


Spring 1988

The Gamut: A Journal of Ideas and Information, No. 23, Spring 1988

Cleveland State University

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THE GAMUT

*A Journal of Ideas
and Information*

Number 23 Spring 1988

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All entries must be **received** by August 19, 1988. Entries will be returned if accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

JUDGES

The competition will be judged by **Lee K. Abbott** and the editorial committee of *The Gamut*. Winning entries will be announced on or before November 30, 1988.

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The Gamut: a Journal of Ideas and Information is published three times each year by Cleveland State University, Cleveland, Ohio. Subscription rate: one year (three issues), \$12.00; two years, \$20.00; three years, \$25.00; lifetime, \$100.00. Library rate, \$15.00 per year. Foreign subscriptions \$3.00 per year additional. Single copies, \$5.00; back issues, \$6.00. Claims for missing issues honored within six months of publication.

The Gamut invites commentaries for its "Back Matter" section and also the submission of new articles and creative works, especially by Ohio writers and artists, on topics of interest to readers of this region. Preliminary inquiries are welcome; detailed information for contributors on request. Submitted material will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address all correspondence to: *The Gamut*, Room 1216 Rhodes Tower, Cleveland State University, Cleveland, OH 44115.

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Typography and printing for this issue of *The Gamut* by Schaefer Printing Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE COVER: A detail from "Scan" (26" x 42", charcoal on paper), by George Mauersberger. See pp. 43-51 for more of his drawings.

Editorial

Bearing Witness to the Best

Once again, *The Gamut* announces a contest, this time inviting short story writers to compete for several attractive money prizes. In our previous seven years, we have held contests in various genres and media: concrete poetry, graphic arts, short stories, science fiction, and photography (on the theme of "waiting").

As we were organizing this latest competition, we began to think about the idea of contests. Being logophiles, we naturally considered first the word itself and its origin. Surprisingly enough, the sense in which we are using *contest* (as synonymous with *competition*) is the most recent. Earlier senses have to do with the law. The verb *contest*, which does have a definite legal connotation (as in "contested will"), derives from the Latin *contestari*, to bear witness, in which we may detect the very common root *-test-* (witness), itself parent to a large family of English words: *testament*, *testify*, *testimonial*, *attest*, *detest*, *protest*, and *testicle* (an organ which bears witness to the owner's maleness) and their derivatives.

Literary competition is nothing new in Western civilization. In ancient Athens, three playwrights each year were asked to present four linked plays (three tragedies and a comedy) at the annual festival in honor of Dionysus, the god of wine and goats. Although it is not precisely known what the prizes consisted of (though they were almost certainly

not a sum of money), extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent the rigging of the competition. There were ten judges, one from each community, whose names had been drawn from an urn containing the names of the qualified judges in the community. Only five of their ballots, chosen at random, were counted. Whether the prizes were laurel wreaths or some other symbol, winning the first prize was important, certainly to the playwright, who was already honored by having been chosen as a member of the competing triad.

Probably, even if the prizes had no cash value, winning carried some tangible benefits (aside from immortal fame), as was the case at the Olympic Games, where the winners' names and achievements were sung in poems and the winners themselves heaped with gifts by the residents of their native cities. Winning at Olympia was *everything*; losing was a disgrace. Euripides, it is said, left Athens because only twenty of his ninety-two plays won victories (i.e., five times, since four plays constituted a unit). So much for Athenian sportsmanship.

Things are easier now. There are many more competitions and the events are less public. The community (the audience) is much more widely diffused. So a famous writer might fail to win a prize and comfort himself with any one of a number of useful rationalizations: his work is too well-known, he had ene-

mies among the critics, his manner is unfashionable, it's time to recognize some newer voices Nonetheless writers, veteran or novice, famous or still seeking fame, enter the numerous writing competitions which proliferate in periodicals or are proposed by academies, groups of critics, or educational institutions. Writers lust for notice, recognition, and readers, and contests offer the possibility of achieving these. But what do those who mount these contests have to gain?

For periodicals, the short answer is that they hope to gain subscribers. Publicity is good for circulation. But circulation can also be increased by other means (premiums, raffles, controversy, benefit parties), so there must be a special reason for the choice of this particular means. Tradition combined with the apparently inexhaustible appetite for rivalry among human beings, literate or not, perhaps makes a literary contest the intellectual's contact sport.

But there is yet another reason, which has a certain parallel in the sport of kings. The justification for racing thoroughbred horses is the improvement of the breed; and indeed today's horses are faster and better than those of a century ago. The horses' pedigrees are preserved with religious reverence, matings are planned with the care usually given to the choice of a pope by the College of Cardinals. The progeny expected from

such a match is precious before its birth, in the hope that it will be another Eclipse or Man-o'-War. But if a horse does not live up to expectations, it is removed from the turf, like any other sports figure whose performance is below standard, whether in football, lacrosse, or track.

The parallel is not exact: we don't expect today's playwrights to be superior to Sophocles and we do not bar inferior writers from entering contests. But contests do have an improving effect on literature and taste by encouraging the best writing, and perhaps (since they do not win) discouraging inferior writers from continuing to add to the world's supply of mediocre reading. The results tell the reader at large what critics—the judges—think is worthwhile at the moment and thus contribute to forming the taste of society. Contests help to determine what writers must attempt in order to be published, and they present successful models for unsuccessful con-

testants. Interestingly, they also provide the new writer, eager for innovation, the models to avoid because they represent the taste that society has sanctioned. By turning away from such patterns the rising author may express his outrage at what he thinks is obsolete or passé in literary creativity.

Thus contests have the function of educating the reader and the writer. We hope our competition will do these things and also, naturally, increase circulation. The winners, as well, will bear witness to a high standard of writing. ■

Louis J. Mitchell

Interview with Vincent Dowling

The Abbey Theatre— For Ireland and the World

This is an edited version of an interview conducted for The Gamut on March 2, 1987, by Louis Barbato, Peggy Broder, David Richardson and Reuben Silver (all Cleveland State University faculty members), and Mark Lantz, editor of The Cauldron, CSU student newspaper. The interlocutors are collectively referred to as Gamut.

Gamut: What brings you back to Cleveland, and where do you find yourself heading?

Dowling: I came back to Ohio—really, to the College of Wooster—as Distinguished Visiting Professor, the J. Garbor Drushell professorship. This was a year of teaching theater and directing some plays for the students . . . for the town and gown—and a play that I was interested in myself, by Donald Fried, based on the Lindberghs. When I'd left California—gosh, it's only twelve months ago now—I decided not to go back into the not-for-profit theater. And I spent a good deal of this year in England and in Ireland going over the production line of a play and moving through Dublin, London, Broadway, and into the world theater from there. I had picked up a few very good properties that I was working on—the Donald Fried play *The Last Hero* and a play on Shakespeare called *The Dark Lady*. My intention was to develop those and raise money and present them in a blatantly commercial way, although they are both plays of very high artistic value.

Gamut: Was one of these commissioned by you?

Dowling: One was suggested by my wife and me, *The Last Hero*. The other was a play that I did the world première of in California—after one reading I fell in love with it. So from California we went up to Massachusetts to build a house and build this new life of being commercial producers. We had all the legal end to learn about, all the methodology and the tricks of the trade.

While I was thinking about that I was asked to go to Wooster for a year, and that seemed the perfect bridging from not-for-profit theater to commercial theater. The first day I was at Wooster there was a call from the Abbey to ask if I would go back as artistic director. They had been talking to me tenta-



Vincent Dowling was born in Dublin in 1929 and was educated in Ireland at St. Michael's Christian Brothers College and St. Mary's College. At twenty he joined a professional touring company as director and leading actor, and subsequently acted in London and toured for eighteen months through England, Scotland, and Wales. In 1953 he returned to Ireland, where he played over one hundred leading roles at the Abbey Theatre. In the '60s he began continent-hopping: he has directed and acted in plays all over the United States, and for ten years was director of the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival (now the Great Lakes Theater Festival) in Cleveland. In 1982 he performed at the White House. His present appointment as artistic director of the Abbey Theatre in Dublin began in May, 1987, two months after the accompanying interview took place.

tively for about a month and I had said, (a) I didn't want to, and (b) I couldn't. I was under contract till mid-May and they weren't going to wait. It turned out that the four or five people they felt could run the theater weren't ready to take it at the moment, so they came back to me. They said, "Well, if we waited till May, would you do it?" And I said I would.

After all those years I spent there, if they were so badly in need as to wait from September till May, I couldn't say no. The chairman of the board came over and visited with me, and as we were driving around showing him the Amish country, he told me his hopes and fears and said he could offer me the job on certain conditions. The conditions weren't good enough for me—mainly to do with authority. So I had a long meeting with them, a very tough meeting, pleasant but tough, and at the end of it they said, "We offer you the job." I thought about it. And right on the spot I finally decided.

Gamut: I wonder if you'd tell us a little about your time at Wooster College. A lot of your friends were delighted to find out that you were spending the year there.

Dowling: Really, Ohio is more home to me and home to people I love than any other place on earth. And that's not surprising. It was at a very key time in my life that I spent ten years here [with the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival]. So being here was just a beautiful thing for me.

Gamut: Your position there strikes me as the kind of relationship that is wonderful for both sides.

Dowling: They were marvelous for me. I think it's the first time since I was sixteen when I left school that I've had time to consider what I want to do. Up to this point, I've reacted to my life. I was very surprised that when that short little sos, as we'd call it in Gaelic—a rest, a time out—in Wooster allowed me to consider, would I go back to Ireland when I was asked. I think without it I would have said no to the Abbey and gone on to working in commercial theater.

Gamut: Tell us what you'd like us to know about your achievements at the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival. That was the hat you wore when most of us knew you.

Dowling: Well, I think that I brought Shakespeare and the classics to a large audience who had a different view before I came. I brought them a Shakespeare that belonged to America, that belonged to them. I think I gave an awful lot of people a sense of participating in the making of theater, a sense that it entered into their lives.

In theater we always say, "There's nobody more gone than the person who played last Saturday." Everyone's crying on Saturday night, but don't be around the stage door on Monday. The new company are coming in. But to come back here and go to civic groups and service groups and city groups and county groups and universities and to the media and be received as someone who is part of their lives—I think that's my biggest achievement. I involved a huge number of people over a very broad spectrum in theater.



A sign from the 1970s, when the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival, under Dowling, performed in the auditorium of the Lakewood, Ohio High School.

Gamut: What about some of the very practical achievements?

Dowling: I would say *Nicholas Nickleby* was an achievement, because both our Cleveland audience and our international audience found for the first time that we were doing work as good as any work in the whole world. Even more important, the actors realized that they could take on a piece that everyone had said only the Royal Shakespeare can do, and we did it at least as well.

Gamut: Modesty prevents saying even more.

Dowling: Well, at least as well. The commissioning of Dylan Thomas's *Child's Christmas in Wales* as a full play was a major achievement. But most of all I think it was recognizing the greatness of the American actor and introducing into the lives of at least these twenty or thirty actors that worked with me the idea of continuing training as professionals. The other thing I think I did was bringing voice training to these actors, raising the standards of the American actors in plausibility and understandability.

Gamut: That brings us to the Abbey. You'll be off to Dublin very soon, I take it?

Dowling: I go to Dublin for two weeks in March to announce a season, hold auditions, meet with various people—actors, directors, designers, board shareholders, media—have a press conference, and at the end of May, I'll take over fully. But you know, it keeps ringing in my ears what Oscar Wilde said, "If the gods really want to punish you, they give you what you asked for."

Gamut: What is the job that you see yourself going there to do?

Dowling: In actual fact, it's to be the artistic director of the National Theatre of Ireland, which is, you know, some eighty years old.

Gamut: Can you give us a capsule view of the Abbey Theatre historically? It is one of those theaters that one mentions with reverence and awe, although it fell upon some hard times.

Dowling: I've always said that at its worst it was one of the three or four great theaters of all time. It's the mother of this little-theater movement in America. It was the first theater to be subsidized in the English language ever anywhere.

Gamut: Before London?

Dowling: Yes, in the 1920s it had a small subsidy from the government. For a country of three-and-one-half-million, a poor emerging country . . . I don't think any country of that size in the twentieth century has turned out the number of world-class writers—Yeats, Lady Gregory, John Millington Synge, Brendan Behan, Brian Friel, Tom Murphy, Hugh Leonard. These are all names whose plays are continually done all over the world. Also in the early 1900s it changed the style of acting in the English speaking world. We were the

precursors of the best in the Method, the best of the interior acting. The Abbey really stopped the world in its tracks in the early 1900s by the beauty of the speech and the reality of the performances.

Gamut: When were you there first?

Dowling: I went there about 1953, I think, after a couple of years in England and a year touring the small theaters, the

The Abbey: 84 Years of Theatre



Lady Augusta Gregory, playwright and moving force in the founding of the Abbey Theatre.

Dublin's Abbey Theatre has had an influence in this century far greater than anyone could have predicted. Its beginnings in 1904 in no way suggested that within a few years of its founding, this little theater would achieve international fame—nay—international notoriety.

In fact it would seem mad to expect worldwide fame for the sort of theater that W.B. Yeats, Lady Augusta Gregory, and Edward Martyn proposed to found, a theater that was poetic, idealistic, and experimental, and that was to be dedicated to Irish themes. But history has a way of confounding our expectations, and the founders, in their interest in nationalistic subject matter, were in a historical mainstream. Their theatrical endeavors coincided—and in some cases collided—with the attempts of Irish nationalists to win freedom from British rule.

The Abbey's announced program was to provide plays that not only presented Irish culture and history but did so in language of literary merit. Such an attempt to make the Irish people aware of their own long-neglected traditions was consonant with the goals of the political nationalists.

But it was in its occasional collisions with the nationalists both in Ireland and in this country that the Abbey's notoriety arose. The playwrights were, of course, given artistic freedom to present Irish culture and society as they saw it; and once in a while the way they saw it did not coincide with the way the militant nationalists within Ireland saw it, nor with the way the Irish immigrants in America and their descendants did. These groups would have preferred to ignore aspects of Irish society less than perfect in their morality and purity. When a play was more realistic than that, riots took place—full-fledged riots, both in Ireland and America, with hootings and catcalls escalating to the throwing of a miscellany of items (mostly potatoes) onto the stage, and with what Lady Gregory described as "a scuffle now and then." The plays that caused the furor were Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*, and O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*: these plays would appear on most lists of the best plays of the twentieth century.

The building where these scenes took place was on the corner of Lower Abbey Street and Marlborough Street, premises obtained for the Abbey by Miss Annie Horniman, a long-time associate of Yeats. Much of this, the old Abbey Theatre, was destroyed in a 1951 fire, beginning a fifteen-year period of exile, when Abbey plays were staged at Queen's Theatre on the other side of the Liffey River. In 1966, the Irish government gave the Abbey a thoroughly modern theater on the old site.

It would be misleading to leave the impression that the Abbey's fame rested upon Irish nationalism and riots. Neither cultural nor political nationalism would have guaranteed the immortality of the Abbey. Only the insistence of Yeats and his colleagues that their plays display literary merit could do that. Throughout almost ninety years, through good times and some very thin ones, the Abbey retains the world's respect.

Peggy Broder

provinces, the villages and towns. And from 1953 to 1971 I was there as actor—and director in the latter years; only in '66 did I start directing in the Abbey. I started coming to America as guest director but still stayed on the Abbey's staff until 1974.

Gamut: Is it as well known now throughout the world as it was when, say, Yeats and O'Casey and the rest were there?

Dowling: Yes, because everything that's known at all is better known now because of communication. I mean, you get one article in the *New York Times* and everybody connected with American theater reads it. The reputation probably doesn't stand as high now as it has done.

Right away after I took the job, I contacted a number of people that I want to be artist associates of mine at the Abbey—directors, designers, writers, and a few world-known actors or actresses. And to my surprise, the warmth, the excited enthusiasm of the response was overwhelming. As one of them said to me, it's much easier to have a great theater that everybody knows was a great theater. And if it's going through a bad time, what theater doesn't? People like José Quintero instantly said, "Yes, I would like to come and direct. . . ." and Julie Harris, Tanya Moiseiwitsch, Tyrone Guthrie, you know, to mention a few.

So I think there's a tremendous . . . not only a challenge but an opportunity there to bring the Abbey from a sort of isolationist attitude to a world one, without losing its strength,



Vincent Dowling in the 1950s, when he was an actor at the Abbey Theatre.



The old Abbey Theatre on Lower Abbey Street, Dublin, shortly before it was irreparably damaged by fire in 1951.

which is in Irish writing itself. One of my jobs will be to restore the faith in the Abbey by encouraging really first class people to make it their home. For the first time in its history, the board is prepared to hand over the artistic control to an artist and support him or her in that. So they expect me to make it work financially, to raise the standards, to create a training mechanism for new people, and to continue the training for existing people, and indeed I suppose in some way to tackle the whole structure of employment in it.

Gamut: What are your plans for the dramatic repertory?

Dowling: We have two theaters, you know: there's the Abbey, which is a 600-seat theater, and our second theater, the Peacock, which is flexible, about 220 seats. I see the Abbey as the place for our great classics. Going right back to the late 1600s, almost every great playwright in English, except Shakespeare, you'd probably find was Irish—Shaw, Wilde, Congreve, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and then into this century with the O'Caseys, etc.

Gamut: So Irish in the international sense of Irish, so to speak.

Dowling: Yes, but very particularly, we have a dozen or twenty superb living Irish writers, so I see their right to the main stage of the Abbey most of the time. Now the Peacock—there I would like to see an emphasis on the plays of Yeats. I want to examine the whole canon of Yeats in terms of 1987, and his influence on people like Robert Wilson and Tom MacIntyre in Ireland. Still, it's desperately important that while we're giving the Irish writer a place in the market on the Abbey stage that the Irish people get a look at what's really moving the world artistically and theatrically—from Russia, from America, from the third-world countries, from England, from France, from the East. So international theater will be a major part, and international directors and designers coming in as well.

Gamut: I wonder if your plans include any overseas touring? I remember the marvelous productions you did here of *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars*, and you brought in Eamon Morrissey, who did that really compelling production of *Waiting for Godot*.

Dowling: Yes, we will have a short tour of a new play based on a poem by Patrick Kavanagh called *The Great Hunger*, about the famine or rather the great hunger of the small farmer in rural Ireland for sex and love and the finer sides of male/female relationships. I don't know if you know Kavanagh's long poem; it's a very powerful poem about sexual repression and religious—I suppose—dominance. Then there's a poet-playwright called Tom MacIntyre, who worked here in Oberlin, and has been developing a sort of moving theater that is neither mime nor dance in the ordinary sense of the word, but uses very strong physical movement of the people—of their work, of their rural lives—and building a play out of this natural movement, very slightly heightened and with very



Playwright Sean O'Casey acting in *The Plough and the Stars* at the Abbey in 1926. Courtesy of G. A. Duncan.

little verbal contribution to the whole play, a soundtrack, and the actors doing a lot of the sounds of work or the sounds of life with the occasional line into it. I would hope for the spring of '88 to put either *The Great Hunger*, or another play developed along this line of total theater, together with a more traditional play like *Shadow of a Gunman* or *The Playboy of the Western World*. There's a new play that the Abbey did about a year and a half ago, that again has become a wonderful success, a play on World War I, *Observe The Sons of Ulster Marching Towards the Somme*, by a writer called Frank McGuinness—powerful poetic writing. That's a play I would be very interested in touring. So, yes, I see major touring here and also the development of the sort of thing that Homer Swander has been doing with A.C.T.E.R., out of Santa Barbara, where he brings people who were in the Royal Shakespeare company over in groups of four and puts them into universities where they do residencies, performances, teaching. I've wanted to do that.

And indeed I would like to involve some of our artist associates in shows at the Abbey and then tour those shows, say with a Julie Harris or a David Birney, or an O'Neill directed by Quintero touring over here after we've played it in Dublin. I see also local touring as absolutely essential both artistically and politically. In every era when the cut-backs come, it's always the worthwhile things, like second stages or touring that are cut. So I want, for those reasons, to see touring in Ireland, but much more importantly than that, I see theater as coming right out of the ground. That's what I love about *The Great Hunger*, by the way—the actors look as if they've grown out of the ground. I believe in a very true sense that the theater grows out of the ground, that it's about the seasons; it's about the winter coming and the fear of death and living through the death as we come near the winter and surviving it and the new cycle starts and spring comes. I absolutely believe in that, and I feel that if acting companies get too far away from the foot in the dung and the dirt and the land, that theater stops being what it should be.

Gamut: How can you encourage that in an urban culture? And what will you do to bring in young actors, student actors, to grow up into the traditions you have in mind?

Dowling: Well, you know, Ireland is a rural culture, with only Dublin and Belfast being really big cities, but still there is a rural population with a long tradition of theater. Only since the coming of television has that been broken, and even since then, you find both in Ireland and England now, the young companies are nosing out into the provinces, into the small towns, which is very hopeful. I will audition in these places, and find new actors in these places. Some very good things came out of the Abbey school, but we never had a consistent continual school. I feel there's a need for that, and that means finding the money for faculty, a permanent faculty—an administrator, a voice teacher, an acting teacher. The other way I would encourage young people—there's a very strong fringe movement in the theater in Ireland, and in England, Wales,



The poet William Butler Yeats, one of the founders of the Abbey Theatre. Painting by Sean O'Sullivan.

and Scotland. It's my intention to use these fringe groups for plays that we can't economically risk at the Abbey or at the Peacock. Twenty thousand pounds won't go very far on a production at the Abbey; a thousand pounds to the Project or the Focus or Rough Magic or one of these small fringe companies or ones not yet started can be a huge subsidy to them and a much better use of our money. We would keep a friendly control, in the sense that we would see that standards were maintained without impinging on their independence. So I see that as a very important way to encourage young people and prepare them.

