# Michael Bettencourt

# Selected Journalism

Block & Tackle Productions Press

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**Block & Tackle Productions Press**

**Co-Founders Elfin Frederick Vogel and Michael Bettencourt**

# Contents

VOLUME VI NUMBER 4 JULY/AUGUST 1992

# WORLD

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST ASSOCIATION

# CHURCH AND COMMUNITY:

# JOINING FORCES FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

# Facilitating Justice

*Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, in the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength, and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.*

-Theodore Parker

The search for social justice lies at the heart of Unitarian Universalism, and many congregations around the country serve vigorously in Parker's "great army" to make real the Sixth Principle of "peace, liberty, and justice for all."

True, not every congregation can have the broad agenda of the 1,400 members of the Unitarian Church of All Souls in New York City-an ambitious program that includes food collection and distribution, children's programs, and a travel auction and other special fund-raisers that net over $170,000 a year to support the church's social justice ministries.

But look at the Unitarian Universalist Society of the Palisades in Englewood, New Jersey. Its 10 members, along with members of the Ridgewood, New Jersey congregation, raised $16,000 to

end hunger. Or consider the 62 members of the Harrisonburg (Virginia) Unitarian Universalists, who use every third Sunday to create an intergenerational program on a social issue. Or take the ISO-strong First Universalist Church of Yarmouth, Maine, which focused on the environment as a unifying theme and generated curriculum materials for *the* children and a group recycling project. For these congregations and many like them (70% of UU congregations have fewer than ISO members), size presents no obstacle if the will exists to "do one's duty."

Yet like any institution in the late 20th-century United States, congregations are bending under the weight of forces they neither control nor, often, understand; and the commitment to social justice can wane in the face of more immediate concerns. This is why the UUA Department for Social Justice (DSJ) has initiated the Social Justice Empowerment Program, a multiyear plan to give North American congregations the tools to reinvigorate the fight for social justice.

Now, as Bill Gardiner and Lola Peters, director and associate director of the DSJ, know, a vast gulf exists between stating a policy and actually carrying it out. For several years they have been conducting workshops at the district level on how to form effective social justice programs. But the two of them simply did not have the time to extend their work to the congregational level. This need to "clone the DSJ," in Peters' words, gave rise to the idea of a training program, which would establish "mini-DSJs" in each district through a network of trained facilitators linked to the UUA, yet tuned in to the parochial needs of individual congregations. The facilitators in turn would give well-planned workshops to congregations on how to better their social justice programs.

The Canterbury Retreat Center in Oviedo, FL

Finally, one day this past April, after a year of planning,

38 people, including two consultants, and representatives from 11 districts, the DSJ, and the *World* converged on the Canterbury Retreat Center in Oviedo, Florida, to participate in the Social Justice Empowerment Program. Over the next six days these people (now known as social justice facilitators) learned to assess a congregation's social justice program needs, design a workshop to fit those needs, and conduct that workshop. Districts selected the trainees by "various and sundry methods," according to Peters, and funding from the Veatch Program of the North Shore Unitarian Universalist Society of Plandome, New York, helped cover costs.

During initial assessments, Gardiner and Peters found that UU congregations generally have social justice programs that fit one of three descriptions: (1) Some congregations have no social justice program to speak of (the congregation may be just forming or has never developed a program); (2) Many churches have a social justice committee and some projects in the works, but may not have yet reached their full potential; (3) Some congregations have a durable structure in place and several projects in progress. The Social Justice Empowerment Program is designed to teach facilitators how to assist in the first two congregational situations.

To do this, Gardiner, Peters, and two consultants, Mike Akillian and Niela Miller, designed the training program to give the facilitators a "tool kit" of both techniques and ideas that would enable them to help congregations do the mundane, gotta-get-up-each-day kind of efforts that actually win the battle for social justice.

Putting this tool kit together involved four primary steps: (1) self-assessment by participants; (2) instruction in how to appraise a congregation's social justice needs; (3) role-playing exercises; and (4) practicing negotiation and listening skills. The goal of the training, Gardiner pointed out, was to give facilitators tools that they would in turn pass on to the congregations so that they could "empower themselves to work on social justice issues."

Niela Miller and Bill Gardiner review goals and expectations of the "tool kit."

## Step 1: Self-Assessment

On Friday night, Miller initiated a discussion about what people hoped to receive from the training. The motives and expectations of the facilitators were as individual as their personalities. Some simply wanted to bear better witness to social justice issues during their lifetime. “I want to make a contribution to my congregation,” said one, while another stated, “I want to learn how to make a difference.” A few believed the training program would strengthen skills they already possessed, while others felt the workshop would get them “unstuck” in their social justice work. “I’m really hungry for models,” one person said, “that attract people from all walks of the community.” Some hoped to rebuild the dike rather than just put another finger in it, to bridge the gap between helping the poor and preventing poverty, though some disagreed, saying, “You don’t have to reach out to the UN-you only have to reach out to your local community.” One person reminded everyone not to forget that social justice work can also be great fun.

Finally, all participants agreed that they hoped what they were doing would become the nucleus for a new way of working for social justice within the UU congregations. They then established a set of working principles and approaches-the first item in their tool kits-that would enable them to collaborate smoothly and productively:

1. Gently confront negativism with love.
2. Make a covenant agreeing that it’s okay to disagree.
3. Conflict shows we’re growing-expect it, respect it, celebrate it. (Someone answered that by saying out loud, “Ooh, that conflict felt good!” The laughter led to the next rule.)
4. Never forget the healing power of good jokes and humor.
5. Remember that if we can’t deal with conflict in our team, we can’t do it in our congregation.
6. Never remain silent or indifferent.

By 10 p.m. it was time for drinks and small talk on the patio, and then some much-needed sleep.

## Step 2: Theory - Building the Tool Kits

On Saturday, Akillian announced that the next segment of the workshop would promote insight about the kinds of congregations facilitators will work with through an exercise in what Miller called "nonlinear data gathering," a way to assess how groups work together in non-typical ways.

Three groups were formed and given either a set of colored wooden blocks; colored pens with three sheets of newsprint taped together; or index cards, tape, and scissors. These groups were told to create something aesthetic that fit their needs. Three other groups were asked to observe the first three at work, looking especially at who played what role: Philosopher, Supervisor, Joker, Cheerleader, and so on - some 15 roles altogether.

In what seemed like a throwback to kindergarten, the ideas flew thick and fast, and before long, pictures, and structures bloomed. When the dust settled, everyone gathered to share what they had observed.

The discussion, which lasted the rest of the morning and continued over lunch into the afternoon, produced a number of principles about working with congregations that the budding facilitators promptly filed in their tool kits.

- *The Iceberg Principle:* What's seen is less important than what's hidden. Subterranean motives are usually more important than the obvious ones.
- *The Olivier Principle:* Facilitators must see who plays what roles in a group, prompt people to take up unfilled roles, and move them into different roles so that they can see the task from a new angle.
- *The Innie/Outie Principle:* Facilitators need to be aware not only of who is on the social action committee, but who isn't, and why.

- *The Harness-the-Alligator Principle:* The facilitator has to blend differing opinions by convincing people to contract for a common enterprise. Opinions cannot become loyalty tests.
- *The Blah-Blah Principle:* Facilitators have to allow for talk, but when the time comes for action, they have to bring people to what Gardiner called "choice points" to force them to commit to some plan.

The overarching principle connecting all of these was what one participant called "the question of balance" that is, how facilitators can best get a congregation to shift the subtle web of tensions representing all its personalities, hopes, and visions in a way that advances its commitment to social justice.

To make the idea of a tool kit more concrete, Miller and Gardiner passed out actual tool kits: oversize black plastic lunch boxes full of felt-tip markers (for working with flip charts), masking tape for putting newsprint on the wall, pencils, 3" x 5" index cards, and two manuals, the Workshop Design Handbook and A Compendium of Techniques for Creating an Effective Social Justice Workshop. Having first assessed themselves, and then having examined some of the paths and pitfalls when assessing a congregation, and armed with a tool kit in which to store their materials, the facilitators were now ready to move on.

## Step 3: Practice With the Tool Kits

As Gardiner explained at the start of Sunday's session, completing a successful social justice workshop requires five steps: (1) an initial needs assessment of the congregation (conducted by the DS]); (2) contracting with the congregation for the workshop; (3) designing the actual workshop; (4) implementing it; and (5) following-up for evaluation purposes.

Much of the morning and afternoon was given over to understanding exactly what these steps meant through a series of role-playing exercises and discussions between the DS] and a fictitious minister (the Rev. Rudabaker of the Flaming Chalice Church, played with eminent grace by Charlie Zoeller of the UU Service Committee).

The role plays prompted many important questions from the facilitators about proper lines of authority in the workshop process: Who, exactly, do we contract with to do a workshop? How do we determine what agendas-hidden or otherwise-people are going to bring to the workshop? What tensions exist among

the minister, the president of the board, the social action committee chair, and the congregation at large? What is the best way to work with a congregation to set goals? And so on.

The facilitators reached several conclusions, which they added to their tool kits. First, they needed to have input from as many people in the congregation as possible before they walked in the front door, in order to ensure that the workshop would not become a single person's or group's soapbox.

Second, facilitators were not responsible for helping a congregation, say, draft a mission statement if it did not have one. In fact, as Miller promised, facilitators will not be sent into a congregation if the DS] believes the congregation hasn't done some basic groundwork to identify its goals and character.

Third, protocol is important. As Roger Comstock, District Executive from Atlanta, Georgia, pointed out, the DS] and facilitator should work within the formal lines of authority to minimize turf disputes. And last, facilitators need to remember that the purpose of a social justice workshop is to help the congregation achieve its commitment to social justice, however defined, and not to resolve internal congregational disputes.

During the evening segment, participants were again divided into small groups: facilitators, congregations, and observers. Everyone was given a scenario, and the facilitators had to come up with a rough workshop design based on information gleaned from the congregation. At various points during the process the observers offered constructive feedback that was then incorporated into the exercise.

By the post-exercise discussion, facilitators had gained a more practiced sense about how to interrogate a congregation. More important, they also became aware of just how many items must be considered in creating a workshop that will fit a congregation's needs, and to which the congregation will commit to.

At the end of the evening segment, people were ready for the nightly gathering for snacks and small talk. The frogs chattered loudly while conversation floated on the warm air.

## Step 4: Negotiations

On Monday and Tuesday, Miller and Akillian took the facilitators through the theory and practice of negotiating differences among people-something the facilitators would need to do well if their workshops were going to be effective. While the two consultants presented different approaches, their strategies and tactics overlapped in many ways.

After several role-playing exercises, Akillian and Miller helped the facilitators articulate four new tools for their kits. First, the opening stages of a negotiation are the best time to establish a common ground-a currency-upon which the rest of the discussions can take place. Second, if a currency is not possible, facilitators need to get people to view the negotiations as an attempt to outline a contract rather than establish a "win/lose" situation. Such a "contracting" frame of mind allows participants to hold multiple currencies in hand and feel as if they are reaching a compromise rather than compromising themselves.

Third, there is always tension when people negotiate, and facilitators shouldn't be afraid to take a time-out to gather thoughts and energies. ''And don't worry about momentum," Akillian warned. "If negotiations fall apart after a 10-minute break, then you weren't where you were supposed to be.

Fourth, both sides must remember that they are involved in a common enterprise and are not enemies. Both must come away with something but not necessarily feel as if they have won. As Karen Gustafson from Duluth, Minnesota, said earlier in the day, "We can't negotiate as if some relationships were not important, as if it were a relationship with someone like a car dealer, since as part of the work of the church, we have a moral responsibility to treat all relationships with equal respect." Winning implies losing; accommodation, on the other hand, requires good faith.

## Afterthoughts and Aftermath

The program wrap-up was a combination of covering any information that hadn't yet been provided and preparing to move on. The newly trained facilitators were left with a refreshed sense of their own commitment to social justice as well as a mandate to help others articulate their goals (plus a nifty black plastic tool kit full of strategies and instructions). And they didn't shy away from the responsibilities they'd freely chosen to take on. In what became known as the "palace revolt," the fledgling facilitators felt strong enough to attempt to conduct workshops on their own, without someone from the DSJ to help them. The training had given them a measure of independence, and they were eager to get started on the good work.

Several weeks after the program; participants still had positive impressions. The Rev. Ralph Galen, from Stow, Massachusetts, said that it ranked "at the top as the best training I've ever taken." He used a particularly apt metaphor: "It was an organic process, like a river. There were rapids and slow-flowing parts, but it all made sense in the end." Galen already has plans to facilitate a project in his own congregation by September.

Roger Comstock felt that the training program was a "very powerful beginning to rectifying a part of denominational programming that's been weak," while the Rev. Wendy Colby of Buffalo, New York, noted that it was a good experience. In fact, the trainees that she worked with in the program, made of up participants from both the St. Lawrence and Ohio/Meadville districts, are planning to get together in July to go over the program's content and do some preliminary planning for a workshop in the spring of 1993.

The facilitator program can only better the social justice work congregations do. While some may argue that it's simply another layer of bureaucracy, it actually brings the DSJ in Boston closer to all congregations. And, unlike other bureaucrats, the facilitators live close to the call and response of congregational life and will use their training to fashion workshops that help people turn well-intended words into effective actions.

Congregations interested in arranging for a workshop with a trained facilitator in their district may contact Bill Gardiner or Lola Peters at the UUA Department for Social Justice, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108, (617) 742-2100. They will do an initial assessment of the situation and work with the congregation to set up the workshop. Future training events for other districts are now being planned. For details, contact your district executive.

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# WORLD

THE JOURNAL OF THE UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST ASSOCIATION

# AGAINST OUR NATURE AND BEYOND

## Are We on the Verge of Failing Our Planet?

# Driving America Clean

* * * * *

If Professor Enoch Durbin of Princeton University can convince enough fleet owners, school districts, politicians, business people, and perhaps even auto makers, compressed natural gas (CNG), not gasoline, will power the vehicles of the future.

When asked if trying to convince people, especially Americans, to change their automotive habits isn't a little like Don Quixote tilting at his windmills, he laughs knowingly. "That's what my wife, Marilyn, said, though she put it a bit more directly: 'You must be out of your mind!'"

"Perhaps it *is* a little fanatical," he continues, "but fanaticism is essential to a project like this." He pauses. "Of course, it helps if you change the object of your fanaticism on a regular basis so that people don't think you're insane." And why the fanaticism about CNG? "Because it's potentially unbelievably clean," he explains. "We have a lot of it, and everybody gets to win."

The 68-year-old Durbin has been a member of Princeton University's faculty for 30 years, and now directs the university's Instrumentation and Control Laboratory. He points out that natural gas - methane - comes with several built-in advantages over petroleum-based products and other possible "alternative fuels" (alternative, that is, to oil). Natural gas breeds no refinery emissions because it comes out of the ground pretty much ready to use. It has an octane of 130, compared to 94 for the best gasoline, which means compression ratios can reach as high as 15 to 1. Compared to petroleum reserves, natural-gas supplies abound, and the United States has a pipeline infrastructure that makes

moving natural gas from one place to another very easy. Automobile engines can theoretically last for 500,000 miles, because CNG reduces friction wear by not diluting engine lubricants as do liquid fuels; and natural gas can be produced from garbage, which the United States has in abundance, or can even be derived from cattle. The digestive tract of one cow produces enough methane in a day to power a typical passenger car six miles!

Proponents of the other alternative fuels can't make such boasts. Hydrogen is clean but easily ignited (remember the *Hindenburg?)* and has to be made, generally, by running an electrical current through water, which simply means that the site of pollution is shifted from the vehicle to the electric power plant. Methanol, now being touted by the Bush administration, is toxic: a four-ounce swig will kill a human being, and smaller amounts can cause blindness and nerve damage. And because it instantly dissolves in water, water supplies tainted by methanol leaks can never be cleaned up. Ethanol, the alcohol in whiskey, even though it's renewable, uses up more energy than it gives back and electric cars won't be viable until someone comes up with battery power and size equivalent to a 12-gallon gas tank. With current technology, it takes 700 pounds of battery to store the equivalent amount of electric energy provided by one tank of gas.

Durbin became an advocate for CNG quite by accident. In 1982 he had planned to study solar power in the Negev in Israel, but a chance meeting with the father of one of his students took him to British Columbia. The father, Dr. Patrick McGeer, the province's minister of science, wanted Durbin to investigate how the province could lessen its dependence on imported oil. Durbin and McGeer organized a program to promote the retrofitting of Canadian vehicles to run on CNG - a project that has reduced oil imports significantly.

One example demonstrates how well the system worked.

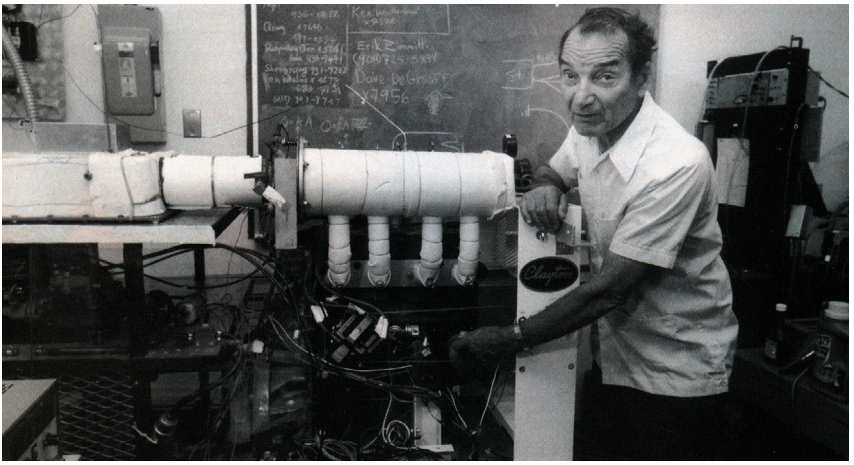
As Durbin explains, the cost savings of using CNG depends upon how much fuel a vehicle uses, the size of the fleet, and the cost of the fuel. In Vancouver, the Black Top Taxi Company decided to convert to CNG because the cost of CNG was about 40% of the cost of gasoline. With $890,000, the cooperative converted 128 taxis to run on either CNG or gasoline and built their own compressor station (the CNG equivalent of the gas pump).

The taxi drivers could choose whether to run on gasoline or on CNG since the engines could use either. At the end of three months, 97% of the fuel used was CNG; the fuel savings totaled $75,000 per month. The cooperative recouped

its investment in a year, and in addition had enough CNG left over to sell to the public.

For the last ten years Durbin has been trying to convince the United States that it can profit from increased use of CNG, just as Canada did; but in the land of Detroit and the Big Three, such proselytizing has been slow going. Although Ford, Chrysler, and GMC have been experimenting with CNG prototypes, the numbers of vehicles involved total perhaps two or three thousand - hardly enough to make a dent in petroleum use. Durbin is blunt about the automakers' efforts to lessen the country's dependence on oil and alleviate vehicle-caused pollution: "They have done very little on either issue. They prefer technologies that require only minor changes in auto production, like the switch to ethanol, methanol, and restructured gasoline. None of these alternatives reduce our ever-increasing dependence on import oil, which is supplied primarily by the troubled Middle East, nor do they help the environment. They *do* allow the industry to appear as if it is doing something when it isn't." He adds: "Their attitude is, 'CNG is not an investment that will increase our profit - so why should we make it?'"

Realizing that the movement for change will not come from the auto makers, Durbin has concentrated his efforts on individual states and on owners of large fleets of vehicles. But while he includes noble motives in his pitch - keeping the environment clean, energy independence from the Middle East, easing the deficit - he knows that "greed and fear" will most likely convince people to convert to CNG. "And that's okay," he says. "Sometimes it's more effective to appeal to baser motives."



CHET GORDON

Enoch Durbin spreading the good news of natural gas conversion.

Certain states - most notably Texas, but also West Virginia and Wisconsin - have taken the lead in promoting CNG. In fact, Texas recently passed legislation that Durbin feels provides a national model. By 1992, owners of fleets with 10 or more vehicles in urban areas must operate 20% of their fleets on some alternative clean fuel; the percentage goes up as the years pass. The only way fleet owners can avoid the mandate is to show that converting would harm them economically. But as Texas officials have found out, operators have been making the switch because it simply saves them money. Durbin cites one school superintendent who could save enough by switching a fleet of school buses to CNG to hire two new teachers.

Durbin believes that the Texas law works because it targets fleet owners. "If we can get fleet owners to make changes," he explains, "they can start saving money without waiting for the carmakers to do anything." Durbin is also trying to convince governments to convert, especially school districts; Princeton University is thinking of converting some of its vans. "If we doubled our consumption of natural gas to replace oil, we could just about wipe out our foreign oil imports," he points out.

CNG does have some disadvantages, which Durbin says are mostly technological and can be solved by building better machines. Fuel density is a problem because natural gas must be either compressed or liquefied before it can be used in a vehicle. (Uncompressed, 124 cubic feet of natural gas, a space about 5' x 5' x 5', contains as much energy as a gallon of gasoline). This means that CNG tanks must be strong enough to hold a gas compressed to 3,000 pounds per square inch, which makes a CNG tank twice as heavy as a gasoline tank with the same energy capacity. Also, current CNG tailpipe emissions, although much cleaner than those of gasoline, still pollute.

To combat the first drawback, Durbin has devised a method for doubling the density of CNG - in essence, a way to stuff more gas into the same space. As for emissions, with simple changes in fueling technology, "It won't be long before we can cut emissions by one-fifth to one-fourth," says Durbin. "Then you'll be able to sit by the tailpipe of a car using CNG and eat your lunch. Try that with a regular car."

Other countries in addition to Canada have been quick to take up the CNG banner. Italy has about 350,000 to 400,000 CNG vehicles. The Italians signed on to CNG because gasoline has been expensive there ever since World War II. One Italian innovation is the roof-mounted automobile CNG tank, which can

be easily transferred to another vehicle. New Zealand has also been active in converting to CNG because of its vulnerability to oil imports. Durbin feels that New Zealand provides a good model for how the United States can "unhook" itself from foreign oil.

What drives Durbin to attend national and international conferences, speak to business groups, buttonhole politicians, and build machines to condense natural gas? Partly, a naturally occurring chutzpah. With more than a trace of flippancy in his voice, he explains that "a university is a collection of egotistical characters, each of whom (including myself) acts as if he or she is smarter than God." He quickly adds that the energy for his quest also comes from a deeper sense of what it means to be an engineer and a teacher. "When scientists and engineers know something that can improve the way things are, they have an obligation to make it happen.

"I am objective in my experiments," he adds, "but subjective when it comes to advocacy. I want to make the world better." And when he teaches? "I try to sharpen the vision of my students so that they can learn to solve the real problems in the world in which they live."

But even a dedication to the ideals of science and personal integrity would not be enough to carry a person through ten years of wrangling, slammed doors, and disbelief, and Durbin acknowledges this when he describes how his participation in the Unitarian Church of Princeton buoys and propels him. As a longtime member and a former president, he has been active in the church, where he helped initiate a Fellowship Auction, a Singles Forum (a weekly discussion about topics pertinent to people without partners), the Second Time Around Shop (for recycled clothing), and DUNS (Dining Unitarian Style, monthly meetings in members' homes).

"I have been associating with Unitarian Universalists for a long time," he chuckles, "and I still can't figure out what they believe. But I'm not sure that's really important. What matters is what they bring to their gatherings, what they share.

"What does UUism do? The church doesn't really make Unitarian Universalists, it *collects* them. We collect out of our society a unique group of people, and by increasing their concentration in the church, they reinforce each other and become even more unique."

As usual, he elaborates: "When I'm with Unitarian Universalists, I know that when I express a radical view, they will fight with me and argue with me, but they will never lose respect for my integrity. I can say what I want without fear of any kind .... When I announce a sadness, they will give me comfort. When I announce a joy or a small triumph, they will applaud me. We need that, especially when our families are dispersed. Many in the church will act like a family. That's the beauty of it."

He believes that this support of who he is makes him a better person and helps him keep marching on. And march on he does. The Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) recently featured him in a program on alternative fuels, and he has a full schedule of teaching, researching, campaigning, and "gospel-spreading" planned for himself. While he's glad that some progress has been made toward using natural gas as a transportation fuel, he knows that the fight is far from won. The lack of immediate success spurs him to further action. "Failure is important," he says. "I tell my students that they need to fail in at least half of what they attempt. If they succeed all the time, they will be tempted by arrogance; if they fail all the time, that's tragedy. But if they fail only half the time, then they know they have a rich life." He pauses, then continues, "And I have a rich life."

## The Tally

Don't expect to see a CNG compressor pump at the local gas station very soon - but that doesn't mean people aren't taking notice of natural gas's possibilities as a transportation fuel. The recently passed Clean Air Act mandates that by 1998 10% of transportation fleets (such as trucks and taxis) in 22 highly polluted areas of the United States have to run on clean alternative fuels.

United Parcel Service (UPS), one of the nation's largest urban fleets, began doing CNG tests in 1989 with 10 of its vans in Brooklyn, New York. Pleased by the results, UPS now runs several other tests in Washington, DC, Dallas, New York City, and Oklahoma. (In Canada UPS has converted its entire Ontario fleet, some 600 vehicles, to CNG.)

According to Bob Kenney, a spokesperson for UPS, the company "wants to help clean up the air and to deliver packages profitably. CNG is one of the ways we're looking at doing that."

