top-to-bottom political organization in President Suharto's Indonesia. Retaining a veneer of democratic legitimacy, between 1973 and 1977 Marcos staged five referendums; the votes were cast not by ballot but *viva voce* in local "citizens' assemblies" open to anyone over the age of 15, and watched by KBL gendarmes. The first four endorsed the new constitution and martial law. The fifth showed 90 percent approval of continued rule by Marcos. A KBL-dominated interim National Assembly was elected in 1978; but by then a constitutional change, Amendment Six, had empowered the President to continue to govern by decree and to override or dissolve the Assembly at will.

Getting Rich

Early on, the New Society had support, and it ranged from businessmen to barrio folk. An oft-heard line in Manila was "At last, we have our Lee Kuan Yew," the strongman under whom Singapore had thrived since 1965. If there was talk of torture and murder ("salvagings") going on behind the doors of the National Intelligence Security Authority (the secret police), the gun roundup reduced the homicide rate, and the economic news seemed good: During the first three martial law years, tourism and government revenues tripled, and economic growth averaged a robust seven percent. A land reform program was launched that promised to ease rural discontent.

Even so, Marcos never achieved a complete consensus. There were, for instance, middle-class families that divided between pro-Marcos parents and offspring who went to the hills to join the NPA. Gradually a diverse opposition appeared.

Anti-Marcos parties were formed. From his Manila jail cell, Ninoy Aquino campaigned under the LABAN (Fight) banner for an Assembly seat in the capital in 1978. He may well have won, but a KBL slate headed by Imelda Marcos was declared victorious in all Manila races. Though Jaime Cardinal Sin espoused "critical collaboration" early on and never openly broke with Marcos, other Catholic Church figures expressed concern as martial law continued.

The galaxy of Marcos foes expanded. A Mrs. Trinidad Herrera was jailed for leading a group fighting government efforts to relocate Manila slum-dwellers; World Bank officials held up funds until she was released. Left-wing groups bearing such names as "Third Force" and "Light a Fire" fought the regime with various tactics, including bombings in Manila aimed at scaring off tourists and investors. Moral and propaganda support came from refugees and exiles who swelled

'DISTINGUISHED AND EVER LOYAL CITY'

Though its name derives from the *nilad*, a flowering shrub that once flourished along the banks of the Pasig River, Manila is no shrinking violet.

To spread its fame and/or scrub up its somewhat lurid reputation, the Marcos regime opened a grand Cultural Center on Manila Bay landfill in 1969, spent \$60 million to host the 1974 Miss Universe pageant and perhaps more to stage the 1975 Muhammad Ali-Joe Frazier "Thrilla in Manila" boxing match. For the 1981 visits of Pope John Paul II and Vice President George Bush, fences were put up to hide some of Asia's worst slums.

Image has long been important in Manila. Early during the U.S. era, the city held a six-day "Philippines Carnival," with parades and sports events that some hoped would call attention to "the excellence of Manila as a residence and as a place to visit." During the 1950s, one of Ramon Magsaysay's first acts was to close the Riviera, a raucous casino run by an American expatriate.

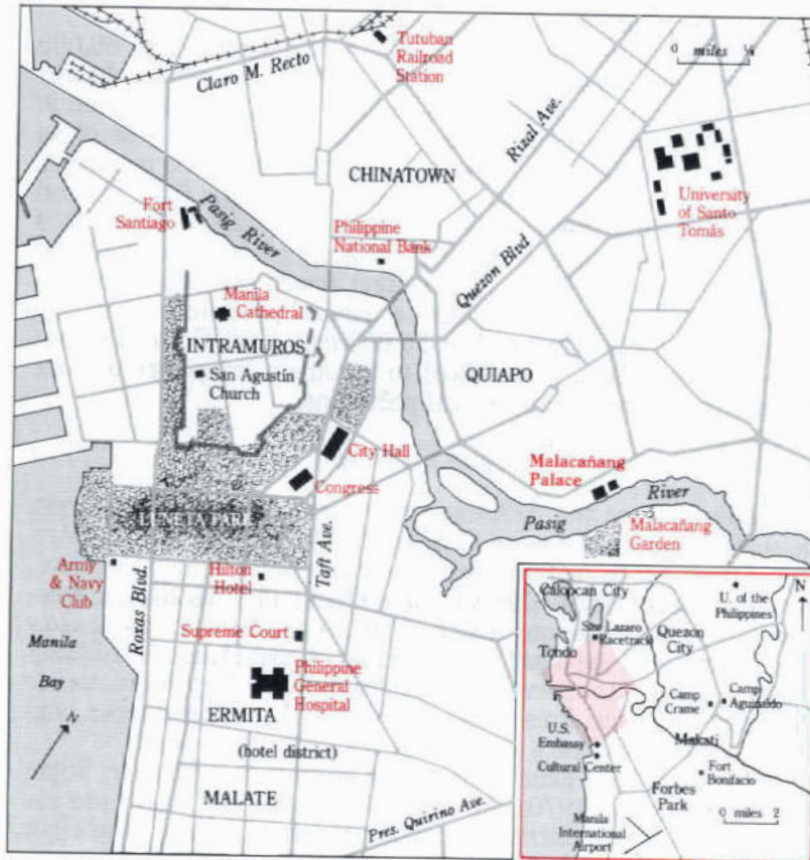
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Today, the capital dominates the country even more than, say, Paris does France. Metropolitan Manila, a 246-square-mile Marcos creation of 1975, embraces Manila proper and such satellites as Quezon City, once the capital, and Makati, an office enclave. Metro Manila has 13 percent of the nation's population, some eight million residents (slightly more than Hong Kong, a bit fewer than Djakarta). Besides containing the government seat, main port, and defense headquarters (Camp Aguinaldo), it serves as the hub of finance, media (five TV channels, more than 40 radio stations, at least six English-language and two *Pilipino* dailies), and manufacturing. Within its boundaries are 87 percent of the country's educational institutions, 82 percent of its 660,000 phones, and some of the Far East's best medical facilities.

Manila has endured Chinese, Dutch, and British invasions. Although devastated in 1945, when the Japanese fought Douglas MacArthur's advance, its history remains visible. From Fort Santiago, MacArthur's prewar HQ, a Muslim ruler taxed commerce on the Pasig before the Spanish came in 1571. They christened Manila the "Distinguished and Ever Loyal City" and built the thick-walled Intramuros as a base. In 1611, they founded the University of Santo Tomás, Asia's first institution of higher learning; during the 1941-45 Japanese occupation, it housed 3,700 U.S. captives.

British traders organized the elegant Manila Club during the 19th century. The Yankees brought into being not only the University of the Philippines (1908) but also such preserves of the powerful as the elegant Manila Hotel, the Rotary Club, the Army & Navy Club (first head: Adm. George Dewey), the Manila Polo Club (opened by W. Cameron Forbes, the Bostonian U.S. governor general, from 1909 to 1913), and the Wack Wack Golf and Country Club, said to be named for the sound made by ducks frightened by a player's drive.

Today the clubs' rosters mix old Spanish and American families with prominent Filipinos, the sort who own mansions in Forbes Park and Greenhills or ranch-style homes among the embassies and hotels of Ermita and Malate. For middle-class Manileños, home is a bungalow or a high-rise in the Paco, Pandacan, or Santa Ana areas, and fun a few hours at the San Lazaro race



Sources: Philippine Convention Bureau, Encyclopedia Britannica

track, the jai alai arena on Taft Avenue, or the Sunday fights at the cockpits. The Chinese, the largest minority (six percent of the population), cluster north of the Pasig. Manila's slums lie along the waterfront; in Tondo, the largest, some 490,000 people live in *barong-barongs*, shacks made of scraps.

Like nightclubs, blue films, and fast food (Colonel Sanders arrived during the 1960s), the poor are always with Manila. Journalist Robert Shaplen wrote of being stuck in a taxi at a rain-flooded corner as "skinny, brown, dripping boys . . . thrust their wet two or three cigarettes or cellophane-covered slices of pineapple at us," demanding a few centavos "as they waded from car to car and enjoyed the ritual of a typical Manila monsoon dusk."

During the Marcos era, many poor residents were moved to the exurbs, imposing a 30-mile bus ride to city jobs. New towns have been built elsewhere in the islands. The hope is that Filipinos from the *bundoks*, long drawn to Manila, will come to appreciate the joys of smaller urban communities.

the Filipino community in the United States.*

The regime increased the regular armed forces from 60,000 men in 1972 to a present strength of 114,000. But a gradual demoralization set in. Gen. Fabian Ver, a Marcos cousin who had been in charge of military intelligence since 1965, became the boss of an increasingly politicized officer corps; loyalty to Marcos, not merit, became the litmus test for promotion, and increasingly those favored were Ilocanos from Marcos's home region. As Marcos nationalized factories and radio stations, he often put army officers in charge, and permitted them to get rich. The second armed bulwark of the regime, the 40,000-man Constabulary, a national police force, had long lacked the public's esteem. The 70,000-man Civil Home Defense Force, or local militia, was allowed to become a manpower pool for the abusive private armies of local politicians.

'Prime d'Pump'

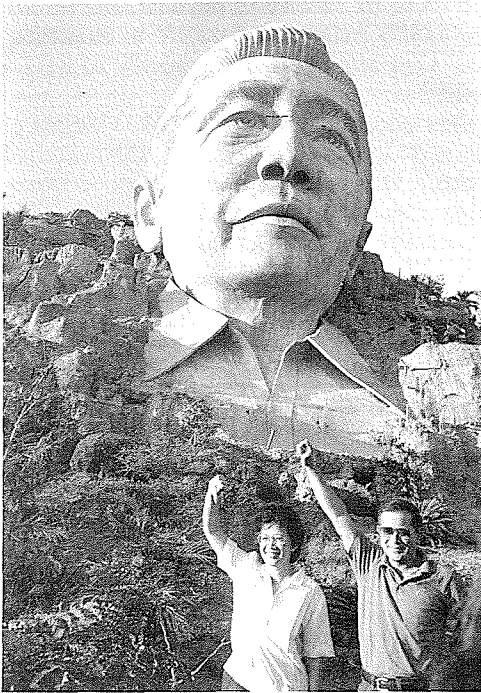
Meanwhile, as the NPA expanded from Luzon to other islands, the soldiers in the field were strapped by lack of training and shortages of transport (sometimes only two trucks per 600-man battalion), spare parts, and radios. The Air Force often had to forgo joint exercises with U.S. squadrons for lack of fuel. A loose-knit group of colonels, majors, and captains, all graduates of the Philippine Military Academy, began to discuss a need for reform; they were tacitly backed by Gen. Fidel Ramos, then the Constabulary commander, who would join Mrs. Aquino's side during last February's coup.

Cracks in the regime's image as a reform administration began showing during the 1970s. All sugar and coconut holdings were exempted from land redistribution, and in the end no more than eight percent of the islands' estimated five million landless peasants were even eligible for the program. And Marcos himself worried as early as 1974 that a corrupt "new oligarchy" had risen.

At that time, he asked his Annapolis-educated executive secretary and leading technocrat, Alejandro Melchor, to compile a list of "backsliders" in government who should be purged. The list bore 2,000 names, including those of the directors of Internal Revenue, Customs, and the Bureau of Public Highways, known for their power as the "Three Kings." In a singularly un-Filipino act intended to show that the New Society meant business, Marcos publicly fired them all.

What followed was curious. The backsliders turned out to be retainers of the First Lady, and were soon back at their jobs. By

*The 1980 U.S. census counted 781,894 Filipinos, making them the second largest Asian minority (after the Chinese). Early immigrants were farm workers, and today California and Hawaii have the largest concentrations of Filipino-Americans. Later, many Filipinos served as Navy stewards. Most of the more than 300,000 Filipinos who arrived during the Marcos years were "professional, technical, and kindred workers." Many have been physicians and, especially, nurses, who are prized in the United States because they have had training similar to that in American hospitals.



A month before last February's election, candidate Corazon Aquino, 53, and her vice-presidential running mate, Salvador Laurel, Jr., 57, posed for photographers before a 30-foot-high bust of Marcos along the highway to Baguio, a resort city 200 miles north of Manila.