Gamut: You're going to retain the Irish emphasis: does this mean you're looking for Irish subject matter? Irish plays? There was a time when the Abbey did Chekhov, you know, and everyone.

Dowling: The Abbey's history would go something like this: from 1904 up to 1920, it would have been very occasionally that you would find an outside play. In fact, the Fay brothers left because they said you can't in a country of our size get enough good plays to do only Irish. Eventually, I think during the '20s, you had some international plays, some Shakespeare, not enough but some, and some O'Neill and some French plays. Once Mr. Blythe took over, in the late '30s I think, it went back to being solely Irish work. And when I joined in 1953, we did about twelve new plays a year and now not even the authors of most of the plays would remember the titles of them. By the '60s we got into the new Abbey, and we had really first-class design—sets, costume, lighting, music, and proper rehearsal. But it was only when we got to the new Abbey in '66 that anything of a foreign nature was done at all. And that has steadily increased. The odd thing is, I think that the main audience still would prefer the first-class Irish writers of today—Brian Friel, Tom Murphy, Frank McGuinness, Hugh Leonard, Tom McLroy, Eugene McCabe—all of these people known on Broadway, and internationally even better, really



*Inside the old Abbey Theatre.
Abbey Collection,
National Library of Ireland.*



The new Abbey Theatre, which opened in Dublin in 1966.

score as first-class living writers at the height of their powers. But at the same time, Ireland, being on the outskirts of England, a bigger, stronger country and now part of the Common Market, really also has to lift its awareness of the fact that it belongs to larger communities. It's terribly important what happens in Belfast and about the north of Ireland, and those things aren't going to get less important, but still they pale in significance beside the fact that a slip of the finger on a button can blow the whole world away. The theater for Ireland has to keep it in touch with the world theater and world thinking and world problems and possible answers and movements.

Gamut: Are there some people who still think the Abbey should serve a more limited function?

Dowling: There are people who, because it's a national theater, see it as a nationalist theater. But I put it as simply as this: everything that happens in Ireland, in every village, in every pub, in every house, in the political, social, and religious battles, is vital and that's what theater is about. But everyone in Ireland is also a world citizen and there are world problems that we may be able to help with. We've got to know about and we've got to influence those world problems. Otherwise, maybe there'll be no one anywhere to hold the world together. So I see it as very important that the theater is used to bring Ireland into that world citizenship and the world into our parlors and certainly onto our stages.

Gamut: Is this something you'll get supported—that the Abbey and the Irish people will want to support?

Dowling: Well, certainly the leadership will. I believe that the Abbey has too long depended on being natural, the actors were a natural talent. Well, it's possible to keep that natural talent, to nurture it, but it's also possible to refine it and

heighten it without losing that basic texture and quality. And I see that as another big part of my work, to bring that sort of rise in the standard of continual excellence.

I see the best way to do that is to encourage and give a real place in the world market for our writers, and on the other hand to give a real place for the best writing in the world to our Irish audience, both for their own sakes and for the writers' sakes, so that they're in competition with each other, you know, at least rubbing off each other.

Gamut: When you talk about international theater, you bring in a natural question and that is the political theater. What do you foresee as the role of theater vis-à-vis the politics of Ireland, and the politics of the East and West?

Dowling: Well, all great art is emotionally recollected in some sort of tranquility, but drama has a vital place for emotion that comes out hot. One has to keep a cold eye on that so that the hot subjects that are badly written don't take over from the great subjects that are beautifully written.

Gamut: You don't kowtow to a fad, in other words?

Dowling: Exactly. But at the same time, you will be trying to push the people with those hot things to say them better.

Gamut: This is a manifesto of sorts that you're talking about. Will you have the freedom to do what you want to do?

Dowling: My imprimatur from the Board of Directors was beautifully simple. This is what I fought for and got—that I have total artistic control inside an agreed budget, and that if I want to go beyond that agreed budget, I have to have it in writing from the Board, period.

Gamut: You once spoke about not getting enough attendance to keep coming back with plays like *A Child's Christmas in Wales* and later on with *Nicholas Nickleby*. How do you approach that when you're in a quasi-for-profit situation?

Dowling: Well, you keep doing plays and you keep doing them well and you keep trying to make people aware on every front you can that there's something wonderful there for them. But quite obviously the answer everywhere to any good idea that has to be put into the life of a people is that you start at the schools with a very carefully and highly developed school program. I am sort of shocked at the naiveté of young people coming from high school into a liberal arts or even a theater major situation. Their view of theater is such a narrow clichéd one of entertainment and linear story and one-level motivation for human behavior and the expectation that it's presented to an audience on a conscious level. The magic of the theater, the thing that makes it worthwhile, is the fact that it's to be presented in a way that the subconscious of the audience is tapped in this extraordinary marriage with the subconscious of the performers. But we've almost lost that ability. You mentioned Eamon Morrissey's production of *Waiting for Godot*. In my years in Cleveland, there is no other play that

came even near to creating such a rush of hate-letters as I got for *Waiting for Godot*—people saying, "I've supported you for all these years. How dare you put on this anti-Christ, this mock!" It touched extraordinarily sensitive nerves. I was talking with someone recently at a brunch connected with the Playhouse who was horrified and said neither she nor her friends would go and see *Buried Child*—what a revolting title for a play! I suggested that it might be changed, that we could start changing all the titles that we didn't like. *The Crucifixion* could be called *The Hanging about for Easter*, you know, and go on that sort of way. We and the not-for-profit arts area have to a great degree sold out to show business. Now show business is part of it if you're in theater, but we've sold out completely, I think, almost completely, to show business.

Gamut: You include the Cleveland theaters?

Dowling: I include all of them. I'm as much to blame as anyone.

Gamut: I like your notion of putting fig leaves on theater titles to get audiences to the theater, and I think you might quite properly indict the schools and universities for not exposing what theater can do.

Dowling: You can't blame the schools and the universities. You have to blame the professional, the actor, really, and the theater people, don't you? I've come across it again and again in America: if you're any good, what are you doing here in Cleveland, Akron-Canton, Santa Monica, Marion, Columbus, or wherever you want to mention? The attitude is that successful people are on Broadway or in Hollywood, and that is a huge and terrible problem.

I think you'd have a hard job getting ten people to give you a good definition of what a play is or what the art of the theater is or what it's supposed to be, in any area.

Gamut: There is no major culture without a strong theater tradition, is there, in our Western tradition at any rate?

Dowling: No, there isn't.

Gamut: Movies and television are relatively new. Are they going to sound the death knell of live theater?

Dowling: I don't think so. You know, live theater is really alive, even though it's struggling, here in America, and it's alive and well in Europe, even though it's struggling. Top class talents are writing, acting, directing, and designing for it. In many of the universities there's a marvelously healthy attitude toward the search to find out the values of theater and the other arts in the lives of the people, but not enough. The profession, I find, has been always very leery or wary of academia, certainly never actively working with it, and I feel that it's desperately important that the links between the theater professional and the teaching professional be built and built and built, and that the ball is in our court in the theatrical professions to move on it and spread the good word and spread it well.



Gamut: There still is the need, even with an avid audience and an ample supply of talent, for the patron. We think obviously of Shakespeare's patronage. What kinds of patronage do you find today in addition to state funds?

Dowling: In America, of course, there's the individual donor who just simply loves the art and gives from \$10 to \$21 million. But it's the widow's mite and the widower's mite and the married man and woman's mite that really adds up to the bigger subsidy in the arts in America, certainly in the theater. The businesses find that it's good business, it's good for their public image, it's good for attracting the sort of staff that they want to a town, or a city, or even a rural area. But at the same time I would keep warning myself and everyone around me: in tugging the forelock to these other elements, don't lose sight of what the theater is for because it's really dangerous when people start giving you anything—quote—for nothing. When you have a line drawn between the art and the administration of it, as always happens some time in every arts organization, then you have to ask yourself who are those top board people working for? Are they working for IBM when the line is drawn, or are they working for the art of theater? And who is going to suffer if there's really a battle between the deep interests of one and the other? It seldom comes to that extreme, but in between there are millions of little pressures that in fact are dangerous and damaging.

Gamut: I wonder if there's a way to educate an audience, to convince them that theater is something other than pastime or dessert, something that can enrich rather than just divert or amuse?

Dowling: I think there is. I think it's a resource for living, one of the great resources that arises out of being a human being and how human beings are from their childhood right up to their grave. That's why the theater is somewhat different: because you're seeing another life actually in front of you, not just something beautiful or a beautiful sound. You're seeing where life can be acted out fully. And it's almost as if you can recreate the most incredibly beautiful or terrible happenings and see all the results of it and yet nobody is dead at the end. You can go away whole, having learned. Those people who have learned to use the theater, in the best sense of the word, as a human resource are those who are brought by their parents at an early age. We really—everyone laughs when you say it—we academics and artists should be shouting for equal time for art on television and radio with basketball and football. At *least* equal time! ■

Machiavelli and the Problem of Evil

Barbara Green

" . . . at least I've accomplished something. At least I am not innocent, no one can accuse me of that."

—Hannah Arendt¹

Niccolò Machiavelli has long enjoyed a reputation as a diabolical figure, particularly among those who have not read him. References to him as the embodiment of immorality are frequent in English drama, poetry, and prose from 1570 on, even though his works were not then available in England. Francis Bacon, who has been accused of following his teachings, however, praised him in these words: "We are much beholden to Machiavelli and others, that write what men do, and not what they ought to do." But the view of Machiavelli as evil counselor has been the standard one, reinforced by those who have only a casual acquaintance with *The Prince*, his best known work. There are frequent off-hand references in newspapers and popular magazines to political figures whose unscrupulous actions are referred to as Machiavellian.²

For a more balanced view, students are often cautioned to read not only *The Prince*, but also *The Discourses on The First Ten Books of Titus Livius*, both written in 1513. *The Prince*, which is the shorter work, was dedicated to Lorenzo de Medici, the new ruler of Florence. Machiavelli, a staunch republican who had held office in the Florentine republic, was in a perilous position at the time, and in *The Prince* intended to please and flatter Lorenzo as well as to instruct him in the art of politics. *The Prince* focuses on absolute rulers and their governments. Its terse and cold-blooded recommendations can only be properly understood, many assert, if they are balanced by *The Discourses*, which praise republican government. The implication is that, while *The Prince* may seem to be a work advocating an immoral and evil set of practices, a reading of *The Discourses* will reveal that Machiavelli is a respectable republican humanist at heart.

On the contrary: while Machiavelli does not develop a political philosophy, he is a political thinker with consistent views and, although there may be a difference in emphasis between the two works, there is no contradiction between them. Anyone dealing seriously with the question of evil in



Vice-provost and professor of political science at Cleveland State University, Barbara Green was born in New York City and educated at Wellesley (B.A.) and Radcliffe (M.A. and Ph.D.). She was recently made a member of the Cleveland Bar Association Grievance Committee. For recreation she reads detective stories and contemporary novels by women writers, works *Double-Crostics*, and enjoys the spectator sport of politician-watching. Green recently returned from a brief trip to the Soviet Union where, she says, she kept an eye out for Machiavellians.

Machiavelli cannot simply ascribe an appearance of evil to *The Prince* and assert that a reading of *The Discourses* will dispel this appearance.

There are genuine difficulties in reading Machiavelli. The reader must come to him with both naïveté and sophistication. The layers of interpretation and misinterpretation which have built up over the centuries prevent us from seeing Machiavelli clearly. We really do not know how his writings would strike us if we came to them fresh, without ever having heard of him, or if his book had been produced by a recent Secretary of State. His reputation is antecedent to any reading of him. Although we cannot clear the way to a direct reading, the effort ought to be made. But the reader ought also to understand the historical context in which Machiavelli wrote.

By the sixteenth century, most of Western Europe had undergone a profound economic, social, and political transformation associated with improved communications, widening patterns of commercial activity, the rise of the bourgeoisie, and the concentration of political power. In Italy, the forces of the new commercial and industrial system destroyed old institutions and old values without replacing them with new. The land, divided into five states and free cities in the north, was subjected to invasions by Spain, France, and Germany. Machiavelli and most Italians who wanted to see a united Italy held the church responsible, since the Pope was too weak to unite Italy under his rule, but strong enough to prevent any other ruler from doing so. George Sabine described Italy as characterized by social and intellectual brilliance while suffering from the worst political corruption and moral degradation. The older value system had broken down. Cruelty and murder were ordinary devices of government. Force, craft, and self-interest were pervasive. The individual was left alone with nothing to guide him but his own egoism.³ It was in this historical context that Machiavelli began a revolution in the study of politics, a revolution which is directly related to an understanding of the concept of evil in government.

Twentieth-century man is uncomfortable dealing with the concept of evil. We are embarrassed by it. We may concede that Hitler and perhaps Stalin were evil, but otherwise we relegate the word to television preachers who conjure up images of Satan as the adversary whom they will try to wrestle down. But evil is not a simple concept, and our unwillingness to take account of it prevents our dealing with its relation to politics. Two of the most significant twentieth-century political theorists, Leo Strauss and Hannah Arendt, have dealt with the relationship of politics and evil through their consideration of Machiavelli's thought. Their views stand in sharp contrast with each other.

The layers of interpretation and misinterpretation which have built up over the centuries prevent us from seeing Machiavelli clearly.



Niccolò Machiavelli: benign pragmat
or "teacher of evil"

Strauss calls Machiavelli a deliberate "teacher of evil." His analysis of Machiavelli's writings not only denounces the evil in Machiavelli, but exposes the evil inherent in the practice of modern politics.⁴ If we follow Strauss's analysis, we must condemn not only Machiavelli as a teacher of evil, but also ourselves, because we have nearly all learned his lessons. We practice what he taught. Strauss's solution is to retreat into philosophical contemplation and to refuse to partake in politics.

Hannah Arendt also says that to act politically is to do evil, to lose one's innocence, but she argues further that to do anything worthwhile in the world requires that we get our hands dirty. The refusal to act in order to protect your innocence is egotism. "In the notion of wanting to be good," Arendt says, "I actually am concerned with my own self. The moment I act politically I'm not concerned with me, but with the world."⁵ She quotes Machiavelli with approval: "I love my native city more than my own soul."⁶ Essentially, Leo Strauss, the traditionalist, asks: what benefits man to gain the world if he thereby loses his soul? Hannah Arendt tells us that no one who wants to get anything done in this world can afford the luxury of worrying about his soul.

Machiavelli is the first modern political thinker. His original contribution is to deal with politics as an independent area of inquiry separable from religion and philosophy. He deliberately broke from classical thought and from the unified view of the Christian middle ages, advocating instead a pragmatic approach to political analysis. Machiavelli argues that classical and Christian thought prevents necessary political action, and sets goals which are impossible to fulfill. No successful political figure around Florence or the Papal States was following the traditional precepts. Machiavelli tells us, "Many have imagined republics and principalities which have never been seen or known to exist in reality; for how we live is so far removed from how we ought to live, that he who abandons what is done for what ought to be done will rather learn to bring about his own ruin than his preservation" (*The Prince*, Ch. XV). Machiavelli correctly insists that no political system can survive if its statesmen hold themselves to the moral and ethical standards of Christianity and classical thought.

Instead of holding out high moral principles and then condemning statesmen for failing to live up to these principles, Machiavelli argues that what is needed is a practical guide to action. The prince must "learn how not to be good, and to use this knowledge and not to use it, according to the necessity of the case" (*The Prince*, Ch. XV). Absolute moral principles inhibit action and this in turn is responsible for the ruin and decay of the polity: "Some things which seem virtues would, if followed, lead to one's ruin, and some others which appear vices result in one's greater security and well being" (*Ibid*). Men must be concerned with *this* world, the world in which we live, and not with some heavenly kingdom.



Hannah Arendt agrees with Machiavelli's acceptance of evil when it promotes greater good.

Some of Machiavelli's contemporaries were concerned with cleansing the church of corruption and setting it again on the path of true moral virtue. During Machiavelli's early manhood he had seen the spectacle of Girolamo Savonarola's ferocious attacks on the clergy and even the Pope (Alexander VI, a Borgia), his success, and his sudden fall and execution. Federico Chabod recounts how, when the mob was raised to a frenzied excitement by the sermons of Savonarola, Machiavelli would stand aside, "and with a faint, ironical smile observe the fluctuations of party passion, discerning beneath the mask of godliness the human motive that inspired the friar's preaching."⁷ Machiavelli writes of Savonarola with admiration and skepticism:

The people of Florence are far from considering themselves ignorant and benighted, and yet Brother Girolamo Savonarola succeeded in persuading them that he held converse with God. I will not pretend to judge whether it was true or not, for we must speak with all respect of so great a man; but I may well say that an immense number believed it, without having seen any extraordinary manifestations that should have made them believe it. (*Discourses*, Bk. I, Ch. XI)

Machiavelli, like Savonarola, noted instances of corruption and venality in the church of his day, but he thought that a purified church would be far more dangerous to the polity than a corrupt church. In fact Machiavelli opposed not just the corrupted church, but the essence of Christianity. Christianity preaches otherworldliness. It focuses the attention of believers not on the things of this world but on an illusory kingdom of God. If men are too concerned with the after-life, Machiavelli believed, they will not be willing to fight and strive to preserve the liberty of the polity. Christianity teaches men to be humble, it preaches the virtue of suffering, it tells us to turn the other cheek. It leaves men weak, unable and unwilling to act:

Our religion . . . places the supreme happiness in humility, lowliness, and a contempt for worldly objects, whilst the other (the Pagan religion), on the contrary, places the supreme good in the grandeur of soul, strength of body, and all such other qualities as render men formidable; and if our religion claims of us fortitude of soul, it is more to enable us to suffer than to achieve great deeds. (*Discourses*, Bk. II, Ch. II)

True Christians are thus fit only for slavery, unable to defend themselves against the wicked and unfit for political liberty.

Bacon to the contrary notwithstanding, Machiavelli does not tell us only what men do; he tells us what they ought to do. What Machiavelli believes they ought to do is not what Christianity has taught them. The last chapter of *The Prince* is a fervent plea for the prince to liberate and redeem Italy. Although this chapter is often viewed as an appendage to the work, it is not totally separable. Machiavelli tells us that he is presenting a practical manual that can be used by anyone regardless of his aims. Problems are ostensibly analyzed dispassionately, alternatives considered, and advice given on

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achieving the goal, whatever it might be. His work then ought to have the feel of a textbook, which in great part it is. Machiavelli, however, has an ideal that pervades his writing—a republic of free self-governing people. It is this, of course, which explains his appeal to Harrington and other British republicans. But Machiavelli believes that a republic is possible only where there exists an uncorrupted people, independent, frugal, austere, strong, and honorable. Machiavelli looks to the Roman republic for a model. Christianity has emasculated the people of Italy and rendered them unwilling to fight for their liberty, and therefore unfit for a republic.

Machiavelli is often accused of being concerned solely with preserving and increasing political power as an end in itself, regardless of the goal it is used for. This is absolutely wrong. Machiavelli was concerned not merely with power, but with glory. He asserts, "It cannot be called virtue to kill one's fellow-citizens, betray one's friends, be without faith, without pity, and without religion; by these methods one may indeed gain power, but not glory" (*The Prince*, Ch. VIII). The founding and preservation of a polity brings the greatest glory. He states: "I believe that the greatest good that can be done, and the most pleasing to God, is that which is done to one's country."⁸ In order to achieve glory, a flexible morality is essential. Dishonesty, duplicity, and cruelty are not justified in and of themselves or even because they enable an individual to enhance his power. But they are necessary if one is to found and preserve a polity, the greatest of human achievements. In *Federalist* No. 23, Alexander Hamilton states: "The means ought to be proportioned to the end; the persons, from whose agency the attainment of any end is expected, ought to possess the means by which it is to be attained." Machiavelli states that the end dictates the means. If one wills the end, then one must sanction the means necessary to achieve that end. It is hypocrisy to insist upon a particular goal, and then to censure the means used if those means were indeed necessary to achieve that end. Machiavelli does not assert that the end justifies all means—it does sanction the necessary means. An Israeli Commission recently established to investigate activities of Shin Beth, the Israeli security agency, made the same point. It argued that, since the security of the country was entrusted to Shin Beth, it must be permitted to use extraordinary measures. But this did not authorize it to employ any and all means. The Commission censured the security agency for certain actions, including lying in court under oath. Machiavelli too insists that effective political action necessitates evil means, but not all evil means.

Machiavelli strips bare our pretense and our hypocrisy. He insists that the state is ultimately based on force and violence. This is revealed most clearly in the founding of a new state. A successful state must be instituted by a single individual. Machiavelli says that he regards Moses, Cyrus, Romulus, and Theseus as the greatest of those who became princes through their own merits. As a "lesser example" he gives us "Hiero of Syracuse, who from a private individual became Prince of

IL PRINCIPE DI NICCOLO MACHIAVELLO AL MAGNIFICO LORENZO DI PIERO DE MEDICI.

LA VITA DI CASTRUCCIO CASTRACANI DA LVCCA A ZANOBI BVONDELMONTE ET A LVICI ALEMANNI DESCRITTA PER IL MEDESIMO.

IL MODO CHE TENNE IL DVCA VALENTINO PER AMMAZAR VITELLOZO, OLIVEROTTO DA FERMO IL S. PAOLO ET IL DVCA DI GRAVINA ORSINI IN SENIGALLIA, DESCRITTA PER IL MEDESIMO.



Con Gratia, & Privilegi di N. S. Clemente VII. & altri Principi, che intra il termino di X. Anni non si Stampino, ne Stampatisi uendano: sotto le pene, che in essi si contengono.
M. D. X X X II.

Title page of the first edition of *The Prince*, posthumously published in 1532.

Syracuse without other aid from fortune beyond the opportunity" (*The Prince*, Ch. VI). Further, "many will perhaps consider it an evil example that the founder of a civil society, as Romulus was, should first have killed his brother, and then have consented to the death of Titus Titius, who had been elected to share the royal authority with him . . ." The act of creating or thoroughly reforming a polity, he continues, requires a single individual. "A sagacious legislator of a republic . . . whose object is to promote common good, and not his private interests . . . should concentrate all authority in himself" (*Discourses*, Bk. I, Ch. IX).