Federal Express, another large fleet owner, has joined the South Coast Alternative Motor Fuels Demonstration Project, a two-year test of CNG, methanol, ethanol blend, reformulated gasoline, and liquefied petroleum gas in Los Angeles.

The Federal Express vehicles will serve as the host fleet in the project, which is being coordinated by the Battelle Institute of Columbus, Ohio; participants range from the Department of Energy and the Environmental Protection Agency, to Chevrolet, Chrysler, and Ford, to the American Methanol Institute and Southern California Gas Company.

Roadway Express, Inc., a long-haul trucking company, however, faces a different problem in its search for an alternative fuel. Because of fuel-tank size limitations, a CNG vehicle has a range of about 90 miles per refill, which is just fine for urban fleets like those of UPS.

But for long distances, CNG is not very practical. Roadway has begun experiments with LNG, or liquefied natural gas. As David Via, manager of petroleum products, points out, LNG offers more energy per gallon than CNG does, and fueling time is faster because LNG is a liquid. Via is confident that LNG will be a viable alternative fuel for Roadway in the near future.

NEW HAMPSHIRE SUNDAY NEWS

October 1, 1989

# Child Labor Law Violations Rising

* * * * *

Much of the service industry would grind to a halt if it weren't for armies of teen- agers willing to flip burgers, sell clothes or pump gas.

The service industry would agree.

A labor drought in certain parts of New Hampshire's economy in the last year stemmed primarily from a lack of teenagers to fill available jobs.

But the rising employment of teenagers in the work force is accompanied by an increase in child labor law violations - what former New Hampshire Labor Commissioner Vance Kelly calls "the downside of an otherwise good economy."

According to the U.S. Labor Department, 1,300 violations of federal child labor laws were reported nationwide in 1986. The next year, the 'number increased 15-fold - to 19077 - and in 1988, it reached 20,054.

Last year, a sixth of the violations throughout the U.S. occurred in New England, most of them in eastern Massachusetts and southern New Hampshire.

Nationally, businesses paid $1.6 million in fines in 1988, with restaurants, hotels and service businesses generating the greatest number of violations.

With its strong economy, New Hampshire has participated in the national trend. According to John Chavez, regional director for public affairs in the U.S. Department of Labor, Granite State businesses paid $93.7;38 in civil penalty fines between October 1988 and August 1989 for violations of federal child labor laws.

Three of the largest violators have been Canobie Lake Park ($26,400), Papa Gino's ($15,500) and Colby-Sawyer College ($10,900), but at least a score of other businesses paid fines ranging from $150 to $7,800.

Moreover, in the largest sums, the fines are calculated at $100 to $200 for each violation, indicating that each business committed a number of violations.

These are federal penalties. But the pattern of violations continues at the state level as well, according to New Hampshire Labor Commissioner Richard Flynn, who feels strongly that the rise in child labor law violations indicates "we're going backward rather than forward as a society."

From 1986 to 1987, his department found a 45 percent increase in child labor law violations, from 895 to 1,300. In 1988, the number doubled to 2,673, which represented half of all labor violations found that year. So far in 1989, the rate has settled to 3835 an increase of 43 percent. State fines collected in the last year total nearly $100,000.

Like the nation at large, New Hampshire's restaurant and retail industries are tagged with the largest number of violations.

A typical case is Chez Vachon, on Kelley Street in Manchester, which paid a $1,550 fine in September. Fifty-five of the 62 charges at that time were hours violations, meaning the restaurant required its teenage employees to work more hours than legally allowed.

Another example is the Dunkin' Donuts on Mohawk Drive in Londonderry. Former owner Paul Ciano began paying a $4,175 fine in May for 167 violations, all of them for prohibited hours. The store came under new management at the end of September.

But these are small fines compared to some.

For instance, the Dunkin' Donuts at 4 N. Main St. in Manchester, owned by Carlos Andrade, was assessed $15,750 in fines - a figure that was later reduced to $9,550. In 1987 and 1988, the North Main Street stores was cited for numerous violations.

In a file copy of a letter sent to Andrade, the wage and hour administrator for the state Labor Department, Cynthia Paveglio, wrote that she'd had a long talk with the owner and that he was "full knowledgeable about Youth Employment (law)." Yet less than a year later, as the letter goes on to say, it was clear there were "willful violation" of the law and Andrade "continuously violated the Youth Employment (law)" after he'd paid the civil penalty.

A similar situation has been reported in DeMoulas and its Market Basket supermarkets throughout New Hampshire. A 1985 investigation by the U.S. Labor Department found numerous violations in the Tewksbury, Mass.-based company, including the two stores in Concord, and the company was fined $11,700.

In 1986, the U.S. Labor Department decided to take the company to court for what it called "oppressive child labor practices," such as excessive hours and allowing underage teenagers to use dangerous equipment - in this case, power-driven meat slicer. The company paid $13,200 in fines.

This year, the state Labor Department investigated and found the pattern of abuses continuing. On Aug. 18, the department received a check from DeMoulas for $13,000.

As violations escalate and some companies act as if breaking the law is cheaper and easier than following it, enforcing the state's child labor laws becomes more difficult. Although their department has only nine inspectors - none of them working full time on child-labor violations - Flynn and Paveglio feel the department has done a creditable job in auditing and assessing businesses employing child labor.

Commissioner Flynn's hopes that by fiscal year 1992, only 600 of 10,000 violations will be child-labor related - 6 percent of the cases.

New legislation, SB 203-FN, to take effect Jan. 1, will amend legislation passed in June affecting the number of hours 16- and 17-year-olds may work during school terms and vacations. The new law drops the number of hours a week from 36 to 30, and imposes a minimum civil penalty of $100 for each youth certificate violation; the figure is currently $25.

In addition, parents will have to sign the employer's request form for a youth employment to make it valid, something not currently required. And schools will have the authority, if a student's academic performance declines, to revoke the work certificate.

The department will do follow-up investigations to make sure the revocation holds.

Finally, the new legislation imposes a $1,000-per-violation civil penalty for repeated offenses.

Additional help may come from the state Department of Education and the Department of Employment Security.

A DES study directed by Ken Yasuda is surveying high school students to find out if poor school performance, dropping out, and jobs are related. Yasuda hopes that wage records, surveys and academic records will provide enough solid information to guide future policy decisions.

Studies have shown that employment can be a positive experience for teenagers. But businesses that violate child labor laws, have youths work past their mandated hours, employ them before their certificates are validated or tell them to operate dangerous machinery can place the youth at risk.

Flynn says he wants more cooperation and foresight from New Hampshire employers. But he also notes that employers who lobby for longer working hours cannot turn around and criticize the general academic performance of schools.

“Students can have a job,” he says, “but it can’t dominate their lives.”

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
Tuesday, October 31, 1989

# Child Workers at Risk

* * * * *

Much of America's service industry would grind to a halt but for armies of teenagers willing to flip burgers, sell clothes, or pump gas. Teenagers flocked into the work force as a strong economy raised starting wages and opened up choices. But child-labor law violations nationwide have created what former New Hampshire labor commissioner Vance Kelly calls "the downside of an otherwise good economy."

In 1986, the United States Labor Department received 13,000 reports of child-labor law violations. By 1988, the number had grown to 20,054. Nationally, businesses paid $1.6 million in fines in 1988, with restaurants, hotels, and service businesses leading the field.

Last year one in five violations in the US occurred in New England. New Hampshire, with one of the nation's lowest unemployment and highest growth rates, is a prime example. In the past year, businesses in the state have paid $93,738 in federal fines and nearly $100,000 in state fines. State labor commissioner Richard Flynn says the rise in child-labor law violations indicates that "we're going backward rather than forward as a society."

Some businesses find it more profitable to pay fines than follow the law. A case in point is DeMoulas and Market Basket supermarkets, located throughout New England and headquartered in Tewksbury, Mass. During 1985 and 1986, DeMoulas paid $24,900 in federal fines for violations found in the company's New Hampshire and Massachusetts stores. In fact, the US Labor Department took the company to court in 1986 for what it called "oppressive child-labor practices," such as excessive hours and allowing under-age teenagers to use dangerous equipment (in this case, a power-driven meat slicer). But in 1989, the New Hampshire Department of Labor investigated and found the same pattern of abuses. A check for $13,000 promptly arrived at the department.

The Fair Labor Standards Act states that no one under 18 should work in a situation "detrimental to their health and well-being," and goes on to categorize

17 occupations as "hazardous" for teenage workers. But in 1986, the Boston Globe detailed the injury, dismemberment, and death of teenagers on the job. A sampling of injury reports revealed over 1,500 teenagers hurt while they worked because companies were not complying with child-labor regulations. Based on that sampling, Massachusetts officials estimated that 6,000 or more minors were being injured annually.

Businesses can get away with continual abuse because teenagers don't complain. Linda Golodner, executive director of the National Consumers League, says, "Younger workers don't know their rights and therefore don't know the violations." Also, the US Labor Department has only 978 inspectors to monitor the millions of businesses under federal child-labor guidelines, and state labor departments are equally strapped.

These figures don't include unregistered businesses and agricultural production, areas notorious for putting working children at risk. Two reports by the General Accounting Office describe the resurgence of sweatshops and the exploitation of children; and laws safeguarding children in agriculture are either extremely loose or nonexistent.

Some states are taking actions to combat the situation. North and South Carolina, after a four-year-old child was run over, no longer permit 17-year-olds to drive school buses. Wisconsin increased its monetary penalties, Rhode Island's Department of Labor now has authority to declare places or occupations as hazardous, and Michigan issued new regulations making their provisions more consistent with federal standards and requiring closer supervision of minors.

New York Gov. Mario Cuomo has introduced legislation to restrict the number of hours youths could work while in school. The legislation would also substantially increase penalties to as much as $2,000 per violation. He said that his actions were prompted by news of a 500 percent rise in New York City establishments illegally employing children.

New Hampshire has started a survey of high school students to see if there is a connection between poor school performance, dropout rates, and jobs. The Legislature also recently passed a bill that drops the total number of hours a 16- or 17-year-old can work per week from 36 to 30, increases penalties, and requires parents to sign an employer's request form for a youth-employment certificate.

Boston Review

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# The Mapplethorpe Moment

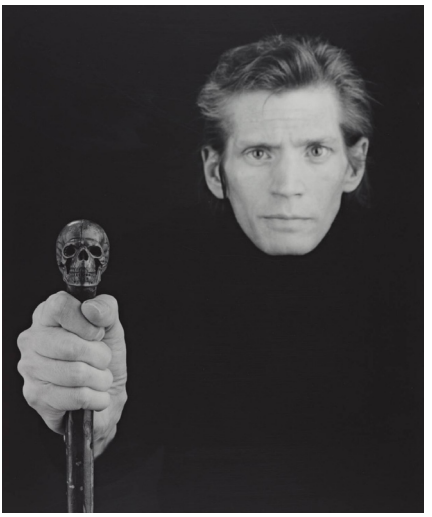

Photo courtesy of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford CT


Jesse Helms understands completely how politically lucrative a good controversy can be. But his virulent response to Robert Mapplethorpe's photography is not just a calculated gestures; something in Mapplethorpe's work *moved* him to anger, threatened those North Carolina, tobacco-tinted, Bible Belt blinders of his.

That Helms would work so hard to crystallize his anger in legislation just demonstrates, in a fun-house mirror sort of way, that Mapplethorpe's work has the voltage to do what good art is supposed to do: move us off our centers and give us an eccentric, and fresh, angle of vision.

I saw the show in Hartford last year, in a city that was either confident or indifferent enough to let the exhibit come and go unmolested. The exhibition staff had framed Mapplethorpe's work strikingly, in an arrangement Mapplethorpe would have approved. On the right of the exit to his exhibit was a self-portrait of Mapplethorpe gripping a cane with a skull perched on the knob end. Mapplethorpe's head floated against a black background, slightly out of focus, while the skull was sharply outlined in the foreground. To the left of the exit were photos from his X. Y, and z portfolios, three rows of thirteen pictures depicting flowers, black men, and, yes, all those pictures, the ones that have raised everyone's dander.

On the right, death and decay; on 'the left, vitality; erotic, pornographic, aesthetic; and the observer in the middle, where Mapplethorpe placed himself. Balancing this trinity of energy, entropy, and possible epiphany, more than anything else, defined and drove Mapplethorpe. Mapplethorpe's photographs are like pictures of particle acceleration explosions: the "perfect moment" happens when the heat of living and the ice of death meet like anti-matter, and in their annihilation form sprays of beauty and attention and daring and understanding.

Born in 1946 in Floral Park, New York, a place he described as very middle-class and Catholic, Mapplethorpe attended the Pratt Institute in the late sixties, where he worked on collages and jewelry. There, living with Patti Smith in the Chelsea Hotel, he slid easily into the burgeoning pre-punk underground at Max's Kansas City where, according to his recollection, there were "lots of scarves and cheap clothes [and) people who were becoming something that they never became. There were drag queens and people who were in Warhol movies, but were never really quite talented enough to do anything else."

Someone wanted to back him as a jeweler, but he didn't think the work was important enough. He began making "photographic objects" with pornographic pictures he cribbed from magazines, and he initially became a photographer because he wanted to "have the right raw material [for my collages] and it would be more mine, instead of using other people's pictures." After meeting John McKendry, who was at that time curator of photography for the Metropolitan Museum, and Sam Wagstaff, a collector of many things and eventually Mapplethorpe's lover, he began working exclusively with photographs in the mid-seventies. "Right from the beginning," he said, "before I knew much about

photography, I had the same eyes. When I first started taking pictures, the vision was there."

The "vision." At heart it's a romantic vision, at least "romantic" as that word applies to Lord Byron and his cohorts, an urge toward the unconventional, the edge, art for its own sake. And like many romantics, Mapplethorpe used the old bottles - in his case, figure studies, still lifes, portraits - to display the new vintages of his obsessions, bending the conventional forms without breaking them so that his images would radiate what one reviewer called a "dangerous beauty" and what Susan Sontag dubbed "the quiddity or isness of something." Joan Didion called the process "the perilous imposition of order on chaos," but Mapplethorpe characteristically put it more simply: "My work is about order. I'm a perfectionist."

Perfection. That was the grail Mapplethorpe was after, the heart of his vision. He described perfection as having "[everything] where it should be" in the photograph, but this wasn't just a matter of technicalities. True, his images had symmetry and rigor, "classical" in the cool sense of the "skin" of his photographs is remarkably clean and crisp. But critic Kay Larson labels his brand of perfection "hot" classicism because it aims to give a shape and a name to a sensuality - indeed, an eroticism - that Mapplethorpe believed bubbled just beneath the poised "skin" of his subjects, just as it simmers beneath the controlled "skin" of his pictures.

A good example of how Mapplethorpe does this is a 1985 black-and-white photograph titled "Grapes," one of Mapplethorpe's still lifes. The frame of the picture encloses a cluster of dark grapes sprinkled with water, in the rough shape of a human heart. Ambient light fans over the grapes and a much more directed lighting comes from underneath. These are not grapes we will ever see in the supermarket. They are ideal grapes, full of juice and flavor, ready to burst against the palate. Mapplethorpe's attention is so refined that we can even see the grain of the grape's skin.

But Mapplethorpe doesn't want the eye to stop at the exquisite detail. Because nothing in the meticulous uncluttered surface distracts the viewer, the viewer is forced to move closer and closer to the object until the space between viewer and object becomes charged with a kind of seductive electro-magnetism, an artistic strong-force. Suddenly, these grapes take on a gravity, a robustness. even an aura of danger and excitement.  He wants the viewer to go deep into

these grapes and consider how ripe they are, how much life and force they have in them, and to recognize that the life-force that ballooned these grapes also works inside each of us.

It's funny, that tingling sensation as you move on to the next offering-after all, they're only grapes, But that's the point. Once you really look at them, which Mapplethorpe's immaculate surface forces you to do, they aren't just grapes any more. There's more there, and that more reaches down to some fairly elemental levels. These grapes are erotic, full of eros, that energy most feared by the gods because it couldn't be completely controlled, the energy most directly tied to our physical natures and that fuels our hunger for expression and freedom

Mapplethorpe wants to arouse the viewer, whether sensually or just in some more general sense, and get us to feel that as we look at his images, we are, in some very basic way, in touch with a self either pre-social or just outside society's pale, the thing the Puritans felt they had to restrain in Hester Prynne.

When Mapplethorpe's camera moves to people, the intimate charged connection between viewer and subject becomes even more dangerous, more ambiguous, more challenging, more exciting, more rebellious. As Arthur Danto said about Mapplethorpe's Whitney Museum show in 1988, Mapplethorpe was trying in his images to stretch certain limits because he hoped, in some way, that "consciousness would be transformed" and people would be liberated from their preconceptions into new conceptions. The desire to liberate comes through most strongly in his figure studies of male and female nudes because these studies are not about "the body," as it might be viewed abstractly in a drawing class in a coolly classical way, but about bodies, in all their physical and sexual attractiveness and power.

In his 1983 *Lady, Lisa Lyon* (photographs from which are included in the exhibit), he worked with bodybuilder Lisa Lyon in exploring where the line lies between masculine and feminine identity. He chose Lyon because bodybuilding, as a sculpting of flesh and a choreography of posing, fit his classical tastes. But he was also aware that Lyon was involved in a traditionally male activity, and his book is, in part, a narrative about this crossing, and erasing, of gender boundaries (a topic he explores in some of his self-portraits). Mapplethorpe pushed the boundaries here because, for him, crossing gender identities was a way of achieving real, visceral, usable freedom. Lisa Lyon said that what

Mapplethorpe was doing was "exploring the limitations of male and female," not to maintain sexual limits and definitions but to break them.

He erases other kinds of lines in his studies of nude black men. Critics have called these pictures exploitative and racist, but writer Edmund White says that what Mapplethorpe did was bring black men "out of invisibility." Mapplethorpe knew that the project was, in his words, "loaded": black men, especially naked black men, could never be neutral subjects in American society. And especially the black men Mapplethorpe chose for models. Brenden Lemon, in a review of the Whitney in *Aperture*, said that to some degree Mapplethorpe can be pigeonholed as the photographer "who has his black dicks" and that "the phallus does provide some measure of the man." His models are well-endowed and are often posed in ways calculated to provoke all the myths about the threat and thrill of black male potency. It was almost as if what Mapplethorpe really wanted to do was take portraits of the black phallus, as in "Man in Polyester Suit," where the half-erect elephantine penis looping out of the fly has a parabolic grace that is both sexual and aesthetic at the same time.

But there's more to these pictures than just a geometric fascination for phallic dimensions. While he may have been a little disingenuous by insisting that he was concerned only with the pictures, not the politics, he nonetheless produced a collection of photographs similar in form and execution to classical sculptures that in their cumulative effect not only give dignity to the models but also allow the men to exist as sexual beings without the threat of fear or violence.

In these pictures Mapplethorpe balances his models between grace and pressure, power and resistance. For instance, in "Ken Moody, 1984" (Moody was a favorite model of Mapplethorpe's), Moody is shown from the waist: up with his eyes dosed holding a brilliantly speckled tiger lily over his head with both hands. For a moment both the muscular man and the fragile beauty of the flower held aloft like a halo are equivalent, each being's beauty a reflection of the other's. In another moment the flower will wilt and the man will die, and in this they're equivalent, too, but for the instant the camera has captured them they collaborate in perfection.

In other pictures the balance is less calm, full of tension and restraint. In "Thomas on a Pedestal, 1986," the subject is shown standing in profile bent over at the waist. His forearms rest on the pedestal, hands crossed at the wrists,

Photo courtesy of the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford CT


***Mapplethorpe balances his models between grace and pressure, power and resistance.***

fists clenched, and his face is hidden by his upper arms. His left foot is arched at the hall, while his right foot is flat, and the knees are slightly bent, as if he were ready to also arch the right foot and balance himself.

He is not at rest, even though he's stationary; it is the moment before he acts, when the body has decided but not yet moved. The body becomes beautiful because it's caught in that instant between decision and action; a breath before, and the body is too relaxed, a breath after, and the body's moving too fast to see.

Mapplethorpe, then, was always looking for that moment between moments when we could see (because he's captured it on film) the full humanness of the poised human body. A quartet of pictures done in 1981 called "Ajitto" (after the name of the model) probably shows this best of all.

Mapplethorpe has Ajitto sitting on a simple pedestal draped in rough cloth, his knees pulled into his chest, his face hidden by the posture. The four shots

are from the front and back and each side. From the side, in shadow but clearly visible, is the curve of Ajitto's penis and testicles. The play of light on the black skin (what Mapplethorpe called "bronze") gives Ajitto a volume that fills the picture frame completely, and his simple yet dignified pose emphasizes his humanness, his individuality, and his sexual being. We even see small scars on his right arm and left shin. This may be a man with whom we have an ambiguous and perhaps even hostile relationship, but Mapplethorpe brings us so close to the subject that if we continue to deny his political and sexual humanity, we end up denying our own.

Freedom, humanity, liberation, new ideas, brilliant technique - nice. But what about all "those" pictures in the "X" portfolio, the ones that Senator Helms fumed about, that caused the Corcoran Gallery, to its everlasting shame, to cancel the Mapplethorpe exhibit, that helped journalists cash in on a ready-made juicy congressional contretemps? It would be nice to say that they're simply not that interesting and only of minor importance, or are simply pornographic and not artistic, or simply don't measure up to the technical standards of the other pictures. But they're there. Mapplethorpe wanted them there. And they're there for a purpose.

Arthur Danto wrote that Mapplethorpe's photos of the New York gay community in the 1970s, his "X" portfolio, were "political acts," meant to "enlist art in some more critical transformation." There is no doubt about this. Mapplethorpe said in an interview with ArtNews that "I was in a position to take those pictures [and] I felt an obligation to do them."

But an obligation to what? The world that Mapplethorpe photographs in his "X" portfolio is a world based on sexual energies that simply aren't accepted, or even recognized as legitimate, by the "straight" world. But they exist, even in the "straight" world, they are a part of what constitutes being "human," and Mapplethorpe believed that the effort to disown them could only lead to shame or (as with Senator Helms) intolerant condemnation.

Mapplethorpe said on a number of occasions that his Catholic upbringing gave him a strong sense not only of symmetry and iconography but also of redemption and reconciliation. Mapplethorpe wanted to remove all that had been called "shameful" (in this case, certain sexual practices) from the power of shame to isolate each of us from the other and from our own selves. In a number of interviews Mapplethorpe said that as far as he was concerned there

was no difference between a cock and a flower and a portrait because they all had their own elegance and power. A little coy in saying this, perhaps, but it was something he clearly believed because he wanted us to see the "shameful" things without shame, just as we looked at flowers or a face. He wanted us to be able to envision without the blinders of a morality that taught us that certain of our impulses should be hidden, distorted, misnamed, condemned.

Such innocence of vision, what Roland Barthes called a "blissful eroticism, "was doomed. Every society has its code of modesty, and it's the romantic's fond notion that such a code can be nullified simply by people changing their attitudes about sexual pluralism. And it ignores the fact that lust, however "pure" its energy may be, ultimately depends upon anonymity for its satisfaction, on bodies with no names or faces, which can only dehumanize people. But Mapplethorpe's effort to push these boundaries, to bring the code into relief if not decline, was an effort to get us to reconcile ourselves with ourselves, through challenge and assault but also through beauty and grace.

The "perfect moment" for Mapplethorpe was a moment that, in the words of critic Janet Rardon, captured "the peak of bloom, the apogee of power, the most seductive instant, the ultimate present." For Mapplethorpe, to achieve that perfection, what he called "a space that's magic," meant pushing against boundaries - sexual, racial, moral, political. That's what bothered Jesse Helms: all the blurred lines, all the calls for exploratory license, all the broken cherished stereotypes, all the blatant "here it is in your face" quality of some of the photographs, all the sex, all the bodies, all the nakedness - all the freedom. What Mapplethorpe was trying to do was bound to shock and disturb, not only as a conscious effort but also by the simple fact that he was trying to get people to move beyond what they'd been told they were by the society in which they lived.

In his own way Mapplethorpe was trying to encourage that process of self-definition and self-discovery, which is also a way of resisting authority, that drives the culture and politics of a democracy. In a 1985 speech, Ronald Reagan, of all people, said that artists "have to be brave; they live in the realm of idea and expression, and their ideas will often be provocative and unusual." Artists "stretch the limits of understanding...[and] express ideas that are sometimes unpopular." "Where there's liberty," Reagan concluded, "art succeeds." Mapplethorpe would almost add, if he were inclined to speak politically, where art succeeds, there's liberty. Jesse and Cincinnati, and the rest of us, need to listen very closely to that.

Ithaca Times

August 21-27, 1980

# Clowning With Purpose

* * * * *

Last week, at Ithaca College, strange things were going on. Groups of clowns, wearing everything from frizzed orange hair to oversized shoes, wandered across the campus. Off in odd corners people juggled bowling pins, practiced rope magic, mimed movements or conversed with puppets. It was not a convention for the gently insane but the Ithaca edition of the Third National Clown, Mime, Puppet, and Dance Ministry Workshop, held at Ithaca College from August 10 to August 16.

The Workshop officially began on Sunday evening. A parade of 400 clowns, mimes, puppeteers, and dancers, led by the Salvation Army Band on a lumber truck, wended its way from Titus Towers on South Plain Street to the Ithaca Commons. There, Mayor Bordoni welcomed them to the city with an official proclamation that invited the community to "share in the various dimensions of the Workshop." Then the clowns returned to Ithaca College for an evening of magic and illusions before beginning a schedule that, for many, would run 7:00am till midnight for six days.