Christmas 1975, Marcos had fired Melchor. Thereafter his chief of staff was, in effect, Mrs. Marcos. It was at this time, said a Marcos economic adviser, that "the big, irresponsible borrowing, and spending, began. The floodgates were open."

Within a year, Imelda was Governor of Metropolitan Manila, Minister of Human Settlements (annual budget: \$200 million), and the chair of no fewer than 23 government councils, agencies, and corporations. Eleven new five-star hotels (estimated cost: \$300 million) went up in the capital. Other signs of what wags called Imelda's "edifice complex" were Manila's modern Cultural Center and 5,000-seat International Convention Center (estimated cost: \$130 million), a \$21 million Film Center, a sprawling new terminal at the airport, and a \$23 million vacation complex at Puerto Azul outside Manila.

While all the building was going on, a new oligarchy did indeed arise, composed of Marcos kin and friends who flourished under what became known as "crony capitalism." One example: The coconut industry, which employs one in three Filipinos, was largely brought under a Marcos-created government monopoly managed by Eduardo "Danding" Cojuangco, the *compadre* to Marcos's son and grandson. (He also is Cory Aquino's first cousin.) Through a Marcos-decreed "coconut levy" deposited interest-free in the United Coconut Plant-

ers Bank, Cojuangco amassed close to \$1 billion. He was able to buy sugar *haciendas* on Negros, a \$20 million stud ranch in Australia, and control of the San Miguel Corporation, and reportedly to field a private army on a remote island stronghold.

"Marcos's fatal flaw," says economist Bernardo M. Villegas of Manila's Center for Research and Communications, "was that he had no understanding of economics." When the cronies discussed deals, he could not see "what they meant to the country." Meanwhile Imelda, recalls Enrile, "became the economist *par excellence*. Her battle cry was 'Prime d'pump!' 'Prime this!' 'Prime that!'"

'Your Mandate Is Gone'

The New Society's *economic* foundation began to crack with the oil crisis of 1973-74 and the global recession that followed. The Philippines, which imported 90 percent of its oil, saw its energy costs quadruple, while the prices of commodity exports fell. With the second oil price squeeze of 1979, the economic slide accelerated. Marcos responded with more borrowing and spending, *doubling* Manila's foreign debt between 1979 and 1983. Almost half the debt was short-term, and when Brazil and Mexico began having repayment problems, international lenders became nervous about the Philippines: During the last four months of 1982 alone some \$700 million in credits were withdrawn. The lenders' fears deepened when a banking and textile tycoon named Dewey Dee, yet another Marcos pal, fled the country leaving some \$83 million in debts.

On August 7, 1983, according to Enrile, Marcos underwent the first of two kidney transplant operations. The trauma from which he would never recover occurred two weeks later: the August 21 murder of Ninoy Aquino at Manila airport. He was shot as military guards escorted him from the plane on which he had returned from the United States, where he had been allowed to go in 1980 for surgery.

The effects were immediate. Anti-Marcos demonstrations coursed through Manila, including, for the first time, the Makati district, citadel of the business community. Capital flight accelerated, and inflation and interest rates gyrated wildly. In October 1983, developer Enrique Zobel, head of the Makati Business Club, led a delegation to warn Marcos that "the country's going bankrupt." Just about every element of Marcos's constituency suffered. Businessmen could not get loans. During 1984 an estimated 400,000 workers were laid off, pushing unemployment above 25 percent in the Manila area. Worse, in a country where perhaps three-fourths of the population was below the poverty line, price rises eroded "real" incomes by 20 percent in 1984-85.

The International Monetary Fund, the local Catholic Church, and finally the Reagan administration joined the chorus calling for

political, economic, and military reforms. Marcos stalled.

The Communists, whose extermination had been part of the rationale for martial law, reaped the harvest. The Huks, who came close to seizing power during the early 1950s, never expanded much beyond central Luzon and never managed to end the Filipinos' faith in America. By contrast, the NPA, whose vow to end "U.S.-Marcos dictatorship" appealed to many middle-class youths on Manila's campuses, was now operating in all of the nation's 74 provinces; its hard-core armed manpower was estimated at 16,500.

In October 1984, an independent five-member commission rejected the Marcos regime's contention that Aquino's assassin was a lone Communist gunman who was killed at the scene by security forces. The commission concluded that the murder involved a conspiracy by a group of military officers, including General Ver. In February 1985, a special three-judge court began to try Ver and 25 others. Last December, after eight months of proceedings clouded by suppressed evidence and other flaws, the defendants were acquitted. Within a week, Cory Aquino announced her presidential candidacy.

A sense of ominous anticipation grew in Manila. U.S. senator Paul W. Laxalt had already come to the capital to express President Reagan's concern. For his part, Marcos seemed less worried about his domestic constituents than about how he was playing in the United States. On November 3, appearing via satellite on ABC-TV's



Roots: President Aquino's family has owned this large sugar estate, Hacienda Luisita, 75 miles north of Manila, since 1958. For more than 20,000 workers (daily pay: about \$2), it is a world all its own.

"This Week with David Brinkley," he seized on columnist George Will's suggestion that his problems "derive from the fact that your mandate is gone." The "childish" issue of popularity should be "settled," Marcos said. There would be a "snap" election.

Following the tainted February vote, events moved quickly. After the KBL-dominated legislature "confirmed" Marcos's "victory," Enrile and Ramos joined reform-minded younger officers at Camp Crame, the Constabulary's Manila headquarters. When thousands of Manileños, urged on by Catholic Church leaders, gathered outside the camp on February 23 to deter an assault by forces loyal to the President, the Marcos era was over.

That Essential Glue

Many of the difficulties that Marcos's successors now face did not end or even begin with him and the New Society. Geographically, the Philippines remains a nation of widely scattered islands, with all that implies. Its volcanic, earthquake-prone geology and its tropical weather can be harsh. And its society lacks cohesion.

Filipinos do share a common religion (85 percent are practicing Catholics), a lengthy history, and many deeply ingrained values (e.g., strong family ties). And by now most see themselves as Filipinos, as well as, say, Ilocanos or Visayan islanders. But the centrifugal forces are also great. There are wide gaps between privileged and underprivileged, between urban sophisticates and rural peasants, between lowlanders and the upland tribes. When the Marcos regime began building the Chico River Dam, a hydroelectric project in northern Luzon that was to be the largest in Southeast Asia, the NPA was able to assist a rebellion by the Kalingas, whose tribal lands were threatened. (The project has been shelved.) Regional jealousies run high: Pilipino, the official national language, is based on the Tagalog of central Luzon, so Filipinos elsewhere ignore it. (When polyglot Indonesia adopted an official language, it chose a dialect used by seamen, which was widely familiar and stirred no prejudices.)

Yet because of Marcos, or in spite of him, much about the Philippines has changed over the past 20 years. While the gross domestic product per capita was just \$680 in 1983 (versus Singapore's \$6,853 and the United States' \$16,496), the country is no longer just an agricultural society. A class of salaried and professional people is expanding (perhaps following the U.S. example, the country now boasts 35,000 lawyers, against only about 6,000 doctors). More of its college-age youth (27 percent) are in school than in any nation but the United States. Only a month before the Aquino murder, the World Bank issued a report in which the Philippines was classed as a "newly industrializing nation." Indeed, by the end of 1982, fully 60 percent of Philippine commodity exports were semiconductor compo-

nents, clothing, and other non-traditional products.

The Philippines' economic flaws go back to the postwar years. The country did not improve farm productivity, as Thailand and Malaysia did. It coddled industry with high tariffs, an overvalued peso, and easy credit, unlike the "tiger economies" of East Asia (Hong Kong, Singapore, South Korea, and Taiwan), which stripped away such props early to force their businessmen to compete in world markets. Thus these countries suffered less from the oil shocks and other trials of the 1970s than did the Philippines.

Aquino's planners aim to force efficiencies by reducing state control of the economy (which expanded under Marcos) and taking steps to modernize the agricultural base. Filipinos have not been known for the Confucian work-and-save ethic that has helped the tigers achieve impressive growth. Yet, by Third World standards, the country does have a well-educated labor force, one that works for wages as low as one-fourth of those prevailing in the tigers. (The minimum daily wage for urban industrial workers is about 57 pesos, about \$2.50.) In any case, for its young, fast growing population (57 percent under age 20), the country must create 700,000 new jobs each year.

Much of President Aquino's future will depend on the army. She initially seemed to believe that, with Marcos gone, the threat of the Communist NPA would fade. That notion may be naive. The NPA leaders see her as at best a champion of limited reform, not a true revolutionary; guerrilla killings did not end with Marcos's fall. Aquino's West Point-educated military chief, General Ramos, hopes to revitalize the army, with U.S. aid, and has moved to focus officer training on counterinsurgency. Ramos will need help; implicitly relying on the United States for external defense, the Philippines devotes less of its budget to the military than any other nation in its region.

A fundamental problem for Aquino is how to turn her reform movement into an effective government. In the Philippines, authority has long been rooted not so much in laws as in the ability of politicians to dispense favors—a new farm-to-market road in one area, cash grants for barrios in another, a job in a Manila ministry, a government loan for a fledgling (or failing) company. Such is the glue in a patronage society that has both a powerful ethic built around mutual loyalty and reciprocal obligations (*utang na loob*) and little in the way of popular consensus or an apolitical civil service. The web of expectations that results tends to entangle government as much as it does the governed. Yet no other glue now exists. Aquino's Finance Minister, Jaime V. Ongpin, maintains, "It is politics that has held us back in recent years. Now politics has set us free." That remains to be seen.

BACKGROUND BOOKS

THE PHILIPPINES

"One December morning the steamship *Tabo* struggled upstream along the winding Pasig, carrying a great number of passengers to the province of La Laguna. It was a ponderously shaped vessel almost as round as the native water-dipper, usually made of half a coconut shell, after which it had been named. It was rather dirty in spite of its pretensions to whiteness and managed to appear stately by dint of going slowly. For all that, it was looked upon with a certain affection in the region, perhaps because of its Tagalog name, or because it was typical of the country, something like a triumph over progress, a steamship that was not quite a steamship, changeless, defective but an indisputable fact, which, when it wanted to look modern, was perfectly happy with a new coat of paint.

"The ship was genuinely Filipino!"

So begins the 1889 novel *El Filibusterismo* by José Rizal, a brilliant *ilustrado* physician and writer from a prosperous Chinese *mestizo* family who is the Philippines' national hero. He fostered the idea of a "Filipino" identity.

This book, published in America as **The Subversive** (Indiana, 1962, cloth; Norton, 1968, paper), and a previous novel, *Noli Me Tangere* (**The Lost Eden**, Greenwood, 1968), were written in Europe. There Rizal led the Propaganda Movement, a group of émigrés who sought to "awaken the sleeping intellect of the Spaniard" to native ambitions. Biting portraits of life under Spanish rule, the books were banned in the islands but read anyway. Although Rizal did not advocate revolution, the nationalism he fueled spurred rebellion. A Spanish firing squad made him a martyr for the *insurrectos* in 1896.

The islands' first settlers arrived long before Ferdinand Magellan landed on Samar in 1521. Asian Pygmies called Negritos may have come on foot from the

mainland, crossing over "land bridges" that sank 25,000 years ago when the sea rose after the last Ice Age. Indonesians, Malays, and others followed by boat. During the 15th century, Islamic immigrants landed from Brunei. The islands might be mostly Muslim now had not the Spanish made Manila Bay their Far Eastern strongpoint.

As David Joel Steinberg notes in **The Philippines: A Singular and a Plural Place** (Westview, 1982), the people that the Spaniards found were not primitive. The natives had developed an alphabet system and ways to make iron and glass. Yet the islands were "unlike Indonesia, Thailand, or Vietnam, in which great cultures and societies flourished prior to the arrival of the Westerners." Divided by geography and language, few islanders left the *barangay*, a community of families that was the basic social unit.