Force and violence cannot be avoided in the creation or thorough reformation of a state:

There is nothing more difficult to carry out, nor more doubtful of success, nor more dangerous to handle, than to initiate a new order of things. For the reformer has enemies in all those who profit by the old order, and only lukewarm defenders in all those who profit by the new order.

(*The Prince*, Ch. VI)

Machiavelli is stating what others, such as Cromwell, Robespierre, and Lenin later discovered for themselves. Although it may initially be possible to persuade others to support a revolution, the strength of that support will soon fade and violence, even against one's co-revolutionists, will be necessary. Initially, the opponents are the supporters of the old regime, who have everything to lose, and will therefore fight tenaciously against the revolution. It is after the initial enemies have been eliminated that the revolution faces its greatest difficulties.

Machiavelli is not simply talking about a change of rulers or a *coup d'état*, but about a political and social revolution that creates a people and its fundamental social institutions. A founder, in Machiavelli's sense, actually creates and determines the character of the people through his role as lawgiver. A Corazon Aquino may overthrow a Ferdinand Marcos to the acclaim of the masses, but the effort to introduce "new orders" will ultimately require force if it is to be successful. Those who are fearful of losing control of the military and of their land and wealth will do what they can to overthrow Aquino, while those who benefit will consider her reforms only their due. The Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 was carried out with only a minimum of violence, but it was followed by a brutal civil war. Every group and faction which felt it would lose under the new regime took to the battlefield fighting not only the Bolsheviks but each other. Lenin proclaimed that you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs, meaning that you can't make a revolution without killing people. Machiavelli tells us that we cannot logically condemn the violence that accompanies revolution unless we are also prepared to condemn revolution itself. While many of us would condemn particular revolutions, few of us would condemn all of them, or revolution itself.



Joseph Stalin went further than Machiavelli would have approved, but Mikhail Gorbachev seems quite in line with his principles.

Force, or at least the threat of force, is necessary not only at the founding of a political system, but when there is an effort to restructure it, "introduce new orders," or bring it back to its original principles. Stalin's restructuring through collectivization of agriculture and the introduction of industrial planning in 1928 entailed force and violence on an unprecedented scale. Mao's Cultural Revolution with its orgies of violence was intended as a means of bringing China back to the original principles of the revolution. Machiavelli would have been appalled if he had witnessed these two events, not because force and violence were used but because the means were not proportionate to the end. There was unnecessary slaughter. Gorbachev took this position in his critique of Stalin on November 2. The cause, industrialization, collectivization and victory in the war was heroic. The methods were inexcusable because they went beyond what was needed.

Machiavelli warns that an effort to restructure society, particularly one in which some will lose the power and privilege to which they have become accustomed, will inevitably generate opposition. The words of Machiavelli read like a current political analysis of the problems facing Gorbachev in restructuring Soviet society. In an interview with *l'Unita*, the Italian Communist Party's newspaper in May 1987, Gorbachev states:

It would be at best unrealistic to believe that such a major revolutionary turn involving the interests of millions and millions of people and our entire society could proceed smoothly.

I want to emphasize that the restructuring is a long and difficult process. The new demands being placed upon the cause, upon people, and upon their duties at such a juncture are being realized quickly by some and more slowly by others.

What do we mean when we speak of resistance to the restructuring? It is a question of old approaches, of the inertia of old habits and of fear of novelty and responsibility for specific deeds. We are also being hampered by the bureaucratic layers.⁹

More recently, in a speech in November marking the 70th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Gorbachev said:

It would be a mistake to take no notice of a certain increase in the resistance of the conservative forces that see *perestroika* simply as a threat to their selfish interests.

We are following a revolutionary road, and this road is not for the weak and faint-hearted. This is a road for the strong and the brave.¹⁰

Gorbachev has recognized the obstacles to change that Machiavelli warned about: the inertia of old habits, the fear of novelty, and the selfish interests of those who profit from the old order. Men do not give up power willingly.

The lawgiver, the founder, is outside all law and morality, for he is the creator of law and morality which he gives to the people. The morality he gives the people is intended to mold

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an honest, virtuous, and uncorrupted citizenry, but the founder cannot be bound by these standards.

A wise mind will never censure anyone for having employed any extraordinary means for the purpose of establishing a kingdom or constituting a republic. It is well that, when the act accuses him, the result should excuse him; and when the result is good, as in the case of Romulus, it will always absolve him from blame. For he is to be reprehended who commits violence for the purpose of destroying, and not he who employs it for beneficent purposes.

(*Discourses*, Bk. I, Ch. IX)

Machiavelli does not glorify violence, but considers it necessary on extraordinary occasions, in particular for the founding of states. He goes on to caution:

The lawgiver should, however, be sufficiently wise and virtuous not to leave this authority which he has assumed either to his heirs or to anyone else; for mankind being more prone to evil than to good, his successor might employ for evil purposes the power which he has used only for good ends.

(*Discourses*, Bk. I, Ch. IX)

While Machiavelli recognizes the realities of power, like James Madison he is keenly aware of the dangers of unlimited power, since it can as easily be used for evil ends as for good. Therefore, "although one man alone should organize a government, yet it will not endure long if the administration of it remains on the shoulders of a single individual" (*Ibid*).

It is not just at its founding that even the best republic may need to resort to violence, deceit, or other extraordinary measures. Chapter XLI of Book III of *The Discourses* is entitled "One's Country Must Be Defended, Whether With Glory Or With Shame; It Must Be Defended Anyhow." In this chapter, Machiavelli tells us:

For where the very safety of the country depends upon the resolution to be taken, no considerations of justice or injustice, humanity or cruelty, nor of glory or of shame, should be allowed to prevail. But putting all other considerations aside, the only question should be, What course will save the life and liberty of the country?

This statement should not shock us. It refers explicitly to a situation in which the very survival of the country is at stake. It is certainly the basis of the argument used by Abraham Lincoln in suspending *habeas corpus*, Franklin Roosevelt in trading "over-age" destroyers to Britain for naval bases, and Earl Warren in defending internment camps for Japanese-Americans. It can also be the basis of the defense of overzealous patriots such as Lieutenant Colonel North and Vice Admiral Poindexter who made the claim that the nation was in danger. Evil acts like lying to Congress and law-breaking were committed to "save the life and liberty of the country." We

may oppose North and Poindexter because we dispute the factual nature of their claim that their actions were really necessary to save the life and liberty of the country, but that does not address the fundamental question. If we quarrel with the actions of Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Warren, it is usually because we question the factual nature of the claim. We may deny that the action was necessary for the survival of the country. In the case of the Japanese-Americans, we argue that there was no evidence that any had engaged in espionage or were disloyal. But what if there had been such evidence? The fundamental question is whether we agree that "considerations of justice or injustice, humanity or cruelty" must give way when the life and liberty of the country are in fact at stake. Under such circumstances, are statesmen required to do no evil, or to do as little evil as possible, while preserving the country?

Machiavelli has defended the use of violence, injustice, and cruelty in three extraordinary situations: the founding of a new republic, the reformation and restructuring of a corrupted society, and the preservation of the life and liberty of a country. But he does not limit his justification to these situations. In the famous passage on the lion and the fox, Machiavelli tells us "a prudent ruler ought not to keep faith when by so doing it would be against his interest, and when the reasons which made him bind himself no longer exist." It is necessary for him to "be a great feigner and dissembler." A prince must "have a mind disposed to adapt itself according to the wind and . . . not deviate from what is good, if possible, but to be able to do evil if constrained." Machiavelli's counsel here would condone the unilateral breaking of treaties as soon as a country felt that the treaty no longer served its interest. (Actually, such actions are unlikely to benefit the long-run national interest of states. Survival of the country is no longer the question; rather, the issue is merely short-run self-interest. Contemporary political realists might well hesitate before supporting Machiavelli's advice.) While it is preferable, if possible, to obey the moral law and "seem merciful, faithful, humane, sincere, religious, and also to be so, when necessary a ruler must be able to change to the opposite qualities" (*The Prince*, Ch. XVIII). It is not difficult to imagine William Casey nodding in agreement, and North and Poindexter might well take comfort in this passage. In this section Machiavelli, rather than pointing the way to a new polity, expressed "the ethos of the late quattrocento and the early cinquecento not only in Florence but in the whole of Italy."¹¹ We do need to remember, however, that an admiring political biography of Franklin Roosevelt was called *The Lion and The Fox*.

Machiavelli had genuine love for the idea of a free self-governing republic. The task of the founder was to create the laws which would make possible the emergence of an uncorrupted people fit for a republican form of government. Such a people would be willing to make sacrifices for liberty and

The fundamental question is whether we agree that "considerations of justice or injustice, humanity or cruelty" must give way when the life and liberty of the country are in fact at stake.

would be the bulwark of social institutions. While Machiavelli wanted a people who would be virile, trustworthy, and frugal, he did not expect that they would be without narrow special interests. One mark of his modernism was his acceptance of pluralism.¹² In his discussion of the Roman republic, Machiavelli states:

I maintain that those who blame the quarrels of the Senate and the people of Rome condemn that which was the very origin of liberty, and that they were probably more impressed by the cries and noise which these disturbances occasioned in the public places, than by the good effect which they produced; and that they do not consider that in every republic there are two parties, that of the nobles and that of the people; and all the laws that are favorable to liberty result from the opposition of these parties to each other. (*Discourses*, Bk. I, Ch. IV)

The establishment of a republic did not require the submersion of particular wills in the General Will as Rousseau prescribed, nor the total transformation of human nature in a conflictless utopia as envisaged by Karl Marx. Machiavelli recognized a continuing class struggle between the people and the aristocracy. In this conflict he favored the people, since the aristocracy wants to oppress while the common people want only to avoid oppression. He opposed an aristocracy which insisted upon privilege without providing service, and argued that widespread social and economic inequality was a sign of a corrupt society. In addition to class differences, Machiavelli recognized the existence and legitimacy of a multitude of factional interests. But he hoped that the laws and social institutions, especially a citizen army, would help to shape a community in which people would be willing to set aside their special interests when necessary to support the commonweal. When the polity is based on popular consent, domestic violence can be minimized because there will be willing support of the system.

Reinhold Niebuhr in *Moral Man and Immoral Society* cautions that we cannot insist on the same standard of morality for the individual acting for himself and the political leader acting in the name of the state. An individual may be a pacifist and refuse to respond to attacks on himself, or he may be willing to sacrifice his life and fortune for another. The political leader has a responsibility for the preservation and welfare of the political society he leads, and he cannot refuse to defend it or willingly sacrifice it for the welfare of another. Niebuhr was trying to educate the American people to understand the demands of a realistic foreign policy based on national interest. Machiavelli, more than four hundred years earlier, went further. He rejected any morality or value system beyond that of the state and the common interest of its people. That interest was defined fundamentally as political unification and freedom from external control, but it might also encompass political expansion. Anything that interfered with this interest, whether it was law, morality, religion, justice, or truth, should be sacrificed if necessary. This goes well beyond the realism of Niebuhr.



Machiavelli: portrait by Santi di Tito.

When Hannah Arendt said, "at least I am not innocent," she was referring to the fact that she had to resort to duplicity in her work to get Jews out of Germany in 1933. She argued the necessity of resisting radical evil even though it meant performing lesser evils. To insist on retaining one's innocence is to refuse to resist evil. Arendt admires Machiavelli's recognition of the necessity of committing evil if one is to live and act in this world. She admires him for his efforts to overcome contempt for the things of this world, for his *amor mundi*. She pays homage to Machiavelli's emphasis on the glory of founding a polity. Arendt's experience as a refugee led her to the conclusion that human rights have meaning only within a political state. Given the world as it is, membership in a polity is a prerequisite for the enjoyment of rights. The stateless person has no rights because "the rights of man" exist only where there is political power able and willing to enforce them.

For Machiavelli, there are no values that transcend the political state. He speaks to us clearly. Here are noble goals: if you want to accomplish them, you may have to lie, cheat, break faith, murder, and pillage. If a founder does not do these things, taking the evil upon himself, the noble goal will not be achieved, and this is a greater evil. There are dangers in acting, because the power that the founder accumulates for a noble cause may be used by another for an evil cause. In a republic, properly constituted, the danger of abuse is lessened, but it is never eliminated.

Machiavelli's greatest contribution to Western thought was to free men to act effectively in this world. The danger we face now, however, is not primarily from a reluctance of good men to act politically out of fear of doing evil. It is rather from men who commit evil and have lost any sense of the evil they do. It is not so much that they justify violence, cruelty, and duplicity in the pursuit of a noble end or the common good, but that they fail even to recognize the need to justify such means. Such action without any moral constraints may truly be called evil; but it is no longer Machiavellian. ■



The world is threatened, not by Machiavellian leaders, but by those who have lost all sense of the evil they do.

Notes

All references to *The Prince* and *The Discourses* are from the Modern Library edition (1950).

¹Elizabeth Young-Bruehl, *Hannah Arendt: For Love of The World* (New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Press, 1982), 107.

²Although Henry Kissinger attempted to model himself after Metternich, he has more often been described as Machiavellian. He might, however, have been wise to pay more attention to Machiavelli's advice: "Everyone may begin a war at pleasure, but he cannot so finish it. A prince . . . must be very careful not to deceive himself in the estimate of his strength." (*Discourses*, Bk. II, Ch. X).

³George Sabine, *A History of Political Theory* (New York: Henry Holt, 1951), 331-338.

⁴Leo Strauss, *Thoughts on Machiavelli* (Glencoe, Illinois: Free Press, 1958).

⁵Melvyn A. Hill, ed., *Hannah Arendt: The Recovery of The Public World* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1979), 311.

⁶Hannah Arendt, *Crises of The Republic* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1972), 61. The quotation is from Machiavelli's letter to Francesco Vettori which can be found in *Machiavelli: The Chief Works*, translated by A. Gilbert (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1965), vol. 2, 1010.

⁷Federico Chabod, "Introduction to *The Prince*," in *Perspectives in Political Philosophy*, vol. II, ed. David K. Hart and James Dauntton, Jr. (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971), 31-32.

⁸*Machiavelli: The Chief Works*, vol. I, 91.

⁹*Mikhail Gorbachev's Answers to Questions Put by l'Unita* [Moscow: Novosti Press Agency Publishing House, 1987], 33-34.

¹⁰*Cleveland Plain Dealer*, 3 November 1987.

¹¹Max Lerner, "Introduction," in Niccolò Machiavelli, *The Prince and The Discourses* (New York: The Modern Library, 1950), xxxii.

¹²"Individual participation in politics through membership in and competition among interest groups is often referred to as political pluralism . . ." Thomas R. Dye, Lee S. Greene, and George Parthemos, *Governing The American Democracy* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1980), 274.

Jerry Hough specifies that in a pluralistic society, there is a multiplicity of interests with no single interest dominating society or the political system; the political process revolves around conflict among a complex set of cross-cutting and shifting alliances. Politics in such a system is the art of the possible marked by give-and-take interactions. Each side bargains for limited objectives. "The Soviet System: Petrification or Pluralism?" *Problems of Communism*, [March-April 1972].

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John Griswold White and His Libraries¹

Bruce A. Beatie

The John G. White Collection of Folklore, Orientalia, and Chess at the Cleveland Public Library is the largest and most comprehensive chess library in the world. It is one of the three or four best folklore research libraries in the United States. Its collection of orientalia, while surpassed in numbers by several other collections, contains many rare items unavailable elsewhere. The conjunction of these three areas in a single special collection, in which over seven thousand languages and dialects are represented,² is unique in the world. It exists because of the remarkable "hobby" of a Cleveland attorney whose life spanned the city's transition from New England village to industrial metropolis.

I.

Climb the stairs from the elegant entrance hall of the Cleveland Public Library to the third floor and turn northward. The name appears twice, first curved over the top of the rose-marble arch leading from the main corridor to the "Exhibition Corridor to the John Griswold White Collection." The rose marble continues as wainscoting through the corridor, contradicting in its luxury the monastic quality of the cream stucco vaults framing the windows, and takes you into an arched tunnel. At its farther end the words "Room 393" and "The John Griswold White Collection" stand above a dark doorway.

White himself presides modestly, almost inconspicuously, over the collection that bears his name. Sandor Vago's portrait, painted for the opening of the new library in 1925, hangs above a set of cabinets in the northwest corner of the long neoclassical room. It shows us an archetypal scholar of the nineteenth century. His long hair and beard are white, glowing in the unnatural light so loved by painters. Wearing a black suit of a style familiar in portraits of Lincoln, sitting in a dark wooden armchair, he gazes out across the room through metal-rimmed glasses. His left hand rests on a book open on a small table. Behind him is a paper-cluttered desk and a wall of dark pigeonholes. In the shadows to his right stands an old upright telephone. Almost lost in the darkness beneath the pigeonholes is the binocular magnifier that aided his poor vision in the study of rare manuscripts and books.



Bruce Beatie, a native Californian, started out as a specialist in medieval lyric poetry. He earned a B.A. in comparative literature at the University of California (Berkeley), an M.A. in German from the University of Colorado, and a Ph.D. in comparative literature from Harvard University. He is now a professor of modern languages at Cleveland State University. He occupies his spare time by reading, observing the oddities of human behavior, studying, and writing on a range of subjects, including medieval Latin and German lyric poetry, St. Katharine of Alexandria, science fiction (see Gamut No. 19), Russian literature, and comic books.



Sandor Vago's 1925 portrait of John G. White; photograph courtesy of the John G. White Collection of the Cleveland Public Library.

Turn away from the portrait to the third-floor windows, and you are looking toward the place where White was born on the tenth of August, 1845: on Lake Street, now Lakeside Avenue, near the present City Hall. Now you will see only the sparse ordered ranks of trees on the Mall, and beyond it the gray expanse of Lake Erie. In 1845, even from that height, you would have been surrounded by thick woods from which a few housetops emerged. You could not have seen the lake.

Lake Street, like its successor, was still several hundred yards from the sandy bluffs overlooking the shore. As a child White must have often walked through the woods to the bluffs to watch the sun set over the lake. If you follow his imagined path today, a concrete wall rather than trees hinders your path to the lake. From the wall behind City Hall nearest to where White's house stood, you look out now on railroad tracks, the Stadium parking lot, and the construction site of Cleveland's new lakefront marina and park. The evening I stood there recently, a Browns game had just ended. Pouring out of the Stadium were ten times the number of people that were living in Cleveland when White was born.

In his eighty-three years, John Griswold White saw Cleveland develop from a village in the New England mold to a midwestern industrial metropolis. White's role in the intellectual part of that development is not restricted to the collection

that bears his name. In a very real sense, the Cleveland Public Library is also his library. Both are the product of his personal library, of his special relationship to books and knowledge. To understand that, we must learn something of his personal life.

II.

White's parents shared the New England heritage of the village in which they lived. Though both were born on the western fringes of New England, they also shared the intellectual heritage one associates with Boston and Concord. Bushnell White came from Massachusetts and went to Williams College in the far northwest corner of the state, only twenty-five miles from Troy, New York, where John's mother, Elizabeth Brainard Clark, was educated at the Troy Female Seminary. White was very close to both parents. In later life, he attributed his bachelor status to his desire not to upset his mother, and it was during summers spent with his mother and her family in Connecticut that, according to his lifelong friend and law partner, Thomas A. McCaslin, he acquired the remarkable skill of reading rapidly ("four or five novels a day") with great retention that was one of his most striking characteristics.

From his father came White's dominant intellectual interests. By profession an attorney, Bushnell White belonged to the "Arkites," the circle of nature enthusiasts and amateur scientists who gathered around Leonard and William Case.³ He also had a strong interest in the Greek and Latin classics and in the game of chess. John G. White's education began in the rich

Room 393 of the Cleveland Public Library, the John Griswold White Collection, looking toward the Northwest corner.



intellectual environment of his home and continued in the Cleveland public schools. He studied Greek and Latin at Western Reserve College in Hudson, and supplemented his formal study by regular long walks with his father: on one day they would speak only Latin, on another only Greek, and on other days they would play out chess games, keeping the moves in memory as they walked.

John G. White's independence of character emerged quite clearly during his college years where, as he wrote to the Rev. Arthur C. Ludlow in 1924, he "was full to the brim of deviltry and mischief." "I thought college was for something else than getting a sheepskin," he wrote to C.S. Metcalfe in 1927; "I was more interested in what I made of myself than in the marks I got." He felt himself an outsider at Western Reserve College, but organized others like himself into a group that held its own against the "insiders" who concentrated on memorizing what was in the textbooks.

After his graduation in 1865, White studied law for three years in his father's office and was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1868. His training and qualifications were so superior to most candidates that, as Thomas McCaslin reported, the sole question he was asked by the examining board was "What is the first duty of a lawyer?" White's reply was "To collect his fees."

Bushnell White, in addition to functioning after 1855 as Commissioner of the U.S. Federal Court in Cleveland, collected his fees assiduously enough to provide a substantial basis of wealth for the family, and his son continued in that tradition after his father died in 1885. But the main use to which John G. White put his wealth was the support of his intellectual interests.

III.

The center of John G. White's intellectual interests was, of course, the law. He began his law practice in 1870, and became the recognized if unofficial dean of the legal profession in Cleveland, an expert in admiralty law and in church history and law. The firm he founded still flourishes under the name of Spieth, Bell, McCurdy and Newell. When the firm moved to the offices it now occupies, Suite 2000 in the Union Commerce (now the Huntington) Building at the northeast corner of Euclid and Ninth Street, White at first refused to move, and did so reluctantly only when permitted to take his old roll-top desk, presumably the one in the Vago painting. The carved geometric oak doorway to the new offices, decorated when I saw them recently with Christmas greenery, should have seemed comfortingly old-fashioned. The westward view from his old office is now very different, but the view eastward from the twentieth-floor elevator lobby remains, save for Cleveland State University's Rhodes Tower, the new stage-house for the Playhouse Square theatres, and the Inner Belt interchanges, very close to what it was at his death in 1928. The lake and distant horizon are certainly the same, though as I watched, a yellow helicopter flew past.