*photos/Mike Rambo*

The dimensions varied widely. The Workshop offered classes in such things as Clowning and Sexuality, beginning instruction in

ventriloquism, sign language, fire-eating, and mime, Dancing the Bible, Stage Combat and Acrobatic Mime, and The Holy Fools, to name a few. At noon, artists from the Workshop trouped about the Commons performing their own sketches; in the evenings, professional entertainers from around the world, such as Larry Engler and Dale Woodward, displayed their talents to appreciative audiences. At 10:00pm every evening, a potpourri of informal antics by the staff and members of the Workshop closed the day. And then, if there was time, sleep.

The Workshop is a ministry, as it says in the title. This intersection between art forms and religious service gives the Workshop its energy and purpose. Tom Nankervis, codirector for general arrangements and current director of communication education for United Methodist Communication Education in Nashville, Tennessee, says that the Workshop "provides a place to learn how to use these art forms in such endeavors as religious education, health care, working with the deaf and handicapped, and liturgical worship."

In 1969, Nankervis helped organize a puppet workshop at Scarritt College in Nashville. This led to a second workshop in 1971. Mime and clowning were added in a 1978 workshop at Vanderbilt University; dancing was incorporated in 1979 at Oberlin College. The response was so tremendous that the co-directors found it necessary to establish two workshops in 1980, one in New Orleans and one in Ithaca, and plan to do that again in 1981, holding one at the University of San Francisco and one at American University in Washington, D.C.

Nankervis explained that many of the new ideas and much of the promotion for the Workshop comes from the organizations courted as co-sponsors. Various church groups as well as communications offices for church organizations such as the World Association for Christian Communication, based in London, not only provide money but also help plan events and promote the Workshop through their public relations networks. Nankervis also pointed out that secular organizations offer help, such as Ringling Bros., which may co-sponsor the 1981 Workshop. A constant flow of new talent and ideas keeps the Workshop a going concern.

The Workshop people came from all areas of the country. While some wanted to perfect their technique, the bulk of the registrants were involved in their local congregations and health-care facilities either as professionals or volunteers. Many were clergy from such diverse churches as Methodist, Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, and the Salvation Army, to name a few., But, despite their

differences, the majority came to learn how these art forms can diversify the ways people relate to traditional religious beliefs.

A usual day began at 7:00am with a movement and exercise program led by Rosalie Branigan (if both the body and spirit were willing). Classes began at 7:45am. At 9:00am, one of the 30 presenting artists gave a plenary session in his or her expertise. These presentations ranged from Avner Eisenberg's "Introduction to Eccentric Mime" to Doug Adams's portrayal of the preacher Henry Ward Beecher. Classes began again at 10:15am and continued until 6:00pm with one hour for lunch. The evenings were given over to professional entertainers and were open to the public.

Each of the evening sessions presented a performer of exceptional talent, such as Eisenberg, alias Avner the Eccentric, and Albrecht Roser, the foremost marionettist in Europe. From the moment Eisenberg walked on stage, he threw himself about with an abandon that invited the audience to let the clown in them come alive. His joy made him the perfect clown for the Workshop.

Albrecht Roser, on the other hand, was much more sedate. His puppet figures and stories were designed for an adult audience. Each story explored some aspect of human emotion and the audience was free to react to the puppets as they chose. So great was his skill that it was hard to keep in mind that the puppets were only wood and string.

The final evening session on Friday was a presentation of "The Great Parade," a musical about the saints of the church, ending with a celebration of the 100th anniversary of the Workshop. (Nankervis explained that since no one was going to be around one hundred years from now to celebrate, they thought they'd do it early.) And on Saturday morning, William McLinn was featured. McLinn, soon to be ordained as a minister in the United Church of Christ, has traveled the country impersonating Samuel Clemens, using Clemens's words to speak out on a number of contemporary topics.

The week ended with a celebration of brotherhood and hope. It was a long, exciting week during which people learned techniques and used what they learned in service to others. The spirit engendered by the Workshop was a co-operative energy that went beyond the competitiveness and oneupsmanship often seen when professionals congregate. From the co-directors down to the children, everyone worked, learned, absorbed, and extended themselves, leaving with an enthusiasm that was indeed joyous.

# MANCHESTER

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JANUARY 1988



PROGRAMS FOR WORKERS OFFER AN ENLIGHTENED APPROACH TO THE PROBLEM.

American society has a chemical problem. Americans consume 60 percent of the world's illegal substances. In 1986, sales of heroin, marijuana, and cocaine were estimated at $100 billion. And these figures don't include such legal chemicals as prescription drugs and alcohol.

New Hampshire is not unaffected by this drug traffic and New Hampshire professionals experience chemical dependency in the same proportions as professionals throughout the country.

According to New Hampshire's Office of Alcohol and Drug Abuse Prevention (OADAP), the largest single chemical-using population in the state is the 20 to 29-year-old group, while the fastest-growing chemical-abuse group is the over-40 crowd, which experienced a 70 percent growth in numbers since 1984. While the drugs differ for each of the groups-cocaine for the younger crowd, alcohol for the older such large numbers suggest that there will be a steady rise in the $100 million that NH Blue Cross estimates businesses lose each year just to alcohol.

This threat to professional productivity and effectiveness cuts across gender as well as age. According to OADAP, multiple substance abuse is common to both sexes although male abusers still outnumber female abusers. However, women consistently misuse a wider selection of substances than do men, and women more often than men will choose either cocaine or marijuana over alcohol, and also abuse legal drugs more often than men.

In Manchester alcohol is still the substance most commonly abused among workers. According to Michael Beebe, co-founder of Manchester's New Life Center, "Alcohol is by far and away the drug of choice for people of all ages." Beebe works with businesses to set up employee assistance programs that "identify and assist employees with personal problems which adversely affect their job performance."

Alcohol is the substance most commonly abused among others. (Photo: Naomi Lasdon)

While alcohol may be the biggest problem, Beebe sees other drug use, particularly cocaine, on the rise here. "There is every drug known to man in Manchester," says Beebe. "All kinds of cocaine are available. We don't see much crack but there is a lot of internasal use and freebasing." He also cites prescription

drug abuse as an increasing problem, "particularly the minor tranquilizers, like Zanax [similar to Valium]."

EAPs are designed to treat the problem (be it substance abuse or some other personal problem) before it leads to job loss. They provide a general training and awareness education for all employees as well as ongoing training for supervisors those mid-level managers in closest contact with employees who may need help. EAPs are simple in concept, complementing the Alcoholics Anonymous philosophy because, says Beebe, "It's an approach that works."

Supervisors, says Beebe, are trained to look for a pattern of negative change which may include increased absenteeism, deteriorating relations with co-workers and poor job performance. The supervisor documents a worker's decreased performance, meets with the employee to discuss the problem and offers the EAP's services. "It's a process that takes time," says Beebe. "We show the clear linkage between self, substance abuse and trouble."

Nault's is one Manchester company that provides this service. Its EAP offers help with a wide range of problems and, as their brochure says, the EAP is "a benefit designed to provide a confidential service to employees whose personal problems are spilling over into the workplace or affecting their ability to function at home or in society."

Beebe is careful to point out that EAP services are completely voluntary and confidential. Without this, workers would distrust the process and the company would defeat its own intention to help. Nault's emphasizes the z confidentiality of the process and its g hotline is open 7 days a week, 24 ~ hours a day. As Beebe says, an EAP is a more enlightened approach to dealing with employee problems than dismissal or blindness to the situation.

"When you look at all the major diseases," says Beebe, "substance abuse is the most highly treatable." He cites a 75 percent success rate with alcohol abusers, adding that about half of those who enter suffer a relapse. "With young, single males we are less likely to be successful," says Beebe. In an interesting aside he points out that in nine out of 10 cases involving female abusers, divorce results, while the family of a male abuser usually stays together. And the boss is more likely to have the clout to get an abuser into treatment than the family. "Most facilities in New Hampshire are filled with clients referred by businesses," says Beebe.

But who takes care of the custodians, the professionals who institute and carry such programs as EAPs? "Forty-five percent of alcoholics are managerial," says Beebe, citing figures from the National Council on Alcoholism. Dr. John McPeake, Director of Therapy at Beech Hill Hospital in Dublin, notes that professionals tend to be undertreated because they often fall outside the systems used to identify problems in the workplace. This is because, as Fred Richardson, Program Director of Lake Shore Hospital in Manchester, points out, many professionals have both the curse and the blessing of a kind of separateness that allows them a greater latitude of seclusion and denial. Because of this, recognition and treatment of a chemical dependency can be postponed, and it's more difficult to get professionals to admit the need for help, and equally as difficult to get them to pursue it.

Some New Hampshire professional groups, however, are encouraging their constituencies to take that initial move toward treatment. The Physicians Effectiveness Program of the New Hampshire Medical Society is one example of a professional group reaching out to help its own. The committee created by this program, chaired by a Manchester physician, Dr. Ron Gagne, investigates all complaints against physicians about impaired performance. Its goal is to act as the physician's advocate and help the impaired physician return to a productive career. The physician in question is interviewed. If the doctor admits the problem, the committee then assigns a fellow physician to set up treatments and to follow through during the recovery. If, however, the physician refuses help, and the committee feels that the doctor's condition is adversely affecting his or her performance, they notify the Medical Association for appropriate action.

Based on complaints received by the committee over the past six years, Gagne estimates that there is roughly a 25 percent incidence of impairment among physicians, mostly with alcohol. This is fairly equivalent, Gagne says, to what is seen in the country overall, where 2.7 percent of the nation's physicians are considered impaired (and 5 to 7 percent will be impaired at some point in their careers).

Many professional groups in New Hampshire have not formed these kinds of self-help programs. Attempts by Manchester dentist Dr. Henry Plodzik and others to get a hotline for dentists have been put on hold for the time being, and dentists in the state at this point have no detection system in place to help them. There are no hard figures on the number of impaired dentists in the state,

but national estimates place 16,000 or about 10 percent of American dentists in the category of chemically dependent.

A hotline for lawyers does exist, according to Stillman Rogers, chair of the Continuity Committee of the N.H. Bar Association, but chemical dependency is only one of a myriad of topics the hotline is set up to deal with.

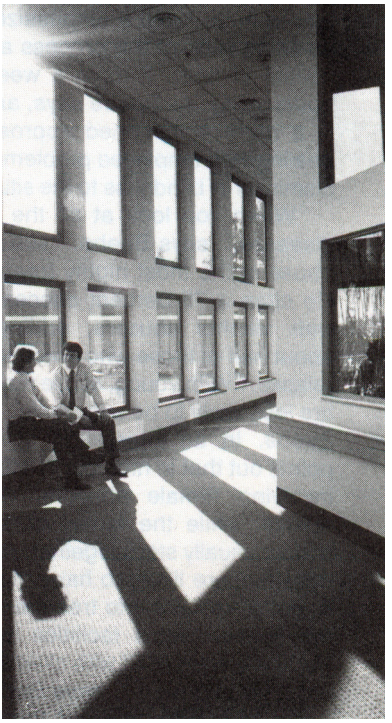
Clergy also have no established network in New Hampshire to deal with chemical problems. Fr. Robert Griffin of St. Mary's in Hillsboro has done some work with clergy in the state, especially at Lake Shore Hospital, but both he and William Lovett, another professional who works with the clergy, feel that clergy of all denominations need better and more available help to deal with their problems. They'd like to see something here akin to Guesthouse, a treatment center for Roman Catholic clergy in Michigan.

No one argues that more needs to be done to help people help themselves. Underlying this need, however, is a nagging question, one that most programs only partially address. Why do people become addicted? Some answers can be found

in the disease notion of addiction, that there are biological and genetic inclinations to being hooked. And others can be found in the stressful situations individuals encounter in their lives.

Dennis Cavagnaro, a consultant on EAPs working out of Lake Shore Hospital, points out that many kinds of obsessive behavior are rewarded in our society. According to Cavagnaro, much of our society would not be possible without certain models or compulsive action we are all taught to follow (or at least to prize), such as working very long hours and coping with a lot of stress.

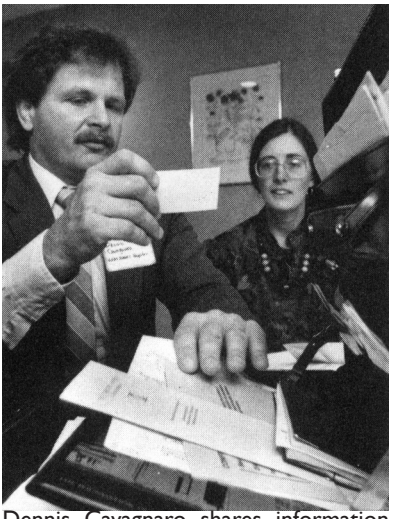
The antidote for all this? Lake Shore's Fred Richardson, echoing the approach of Alcoholics Anonymous, feels that



In a corridor at Lake Shore Hospital Dennis Cavagnaro, community services coordinator, spends a moment with Fred Richardson, clinical director of the hospital's Adult Chemical Dependency Unit. (Photo: Naomi Lasdon)

one successful way to treat chemical dependency is to see it as a material/spiritual problem. The "material" of chemicals, and of the situations which reinforce abuse, eventually end up emptying out the user, bringing the user to the point where life is both absurd and meaningless. For recovery to take place, treatment should focus on ways to have the user find out how he or she can "fill up" again with an appreciation and love of life.

Whatever the approach, many agencies, businesses, and professional groups in the area are trying to set up mechanisms to alleviate dependency. The more they are successful, the healthier life will become for all of us.



Dennis Cavagnaro shares information with Nancy Hacking, EAP coordinator at Concord Hospital, after a meeting of the Association of Labor-Management Administrators and Consultants on Alcoholism Inc.

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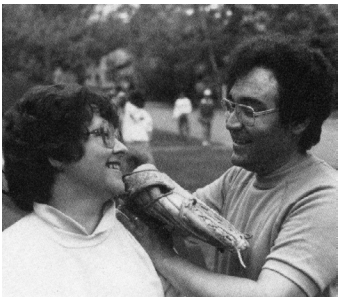
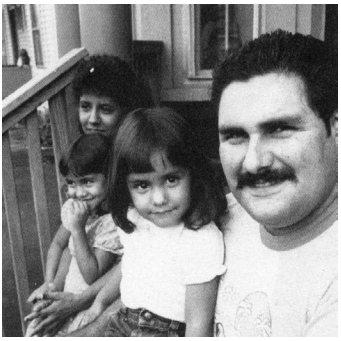
AUGUST 1988

# A Tale of Two Families

**Samuel Morales came here from Puerto Rico 34 years after Tony Rolon did. Here's how their lives intersect.**





A house in the suburbs, a front lawn for the boys, a garden for June, a car: Tony Rolon has come a long way from the poverty of his native Puerto Rico. Not too far, though, to forget other newcomers who need a helping hand. Tony is trying to get the Morales family settled in their own apartment. Top photo: June and Tony Rolon. Bottom photo: Patria, Maria Sols, Carmen, and Samuel Morales.

The soft vowels and rounded lisp of Spanish words moved around me as Tony Rolon, executive director of the Latin American Center in Manchester, translated for me the story Samuel Morales, a recent arrival from Puerto Rico, was telling him. My inadequate Spanish allowed me to catch only bits and pieces as Samuel, his face tired but energetic, told Tony about how hard he had been working but how glad he was that he had finally gathered enough money to bring his wife and two children from Puerto Rico to live with him. Tony informed me that after the interview he was going to help Samuel contact the gas company so he could get service connected in Samuel's new apartment.

Here was one man, Tony Rolon, who had spent almost his entire life in the United States, reaching out to help another man, Samuel Morales, a traveler in a new country. Unused to the folkways of American society, Samuel must depend on the kindnesses of friends to help him through. It was a moment when it was possible to glimpse the historical process that has helped define the character of the city: The process of the new immigrant

turning to, and getting assistance from, the old immigrant who had somehow become "native." In that small room on the second floor of the Latin American Center Tony and Samuel added another episode to the story of how the hopes and efforts of immigrants have made Manchester the city that it is.

Tony had come from Puerto Rico to the United States in 1950 at the age of four, his family settling in Jersey City, New Jersey. Life in Puerto Rico was, as Tony said, "rustic": a simple diet, people working in the fields, calm. And also poor, which was the reason why the Rolons came to the United States to look for employment. Being four years old made it easier for Tony to fit into American society because he was able to learn enough English quickly from his friends to survive in school and in society at large. "One of the problems," he said, "for older Hispanic people coming to the United States is that they have to learn where everything is, and that can be very intimidating. I was able to learn quickly how to get things that I wanted because I started out so young."

Patria hopes Maria Sols will pick up English from her friends so she can understand her teachers. (*Photos by Peter Blakely*)

Tony Rolon married his wife June in 1968. They met during a joint choral concert sponsored by Iona College (which Tony attended) and Mount St. Mary's College in Hooksett (which June attended). They decided to stay in Manchester, living first in a 3½-room apartment on Merrimack Street (for the princely rent of $25 a week), and then in a slightly larger place on Grove Street for $50 a month.

After their marriage in 1968, Tony worked at the Sylvania plant on South Willow Street for four years as a production supervisor. In 1972, he worked independently as a contract cleaner, but even though the money was good, he wanted to finish his college education (both he and June

left school as sophomores to get married). He returned to Jersey City for two years in 1975 to finish his college education, and when he returned to Manchester in 1977, he began part-time as the executive director of the Latin American Center, which had been established five years earlier. In 1979 he began work for Nashua Corporation. His position as production foreman lasted for nine years until he became the full-time director of the Latin American Center. It's been a life, he admitted, balanced between his Spanish roots and his American loyalties.

This balance expresses itself in interesting ways. For instance, his three sons - Mark, Christopher and Michael, all in high school - are taking classes in Spanish. English has always been their first language. While Tony said it was a mistake not to speak more Spanish in the house, he realizes that the loss of the language is part of the assimilation process for the second and third generations. "They don't feel like a minority," he said. "They've become assimilated, 'blended in.'"

To compensate for this seeming loss of roots, however, the Rolons have taken trips to Puerto Rico where they have come to understand better their own heritage. Tony spoke of a "spiritual awakening" that happened for them all during these trips. His family had a chance to see where he had come from and what his life had been like as a child. And he had the opportunity to better comprehend what life was and is like in Puerto Rico. The incredible beauty of the place shelters, but can't completely hide, a persistent and damning poverty.

Having the sources of his identity in both the American and Hispanic worlds gives Tony a special edge in his work at the Latin American Center. The Center's function, as Tony sees it, is to form a support network so that Spanish-speaking people in Manchester, whatever their needs, can develop "bicultural competency." Tony's term describes an ability to learn enough about a different and confusing society so as not to be cheated or at the mercy of the environment. Language is the greatest obstacle to bicultural competency, and much of the work Tony wants the Center to do focuses on building fluency in both Spanish and English. Tony said new arrivals in particular need successful peer models, people who have acquired the skill to navigate the shallows and reefs of American society.

One of the people for whom Tony is working hard is Samuel, who recently came to the United States from Puerto Rico at the age of 24 with his wife Patria and his two young daughters, Maria Sols and Carmen. Life in Puerto Rico was much the same for Samuel as it had been for the Rolons a generation earlier.

In Puerto Rico Samuel was a truck driver making $15 a day. Seeing that he was not going to advance economically (Puerto Rico is currently running double-digit unemployment), he came to the United States in the spring of 1986. He stayed with a cousin in North Adams, Massachusetts, and worked at a car dealership prepping cars for customers. When that job ended, he came to Manchester on the advice of his brother-in-law and worked at Prevue Products as a general laborer until the company closed in 1987. Faced with unemployment here, Samuel returned to Puerto Rico, partly to try to find work and partly to nurse a sick uncle. Eight months later, unable to find work at home, he came back to Manchester searching for employment.

Samuel had to come to the United States alone because he could not cover the expense of bringing his entire family. It took a month of working two full-time jobs-a day job at Carol Cable testing the conductivity of cables and a night job at the Millyard as a dishwasher and general kitchen help-to earn a deposit on an apartment and plane fare for his family. He missed his family a great deal during that time. But even though they are now here, the living is still not easy. Samuel has had a few run-ins with what he calls *molestosos*, people who harassed him because of his Hispanic background. The apartment also fell through, and the Morales are still looking for a place to stay. But even given all of these pressures, Samuel still feels that they all have a good life. They like Manchester (Samuel called it a "tranquil" city) and believe that in the end they'll be able to save money and prosper.

Tony and Samuel attested the English language (or rather, the lack of a command of it) is the most difficult obstacle Samuel faces. At work Samuel can get along because most of his workmates on his shift at Carol Cable speak Spanish. At home, he and his family find themselves frustrated when they have to do simple tasks. For example, Tony had to help with getting the gas service installed. But because of his heavy work schedule, Samuel does not have time to take English as a Second Language (ESL) classes. His children will most likely pick up the language from their friends, as did Tony when he arrived at the age of four. Maria Sols, who is five, may have a problem in school if she has not picked up enough English to get through her classes. Samuel was not sure how to handle the language problem, but he knows they all need to learn English well if they are going to have a chance at economic success in the United States.

As the interview ends and Tony gets ready to call the gas company, Samuel waits patiently. I want to try my fragmented Spanish with him but feel

embarrassed about it, and I suddenly know what it must feel like for him as he faces signs and lingo and the conversations of strangers in a language he doesn't yet know. And as Tony makes contact with a company representative, I can hear in his brisk tone the voice of one who knows his way around, and I also know how comforting that must feel for Samuel.

These two men and their families are like parentheses that bracket the immigrant history of our city. Tony Rolon had time to establish himself and become accustomed to the ins and outs of American culture, and he and his family inhabit a world both Spanish and American, rooted in a sense of history that combines different cultures and world views. The Morales are new, and in them one can see afresh the struggles that must have engaged all our ancestors as they came to these shores and tried to make their way. Tony hopes that soon the Center will be able to move beyond programs of maintenance and begin active political and economic organization of Manchester's Hispanic population. But that goal of unity can only be achieved through individual acts of assistance and kindness that allow people like Samuel and his family to gather their collective breath and face the challenge of meeting, and prospering in, a new society.

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AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1987

# The Sounds of Silence

## Linking The Hearing and the Deaf at UNH Manchester

If blindness means that color and light have left the world, then deafness means that music is lost forever. Yet the loss does not have to be final. By employing a body language that becomes sound as well as voice, people have found a way to repair the silence of deafness. Extending this effort through its signal program in Sign Language Interpreting is the University of New Hampshire at Manchester. Laurie Swabey, project director for the Federal Interpreter Education Grant and assistant professor in the program, explains:

There are two million Deaf people in the United States, with an estimated 6 million more considered hard of hearing. However, there are relatively few interpreters for the Deaf, and even fewer programs for training interpreters. To remedy this, the federal government has selected 10 schools to act as regional sites for instruction in interpreting. In 1982, and again in 1985, UNH at Manchester was selected as the regional site for northern New England, offering the only degree program in interpreting in the area. UNH at Manchester also houses the most comprehensive collection of books and media materials in New England on sign language interpretation.

Deaf herself, Martha Scribner teaches others to sign.

The core of any instruction concerning the Deaf is mastery of American Sign Language, or ASL. As Director Swabey pointed out, ASL is not a pidginized version of English. It is a full and complete language in itself, blending traditional linguistic elements such as grammar and syntax with complex gestures


Martha Scribner forms the words "friend" (center, top to bottom), "meeting," and "thank you" (far right, top to bottom). Photos by Peter Blakely.

(eye gaze, head tilt, facial and body movements). Intensive instruction in ASL makes up a student's first year of study through what

Swabey called the "direct method," or almost total immersion into the language. Along with studying ASL a student is required to study other aspects of deaf culture through such courses as Orientation to Deafness and Psychosocial Aspects of Deafness. In the second year the student focuses on interpreting, spending time both in the classroom with such courses as Interpreting for the Community and outside the classroom with two intensive practice assignments.

At present there are 40 to 50 students in the program, with about three-quarters of them working towards the two-year degree. (The others are pursuing a certificate, a part-time alternative to full-time study.) The students, distinct and diverse, roughly fall into three groups. The first comprises people who already have degrees-about 25 percent of the group. The second contains people returning to school to earn a degree either for their own enrichment or because they need the credential for job advancement. The third is made up of traditional college-age students. Despite the differences in ages and backgrounds, the students all take classes together-a distinct plus, Swabey believes, because the students learn as much from each other as they do from their curriculum.

This diversity is carried over into the various reasons why people came into the program; a nurse who works with Deaf patients, a speech therapist upgrading her expertise, a dance instructor with deaf students, an actress who had been in a production of *Children of a Lesser God*, and parents with deaf children. Some wish to pursue careers interpreting, or in teaching. Others want to help with counseling for the Deaf, or to work in advocacy for the Deaf community.

But all these plans share one common link: a fascination with and love of the Deaf. According to Swabey, people who work with the Deaf quickly discover that their work does not follow the traditional social worker model, with a member of the "more fortunate" world condescending to help someone less fortunate. Instead, people who work with the Deaf find a fully-formed culture, replete with history, customs and language.

Swabey pointed out that one should not confuse "deaf" with "Deaf." The word "deaf" implies a handicap. But the Deaf don't consider themselves handicapped. They instead see themselves as a language minority, struggling against the same prejudices and impediments other minority language speakers face. And like other language-minority groups, they own a thickly textured way of

life, a "Deaf" culture, that in no way fits the usual language-majority belief that the Deaf are impoverished or deprived.