John Leddy Phelan's **The Hispanization of the Philippines** (Univ. of Wisc., 1959) and Nicholas P. Cushman's **Spain in the Philippines: From Conquest to Revolution** (Ateneo de Manila Univ., 1971) deal with Spain's efforts to rule the islands for the benefit of the king's coffers and (more successfully) his missionary friars. Peter W. Stanley's **A Nation in the Making: The Philippines and the United States, 1899-1921** (Harvard, 1974) is the standard work on the early U.S. period. Readers may also consult Stuart Creighton Miller's "**Benevolent Assimilation**" (Yale, 1982), Leon Wolff's **Little Brown Brother** (Longman, 1961; Kraus, 1970), Glenn A. May's **Social Engineering in the Philippines** (Greenwood, 1980), and **Philippines: A Country Study** (U.S. Govt., Dept. of the Army, 1984), a taut survey edited by Frederica M. Bunge.

Theodore Friend's **Between Two Empires: The Ordeal of the Philip-**

pines (Yale, 1965) deals with Filipino independence efforts. In **Philippine Collaboration in World War II** (Univ. of Mich., 1967), David Steinberg examines a trauma that widened postwar fissures in Filipino society. So, from another angle, does Benedict J. Kirkvliet in **The Huk Rebellion: A Study of Peasant Revolt in the Philippines** (Univ. of Calif., 1977, cloth; 1982, paper), a sympathetic view of the rebels who emerged during World War II.

Frederick L. Wernstedt and J. E. Spencer's **The Philippine Island World: A Physical, Cultural, and Regional Geography** (Univ. of Calif., 1978) is a key work on its subject. Others are Eric S. Casino's **The Philippines: Land and Peoples, A Cultural Geography** (Grolier, 1982); Andrew B. Gonzalez's **Language and Nationalism: The Philippine Experience Thus Far** (Ateneo de Manila Univ., 1980, cloth; Cellar, 1980, paper); and John Nance's **The Gentle Tasa-day: A Stone Age People in the Philippine Rain Forest** (Harcourt, 1975), a classic look at a remote tribe.

In **The Philippines** (Prentice-Hall, 1965), Onofre D. Corpuz asserts that, despite its "borrowed" elements, there is a "distinctively Filipino" culture. Even what Westerners view as corruption has deep historical roots.

Another writer who examines that subject is Ferdinand Marcos. **The Democratic Revolution in the Philippines** (Prentice-Hall, 1974), a defense of his 1972 imposition of martial law, makes interesting reading in the light of its argument that (as Carlos P. Romulo wrote in a foreword) Philippine society was on a "march towards destruction" that Marcos was "destined to stop."

"An exploration of man's agony" in seeking meaning in life, notes B. S. Medina, Jr., in **Confrontations: Past and**

Present in Philippine Literature (National Book Store, 1974), is "central to the Filipino tradition." No one has agonized more than the prolific Nick Joaquin, whose plays, novels, and essays are preoccupied with the past, particularly the Spanish era. His widely known short novel, **The Woman Who Had Two Navels**, included in a collection titled **Tropical Gothic** (Univ. of Queensland, 1972, cloth & paper), treats the nation's identity problem allegorically.

The heroine, Connie Vidal, is the thirtyish child of an adulterous mother and a weak father (America and Spain?) who drifts through life angered about betrayals of trust. Finally, she decides to do something on her own, though that something is to live with a married man. "It is better," she decides, "to be free and wicked than not free and good."

Yet much of Philippine life remains immune to past or present vicissitudes.

In his biography of Douglas MacArthur, **American Caesar** (Little, Brown, 1978, cloth; Dell, 1982, paper), author-historian William Manchester observes that even in late 1944, when U.S. and Filipino forces were retaking the islands from the Japanese, in hills near Manila "warriors hunted game with bows and arrows, monkeys chatted in the banyans, and lithe Filipinas strode past rice paddies with pitchforks balanced on their lovely heads. Out beyond the crumbling stone churches lay jungles, grassy uplands, fertile valleys, and baking lowlands—a countryside of scenes which might have been taken from a Tarzan movie, with waterfalls cascading in misty rainbows, orchids growing from canyon walls, and typhoons lashing the palm-fringed beaches from time to time."

This was the essence of the Philippines, "its beauty torn by violence, its volcanoes still building the land. None of that had been changed; none could be."

CURRENT BOOKS

SCHOLARS' CHOICE

Recent titles selected and reviewed by Fellows and staff of the Wilson Center

ALEXANDER POPE:

A Life

by Maynard Mack
Norton, 1985
975 pp. \$22.50

Alexander Pope was born in London in 1688 and died in Twickenham in 1744. The son of a linen merchant, he was a hunchbacked dwarf with tubercular bone cancer. He was prone to incessant migraines, and equally prone to enrage fools, since he could not suffer them gladly. He was also the greatest poet of his era, one of the three or four towering eminences in the history of English literature, and the central figure in the most

remarkable group of writers, wits, and intellectuals to grace the literary landscape of any nation.

Mack was born in Hillsdale, Michigan, in 1909, two centuries and a full revolution or two in human thought after Pope. As a scholar at Yale, he has established himself as one of our most important interpreters of the Renaissance and the early 18th century—known as the “Augustan Age” of English literature.

Now, as the capstone to his career, Mack has risked a venture most scholar-writers would quail at. He has reconstructed a major 18th-century figure in terms that are comprehensible to 20th-century Americans. In doing so, he has also effectively reconstructed the 18th-century sensibility as the background to our own.

Neither of these accomplishments is easy. Pope, for all his genius, has gone down in readers' esteem during the centuries between his birth and Mack's. He has suffered because our idea of “writing” is radically different from his and that of his great compeers, Jonathan Swift and Henry Fielding. Since the “romantic revolution” of the 19th century (William Wordsworth, for example, could not really abide Pope), we expect poetry to be the expression of the *self*, the celebration of private passion in spite of public probity.

Pope, one should note, was not incapable of writing passionate love poetry or passionate celebrations of the autonomous self. But he and his great friends believed in the idea of literature as a moral activity whose aim was not self-expression but the articulation of those behaviors that make the good, or at least the decent, life possible. Of Pope's early masterpiece, *An Essay on Criticism*, written when the poet was all of 23, Mack says: “[The aim of the poem is] to practice the critical philosophy that the poem preaches—to acknowledge that the idiosyncrasies of intelligence and

taste must be tried and normalized against the collective principles of the community of educated men."

Tell that to Norman Mailer, one is tempted to sneer. But as we read Mack, and as we re-read Pope, we realize that Mailer, Saul Bellow, Graham Greene, and W. H. Auden are all indebted to Pope and to his age's vision, shining and perpetually deferred, of a true "community of educated men." Good writing, like good conversation, is always for *insiders*: those who get the joke, the allusion, the hinted-at convention. And Mailer's ideal of the hipster, despite differences of idiom, is not completely unrelated to Pope's ideal of the knowing insider.

Pope himself was born an outsider. He was deformed and cruelly taunted for his deformity by his enemies (it was not a gentle age). He was Roman Catholic in a sometimes hysterically anti-Catholic England. He was an avowed friend of the Tory cause in a predominantly Whig-controlled state. In short, he had everything going against him.

Yet, by dint of his talent, Pope joined the insiders. He did so, however, without completely losing his perspective as outsider. Indeed, precisely because he acquired a kind of double perspective, Pope became what he is and always will be for us—the greatest satirist in the language. Only an insider knows the jokes; but only an outsider knows how silly the jokes themselves are.

Pope and his circle were as ready to pick up a classical allusion or a Shakespearean nuance as are we, or our children, to see the shadow of one film in another or hear the echo of Chuck Berry in Bruce Springsteen. And Mack's ear is finely tuned to the allusive music that the Augustans heard.

Indeed, the breadth of Mack's scholarship never fails to astonish. Discussing Pope's early poem, *Windsor-Forest*, Mack gives us a virtual history of the pastoral tradition in poetry. Discussing Pope's magisterial translation of the *Iliad*, Mack teaches us not only to read Pope but also to rediscover Homer. His examination of the Pope edition of Shakespeare not only points up the glaring errors in that edition but becomes a mini-lecture on the craft of editorship. And his discussions of Pope's great works, *An Essay on Criticism*, *An Essay on Man*, *The Rape of the Lock*, *The Dunciad*, and the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, are masterpieces of historical acumen and literary sensitivity.

The phrase "critical biography" often seems as logical as the phrase "squared circle." How, one asks, can one write a life of a writer that is faithful both to the merits of the writing and to the flaws of the man? Or—to be sure—vice versa? It is not easy, but Mack has succeeded.

—Frank McConnell '78



**THE LONGEST
DEBATE: A Legislative
History of the 1964
Civil Rights Act**

by Charles and
Barbara Whalen
Seven Locks, 1985
289 pp. \$16.95

This is the most authoritative and readable book to date about the single most important U.S. reform measure of this century—the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

It fills a curious void. Scholars have written extensively about a number of lesser congressional efforts (including those of 1957 and 1960). But they have paid scant attention to the law that finally broke the back of "Jim Crow" by outlawing racial seg-

regation in public accommodations (hotels, restaurants, theaters, etc.) and banning racial discrimination in the job market.

The gap left by academic researchers seems all the more striking when one considers the credentials of this book's authors. Charles Whalen is a former Republican U.S. Representative from Ohio's Third District. His years in the House (1967–79) came after the momentous events chronicled in this narrative. Barbara Whalen, his wife and co-author, has been a newspaper columnist, advertising executive, and television writer. Interesting credentials, but not scholarly ones, and books by former congressmen have tended to be self-serving, thinly researched, and shallow.

Not this one. The book's 30 pages of endnotes reflect a lengthy search in the Kennedy and Johnson presidential libraries, the Library of Congress, and widely scattered congressional collections that include the papers of Everett M. Dirksen (R.-Ill.), Hubert Humphrey (D.-Minn.), and William McCulloch (R.-Ohio)—in addition to almost 100 interviews. The writing is crisp, the pace is brisk, and the Capitol Hill perspective brings readers close to the events and the major actors. The authors, moreover, display no marked partisan bias.

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The Longest Debate, however, is not really about the substantive issues raised during the passage of the Act. The debate began on June 11, 1963, when President John F. Kennedy first proposed a bold new civil rights bill. On February 10, 1964, after considerable struggle in committee, the House passed a slightly stronger version of the bill (H.R. 7152) than the President had requested. It then went to the Senate where, after more small changes and a 13-week filibuster, it was finally passed on June 19. Avoiding the perils of a House-Senate conference to reconcile the two bills, the House approved the Senate version on July 2, 1964. Thus, almost eight months after JFK's assassination, the 35th U.S. President's initiative was signed into law by his successor, Lyndon B. Johnson.

Instead of dwelling on the often windy rhetoric, the Whalens have written a compelling narrative of the Congress-makes-a-law genre. In early 1963, John Kennedy and his brother Robert, the Attorney General, were both eager to resolve the divisive issue before the presidential election of 1964 and opted for a House-first strategy. After forging a strong and comprehensive bill there, they planned to bargain in the Senate for just enough Republican votes to break the Southerners' filibuster. Too strong a bill, they knew, would never pass even the House. So a crucial bargain had

to be struck at the beginning between Robert Kennedy, negotiating through his Assistant Attorney General for civil rights, Burke Marshall, and Representative McCulloch.

McCulloch was largely responsible for bargaining with his fellow members on the liberal-dominated subcommittee led by Emanuel Celler (D.-N.Y.), chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. McCulloch managed to cut back proposals that he and the Kennedys regarded as too bold to win the approval of the full House. (The subcommittee, for example, had broadened Kennedy's voting rights provision to include state and local elections; McCulloch managed to have it trimmed back to federal elections only.) The final House roadblock was the Rules Committee, a notorious graveyard for liberal legislation. Its chairman was a Southern conservative, "Judge" Howard Smith (D.-Va.). Smith's last-ditch attempt to defeat the bill by overloading it led, ironically, to the adoption of his amendment to ban sexual discrimination as well as racial discrimination in the workplace.

Most previous writers have focused on the flamboyant Senate minority leader, Everett Dirksen, who negotiated with the Johnson administration over the GOP votes needed to close off the Senate filibuster in the spring of 1964. But the Whalens consider Dirksen's role to be mostly symbolic. They concentrate instead on McCulloch, who was widely respected as the senior Republican on the House Judiciary Committee. It was McCulloch, the authors explain, who extracted from the White House an ironclad pledge that the Senate would not be allowed to dilute the House compromise, as it had in 1957 and again in 1960. President Johnson honored the bargain and refused to compromise, leaving the bill's strategic defense and tactical management to Attorney General Kennedy—who could always take the blame if the bill failed.