Like many youngsters, John G. White began his collecting career with stamps, but the first of "his" libraries was a collection of maps which he later gave to the Cleveland Public Library and which still forms a part of its map collection.

His most serious early collection, however, and the one that formed the avocational focus of his intellectual life, was centered around the game of chess. His early practice with his father had given him the skills of a strong, though by no means a world-class, player; but as a chess bibliophile he came to be without peer. His father had already accumulated a sizable chess library, and in the 1870s John G. White began to build systematically on that core. He was able to do so not only because of his family's wealth, but because of his own growing success as a practicing lawyer.

The care with which he proceeded is apparent not only in his aggressive, well-informed correspondence with book dealers around the world, but in his use of standard sources. When Antonius van der Linde published his *Geschichte und Litteratur des Schachspiels* in 1874, White began annotating it with items van der Linde had missed or that were newly published. Van der Linde's *Das erste Jahrtausend der Schachlitteratur (850-1880)*, published in 1881, became White's core catalog; in two interleaved copies he "noted, tabulated, and compared the holdings of his own library with the ten largest collections known to him during his lifetime."⁴ By the time of his death he had more than quadrupled the number of entries in van der Linde.

Long before his death, his chess library had gained international renown. In his *History of Chess* (1913) Harold J.R. Murray called White's collection "the largest chess library in the world," praised his "generous and unflinching courtesy in placing his library freely at the service of any student of chess," and noted that, without White's help, his own book "would never have been written."⁵

White's goal was to collect *everything* relevant to the game of chess, and after his death the White Collection has endeavored, within the limits of its resources,⁶ to maintain that policy. Of classic works like the thirteenth-century *De Ludo Scacchorum* by Jacobus de Cessolis, the collection holds not only rare manuscript and incunabula versions, but virtually every published edition and translation. For 137 unique manuscripts in the possession of European and Oriental libraries and therefore unavailable for purchase, White either obtained photocopies or had the manuscripts copied by hand. Perhaps even more valuable to the chess scholar, however, is the body of modern ephemera: over 1900 chess columns from periodicals all over the world between 1818 and 1951, as well as tournament records often available only in locally mimeographed form.

White's "everything" included not only books and periodicals with chess as their direct subject, but also literary works in which chess appears as a motif, and this is the area of the collection that, perhaps most interesting to a person with little interest in chess as a game, has grown most rapidly since White's death. The collection has over a thousand editions and versions of Omar Khayyám's eleventh-century *Rubaiyat*, many editions of the *Gesta Romanorum* and of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*. Equally rich, and a magnet for scholars from all over the world, is its body of editions and translations of the works of Francois Rabelais.

A purely visual delight is the rich collection of chess pieces and sets, many of which are on display in the White Collection. Though his original bequest included 423 chess pieces, little was added after White's death until, in the early 1970s, several exhibits in the White Collection's Exhibition Corridor aroused public interest and led to the donation of 54 complete sets of historical interest representing Oriental, European, and American artistic traditions.

The chess collection remained White's most personal and intimate focus of attention, and although "the White Collection" had existed as a separate entity within the Cleveland Public Library since 1899, White kept the chess materials in his own possession until his death, when he not only willed the entire 12,000 volumes to the White Collection but established a \$275,000 trust fund for its maintenance and expansion⁷; Thomas McCaslin was the executor of his will. The chess and checkers collection now numbers over 29,000 items and, though it is the smallest component of the White Collection, its printed catalog, published in 1964, lists more than twice as many items as that of the next-largest chess collection, in the Hague.

IV.

It has been said that from a single molecule one can reconstruct the universe. We have already seen how White's bibliophilic interests spread from chess itself to literary works in which chess is mentioned. Chess is a game whose origins are oriental, and for which the folkloric traditions are as rich as the more scholarly and literate ones. White's personal library began early to expand into the areas of folklore and orientalia, and his knowledge of classical languages enabled him not simply to collect, but to read and absorb much of what he collected. Chess was for him not a narrow interest, a mere hobby, but the central principle around which he organized his intellectual interests and concerns, the "molecular structure" from which he constructed his peculiar universe.



Title page of a seventeenth-century English Chess manual in the White Collection.

Pieces from a Meissen porcelain chess set from 1816, owned by John G. White: hard-paste porcelain and polychrome enamels, some pieces gilded.

White's bibliophilic interest and expertise must have been well known when he was elected to the Cleveland Public Library Board in 1884. Since its formal establishment in 1869,⁸ the library's history had given no indication that it would become one of the three great municipal libraries in the United States; its first two librarians had been forced to waste their energies in unproductive conflicts with a library board that tried to manage the library's affairs down to the nuts and bolts of daily activity.

During White's two-year term on the board, he served as president and so guided the selection of William Howard Brett as librarian. Brett is, in Clarence Cramer's words, "the first of the great triumvirate" responsible for making the Cleveland Public Library a major repository. Brett's thirty-four-year term as librarian (brought to a tragic close by his death in a traffic accident on Euclid Avenue in 1918) saw not only the transformation of the Cleveland Public Library, but of library science and methodology in the United States. Brett played a major role in pioneering open access to the shelves in U.S. public libraries, in widespread adoption of the Dewey Decimal classification system, and in development of the *Readers Guide to Periodical Literature*, that reference work which has furnished footnotes for so many undergraduate term papers.

John G. White was the second of Cramer's "great triumvirate." Though his first term on the library board was short, it established his close relationship with both the library and with William Brett. Already in 1885 he had donated four books and 122 maps to the library, and over the next fourteen years he gave it an additional four hundred books.

In 1899, when the mayor of Cleveland reduced the library's budget and Brett brought the problem to his friend and supporter, White chose not to donate funds directly, but rather to donate substantial numbers of books in the fields of folklore and orientalia. His reasons for this decision were complex. One reason was personal interest. He wrote to Brett in April of that year, "As I told you when our late lamented 'Bobby' (Mayor McKisson) cut down your levy, I made up my mind to buy some books which I have long wanted to read, and when read, to hand them over to you."⁹ He was also concerned about the lack of a real research collection in the Cleveland Public Library and therefore, as he wrote to his law partners while visiting the British Museum, "There is nothing in Cleveland that will bring either writer or research students to Cleveland."¹⁰

He set about carrying out his intention in a manner as careful and systematic as the way he had built his chess library. The books were to be kept in a special collection—the third of "his" libraries, and White's memorandum list of works on folklore and orientalia, dating from 1907 and written in the same tiny but clear bookkeeper's hand as his annotated editions of van der Linde's chess books, shows a well-defined program of acquisition. He gave 500 books in 1900, and between 1905 and 1914 donated over 2,000 books a year. In 1916 a Harvard classicist, Gordon W. Thayer, was appointed as curator of the collection in order to ensure its cataloging, and later Francis E. Sommer, a remarkable linguist born in Speyer,

Germany, joined the collection's staff. Sommer spoke fourteen languages, read another twenty-two easily, and could work with still another forty-five languages.

The years of World War I almost stopped the program (White acquired the majority of his books through European dealers), but between 1919 and 1927 he donated nearly 4,000 books a year. The 58,000 volumes donated to the Cleveland Public Library, before his death augmented by the 20,000 volumes of his chess and checkers collection, constitute a rich heritage of White's bibliophilic interests. Many of the materials he donated are now part of other collections in the library: many ethnological and anthropological books are in the Science and Technology Department, illuminated manuscripts are in Fine Arts, documentary sources in History, maps and atlases in General Reference. The White Collection proper, at his death, had 42,102 books which he had personally selected; those and the chess and checkers collection constitute over a third of the White Collection's current count of some 145,000 volumes. Since 1928, some 73,000 volumes have been purchased with income from the trust fund White established.¹¹

The choice of folklore and orientalia as areas for donation came in part from his concern with and his knowledge of these areas as "background" for his interest in chess, but there was a more practical reason as well. The Spanish-American war had ended in 1898 with the acquisition by the United States of the Philippine Islands, and White was concerned about the widespread ignorance among Americans about this new oriental possession, an ignorance which the poverty of

Illumination from an Indo-Chinese Life of Buddha, done in Annam, Cambodia, in the mid-nineteenth century. From the White Collection.



Pages from an early-eighteenth-century gold-ornamented manuscript of sections from the Koran, found when the palace at Delhi was taken in 1857. From the White Collection.



the Cleveland Public Library's collection in this area could not begin to dispel. White's concern is clearest in a letter he wrote to a Philadelphia colleague in 1926¹²:

I am much interested in the problems of Asia, as modified by Europe. I do not believe in application of European ideals to the governments of Oriental or savage peoples The problem of our government of the Philippines was . . . insisting . . . that the Philipinos were to be governed in the same way as would be a New England town. I believed that this was the height of oppression, and started out to give the people of Cleveland a means of judging for themselves by giving them translations and texts of Oriental authors, showing what were the ideals of the Oriental peoples as distinct from Occidentals.

Books on American, European, and oriental folklore served a similar purpose, providing the data for judging the differences between folk culture and the "high culture" that formed the mainstream of Western civilization. White's will gave detailed guidelines for carrying on what he had begun. His scholar's mind was apparent, for example, in the dictum that, "in selecting the edition or a translation to be purchased, preference will be given to such as is accompanied with the best text and apparatus."¹³

It was the folklore collection, now numbering over 50,000 items, that first brought me to the White Collection a year or so after I first came to Cleveland in 1970. White had defined "folklore" in very broad terms; as he wrote in a letter in 1901, it is "a matter of interest in the history of thought, in the development of human imagination, and the history of the race."¹⁴ As a result, in addition to more narrowly folkloristic items, his collection is rich in manuscripts, text editions, and translations of medieval romances of King Arthur, Charlemagne, and other heroes. The romance collection was the focus of my own scholarly interests, but there is much more. There are nearly 2,000 chapbooks, "the paperbacks of yesteryear,"¹⁵ in all major European languages. Its Robin Hood collection (over 550 volumes) is surpassed only (understandably) by the one in Nottingham, England, and its collection of proverb-texts (over 2,800 volumes) is the largest in the United States.

When I began teaching fieldwork-oriented folklore classes at Cleveland State University in 1972, I discovered that the Collection's holdings in non-literary folklore were equally impressive. The published materials White had collected, augmented considerably after his death, were still further enriched when, in 1967, the Case Western Reserve University folklorist Newbell Niles Puckett left to the White Collection his extensive library of manuscripts, notes, and recordings, mostly concerned with superstitions and Black culture. The Puckett materials include copies of papers written by his students over many years, and when I began taking my own students to the library for introductions to basic resource materials in folklore (ably presented by Alice N. Loranth, then curator of the White Collection and now head of Special Collections), they found those papers of earlier students to be of the greatest interest.



John G. White's 471-page manuscript "Memorandum List of Works on Folk Lore and Orientalia" (1907).

The folklore collection, exceeded perhaps only by those at the University of Pennsylvania, Indiana University, the University of Chicago, and the University of California at Los Angeles, has produced the most widely-known publications. The two-volume *Catalog of Folklore and Folk Songs*, first published in 1964, was republished in a revised three-volume second edition by G.K. Hall in 1978, under the title *Catalog of Folklore, Folklife, and Folksongs*. *Black Names in America: Origins and Usage*, materials collected by Puckett and edited by Murray Heller, appeared in 1975; and Puckett's massive *Popular Beliefs and Superstitions: A Compendium of American Folklore*, was edited by Wayland D. Hand and others and published in three volumes in 1981.

The 80,000 volumes of orientalia in the White Collection make up its largest identifiable component and, while they do not match in extent a number of other Asian collections in this country and overseas, they too have sections of real distinction. Though White defined "orientalia" in some respects as broadly as he did "folklore" (indeed using similar terminology), he wanted "books of permanent interest, the classics rather than books on current affairs, and source materials as opposed to Western interpretations in order to 'let Orientals speak for themselves.'"¹⁶ The "source materials" in Sanskrit and Hindu are especially rich; the library has the largest holdings in Arabic and Syriac to be found in the United States, as well as extensive holdings in Persian. Omar Khayyām's *Rubaiyat* has been mentioned; in addition to many editions of the Persian text, there are translations into forty-seven languages. *The Arabian Nights* is available in Arabic and fifty-six other languages; these volumes constitute the "largest listed holdings in the United States."¹⁷ There are many unique Asian religious manuscripts, often richly illustrated.

Of less "classical" interest are over 27,000 pages of manuscripts on British affairs in India before 1850, including papers and letters by King George III and the Duke of Wellington, and a description of Napoleon's little-known scheme to seize the island of Mauritius as the first step in a planned conquest of India. Similar in nature is a recent purchase (1983) that will provide the next publication of the White Collection, the journal of Francis Hall, the first American president of the Yokohama Chamber of Commerce in the 1860s, describing his activities and travels in Japan. It is being edited by Fred G. Notehelfer, of the University of California at Los Angeles.

V.

In 1910 White was once again elected to the Cleveland Public Library Board, became its president again in 1913, and served in that role until his death. In a real sense, therefore, the Cleveland Public Library itself is the fourth of John G. White's libraries. Working closely with William Brett, he orchestrated a \$2,000,000 bond issue in 1912 that initiated the planning of the building that the library now occupies, on a site donated by the city in 1916. Its construction was interrupted by the war, and then by Brett's untimely death. White was instrumental in assuring passage of a second bond



Gold-leaf and tooled leather cover of *The Rubaiyat* (1908). From the White Collection.



Two volumes containing selected verses by Omar Khayyām, handwritten with a watch-spring by Burt Ridle of Chicago in 1943. Each volume is 5/32" square; the coin is a 25-cent piece. From the White Collection.

issue after the war to cover the increased costs caused by the delay, and in choosing Linda Anne Eastman, who had been Brett's Vice-Librarian since before 1900, as his successor. Eastman, the third of Cramer's "great triumvirate," presided over the construction of the new building (Lloyd George spoke at the laying of its cornerstone in October, 1923)¹⁸ and its opening in May of 1925. When Eastman retired in 1938, after nearly fifty years of service to the library, it had become, through her efforts and those of White and Brett, one of the world's great libraries.

The building and its contents, especially the White Collection on the third floor, form a fitting monument to White's lifelong efforts on behalf of the library and its mission. But it is typical of White's independence of character that, once his collection was in its new home, he "brought no one to show off his collection" and, as Gordon Thayer reported, seldom stopped in himself, even when in the building at meetings of the board.¹⁹

To come to the library as I usually do, walking west along Superior Avenue, is like journeying back in time. One passes first the library's newest acquisition, the former *Plain Dealer* building (purchased in 1957 and dedicated in 1959)²⁰ that now houses the Business Information and the Science and Technology departments. Between that and the main library building lies the tranquil Eastman Reading Garden, established a year before Eastman's retirement. Entering the main building, one faces the huge archway into Brett Memorial Hall, now the main reference area. Continuing up the stairs to the third floor and over to the northwest corner of the White Collection to gaze on White's portrait, one is carried back fully into the mid-nineteenth century. The books on the tiers of shelves reaching back into the shadows along the south wall form a bridge back into the centuries and millennia of Western and oriental culture that were White's central concern.

But there is a set of maroon-leather doors in the center of the western wall, and to open them is to snap back into the twentieth century. Inside is the Treasure Room, in which the most modern technology is devoted to the storage and preservation of rare books in the White collection and other special collections. The shiny rust-colored wall one faces upon entering is the Elecompak Shelving System, whose aisle-less banks of shelves double the available space and move apart upon electric command to provide access to a single aisle. They move with a remarkably unmodern amount of noise—a noise, says Alice Loranth, designed to allow her time to jump out of the way if the button is pushed while she is working at her private desk along the northern wall.

Not only the shelving is modern. The Treasure Room, controlled for temperature and humidity, reflects the most recent state of knowledge concerning the preservation of books and manuscripts; and preservation, along with enlarging the collection, has become one of the principal concerns and costs of the White Collection.²¹ Unless new and expensive techniques of preservation are employed, the materials in the John G. White Collection, like those in most libraries today,



The Elecompak shelving in the Treasure Room.

will soon be of little use to the scholars who come from everywhere in the United States and the world to use its resources. And they do come. At the long oak tables in the collection's reading room one might find, to judge from Alice Loranth's 1986 annual report, a scholar from Oxford studying Rabelais, a group from New Delhi seeking information in the Sanskrit collection, or someone from Mississippi tracing the legend of the Virgin Mary in Syriac, as well as someone from the Cleveland Clinic tracking down foreign-language expressions for the phrase "good health."

Time changes many things. The City Hall now stands where White was born, and the Universal Church of Christ now occupies the corner of East 89th and Chester Avenue in place of the house to which White moved after his mother's death, in which he spent the last decades of his life, and in which the first two of his libraries were maintained. White died far from the changing city, in his cabin at Jackson Lake in Wyoming which he had visited, often with his law partners, since 1905.²² He had become ill in December of 1926. After a partial recovery he made his last trip West with Thomas McCaslin, without consulting his doctor. He was so ill (his correspondence speaks of anemia and pneumonia) that he had to be taken across the Chicago Terminal in a wheelchair and carried on a bed to Jackson Lake. Representatives of the *Plain Dealer*, *Press*, and *News* waited across the lake, but he died alone, save for the nurses caring for his needs, "so far removed from civilization," notes Cramer, "that it took eight hours for the word to reach the outside world."²³

But the isolation of his private life provided a rich heritage of communication, a nested succession of "his" libraries through which the people of Cleveland and the world can listen to the past and speak to the future. ■

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Notes

¹I am deeply indebted to the staff of the John G. White Collection for assistance in the preparation of this article, especially to Motoko Reece for the use of her dissertation, and to Alice N. Loranth, Head of Special Collections (and therefore of the White Collection) for giving so much of her time and knowledge.

²A gala dinner was held when the "5,000th language" was added to the collection; it was one of the social events of Cleveland in 1939.

³The Cleveland Academy of Natural Sciences, the Western Reserve Historical Society, and the Rowfant Club are all derivatives of the Arkites (Cramer, p. 6). The group was named after "The Ark," a small building near his house where William Case kept his natural history collection, and where the group met.

⁴Loranth and Thackrey (1975), 4.

⁵Reece (1979), 4.

⁶The limits were the funds available. White believed in collecting every published edition of every relevant work because, as a serious bibliophile, he knew that without actually having in hand and comparing the texts of two editions, one could not know whether or not they were identical. Since White's death, the Collection has modified this concern only marginally, for example not adding editions different only in the color of the covers or bindings.

⁷The sources differ on the amount of the endowment. Cramer speaks of \$275,000, while Reece (p. 3) speaks of \$300,000, noting that it was in U.S. Treasury bonds earning between 3.5% and 4.24% (p. 212), but stating also that the core was \$274,747.73 in government securities and stocks (p. 77).

⁸A Cleveland Library Association had been formed around 1850; in 1880 its collection became the Case Library which later became part of the Western Reserve University Library (Cramer, pp. 4-5).

⁹Reece, 41.

¹⁰Reece, 42.

¹¹Since 1974, some of the book purchases of the John G. White Collection have come from the general funds of the Cleveland Public Library; in 1987, that funding had reached over \$37,000. Until 1982, the Collection was a separate department within the library, with its own three-member board of trustees; in that year, it was merged with the Fine Arts and Music departments to form the present Fine Arts and Special Collections department.

¹²Reece, 40-41.

¹³Reece, 75. The guidelines laid down in White's will still form part of the official collection-development plans of the White Collection.

¹⁴A "narrow" definition might restrict the term "folklore" to tales, songs, and other verbal material collected directly from illiterate informants. For some four dozen definitions by scholars in all fields of folklore, see the *Funk and Wagnalls Dictionary of Folklore and Mythology* s.v. "folklore."

¹⁵Loranth (1972), 31.

¹⁶Loranth (1973), 3.

¹⁷Reece, 72.

¹⁸Cramer (p. 115) notes that Lloyd George, delayed by long-winded speeches at a luncheon in his honor, was late for the ceremony; but White, impatient, started ceremonies promptly at 2:00 p.m. George arrived just in time for his speech.

¹⁹Reece, 68.

²⁰The *Plain Dealer* building predates the library building, as is clear from the picture of the cornerstone-laying in Cramer (p. 119).

²¹The main problem of preservation facing most libraries today lies in the acidic paper used for most publications between the late nineteenth century and the last decade or so. Not only does the acidic paper, used because it was cheaper to produce, disintegrate far faster than acid-free papers, but its acidity migrates through the air and attacks acid-free paper in their vicinity. A Cleveland Public Library report ("Preservation: A Progress Report and Cost Projections 1983-1987, by Alice Loranth and others) suggested that annual preservation costs for Special Collections and Rare Books alone would reach over \$43,000 by 1987.

²²It is characteristic that, on one visit, he disliked finding two women at the Lake (Cramer, p. 113).

²³Reece, 70.

Drawings by George A. Mauersberger

A Stage Set, a Bucket, a Cave

Like most artists, George Mauersberger is fascinated by the relation between imitation and reality. His fascination, though, is expressed with unusual directness in his pictures, which often look like old-fashioned works of *trompe-l'oeil* (see *The Gamut*, No. 20). In one picture, reproduced in the following pages, there is a leaf so realistic that you would swear you could pick it off the wall; there is also a photograph of a tulip on what looks like a page torn from a flower catalog, though it is all painted; next to this is a rough charcoal sketch of a tulip in a vase that rests on a sketch of a shelf, which modulates into a realistic shelf with the illusion of depth, holding a shell, fruit, and a *trompe-l'oeil* paint can—all actually two-dimensional representations. A note tacked on the wall (actually also drawn) teases "This is that." But what is "this" and what is "that"? What do we mean when we say that a drawing of a flower is a flower? How "real" is a drawing of a drawing? Often Mauersberger emphasizes the artificiality of his photographically real images by scrawling notes: "Fill this void" and "grind charcoal" appear in another picture in this portfolio.