This was an aspect of work with the Deaf that moved Cathy Chismark, a current student in the program, to come to college for the first time in her life. "I am touched by their whole society," she said, "touched by their struggle to establish themselves." Working with the Deaf, she has found, is working with an entirely new perspective on life, a way of being not shared or understood by the hearing majority. This, above all, is what makes working with the Deaf most rewarding and invigorating for her.

Friedrich Nietzsche once said that "he who is hard of hearing always hears something extra." The students in this program concur. By struggling to learn about another culture and people, they are hearing something extra about themselves and the world they share with the Deaf.

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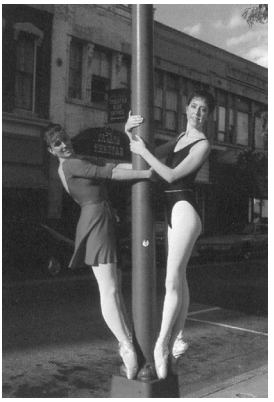
OCTOBER 1987

# To Know the Dancer and the Dance



The room, like many dance classrooms, is Spartan: wooden bars along the walls, a few mirrors, some rosin scattered on the floor, an air tinged with sweat. The young girls in tights and leotards, hair pulled back into coiled buns, sans rings and necklaces and earrings, stretch and chat while waiting for the teacher to arrive. When she does, they line up at the bar and at the teacher's command for plies, begin the slow flexing of their Achilles tendons. Through the next hour-and-a-half the teacher will escort them through the arcane rituals of tendus and degages, battements and rond de jambes, frappes and developes. Her voice is encouraging, correcting, no-nonsense yet caring, as she puts them through paces that began with Louis XIV three hundred years ago.

The instigator of all this effort toward grace is Suzanne Taylor, who, through her training and experience, extends the traditions of ballet. Taylor is founder and director of the New Hampshire Ballet Ensemble.

Born in Manchester, she was the youngest of 11 children, all of whom were required to take dance instruction. Taylor's mother had loved to

dance, but her parents were strict Catholics and forbade it as sinful. So Taylor's mother tried, through

Gisele Gagne warms up. (Photos by Peter Blakely)

her children, to achieve the dance she had not had herself, "hoping to find," as Taylor said, "that one dancer who would finally fulfill her dream." So strong was this desire that she was at an older daughter's dance class just three days after giving birth to Suzanne. "Having a baby was no reason why my sister was going to miss her lesson."

Taylor took her first lesson at the age of 1½ and first performed in a baton and tap dance number at the age of 2½. At six she was on pointe, and at nine she went to New York to study with Thalia Mara, the choreographer and instructor well known in the 50s. New York proved devastating for her because there she discovered that her early training had been inferior. Her instructor had not bothered to teach her charges the French ballet terms and worse yet, had put Taylor on pointe far too early, thereby damaging her feet and her back.

Thalia Mara suggested that she contact E. Virginia Williams of the New England Civic Ballet in Boston (which eventually became the Boston Ballet). "I had to walk up and down that street 14 times," Taylor recalled, "before I had the nerve to walk into that building." But she did, announcing to E. Virginia Williams that Thalia Mara had sent her from New York and that she was, in Mara's words, "the most horrible thing she had ever seen, and if anybody could help me, it was E. Virginia Williams."

Through a year and a half of patient and steady work, Williams brought her back and Taylor eventually went on to dance with the New England Civic Ballet in its premiere as the Boston Ballet at Jacob's Pillow.

But while she had ample opportunity to perform, she decided that teaching was her first love, motivated by her own near-destruction at the hands of an incompetent teacher. At the age of 14 she was teaching at the youth center on Pease Air Force Base and at 16 she opened her own school at 52 W. Central Street, running both schools until she was 20. She has since had two schools in Bedford, and her newest enterprise, the New Hampshire School of Ballet, is located at 83 Hanover St.

One of her purposes in teaching is to spread an awareness and love of dance, which is why she came back to Manchester to work and live, and why she started the New Hampshire Ballet Theatre in September 1986. (It has since been renamed the New Hampshire Ballet Ensemble because of the name conflict with another dance company in the state.) She wants her company to be

an “integral cultural activity” of the city, and towards that end has the company perform frequently throughout the year.

The company has 11 core members, with 15 apprentices and four alternates. They’ve performed at the Miss New Hampshire Pageant (in which Taylor has been a participant, judge, and choreographer), Prescott Park, the Institute of Arts and Sciences, Riverfest, St. Anselm’s, and Veterans Park. Taylor will be holding auditions for the company in October, and anyone interested in joining and in finding out more about their performance schedule, should contact the New Hampshire School of Ballet.

Taylor’s vision is to have a full-blown performance of Carmina Burana combining dancers, musicians, and singers from all of New Hampshire’s performing groups. Barring that, she would love to have a donated space where she could teach and perform without having to worry about the pressures of rent and maintenance. Such a donation would allow her to give classes free of charge and operate a place where people could come to study seriously without having to worry about expense. She has set for herself and her company the task of making Manchester a place where people can learn the best there is to learn and perform the best there is to perform. Given her tenacity and savvy, she just may succeed.

COACHING
CANADA'S NATIONAL COACHING MAGAZINE REVIEW
JULY/AUGUST 1983

# Athletics At A Boarding School

A moving part of motion ...
A changing part of change,
... a discovery ...
Part of a discovery ...
Too much like thinking
To be less than thought.

- Wallace Stevens

The principal founder in 1781 of Phillips Exeter Academy, in Exeter, New Hampshire, piously instructed the faculty "to regulate the tempers" of the students by encouraging "the scholars to perform some manual labor, such as gardening, or the like." John Phillips, when saying that, probably did not have in mind the Love Gymnasium, with its two indoor skating rinks, five basketball courts, two swimming pools, 12 squash courts, weight-training rooms, and 23 tennis courts.

Yet the presence of Love Gymnasium, along with acres of playing field, a stadium, and a boathouse full of crew shells, underscores Exeter's primary reason for existence: to encourage and direct the moral education of its charges. Next to the classroom, athletics is the most dominant method used to achieve this goal.

## The Past-History and Sports

This correlation of spirit and sport was not original with Phillips. The Romans believed in much the same thing, as had the Greeks. For Exeter, however, the true

genesis of physical education's role in "promoting piety and virtue," as Phillips solemnly put it, came from the British boarding schools. George Orwell, in his essay Such, Such Were The Joys..., wrote that the British boarding school bid its students to "be at once a Christian and a social success." This required a virile and manly attitude towards life, and this attitude was best acquired, according to the minds of the time, on the playing fields. "Virtue consisted of winning," Orwell noted. "'Guts' or 'character'...in reality meant the power to impose your will on others." British military figures were not being facetious when they said that battles were won on Eton's playing fields. Sports, Randolph Bourne noted, were serious issues for the British because they were the crucible where mind and body were mixed to create a mysterious but necessary element called character.

Phillips came right out of that tradition, and anyone who reads his original deed of gift will be impressed by how often the word "vigor" is connected with "virtue." And Exeter has kept that connection alive. A program of athletics was formally instituted in 1895 by Howard A. Ross who, according to the official history, believed that "physical education was a subject of as much value and dignity as academic studies and ... presented an unparalleled opportunity for the building of character." An editorial in the campus newspaper of 1897 echoed this, stating that Exeter "stands frankly before the world in her old position of a school where they make men." The motto above the lintel of the main building reads Hue venite pueri ut viri sitis: "Come hither, boys, that ye may become men."

Exeter, then, most especially in athletics, held that a vigorous pursuit of moral virtue, manliness, and character not only required a solid attachment to physical activity, but that the former could not be reached without the latter. To some extent, the "masculinity" of this recipe has changed with the advent of coeducation, but the vitality of the connection remains: sports help make the "person," if not the man.

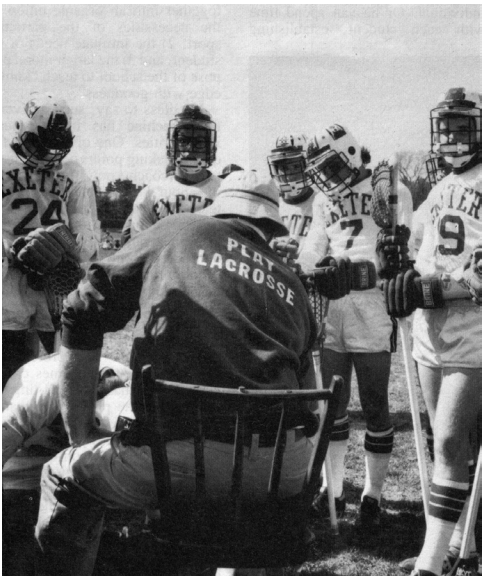
All of this has placed a unique burden on the faculty's shoulders. With the development of an athletic program came the birth of the faculty member as a "triple threat": teacher, residential counselor/ advisor, and coach, what the British refer to as a "good school man." This model differs in many ways from public school models. Exeter has people whose sole job is physical education, as do public schools. And teachers could coach after classes, as in public schools. But the moral requirements and intensity of these jobs are more severe and more binding than in most public schools. The teacher who coaches at Exeter does not wear two hats: he is the teacher/coach, words synonymous and indivisible.

## The Present: The Teacher/ Coach

Since everyone is required to do sports at Exeter, the athletics program has to be large and varied to accommodate the needs and abilities of a thousand students. Sports are basically divided into two programs: interscholastic and intramural. The intramural program is further divided according to ability, with those possessing more athletic prowess separated from those needing instruction. Some attention is also given to those not interested in competition with such offerings as cycling, dance, gymnastics and fitness workouts. The Exeter program, in living up to the school' s charge to teach "knowledge with goodness," tries to provide a niche for every student regardless of athletic desire and talent.

To keep the quality of such diversity high and ongoing requires coaches with skill as well as strong dedication to the institution's principles. And because the playing field or court is considered an extension of the classroom, the moral energy teachers bring to their academic subjects must be duplicated in their coaching.

For instance, the daily schedule at Exeter resembles the white rabbit in Alice in Wonderland who is perpetually running late. These demands on a student's time take their toll, and often students show up for sports drained and lethargic. The teacher/coach must then become, in the words of Kathy Nekton, present director of the physical education department, a magician, actor, and guidance counselor in a warm-up jacket. The "coach" part wants to train the body. But the "teacher" part must teach the student how to integrate by self-discipline both mind and body when both are tired of being challenged, competing, and feeling incomplete.




The teacher/coach can "psych" the team as a team, offering the student a source of energy that comes from the group instead of the individual. Or he can spend time with each

student, establishing bridges of communication and reinforcing a sometimes weak self-confidence. In both cases, the situation of teacher/coach demands that the faculty member try to bind together into an organic union the necessities of the particular sport, the intimate needs of the student, and the larger moral purpose of the school to teach "knowledge with goodness."

Needless to say, such a diversified machine has its occasional irregularities. One of the most frequent sticking points occurs when a teacher/coach knows little or nothing about the sport but is required to teach it. In public schools, this might be cause for the union to file a grievance; but Exeter, because of its unique requirements for the teacher/coach, provides opportunity for the teacher to be student, the student to be teacher, and for both to forge another link in the binding chain of "knowledge with goodness."

The role of the professional physical educator becomes crucial here. Exeter has five full-time instructors in the physical education department who are able to train faculty members, by helping them write up daily lesson plans and offering them new methods and techniques. And because the teacher/coach must engage in the physical mechanics of the sport in order to learn it physiologically and intellectually, students have a good, and often hilarious, chance to see mighty pillars of the community make mistakes like other human beings. The students and teacher/coach must learn together how to pursue the sport while learning how to participate together in a communal enterprise. The formal barriers of age and roles, for a short time, can be hurdled.

Exeter's teacher/coaches provide athletic models for their students in other ways as well. Exeter has coaches competing in masters' track (a 70-year-old emeritus), masters' swimming, state-wide tennis, squash, marathoning, road races, horse shows, and golf. Thus, whether a proficient competitor or an ardent duffer, he or she shows the students that curiosity is not limited to the young and that learning never stops as long as life continues. These are powerful broadcasts to adolescents and part of the moral infusion that characterizes life at Exeter.

The moral responsibility of being a teacher/coach here is therefore great and frightening, great because much can be done to help athletes learn in a broader sense, frightening because so much can be missed or left undone. The teacher/coach has to teach students how to work cooperatively, coordinate goals and methods, and protect the team's weaker members. Yet this group sense cannot overshadow the need for getting the student to develop a perceptive, self-analytical mind and discover how much self-discipline and endurance he or she possesses. During this time there is the knowledge that the teacher/coach teaches in the here-and-now as well as for when students leave.

As Kathy Nekton says, "Ultimately, the goal is to develop a well-balanced educated person who sees and experiences the overlap in all areas of learning." This end is implicit in all teacher/coach decisions. It is the single purpose for being at the school and must be the single purpose that sustains the teacher/coach while at Exeter.

## The Future Moral Considerations

Phillips Exeter Academy has always been concerned with moral education. During the academy's recent Bicentennial, English department teacher Charles Terry edited a series of reflective essays entitled Knowledge Without Goodness: Moral Education In Boarding School. Their overall sense is twofold: moral education is absolutely necessary, and it is never done as well as it should be. Exeter is, if not unique, pre-eminent among boarding schools in its concern for the "synthesizing vision" that motivates moral education. The teacher/coach is one of many delegated to that work of integration of bringing together bits and parts of a student's life and helping that student see the larger implications of his or her actions.

While the teacher/coach may not always do his or her work well, this fact remains: Phillips Exeter Academy sees the intersection of mind and body, athletics and moral learning, as a vital and necessary connection. Consequently, all who work there must work long and hard to ensure that the connection is not broken or degraded. The teacher/coach is essential to this endeavor and helps makes the conjunction of sports and learning, once a species of muscular Christianity, a rare and exciting adventure.

COACHING
CANADA'S NATIONAL COACHING MAGAZINE REVIEW
JULY/AUGUST 1981

# Coaching A Girl's Basketball Team

**The game is close. One minute left. Time out. The players hustle to either bench, sucking on water bottles, wiping away sweat. The coach, kneeling, gestures to each girl, his hands shaping plays in the air. They nod. The buzzer sounds. Hands come together, a shouted "Let's go!" and they burst from the huddle. The coach, without thinking, enthusiastically slaps a girl on her behind for encouragement. She looks at him and blushes a brilliant crimson....**

This actually happened to me, summarizing in vivid red the windfalls and pitfalls a man discovers when he coaches a girls' high school junior varsity basketball team.

High school girls are a separate species, and to a 28-year-old male English teacher who thought he knew just about everything, they were a constant mystery, confounding every "truth" I knew about basketball and the athlete.

Every coach comes to the job with some baggage about how players should behave on and off the court, and I was no exception. But I quickly had to stow it for the simple, and yet not so simple, reason that girls are not boys. I had as much to learn about girls as they had to learn about basketball.

Like the fool who walks where angels don't, I took the team because they had been 0 and 10 two years straight. I thought I just had to win one game, which sounded easy enough. But, as it turned out, what really changed was not their record but my estimation of the female athlete. The girls still mystify me as much, and I suppose I still puzzle them, but we've crossed some bridges together that might otherwise have been burned, and learned some valuable lessons along the way

Like the song says, "What a long strange trip it's been."

## Girls Are Not Boys

The first lesson begins with the obvious, usually forgotten by a male coaching girls: Girls are not boys.

For most teams, uniforms are just a way for coaches and refs to tell teams apart.

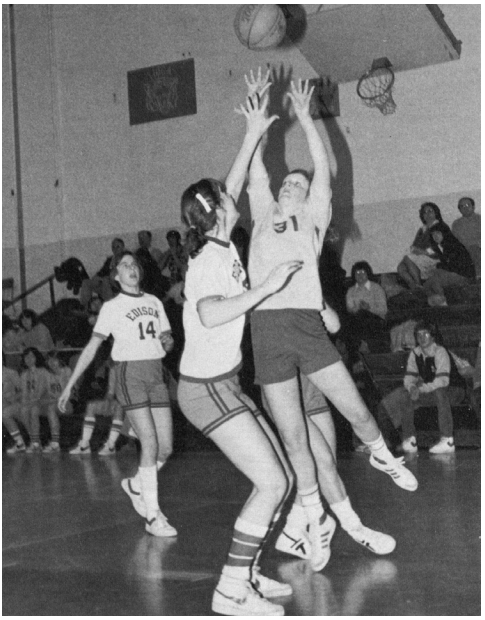
Not for the girls on my team. I soon found out that a uniform was a comment on their social desirability, something unfathomable for me. One girl actually pouted for several hours because she thought her number made her shoulders too broad.

And that was not all. They couldn't just try them on, they had to "fit" them. 'It's unnerving for a man to walk into the locker room and see a few nymphs swishing in front of a mirror, pulling the shorts down slightly to accentuate the curve of the thigh, fluffing up the hair to create the "windblown" effect. All I could manage was tell them to hurry up, then leave with my masculinity intact.

Only later, when I had time to think about it, did I recognize a major truth in that scenario: To be acceptable as a girl meant that, above all, one had to look the part. God forbid if a girl should look like anything but a girl. We tell boys to act like men but we tell girls to look like women. I realized why they pressured themselves into getting the "right" uniform: their looks, their style, was their ticket to self-confidence. What a burdensome obligation, I thought, to believe that if you didn't look right you were somehow deficient as a human being. No wonder that what was so important to me as a basketball coach was so unimportant to them as girls.

## The Actual Season

Once the uniforms were out, the matched socks bought and everyone had the same Nike sneakers with the blue swoosh stripe, we started...though not as boys might. With boys, a coach can whistle out "two lines" and everyone obediently rushes for lay-ups. Not these girls. Because no one had ever taken time to teach them the basics, they would form two lines just about anywhere on the court, and when I said "lay-ups" they giggled. They hadn't the foggiest notion what I meant and gazed wonderingly at the harried coach throwing the



ball through the hoop. Practice was fundamentally slow.

Jump shots, pump fakes, give and go, pick and roll - at first, and even for most of the season, it was all an exotic menu from which they would often go merrily picking, to the coach's hair-pulling frustration. For instance, one of my guards would never pivot when trapped, no matter how many times I warned her. She preferred to crack her spine leaning as far back as she could go. Her passes invariably shot towards the lights as she arched gracefully backwards, the opposing team gleefully romping to an easy fast break. Various other players, when the mood fell upon them, would dance a jig down the lane, score at the wrong basket, or dribble the ball up around their ears.

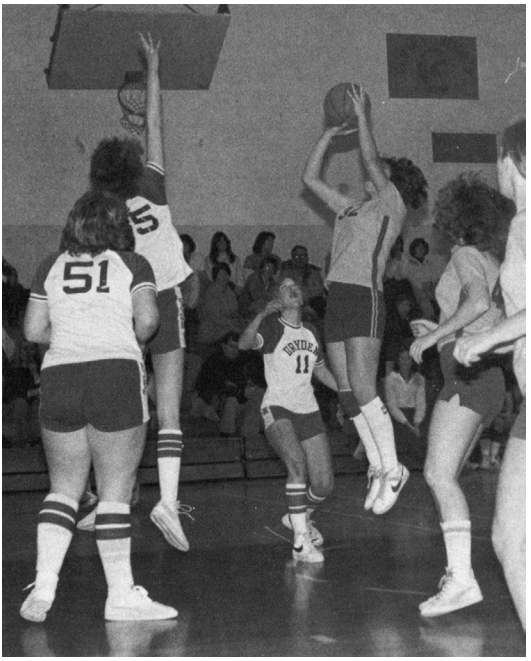
It would have been easy to blame the girls for their mistakes, but they were like people speaking a foreign language for the first time. They stuttered, stumbled, said the wrong word, made a foolish motion, but sometimes got it right. I learned another important lesson: Even when they made a wrong move, they tried to make it with confidence because it was better to be confident about a move, even if it was wrong, than to have no move at all, and therefore no self-confidence.

I had to remember that they were new at the game, just as I was new at coaching them. We may not have been playing basketball well, but we were surely learning a whole new game.

## Discipline No's And Yes's

But nothing struck me more strangely than the female reaction to discipline. Almost immediately I saw that the whip-cracking slave-driver coach, who had been my model, was out of date with this mellow crowd. I found something pe-

culiar happening when I yelled at a girl for doing something wrong. First, her eyes drifted to anywhere except my eyes. Next, her shoulders slumped, her face puckered, and she appeared to get physically smaller. By my sixth word, she had completely withdrawn. I often found myself, by my actions and tone of voice, almost apologizing, just to get her out of that state. Again, it's an occurrence that'll throw a big cramp into the style of novice coaches who are out for hell-fire and team discipline. Their passivity can be like a brick wall.



What works? I learned that the coach sometimes has to play the male to the player's female. This hit me early in the year when practices started and I demanded a lot of dedication to personal improvement.

But the more I demanded, the less I got, like trying to blow up a balloon with a hole in it. When I changed tactics, however, and complimented them on the arc of their shots, their form, their hustle, even coming to practice on time, and downplayed their deficiencies, they perked up.

Why? Not so much for the compliments themselves, which every player needs, but because I was a man complimenting a positive aspect of their femaleness. I learned that a male coach, above all, has to be nice to his players or any lack of self-confidence multiplies like bacteria. However, any such lack of self-confidence was not to be seen on the bus during away games. On the bus these girls compete successfully with boys. Two of my players own "ghetto blasters," obese cassette players as large as any briefcase, which accompanied them everywhere. Like a tribal ritual, the same songs were played in the same order every trip. Everybody knew all the lyrics, especially the suggestive parts, and didn't hesitate to shatter windows and ears. Dirty jokes flourished at high

decibels and the repressed libido made the air hum. On the bus democracy and quality were reached: the girls would be just as uninhibited and loud as the boys. Never for a moment did the surprises stop coming.

## Generalizations

After a man gets used to girls poised in uniforms, and to waiting to lock up while they leisurely take showers and blow-dry hair; after he learns to work around their fear of failure, he finds an enormous satisfaction in simply surviving a quixotic situation. He learns that the sport is not an end-all in itself to girls, as it sometimes is to boys.

Girls are less inclined to like competition for its own sake because they are less likely to be good at it. Oftentimes, they are not as interested in individual development, in testing themselves, as they are in team harmony, a sort of etiquette or karma that mustn't be broken.

This team harmony has its drawbacks, since it will often limit the ability to confront their own needs as individual players. But most importantly, regardless of its limitations, the harmony provides a healthy source of support within the group that helps erase the lack of self-confidence female athletes often feel. This team harmony makes coaching girls more rewarding. They listen more attentively because there is less ego to get through and they know they need assistance.

When they click as a team, it's because they know as the team goes, so goes their status as individual athletes. Their sense of competition is not as keen as their sense of camaraderie, and while this may frustrate the coach who is out solely to win games, it charms the coach who is most appropriately concerned with watching his charges grow as people.

In today's world, girls must try to balance many competing things in their personalities because they are being asked to break out of certain roles and break into others. As a coach, I've tried to smooth that transition, and the experience is filled with frustration, sheer confusion, and a healthy dose 'of humility and ignorance.

If it's not easy to coach girls, it is also not easy to be a girl being coached. Still, until girls are trained as athletes at an early age and are not just girls playing

basketball, girls' sports will remain the poor cousins of athletic programs and an ambiguous experience for many girls.

In the meantime, I'll march on muttering to myself, complimenting away, being careful of anatomy and trying to do the best that can be done for the moment.

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# John Gardner Considered

Over three years have passed since the author John Gardner died on September 14, 1982. Despite the initial lack of notice (he died the same day as Bashir Gemayel and Princess Grace), Gardner has recently become a small but thriving academic industry. Three books of criticism have been published about him and three more are planned. SUNY Binghamton recently ran an *October Light* festival celebrating the author, and Ballantine Books has reissued most of his works with a unified typeface and graphic art, making the books appear as the "oeuvre" of John Gardner. (Even the manner of his death now causes controversy-s-see Terence DesPres' recent essay in *The Yale Review*[1]). What does Gardner have that prompts such strong pointed effort? Above all else stands Gardner's commitment to writing and the belief that the writer *matters*. Rightly or wrongly, Gardner believed that writing, especially making fiction, *made a difference*, and he spent his short career hammering that point home.

Gardner would be worth studying simply as a portrait of the driven artist. He wrote prolifically: ten volumes of criticism, five children's books, two works of poetry, two collections of short stories, several libretti, and ten novels, as well as giving over one hundred interviews.[2] Only forty-nine years old when he died, he doubtless would have built an even more prismatic collection had he lived longer. His work showed an athletic, unroutine devotion to fiction and criticism.

But the evaluation of a writer rests on the writing itself; the author must stand or fall on that. Gardner's writing, for all its bloat, pretention, and smoke, is a writing dedicated to making life worth living and intelligible. What "intelligible" and "worth living" meant to Gardner had much to do with *process,* with *becoming.* In *On Moral Fiction* he argues that the *process* of writing fiction creates a kind of moral goodness because the writer, forced by his craft to keep his intuition and imagination permeable and not linked to any ideology, can catch glimpses of truth that an ideology would override. As one of his characters says in the short story "The Art of Living," the artist is one who "makes a covenant with

... something that's *there,* pots and paintings, recipes: the specifics that make things indefinite come alive ... The artist's contract is, come hell or high water he won't go cheap, he'll never quit trying for the best." Such a process of openness, not only in writing but in approaching living itself, creates the worth that life has to the individual.