The Whalens concede that the House version of the bill passed only because it was essentially a sectional bill (and remained so, even after the Senate's rewording of it), clearly aimed at the South and carefully avoiding any burden on the North. Thus, McCulloch easily persuaded Celler's subcommittee that the bill should apply only to Southern *de jure* but not Northern *de facto* school segregation. "Bill McCulloch and Manny Celler realized," the authors acknowledge, "that if the bill was to have any hope of passage, they had to make this . . . concession to Northern members of Congress." Similarly motivated was Dirksen's insistence that the bill's "fair employment" provision apply primarily to the South.

The Whalens conclude their volume with brief speculations about why the country took so long to confront the anomaly of racial segregation in a democracy. They point both to the constitutionally mandated system of checks and balances (which has always "placed a premium on governmental inaction") and to the well-established congressional practice of "avoiding or opposing" any proposal that may offend the folks back home. The Whalens do not attempt to assess how well the law has worked since 1964—wisely leaving the complexities of that vital task to contemporary disputants and future historians.

—Hugh Davis Graham '86

NEW TITLES

History

GIOVANNI AND LUSANNA: Love and Marriage in Renaissance Florence
by Gene Brucker
Univ. of Calif., 1986
121 pp. \$13.95



It sounds like tabloid material: A young, well-to-do bachelor of a prominent Florentine family is lured into a secret marriage by an older, socially inferior woman, a widow of still-considerable charms. Twelve years later (in 1455), when Giovanni della Casa decides to take a second, more suitable wife, Lusanna, his first spouse, petitions the Vatican to sanction her wedding and to dissolve Giovanni's second union.

The inquiry proceedings, dutifully recorded by a notary, were discovered by Brucker, a University of California, Berkeley, historian, while working in the official Florentine archives in 1980.

In a readable "microhistory," Brucker tells how Lusanna triumphed in the Florentine ecclesiastical court, even though the judgment was later overturned in Rome. Litigators, one learns, used the same tactics then as now: They variously challenged procedure, authenticity of documents, admissibility of evidence and witnesses (the priest who presided at Lusanna's marriage provided the crucial testimony). Brucker's account also illuminates stern contemporary views of love, extra-marital sex, and social class. Lusanna's immodesty (she reputedly looked men straight in the eye on the street) and her lower social standing nearly cost her the verdict in Florence. "Even Lusanna's stepmother expressed her reservations about the marriage," says Brucker, "because Giovanni was so much wealthier." The judges in Rome apparently ruled against Lusanna on similar grounds.

THE DECLINE OF POPULAR POLITICS
The American North, 1865-1928
by Michael E. McGerr
Oxford, 1986
307 pp. \$24.95

Low voter turnout, the declining importance of parties, an emphasis on candidates' media packaging—such are the much-lamented ills of modern American politics. But are such ailments really so recent? McGerr, a historian at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, says not.

Party newspapers and campaign hoopla made politics a popular affair for most of the 19th century. Political parties clarified issues and identified the candidates. Citizens, in turn, viewed partisan voting as a natural extension of civic duty.

After the Civil War, things began to change. Voter turnout remained high (roughly 77 percent) for the last quarter of the century, but liberal reformers in the North began to blame partisanship for a host of ills, including greenback currency and corruption. Dismissed at first as "namby-pamby" and defeated in their attempts to limit suffrage to property owners, the "Mugwumps" and other reformers adopted a new line—urging people to remain independent. Their success forced Democrats and Republicans by the 1890s to replace torchlight parades with an "intellectual canvass of pamphlets and documents." Party papers, which "made politics seem important," lost ground to serious (and decreasingly partisan) newspapers, which made politics "complicated and unexciting." To the common man, politics began to lose its appeal.

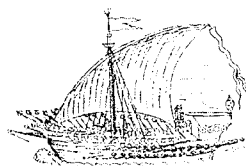
Advertising strategists, first employed in the 1896 election, tried vainly to rekindle mass participation. Candidates vied with one another (and with "human interest" stories) for newspaper coverage and worked to win votes with "personal appeal." Voters were unimpressed: When Republican Warren G. Harding beat Democrat James Cox in 1920, a mere 49 percent of those eligible to vote showed up at the polls—even worse than the 1984 turnout of 54.5 percent.

**TRADE AND
CIVILISATION
IN THE INDIAN
OCEAN: An Economic
History from the Rise
of Islam to 1750**
by K. N. Chaudhuri
Cambridge, 1985
269 pp. \$16.95

Roughly 800 years before the European Age of Exploration, a vast trading network grew up among the Asian civilizations arrayed around the Indian Ocean basin. From about 650 to 1750, long-distance overland caravans and sea-going vessels—*booms*, *jalboats*, and *pattamars*—linked the markets of what are now the Persian Gulf states, India, Indonesia, and south China.

Chaudhuri, a London University historian, admittedly works in the shadow of France's Fernand Braudel (*The Mediterranean*, 1972). His aim here is to explain why the Indian Ocean trade ultimately failed to foster the same degree of "unity and coherence" that bound those peoples who lived and traded around the Mediterranean during the 16th-century reign of Philip II of Spain.

Indian Ocean commerce did manage to break down some barriers of taste and custom,



Chaudhuri finds. Under a sophisticated system of economic exchange, traders from diverse lands bought and sold silk, spices, rice, and other goods in the dispersed markets of Aden, Calcutta, and Canton. But finally, because mercantile capitalism was "legally undefined and socially misunderstood," the realm of commercial and cultural contact remained largely limited to merchants, traders, and dealers. Ordinary Arabs, Hindus, or Chinese never "lived and breathed with the same rhythms," as Braudel claims the Mediterranean Turks and Christians once did.

Trade, moreover, never loomed large in the minds of Asian rulers. Sultan Bahadur, 16th-century ruler of Gujarat (on the northwestern coast of India), blithely declared that "wars by sea are merchants' affairs, and of no concern to the prestige of kings"—an attitude that contemporary European monarchs did not share.

Contemporary Affairs

FAMILY AND NATION
The Godkin Lectures,
Harvard University
 by Daniel Patrick Moynihan
 Harcourt, 1986
 207 pp. \$12.95

Washington's two-decade-old war on poverty has not been a complete failure. Today, poverty rates for America's elderly are "lower than poverty rates for the rest of the population," says a recent issue of *Economic Report*. Children have fared less well: Although they represent about 27 percent of the nation's population, they now make up 40 percent of its poor. Nearly half of all black children live below the poverty line.

Moynihan, Democratic U.S. Senator from New York and former Harvard government professor, attributes child poverty to the breakdown of the American family—a trend that he first noted over 20 years ago. In 1965, Moynihan, then a Johnson administration official, predicted in a famous report that "pathologies" within American black families (such as the growth in single-parent households), if unaddressed, would undercut economic and social gains made possible through new civil rights legislation. Liberals and some black spokesmen promptly denounced his report as "racist." Although many of his original detractors have since changed their minds, few politicians or scholars have been willing to address the subject.

Since 1965, Moynihan argues, the plight of

American families, white and black, has vastly worsened. The federal government, he contends, has still done little to help. In some respects, as in its long failure to increase income tax deductions for dependents, Washington has made matters worse. In three Harvard lectures reprinted here, Moynihan needles liberals for showing more concern for individual self-fulfillment (including "freer" sexuality) than for the overall health of families; and he takes conservatives to task for their claims that welfare aid has hurt rather than helped families. Moynihan offers a modest set of palliatives (e.g., work programs for welfare mothers, tax relief for poor families, stricter enforcement of drug laws). His larger point, however, is that society's neglect of problem families is itself a policy—and a bad one at that.

**THE ESSENTIAL
REINHOLD NIEBUHR**

edited by Robert
McAfee Brown
Yale, 1986
264 pp. \$19.95

George Kennan once said that he doubted any less sanctimonious man ever wore clerical cloth. Claimed variously by liberals and neoconservatives, traditional theologians and liberation theologians, Reinhold Niebuhr (1892–1971) remains America's most influential religious thinker of the 20th century. In this selection of essays and addresses, Brown, a former Niebuhr pupil and professor emeritus of theology at the Pacific School of Religion, presents Niebuhr on a variety of topics: Political pieces discussing man's "essential freedom" and democracy, such as "The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness," are balanced with his theological essays, including "Man's Nature and His Communities" and "Optimism, Pessimism, and Religious Faith."

To Niebuhr, the doctrine of Original Sin remained the one empirically verifiable doctrine of Christian faith. Politically, he underwent gradual changes throughout his life. The crimes of Stalin and Niebuhr's misgivings about Marxism led him to attack communism as vigorously as he had once condemned capitalism; yet he never quite shed his socialist views. He was a dweller in paradox, describing himself as an "unbelieving believer" and love as the "impossible possibility." But faith kept him from being crippled by life's ambiguities: "Show us what we ought to do," reads one of Niebuhr's prayers. "Show us also what are the limits of our powers and what we cannot do."

Arts & Letters

**SHAKESPEARE AND
OTHERS**

by S. Schoenbaum
Folger, 1985
285 pp. \$28.50

In this wide-ranging miscellany of essays written over the past 25 years, the noted American Shakespeare scholar Samuel Schoenbaum elucidates the Bard's political vision, tells anecdotes from Shakespeare conferences around the world, and even spares a few good words for Shakespeare's contemporaries.

While the quality of these pieces varies, the better ones ring with authority. Hailing Shakespeare as the "greatest unsentimental political realist in drama," Schoenbaum notes how uncannily such plays as *Richard II* and *Julius Caesar* capture the ambitions and foibles of modern leaders such as Richard Nixon and the Shah of Iran. Schoenbaum defends Shakespeare against the claim that he was poorly educated ("an inspired ignoramus," as some have suggested) and elsewhere shows that Ben Jonson, far from resenting his rival and superior in talent, loved him just "this side of idolatry." Given the paucity of evidence on Shakespeare's personal life, Schoenbaum says, it is best not to rush to conclusions. For example, Shakespeare's bequest to his wife—"my second-best bed with the furniture"—was not necessarily, as some biographers hold, a rebuke to his wife for infidelity or some other sin. Similar provisions in the wills of his contemporaries suggest that such bequests may have been common and expected.

**THE NEW WORLD:
An Epic Poem**

by Frederick Turner
Princeton, 1985
182 pp. \$26

Unlike most other epics, this narrative poem offers a vision of the future rather than a celebration of things past. The year is 2376. The earth's resources are exhausted, and its population has been reduced by war and migrations into space. Fancifully—in a manner reminiscent of Russell Hoban's *Riddley Walker* (1981)—poet Turner creates a civilization in shards. In the "Uess," the cities have become "Riots" ("Hattan" and "Delphia") inhabited by violent, lawless hedonists who have enslaved the descendants of the old middle classes (the "burbs"). In the rural regions of "Ahiah" lie both the "Mad Counties," led by crusading religious fanatics, and the "Free Counties," Jeffersonian democracies where arts and sciences flourish.

Amidst a holy war waged by the fanatics against

the Free Countians, a family saga unfolds. At its center is James George Quincy, who, while leading his Free County kinsmen against the zealots, attempts to solve the mysteries surrounding his father's life and death. In true epic fashion, Turner presents great battle scenes (with weapons that blend high tech and the primitive) as well as pastoral interludes set in the Ahiah region. He also has his hero make the obligatory descent into the underworld (the old Manhattan subways), where Quincy encounters a 24th-century oracle known as Kingfish: "He be [says Kingfish of the Slob, a leader of the Riots] de end-point of four hunnert years / since John Jake Rousseau and his baby, Sart, / an' all dem rebels 'gainst Eddipus / said dat we must be free."

Turner proves that great themes—in this case, the conflict between blind faith and hedonistic relativism—can still be treated in epic form.