The objects in Mauersberger's work are also obviously symbols: leaf, tulip, picture of tulip—such juxtapositions suggest the transience of nature versus the permanence of art. The hat that appears in several works becomes a sort of surrogate for the artist, suggesting his different roles (a politician represents himself with a hat when he "throws his hat into the ring," and we speak of someone doing different jobs as "wearing different hats"). Such symbolism could become heavy-handed, but Mauersberger's symbols and his Chinese-box illusions usually function in a truly artistic way: they don't tell us his ideas directly, but instead entice us to use our own imaginations to see reality—and art—in new ways.

The artist himself has this to say about his work:

The drawings I do are of things on a wall. These things are attached to the wall, drawn on the wall, written on the wall. The wall represents a format, a forum, a stage set, a bucket. I think of it as a cave wall.

I like to try to turn the creative process inside out—like Bauhaus architecture in which the structure, the pipes, etc. are all in full view—the better to see it and understand it. One thing I see clearly in my work is a constant struggle between conceptual and intuitive forces. Hopefully the struggle between these contrasting elements will never be resolved because the resulting friction provides me with the sparks of deep inspiration.

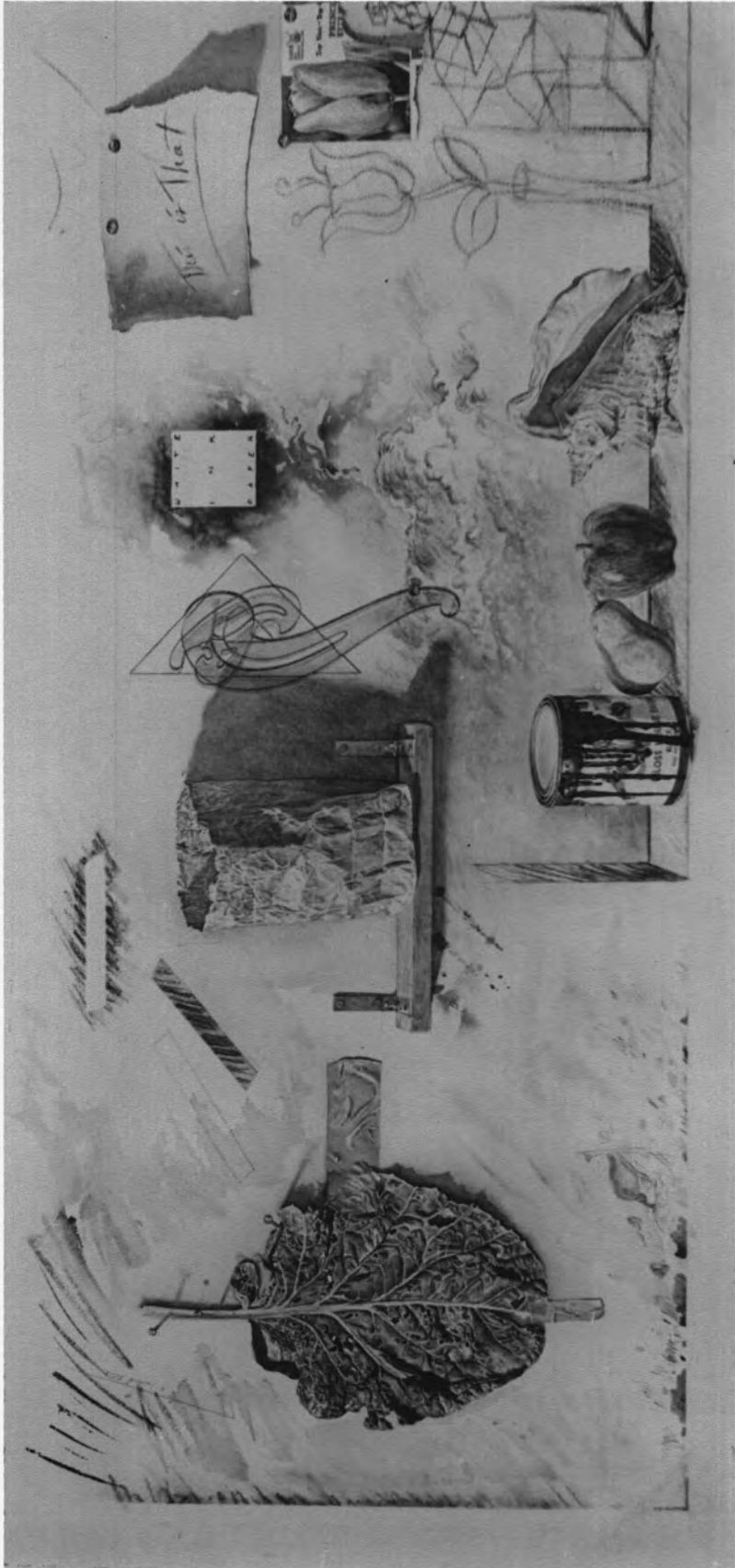
I sometimes see my work as a cross between neo-classical, academic, Northern Renaissance art and tape recording, brain scans, and Saturday morning cartoons. ■



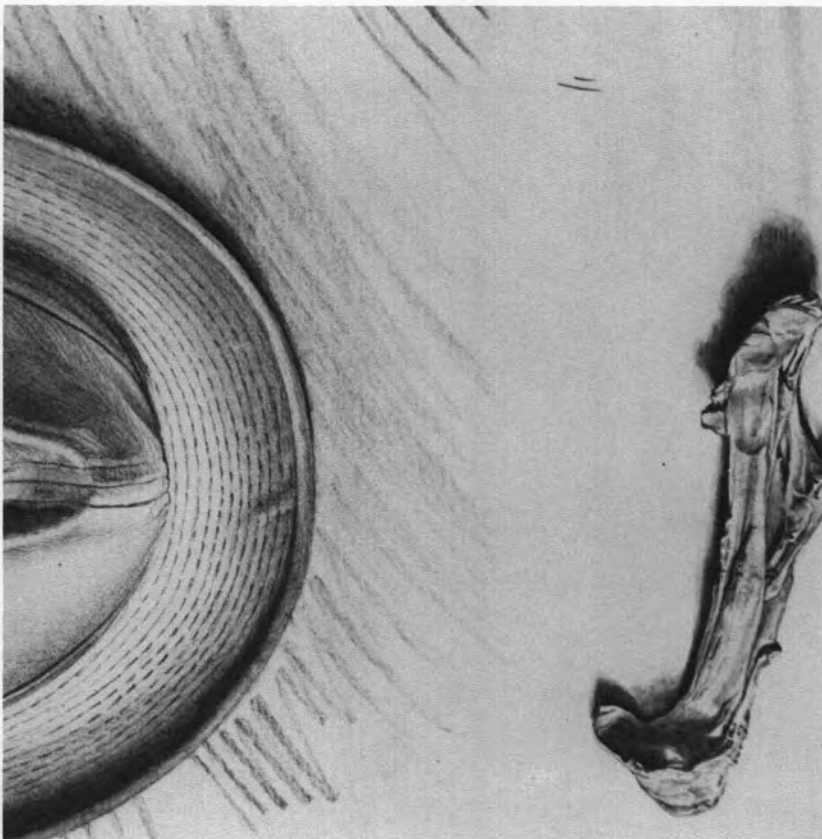
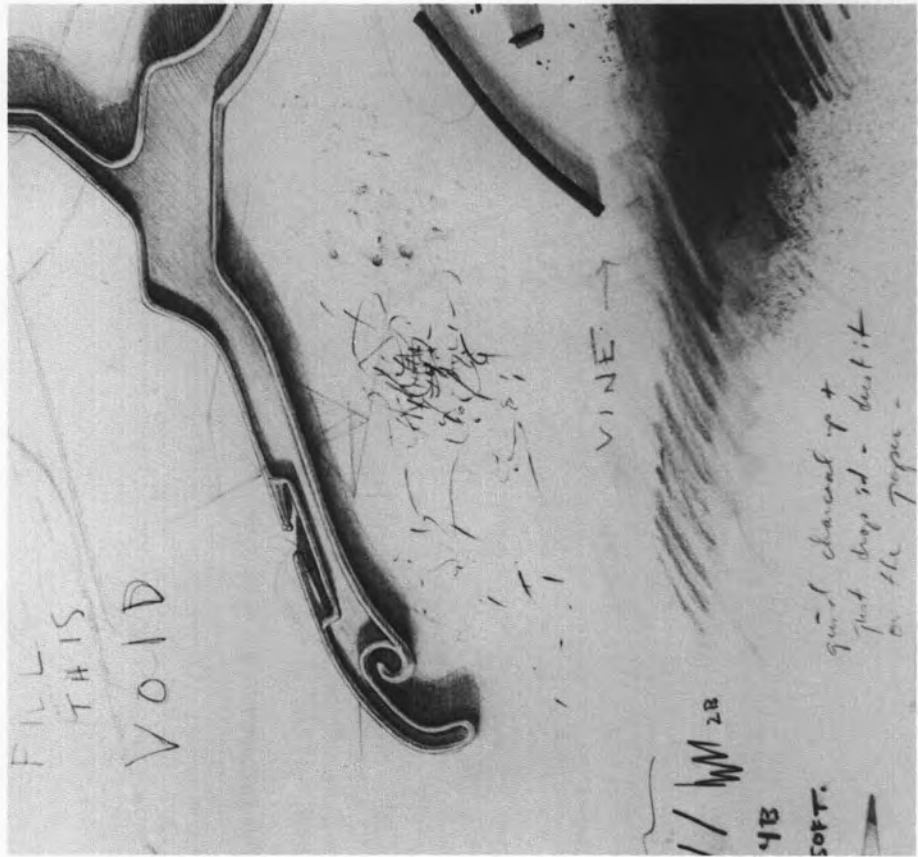
George A. Mauersberger, a native of Barnesville, Ohio, attended Pratt Institute in New York and Carnegie-Mellon University at Pittsburgh; he holds an MFA degree from Ohio University in Athens. His works have appeared in a number of exhibitions, including the Cleveland Museum of Art's May Show, where he was top award winner in graphics for 1986. At present he is a visiting assistant professor of art at Cleveland State University.



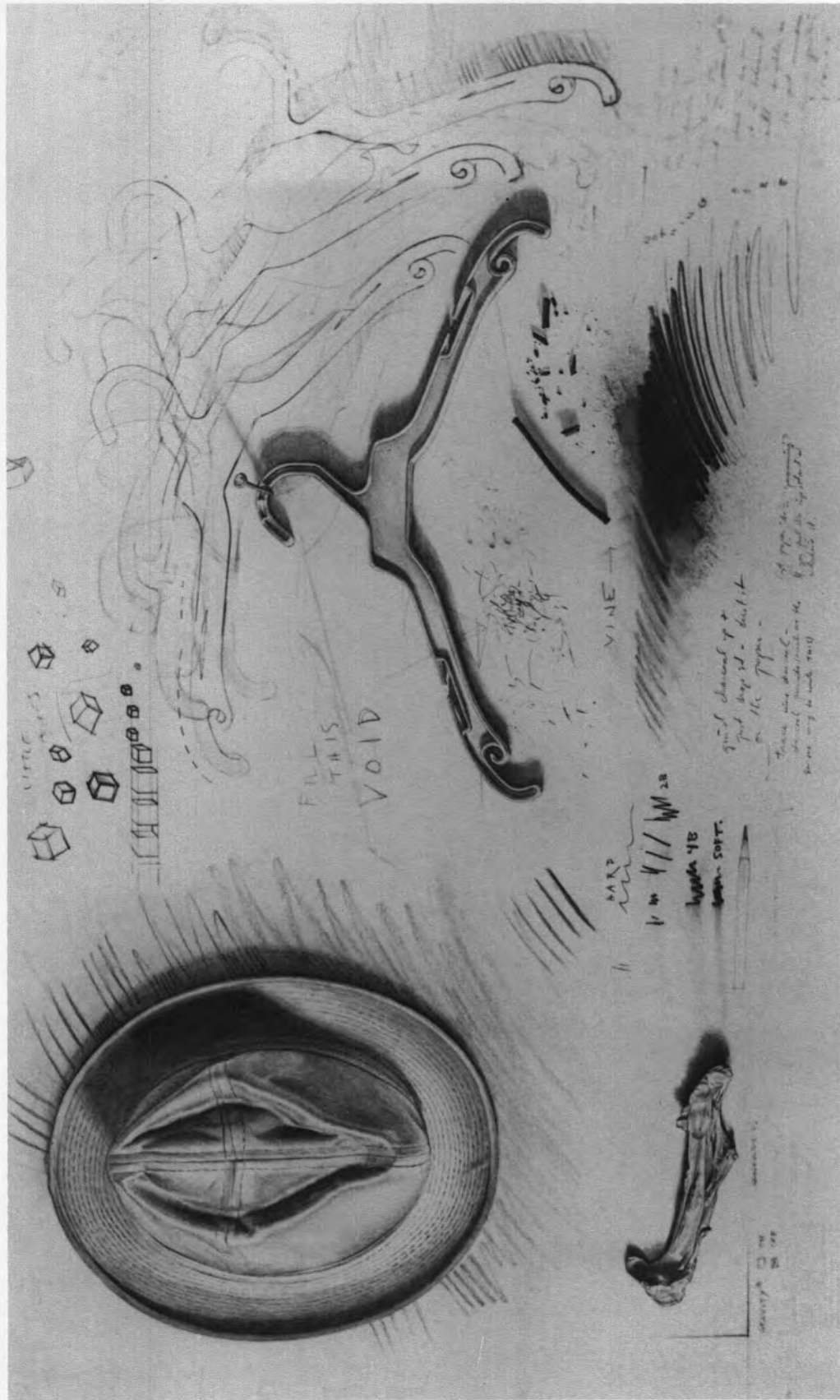
Scan. 1988. 26" x 42". Charcoal.



This Is That. 1986. 30" x 60". Mixed media.



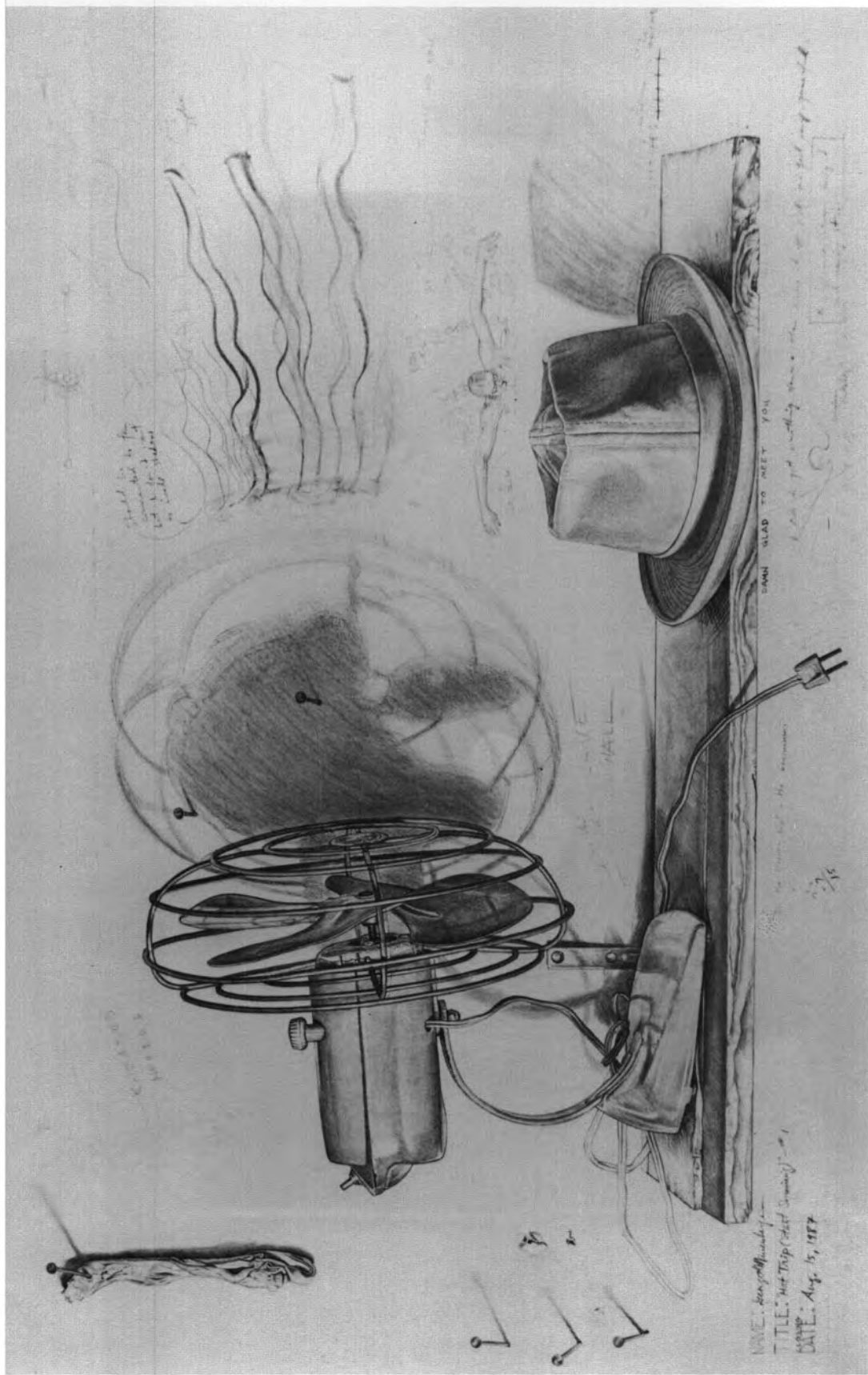
Details: Hat Trip-#1.



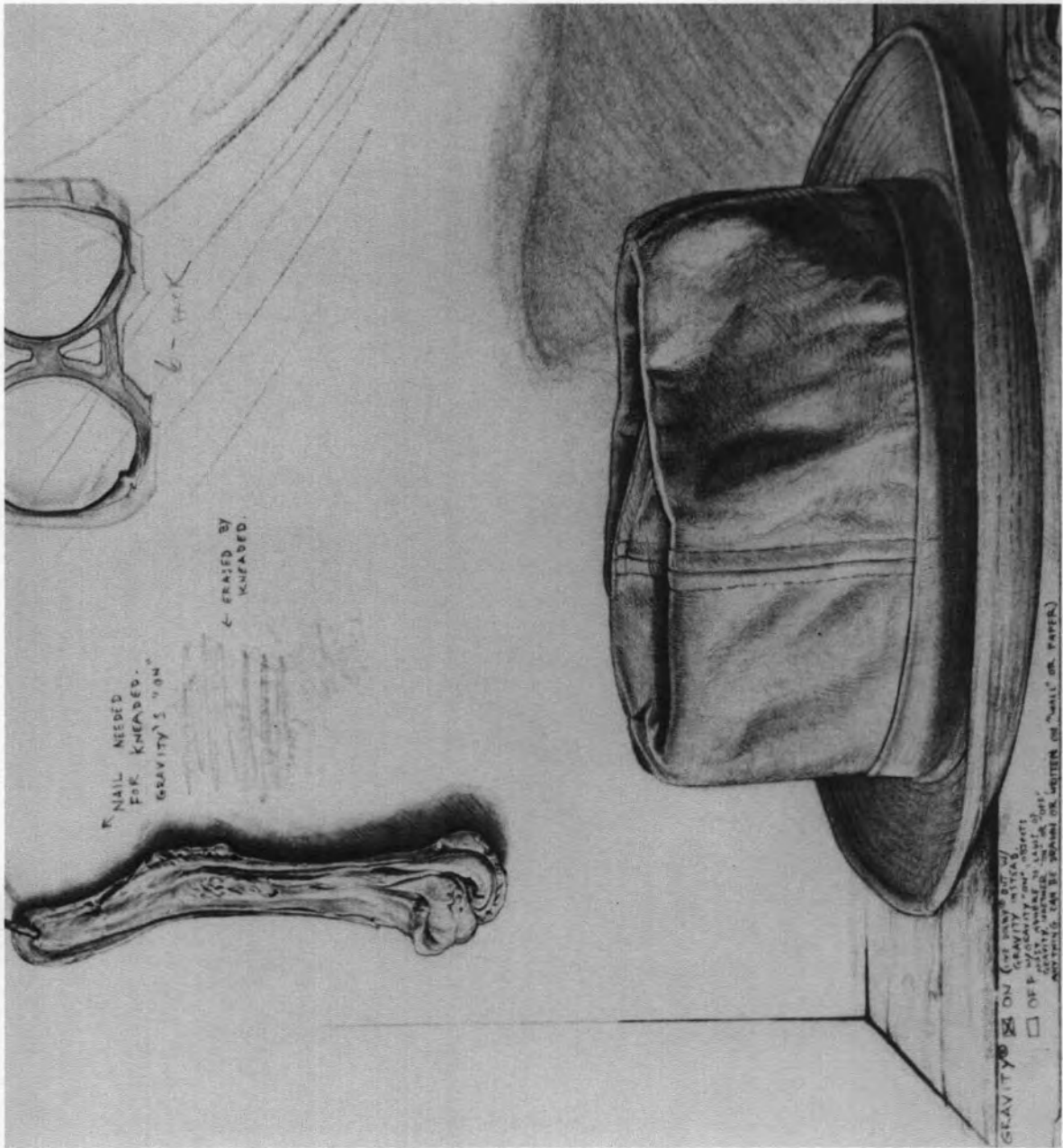
Hat Trip-#1. 1987. 26" x 42". Charcoal.