The "intelligibility" of life follows from this vision of process-as-becoming. Gardner did not believe that life has meaning in the sense that we can find an answer to "why" it exists, that it can be understood the same way the equation for gravity can be derived from observation. Like Grendel, in Gardner's book by the same name, we are all nailed to a brutal agnosticism. Yet Grendel argues that it is better to know fully the bitterness, blindness, and absurdity of life than retain the innocence he had at the beginning of the story. Why? Because the despair and pain he felt were *his,* earned by a violent apprenticeship in life which, while it led to no revelation, did lead to the sort of dangerous vitality preferable to the safe rigor of death. This vitality informs the smile that Sisyphus wears at the end of Camus' essay, the smile of a man who, even though he knows the *futility* of his world, nonetheless knows his world.

For this reason, then - his "message" of the worth and intelligibility of life - Gardner must have attention paid to him. Many today forego any political or moral risk because they believe that the world will soon destroy itself, and taking a risk, which implies a future for the future, comes off as a futile comic gesture in Armageddon's shadow. To them, Gardner's fiction will say that the "art" of living, like art itself, demands risk; only through risk can anyone hope to find something akin to peace with the world and its problems.

And where Armageddon's shadow also outsizes the mundane, makes the apocalypse common breakfast fare, Gardner's fiction champions the "merely human." Though Gardner has often been called a "writer of ideas," his characters are never mouthpieces or allegories or models for emulation. Instead, they are flesh riddled by ideas, compatriots who, in their struggles to understand and triumph, reflect our own similar struggles to shape meaning out of morass. Gardner's characters constantly show us that when we substitute what is most vibrantly human about our lives with cynicism or ideology or bloodless reason, we disinherit ourselves. The world becomes the wasteland we fear because it reflects the wasteland we have become. The "merely human" of Gardner's fiction has the power that E.M. Forster ascribed to Eliot and his "Prufrock": that a poet who, in the midst of World War I, "could turn aside to complain of ladies

and drawing rooms preserved a tiny drop of our self-respect, he carried on the human heritage."[3] Fiction's obligation, to Gardner, was to know and record the "human heritage" of our lives, not to demean it by demoting it to ideology or manifesto. And an unswerving corollary to this obligation was Gardner's belief that to the extent good fiction forces our humanity on us, politics and morality will be legitimate.

## GARDNER'S "MESSAGE"

Orwell noted in his essay "Inside the Whale" that "it is always a writer's tendency, his 'purpose,' his 'message,' that makes him liked or disliked."[4] Gardner would approve, for while technique, as he said in *On Moral Fiction,* "helps the writer to check himself and zero in on truth," the important job is to produce writing that, "for its time ... clarifies life and tends to improve it."[5] Let me focus on Gardner's message.

Critics have divided Gardner's fiction into three phases: a very early phase, which produced *The Resurrection* and *Nickel Mountain,* a maturing phase out of which came *The Sunlight Dialogues* and *The Wreckage of Agathon,* and a late phase - *Grendel*, *Jason and Medeia*, *October Light*, *The Art of Living*, *Freddy's Book*, and *Mickelsson's Ghosts*. Reading the books in these groupings shows a changing view of the world from, roughly, a pastoral world, with a romantic acceptance of death and a poetic gloss on despair and defeat, to a world both comic and tragic in its arbitrary working, a world where the quest for "the meaning of life" had a venomous nobility to it.[6]

In the pastoral world of the young Gardner, life, despite its evils, plays a benign game. James Chandler, the leukemic philosopher of *The Resurrection,* asserts that the world causing his body's purposeless dissolution is "the world one must affirm, the buzzing, blooming confusion itself."[7] Chandler holds no rage against the dying of the light. Similarly, Henry Soames, in *Nickel Mountain*, makes the same ungrounded affirmation in the final chapter of the book. He and his son are watching an elderly couple disinter their boy, who had died fifty years earlier from an errant lightning bolt, and who now is to be laid with them when they die. The senseless tragedy, the almost defunct people glazed with despair, Henry's own approaching death, elicit from Henry no anger, no trembling. The deepest well from which he can draw is that his wife and son, after he dies, will "be heartbroken for a while, as he'd been heartbroken when his father died,

but would after a while forget a little, turn back to the world of living, as was right."[8] This touching faith in the graciousness of the universe comes very close to "sentimentality" as Gardner himself defined the word: "an attempt to make the reader cry without giving him a good clear reason for crying."[9]

The next phase of Gardner's work, however, became more daring, both in style and narrative. A nasty brutishness has barged into the universe, and the universe, now a tyrant, not a father, requires rebellion, not respect. Where once zephyrs travelled we now find farts, whistles, leers, and, most of all, doubts. An increased desperation haunts this middle phase of Gardner's fiction as his characters become less able to trade on their convenient illusions. But perhaps "desperation" is not the right word, with its suggestion of abandonment. Gardner never simply abandons his characters to wander blinded, Oedipus-like. What he does is bring them closer to their own humanity, force them to stop looking to the gods for redemption and start the harder business of redeeming themselves. While the possibility for redemption is *always* there, it is never assured, as it was for earlier characters like Henry Soames. It is our responsibility, acting against the backdrop of a deserted universe, to make everyone "one of our number."[10]

This tense balance Gardner brings to his later fiction is not so much a tension between the individual and an abstract "world," as between the individual's awesome capacities for self-destruction *and* self-delusion *and* love *and* forgiveness. Gardner, at this point, has become less the "writer of ideas" and more a miniaturist of chameleon human beings. One can, of course, only speculate how Gardner would have grown and changed as an artist, but there is no reason to think he would have abandoned the path he had set for himself: shocking his characters (and his readers) out of thinking themselves residents in a beneficent universe and throwing them back into the messiness of their own lives to find their own levels of forgiveness and co-operation.

Yet to put it this way is to say that Gardner, in this late phase, retains some of that sentimentality of his earlier fiction, and this would be false. When Gardner kicked out the gods and made his characters depend upon one another, he knew that without the gods, without their paternalistic assurance that life means something, those contradictions and exaggerations of life, the fundamental absurdities that otherwise could be explained away, would sit down next to us at the banquet and steal our food. Gardner's redemptions in this late phase never evict these gluttonous guests, they only hold them at bay to provide breathing

room. The ineluctable edge of bitterness that life carries comes from knowing that these guests will, in the end, eat everything, including us.

What is one to do in the face of this double-bind: damned if I do live, and damned if I do not? Gardner's answer: Fight back. Gardner, knowing full well the dangers of lunacy and suicide, nonetheless has his characters struggle against the abyss in order to maintain some modicum of goodness, or sweetness, or, at the very least, some cohering picture of the self. That this is so in Gardner's fiction is not surprising because it grows out of his conception of what fiction is and ought to do. The narrator in *Jason and Medeia* asks, "Is nothing serious?"[11] - and is answered by James Chandler of *The Resurrection:* "the true meaning of human adaptability is man's power to find, despite overwhelming arguments, something in himself to love" (115). While it may be true that nothing is serious, the asking of the question is a serious endeavor and constitutes the beginning of the search for meaning. Gardner's fiction merges the corrosively absurd with the commandment to love in order to instruct people, in a wholly undidactic way, that the search for meaning begins and ends in the dangers and possibilities of their lives.

## GARDENER AS A CRAFTSMAN

In the first chapter of *On Moral Fiction,* Gardner shoots out pronouncements on art like a crap-shooter on a roll. Art, by turns, asserts, rediscovers, gropes, combines fancy and judgment, and values chance. This line of argument is fairly well summed up when Gardner announces that "art builds; it never stands pat; it destroys only evil," and this fairly well sums up the self-proclaimed purpose of Gardner's own fiction.

Yet, as Gardner also intelligently notes, "the artist who begins with a doctrine to promulgate, instead of a rabble multitude of ideas and emotions, is beaten before he starts," even if he's writing about the sacred doctrine of art. Nothing can be as tedious as a manifesto, or a piece of "art" which is simply a manifesto in drag. Gardner had more than a "message" in his work, more than a brief for the ways things ought to be. He complemented the complexity of his vision with an earnest attention to the craft of writing. Like Henry, the old actor in *The Fantasticks,* he knew how to "dress the stage."

Gardner not only created new forms of fiction, as in *Grendel,* to handle what he wanted to say, but also revived all manner of other fictional forms: the epic

poem, Platonic dialogue, pastoral novel, the framed novel in the manner of *The Scarlet Letter.* His settings are as often in the mythic past as they are in everyday America, and in such books as *The King's Indian,* he mixes the locales, giving us in one book a realistic story about a small-town minister, the fairy tales of Queen Louisa, a Poe-ish horror story, and a Melvillian epic on the high seas. Gardner called this blending of space and time, of the old forms with contemporary notions, the "poetic mosaic" or "interlace," a tradition in which the artist weaves old materials together for a new aesthetic purpose.[12] As Gardner said in an interview, "My subject really is (as one critic once mentioned), human history - the conflict of ideas and emotions through the ages."[13]

Thus Gardner tried to expand the consciousness of his readers by placing them simultaneously in ancient and modern times, using each to activate and illuminate the other. By doing this he hoped his art would create "a vision of life-in-the-twentieth-century that is worth pursuing," a vision that would help people "hunt for positive ways of surviving, of living."[14] And Gardner worked out this vision for his readers through an acutely visual poetic prose.

*Grendel* probably reflects best his desire to present through language both "the real and the real transmuted."[15] In *Grendel* he hones an incisive epigrammatic language that reflects the deadly keenness and ferocity of Grendel's world. In this story, the epic of *Beowulf* related from the monster's point of view, we see Unferth, protector of the king Hrothgar, standing in the presence of Beowulf: "with his head bowed, eyes mere slits, clamped mouth hidden where his moustache overlapped his beard. Bitterness went out from him like darkness made visible" (83-84). Beowulf's bear "stirred, restless, irritable, like the young king's anger removed to the end of a chain" (86). Later, when Grendel is filled with wrathful despair, Gardner's language sings out in ironic eloquence the desperation Grendel feels: "(Thus poor Grendel! anger's child, / red eyes hidden in the dark of verbs, / brachiating with a hoot from rhyme and rhyme)" (97). The Shaper's young assistant "hears the harp behind closed eyes [while] the October hills in his calm mind run wolves" (98). And Gardner even mimics the kenning of the Anglo-Saxon poetry when Grendel sees himself as an "old hellroads-runner; earth-rim-roamer" (101).

Yet language was not, and could not be, everything. As he said in a celebrated conversation with William Gass, language "exists to make a beautiful and powerful apparition," not just to paint "pretty colored wallS."[16] And to Gardner, characters roundly fleshed with clear and truthful language were what

pulled readers into the "continuous dream" of fiction and made the fiction worth reading. The writer's business, Gardner said, is to "make up convincing human beings and create for them basic situations and actions by means of which they come to know themselves and reveal themselves to the reader."[17] When the writer does this well, the reader can vicariously act out the trials of the characters and learn from their failures and successes particular attitudes, opinions, assertions, and beliefs. Fiction written in this way, with strong language creating strong characters, "helps us know what we believe, reinforces those qualities that are noblest in us, leads us to feel uneasy about our faults and limitations."[18]

Gardner's books abound in finely formed characters who stick tenaciously to the reader's mind and engage the reader's sympathies. One small passage in *The Sunlight Dialogues,* a description of Millie Hodge (*nee* Jewel), wife of Will Hodge, Sr., the Sunlight Man's brother, shows Gardner's gifts at work. Millie is a rapaciously egotistical woman, unwilling to give, and in the end incapable of giving, love to anyone because she has defined the world for herself only in terms of what it can give her. As her name indicates, she has a mineral soul, and Gardner captures this quality emphatically when she receives the news of her son Luke's suicide:

> "I'm sorry, Millie," [Will, her husband] said. That was all. The connection broke. She listened to the wind, and there were no ghosts' voices now. No time for fantasy. The house was empty. She turned mechanically away from the phone. The room was cold, for the hot summer had at last broken, and autumn was descending in a rush, as always in Western New York. She drew the ragged old red and purple afghan from the couch and wrapped it around her shoulders. She stood at the window with her arms crossed over her bosom holding the makeshift robe in place. Stony Hill [the Hodge family estate] was burning, a red glow northeast of [Attica] prison's white light. She stood looking. Her arms were white, her elbows like daggers. Her eyes were like emerald, her lips like amethyst, and in her mourning she was beautiful again; she was calm as a stone. (714-15)

Notice the choppy jog of the opening sentences, as well as their lack of depth, paralleling her refusal to feel grief and responsibility. The rhythm is broken only at the sentence about coming autumn and one notices suddenly how closely the coming of autumn and winter reflects the crystallization of her own soul. Donning a ragged royalty with the faded afghan, she views a kingdom edged by fire and imprisonment. But it is all outside her now, alien and distant. She does not react to her son's death, to the destruction of her family's estate; she merely stands looking. And the last two sentences have that sense of toting

up, as if Millie is no more or less than that list of both literal and metamorphic images, topped off by the final clause that has the finality of a sinking stone.

Ultimately Gardner's power as an author comes from his acute ability to weave his poetic language into characters who are then woven into narrative structures that gather force because of juxtaposition, echoing, and rhythmic intertwining, in much the same way a poem assumes power from its patternings. In all his fiction Gardner tried to illustrate the advice he gave to young writers: "One way or another, all good writing achieves some kind of gusto ... Whatever fire the presentation may have comes from harmony or indivisibility of presentation and the thing presented."[19] This means that a fiction writer must learn that language is "finally subservient to plot and character."[20] Gardner was uneven in how well he put his principles into practice. Gregory Morris, in his study of Gardner's fiction, fairly states that of the ten novels Gardner wrote, three will be significant examples of twentieth-century fiction; the rest will live on as near-misses or undervalued minor works.[21] Yet through all of Gardner's books one can see him working out his belief, as he stated in an interview:

> fiction, to be good, always has to be about the particular, ... and at the same time it has to have universality. You get universality partly by resonance, by tying your story to a myth, as in *Ulysses.* Another way you get resonance and get away from the specific, the particular, is to take several characters with parallel situations and show slight differences in effect ... [This is] the technique of Jane Austen or Henry James, where you have parallel figures who. together tell you the larger truth.[22]

It is fitting that Gardner's posthumous works have been books about the craft and difficulties of writing, for they accumulate what he had been accomplishing with all his work, that is, to show that being a wordsmith was a moral, legitimate, necessary vocation and required great sacrifice and patience. As he said in *On Becoming A Novelist,* "spending a lifetime writing novels is hard enough to justify in any case, but spending a lifetime writing novels nobody wants is much harder." Gardner knew very well, as he said in an interview, that "it's probably true that writing doesn't change much, that lives aren't wildly altered by novels, although lives are sometimes *saved* by novels, but generally fiction doesn't have that much effect." Nevertheless, he continues, "when you're a writer you have to pretend, believe that writing has an enormous effect. You have to convince yourself that every story you write is something wonderful."[23] The "something wonderful" of Gardner's writings is his effort to offer reasons for embracing life. He knew full well that death would triumph, yet he also knew that in life's battle there would be understandings and victories that make life worthwhile, if

not eternal. These victories are what he tries to harness in his work so that we may be drawn away from despair and provided "with the flicker of lightning that shows us where we are."[24]

## NOTES

1. Terence Des Pres, *The Yale Review,* Summer 1983.
2. John M. Howell, *John Gardner: A Bibliographical Profile,* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1980.)
3. Quoted in "Inside the Whale," *The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letter of George Orwell,* Vol. 1, eds. Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1968), p. 523.
4. *Ibid,* p. 505.
5. John Gardner, *On Moral Fiction* (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1978), p. 132, 133.
6. Joe David Bellamy, *The New Fiction: Interviews With Innovative American Writers,* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1974), p. 191.
7. John Gardner, *The Resurrection,* (New York: New American Library, 1966), p. 226. Subsequent references in this text to this edition.
8. John Gardner, *Nickel Mountain,* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1973), p. 304. Subsequent references in text to this edition.
9. Ed Christian, "An Interview with John Gardner," *Prairie Schooner,* Winter *1980/81,* p. 91.
10. The phrase comes from *The Sunlight Dialogues* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1972), p. 739. It is pronounced by Fred Clumly, the Sunlight Man's antagonist, as he hears of the Sunlight Man's death. It indicates Clumly's recognition of the essential "boundedness" of each to each. (Subsequent references in text to this edition).
11. John Gardner, *Jason and Medeia* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1973), p. 467.
12. Per Winther, "An Interview With John Gardner," *English Studies,* 1981, p. 512.

13. Paul Ferguson *et al,* "John Gardner: The Art of Fiction LXIII," *Paris Review*: Spring 1979, p. 63.
14. *Ibid,* p. 46, 47.
15. John Gardner, *The Art of Fiction* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1984), p. 117; John Gardner, *Grendel,* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1981). Subsequent references in text to this edition.
16. Thomas LeClair, "William Gass and John Gardner: A Debate on Fiction," *The New Republic,* 10 March 1979, p. 33.
17. *Art of Fiction,* p. 15.
18. *Ibid,* p. 31
19. *Ibid,* p. 124
20. John Gardner, *On Becoming a Novelist* (New York: Harper & Row, 1983), p. 10.
21. Gregory Morris, *A World of Order and Light: The Fiction of John Gardner* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1984), p. 228.
22. Winther, p. 516.
23. Christian, p. 86.
24. *On Moral Fiction,* p. 16.

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# The Present in the Past: The Concord Public Schools

While a good deal of educational criticism is not worth listening to - the gnashing of false teeth - there is much that comes across as true and immediate.[1] The schools *are* in trouble. Regardless of the index used, schools have failed to keep pace with social changes and have hobbled many students with inadequate educations in reading, writing, speaking, and thinking. For instance, in *Teaching* as a *Conserving Activity,* Postman points out that much of the traditional curriculum has been simply outdated by the flow of *new* information that impinges on the world each day. Students are left farther and farther behind by their inability to sift and synthesize the new information.[2]

Educators and lay people alike prefer to think that the problems of modern education are *sui generis,* that we are inflicted with a new and rare social disease. the truth is, these sorts of problems have occurred many times in the history of American education. Each time they have occurred, people have expended enormous energy trying to understand where the problems have come from. To answer that question, we have to go back to the roots of the educational institution in this country, back to the village schools and school committees in the 1840s.

One such village is Concord, Massachusetts. Concord, because it is a microcosm of nineteenth century educational attitudes, gives us a clue about the provenance of our modern educational problems. The decisions the school committee members made in Concord, as well as in schools throughout the state and nation, set up certain modes of thought and action that were later magnified and embalmed in the post-Civil War educational establishment.[3] By examining the local workings of the Concord schools we can begin to understand the larger question of what to do with our educational dinosaur.

This article will explore three issues: parental involvement in the schools, teacher evaluation, and corporal punishment.[4] Each of these issues, to some degree, illuminates our present-day quandaries. But corporal punishment is our

handiest synecdoche because it gives us a clear map by which we can chart the shift of power that allowed the school progressively to dominate and circumscribe the lives of children. Corporal punishment, in 1840, was the outward sign of the inward struggle to see who and what would control the educational future of children and thus the social and political direction of society; a struggle that, in 1982, appears to have been misguided and punitive.

## The Concord Schools

In 1840, the school committee of Concord perceived a growing chaos in its system and took several steps to resolve it.[5] Two issues were the primary culprits: the nature of parental involvement in the schools and the incompetence of teachers. To solve the first, the school committee, firmly and not so politely, worked to reduce the control the parents had over their children while the children were in school. To solve the second, the school committee restricted the definition of "good teacher" to "good disciplinarian" so there would be an economical way to test a teacher's effectiveness. The most important action the school committee took to solidify its control over the schools and the children in them, however, was its acceptance and encouragement of a brutal corporal punishment.

This punishment even went beyond what was deemed appropriate and useful by the village standards and the edicts of the school committee itself. By allowing almost unlimited use of this sort of corporal punishment, the school committee hoped to weld together into a legitimate and efficient whole the beliefs that the school was truly *in loco parentis* and the most judicious arbiter of the child's best interests. In this way, the school committee could ensure greater harmony by diluting the effect of such "outside" interference as officious parents and inept teachers. Decisions like these, repeated as they were on the state and national levels and accumulated over time, helped create a modern school system that intensively dominated the life of the child, the parents, and the community, and sanctioned the authority of the school to dictate the direction and quality of the child.

*Parental Involvement*

In the conclusion to the school report of 1838-1839, committee members Barzallai Frost and Nehemiah Ball complained that truancy among students was too high and blamed the situation on parental disregard of a good education for

their children. The way Frost and Ball phrased their complaint was truly Yankee. First of all, they stated that since the average school attendance for all the schools was 73 percent, the budget for the schools should be logically reduced by $540, from $2,000 to $1,460. If allowance was made for tardiness, only two-thirds of the children attended school. To put it another way, one out of every three dollars expended on education was lost. Furthermore, it was fallacious to believe that fewer children meant more attention from the teacher because truancy resulted in irregular attendance, which broke up the discipline of the teacher, disheartened the class, and injured those that did attend. They then hit the hard nub of the matter. If a third of the money appropriated for maintenance of the roads or the poor were lost, it would make a difference. "And are roads and the maintenance of the poor of more consequence than the minds of our children, and the character of the next generation?" However, it seemed that the parents, for whatever contrary reasons, did not agree. The parents believed that more money was to be made in the short-run by having their children sow grain than parse sentences.

This parental interference was intolerable to the school committee, and the committee proceeded to define, in theory and practice, just how parents ought to act. First of all, they placed the fault for truancy squarely on the parents' shoulders. The report of 1840-1841 made this point in no uncertain terms:

> The parent may not lightly keep his child from school. Trivial matters may not interfere. It is not right that matters of mere whim, or mere family convenience, should prevent the future man from being fitted for his manhood. Make a slave of your own body rather than of your son's mind .... It is the child's *right* to have *al/* the advantages for education which are afforded, and is therefore the parent's *duty* to see that the child enjoys his right fully .... When we call to mind the instances of truant scholars in our streets, when we reflect upon the trifling causes that are thought of sufficient importance to justify the absence of scholars from the school, and that excuse them when the day's instruction is but half complete,- that the child's dearest birthright had been denied him, and that the parent's most important duty has been left undone.

The parent, in handing the child over to his "educational parent," the teacher, had an obligation also to hand the teacher the power of parental discipline, or, in the prose of the school committee, to "awaken ... a love of study & improvement, [and] successfully initiate a spirit of subordination & respect for the Teacher and his authority ... " (1839-1840). In short, the parents were to educate their children for the school, not for life, because the schools would assume the latter

task. Once this was done, the parent became a spectator, dissuaded from active criticism and interference with the teacher.

Secondly, parents had to be exorcised from any control over a school because they were inefficient and shortsighted. True, the school committee believed that "occasional visits to the school for the purposes of inspection & conferences [would] aid the committee, animate the pupils to greater exertions and the Teacher to greater fidelity" (1839-1840). However, the parent was not to interfere with, or assume the duties of, the school teacher. The teacher's job was "both delicate and arduous." On the one hand, the teacher had to "fill the expanding mind with the needed store of wisdom"; on the other hand, the teacher was also required to "restrain the overforward, to spur on the laggard, to repress petulance and all evil passions, to cheer and encourage all the virtues." Within the domain of the classroom, the teacher was "law-maker and law-executor," sole authority and sole route to justice. The last thing in the world the teacher needed to upset this delicate battle between the repression of evil and the promotion of good was the "anger and ill-advised interference on the part of the parent."

If a parent did have a complaint and was insistent about it, the school committee gave the parent limited means of redress. The parent could first, "in all good faith, appeal privately to the teacher." If that failed, the parent could then go to the committee. And, if "contrary to what may be reasonably supposed, both teacher and committee persist in acting unjustly, the pupil may be removed from school; or, in an aggravated case, the laws of the land may be appealed to for their aid" (1840-1841). What is interesting here is the relative powerlessness of the parent to intercede actively on behalf of the child. In cases of special abuse or incompetence, no doubt the committee would have respected the wishes of the parents and remedied the situation, and they often did just that. Short of an extreme transgression, however, the parents were effectively shunted along so that their interference would either dissipate or, if they persisted, would turn into a massive personal annoyance.

What the school committee was looking for was obvious: parental involvement of a narrow and subordinate nature. The school committee and the teacher, appointed as arbiters of life and morals, not only served *in loco parentis,* but they exercised a far wider range of control over a child while that child was in school than any parents supposedly had.[6] Parents accepted this role by and large because of two things: they believed, however vaguely, in the necessity of

schooling for their children, and they did not understand the political shape of the matter. What is presently a major concern of parents-the recognition of their educational powerlessness-had its beginnings in initially benign but essentially emasculating requirements that parents be observers and nothing more.

*Teachers*

However, not all immediately went well. Parents may have been put in their place, but there were still teachers to deal with. The teacher was not always up to the fruitful exercise of his or her authority. This bedeviled the members of the school committee and they were perturbed by the lack of experienced teachers, the difficulty in finding competent teachers, and the consequent loss of control and money.