Science & Technology

THE RIDDLE OF THE DINOSAUR

by John Noble Wilford
Knopf, 1985
304 pp. \$22.95



Descended from primitive reptilians, the first dinosaurs appeared some 225 million years ago, during the Triassic period. They held sway over the Earth for 160 million years and then, mysteriously, vanished en masse near the end of the Cretaceous period. These giants of the Age of Reptiles have fascinated humans since prehistoric man first drew pictures of fossils on cave walls. Wilford, a science reporter for the *New York Times*, describes the lives, the quirks, and the quarrels of English and American paleontologists who have tried for almost 200 years to unravel the mystery of the "terrible lizards."

Among the "explorers of time," professional and amateur, were two Americans, Othniel Marsh and Edward Cope. Their vituperative "bone wars" during the 1870s set a low in paleontological dirty dealing. But feats of endurance and courage are also common: Roy Chapman Andrews braved the Gobi Desert in 1922 to retrieve the first cache of petrified dinosaur eggs. Such research often brings nothing but more questions. Scientists now even disagree over whether most of the creatures were cold-blooded (and therefore reptiles) or had evolved into "warm-blooded surrogate 'mam-

mals.'" Did diplodocus, stegosaurus, and others perish with a whimper, as the Earth's climate shifted and food supplies disappeared? Or were they victims of a great cataclysm, such as a huge meteor striking the Earth and causing global devastation? In 1986, heirs of Cope and Marsh still debate the answers.

**IN THE NAME
OF EUGENICS:
Genetics and the Uses
of Human Heredity**
by Daniel K. Kevles
Knopf, 1985
426 pp. \$22.95

Hitler's "racial purification" schemes gave eugenics a bad name. Yet the history of various efforts to improve the human species through genetic control has not been all dark. Launching the movement in 1869, England's Francis Galton declared that it would be "quite practicable to produce a highly gifted race of men by judicious marriages during several consecutive generations."

Kevles, a historian of science at the California Institute of Technology, chronicles the careers of the scientists (Karl Pearson in Britain, Charles Davenport in the United States) who developed and extended Galton's ideas. He notes as well the role of the popularizers—artists, intellectuals, and social "improvers" such as George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. The latter once asserted that the children people bring into the world "can be no more their private concern entirely, than the disease germs they disseminate."

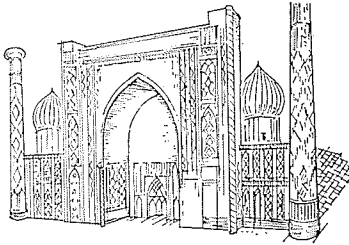
The eugenics movement has always had two main thrusts. The "positive" seeks to improve the species through propagation of desirable traits. (The Hermann J. Muller Repository for Germinal Choice, a California sperm bank for Nobel Prize winners, may be the most extreme expression of this tendency.) "Negative" eugenics aims at preventing the transmission of undesirable characteristics, sometimes through such drastic measures as compulsory sterilization. Kevles shows that eugenics has often been used to support the prejudices of researchers and of society at large. During the 1920s, it helped justify restrictive U.S. immigration laws: An influx of undesirable foreigners, eugenicists argued, would weaken the native American stock.

But eugenics has also led to much that is good, including tests to determine carriers of hereditary diseases, amniocentesis (to establish the health of a fetus), cloning, and other recent marvels.

PAPERBOUNDS

THE ARABS. By Peter Mansfield. Penguin, 1985. 527 pp. \$6.95

In this revised edition of his *Arab World*, Mansfield, a former British diplomat and journalist, recounts the history of Arab civilization from pre-Islamic times to the present. Mansfield's large canvas is crammed with telling details. One learns, for instance, that Mohammad at first encouraged converts to his monotheistic creed to face Jerusalem while praying; only when he failed to win over the Jews (whose religion he greatly admired) did he order his Arab followers to face Mecca. The last third of Mansfield's book surveys the modern Arab world, where striking contrasts in national wealth have produced few surges of fraternal charity. While the Sudanese struggle to fend off starvation, the profligate spenders of oil-rich Dubai have made their tiny emirate on the Persian Gulf "the second largest importer of Swiss watches in the world."



THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOOD. By Iris Murdoch. Ark, 1985. 106 pp. \$5.95

On the dimly lit stages of Murdoch's fiction (e.g., *The Black Prince*), characters struggle with vexing ethical dilemmas. Motives, deeply entangled in the coils of character, are for her the proper focus of ethical discussion—in philosophy as well as in fiction. Here, she argues that most modern philos-

ophers, from European existentialists to Anglo-American logical analysts, miss the point by dealing only with observable behavior. Stuart Hampshire's claim that "anything which is to count as a definite reality must be open to several observers" typifies contemporary academic efforts to deny the importance of the private, internal reflections that precede action. Murdoch's defense of virtue as "selfless attention to reality," a lifelong effort to sharpen one's moral vision, may strike some readers as archaic. Others may find that it is just what most current philosophy so sorely lacks.

WORKER CAPITALISM: The New Industrial Relations. By Keith Bradley and Alan Gelb. MIT, 1986. 186 pp. \$6.95

Can worker-run businesses prosper? As economists Bradley and Gelb show, they not only *can*, they often do. Reviewing various experiments in industrial policy and different mixes of worker and government management, the authors turn to specific cases in Britain, Canada, France, and the United States. The examples range from extremely successful firms (such as New York's Saratoga Knitting Mill, bought out by employees in 1975), to feebler operations that eventually reverted to traditional private ownership (e.g., the French kitchen equipment manufacturer Manuest), to such outright disasters as the government-backed *Scottish Daily News*, a case of mismanaged transition. It may come as a surprise to American skeptics to learn that, on the whole, U.S. worker-run ventures have fared better than their counterparts in other nations. Furthermore, among possible industrial policies, the authors find that worker ownership makes far better economic sense than protectionist tariffs or government subsidies.

In Pursuit of Solzhenitsyn

Shortly after Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn's move to Vermont in 1976, a Soviet diplomat told an American television interviewer that the Nobel laureate was like the kidnapped boy in O. Henry's story "The Ransom of Red Chief." One day, he warned, the United States would *pay* the Soviet Union to take its troublemaker back. So far, Washington has not made any offers, despite Solzhenitsyn's repeated denunciations of the West as weak-willed, decadent, and godless. Readers of Solzhenitsyn's novels know that his strongest prose has been reserved for the Soviet Gulag. He may well be the foremost literary conscience of our age. He is without question a secretive, even reclusive, figure. Here, his English biographer, Michael Scammell, recounts his pursuit of Solzhenitsyn and offers, along the way, a revealing glimpse of the great man's private world.

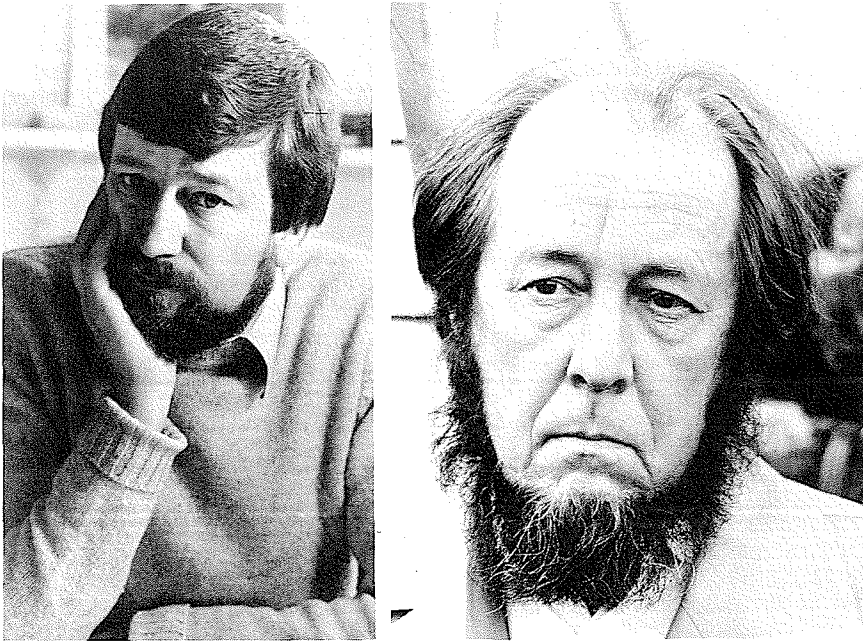
by Michael Scammell

The idea of writing a book about Solzhenitsyn was first suggested to me by the English writer W. J. Weatherby in 1969, when he was working as an editor in a New York publishing house. The preceding year I had translated for Weatherby an extraordinarily moving account of what life was like as a prisoner in one of Khrushchev's labor camps by a man called Anatoli Marchenko.

Marchenko's book, *My Testimony*, offered the first detailed evidence that there were still political prisoners in the Soviet Union after Stalin's death (when the Gulag was supposed to have been largely dismantled). Inevitably, it provoked comparisons with Solzhenitsyn's

fictional masterpiece about Stalin's camps, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (1962). It was this similarity, I believe, that prompted Weatherby to make his suggestion.

He thought that I should write a quick study of Solzhenitsyn divided into three main sections: the life, the work, and the political controversy surrounding him. With the second and third parts I had no problem, but Solzhenitsyn's life was a complete enigma at that time: All that was known for sure was that he had been born in 1918 in southern Russia, had served in the Red Army during the Second World War, and had been arrested in 1945 and thrown into the labor



Writing about a living subject has its hazards, as Michael Scammell (left) discovered. Solzhenitsyn (right) no longer speaks to his biographer.

camps. Surviving eight years of imprisonment, three years of internal exile, and even a bout with cancer, he was working as a high school teacher of math and physics in the provincial city of Ryzan when, in 1962, he suddenly gained world fame with the publication of *Ivan Denisovich*.

After that, he had written several short stories and two major novels: *The First Circle* (1968) and *Cancer Ward* (1968), neither of which had been allowed to appear in the Soviet Union (unlike *Denisovich*, which Khrushchev had officially countenanced). He had also recently startled the world with an open letter to the Soviet Writers' Union challenging the Brezhnev regime to abolish the censorship of literature and to allow his books to appear in his homeland. His place of birth, social origins, early life,

and domestic arrangements were shrouded in almost total obscurity, as were the exact reasons for his earlier arrest and imprisonment.

It was a romantic story, and one that I had followed fairly closely ever since Solzhenitsyn's dramatic arrival on the international literary scene in 1962. But the facts about his life were too sketchy to fill even a third of a slim volume, and I decided to visit Moscow to track down the elusive author himself before making up my mind what to do.

In the spring of 1970, I booked a two-week package tour to Moscow. Upon my arrival, I was successful in locating one of Solzhenitsyn's closest friends, Lev Kopelev, the Germanist and literary critic. Kopelev had been in a special prison institute with Solzhenitsyn from 1947 to 1950 and had remained his con-

fidant ever since. (The institute had served as the setting for *The First Circle*, and Kopelev had been the model for one of the main characters in the novel, Lev Rubin.)

Kopelev turned out to be an ebullient, friendly man, with a voracious appetite for information and an encyclopedic memory—a biographer's dream, in fact. He probably knew more about Solzhenitsyn than anyone living. But, alas, on those very matters most important to me, namely the early life, later activities, and present whereabouts of Solzhenitsyn, he was bound by an oath of silence.

Fighting the Regime

Only months before, as a result of his censorship challenge to the authorities, Solzhenitsyn had been expelled from the Writers' Union. He now feared even worse reprisals. He had left his home in Ryazan and gone into hiding.

Although most Russians did not then know Solzhenitsyn's whereabouts, literary Moscow was ablaze with rumors that he was almost certain to win the Nobel Prize for literature that year. Many people asked me what we in the West would think of such an award.

Kopelev, however, was less certain of Solzhenitsyn's chances. He knew I had come across some photographs of Solzhenitsyn taken in the writers' colony of Peredelkino on the very day his letter to the Writers' Union had been broadcast by the BBC. He suggested I take the pictures with me and use them for publicity in support of Solzhenitsyn. I obliged and had them published in the London *Observer* Sunday magazine along with an article urging the Nobel Prize committee

to make Solzhenitsyn their choice.*

Before my departure from Moscow I left a set of detailed questions for Solzhenitsyn with the sympathetic Kopelev, and within weeks I received a letter from Kopelev outlining Solzhenitsyn's response to my request for cooperation. Unfortunately it was discouraging. Solzhenitsyn, he wrote, sent his kindest regards (and a few facts about his wife and parents) but said he couldn't possibly provide answers to my questions because they required serious time and thought and would divert him for too long from his own literary work.