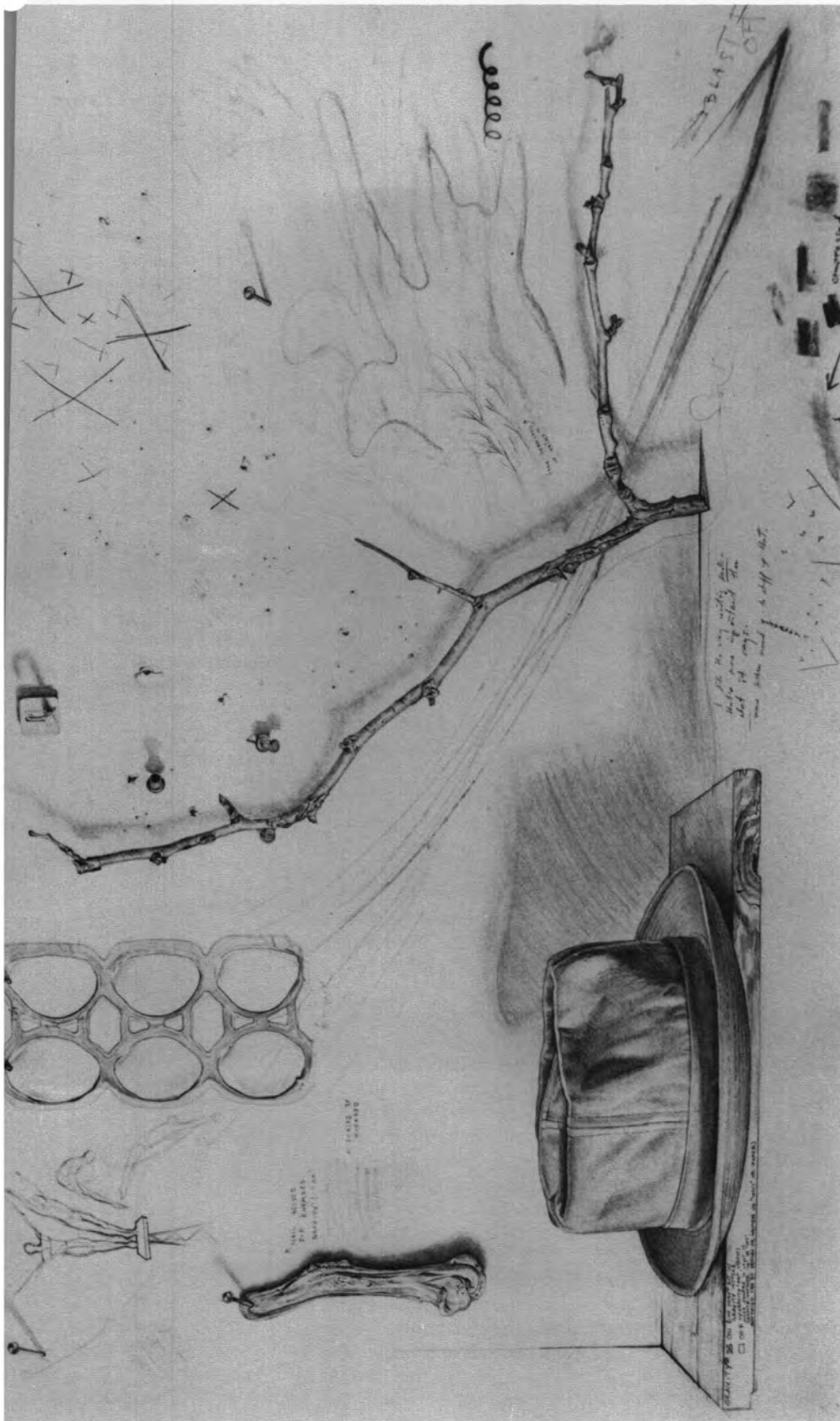
Docu-Drama. 1986. 30" x 68". Mixed media.



Hat Trip (Swimming)-#1. 1987. 26" x 42". Charcoal.



Detail: Hat Trip (Diving).



Hat Trip (Diving). 1987. 26" x 42". Charcoal.

The Great Earthquake of '86

Samuel M. Savin

Each of us likes to be the first to do something significant. I humbly claim to be the first person to have announced the news of the Great Cleveland Earthquake to The World. A little before lunchtime on Friday, January 31, 1986, I was in my office talking on the telephone with a colleague in London. The building began to shake and my office windows rattled. The sensations weren't ones that I had felt before in Cleveland. But quickly reaching back to the experiences of my student days in California I realized what was happening. "Oh my God!" I blurted out, "We're having an earthquake!" The message crackled into space, bounced off a satellite, and was heard in England. The news was out. The line must have gone dead for a few seconds, and the next thing I heard over the phone was Andrew Robinson saying "Sam! Sam! Are you all right?"

It is fair to say that nobody expected it. Not the manager of the supermarket in Madison where canned goods toppled from shelf to floor creating enough chaos to close the store for the day. Not the junior high school students in Mentor who saw the ceiling of their science classroom fall down. Not thousands of others in northeast Ohio who felt the house rumbling and feared the furnace was blowing up. And certainly not the engineers who had to deal with the leaks that developed in pipes at Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company's Perry nuclear power plant, only a few miles from the earthquake's epicenter.

Nature may not always be kind to northeastern Ohio, but neither is she particularly cruel. The atmosphere brings gray skies and cold winters, but it is only an occasional tornado or lightning bolt that causes much damage, and that usually in a small, restricted area. Lake Erie can generate violent storms, and its waves chew at the property and pocketbooks of homeowners along the shoreline, but for most of us the effects of the Lake are not a cause for deep concern.

The land on which we walk is especially benign. The last known volcanic eruption anywhere near this area occurred hundreds of millions of years before the dinosaurs made their original appearance. No sinkholes undermine our landscape to swallow homes and highways; even landslides are a rarity. The worst problem of geological origin that most of us have to deal with is a leaky basement.



Samuel Savin received his B.A. in chemistry from Colgate University and his Ph.D. in geochemistry from the California Institute of Technology. Now a professor of geological science at Case Western Reserve University, Savin's main area of research is the history of the earth's climate. He is currently developing ideas relating plate tectonics to ancient and modern world climatic changes and to the origins of the Antarctic icecap.

So it came to most of us as a complete surprise when north-east Ohio shook for about half a minute, with what the seismologists later confirmed was an earthquake of magnitude approximately 5 on the Richter Scale.

* * *

When we speak, our vocal cords vibrate and set the air in our throats in motion. The vibrations broadcast from our mouths and through the air in all directions. *Sound* is what we, as listeners, call the sensation we experience when those vibrations traveling through the air reach the inner parts of our ears and cause them to vibrate in sympathy. When rocks within the earth's crust move, the ground vibrates. (The earthquakes!) These vibrations travel through the rocks, sometimes over long distances. Most of the vibrations are of too low frequency (too low a note, in musical terms) for us to sense with our ears. We can feel them easily with our bodies, however, and we call what we feel *shaking*. Except for the frequency of the vibrations and the way we sense them, they are really not very different from sound.

The news report of an earthquake almost always includes mention of its magnitude on the Richter Scale. The scale was developed in 1935 by the late Professor Charles Richter, as a measure of the amount of ground-shaking generated by an earthquake. Richter was a well-known seismologist who spent over thirty years at the California Institute of Technology. He was a quiet, kindly man who was too modest to use the term "Richter Scale" himself. He sometimes had to convince visitors that there was no machine called a Richter Scale for them to look at.¹ The scale is a mathematical way of treating data. It is a logarithmic scale rather than a linear one, which makes it convenient to compare the intensities of events of very different magnitudes. For an increase of one number on the Richter Scale, the shaking of the ground increases by ten. In a magnitude 7 earthquake the shaking is ten times greater than in a magnitude 6. A magnitude 8 quake packs one thousand times the wallop of a magnitude 5. The magnitude of an earthquake is defined by the intensity of vibrations (the amount of ground displacement) measured by a seismograph of a particular design at a distance of one hundred kilometers from the epicenter. Of course a seismograph is very seldom located exactly 100 kilometers from the epicenter, but seismologists can estimate the amount of displacement that would have occurred at a hypothetical instrument at that distance from the intensity of vibrations measured at other sites. It is fairly straightforward, using the same measurements, to calculate the amount of displacement at the epicenter and the energy released by the earthquake. When we feel a mild shaking it may be from a small earthquake nearby or a large quake far away. The further away the earthquake, however, the longer the shaking lasts.

The Mexico City earthquake in the summer of 1985 caused great destruction. It had a magnitude of 8.1. When the earth shook in Cleveland in January 1986, I estimated a magnitude 4.5. The news reports confirmed a 5.²

It's not common to feel an earthquake in the Cleveland area. It happens every three or four years. Most of the quakes that shake the ground here are magnitude 2 or a little higher. That is intense enough to feel—if you're standing in one place and paying attention. But a quake of that size can easily be mistaken for a man-made disturbance like a large truck going down the street.

Most earthquakes occur when rocks become strained enough so they break. The rocks rupture and snap at least part way back to their unstrained positions (Figure 1). The earthquake is generated as the rocks accelerate or decelerate along fracture or fault. Sometimes when an earthquake occurs we can see very clearly where the rocks have broken and moved. Scars in the ground surface, as well as offsets in fences, roads, rows of crops, streams, and other landscape features often show us the location and the direction of motion along an active fault. In Ohio this is seldom the case. Rocks break and move, and the earthquake vibrations originate at a point below the surface called the earthquake focus. (The epicenter is the position on the surface directly overlying the focus.) The January 31 earthquake was felt for about thirty seconds, although it seemed much longer to many people. It is typical for an earthquake to last longer than the time it takes for the ruptured rocks to move along the fault. That is because the vibrations generated at the focus are echoed off countless interfaces between different rock layers. We feel the vibrations that travel to us directly from the focus, and then a long series of echoed vibrations.

Earthquake waves vibrate in all directions. Buildings are constructed to withstand the downward pull of gravity, so they are usually quite capable of withstanding the additional vertical stress produced by vertical ground movements. Horizontal vibrations cause most earthquake damage because buildings are not usually designed and constructed so as to have much resistance to the rapid horizontal motions of earthquake waves. Frame houses are more earthquake resistant than masonry houses because the greater flexibility of wood allows it to withstand greater strain without breaking than brick or concrete block. Foundations built on bedrock are usually better than those on soil or artificial fill, both because the amplitude of the vibrations is often less in the more massive rock and because loose materials may settle when subject to vibrations. Ohio earthquakes do not often cause structural damage, but chimneys are among the most susceptible parts of buildings when damage does occur. Because they are tall, rigid and unsupported, the whipping motions that earthquake vibrations can impart to chimney tops can cause them to crack or fall.

Seismometers (or seismographs) are detectors of earthquake motion. Physically, a seismometer is similar to a very heavy pendulum with a pen attached (Figure 2). A pendulum has a natural frequency of oscillation (which in the case of a pendulum made by suspending a weight on the end of a string depends only upon the length of the string). A piece of paper is attached to a platform rigidly connected to the ground. When the ground moves the paper moves with it. The result is comparable to writing by holding a pen still and moving the paper. The marks on the paper are the record of how it

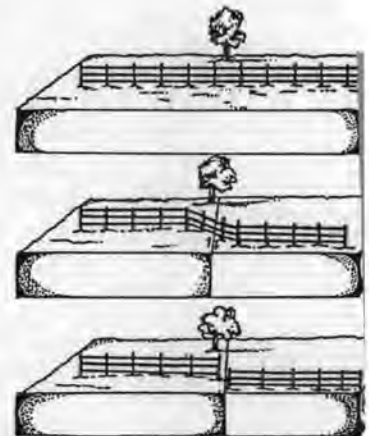


Figure 1. As rocks are stressed by forces within the earth they deform or become strained. When the ability of rocks to withstand the strain is exceeded, they rupture, causing an earthquake. In the series above, we see the deformation and rupture of the rocks expressed in the deformation of a fence line across a fault. This is the sort of effect which can be observed where an active fault intersects the ground surface, as for example the San Andreas Fault. In northeastern Ohio the faults do not intersect the surface, but similar deformation and rupturing in the subsurface is inferred to be the cause of the earthquakes generated here.

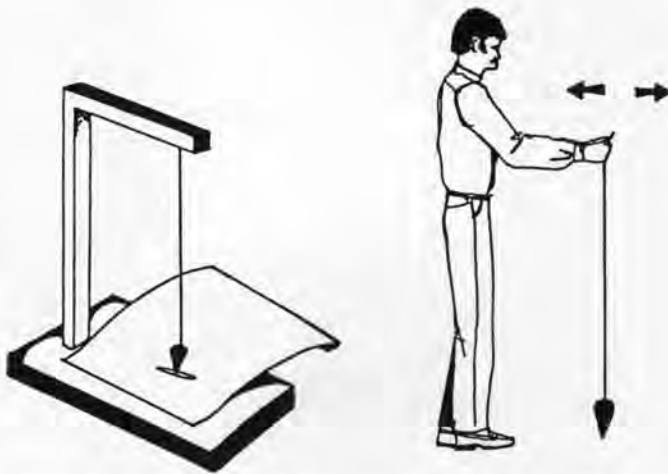
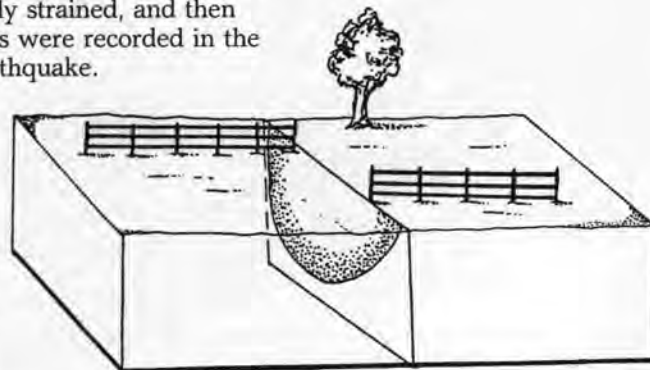


Figure 2. In principle, the seismometer resembles the pendulum, equipped with a pen, and hanging from the wooden frame. In an earthquake, the frame and the paper move with the ground. The pendulum has a natural period of oscillation, determined by the length of the string. If the surface of the ground vibrates much faster than the natural period of the pendulum, the pen stays approximately stationary while the paper moves under it, drawing a record of the earthquake motion. You can demonstrate this by holding a weight on the end of a string and moving your hand back and forth. If you move your hand rapidly the weight will scarcely move. If you move your hand slowly, the weight will move back and forth with your hand. The length of the string determines the slowest speed with which you can move your hand back and forth without causing the weight to oscillate.

and the ground to which it is attached have moved. The range of frequencies of vibration to which a seismograph is sensitive can be adjusted by changing the natural frequency of vibration of the pendulum. A seismometer sensitive to vertical ground motions can be constructed in the same manner, except that the pendulum is oriented horizontally instead of vertically (and must be constructed using a rigid rod, not a string). In modern seismometers the pen and the paper may be replaced by a magnet suspended in an electrical coil, and the currents generated in the coil when the pendulum moves may be monitored by a computer, but the principles remain the same. A related instrument called an accelerometer may be placed in a building, dam or other structure. It remains inactive until switched on by the first seismic vibrations to reach it. When turned on, it provides information about how the structure vibrates during an earthquake.

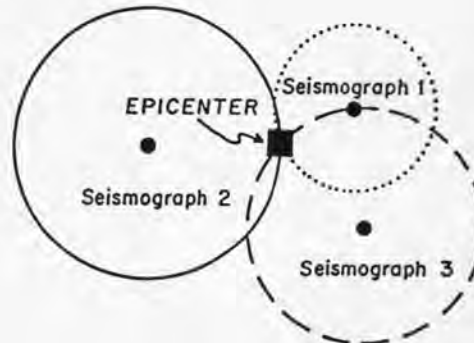
The only permanent seismographic station in the Cleveland area is at John Carroll University. But following the January 31 earthquake, research teams from the U.S. Geological Survey and elsewhere brought in portable seismographs to monitor aftershocks. These are smaller earthquakes which commonly follow a large one. Both the magnitude and the frequency of occurrence of the aftershocks decrease exponentially with time after the main earthquake. The primary reason for their occurrence is probably that the unbroken rocks in the vicinity of the region which fractured initially to cause the earthquake become especially highly strained, and then rupture (Figure 3). Very few aftershocks were recorded in the months following the January 1986 earthquake.

Figure 3. Aftershocks are earthquakes subsequent to, and generally of lower intensity than, the main earthquake. They may be generated when the rock breakage and movement that causes the main shock creates strain in parts of the rock that did not move during the main shock. In this schematic diagram, the shaded region represents the portion of the fault that has moved. Because of this movement, strain becomes concentrated around the edges of the shaded region, causing the likelihood of additional rock failures (and earthquakes) in those regions.



Every earthquake generates a few different types of vibrations. Compressional waves, or P-waves, travel most rapidly and consist of vibrations in the direction in which the wave is traveling. Sound travels through air as P-waves. Shear waves, or S-waves, consist of vibrations at right angles to the direction in which the wave is traveling. P-waves and S-waves travel through the rocks. Surface waves, which consist of oscillations of the ground surface, travel most slowly. Each type of earthquake wave can be recognized by the pattern it produces on the seismogram. Because the speeds at which the different types of waves travel are well known, the length of time between the detection of the first P-waves and the detection of the first S waves at the seismograph indicates approximately how far away the focus lies.

With that information the seismologist can draw a circle of appropriate radius on a map (Figure 4) and know that the earthquake was located somewhere along the circle. Another circle can be drawn about a second seismograph station, and the earthquake focus must be at one of the two points where the two circles intersect. Usually that is sufficient information to pinpoint the quake, since news reports indicate the region of most severe shaking. But if not, data from a third station can be used to reduce the ambiguity.



In the minutes immediately after the January 31 quake, when solid information was scarce, radio stations reported whatever they could. Early estimates of the location of the epicenter were vague. Within an hour an estimate came from the U.S. Geological Survey in Reston, Virginia that the epicenter was probably about thirty miles north of Cleveland under Lake Erie. Scientists are never short of theories. In one report it was suggested that the tremors might have been triggered by offshore gas drilling on the Canadian side of the Lake. A radio announcer reported that we were lucky this was winter time, because if it were summer we might have had a tidal wave on Lake Erie. (Actually an earthquake under the Lake might possibly generate a big wave, winter or summer, but winter ice cover might damp it to some extent.)

By late in the afternoon it had been determined that the epicenter was a few miles northeast of Chardon and southeast of Painesville, not beneath the bottom of the Lake. Canadian gas drillers were vindicated. What had happened was not

Figure 4. By measuring the length of time between the arrival at the seismograph of the first major set of vibrations and the second major set, the seismologist can calculate the distance, but not the direction, from the seismograph to the earthquake epicenter. Thus it is possible to know from the data at seismograph #1 that the epicenter lies somewhere on the dotted circle. From the data at seismograph #2 the epicenter must lie somewhere on the solid circle, and the data from seismograph #3 indicate that it must lie somewhere on the dashed circle. Any two circles have two points of intersection, but the three circles must intersect at a single point, which is the epicenter.

uncommon. The epicenter can be located, and the magnitude estimated, quickly—but approximately—from a rapid reading of the seismograms. More careful, precise reading and computation refines early estimates.

* * *

Most earthquakes are generated when rocks break and move along a fault. The stresses that cause the movement can have varying origins. Most of the world's major earthquakes, and a good many smaller ones, are related to the processes of *plate tectonics*. Roughly the upper one hundred miles of the earth is composed of rigid, somewhat brittle rocks. This zone is called the lithosphere, and it is broken into several large slabs or plates, each of which behaves quite rigidly but moves at a rate of a few centimeters a year relative to the others. When plates move apart, but especially when they move toward one another or slide by each other, stresses are developed and earthquakes result. (California's famous San Andreas fault is the boundary of the Pacific plate, containing Los Angeles, which is sliding northward relative to the North American plate, on which San Francisco lies.) Ohio is far from any plate boundaries. The closest are the San Andreas Fault to the west and the Mid Atlantic Ridge to the east in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Some other cause must be found for the earthquakes that affect Ohio and the midwest.

Numerous times in the past million years, northern Ohio was covered by a vast sheet of ice, perhaps a mile thick. The most recent episode of glaciation in Ohio lasted from about thirty thousand to fifteen thousand years ago. In Canada and the upper Great Lakes it began somewhat earlier and ended a few thousand years later.

Beneath the lithosphere, starting at a depth of about one hundred miles beneath the earth's surface there is a zone of weak rock, the asthenosphere, upon which the crust, which is of lower density, floats. Even though it consists mainly of solid rock, that weak zone can flow slowly, like an extremely viscous fluid. Each time the ice sheets advanced over North America, the weight of the ice on the surface of the land pushed the crust downward, by a few tens of feet here and a few hundreds of feet in central Canada. As the crust moved downward, the asthenospheric material that was displaced flowed slowly sideways. Fourteen or fifteen thousand years ago, when the ice melted and the great weight of water drained away, the rocks of the crust began to rebound. More quickly at first, and more slowly as time has passed, the surface has moved upward again as the displaced asthenospheric material has flowed back. This upward movement is called glacial rebound.

Imagine thousands of square miles of rock moving slowly upward following the retreat of an ice sheet. Strains would almost certainly develop, and from time to time the crust might crack and break. The small earthquakes that occur in northeastern Ohio are often attributed to glacial rebound, although it has not been clearly demonstrated that this is indeed the cause.

The origin of at least some of our earthquakes might be quite different. The quake on January 31 was the largest to be

centered near this area since records have been kept. Ohioans tend to think of earthquakes, like rattlesnakes, cacti, and surfers, as an affliction of the West. But some truly spectacular quakes have struck the East. Boston was hit with what was probably a magnitude 6 quake in 1755. A large earthquake devastated Charleston, South Carolina in 1886. The most severe earthquakes to shake the continental U.S. in recorded history struck New Madrid, Missouri in 1811 and 1812. Damage was minimal because the population of the area was so small at the time, but there are reports of forests being flattened, and rivers being thrown over their banks.