Part of the problem, as Horace Mann pointed out, was simply "the extensive want of competent teachers for the Common schools."[7] This was a national as well as a local concern. People who called themselves teachers, Mann observed, were usually young persons taken from agricultural or mechanical employments, which had no tendency to qualify them for the position, or they were undergraduates who, in Mann's words, "think more of what they are to receive at the end of the stipulated term, than what they are to impart during its continuance."[8] Yet, for those animated by "higher motives of action than those which govern men in the ordinary callings of life" (and this, in Mann's eyes, comprised the majority of people who wanted to teach), their incompetency was a result of a lack of adequate training as a teacher. They were, "without fault of their own," deficient in the two most important areas of teaching: "a knowledge of the human mind, as the subject of improvement; and a knowledge of the means best adapted to wisely unfold and direct its growing faculties."[9]

As a result, the students of these teachers lacked reading and spelling skills, could not analyze and synthesize material read, and, most importantly, did not receive the "inculcation of the great doctrines of morality and natural theology."[10] The result was that, not only did the teachers teach whatever they taught badly, but they were ignorant of many important things they should have been teaching in the first place. What most of the teachers did, according to Mann and others, was not teach but *unteach*. They disrupted the expectations of school committees, antagonized parents unnecessarily, taught memorization instead of understanding, and were, instead of *in loco parentis*, *in loco ipsis*.

The Concord school committee, though less incisive than Mann, agreed with him. Their solution to the problem of teacher incompetency was based on a

single theme, discipline. The loss of governance over a class was the highest form of incompetence, taking precedence over poor reading and inadequate moral development. One solution in 1839, foreshadowing the competency-based teacher training so much in vogue today, was to institute the principle that if a school was not accomplishing what might be reasonably expected of it (each school was run by one teacher), then the school term would not be extended to its full duration and the surplus money would be reserved for other occasions. What the committee meant by "accomplishing" was simply encouraging "the habits of order" (1839). This practice apparently did not work well, because teachers refused to be examined. To refute this impertinence, the school committee, in 1841, resuscitated a certification program which had been ordered by state law in 1826 but had never been enforced. The committee stated that teachers who opened class without such "certificate of approbation from the proper individuals" were "not by law entitled to their wages."

The rudiments of the modern school system were in evidence in Concord and elsewhere throughout the nation by 1841. School committees were exercising stricter control of parents, teachers, and children, even arrogating duties that might have been better performed by parents and the community such as moral guidance and social behavior. The school committees, under the guise of a growing rationale of "professionalism"[11] were in the process of narrowing both the concept and practice of schooling to what could be verified objectively and quickly. The action that could be most observable and most quantifiable was classroom discipline, or, to be more precise for 1841, corporal punishment. By default and intention, corporal punishment became what a classroom was all about, and the measure of effectiveness for a teacher was how well and how swiftly discipline could be inflicted.[12]

Corporal punishment solved several managerial problems for school committees. First, it strengthened the tenuous doctrine of *in loco parentis* by making the schools look like legitimate parents, even if they were not. Second, it gave a surefire criterion by which to test teachers. An unruly classroom was, *ipso facto,* evidence of poor teaching. Third, corporal punishment cemented the shift of power over the educational fate of children from parents and the community to the classroom and the teacher, being merely the most extreme sign of a series of smaller usurpations and cessions. When children could be beaten with little or no resistance from the community, it was clear certain responsibilities had been handed over to the experts for good.

We need, then, to look at just what this corporal punishment was like, why teachers practiced it, and why school committee members extolled it.

*Classrooms and Punishment*

Edward Jarvis, a noted member of the Concord school committee, reports three conditions that abetted corporal punishment, even if they did not wholly explain its existence.[13] The physical setup and location of classrooms often defeated the committee's desire to "make [the schools] what they should be, convenient, comfortable, & pleasant to the scholars" (1839-1840). One classroom, for instance, opened directly onto the street, where wagons and passersby consistently disrupted classes.

A second condition was overcrowding. Florence Taft Easton, a local teacher, recalled that "sometimes a classroom thirty feet square accommodated one hundred children."[14] To make order out of the melee, students were sometimes arranged facing the wall. Concord teachers also faced enormous age discrepancies, sometimes having children from three to seventeen years of age in the same classroom. The third condition was rote learning. Because textbooks varied little from year to year, people learned them by heart. Because of the overcrowding, recitations were short. Most of the time in a school day was spent listening to others in class recite lessons everyone had already learned.[15]

To keep the peace in this bedlam, a teacher often used a "persuader" called a ferule, a heavy ruler of birch or maple fully two feet long, two inches wide, and half an inch thick on its edge. Jarvis wrote that because government in school could not be questioned, "the head of the school would always be called a School *Master* ... [and] for the purpose, then, of exercising his proper authority when he began school, *armed* [emphasis mine] himself with a ferule."[16] He goes on to state that "feruling and other means of punishment ... were resorted to, as means of government."[17]

The "other means" were exotic and brutal. Again, for the most cogent account, we go to Jarvis. The reason Jarvis wrote his memories of the masters' punishments was because "it could hardly be believed that such scenes and events ... could have existed in any of our schools."[18] His archetypal villain was Eliza F. Paige, a Harvard graduate and a former resident who returned to Concord to teach. Paige possessed, in the same breath, a good reputation as "an excellent scholar and gentleman" and a "great disciplinarian." He was a tall man, so tall that he put one desk on top of another to serve as his own desk. One punishment he employed used this enlarged desk. He suspended a boy from

the table, and, then, with rods which he had cut from the willow trees outside, flogged him "with as many blows" as he could. William Mann, a student, was told to sit on the floor with his feet against his buttocks, his knees against his chest, and his head upon his knees, whereupon Paige tied him up into a compact ball and left him that way for the duration of the day.

Other punishments were equally extreme. In one incident Paige had the student hold a heavy book horizontally at arm's length, and he feruled him every time his arm dipped the slightest degree. Another punishment involved standing from the hip down erect with the head held under the master's desk, involving a great strain on the back of the knees and the lower back, since, as Jarvis points out, all of the students, regardless of size or age, had to bend a considerable degree. Paige also made students sit curled under the master's desk. This could only be accomplished by drawing the head deep between the knees since the desk was only two feet high and no student could sit fully erect under it. The student remained in this position for as long as the master wished.

When these variations failed or became tiresome, Paige reverted to the old standbys of shaking a student by his collar or boxing his ears (though the school regulations of 1799, 1811, and 1826 strictly stated that the schoolmasters must never "strike the children on the head, either with the hand or any instrument."[19] When Paige left the system, he was commended for his probity as a teacher and his thoroughness as a disciplinarian, and his absence was considered a great loss to the public schools. Though Paige was different in degree he was hardly, among male teachers, different in kind.[20]

Punishment, of some degree, had always been considered obligatory in the education of children and was an accepted principle. In regard to the school, however, regulations regarding punishment had been installed by Reverend Ezra Ripley at the turn of the century. The schoolmasters were called upon to be affectionate parents and "introduce such rewards as are adapted to stimulate the ingenuous passions of children."[21] From contemporary accounts, the only passion encouraged was retaliation. Nothing on the books condoned brutality and defamation. If corporal punishment had been viewed as brutal and demeaning, it would have been abolished; yet it persisted with vigor.

Given the overcrowded classrooms, poor pay, inattentive students, and an indifferent public, one can understand why teachers would lash out at students. Yet simple peevishness or plodding satan ism hardly explains why corporal punishment was allowed and endorsed and why it endures, with the approval of

the Supreme Court, even in today's school. Corporal punishment would not have survived if it had not served some useful and acceptable purpose.

Corporal punishment is a lens that allows us to see clearly where people were and verifies the notion that the schools were more arenas for the transfer of power than legitimate places for education. Corporal punishment helped secure the school's claim to have primary, if not sole, jurisdiction over the child's behavior; it oiled the school committee's desire for efficiency; it helped justify the existence of the schools as legitimate social entities. All of this came at a price: the dilution of the power of life, tolerance, self-government, and individual needs as proper elements of education. The school system, in short, contradicted its own purpose by acting as if it were ensuring the success of that purpose. This did not go unnoticed. Again Jarvis, our commentator, was aware of the possible destruction of children when punishment masqueraded as benevolence. He wrote that good education would be restored

> when love and persuasiveness and reason have largely taken the place of willful authority and physical force, on the part of the masters and parents; and when, in the children, fear has given place to self-respect and confidence, in those who lead them; and mutual courtesy has entered into the relations of the older with the younger, in families as in schools.[22]

## Conclusion

The thrust of this article has been to show that the fine roots of the public school began in many small villages and towns and gradually became the justification for educational reform. The pattern of decision making laid the foundation for our modern school system. To Horace Mann and others, a public, tax-supported, nonsectarian school system was "the balance wheel of the social machinery," a humane institutional weapon against the dissolution, diversion, and conflict possible in a burgeoning capitalist society."[23] To create this institution they chose, as Greer points out, "to define school efficacy in terms of a much more comprehensive and longer-lasting custodial function," and seemed to feel that the common school had to have a power as great as that possessed by institutions which took the child out of society to shape him in isolation.[24] They found the consent for this enterprise already formed in the villages and towns of rural America and built on this consent until we have today, in the words of Wegmann, "a functioning and impressive anachronism."[25]

The sort of education any society wants depends on its needs and values. Before we can do anything to change how the present educational system operates, those needs and values have to be analyzed and judged as fit or unfit for service. When this does not happen, we inherit the machinery of Procrustes, an institution that distorts people to fit its own unclear prerogatives. The problems we face today are the symptoms of a system that needs radical restructuring of its basic assumptions. This brief historical examination is an attempt to show that the world we inhabit today, and will inhabit in the future, has stolen education's purpose. Schools need to question why they exist - what their purposes are - so they can continue to function in a fashion that is useful and productive.

## Notes

1. William Goetz, "The Schools and Their Critics," *Phi Delta Kappan 56* (December 1974):268-71.
2. Neil Postman, *Teaching* as a *Conserving Activity* (New York: Delacorte Press, 1979), especially the introduction. See also the essay review by Michael Wallach, *Harvard Educational Review* 41 (May 1971):230-39; A. Harry Passow, "Reforming America's High Schools," *Phi Delta Kappan* 56 (May 1975):587-90. See the report of the National Assessment of Educational Progress, *U.S. News & World Report* 90 (January 26, 1981):26.
3. Lawrence A. Cremin, *American Education: The National Experience* (New York: Harper & Row, 1980).
4. See the following articles for a contemporary discussion of these problems: Mortimer Smith, "Can Control of the Public Schools Be Returned to the Citizens?," *Council for Basic Education Bulletin* 19 (September 1974):1-3; Fred M. Hechinger, "Should Teachers Be Judged By Performance?," *Saturday Review/World* 1 (May 4, 1974):71-72; Marilyn Whiteside, "School Discipline: The Ongoing Crisis," *The Clearing House* 49 (December 1975):160-62.
5. Unless otherwise stated, all quotations are taken from school reports, Doc. Mass. Cities, Educ. R, 1838-1841, State House Library, Boston, Massachusetts; see also Susan Walton, "A Process of Acculturation: The Concord Schools at Mid-Century," Concord Free Public Library, p. 34.

6. Michael Katz, *The Irony of Early School Reform* (Cambridge, Ma.: Harvard University Press, 1968), p. 129.
7. *Life and Works of Horace Mann,* Vol. 2 (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1891), p.422.
8. Ibid., p. 425.
9. Ibid., p. 494.
10. Ibid.
11. See Katz, *Irony of School Reform,* pp. 154-57.
12. Henry David Thoreau, in a noted incident, resigned his teaching position over the issue of corporal punishment. See Walter Harding, *The Days of Henry Thoreau* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1965), pp. 52-54.
13. Edward Jarvis, "Traditions and Reminiscences of Concord, Massachusetts, 1779-1878," Concord Free Public Library, p. 298.
14. Walton, "Process of Acculturation," p. 11; Florence Taft Easton, "The District School, Memories and Observations," quoted in S.R. Porter, "A History of the Concord Schools from 1860 to 1950," Concord Free Public Library, pp. 5-6.
15. Florence Taft Easton, "District School"; W. Mowry, *Recollections of* A *New England Educator* (New York: Silver Burdett & *Co.,* 1908), p. 42; Warren Burton, *The District School* As *It Was* (Boston: Carter, Hendee, 1833), p. 13.
16. Jarvis, "Traditions," pp. 240-41.
17. Ibid., pp. 242-43.
18. Ibid., p. 270.
19. Ibid., pp. 243-45.
20. George Frisbie Hoar recounts how the infant schools were disciplined:

> In the infant schools, which were kept by women, of course the discipline was not expected to be so severe .... The school-mistress in those days wore what was called a busk-a flat piece of lancewood ... thrust into a sort of pocket or sheath in her dress, which came up almost to the chin and came below the waist. This was intended to preserve the straightness and grace of her figure. When the small boy misbehaved, the schoolma'am would unsheath this weapon, and for some time thereafter the culprit found sitting down exceedingly uncomfortable.
>
> George Frisbie Hoar, *Autobiography of Seventy Years,* Vol. 1 (New York: C. Scribner's Sons, 1903), p. 54.

21. Lemuel Shattuck, A *History of the Town of Concord* (Boston: Damrell & Moore, 1838), pp. 219-25.
22. Jarvis, "Traditions," pp. 269-70.
23. Samuel Bowles and Herbert Gintis, *Schooling in Capitalist America* (New York: Basic Books, Inc. 1976), pp. 155-73.
24. Colin Greer, *The Great School Legend* (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1972), p. 73; Robert L. Church, *Education in the United States* (New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, Inc., 1976), p. 99.
25. Robert G. Wegmann, "The High School as a Marginal Institution," *The Educational Forum* 40 (January 1976):137-44.

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# Craggy Ruggedness of Crete Preserves Beauty of Ancient World

I was not prepared. I had read all the guidebooks and talked with people who'd gone there. But I was not prepared for tonic beauty of Crete, for the craggy ruggedness of its mountains, the. quick fertility of its plains, the deep blue and jade green Mediterranean woven to its shores.

Above all, I was not prepared to find myself sifting, like an archeologist, through layers of accumulated civilization until my original self rested in my hands. But as Kazantzakis' Zorba told us - and as the myths told us even earlier - Crete has the power to unveil the marrow of bones.

My friends Don and Ida and I had planned for nearly a year to go to Crete to visit the ruins of the Minoans, a culture that had inhabited Crete from at least 6000 BC to 1400 BC. We'd became fascinated by the Minoan culture because their worship of the ancient Goddess seemed to allow them to live in a world full of light and life and sacred power. Chaperoned by one carry-on piece of luggage, the Blue Guide, and enough film to keep Fotomat solvent for a year, we left to explore.

It's usual to first fly into Athens and then from Athens into Heraklion, Crete's capital. At the airport we picked up the Suzuki jeep we'd rented (the only kind of transportation, we found later, that made sense to use on the mountainous island) and set out to find a good hotel.

The city's narrow streets are fringed with the greasy sweet smell of diesel fumes from Yugos, Fielat, Mirabellas and the ubiquitous motorbikes, whose gun-shot mufflers and mosquito buzz slice the air even at three a.m. Most of the buildings are ugly (except for the old Venetian administration buildings and Orthodox churches, which are merely decrepit), panels of concrete glued together in flat-top arrangements that crawl up the side of the low hill the city

surrounds. Heraklion makes no effort, beyond the necessarily exploitative ones, to be a city easy on the foreign eye.

But Heraklion does have the Archeological Museum, which offers a unique display of Minoan artifacts. Within an hour of depositing our luggage and sloughing off the dirt and fatigue of our long journey, we made our way there. Like most things in Heraklion, and indeed in much of Crete, the museum has few pretensions. It looks like a warehouse, and its displays are minimalist in design: squat glass cases graced by a card with a line or two of description in three languages, the pieces unpretentiously scattered on glass shelves.

But as we began to see in reality what we'd only glimpsed in pictures, we knew that we were not prepared for how much life these pieces still had.

After Heraklion we jumped into our jeep and set off to see the four major palaces built by the Minoans around 1600 BC. The palaces all share similar ground plans, with wide outside courts for religious performances, broad approach roads, wide steps leading to spacious porches, extensive magazines for storing food and materials and pillared hallways.

But two of the palaces in particular, Knossos just outside Heraklion, and Festos, 60 kilometers south, give the best sense of how the Minoans blended their lives with the life of the world around them.

The word "labyrinth" comes from Crete, and it refers to the kinds of palaces the Minoans built. Standing as high as five stories, they were honeycombed with hallways and rooms and staircases and must have housed hundreds, if not thousands of people.

Minoan work, while no less concerned with matters of ultimate meaning, is sprightly and colorful and local in feel, with artful and naturalistic images of quail in high grasses, dolphins sporting in the sea, a monkey picking through yellow crocuses.

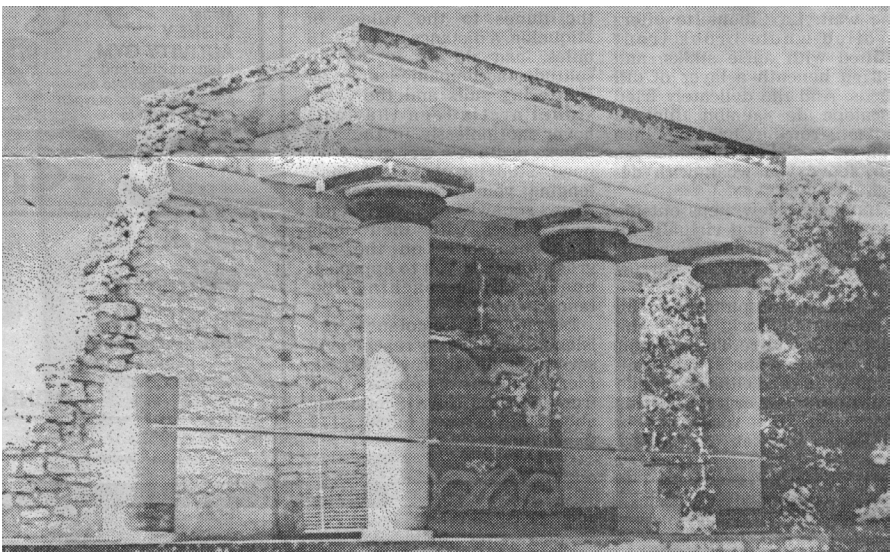
Pictures of the Minoans themselves show slender, elegant men and women adorned with jewelry, their hair long and curled. And men and women appear equal in most aspects of life, even in the deadly bulljumping rituals, where they both took turns making their acrobatic leaps over the horns of a charging bull.

Crete has been eroded, fissured, cleaved and accordianed by earthquake, volcano, salt, wind and water, but it has also been carved by humans with their olive groves and grape vines and windmills. The ancient mesh of natural and human interventions is so compounded that there are no lines between the two,

only various shadings from one to the other and back again. Standing on the sharp curve of an upgrade looking out over fields and crags, with so much of this area's history incorporated into the history of our bones and minds, it's possible to feel both awed and familiar, both a stranger and the traveler returning home.

And so many other things about Crete: showers without curtains (and with a handheld showerhead); the kindness of everyone we met, especially if we tried our fractured Greek on them; the silty raw taste of Turkish coffee; old men with faces like grape vines arranged in village cafes; restaurant owners taking you into the kitchen to select your food. (Menus were never used.) It was hard to leave, to come back to the normalized and expected.

But part of my heart is harbored in Crete; its energy seeps into everyday life and lifts the ordinary just a notch higher, turns it a bit brighter. And also part of my heart is at the palace daubing fresh pigment on wet plaster, lifting the sides of a vase to exquisite thinness, feeling the power of life percolating as the seasons and my spirit change and grow. For a time, it was possible to get outside the sometimes deadening and frightening age in which we live and rediscover the original maps of human life.



Entrance to Knossos palace just outside the city of Heraklion. (Photo by Michael Bettencourt)

NEW HAMPSHIRE
PROFILES

February 1989

# Less Than Equal Under The Law

**For women stepping up to the New Hampshire Bar, respect, power and equal pay are often elusive.**

A client is trying to set up time with Attorney Leslie Nixon, of Nixon, Hall & Hess. As they talk on the phone, she has to excuse herself to handle another incoming call; it's the day care center letting her know that her 19-month-old daughter Christina is sick. The appointment is, for the moment, set aside.

When Christina was first born, Leslie would bring Christina to the office, meeting with clients and taking care of her child at the same time. Once, while waiting for a hearing, she noticed that it was feeding time. A quick call to her secretary brought the baby to the courthouse, and Leslie, setting up shop in the bathroom, gave Christina her feeding. And then did well at the hearing.

While perhaps unusual in its details, the situation of a female lawyer juggling career and family is not. According to the recently issued "Report of the New Hampshire Bar Association Task Force on Women in the Bar," one of the most crucial problems facing female attorneys in the state of New Hampshire is the "dual career dilemma," contributing directly to lower economic rewards for women and restricting their access to partnership levels in law firms. Some women, like Leslie Nixon, can convince their firms to allow something innovative to happen. Others, like Campbell Harvey of Harvey and Mahoney, start their own practices in order to be able to blend family and career together in a healthy way. Others simply cope as best they can, working part time or in legal areas that require less time investment, such as estates or wills. But there is ample evidence that, in the words of the report, "child care is the single most critical issue faced by the Bar."

The task force, instigated by Bar President Stephen L. Tober, began its investigation in August 1987 with an eight-page questionnaire distributed to all female attorneys and one-quarter of the male attorneys in New Hampshire. The task force also held public hearings in each of the 10 counties and conducted at least 50 personal interviews with randomly selected attorneys, resulting in the most thorough effort of any state Bar association.

The conclusion? The Bar discovered that a wide pay difference exists between males and females at the partnership level. The dual commitment to family and job limits the mobility and power of women in the profession. And attitudes and behavior toward women in the profession, while not as bad as described in other similar reports, can be derogatory and demeaning.

While salaries 'at the associates level are fairly equal for men and women, as they attain partnership, males earn close to $10,000 more per year than their female counterparts. The data shows that women are much less likely to become partners, meaning that they will also have little say in how salaries are set, how cases are distributed, and how the firm will be run. And while they comprise 19 percent of the Bar, only one in 10 partners is a woman.

Many lawyers are irritated by the report's findings on salary gaps. Anne Ross, a member of the task force and an associate at the firm of Sheehan, Phinney, Bass and Green in Manchester, says that many lawyers "argue away" the discrepancy by saying that a larger sample should have been used, that there are other explanations, that not enough factors were considered. "Obviously," she says, "discussion of salaries is a touchy issue," and the fact that the report did turn up significant and consistent patterns of salary discrimination causes debate without end. Thomas Richards, president-elect of the Bar Association for 1989,

believes salary differences are a "result of the recent influx of women into the profession and not necessarily reflective of gender bias," a sentiment echoed by Karen Godzyk, deputy clerk at Rockingham County Court. Attorney Patricia Murphy of Manchester feels the gap is simply a function of the larger social situation where women in general earn two-thirds of what men earn, and not a result of actions by members of the Bar.

But the report itself offers only one conclusion. The data on salary was subjected to a multiple regression analysis, a statistical procedure that allows a researcher to make "all other things equal" in order to see how one variable-age or years of experience, for instance-affects the results. Statistics show that when

attorneys are hired, and during their tenure as associates, there's relatively little difference in salary levels between men and women. However, as the report states, "Upon attaining partnership, salary disparity increases tremendously, and it does so for no apparent reason" - except that, with all things being equal, the only variable that could account for the gap is gender.

The report also finds that female attorneys in New Hampshire suffer from "dual career dilemma," leaving many women on a lower tier of pay and work because they are still expected to be the primary caretakers of children. The demographic data shows that the majority of male attorneys have spouses who don't work outside the home while the opposite is true for women. And almost two out of three of the women report having more than half the responsibilities for raising children, compared with 13 percent of the men.

Consequently, the decision to have a family has more impact on a woman's legal career than it does on a man's. Because women end up devoting more hours to taking care of their families, and because men tend to have spouses at home who do not work, women find it more difficult to work on time-intensive (and therefore more lucrative) cases. This, in turn, affects their chances for partnership and their chances for obtaining power within the firm. There is ample support for the task force's conclusion that "child care is not a woman's issue, but is very definitely a family issue that needs to be addressed by men and women both."

But while the outlines of the dual career problem are clear, the solutions are not. The report states vigorously that the Bar should "take a leadership stance on the issue of child care" because "the issue that separates men and women in the profession is family." But the report offers no firm guidelines or suggestions. Tober sent the topic back to the task force for further consideration-an effort that may not be done for quite some time. Various firms have come up with interim solutions for maternity leave and part-time work, but there is no overall coordinated effort, as the report says, to "adopt model policies on child care leave ... [and] creative day care options." The problem, as Anne Ross sees it, may be outside the scope of what the Bar can do. "As long," she says, "as society is set where women have to take the primary responsibility for taking care of families, we're going to have a problem that is unsolvable."

But many argue that to say it is "unsolvable" simply means that women will continue to be penalized for making a choice that, in the long run, benefits the entire society: creating healthy and stable families. Susan Carbon, chair of the

task force and one of the primary architects of the report, feels that parenting and child care issues "cut across the sexes. Women should not be penalized," she con tin ues, "because of their choices. Paying attention to family should not be seen as aberrant." She suggests that the "workaholic model" of a lawyer, as she calls it, needs to be changed, and that family and career need to be blended more healthily. Martha Gordon, of Devine, Millimet in Manchester, believes that the "dual career dilemma" may change when younger male attorneys, now under a two-income pressure, "become just as vocal about changes as women," an observation Leslie Nixon echoes.