The enterprise seemed fairly hopeless, but having taken this first step, I was already lost. My curiosity had been piqued. Besides, although I had translated half a dozen major books from Russian into English, including works by Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, and Nabokov, I had always nursed an ambition to write myself. The Solzhenitsyn book seemed like a golden opportunity.

Strip-searched in Moscow

I signed a contract for the book, found a romantic cottage in the English countryside, and started working. But things did not work out as I had planned.

In about six months I wrote 50,000 words, enough to fill the short book my publisher was looking for, but for various reasons (W. J. Weatherby, for one, had resigned from his editorship), the project foundered and I abandoned it. The Solzhenitsyn enterprise seemed to be dead.

Fortunately, my dire prognosis proved wrong. In the early summer of 1973, I

*Solzhenitsyn won the prize but did not go to Stockholm, fearing he would not be allowed to return home.

Michael Scammell, 51, a former Wilson Center Fellow, was born in Lyndhurst, England. He received a B.A. in modern languages from Nottingham University (1958) and a Ph.D. in Slavic literature from Columbia University (1985). He has translated the books of several major Russian novelists, including Dostoyevsky and Nabokov, and edited two books about Soviet literature and art. Since completing Solzhenitsyn (1984), he has started a book about Soviet émigré artists. Copyright © 1986 by Michael Scammell.

returned to Moscow. Once more I visited Kopelev, as well as every known dissident writer then living in Moscow. The atmosphere was extremely tense. The regime's show trial of two well-known dissidents, Pyotr Yakir and Victor Krasin, was then being prepared, and security agents lurked everywhere. A friend and I soon discovered that a whole team had been assigned to follow us, and at Sheremetev Airport we were taken out of the passport line, strip-searched, and questioned for about three hours on our movements and contacts in Moscow.

Fun with the KGB

It was a fascinating experience. I had read and heard so much about KGB interrogations that I felt as if I had walked into the pages of a book. It was hard for me to take my interrogator seriously. He was tough, but polite, and I knew I had little to fear as a foreigner. The interesting thing was that he was amazingly well read in the literature of the dissidents. We even sparred over some of his literary evaluations. Most intriguingly, he knew about my interest in Solzhenitsyn. He offered to sell me a manuscript, though whether it was by or about Solzhenitsyn he never quite made clear.

I tried to find out what I was being offered but was told I should name a sum first. We went back and forth, playing a cat-and-mouse game, until finally we reached a stalemate. I resolved it by reminding him that (according to the law he had invoked) it was illegal to take unpublished material out of the country. Therefore it would be just as illegal for me to take his manuscript. He was not amused, but there was nothing he could do about it, and he was obviously not prepared to let me see what he had (if he indeed had anything). I was released without further ado. Once back in England, I wrote an account of the whole episode and sent it to Kopelev, requesting that he pass it on to Solzhenitsyn.

For a while I heard nothing. Then in

August 1973, Solzhenitsyn gave one of his rare interviews to Western correspondents. In the course of explaining the kinds of harassment and surveillance he was subject to, he described the incident involving me. This point of contact, though slight, gave me new hope.

Things happened quickly during the fall and winter of 1973. In September Solzhenitsyn announced, via his Swiss attorney, Dr. Fritz Heeb, that the KGB had unearthed a copy of his hitherto top secret and unpublished history of the Soviet labor camp system, *The Gulag Archipelago*, and that his position was precarious. He was therefore authorizing publication in the West.

Almost immediately afterward, I heard from Dr. Heeb. He asked if I would oversee the English translation and publication of a secret letter Solzhenitsyn had written to the Soviet government. It was entitled *Letter to the Leaders*, and it set forth his views on what the future course of Russia should be.

The *Letter* was to be published simultaneously in all the main European languages, as well as Russian, and the logistics of the exercise, which had to be conducted in complete secrecy, would be hideously complicated.

Solzhenitsyn Expelled

Nevertheless I agreed to do it, provided I could arrange the publication through *Index on Censorship*, a magazine I had founded in 1972. Dr. Heeb said that was acceptable to him. However, the whole project was thrown into the balance when Solzhenitsyn suddenly decided to change his text before releasing it and asked for a postponement of the date. He did this, he later wrote, because the original letter had been composed before the discovery of *The Gulag Archipelago* and his new round of conflict with the Soviet government. At the time of writing it, he had adopted a conciliatory tone toward the Soviet authorities and had been sharply critical of some

SCHOOL DAYS IN ROSTOV

Born in Kislovodsk in 1918, shortly after his father, an officer in the Russian army, died in a hunting accident, Solzhenitsyn moved with his mother, Taissia, to Rostov-on-Don seven years later. Here, Michael Scammell describes young Aleksandr's school days:

As the top educational establishment in Rostov, the Malevich school had a number of children from families suddenly impoverished and now suffering discrimination, like the Solzhenitsyns, the "exes," as they were picturesquely called, meaning the ex-professional people and ex-bourgeoisie. But they were the exception, rather than the rule. The majority came from families that had survived socially and economically, like the Fedorovskys [friends of the Solzhenitsyn family], or from those of the new Party functionaries and proletarian elite. These latter were the new Soviet aristocracy, already beginning to be well dressed and well fed. Shortages meant nothing to them, for they had their own, reserved commissaries where they could obtain virtually anything they liked—entry being carefully restricted to those with the right Party cards. Those who suffered worst under this system were the genuine workers and minor office employees, because members of the former bourgeoisie and intelligentsia could at least sell their possessions—the new aristocrats were the eager buyers. And until they ran out, there was at least a cushion against the general austerity. But apart from her grand piano, Taissia soon had nothing left. Solzhenitsyn was therefore excluded from popular pastimes like skating, because he could never afford the blades or the special boots to go with them. Another sport he longed to try was tennis, and he recalls how he used to press his nose to the wire in his youth, watching those unattainable white-clad figures leaping about the court, and yearn to be able to join them. Neither the special clothes nor the racquets were remotely within his means. . . .

These social tensions, combined with a sensitivity about his fatherlessness

Western practices.

Now, however, when the conflict was open, and the letter was to appear publicly in the West, he wished not to appear to be bowing under pressure, or to be unduly critical of those Western governments whose support he so desperately needed.

The changes had to be made at great speed and again in total secrecy, and this posed a great problem. In order to obtain maximum publicity for the *Letter*, I had already begun negotiations with the *New York Times* and the *Sunday Times* of London for their publication of the text in its entirety. At the same time I was empowered to negotiate for as

large a fee as I could obtain to benefit the nonprofit *Index on Censorship*.

The *Sunday Times* had agreed to a very large payment without demur, but the editors of the *New York Times* had balked at the idea of paying for what they considered to be "news." They therefore dispatched one of their correspondents to the offices of Solzhenitsyn's Russian-language publisher in Paris, the YMCA Press, and by using my name, persuaded YMCA to part with an extra copy, which they proceeded to have translated at high speed (and considerable expense) by a team from the Russian Service of the BBC in London.

To complicate matters further, the

and a simmering sense of shame over his class origins, seem to have fueled a driving ambition and a rage to excel that showed themselves in Solzhenitsyn from an exceptionally early age. As a young child he had decided that he wanted to become one of three things: a general, a priest, or a writer. At school he was always an outstanding pupil, equally good at arts and at science subjects; like his mother before him, he was invariably top of his class. And his mother, indeed, played no small role in his education, constantly encouraging him with her love and devotion, admiring his progress, and helping him with his school work in every way she could. As a consequence, he shone at just about everything he touched. Natalia Reshetovskaya [Solzhenitsyn's first wife] was once told by a former classmate of Solzhenitsyn's that the one thing he seemed to be poor at was drawing, but by stubbornly applying himself to the problem over many months, he overcame his deficiency and began to obtain excellent marks in that subject as well.

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Fortunately, Solzhenitsyn's scholastic excellence did not turn him into a prig or cut him off from the other pupils. He was one of a number of outstandingly clever children attracted to the school by its reputation (it was well known as the favorite school of the "exes"), and he became close friends with three of the most talented pupils in his class: Nikolai Vitkevich, Kirill Simonyan, and Lydia Ezherets. He and the two other boys soon referred to themselves jokingly as "The Three Musketeers" and were inseparable throughout most of their school years and at [the University of Rostov].

Solzhenitsyn also had a nickname at school: the "Walrus," given to him because of his love of the cold. A preference for winter and cold weather was to become an enduring trait.

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New York Times had got hold of a copy of the original text, before Solzhenitsyn had changed it, and didn't know about the alterations. So when I released the authorized text, the *Times* was left with a version that was out of date and incomplete. But the *Times* succeeded in turning its loss to account by making a comparison of the two texts and coming up with an international scoop: Solzhenitsyn had changed the *Letter* in order to make it less insulting to the West. The alterations, omissions, and additions were listed with the *Times's* usual painstaking attention to detail.

By the time this story had broken, I was caught up in something much bigger

and more important. Dr. Heeb had been in touch again to ask if I would examine an English translation of the first volume of *The Gulag Archipelago*. The book was supposed to be published as quickly as possible, in order to give Solzhenitsyn extra political clout in his sharpening struggle with the Soviet authorities. It turned out, however, that although the manuscript had been in the United States for nearly five years, the translation was far from ready. At Dr. Heeb's request, I traveled to New York to oversee a revision of the entire text. I was still wrestling with it when Solzhenitsyn was expelled from the Soviet Union on February 13, 1974.



Solzhenitsyn (right) and a fellow artillery officer in 1943.

The delay of the American edition came as a tremendous blow to Solzhenitsyn. He was convinced that, had the book appeared in time, generating the massive public support he expected it to, he would have had a stronger hand in dealing with the Soviet authorities. When I telephoned him in Zurich the day after his deportation, one of the first things he said was: "If the American *Gulag* had been published already, they would never have dared to expel me." It seems debatable to me, but he remains convinced of it to this day.

From my point of view, my experiences with the *Letter to the Leaders* and *The Gulag Archipelago* had mixed consequences. On one hand, they had brought me dramatically closer to Solzhenitsyn. On the other, his opinion that I had mishandled matters made our dealings a little tense.

In April 1974 I received an angry letter from Solzhenitsyn demanding, among other things, to know why I had so bun-

gled negotiations with the *New York Times* that they had refused to publish his *Letter* in its revised version and in full. I wrote a stiff reply explaining in detail what had happened. Happily, I eventually received a conciliatory response.

First Meeting

The summer of 1974 saw the publication in Russian of a memoir by his first wife, Natalia Reshetovskaya, and its circulation among Western publishers with invitations to publish it in English. A copy of the manuscript came to me, and I wrote a highly critical report, pointing out those places where it appeared to have been rewritten by someone other than Reshetovskaya (and someone obviously hostile to Solzhenitsyn). When I had finished, I dispatched a copy for information to Dr. Heeb in Zurich, and he in turn passed it on to Solzhenitsyn.

A few weeks later I received a telephone call from Solzhenitsyn saying that he was much impressed with my report. He invited me to spend a weekend with him in Zurich. I set off for my first meeting on September 6, 1974.

Through an absurd misunderstanding I arrived early and sat in the kitchen of his rented house in Stapferstrasse, talking to his mother-in-law for about an hour while waiting for the Solzhenitsyns to return from a shopping expedition. Natalia walked straight past me on their arrival, taking me, as she explained afterward, for a plumber or a workman of some kind who had dropped in to discuss a maintenance problem. Since my father was a plumber, I didn't mind the comparison in the least, and the incident got us off to a jolly start.

I had seen Solzhenitsyn several times on television, so his appearance did not come as a surprise to me: the high domed forehead, the telltale vertical scar on one temple, the thinning hair, the flying beard, the piercing blue eyes with crow's feet at the corners. But I was taken aback by his physical presence and

size. He seemed far bigger than I had expected, with a barrel chest and the massive build of a guardsman, a comparison that sprang easily to mind because of his erect, almost military bearing. Later I discovered that he was barely taller than I. It was his girth, his carriage, his air of authority and self-confidence that made him seem so big.