It's curious that the St. Lawrence River flows in a fairly linear trough that is seismically active (Figure 5). Another region with more than its share of earthquakes is centered in southeastern Missouri, northeastern Arkansas, and southern Illinois, and extends up into southern Indiana and southwestern Ohio where seismic activity dies out. It's noteworthy that northern Ohio lies more or less on a line connecting those two seismic belts. We can speculate that our recent quake could have been the result of the same great, poorly understood forces that are wrenching and straining the continent to the northeast and the southwest. One problem that faces scientists as they try to understand seismic activity in the midwest and northeast is that there aren't large numbers of quakes. Without a lot of quakes there is not a lot of data on which to base an understanding. But ongoing studies of the nature and structure of the continental crust of North America continue to add to our knowledge of the tectonic forces that can cause earthquakes.

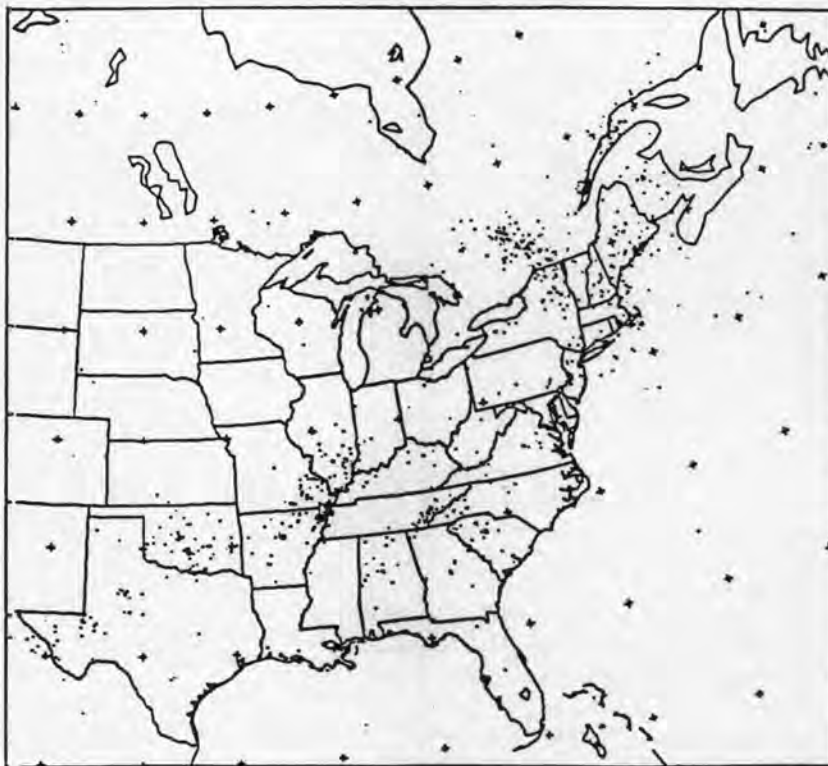


Figure 5. In the East and Midwest, most earthquakes occur in a region centered around southeastern Missouri, northeastern Arkansas, and southern Illinois, or in another region centered along the St. Lawrence River valley (Geological Society of America²).

There has been some discussion about the possible role of man in the earthquake of January 31. It has been known for a number of years that deep-well disposal of waste fluid can trigger earthquakes. The first such documented case occurred in the 1960s near Denver, Colorado. An unexpected increase in earthquake activity was found to be correlated with the amount of toxic waste pumped at high pressures into deep wells drilled at the Denver Arsenal. In months in which large volumes of wastes were disposed of, earthquakes were especially numerous. In months in which smaller volumes were pumped into the ground, earthquake activity diminished.

There are two deep wells near Perry, about seven miles north of the January 31 epicenter, into which wastes are pumped, one operating since 1975 and the other since 1981. A small aftershock in March 1986 occurred near these wells, and the United States Geological Survey⁴ has raised the possibility that fluid injection may have been the cause of the main shock. But the connection remains tenuous. The focus of the January 31 earthquake was approximately 10 km below the surface, while fluid has been injected into the rocks at a depth of only about two km. Probably, fluid injection causes earthquakes by making rupture easier in rocks that are already strained—in essence, by effectively weakening the rocks or lubricating the faults. If that is the case in Ohio, man might have affected the timing of the earthquake, and even its magnitude; but sooner or later, even without man's intervention, earthquakes probably would have occurred in the same region to relieve the strain that had accumulated in the rocks, as the result either of glacial rebound or of some other cause.

* * *

On the evening of January 28, just three days before the earthquake, a debate on the pros and cons of nuclear power was held at University School, just outside of Cleveland. Arguing in favor of nuclear power generation was a representative of The Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co. Her opponent was an anti-nuclear activist. The debate turned to the issue of whether there might be active faults that could threaten the Perry, Ohio nuclear plant.

The anti-nuclear speaker said that he'd be surprised if the fault known to exist at the Perry site were not active. After all, he argued (with a complete lack of the kind of logical reasoning we try to instill in our young scientists), given the record of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Atomic Energy Commission in permitting other power plants to be built on faults that turned out to be active, the chances were that the fault at the Perry plant would turn out to be active, too! In fact, though the epicenter of the recent earthquake was just a few miles from the Perry plant, the fault at the site does not seem to have been involved. Still, there was a remarkable coincidence between the claim that the region was seismically active and occurrence of the earthquake. It's nice to be at least partly right, even if it is for the wrong reason.

It's hard to find large expanses of rocks that are completely unbroken by faults. If large structures were not permitted except in regions where the rocks were unfaulted, very

few large structures would ever be built. It falls to the geologist to try to distinguish faults that are active from faults that are unlikely to move. Earthquake motion appears to have ceased long ago on most of the faults we see at the surface or in excavations in northern Ohio. The motion that causes local earthquakes seems to occur deep in the subsurface.

* * *

Several winters ago Cleveland was struck by an especially heavy blizzard. Schools were closed, and so were lots of offices. A day like that can be very exciting. As we shovel out our cars or trudge to the bus stop it is easy to feel part of man's struggle against nature. Never mind that the greatest danger most of us face is the danger of getting home a few hours late for dinner. I remember the hype on the radio. On one station a psychologist was interviewed. "How can people best cope with the emotional stress of the blizzard?" he was asked. "Bake a cake," he suggested.

January 31, 1986 was a day much like that. We took the worst earthquake that nature had thrown this way in recorded history, and we measured up. We're tough people here in northeastern Ohio. ■

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Ms. Susan Zull, and Drs. James Aronson and William Stuart for their comments on earlier versions of the manuscript, and Linda Abel and Karen Taylor for their art work.

Notes

¹Almost twenty-five years ago, when I was a graduate student at Caltech, Charles Richter was a member of a faculty committee charged with subjecting me to a grueling oral examination. Professor Richter prefaced the exam by telling me that I ought not to take it personally, but that he usually had a hard time staying awake in oral exams. Within minutes, the person we most closely associate with violent earth tremors had nodded peacefully off to sleep. I don't know how large an earthquake it would have taken to stir him, but I am sure he was happier dreaming—of seismographs, my fellow students and I guessed irreverently—than listening to me. I certainly was happier to have my examining committee effectively reduced in size.

²James M. Gere and Haresh C. Shah, *Terra Non Firma* (New York: W.H. Freeman and Co., 1984), 74.

³R. B. Seismicity Map of North America, Geological Society of America, CSM004 (1987).

⁴R. L. Wesson and C. Nicholson (eds.), "Studies of the January 31, 1986 Northeastern Ohio Earthquake," *United States Geological Survey Open-File Report 86-331* (1986), 131 pp.



Romani

The Language of the Gypsies

Ian Hancock

The Romani or Gypsy people first migrated into Europe from the south and east during the early middle ages. The first references to the Romani language begin to turn up in the 1500s. But, although there are some substantial texts from that century, it was not until the early eighteenth century that it was learned that the language had originated in India.

To a very large extent, the history of the Romani language is a mirror of the history of its speakers. Its heart is Indian, the prevailing hypothesis being that Romani is ultimately traceable to the Central or Saurasenic group of dialects (making it most closely related to the group that includes Hindi), but with a heavy superstratal influence from the Northwestern language group. This suggests that its early speakers moved into the neighborhood of Sindh before leaving altogether some time before the tenth century. Subsequent layers of vocabulary borrowings provide clues to the route of that exodus, and to the nature of the social relationships existing between Rom (Gypsy) and *gadžo*, or non-Gypsy. The first significant overlay is from Persian: several of the items from this language have to do with agriculture, the land, and animal care (Table 1). The second influence is Armenian, at which point Christianity also seems to have been encountered (*Patradži*, Easter). After



Ian Hancock has been active in the Romani civil rights movement since the mid-1960s. In 1984, he was appointed United Nations delegate for the World Romani Union; he also advises the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Council on Romani-related matters. Hancock, who holds a Ph.D. from the University of London School of Oriental and African Studies, is professor of English and linguistics at the University of Texas (Austin). Growing up, he became aware how little the gajé (non-Gypsy population) knew about Gypsies and how wrong their impressions were. "I decided to learn more about our history and correct this misinformation by writing about it," most recently in his book, The Pariah Syndrome (1987).

Table 1: Persian Loan Words

<i>ambrol</i>	pear	<i>čher</i>	donkey
<i>pendex</i>	nut	<i>buzexa</i>	spurs
<i>xirxila</i>	woods	<i>čukni</i>	whip
<i>veš</i>	beans	<i>zen</i>	saddle
<i>buzno</i>	goat	<i>postin</i>	hide
<i>ruv</i>	wolf	<i>pošom</i>	wool
<i>džoro</i>	mule		

Armenian, a Greek influence appears; these two languages were met with in the Byzantine Empire, when techniques of metalworking were probably acquired, as is suggested by such words as Romani *bov*, *arčiči* (furnace, tin) from Armenian, and from Greek, *molivi*, *xarxuma*, *karfin*, *kekavi*, *petalo* (lead, copper, nail, kettle, horseshoe). Byzantine Greek influence has been extensive, supplying words for some of the names of the days of the week, and for the numbers 7, 8, and 9. It affected the idiom and structure of the language as well. After the Gypsies' entry into Europe, probably in the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century, Romani was further affected by the languages its speakers encountered, most notably Slavic and Rumanian. Despite this, the basic lexicon and structure remains overwhelmingly Indic (see box); far more of the core of direct retention in Romani is Indian than English is Anglo-Saxon, for instance.¹

There are about sixty different dialects of Romani, though no single, standardized variety. However, with the emergence in the twentieth century of Romani self-awareness and the first conscious efforts at political recognition, and especially since Gypsies achieved representation in the United Nations in 1979, the growing volume of international correspondence in the language has seen the increased use of dialects of the Vlax (i.e., Wallachian, or Rumanian) type. Vlax Romani developed during the five hundred years of Gypsy slavery (beginning in the fourteenth century) in the Rumanian principalities. This dialect is spoken over a wide area, not only in the Balkans but wherever Rom have settled since fleeing southeastern Europe

Table 2: Indic Cognates

(Hindi unless specified as Sanskrit)		
Romani	English	-Indic
<i>baro</i>	big	- <i>bara</i>
<i>dikh-</i>	see	- <i>dek-</i>
<i>dinile</i>	foolish	<i>dina</i> (San.)
<i>džin-</i>	count, read	- <i>gin-</i>
<i>dža-</i>	go	- <i>ja-</i>
<i>či</i>	not	- <i>čit</i> (San.)
<i>čhavořo</i>	son, boy	<i>chokara</i>
<i>heruj</i>	leg	- <i>haddi</i>
<i>jekh</i>	one	- <i>ek</i>
<i>khuro</i>	colt, foal	- <i>ghoda</i>
<i>khajlo</i>	lazy, smelly	<i>ghand</i>
<i>mer-</i>	die	- <i>mar-</i>
<i>mang-</i>	want, beg	- <i>řang-</i>
<i>muřo</i>	my	- <i>řera</i>
<i>nař-</i>	flee	- <i>řas</i>
<i>na</i>	not	- <i>řa</i>
<i>piri</i>	pot	- <i>řithari</i> (San.)
<i>pi-</i>	drink	- <i>ři-</i>
<i>phag-</i>	break	- <i>řhag-</i>
<i>phand-</i>	close, tie	<i>bandh-</i>
<i>rov-</i>	weep	- <i>řo-</i>
<i>raklo</i>	non-Gypsy boy	- <i>řarka</i>
<i>rakli</i>	non-Gypsy girl	<i>řarki</i>
<i>te</i>	that	
- <i>řti</i>	(San.)	- <i>g</i>

Table 3: Article Declension and Nominal Endings

Masculine	
<i>o raklo nařel</i>	the boy runs away
<i>le rakle nařen</i>	the boys run away
<i>le raklesko khuro</i>	the boy's horse
<i>le raklengo khuro</i>	the boys' horse
<i>le rakleski piri</i>	the boy's pot
<i>le raklengi piri</i>	the boys' pot
<i>dikhav le rakles</i>	I see the boy
<i>dikhav le raklen</i>	I see the boys
Feminine	
<i>e rakli nařel</i>	the girl runs away
<i>le raklija nařen</i>	the girls run away
<i>la rakliřako khuro</i>	the girl's horse
<i>le rakliřango khuro</i>	the girls' horse
<i>la rakliřaki piri</i>	the girl's pot
<i>le rakliřangi piri</i>	the girls' pot
<i>dikhav la raklija</i>	I see the girl
<i>dikhav le rakliřan</i>	I see the girls

following their emancipation in 1864. It is the most widely spoken variety of Romani in the Americas, and is the kind described here.

One consequence of Romani's extensive contact with other languages over the past millennium has been the development of two quite distinct grammatical paradigms within the language. While the native structure is regular and predictable, adopted items conform to a far less uniform set of rules.

Romani has two genders (masculine and feminine) and two numbers (singular and plural); the loss of the earlier Indic neuter gender and dual number dates its time of separation from the main body of Indian languages in the Medieval period. It has three nominal cases: nominative, oblique, and vocative. The oblique includes the accusative, and also provides the inflected stem to which a series of postpositions (these are like prepositions, but are suffixed to nouns) may be affixed: e.g., *le rakl-es-ko* ("the boy's"); *le rakl-es-tar* ("from the boy"); *la rakl-ja-sa* ("with the girl"); *la rakl-ja-ke* ("to the girl"). Such derived forms are sometimes treated as cases in some Romani grammars. The formula is stem + case + postposition (which includes number and gender).

Like ancient Greek, the articles (*the* and *a*) are also inflected for gender, number, and case: the definite masculine singular subject is *o*, and the oblique *le* (var. *el*), which latter forms also serve as the singular oblique and as the plural for both cases. The feminine singular subject is *e* (variation: *i*), the singular oblique is *la*, and the plural for both cases is *le* (variation: *el*). The corresponding nominal endings, in the regular native paradigm, are illustrated in Table 3.

Other postpositional forms are *le raklesa*, *le raklensa*, *la rakljasa*, *le rakljansa* (with the boy/boys/girl/girls); *le raklestar*, *le raklendar*, *la rakljatar*, *le rakljandar* (from the boy/boys/girl/girls). Use of the oblique form as accusative operates only when the object noun is animate, and if no postpositions follow. Thus a distinction is made, for instance, between *xav mačho* ("I eat a fish"—which is dead), and *asterav mačhes* ("I catch a fish"—which is alive).

Examples with the indefinite article (*jekh*, one) include *jekhe raklesa* ("with a boy") and *jekha rakljasa* ("with a girl"). "Some" is invariably *vuni*.

Pronouns operate like nouns. The personal series, in the subject and the oblique cases, are shown in Table 4.

Adjectives, like those of French and unlike those of English, include possessive pronouns, and take endings similar to the nouns they qualify. Thus *muřo baro khuro* ("my big horse"); *čiro cikno kher* ("your [singular] small house"); *lesko khajlo phral* ("his lazy brother"); *leski khajli phe* ("his lazy sister"); *lako xarano čhavořo* ("her smart son"); *lake dinile phrala* ("her stupid brothers"); *amare maj bare khera* ("our bigger houses"); *tumare maj cikne mobilja* ("your [plural] smaller cars"); *Phaglja pesko heruj* ("he broke his [own] leg"); *phaglja lesko heruj* ("he broke his [someone else's] leg").

Table 4: Personal Pronouns

Singular	
<i>me/man</i>	I, me
<i>tu/tut</i>	you
<i>vo/les</i>	he, him
<i>voj/la</i>	she, her
<i>pes</i>	himself, herself
Plural	
<i>ame/amen</i>	we, us
<i>tume/tumen</i>	you
<i>von/len</i>	they/them
<i>pen</i>	themselves

There are two bases in the Romani verb—present and past—from which other forms are derived. The present tense endings in the native paradigm are shown in Table 5.

The future is expressed either by an additional *-a* to the present (*dikhava*, *dikhesa*, etc.), which also functions as the "oratorical" form used in speeches and formal situations, or else by prefixing *kam* throughout (*kam-dikhav*, *kam-dikhes*, etc.). These options are otherwise equal.

The suffix *-as* may be added to the present, the past, and to *kam-* to produce other tenses: *dikhavas* ("I used to see"); *dikhlemas* ("I had seen"); *kamas-dikhav* ("I would see"). There is no infinitive, thus *mangav te dikhav* ("I want to see") is literally "I want that I see." The BE-verb is *sim*, *san*, *si*, *sam*, *san*, *si* in the present and *simas*, *sanas*, *sas*, *samas*, *sanas*, *sas* in the past; its future is constructed with *av-* ("[be]come"): *khuro si*, *khuro avel* ("it is a horse, it will be a horse"). Negation is with preverbal *či* (*na* after *te* and for the imperative): *či manges te džav*, *manges te na džav*, ("you don't want me to go, you want me not to go"). *Si* and *sas* have their own negated forms: *naj* and *nas*; and special third person forms used with animates: *raklo-lo* ("he's a boy"); *rakli-la* ("she's a girl"); *rakle-le* ("they're boys"). In addition, there are in the language several derived verbal constructions such as causatives, inchoatives, etc., in the language: *phandav* ("I shut"); *phandavav* ("I cause to be shut"); *phandadjuvav* ("I become shut").

Unlike the basic native grammar, non-native morphology would require, for instance, the vowel of the present verbal personal suffixes to be *-i-* or sometimes *-o-* throughout, and the past base to be constructed with the stem plus *-sar-*: *ramov*, *ramosardem* ("I write, I wrote"). Past participle forms of loan-verbs which are used adjectivally take the suffix *-ime* (oblique *-imene/-imenja*), of Greek origin: *miksime* "mixed"; *bolime* "blackballed, shunned." Adjectives are unchanged for gender in the subject case, both masculine and feminine taking *-o* in the singular and *-i* in the plural, while in the oblique case the endings are masc./sing. and masc./fem. plural *-one* and feminine singular *-onja*: and take *i-one* in the plural: *vesolo raklo*, *vesolo rakli*, *vesolone rakle*, *vesolone raklja* ("happy boy, happy girl, happy boys, happy girls"). Nominal masculine plurals take *-urja*: *dokato*, *dokaturja* ("lawyer, lawyers").

<i>o čisto raklo</i>	the right boy
<i>e čisto rakli</i>	the right girl
<i>lo čisto rakle</i>	the right boys
<i>le čisto raklja</i>	the right girls
<i>le čistoné rakles</i>	the right boy
<i>le čistoné raklen</i>	the right girl
<i>la čistonjá raklja</i>	the right boys
<i>le čistoné rakljan</i>	the right girls

Nominal masculine plurals take *-urja*: *dokáto*, *dokatúrja*, "lawyer, lawyers," while adjectivally-derived loan adverbs do not take the native adverbial suffix *-es*: *e mundro rakli gilabal*, *e rakli gilabal mundro* "the beautiful girl sings, the girl sings beautifully."

To conclude, the text of the Lord's Prayer is given here in one of the most widely spoken Vlax dialects in this country,

Table 5: Present Tens Verb Endings

Singular	Examples
<i>-av</i>	<i>dikhav</i> : I see
<i>-es</i>	<i>bešes</i> : you sit
<i>-el</i>	<i>merel</i> : (s)he dies
Plural	
<i>-as</i>	<i>rovás</i> : we cry
<i>-en</i>	<i>pijen</i> or <i>pen</i> : you dri
<i>-en</i>	<i>džinen</i> : they read

that of the *Rūsurja*, that is the Gypsies who have arrived here from Russia within the past century. These speakers, and speakers of *Mačvano* Vlax who came here from Serbia, make up more than half of the population of nearly one million Romani Americans.²

The Lord's Prayer

1. *Amare* 2. *zorale* 3. *Devla*, 4. *kaj* 5. *trajil* 6. *de* 7. *veči*, 8. *bičav*
9. *amen* 10. *o* 11. *vudud* 12. *le* 13. *Svuntone* 14. *Aburosko*. 15. *Mekh*
16. *amen* 17. *kodole* 18. *aburostar* 19. *te* 20. *šaj* 21. *das* 22. *kris*
23. *mišto* 24. *thaj* 25. *čačes* 26. *sogodi*. 27. *Najis* 28. *Tuke* 29. *drago*
30. *Devla* 31. *amare* 32. *themeske* 33. *thaj* 34. *amare* 35. *ředečinjake*.
36. *Pučhas* 37. *Tutar* 38. *ke* 39. *avas* 40. *dženen* 41. *kaj* 42. *gindisaras*
43. *sagda* 44. *pa* 45. *Čire* 46. *dařonenge*. Amen.