"Maternity and paternity leave is little different than leave granted to a man to run for office, such as happened recently with Joe Keefe, or for a colleague to become Bar association president," Nixon adds. The recent birth of her child forced the firm to figure out a maternity leave policy, and their agreement to allow her to bring the child to work was a first step toward changing the "business-as-usual" model. Nixon believes some former members of the firm were not happy about it, but they let it happen, and clients, far from finding it annoying or unprofessional, welcome the human touch. She believes that the attitude that pursuing a family is a weakness will change if younger lawyers support colleagues who choose a "different track."

The report also explores the treatment of female attorneys in and out of court. Some attorneys, including women, say they have never experienced any biased behavior. One woman maintains that behavior is discriminatory only if the woman chooses to see it as such. Several women say they often are right in the thick of things, trading banter and jokes along with their male counter

parts. Another female attorney says she finds much of the attention of older male attorneys to women "gracious." Judge Linda Dalianis of the Superior Court in Hillsborough County, for example, does not see gender as a "determinative issue" in cases that come before her court. In the hundreds of trials she presides over, the jury seems universally to take each case on its own merits and is never affected by the gender of witnesses or lawyers.

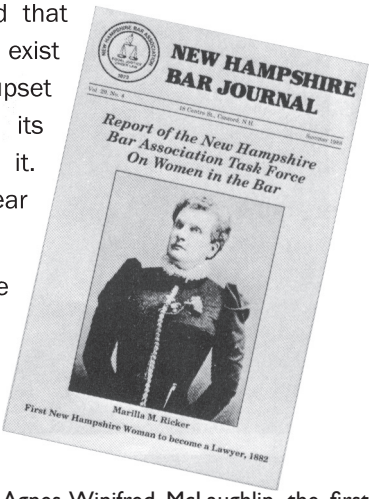
Yet substantial numbers of both men and women state that they hear derogatory comments toward women from other attorneys and judges, and see instances of inappropriate touching and sexual advances. Such behavior complicates an essential goal for women in the profession-attaining "equal levels of respect." While the task force feels this kind of behavior is not as prevalent as in the past, it's still very strong, as evidenced by comments made during the

interviews. One attorney says he would not hire women because it would disturb the workings of the office: It's nice to have women around, but "you don't want them in a locker room with you."

To combat these kinds of attitudes, Judge Dalianis takes special care in her court to sensitize officials about how to properly address people. The Bar Association has combed its constitution and bylaws to render the language gender-neutral. At a meeting last November, the task force agreed to produce videotapes about attitudinal discrimination. Chief Justice Brock of the New Hampshire Supreme Court has stated that all new forms in court will be gender-neutral, and various judges around the state are asking the task force for advice on how to make proceedings free of bias.

But, ironically, as several women point out, these are the easiest tasks to perform. They don't cost anybody anything. They are, in the words of Stephen Tober, "self-executing" and cause little friction because there's nothing threatening about them.

Overall, the Bar supports the report, though there was some resistance. Many attorneys (which the report characterizes as from the male "old guard") feel it was unnecessary. "What a waste of time and money!" exclaims one attorney. "No wonder our dues are so high!" Others feel the task force was "witch-hunting." Susan Carbon notes that two people on the Bar Association's board of governors, whom she describes as "conservative," initially had strong reservations about the study. They believed that salary and partnership discrepancies didn't exist and were concerned that the report would upset working relations between attorneys. Since its completion, however, they have endorsed it. enthusiastically, 'impressed with the data's clear display of the problems.


NEW HAMPSHIRE BAR JOURNAL

Report of the New Hampshire Bar Association Task Force On Women in the Bar

Marilla M. Ricker
First New Hampshire Woman to become a Lawyer, 1882

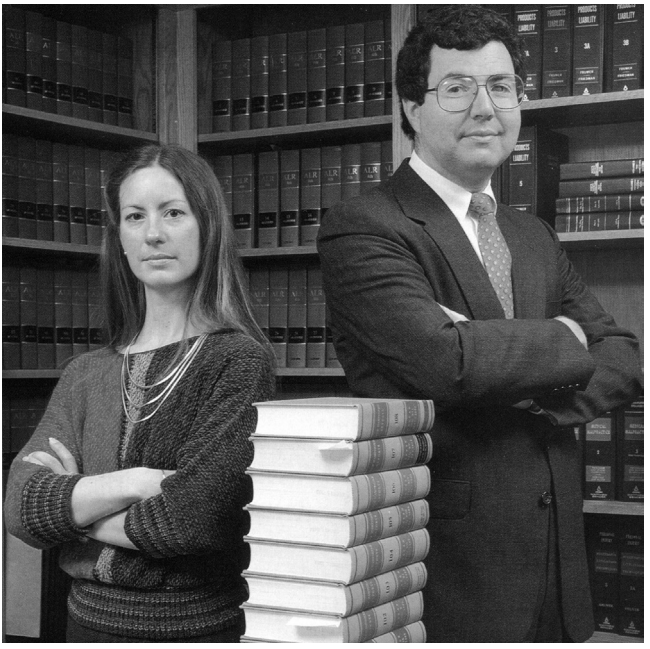
Agnes Winifred McLaughlin, the first female member of the New Hampshire Bar in 1917.

But some people feel the root of the problems may lie in the very way the legal profession is structured. Campbell Harvey began her own practice in order to have enough time to raise her family. She explains that much of the way the law profession is set up conflicts with the way women are taught to decide issues of truth and morality.

The legal system works in a linear, tactical fashion, and the law depends upon adversarial relationships between plaintiff and defendant to get at the "truth" of the matter. Her hope is that "a different logic and ethic can rise to the surface to change the confrontational nature of the system."

Martha Copithorne, on the Bar Association's board of governors for Belknap County, feels that the report at least sets up the possibility for people to confront the complex connections between family and career. She would like to see emerge new ways of thinking about "success" in the legal profession - new models that diverge from the workaholic version of accomplishment. "If the law is to maintain its soul," she says, "it must recognize the diversity of its members and the ways they conduct their family and community obligations."

The report is a major step in making the issue of gender bias visible and unavoidable. But the real report remains to be written, the report that will follow up and detail whether this task force's work provides a catalyst or simply falls into the black hole of good intentions.



RALPH MORANG

Susan Carbon and Stephen Tober were the chief architects of the Bar Association's recently released report. The report features Marilla M. Ricker, the first New Hampshire woman to gain admission to an organized Bar.


THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Friday, September 15, 1989

# A Thousand Words on Photography

There may be a time and place under heaven for everything, but some times come later than others. I decided to be a freelance writer at the age of 35 and, prompted by the impulse to make myself more marketable, I also decided to take photos. Purely a capitalistic impulse: selling photos would help me sell my articles.

But after several weeks of a beginning photography course, where I learned to spelunk my way through the darkroom, my mercenary impulse changed. I couldn't set the change to words at the time, but what I was feeling was the power of the camera to simultaneously release and capture the eye.

I actually started to make a little money from my pictures. Most of the photos I had to take for my articles were standard shots of the staff and the president and the office manager, with an occasional skewed-slant picture of the company sign. But they were good pictures to teethe on. They made me pay attention to simple but important details of composition like forehead shine and that strange intruding object on the periphery I hadn't noticed before.

But on another level it didn't matter that I made some money from pictures because I'd found something more important. I started going out on "shoots" for myself, spending a day in Boston photographing the sleeping homeless or an afternoon at a playground with children swirling around the lens. My frame of vision, my ability to frame a vision, changed, as it does with any photographer, from seeing with the eye to seeing with the camera. The world around me became a broadcast of collectible elements; life became a series of scenes, of "opportunities." At first this bothered me because it seemed to split the world into nothing but discrete objects ready to be tidied into a picture by "ME," the photography god.

Taking more and more pictures made me realize how arrogant and mistaken that attitude is. The world *allows* me to take pictures by giving me such a rich chaos to choose from. I don't arrange anything. Or, maybe better, I can arrange a posture or an angle, but I cannot fully harness the dancers. What finally emerges in a picture depends as much upon fortune and quantum vibrations as it does preparation.

But it would be inaccurate to imply that good fortune and preparation aren't connected. What I've learned so far is that like any other artist I have to prepare myself for it. I have to ready myself for the wholly unknowable serendipitous moment when the universe commands me to "Snap it!" Learning tools of the trade, the mechanics of f-stop and aperture and composition, goes along with (borrowing a notion from Emerson) tutoring my whole being to become an eye that absorbs light and turns it into commentary. Each informs the other with power so that when the universe says "Look, there!", the camera and the photographer, working as one eye and one thought, turn the language of light into the language of witness.

Sometimes the witness can be simply colloquial, the kinds of pictures my local newspaper likes: children with dripping ice-cream cones at the beach, a duck in the middle of a lake at sunset in short, the ordinary's frozen moment.

But the witness can be more charged, and it's this level of photography that interests me most. On my desk are two pictures, one focusing on the individual, the other on the political, and though they are unrelated, they share a similar verve of testimony. The

"Canyon de Chelly, Arizona" (1983). Photography by Lee Friedlander. Courtesy High Museum of Art, Atlanta.

first is of five office workers in Atlanta hanging out a sixth-floor window waiting to be rescued from a fire.

The photograph is taken looking up from the ground, and on their faces is a mixture of bewilderment and hope, exasperation and fear. What makes this photo effective is the rich presentness of the moment. While bustling news-at-eleven video footage might give us the "scene," it's the stillness of the arrested image that invokes our humanity. Because we get to look at their faces for more than a glance, we can read in their stark gazes what might have been our own feelings, our own fright and tension, and find empathy.

The second photo is more brutal. It's a picture, taken by a Chinese photographer, of soldiers beating a student to death in Beijing. The student cowers at the bottom of a well of clubs and gun butts. Other soldiers to the right and left of the tableau look on or look away. Gruesome, and utterly horrifying. But this one photograph gives the lie to the story Chinese authorities have been proffering to the world. This photograph makes truth the property of everyone who sees it, truth communicated in a more piercing way than any wire report. This picture will save us from apathy, fire up our desire for justice.

A recent example of the way photography can make Eudora Welty's "fleeting moment" spark and crackle is an exhibit traveling the country. Titled "Photographs of the Powerless/Photographs by the Powerless," former UPI photographer Jim Hubbard has shot a portfolio of the despair of America's homeless. Among the charged pictures is one which shows effectively how the camera can sharpen what the eye might otherwise overlook.

In the photograph, a group of homeless people sit at the base of the sign outside the Department of Justice in Washington. The picture is cropped just above the words "Department of Justice" so that they float over the group like some ironic Pentecostal flame. No commentary is necessary to underscore the injustice being done in the picture. An observer on the street watching the scene might miss the irony, or want to get past it as soon as possible. But the tight focus and selected border of the photo make that impossible. Forced to take notice, the observer can no longer feign indifference.

But providing witness through the camera has its snares. Taking pictures means intruding, and this can tempt the photographer to believe that he or she is exempt from the situation being photographed. When I was covering a demonstration at the Seabrook nuclear plant in June, I felt invisible and invincible behind my camera as the crowd moved closer to the line of police at the gate.

Recording the events had the paradoxical effect of making me feel that I wasn't really a part of them, that I was immune to principle or danger.

It wasn't until they started arresting photographers as well as protesters that the delusion dropped away. But I saw how easy it would be to snap a picture of suffering and believe that the suffering was none of my concern, to save the photo and not the person. I learned that it was important to use the camera in the service of getting people to see what they might not be able to see, and resist the temptation to feed my own hubris.

It has been wonderful to discover that new ways of seeing are still available, to feel that I am participating in light, doing something that's an antidote to gravity and a balance weight to time.


THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
Friday, December 27, 1996

# A Wild Ride On A Runaway Slide

When I was a child, as soon as snow began to layer itself into a depth, my friends and I would hit the slopes for sliding.

The first thing we'd do is dress for the battle of the hill. Putting on clothes for sliding was like putting on armor. We'd strap on a breastplate of wool or down, slip thick gauntlets over our hands, push our feet into heavy sollerets of leather or rubber, and crown our heads with a heaume of fur.

Thus accoutered, we'd stride forthrightly (if squatly) up the back of the great white beast, dragging behind us a toboggan or sled or a plastic orange flyer with yellow nylon rope handles. Or, if there wasn't money for these things, a lunch tray or a slab of cardboard. Anything to grease the skids to the bottom.

Sixth grade probably marked the last and best year of sliding in my life, because, as a 12-year-old, I could still be a kid. And I could be a kid at the top of his form, because the sixth-graders were the "big guys" in the elementary school.

Every kid in the neighborhood and for a radius of a half a mile would make for the nearest hill, and from a distance all one would see would be a slash of white, covered with dark moving dots. The crew I hung out with had a captain, a tall gawky boy named Albert who was a year or two older than we were. He went to a parochial school and had to wear a uniform, but in the evenings and on the weekends Albert would discard all that and organize us into activities.

When it came time for sliding, Albert would gather us together at my house, which sat closest to our favorite hill. We'd troop off, hauling one toboggan along with a motley fleet of sleds and plastic disks. Snacks were stuffed in our pockets. Our breath hung above us like cartoon balloons full of chatter in capital letters.

My house was perched on the edge of the second hole of the municipal golf course. The tee stood some 300 yards away down a straight fairway, at the foot of a hill capped by the rambling white clubhouse.

We took the country club road to the top, since walking through the snow down the fairway would have been work harder than we wanted to do. But by the time we got there, kids swarmed everywhere.

We did our runs, sharing our one toboggan with admirable ease because Albert kept the line moving and friction to a minimum.

After a few hours we had become pretty thoroughly frozen. And, to be honest, it had gotten a little dull and annoying having to dodge the two-year-olds who wandered into our flight paths or get around parents who dared to take their own hooting trip to the bottom.

On the other side of the clubhouse, a much longer hill sloped downward, full of small moguls and a few copses of trees. The green for one of the back nine holes was at the bottom, and notched above the green 20 feet or so was a sand trap, its lips covered with unspoiled and never-touched-by-toboggan snow.

Some people had made their way down. We could see their tracks, and right before the sand trap we could see the snow flung in all directions because someone had wiped out or bailed out just before he hit the takeoff. A perfect setup for the last run of the day.

Several of the gang had gone inside the clubhouse to get the free hot chocolate and use the bathroom, so four of us stood at the top of the hill, the tether of our toboggan in Albert's hand. We mapped our route, making a daring sweep near a tree (Albert planning for us how we'd have to lean to our right to catch the curve) and then heading for the trap, with the purpose of clearing it to the green.

Bob got in first, hooking his feet into either side of the curved prow. Then Alan and I jumped

on, and Albert last. Because of his height, Albert could look over our heads and yell out instructions. With two good lurches we topped the rise and started down.

As soon as we nosed downward we knew why no one had been working this hill: slick, slick, slick. The wind had shaved the snow down to ice, as if a

Zamboni had gone over it, and within two breaths we had lost all control of the toboggan. Bob pulled as hard as he could on the rope to lift the nose, but we could barely hear Albert yelling behind us as the limber slab of wood headed for its own destiny.

Peeking out from behind Alan's shoulder, I saw the tree we had plotted coming up, and I felt Albert's hands lean me to the right. I did the same to Alan, who did the same to Bob, and we all canted on our right haunch as heavily as our young bodies could. We felt the toboggan catch its edge and pull to the right. The tree dropped behind us, a black smear in our tearing eyes.

As we flew toward the sand trap, I remember having distinct impressions. There was the peaty smell of Alan's wool coat as I pressed my face against it to get out of the wind's paring coldness. There were the knobs of Alan's spine against my cheek. And of course there was the thin, splintered edge of the toboggan: our stationed, frightened bodies on one side and the blurred maw of the snow on the other, inches from fusion. I could feel Albert's spindly grip on my shoulders, as if they were the cross ribs of a steering wheel.

We had picked up a good head of steam, and the course correction we had laid in to avoid the tree had pointed us exactly toward the trap. If there had been the chance to bail out before now, that chance had disappeared like the ripped froth of our breaths. Physics had committed us.

We all hunkered into each other, streamlining ourselves, bracing our bodies, except for poor Bob, who, as we found out later, couldn't see a thing because of the spume curling over the toboggan and icing his face. We waited.

Jeff Danziger - Staff

We hit. Bob had pulled up the nose at the last moment, which caused us all to lean back slightly and loosen our tight embrace. That unbalanced the toboggan ever so slightly, which caused it to hit the ramp tilted to an edge. Instead of continuing in a straight trajectory, Bob's leaning back had

flipped the toboggan, and it dumped us deftly and directly toward the center of the earth.

The creators of the course had dug the trap a good four feet deep, with the upper rim curved over like a frozen wave top and the opposite side cupped up to make any chip shots high and arching. The suddenly riderless toboggan smashed into the opposite side of the trap, doing an end-over and a one-and-a-half gainer to continue down the hill for another dozen yards or so. We, on the other hand, sprawled at the bottom of the trap.

Because the upper curve had provided a kind of lee, not much snow had cushioned the bottom of the trap. In fact, the sand hadn't frozen yet. I found myself face down in it, my cheek scraped and dirt in my mouth. Bob had done a complete flip and landed sitting upright, stunned, his coccyx destined to turn a bruised blue and green. Albert lay on his back, a long dark hyphen, staring up at the sky. The momentum had tossed Alan completely out of the trap (he had held onto the toboggan's side ropes). He hauled himself up, his face stricken and smiling at the same time.

Albert, being Albert, made the rounds, making sure we were all right, and we sat there gathering ourselves, coming slowly back into the present tense. We started laughing and laughing, as much excited as relieved. We simultaneously launched into our stories, outdoing one another, upping the details, massaging it all for its gloriousness, shaping the tale that would be told to everyone else: The Saga of the Sand Trap.

We trudged down the hill to get the toboggan (Bob walking gingerly) and then trudged back up the hill to gather the rest of the clan. We had had enough sliding for the day. We had a story we needed to tell.


THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Wednesday, April 26, 1989

# The Art of Bicycle Maintenance

Here in New Hampshire the weather's been veering: thick sweat shirts in the morning, T-shirts in the afternoon, and the gas heater turned on low for the evening. But I've dug the bicycle out of the storage shed and started to clean it and tune it.

I started working on my own bike when a bike shop wanted to charge me an outrageous sum of money for a simple repair. I didn't have the money, but I had a library card, and I found out what I needed to do could be done with a small wrench, some oil, and patience.

I remember clearly the first time I broke open my bottom bracket and looked at the greasy shine of the bearings. I plucked them out with tweezers and dropped them with a small *plop!* into the paint thinner. They lay in the jar like silver fish eggs. The bottom bracket is like the trap of a sink - it collects junk: flakes of paint, grit, bits of metal worn off the tubing. And it's a chamber of suspended violence, where the axle and bearings are cushioned from a dissolving friction by only a thin gloss of grease.

When I had thoroughly cleaned out the bracket and wiped any residue from the threads, I carefully oozed out a pencil-thick line of grease and, one by one, as if I were nesting pearls on black velvet, I placed the bearings in the circle of their run, then guided the axle through until it firmly butted against the bearings. Still moving as if I were Faberge and this was my egg, I twirled the locknut back on and slowly tightened down the assemblage until there was no play in the axle. It turned perfectly, with a soft low-pitched whir and no drag.

It's hard to make words out of how satisfied I felt after I'd regreased the bearings, tightened

up the brake cables, de-gunked the derailleurs, and patched a hole in one of the tubes. It wasn't just satisfaction, it was mastery. So much depends in a bike on the smooth interchange of uncomplementary physics, and to harmonize this machine was to bear a certain relation to the world, of a doer, one who had worked to reduce part of a mystery into knowledge and make a disparateness of parts gear itself forward.

But I could never make a living out of these gratifying mechanics, because I'd miss the riding, the real reason for all the wrenches and fragrant oils. Cycling is not mechanical but hydraulic, fluids in pressure against the gravity of the road. When I do make my first ride, in a silty sunlight still unpacking from winter, the lawns are more thatch than grass and the culverts are stickled with branches, animal bones, and beer cans. In the spokes I hear a kind of aeolian odometer, a music measuring the asphalt miles full of my breath; the chain slurs over the sprockets. In the sunlight I feel sweat pile up under my shirt, the first moist inklings of summer, but in the shade still lingers a cold that steals it back and makes my skin perk and dance. As I'm racing home on that first day, I push back against the air pushing me, the right leg named "yes," the left leg named "I will," pumping endlessly to get me home.

After a week I'll be in somewhat shape; after two weeks, ready for a short trip. In that space I'll feel my body slip into its summer speed, hear the turnbuckles of winter-lazy muscles creak in their trimming, and the miles will slur like chain under me and, coming back around, press me forward until I come back home, full of returns and turnings. What bearings this bike has, what resonant cycles!


"Victor Bicycles" (CA. 1985) by Will Bradley. Courtesy of the Musueum of Modern Art, New York/Gift of the Museum in honor of Leonard A. Lauder

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR
Wednesday, May 9, 1990

THE HOME FORUM®

# The Mystery and Physics of Dance

At the age of 29 I decided to become a dancer, about 15 years past the time I should have started.

It wasn't an entirely serendipitous decision. There had been some leanings in that direction as far back as fifth grade, when I had had the neatest teacher in the universe: Miss Ziegler. She looked

a little like Sally Field, but wore her blonde hair bobbed, almost F. Scott Fitzgeraldian in shortness. At the end of the day she would often pull out a scratched Yamaha nylon-stringed guitar and drag us out of our itchy self-consciousness long enough to sing songs.

One rainy day, in the interregnum between Thanksgiving and Christmas, she wheeled in a movie projector. We hadn't had a movie in a while, and she hadn't mentioned this all week, so we grudgingly transformed a bit of our early winter torpor into interest. She turned the lights off.

A few frames with numbers (of course we counted down out loud), then a brief bit of leader, then a title, with a blast of symphonic music behind it: "The Magic of Dance." A bunch of us groaned. She, for her part, kept cool and let the movie run.

I have only the sketchiest memory now about what the narrator, Edward Villela, first said; which came first the pictures of the New York City Ballet in class or in performance; whether he began or ended with a rendition of "Giselle." But I do remember that what Villela said spoke powerfully to a part of me that thrilled to this fusion of idea and body, to the possibility that something as nebulous and irritating as an idea (which I'd only just begun to create with any certainty) could occupy space and time.

I can recall even now Villela arcing through the air in a ballistic *grand jete* that seemed to take forever to complete; the soft lines of his white costume clinging to his robust body, his pirouettes sharp, unerring, his hand gestures languid, fluent, tight. And he said something which I have never forgotten: "In dance, total freedom comes from total control." I watched the movie again after school while Miss Ziegler sat and graded papers.

But where I grew up boys didn't dance, and it wasn't until college that dance and I met again, in a series of musicals (the usual suspects: "Guys and Dolls," "West Side Story," "Applause"). I liked the discipline and clannishness of dance and the dancers. Our choreographer would always have us come early for a short class, and I got my first exposure to the French of the classroom and the length tendons will (and will not) stretch in a *développé* or a forward *port de bras* in fourth position.

I felt privileged in doing this, imbued with seriousness, slightly bohemian, and therefore special. We dressed for rehearsal in the rattiest clothes we could find, our commitment measured in inverse ratio to how torn our leg warmers or tattered our sweatshirts were. (This is a trait I've noticed among dancers, who seem to lug around an endless wardrobe of dishabille to offset the formality of their training.) I pursued dancing for a little bit in graduate school, even thought about going to New York. But, as with many things, it just never happened.

So why at 29? Because it was close to 30. At the time 30 years old seemed to me like an ominous fulcrum. Balancing against the seven years I'd spent crafting a professional self was the not-quite-tamed desire to move in a world wider than just salary and retirement planning. Which side would teeter up to the light, which side drop to darkness? There was no doubt about the answer.

So I started taking ballet classes every day, sometimes with adults at night, sometimes with the after-school crowd in the afternoon. (Picture a stocky, youngish, balding man in black tights among flocks of girls with pink shoes and tendons as pliable as warm licorice.) Soon I started taking two classes a day, and then branched into jazz and modern, sometimes even going to classes on Saturday mornings, often well before my body was awake.

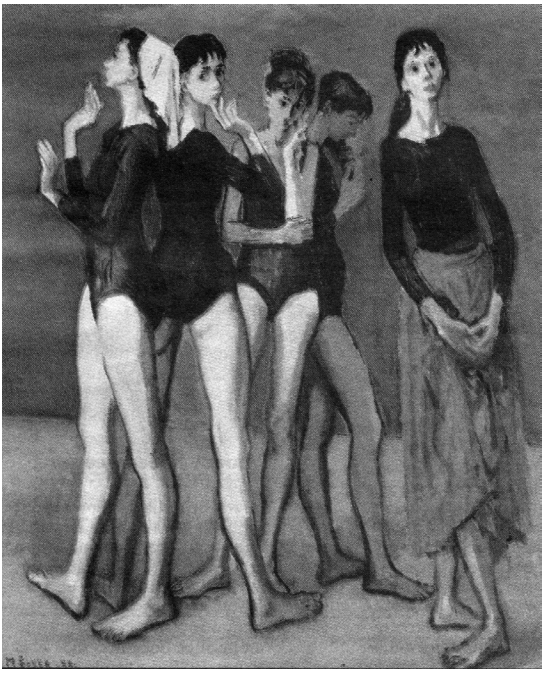
I was teaching at a private school at the time, and I convinced the administration to let me teach dance as my coaching requirement. So I taught ballet and modern and jazz, and I choreographed pieces for the students' spring dance concert. I also started doing some performances with local dance companies as well as choreographing and before I knew it I was a dancer. True,

15 years late and destined not to go much beyond where I was. But I was a dancer. I followed this regimen for two years before a number of things convinced me to move on.