In our exploratory discussion of Reshetovskaya's memoirs that evening Solzhenitsyn complimented me on my knowledge of the contours of his life and of the Soviet literary scene. He said I had spotted mistakes and inconsistencies in Reshetovskaya's book that he himself had overlooked.

Fears of Exposure

On the other hand, there were distortions and misrepresentations that I could not have recognized because I didn't know the truth behind them. Some of them he explained right away, and for others he referred me to a copy of the Reshetovskaya manuscript with his own annotations in the margins, which he said he would make available to me. I was grateful, for I intended to write a review of the Reshetovskaya book when it eventually appeared.

But my mind was already on bigger things. Surely, I said, the best way of refuting the distortions in Reshetovskaya's memoirs would be to give a true account of his life, and since he obviously did not want to take the time to do it himself, why not let me do the job in the form of a biography, to be compiled, of course, with his assistance?

Solzhenitsyn did not react at first, but soon he began to talk about his hostility toward the efforts of the two Americans who had earlier tried to write a biography about him. Since the late 1960s, he said, he had conducted a deliberate campaign of disinformation about his origins, former life, present whereabouts, and future intentions in order to mislead the KGB. That was why he had always in-

sisted on controlling every piece of publicity about himself. And that was why he had been so dismayed by the prospect of biographies that might reveal more than he wanted at that time. Nevertheless, by the end of the conversation, he seemed not altogether opposed to my attempting such a book.

By the following afternoon he was having doubts again. He said he was worried about the possible impact of a frank biography on the lives of relatives and friends still inside the Soviet Union. They might, he feared, suffer all sorts of discrimination if their true relationship to him were revealed.

On the third day his views had evolved even further.

Solzhenitsyn said it was reasonable for him to expect that if he cooperated with me, I would accept responsibility for giving a fair and accurate picture of his actions and views. Naturally, he added, I would be free to interpret those actions and evaluate his views in the light of my own opinions, but I should not distort them in any way. I said that I found these conditions acceptable.

He did not come to any conclusion at that point. While ready to ask certain of his friends and relatives to receive me and answer my questions, he would still not promise to answer questions himself, nor to show me any written materials.

'A Ticklish Matter'

I contented myself with leaving him a copy of the first chapter of my attempted book about him, warning him that I had had to work like an archaeologist, reconstructing his early life from scattered fragments. When I left for London I was fairly optimistic.

Several weeks later, Solzhenitsyn wrote to say that while he admired the "exceptional conscientiousness" with which I had gathered and incorporated into my narrative every scrap of material relating to his life, the enterprise had clearly been doomed. "At times," he

A WARNING TO THE WEST

Solzhenitsyn, delivering the Harvard commencement address on June 8, 1978, pointed to the symptoms and causes of Western "decadence." Biographer Scammell summarizes:

In his section on freedom Solzhenitsyn expressed the exact nature of his charge against the West with his first sentence: "In today's Western society there has opened up a disequilibrium between the freedom to do good deeds and the freedom to do bad." One consequence of this was that "a truly outstanding, great man with extraordinary, surprising policies cannot make his influence felt—he will be tripped up a dozen times before he can even get started," while statesmen were hamstrung by "thousands of hasty and irresponsible critics and the constant intervention of press and parliament." Another consequence was the corruption of youth by pornographic films and an inevitable growth in crime. "It is a strange thing, but in the West, where the very best social conditions have been created, there is . . . much more crime than in the impoverished and lawless Soviet Union." In the case of the press, this freedom had simply degenerated into license. The press had the chance to "simulate" public opinion and corrupt it, and was a product of the main "mental illness of the 20th century—haste and superficiality. . . ."



From here it was a short step to a consideration of the dominance of fashion in intellectual matters and the tyranny of the consensus. And this consensus, according to Solzhenitsyn, was far too favorable to socialism There was also the West's "short-sightedness," demonstrated by its attraction to the ideas of détente and disarmament as instanced in the writings of George Kennan, and its "loss of will," demonstrated by the American capitula-

wrote, "I closed my eyes and tried to imagine that I was listening from beyond the grave, that this had been written on earth after I had gone and there was no way to object to or correct it, and you know it was pretty awful—as if I could see a face reflected in rippling water and it wasn't mine."

Solzhenitsyn advised me to wait a bit. He had just completed a memoir about the period of his life in the Soviet Union from his rise to fame until his expulsion 14 years later. If I were to translate it into English, it would be excellent preparation for writing his biography.

The title of the memoir was "The Calf Butted the Oak" (it later appeared in English as *The Oak and the Calf*), the calf in this instance being Solzhenitsyn, and the oak the Soviet government. I wrote back that I was willing to do it, but only on condition that it didn't become a substitute for the biography. Meanwhile, I still wanted his formal agreement to cooperate with me so that I could approach a publisher.

In his next letter, he expressed doubts. While he did not have the right or the intention to stand in my way or argue me out of it, neither did he feel

tion in Vietnam and the diplomatic maneuvers of those who engineered it The West had become conservative and wedded to the status quo, but no matter how well armed it might be, it could never prevail without its people's willingness to die for a cause. Preference for the status quo was a sure sign of decline and impending collapse.

For all those reasons Solzhenitsyn declared that he "could not recommend today's West as a model" for his countrymen. Eastern Europe was spiritually far ahead of the West. "The complex and deadly pressures bearing upon our lives have developed characters that are stronger and more profound . . . than those developed by the prosperous, ordered life of the West." For the East to become like the West would be for it to lose more than it gained.

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Solzhenitsyn did not say what he *would* recommend, but neither did he stop there. The whole crisis of mankind, he said, could be traced back to the heritage of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment. The spirit of rationalism had led man to reject God and place himself at the center of the universe, and this was why he no longer understood the nature of good and evil. In this context, the "unlikely bedfellows" were communism and capitalism, for they were both logical products of the development of humanism and materialism. But since it seemed to be a social law that the radical always won out over the liberal and that political movement was always to the Left, communism was in the ascendant. But this was not necessarily the end of the story. . . . Both East and West were sick of the same disease, and the values of the Renaissance no longer had any efficacy. We were at a "turning point" analogous to the turn from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. There was no question of going back to the Middle Ages, but we should seek to unite the best that the Middle Ages had given us in the spiritual sphere with the best that the Renaissance had brought in the human and physical sphere and rise to a higher plane. There was nowhere else to go but up.

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that he could give it his authorization or approval. "This is an extremely ticklish matter and might look indecent: It would immediately come to seem as if I had commissioned an advertisement for myself and was encouraging it."

This seemed to mark something of a retreat, and I hastened to assure Solzhenitsyn that all I required from him was an assurance that he would answer some of my questions. Without "mutual trust" and some agreement on what was possible and what not, I felt it would be virtually impossible for me to begin.

To this there was no reply. In January

1975, I paid a short visit to Zurich to discuss with Thomas Whitney and Solzhenitsyn some problems that had arisen over my revision of Whitney's translation of volume two of *The Gulag Archipelago*. Unfortunately there was no time to bring up the subject of my planned biography, although Solzhenitsyn did arrange for me to visit his cousin by marriage, Veronica Stein, on a forthcoming visit to the United States. Most of the remainder of 1975 was taken up with work on the translation of *The Oak and the Calf* (another project that, for complex reasons, never made it to comple-

tion in my hands), and later I signed a contract with an English and an American publisher to write a full-length biography, to be begun in 1976.

At last, in February 1976, I took the plunge. I still had no word from Solzhenitsyn about his collaboration, but he did answer some questions I sent him about his family tree (scurrilous articles about his ancestry had just appeared in the German magazine *Stern* and the Soviet *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, and I wanted to check their facts). He was friendly but distant. Then in July of that year Solzhenitsyn moved from Zurich to Vermont, 3,000 miles farther away than before, and was tied up with the logistics and consequences of this major new move.

Grandfather's Farm

My chances of gaining the long-awaited assistance I had hoped for seemed slimmer than ever. But in February 1977 I had a stroke of luck. While examining some maps of the Northern Caucasus in the British Museum, I found a British copy of an American military map, which had in turn been based on a tsarist map of the late 19th century. On it, clearly marked, was the site of the farm that had belonged to Solzhenitsyn's paternal grandfather.

The museum forbade my photocopying the map not because it constituted a military secret (it was out of date), but because the British practice of copying American maps was a secret. I did, however, manage to trace the map and sent a copy of my tracing to Solzhenitsyn.

The response was dramatic. I had been planning for some time to visit the United States on behalf of the *Index*, and I had been asking Solzhenitsyn whether I might come to him to put my questions personally.

Solzhenitsyn had persistently stonewalled, but now, quite unexpectedly, his wife, Natalia, wrote to say that he was willing to see me. It was agreed that I should go in June, under conditions of

greatest secrecy.

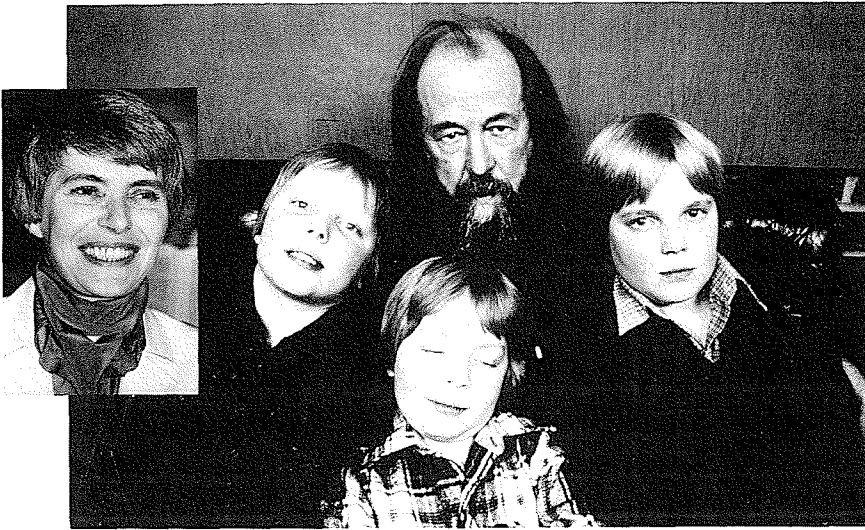
On June 12, 1977, nearly three years after I had first broached the idea with him, I took the bus from Boston to Cavendish, Vermont. Solzhenitsyn's place turned out to be a four-mile drive from town, up a narrow, winding road that runs beside a swiftly flowing mountain stream. His 50-acre estate, complete with stream and pond, was protected by a tall chain-link fence; the main house, a recently renovated two-story structure, was constructed of wood in the Swiss or German style. Inside, a large central living room, sparsely furnished with a couple of modern couches, a piano, a photocopier, and several bookshelves, took up a good part of the house. But it was immediately obvious to me that the real life of the family took place elsewhere, mainly, I discovered, in the kitchen, where the nine-member household gathered for meals.

The noisiest members of that household were Solzhenitsyn's three youngest children, Ermolai, Ignat, and Stepan. All of them received lessons from a live-in tutor, a young Russian woman, as well as from their mother and father. Solzhenitsyn's hope was to ground his children in Russian culture before sending them to American schools. This, I discovered, was but one expression of his fierce attachment to the mother country—and of his determination to return to it one day.

Solitary Confinement

During vacations, a fourth child was present—Natalia's son by her first marriage, Dmitri Tiurin. He was 15 at the time of my visit and spent most days down the road, driving tractors and bulldozers for the neighboring contractor who had done much of the work on Solzhenitsyn's estate.

In addition to Natalia and the tutor, two other women lived there—Solzhenitsyn's multilingual secretary and Natalia's mother, Ekaterina Svetlova, who did the shopping and driving.



Natalia Svetlova became Solzhenitsyn's second wife in 1973. Their three sons, Ermolai, Ignat, and Stepan, are pictured above with their father.