The flow and filigree of dance is best described through quantum physics, with its Einsteinian elements of space, time, uncertainty, motion, and energy. Einstein showed that space is never empty, that it is a substance shaped by the bodies occupying it, and is shaping those bodies in return.

Dancers whittle this space with their bodies, carving out the universe moment by moment, movement by movement, mimicking the jig of quarks and the orbital reel of the planets.

Every choreography is reined in by its own vocabulary of rules; as in electromagnetism, there are weak and strong forces. For dancers, gravity is the master choreographer that must always be obeyed. But far from restricting the dancer's creativity, gravity gives it latitude and resilience. Because only through obedience to gravity - Villela's "freedom though control" - can dancers transform the earthbound into a beauty that illumines the grace and mystery which attend each moment and each breath of our lives.



"Five Dancers" (1955) by Moses Soyer. From the permanent collection of the Montclair Art Museum, NJ

I danced again recently in a summer production of "Guys and Dolls." It was good to get back on stage, refreshing to see how much my body remembered as the choreographer rapped out the counts. Part of me wondered if it might be good to start taking classes again, but I decided not to. Whether or not I'm on stage, a part of me is always dancing; it's that part that will keep me happy and connected no matter what I do. The choreography is everywhere, and there are always good seats.

THE HOME FORUM®

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Wednesday, October 18, 1989

# Jump-Shot, Wisecrack, B-Ball

The pass is just at my fingertips, looped cross court by the guy racing down the right wing. It's not the right pass for a fast break the classic pass is a bounce pass, timed perfectly to match the stride of the man cutting in the lane so that it eases into his hands just as he launches himself for the layup.

But I have to stretch for this one, and the winch of muscle up from my ankles through my thighs across my abdomen along the length of my arm seems to create a magnetism just beyond the fanned tips of my fingers that draws the ball down into my palm. My left palm. I can't shoot left-handed. So I land with a chunky slap of rubber on wood, pivot, and fire a short fade-away jumper, the hand of the defender just a microsecond and millimeter late and under. It totters on the rim, then silks through the net. We win, 7 to 6.

This is pickup basketball as it's played twice a week in what I call the "Over-35 Lunchtime Basketball League," a bunch of guys who get together on Tuesdays and Thursdays to run reasonable facsimiles of fast breaks, three-pointers from "downtown," and post-ups down low. We play not only for the exercise and camaraderie, but because basketball is such a sweet, musical, and jazzy game, an occasion for even slightly balding, paunch-building men to pirouette, practice grace, and receive a brief flash of glory and camaraderie.

We all played pickup basketball, in one form or another, as we grew up, and we can all walk onto this court from our different lives and know instantly how to mesh and blend. In this way basketball is like rhythm-and-blues. If you know certain chord patterns, guitar riffs, and harmonica slides, you can sit down with anyone from anywhere and jam. Basketball has the same portability, the same universal lingo. Bring a basketball to a playground hoop, ask a few other total strangers if they'd like to play, and within minutes the group will be weaving and picking their riffs and moves as if their flesh had never been separated.

This occasional and fluid comradeship might appear effortless, but it's learned in an apprenticeship that carries its share of darts and insult. I saw a good example of it recently at the playground down the street.

At one end of the court were four black college-freshman-aged kids singing the basketball back and forth among themselves, showing off, mock-insulting each other. At the other end were two white kids, about 17, doing the usual get-a-jumpshot-in-get-another-shot routine. Occasionally, they would look at the quartet wheeling and smart-cracking as if they expected a request from that end for a three-on-three game. None came. Finally, after three or four longing stares, one of the white kids walked the length of the court and asked if they wanted to get a game started. A short pause as the four looked at each other, then a round of nods. They played for an hour.

Meanwhile, a few other kids had wandered up to the court and watched the game. It was obvious to me that they wanted to play, but as the sextet finished one game, then another, and then another, and

no emissary came bearing a summons, they gradually stopped their aimless dribbling and melted away.

The apprenticeship for pickup basketball really has only one short and clear rule: You don't get anything unless you ask because no one will ask you. But you have to ask in a way that makes it clear that you're assuming you're going to play unless someone tells you differently. You don't walk up to a game in progress, especially if the guys on the court all know each other from the neighborhood, and say, politely, "May I have the next game?" That disappears into a black hole.

Instead, you have to say, "Whose got winners?" If someone is sitting out the game and says, "I do," then you say, "OK," and pick up a ball to warm up. You don't say, "Need anybody?" because that leaves open the possibility that they'll say no. You *assume* that you're going. to play in the next game and you put yourself in the presence. If no one's got winners, then you declare that winners is yours, with the same assurance that you own the designation until someone tells you differently.

The etiquette is simple and basic: ask, and you usually get. A few other rules apply as well. Everyone calls his own fouls, and, the call is always honored, even if it seems stupid, unjust, or bogus. Games are short so that no one has to sit for long, and everyone who sits out gets to play the next game, even if it means the winning team has to shoot for players. Such democracy works for an hour or so

because it's full of quid pro quo. While there are hot dogs and whiners in every game, no one tries to lord it over because what you do will get done back to you if you're not careful. It's the *game* that regulates the ego, the brio and craft of the *game* that reins in pettiness.

The game: patterned and fluid, risky and deliberate, full of scoops, dish offs, alley-oops, and body-bending picks. It offers the body grace and power, flight and strategy, attack and dance. Some of my friends don't like basketball; they see it as chaotic, or at least formless, a bunch of guys running up and down the court, and usually they prefer the more sedate pleasures of baseball or the formal violence of football.

But the "formlessness" of basketball is only surface, only apparent; underneath are elegant patterns that govern flow and weave, patterns that can suddenly spring a player free from a forest of bodies for an arcing jump shot, or end in a slicing slam-dunk as three players at full tilt fill the lanes on a fast break.

The beauty of basketball also comes from how it brokers a few fundamentals - jump shot, layup, pass, dribble - into continual variation. Each time a team comes down the court using these fundamentals, it creates something that didn't exist before. There's an endless menu of ways five players can get the ball into the basket.

Because conditions on each possession can't always be predicted, so much of the game's energy depends on intuition, on a "court sense" that lets the mind see more than the eye registers. There is constant calibration and recalibration, constant amendment of intention and expectation, which means constant surprise without wrench, innovation without decay.

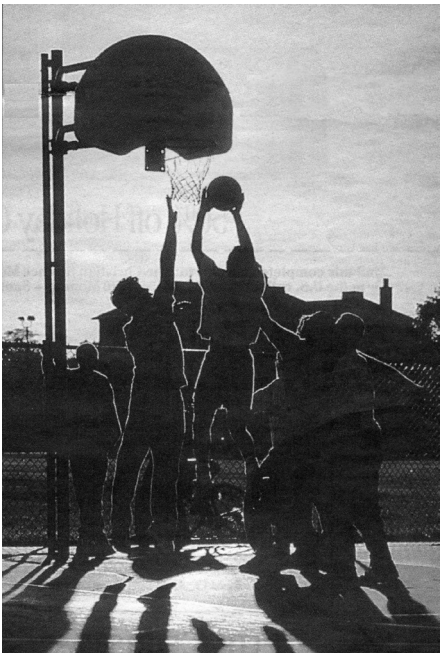
And each of these fundamentals has its own delicacies. On the dribble, player and ball have to move as if there's no divorce between skin and leather; each exerts control over the other, animate and inanimate briefly wedded. The shot is most prominent because it produces the final tally, the game's end. But it has beauties of its own beyond utility: a high parabolic 23-foot jump shot hitting an opening no larger in diameter than a fair-sized trout is a marvel of physics and symmetry, as golden as any mean devised by ancient philosophers.

But where the shot finishes and the dribble prepares, it's the pass that, like a weaver's shuttle, carries the knit of the game. In a basketball game the swirl of bodies opens and closes like branches in a high wind, and a good pass finds that caesura in the action where, for a breath, there are no hands or legs or sprint.

But it's not just vectors and geometry. A player can't force a pass, that is, work against the tide that provides him with opportunities. He must wait for the flow to eddy in the right way. A good pass seems to navigate of its own accord, to find that sweet interstice that, a breath later, will no longer exist.

Basketball is like quantum mechanics, composed of probabilities. Each trip down the court is unique in its form and entropy, and while the general positions of all the players can be known, place and velocity keep changing. But out of this continual mixing and kneading of variables comes the slashing dribble, the gentle touch of the fade-away jumper, the pass finessed through the vortex, the solidified game.

None of us in the lunch-time league are extraordinarily good, but that doesn't matter. We like to be in touch, no matter how imperfectly, with the energy and companionship of basketball, and so we run for an hour and a half twice a week to fill ourselves with delight. And every once in a while one of us under incredible pressure shoots the game-winner with nonchalant grace, or throws a pass that smacks of greatness. We talk about it afterward in the locker room, and then go on to our outside lives. But we'll be back soon.



"Sand-Lot Hoops," Dorchester MA.
Photo by Robert Harrison, staff.


THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Monday, April 2, 1999

# A Victorian Painter of Moments

Nineteenth-century artist Laura Alma-Tadema seems on the surface to have lived her life in a celebrity's shadow; a woman who, though quite talented in her own right, downplayed that talent. She is generally characterized as a painter in the Dutch genre, and identified as the wife of the immensely popular Victorian artist Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema.

Yet the image of a skilled artist oppressed by a paternalistic marriage is a picture Laura Alma-Tadema would have disagreed with, in great measure because she felt her marriage freed her to paint what she wanted.

Born Laura Epps, she came to know Sir Lawrence when she was his pupil, and later married him after the death of his first wife. Sir Lawrence didn't demand that she paint what he painted or that she subordinate her work to his. As one contemporary stated, "She appears to have resisted what would have been a pardonable surrender to imitation" and added that she and her husband were "a perfect example of what Shakespeare calls the 'marriage of true minds,' only comparable to that of the Brownings."

She had a small but vigorous notoriety of her own. She was one of only two women painters invited to contribute to the 1878 International Exhibition in Paris. Her paintings won a silver medal at the World's Columbia Exhibition of 1893, a gold at Berlin in 1896, and another silver at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. She exhibited in many London galleries, such as the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery, was quite popular in Berlin, and had a show of her own (although posthumously sponsored by the Fine Arts Society of London.) The composer of the catalog said that "her art and her life were examples of sanity and beauty not always associated with the artistic temperament."

The best way to understand what Laura Alma-Tadema was doing in her paintings is to compare her work to that of her most prominent teachers, her husband and Ford Madox Brown. Brown prefaced William Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who formed the core of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The Pre-Raphaelites painted in reaction to what they called "High Renaissance technique and the Grand Style."

Brown's work was considered formal, dramatic, and his style was said to have been in part influenced by the Nazarenes, a fraternity of German artists who had been working in Rome since 1810. The Nazarenes wanted to regenerate religious art by imitating the early Italian and German masters, and Brown drew upon their teachings. But the price of formality was stiff symmetry in design and the presentation of character types rather than characters.

Sir Lawrence, while rejecting much of what the Pre-Raphaelites stood for, nevertheless shared their penchant for the posed and the prior. He painted specialized reconstructions of Roman life with a Victorian bent. Sir Lawrence's Romans were clean, refined, sensitive; the interiors and exteriors of their houses were bossed and decorated, sumptuous and lavish. In his illustrations of Roman life, the rough-and-tumble of empire had not stolen from the citizens their civilized (read: Victorian) natures, and the barbarians hadn't yet knocked at the door.

Both artists, for different reasons, felt the need to elevate their art into Art. This may have satisfied their own natures and the aesthetic yearning of their customers, but it drained the common reality from their paintings and left behind a legacy of richly textured and painstakingly rendered, but dead, monuments.

Laura Alma-Tadema seems to have rejected such airy iconography. Instead, she was a painter of moments, not the momentous, which is why she was so often labeled "Dutch."

The subjects that seemed to please her most were children, innocent coquetry between lovers, well-appointed rooms in large houses - in short, a domestic topography of people and their affections, people engaged in the minor but necessary tasks. It seems she painted out of a desire simply to record the life as it happened around her, not to illustrate grand theory or pose as a hieratic defender of Art.

In the catalog that accompanied her posthumous exhibit in 1910, the writer said that she seemed to allow "children to romp into her canvas," and that she

was particularly good at capturing "the gestures, the games, the laughter, even the little affectations of childhood." Today, her children may seem posed and artificial, too clean to be real. But they are not extraneous to the life depicted in the painting, and all seem content.

The relationship between children and adults was also an important subject, providing scenes of genuine affection and tenderness in a number of Alma-Tadema's works. In "Bright Be Thy Noon" (1894), a mother holds her baby up to her eye level, gazing steadily into its eyes. True, the rooms are well-appointed, the baby's cradle is large enough to house several babies, and the mother's gown has a rich brocade sewn into it. But Alma-Tadema seems to mock that sumptuousness, gently, as if to say that such richness is no substitute for the maternal touch.

In her love paintings, there is a reticence between the lovers that is sometimes comical, sometimes coy. In "The Persistent Reader" (1896), a young man is more engrossed in a book than in the woman who looks at him with a mixture of impatience and imploring, on the verge of both leaving and staying.

Even pictures of self-love have this quality of reserve and subdued excitement. "Love at the Mirror" (1907) shows a lovely young woman gazing at herself in a mirror, oblivious to the finery around her, the mirror her only reality, not so much self-absorbed as concentrated and inquisitive. It is as if while brushing her hair (her right hand grips a brush) she suddenly paused to ask herself who this woman was who gazed back at her.

One of Alma-Tadema's best-known paintings, "A· Knock At The Door" (1897), combines all these qualities of comfort and soft self-indulgence and small excitement. A young lady, ready to meet her lover, spends a moment preening in front of a mirror. She is dressed in a gown that is simple in line and elegant in material; her hair, drawn in a tight bun with curls around the ears, is draped in pearls. In the foreground is a chair with a cape on it, spools of thread and scissors suggesting a last-minute alteration.

The colors are subtle, mainly pinks, grays, and buffs, yet there is a glint in her eye that echoes the spring greenery just seen through the window and the sprays of flowers hanging from her mirror frame. It is a moment of transition, of expectation shading into satisfaction, the "story" of the painting nothing more (but also nothing less) than the "story" of the girl preparing herself.

Laura Alma-Tadema chose to concentrate on those interstices in living: a mother's momentary gaze into her child's eyes, a girl sitting pensively in the window seat's sunlight, two young people caught in the choreography of their feelings. True, in a moment the feeling is gone, but the progression of these moments becomes the sum total of life experience. While the grand synthesizers such as Madox Brown and Sir Lawrence are important, equally important are those who chronicle the action moving along under the synthesis.

"A Knock at the Door" (1897). The Currier Gallery, Manchester NH. Florence Andrew Todd Bequest

NEW HAMPSHIRE
PREMIER

October 1990

# The Long Journey: Asians in Manchester

Among Manchester's Asian population, there are newcomers and there are oldcomers, and the oldest comers in Manchester are probably the Chinese. In 1900, 112 Chinese were in this state, a figure which rose to 790 by 1980. Himself a 10-year resident of Manchester, Ken Yee, owner of Yee's Oriental Market and Tiya's Restaurant, both on Hanover Street, estimates there are now about 100 Chinese families in Manchester alone, adding up to approximately 500 people. (This does not include a transient group of Chinese who travel from Boston to work in Manchester).

These oldcomers, like Frank Fan, who owns Hunan Restaurant on Second Street, by and large started restaurants when they arrived in Manchester. Born in Taiwan in 1944, he left in 1968 and traveled to New York City, then to Cambridge, Mass., which he found "nicer and more friendly" than Boston's Chinatown.

After working in such places as Joyce Chen's, he came to Manchester in 1984 expressly to operate a restaurant, and started up in 1985. "I looked for two or three years for a good place," he explains, "and I liked Manchester because it was quiet and a good place to raise children." Asked if he would ever move back to Taiwan, he says he finds "big changes [and] more freedom" there than before, but "while things are going well, it's hard to find a job. The

United States has more economic opportunity for people who want to work." For now, and probably for good, Fan is content running the successful Hunan Restaurant with his wife of 15 years, raising his two girls (currently attending Phillips Andover and Derryfield academies), and enjoying a place with "no traffic jams ... like Boston."

John Chin, in Manchester since 1965 and owner of Wa Toy on Mast Road, came to the United States by way of Hong Kong, a well-traveled route for many of the Chinese in Manchester. Born in Canton, China, in 1939, he and his family managed to avoid the invading Japanese and, later, the communists, and by 1956 landed in Worcester, where his grandfather owned a laundry.

Chin's family then moved to Boston where his father cooked in a restaurant and his mother worked in a garment factory while Chin attended high school and a trade school for mechanical drafting. After working as a hydraulic lift operator and serving in the Army for two years (in Germany, which he said is a "beautiful country and people"), Chin worked at restaurants, finally arriving in Manchester in 1965 and buying a restaurant with a close friend-still his partner after 25 years.

Many other people have similar tales. Michael Liu, co-owner of Dragon House Restaurant on Kelley Street, came from Canton by way of Hong Kong, though his odyssey was more dangerous. In 1968, he decided to leave China because he wanted to "live in a free country." So for twenty days, he walked from Canton to its coast, then swam to Hong Kong. He lived there for five years, and, in 1973, finally reached the United States, traveling through Hawaii, New York City and Boston. Yim Kwong Leung, owner of the Chinese Kitchen on Amory Street, left China in 1961 and lived in Hong Kong for eight years. His grandfather, who had owned a laundry in Chicago since 1929, came to Hong Kong in 1969, and Yim, seeing this man who had actually lived for 40 years in the mythical land of the United States, decided to see that land first-hand. In 1973, he came to Manchester, where his older sister lived, and four years later started a restaurant with his brother-in-law, later becoming sole owner.

Manchester is also home to a growing number of Koreans. Jong Soo Lee, who started the Seoul Oriental Market on Second Street in 1989 and Lee's Martial Arts Center off South Willow Street in 1979, has been here for 11 years, having left Korea in 1978 to teach martial arts in Boston with his cousin. He met his wife, Linda, in a Tae K won Do class he was teaching seven years ago, and they have plans to open up several other businesses in Manchester in the future. Lee tells all of his friends Manchester is "the best location in the United States" and notes that many Koreans are also living in Hooksett, Salem and Goffstown.

Young Hee Suk, owner of Anita's Variety on Kelley Street, was born in Korea as well, and arrived in the United States in 1975, setting up two successful jewelry stores in Hawaii.

She came to Manchester in 1987 with her husband, a decision she says "was not a good one," maintaining life had been easier in Hawaii, and Manchester reminded her of "jail-like buildings." The marriage, too, did not work, but by the time she and her husband parted, Suk was running Anita's Variety. Suk works every day, all day. "My only hobby is work," she says, though when not busy with customers, she continues to create her jewelry, selling it through her store. Despite her hardships, Suk plans to stay with the business until her two children have finished college.

Clearly, the pattern of these oldcomers is that they came to Manchester to find better economic opportunities for themselves, often bringing professional and entrepreneurial skills with them, and that they have had time to adjust to such things as language, custom and climate. However, many of the newer Asian immigrants, primarily from Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, do not have this luxury. They come from desperate situations, and have often had to do desperate things to make it to the United States.

Ahn Van is program assistant at the Refugee Community Center, which is run under the auspices of the state refugee office. She escaped from Vietnam in 1985, leaving by boat with 29 other people. After spending a week on the ocean in a boat that had to be bailed constantly and with barely enough food, they landed in a refugee camp in Malaysia at Pal an Bidong, and then moved on to Kuala Lumpur. Because her father had worked for the South Vietnamese government before 1975 and she had her identity papers, it was easier to get the United States to accept her. She arrived in Manchester in 1986, having passed through a number of agencies, and began her work at the Center in 1990.

MIKE PARNHAM/PREMIER

A former refugee herself, Ahn Van is now program assistant at Manchester's Refugee Community Center

Other people at the Center have similar stories. Hung Hoang has been in

Manchester only five months. Having escaped to Thailand by sea, he was ejected from the country after one month, set adrift in a small boat and eventually came to Palan Bidong, all the while being harassed by pirates. After seven months in a transit camp in Kuala Lumpur, and another seven months in the Philippines, Hung finally made it to Manchester.

Others had even more harrowing experiences. Nho Nguyen, who's been in Manchester for two years, spent 10 years of his life in Vietnamese jails. The first six years-from 1975 to 1981-were for "political reasons," due to Nguyen's work with Americans as a Navy navigator. The other four years resulted from two failed escape attempts. Finally, on his third try, he escaped. When he reached Malaysia, he worked in that country's antipiracy network, and later went to the

Philippines. Eventually, he came to Manchester and currently works at Felton Brush, while his wife, Nhan Le, works in Merrimack. They hope to someday live in the White Mountains.

Bringing with them a great deal of stress and repressed emotion, newcomers often need professional attention. Having grown up in Wuhan, China, Dorothy Anderson, a mental health consultant with the state refugee office and senior clinician at Monadnock Family Services in Keene, identifies three stages these

Korean expatriot Jong Soo Lee is a successful American entrepreneur. MIKE PARNHAM,/PREMIER

refugees go through. First is a settling-in phase, where they deal with immediate problems such as jobs, housing, language and climate. Often "they have an initial euphoria which carries them through this," she says, and this euphoria overrides the stress and trauma they have experienced in getting to the United States.

Once these immediate problems have been resolved, such things as homesickness, loneliness and disillusionment set in, as well as symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder. This is when she usually finds it necessary to intervene, when all that has been repressed "comes bubbling up with a vengeance."

The third phase comes when she can help them work through these conflicts, and they can have hope and inner peace. Daniel Leap, a bicultural counselor with the state refugee office and director of the Cambodian Mutual Assistance Association in Nashua, calls this third phase "the settling stage." In this stage, "they have more hope and information, and they can work on doing more than just surviving."

However, getting help to work through these problems is not as easy for Asian people as it is for Americans, in great part because many of them do not have a psychoanalytical vocabulary and often believe that psychiatric services are only for people who are truly crazy. Paul Thorington, a mental health consultant to the Refugee Community Center in Manchester, points out that "therapy" with this group is "more like traditional social work," where concrete problems are addressed in concrete ways; they are not usually "going through a midlife crisis." Anderson calls it a "concentration on healing."

Cultural differences play a tremendous role in counseling Asians. Anderson states many times the only thing a counselor can do is go back to their cultural practices to find solutions since there is no analog in Western therapy to address their problems. For instance, Leap points out that children have to be talked to separately from parents so that parents do not lose face in front of the children. Thorington explains eye contact must not be direct, and the therapist cannot look constantly at the person to see if the person is understanding. All of these nuances must be considered carefully if the counseling is to be effective.

The patterns of settlement for Asian people in Manchester have been changing subtly over the last seven to eight years. While the Refugee Community Center still processes people coming from the camps in Thailand, Malaysia and the Philippines, a good deal of effort is now going to family reunification, as

explained by Ruth Sourdif, assistant director for the refugee resettlement office of Catholic Charities. This means that in a very real sense the Asian people in Manchester have arrived and established themselves to where they can now call for other family members to join them. Whether or not their numbers grow substantially is not important; the diverse points of view and cultural flavor they bring to a predominantly white European population, showing us parts of the world we only hear about and often forget. And their vigor and endurance make them valuable members of the community, adding not just taxes and consumer spending but stability and pride.

Centered mainly in Nashua, Manchester and Concord, a small but growing population of Asians has made New Hampshire home. According to the 1970 census, there were 603 Asians residing in the State; by 1980, this number grew to 2,839 (including Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Koreans, Vietnamese and Cambodians). Southeast Asian refugees began arriving in the State shortly after the fall of South Vietnam and the killing fields of Cambodia. A 1987 Department of Employment Security survey of affirmative action data counted 1,148 residents with official refugee status (80 percent of these being Cambodians, Laotians and Vietnamese). Pat Garvin, state refugee coordinator, says that as of June 30, 1990, there were 1,320 refugees in the State, the bulk of them coming from Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam (with others coming from such places as Czechoslovakia, Romania and the Soviet Union).

New Hampshire also has a sizable Asian student population. According to Steven Harvey, director of international admissions at New Hampshire College, Korean, Thai and Indonesian students make up a large proportion of the college's undergraduate international student body. The Graduate School of Business and International Community Development Program, both at New Hampshire College, also attract significant numbers of Asian students. And while no numbers exist to demonstrate it, merchants, apartment-building owners and other business people agree they contribute significantly to the economic health of the city.

Manchester and Nashua have ongoing support centers for refugees; new restaurants, stores and businesses have been started by Asians; and international celebrations have become cultural fixtures in such places as Manchester and New England College. So while a complete count of Asians in New Hampshire isn't possible until the 1990 Census figures are out, certainly the trend has been upward over the last decade; and the Asian influence has been considerable.

According to Executive Director Raymond Perry of the N.H. Civil Rights Commission, only 1 percent of the approximately 900 complaints filed per year fall within the Asian/Pacific Islander category. While there are probably a number of cases which go unreported (as with most immigrant populations), statistical information as well as first-hand accounts indicate a general acceptance of the Asian community in New Hampshire. Their influence can be acknowledged through their visibility; for as students in this state, their cultural influence is transient, but as residents, it is permanent.