As for Natalia, she had the most difficult job of all. Apart from her normal duties as wife and mother, which she took seriously, she acted as confidential secretary to her husband. On certain occasions, she even served as his personal representative, attending hearings and committee meetings to testify on dissident matters. Not least, she was charged with setting and proofreading the entire nine-volume edition of Solzhenitsyn's collected works, which he had begun to prepare soon after arriving in Vermont. Attractive, intelligent, physically strong, Natalia was clearly as devoted to Solzhenitsyn as he was to her.

At the center of the domestic web—and of what at times seemed like a literary cottage industry—was of course Solzhenitsyn himself. Yet he was usually absent from the house, spending most of his waking hours in a little cabin located beside the pond.

One reached this summerhouse by way of a footpath that wound down from the main house through a dense coppice

of birch, sycamore, and pine trees. Crossing a wooden footbridge that traversed a rushing stream, one came upon Solzhenitsyn's retreat: a simple wooden building with a tin roof, two windows overlooking the pond, and a small porch off the front. On the porch stood a rustic wooden bench and a table. From a little dock jutting into the pond Solzhenitsyn liked to swim every morning, even in early spring and late fall. His love of the cold, and his ability to withstand it, remained undiminished by the years.

It is strange that so much has been made in the press of the "luxury" of Solzhenitsyn's surroundings and the extravagance of his domestic arrangements. Such speculation results partly from Solzhenitsyn's reclusiveness and inaccessibility, but it represents a complete misunderstanding of his character.

Solzhenitsyn has always detested luxury and formality, finding the simple life more in line with his principles. There were (and probably still are) no servants in the house. The four women took care

of all the housework, and Solzhenitsyn took care of his domestic needs in the cottage, cooking his meals on a hotplate and sometimes spending the night there alone in an old-fashioned bed. He has retained, in short, many of his austere bachelor ways, living a life not too different from the one he had once led in his Russian hideouts or in his temporary mountain retreat in Switzerland.

One aspect of the popular myth was accurate, however. The picture of the former Gulag prisoner surrounding himself with a fence of his own making and shutting himself behind tight security expressed an essential psychological truth.

In a 1976 interview, Solzhenitsyn attributed his choice of closed institutions for the settings of most of his novels—the labor camp for *Ivan Denisovich*, the scientific research prison for *The First Circle*, the cancer clinic for the *Cancer Ward*—not only to a psychological quirk but also to the fact that he had spent so much of his life in confinement.

A Creature of Habit

Whatever the primal source of his behavior, his retreat to the tiny cabin by the pond inside his stockade only confirmed this deep-seated tendency. Even in the bosom of his family, safe from intruders, he felt obliged to retreat still further to peace and solitude. The spacious house up the hill, with its ultramodern amenities and well-appointed bedrooms, held less appeal for him than this draughty, curtainless summerhouse.

Such monastic conditions clearly enabled him to concentrate on his work and to stick to his preferred routine. Rising between five and six in the morning, he would take a dip in the pond, eat breakfast alone, and do domestic chores or read until eight o'clock, when his writing day began. He would work uninterruptedly until five, except for short breaks for lunch and his children's lessons and then finally (though not always) for dinner. Evenings were given over to cor-

respondence, consultations with Natalia and with guests, or to background reading and research. Whatever his evening occupations, Solzhenitsyn strove to be in bed by 10 o'clock. A man of rigid habits, he hated disrupting his timetable.

Dreams of Old Russia

Solzhenitsyn did, however, indulge in two physical relaxations besides swimming. One was tennis. He had even constructed a court so that he could take up, in his late 50s, the game that he had wanted to play ever since he was a child. His great problem was finding a partner, for even though his wife was a good athlete she was usually too busy to find time for what she teasingly referred to as a "bourgeois game." His other outlet was physical labor, sawing wood or scything grass.

But most of the time Solzhenitsyn worked, as did everyone else in the household. Serious but not solemn, the atmosphere was an appealing mixture of the informal and the formal. All but the evening meals were most casual, taken whenever one wanted to eat. One came and went more or less as one pleased.

Yet, at the same time, great punctiliousness and formality were observed in meetings or consultations around the house. Everyone took great pains not to disturb others—and certainly not the great man himself. All this gave a sense of purposefulness and order to the household, which had the cohesiveness of a monastery, each individual working for the common good—a situation that Solzhenitsyn clearly encouraged.

There was a slight but noticeable air of suppressed mystery about the place. It grew out of Solzhenitsyn's twin obsessions with maintaining absolute privacy and with controlling everything that had to do with his life and career. If certain conversations on Russian matters came to an awkward silence, someone would politely suggest that the topic be changed. The comings and goings of

members of the household, especially Natalia, often led to whispered huddles and sometimes to a person's breaking off one activity to deal with some urgent matter that had just arisen elsewhere. All this created an air of excitement that enhanced one's sense of participating in an enterprise of great moment.

The drive behind this enterprise was, and still is, Solzhenitsyn's devotion to his native Russia—to the land, the people, and, most of all, to his idea of Old Russia, an Orthodox Christian empire free of the taints of modernity, free at least of the Soviet regime that has transformed it into a totalitarian nightmare.

Solzhenitsyn's love of Russia is passionate and profound. It is the deepest emotion of his life, and Vermont, if anything, given its superficial resemblances to his homeland, only intensifies his nostalgia. What he misses most is the enveloping warmth of human relations in Russia. "Absolutely everybody lives badly in our country," he said on one occasion, "but you only have to call for help if you need it. I, for example, was helped by dozens of people absolutely disinterestedly. And I never had to ask myself: 'Can I pay?'" In the West, by contrast, he feels that everything is done for money. A different style of relations makes Russians feel uncomfortable here. "Why else," he said, "do we strain to go back?"

Solzhenitsyn and Natalia at that time regarded themselves as temporary visitors to the West, their time in Vermont as a time for getting as much work done as possible before their return home. I was particularly grateful, therefore, that they had allowed me to intrude upon their busy, work-filled lives.

It goes without saying that the material I obtained that week was priceless. Solzhenitsyn, according to Natalia, was pleased with our sessions and seemed to have no desire to hold back or to evade any of the questions I asked him, even about relatively intimate matters. Not for the first time I was struck by the contrast between the stern patriarchal stiffness of the public figure and the convivial, almost mischievous charm of the private man. I had noticed this disparity in Zurich, just as I had noted the very Russian disorderliness and impulsiveness that lay behind the formidably disciplined exterior. It was something I had to try to capture in my biography.

One thing still puzzled me, however. What had persuaded him to switch from public to private man in his dealings with me? Why had he suddenly allowed me to penetrate the facade?

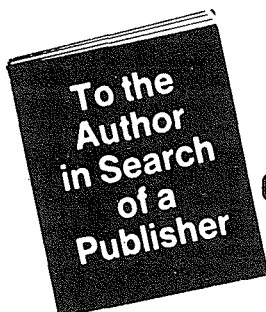
The answer was simple. My discovery of the map bearing the exact site, and even the name, of his grandfather's farm (which he had visited as a boy and had described in the opening pages of *August 1914*) had touched a vital nerve. As an orphan, he was extremely sensitive to anything connected with his childhood, particularly when it concerned the father he had never known. The farm was where his father had grown up and had met his premature end (in a hunting accident, at the age of 26). It had a special place in Solzhenitsyn's emotions, and he knew he would never go there again. When he received my letter about it, with the tracing, his resistance had melted. He had said to Natalia: This man is serious, let him come.

And I went.

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COMMENTARY

We welcome timely letters from readers, especially those who wish to amplify or correct information published in the Quarterly and/or react to the views expressed in our essays. The writer's telephone number and address should be included. For reasons of space, letters are usually edited for publication. Some of those published are received in response to the editors' requests for comment.

Soft on New Zealand

In his thorough but *gemütlich* survey of New Zealand history ("The Almost New World," *WQ*, Spring 1986), Peter Coleman correctly suggests that the troubled history between natives and settlers did not lead to race wars. Unfortunately, this popular idea obscures as much as it clarifies. Today the influx of Pacific islanders has made Auckland the world's largest Polynesian city, and one with considerable tensions. Perhaps now this more mature decolonizing society can confront the serious racial dimension, and rewrite its history.

Roderic Alley ("Trouble in Paradise") underemphasizes the social effects of rural decline and rural-urban drifts in New Zealand. He also underplays the country's youth problem. What would the social scene be like today if the country had been unable to export unemployed youth to Australia?

Alley is a prominent peace activist, and this may account for his misrepresentation of the issue of U.S. ships' visits, and the policies of the Labour government. Initially the question was not that the United States failed to give "assurances that the ship was neither nuclear-powered nor nuclear-armed." What made the situation impossible to resolve was Prime Minister David Lange's novel insistence that the vessel was "nuclear capable." This was a hopeless concept that the government wisely later abandoned.

The two articles amply demonstrate four recurring traits of New Zealand writers: an understandable desire to describe their charming world to outsiders in the best light; an endearing ability not to take themselves too seriously; a tendency to see themselves reluctantly as part of the wider world; and a flair for the descriptive.

*Dr. Dalton A. West
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Georgetown University*

Where is Fort Laramie?

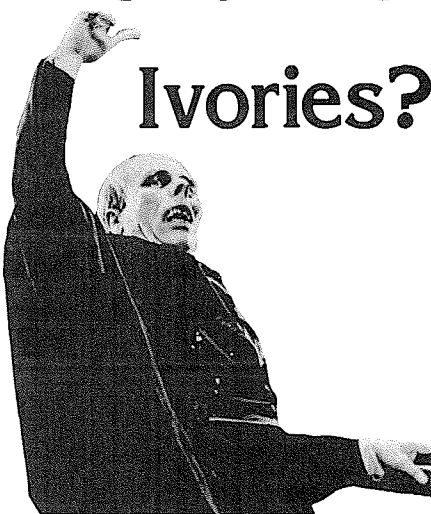
Dr. Bernard S. Clark, of Spearfish, South Dakota, correctly points out that Fort Laramie lies in Wyoming, not Kansas (see Patricia Limerick's "Here to Stay," *WQ*, New Year's 1986). Since its establishment in 1834, the military post has never been easy to pinpoint. As frontier boundaries were drawn and redrawn, Fort Laramie was found, successively, in Indian country, in the Nebraska, Idaho, Dakota, and Wyoming territories, the last of which attained statehood in 1890.

Corrections

In "The Land of the Long White Cloud" (*WQ*, Spring 1986) New Zealand's Maori party, Mana Motuhake, is said to have won a seat in the 1982 general election. The party, in fact, won no seats in parliament; and the election was held in November 1981.

Also: The *WQ* failed to credit the Native American Science Education Association in Washington, D.C., for providing the map of "Federally Recognized Indian Reservations" [*WQ*, New Year's 1986, p. 105].

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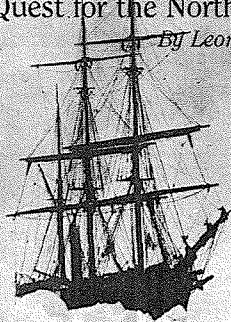
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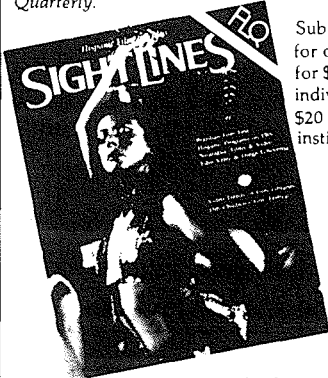
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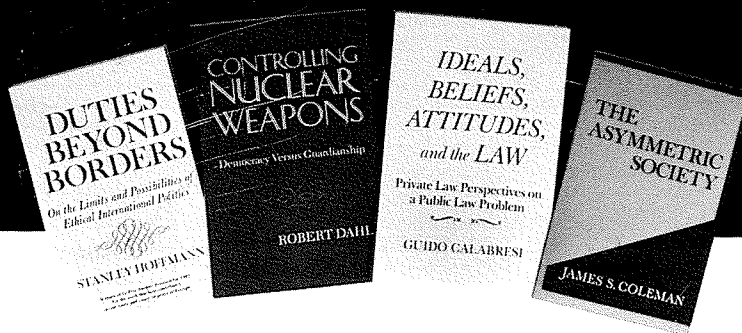
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