1. "Our," singular 2. "powerful," oblique singular 3. "God," vocative 4. relative marker 5. "lives," 6. and 7. "forever," loan from Rumanian 8. "send," imperative 9. "us," object pronoun 10. masculine singular subject article 11. light 12. masculine singular oblique article 13. oblique form of *aburo* ("holy") 14. "of the spirit," 15. "allow," imperative 16. "us," 17. oblique form of *kodo* "that" 18. "from [that] spirit" 19. "that," comparative 20. "able," invariable particle 21. "[we] give" 22. "judgement" 23. "well," irregular adverbial form (from *lačho* "good") 24. "and," 25. "truly," regularly derived adverbial form from *čačo* ("true, real") 26. "everything" 27. "thank" 28. "to-you" (singular) 29. "dear" 30. "God," vocative 31. "our," oblique 32. "for [our] land" 33. "and" 34. "our," oblique 35. "for [our] heritage" 36. "[we] ask" 37. "from you" 38. "that" 39. "[we] become" 40. "people" 41. "who" 42. "[we] think" 43. "always" 44. "about" 45. "your," oblique 46. "of [your] gifts." Amen. ■

Footnotes

¹The social history of the Romani people is documented in Ian Hancock, *The Pariah Syndrome* (Ann Arbor: Karoma, 1987); and the linguistic history in Ian Hancock, "The development of Romani linguistics," in *Languages and Cultures: Studies in Honor of Edgar C. Polome*, edited by A. Jazyery and W. Winter (The Hague: Mouton, 1988).

²An excellent introduction to the contemporary situation of the Vlax Rom in this country is A. Sutherland, *Gypsies, the Hidden Americans* (New York: The Waveland Press, 1986).



FICTION

Jugglers

John Gerlach

Morgan dressed again and went out. The full moon, ripened by an unseasonably hot September, first looked like a street lamp glimpsed through branches, but when he turned the corner it hung golden and free over the rooftops. Voices buzzed on porches, and dogs strained on leashes as he passed their owners on his midnight walk—he was not alone in tasting the last of summer's nights.

Just before he turned to walk back home, movement caught his eye, a blur in a circle of light on a porch obscured by trunks and branches. White flashed, and a hand; a voice gave steady, matter-of-fact instructions. As he walked on, he saw a dark-haired woman sway under porch light the color of the moon, and a silver buckle broad as a wallet gleamed on a man's belt. White tenpins whirled in the air. Without looking at the pins the woman grabbed one, spun it, flipped it back, grabbed another so fast Morgan could not count how many passed between the couple.

Not wanting to gawk, he moved on, watching over his shoulder and listening for the clunk of a tenpin. Wood on wood might have thumped or clattered, but he heard only the distant drone of a television and the whoosh and slap of the pins.

When he got back into bed he woke up his wife.

"I saw a couple juggling on a porch."

"Umm," Barbara said.

"They had four or five pins going. Young folks, not kids. A married couple. He could have been a mechanic or maybe a schoolteacher. But I bet they juggle for a living. I bet they are professional jugglers. We have professional jugglers in our neighborhood."

Barbara's breath was smooth and regular. She wasn't saying anything, but he was sure she hadn't yet drifted off. Maybe she was smoldering. She didn't protest whenever he happened to wake her after his returns, but she liked her rest. If he touched her again she might get the wrong idea. Maybe he should try something neutral, like commenting on what one of the children had done when he'd put them to bed—what Melissa had to say about third-grade homework, or an Edithism, or where John Michael, thumb in his mouth, had crashed this time.

"Morgan," she said before he could speak, "try to sleep."

He closed his eyes and regulated his breath as she had done.

She looked over at him, watched him feign sleep that would not come for at least another hour.



*John Gerlach lists his occupations as professor of English (at Cleveland State University) and softball player. He earned his B.A. at Kenyon, his M.F.A. at Columbia, and his Ph.D. at Arizona State University. He has published numerous stories in magazines and journals, and a non-fiction book on story endings, *Toward the End* (University of Alabama Press, 1985). "I like to write stories around images," he says. "Four years ago I saw jugglers everywhere, on the Stanford campus, on the lawns, patios, and in fountains, and then when I came back to Cleveland, on porches." Among his other activities, he lists yoga and "trying to get my children up in the morning and into bed at night."*

Years at Mammoth Casualty had earned him a cubicle near a window that faced the lake. He would look out as often as he dared and when caught at it he would scribble a list of urgent phone calls on a pad to show that he had been at work. Folders tagged by red markers piled up at the rear of his desk. He was nearly a week behind in sending in his reports.

He took two gum erasers from his drawer to toss them up and switch them from hand to hand. He had to pause between throws, and he noticed that each eraser merely dropped down into the hand below it. That didn't seem right.

An eraser bounced off his leg and scooted under the table. He was reaching for it when a secretary walked in.

* * *

Boxes, clocks, steam irons and dozens of unused jars Barbara had bought in a temporary enthusiasm for canning jammed the attic. Morgan sat on the bulging top of a fat trunk that had probably crossed the Atlantic in the nineteenth century; after Barbara's mother died they'd stored it in the attic.

He had to start somewhere. He lifted a shoe box his daughters had packratted, and poked through discarded doll-house furniture, a miniature toilet with functioning lid, some hair bands, and tiny plastic shoes. As if sensing danger to their belongings, Melissa and Edith appeared and vowed to help him clean, but when his back was turned Melissa started to teach Edie Monopoly, and he had to ask them to leave. He picked up a box of John Michael's trucks, but quickly put it down. He didn't want him coming up, too.

Morgan would need a bulldozer to remove the junk. Since he couldn't get one up to the attic, he settled for the few square feet he could clear by hand, took two lemons from his pockets and opened the library book. Following instructions, he tossed one lemon up until he could grasp and release it without looking, then worked with two. Melissa and Edith returned to see what was bouncing on the ceiling and reported to Mother that Father was playing with lemons. Barbara came upstairs in her apron and leaned against the banister to watch.

* * *

"Mary Ellen asked why you weren't going to the office party," Barbara said to Morgan, who was already out the door. "I didn't tell her you hadn't said anything to me about it."

He thought he had been doing her a favor. At the last party he worked all evening from one end of the room to the other on a balancing board belonging to his host's children, drink in hand, first to the light applause and then to discreet silence, including Barbara's.

"I didn't think you'd want to go." He paused. "I was just heading out for a walk."

"Will you be gone long?"

"Just a couple turns around the block."

The juggler's house was only ten minutes away, and when the lights were on he tried to peer in. Tonight, standing in the final flurries of an evening snowstorm, he saw them at dinner. Two candles, flared into globes by the thin curtain that failed

to conceal the room, lit the woman's smile. Perhaps they were celebrating. Maybe one of them had done something special, or together they had reached a milestone. Logged their first thousand hours of air time, or whatever they did to keep track of their juggling. Barbara liked candles—he would have to remember to buy some. Where were these folks' children? They had none?

The man left the table and went into the living room, and then the woman followed. Morgan moved along the sidewalk until he could see into the living room window. The man lifted a chair and moved it.

Morgan had considered buying a dog so that he could justify a pause before their yard. A dog sniffed interminably wherever you let it, and would have given him an excuse if a neighbor or the couple had seen him. He could wave, yank the dog, and walk on.

He approached the house. He knew he was leaving tracks in the snow, but what the hell. Fifteen feet from a den window he stopped. He had no excuse for looking, but if they caught him he'd have to think of a good one. They wouldn't see him anyway. They were busy inside.

The woman held up tenpins, blue ones with white necks. While the pins flew back and forth the woman rhythmically dipped her shoulder as if to music, but Morgan heard nothing. The pins flew back and forth, up and down, a waterfall of blue and white. He crept up and peeked through the den window.

The woman raised one leg and shot pins under it. She didn't have the flamboyance of a stage performer, didn't dye her hair red or wear spangled shorts with a fringe like women in a circus, didn't bend and display her parts. She had good legs in gray tights, though, a bit on the sturdy side but good legs all the same.

The man facing her was squat and dwarfish. Big shoulders, long arms. Maybe he'd stretched them grabbing all those pins. But juggling hadn't changed her. She was the one he looked at. She was nice to watch, though it was hard to imagine standing beside her with a drink at a cocktail party, hard to conceive of her remaining still long enough for conversation.

Morgan's fingers had clutched the sill so long that they grudged moving. Sometimes all he could see was the woman and the pins that seemed to fly by themselves. In the subdued light the pins whirled like a big blue flower under the glow of the lamp. Even when she put the pins on a coffee table, Morgan basked in the memory of the blue swirls. The man put out the lights in the living room, the dining room, and then they went upstairs.

Morgan could think of no way to climb to the second floor to watch, and anyway they would be up to something other than juggling. He breathed in, and for the first time sensed the cold in his cheeks. He had to work to wiggle his toes.

On his way home snow settled on his sleeves. He should feel dirty and small and guilty. But he didn't. He felt clean and white and content.

"Just for a bit," he said. "I'll show you everything I know."

"That's all right," Barbara said, "I don't want my lemons bruised."

As she reached for the drying rack the dish slipped from her hand, chipped on the edge of the counter and shattered on the floor. Three big pieces, a dozen chips, and the powder of remainder. Morgan cleaned up.

He rolled a lemon across the counter. "It's been on the floor fifty, a hundred times. Lemons don't bruise. It's as good as new. You could cut it up and it would be just as sour as ever."

"I wouldn't want to drink iced tea from a lemon that's been all over the attic."

"Please?"

"Morgan, I can't. I'll drop it. My hands are soapy."

Edie was playing at a friend's house. He knew better than to ask John Michael, who would laugh and throw the lemons at his stomach, but he might have a chance with Melissa.

Melissa was in the living room, reading, while John Michael destroyed ragged red and green blips on the TV screen with his joystick.

Melissa put down her book. She was in a cooperative stage. She alternated cooperative, uncooperative. The cooperative stages were shorter, and sometimes they passed before Morgan could take advantage of them. "Dad, Mom, may I help?" uttered quietly, looking up at a standing adult, or "Whatever you want" offered inaudibly.

"Just catch it and toss it back, Melissa. Underhanded. We'll work on routines later."

She caught the lemon, most of the time, and got it back, sometimes. When it slipped out she ran after it. She asked where to stand, if she had the throw right, should she bend her knees, was this how he wanted it? He tossed it to her and realized how desperately she wanted to go back to her book.

* * *

Cruising the street was easier with dark glasses and a hat. Morgan would drive up to the couple's block and then park within thirty or forty yards of their house and take out a newspaper. Their name was Taggart. Frank and Shelly Taggart. He discovered the name by walking up and looking at the mailbox, grocery store flyer in hand should they open the door and catch him. Then he could have delivered their flyer personally.

After weeks of night watch he was sure he would find Shelly home alone on Thursday evenings. Where her husband went he had no idea, but the fellow had not come home until after nine o'clock on three consecutive Thursdays. Morgan was going to knock on the door, and if she would let him in he could talk to her and get her to show him her pins.

He would go up and knock and Shelly would answer. She would say hello and stand there quizzically, and he would think of something to say and she would let him in. Or he would try to sell her something, hand puppets or maybe a

marionette that he could walk across the porch. He'd make it dance and wave its arms and bow, and this would appeal to the artist in her. She would open the door and they would talk.

Or he could stand at her door, say he was from UPS and hand her a package. UPS drivers developed relationships with their customers. One of the women at the office had developed a relationship with her UPS driver and set up a date for him with one of her single friends. All Morgan would need was a package and a uniform. And a truck.

Late one blustery afternoon he stood on the Taggarts' porch, no toys, no package, no uniform. He would knock and throw himself on her mercy.

Branches clacked above him. He was going to put his finger on the doorbell. At that point he lost his nerve.

* * *

The dog was a disaster. One of the people at the office had a friend who knew a man who raised Cairn terriers. Said a terrier was perfect for kids. Not a mean bone in its body.

True, that the dog did not have a mean bone in its body. But it dug kleenex out of wastepaper baskets, rooted garbage from under the sink, and buried it in the folds of the sofa. It scratched the children when it jumped up to lick them and it bit their tiny bare toes. Barbara said he could keep it only if he cleaned up after it and took care of it himself.

Morgan liked to walk the dog briskly, and that's how the dog liked its exercise. It was always cheerful, gasping to try a new scent, barking boldly and dashing at neighborhood dogs whose chains or fences it had learned would not allow them to retaliate. Whenever anyone passed, even if they hadn't stopped, the dog would lower its head, flatten its ears, and corkscrew its body into a greeting. Those who did stop were either teenage girls chewing gum or grey-haired ladies whose jewelry impeded their progress noticeably, but Morgan knew that all things come to him who waits.

The first three times he saw Mrs. Taggart he grinned and let the dog wiggle on the hook. She looked at the dog, not him. The fourth time, heading home from the top of the hill, she smiled; she must have recognized him or was too embarrassed to admit that she didn't. He paused long enough to let the dog approach. It went crazy with excitement, spilling love everywhere, and she had little choice but to bend to acknowledge its greeting. He restrained the dog firmly.

"Don't want him scratching you or getting you wet," he said. "He walks in all the puddles."

She had put her hand under its chin and the dog squealed in delight. Never before had it been allowed to gratify its wishes with strangers.

"A dog like that," she said, looking directly at Morgan, "just makes you glad."

Sprinkles of joy watered Morgan. But he would have to seize the moment. He would have to take a chance.

"You know," he said, "I think I've seen you before. Last summer, on your porch." He hunched his shoulders, began to toss imaginary pins.



She seemed pleased that he was talking about her juggling, pleased as if he'd paid her a compliment. She held her head at a pert angle, and he liked the way her dark hair brushed against her shoulder.

"Frank and I are sort of into juggling," she said. "You wouldn't believe how good it can make you feel."

"I think I know what you mean. I juggled a bit in college. You know, simple stuff, three, maybe four balls, I've always wanted to step up to pins, but I never met anybody before who knew about them."

"They're easy," she said. She tossed imaginary pins for him, making wheels with her hands and rubbing her thumbs against her index fingers to simulate the flips. Her shoulders, her hips ground into motion.

Morgan saw the squirrel a second before the dog did. It had edged down the trunk, tail twitching. The dog went berserk. Morgan knew he couldn't make it stop, so he held on and tried to ignore the thrashing.

"Where do you get pins? I've seen a few in hobby shops, but they looked cheap. They didn't feel right."

"You should get yourself some good ones. I'll show you mine if you'd like."

"Maybe I should take this little fellow home first. I could come right back."

She said she'd be ready. He should just ring the doorbell.

He started back, and as soon as Shelly was no longer in sight he lifted the dog and stepped up the pace. Instead of squirming, the dog hung on for the ride, awe-struck at passing its usual territory from a new height and at a new speed. When they reached home Morgan tossed the dog over the back-yard fence and broke into a trot. A few minutes later he had reached the Taggarts' block, and he slowed down to catch his breath.

She was waiting for him on the porch. Would he like to come in?

He paused, hoped he wasn't an inconvenience. He followed her, hands in his pockets, and pretended he had never seen the inside of the house before. On the coffee table sat four sleek pins. He bent over them, then looked up cautiously before touching.

"Go ahead." She shook her hair from her cheek. "I think you'll be surprised."

His hands fit perfectly along the slim neck of the one he chose. He had expected something weighty as a bottle of burgundy, but the pin, exactly balanced, seemed ready to rise by itself.

He flipped it. It pivoted and fell back perfectly. He took in a short breath, sensed magic. He hefted the pin gently before her.

"Would you?"

She giggled, hesitating. She nodded.

He flipped it to her, guessing the height he would need to get it to turn, and as it came down he swam in the perfection of it. He'd given her one—now he wanted to see what she'd

do with the rest. Would she start slow, simple, work with three, get them in the air and maybe slip down for a fourth?

No, not this woman—she went for all of them, two in one hand, two in the other. How she got them going in a great circle before her he wasn't sure, whether the right hand went up first, whether she tossed up two, one right after the other, or even if she always had a pin in each hand, he couldn't tell. He could only stand back and admire. The pins were just whirling in a circle, going by themselves as if all she had to do was spin them along the edge, those four flashing blue and white pins. She was so calm, just a little jut in her jaw.

"Incredible," he said. "Just incredible."

The circle whirled faster, her lips a pout of concentration. "How do you do it?" he whispered.

The wheel picked up speed, and then he no more than blinked and the circle was gone completely. She held up four pins in triumph, then put the two from her left on the table.

Moaning, Morgan fell to his knees. He stared at her legs, sturdy, lovely juggler's legs. He crawled, rested his cheek against her skirt, delirious and without thinking, wrapped his arms around those legs, firm with years of exercise. He had not realized it then, and would not for a few moments afterward, that she still had two pins in her right hand, that she would, and did, crash them on his skull.

* * *

He remembered only part of the walk home. Houses momentarily appeared and disappeared, as if taking curtain calls—friendly, welcoming houses. But he remembered shrieks, a woman's shrieks, and was sure his head had been split.

Barbara had accepted the story about the falling branch, but she did ask him to drive by the spot where the accident had happened. He couldn't find any remains of a branch and was not sure about the tree. "Someone probably removed the branch," she said.

He continued to go to work, but when he came home he stayed home. The folders began to pile up again at work and his supervisor was asking questions. From time to time Barbara looked at him strangely and asked him how he felt.

One day he was watching the children in the back yard from a window by the stairs. John Michael had gotten a remote control 4x4 Stomper for his birthday and had been told to play with it outside because inside he used it mainly to terrorize the dog. Melissa had put a ladder against their playhouse and she stood at the peak, prepared to jump.

Melissa jumped gracefully and bounced up. Edie had made her way forward to the peak and was about to scream for Melissa to catch her. Edie had once been confident that someone would catch her wherever she threw herself. A year ago she had leapt from the porch a second after Morgan had turned, and he had not seen her until she hit his side and started to slide down.

Morgan watched Edie at the peak. She stretched out, pointing and commanding. Morgan leaned forward and rested his head against the window to let the coolness pass through.

* * *



He leaned with his finger against the doorbell. Fears, trepidations, he had them all. He had overcome them all. He steadied his finger on the bell.

Old-fashioned leaded windows ranged along either side of the Taggarts' door, and through these windows Morgan caught a glimpse of the dark hair, and through these windows Mrs. Taggart caught a glimpse of Morgan. Her hands went immediately to her face, lips rounded and teeth flashing, healthy white teeth and soft red lips, and the glass was no impediment to her screams. Morgan leaned harder on the doorbell. The screams pulsed, wailed, and then there was silence.

Morgan didn't like silence. The porch was so strangely quiet, nothing more than the creak of his shifting weight on the floorboards in the damp of a late winter's day. And then he heard the wail, but not the same wail as the screams, and he saw the flashing red lights. He found to his astonishment that he could clear the porch railing and was headed around the side of the house.

He saw the husband behind the glass of the side door. The fellow had always seemed jovial and composed, but now, his long arms rising, he had the air of a Viking whose village had been plundered.

Ahead lay the neighbor's fence, and to the right a hedge. Morgan cut directly through the hedge. It occurred to him, as he ran up a driveway that he had better be lucky in his selection of backyards. If he hit one with too high a fence he would have husband down his throat, as well as police, who for all he knew had clubs and shotguns and intemperate German Shepherds. He cleared the side of the garage, ran up the next driveway, and pumped past a man carrying out his garbage. At the next garage he turned left and crouched by a woodpile behind a bush. When he could no longer hear footsteps he knew the husband had run past. Whether he could fool the police so easily was another matter.

In an hour, an hour and a half, it would be dark. Then he could leave.

* * *

Under a moonless sky he peered through the window and saw Melissa and Edie asleep on the couch. In the center of the floor sat the red 4x4, and safe on a radiator cover the dog, curled up. Where was John Michael? Morgan looked around again and saw the boy's feet protruding from a chair directly to the right of the window. Shifting carefully, he avoided the shrubs.

He met Barbara on her way from the kitchen. She was carrying a plate with cheese and crackers and wearing a white kimono that he had given her at Christmas.

"Where've you been? You look kind of weird."

"I was out walking. I'm all right."

"What's going on out there?" She offered him some cheese. "Squad cars up and down the street all through 'Police Woman.' Why don't you take the kids upstairs and watch with me for a while? You'll feel better."

He took Edie up first and then went to the window, blood pounding in his throat, to look up and down the street. No squad cars. He went downstairs for Melissa.

She put her arms around his neck, still asleep, and rocked with him as he made his way up the stairs. John Michael, after he had been pulled from under the chair, hung limp in Morgan's arms. Morgan felt as though he was removing bodies from rubble after a natural disaster. After he had gotten them upstairs and watched them sleep, he suddenly felt tender towards them. Would they rise again in the morning and still be his?

"Sit here by me on the sofa and watch TV," Barbara said when he came back.

He pushed some toys aside and sat silently, glancing at the inscrutable script on her kimono. The couch seemed stiff and unyielding. Men, women, and children raced in and out of rooms, knocked dishes off tables, and stumbled over chairs.

"Relax," Barbara said.

He relaxed and smiling blond people guzzled down colas and uncolas and swung on vines into glimmering blue streams and horses in snowstorms faded behind the image of a golden glass of beer.

"You're not relaxed," she said. She guided his shoulders into her lap.

He lay back and shaded his eyes from the light of the fixture above, looking into the water stain that had blossomed on the ceiling two months ago when John Michael had tried to get the water up to his neck in the second floor bathroom tub and hadn't been able to turn the faucet off. Morgan would close his eyes if she insisted, but he wouldn't be able to sleep.

Her fingers brushed like petals along his forehead, and she stroked his eyes closed. His breathing became regular. She saw his eyes twitch under closed lids.

He stood in a snowy meadow in blue-white moonlight, up to his knees in a drift. In the distance, along the forest line, where the meadow ended, a cordon of police cars formed, red pulsating along the rooftops. Well up the long slow slope from the forest line a shaggy-pelted Mr. Taggart halted, sword in hand. Horns as long as a Texas steer's protruded from his helmet.

Snow began to fall in thick white flakes as if the sky were shredding innumerable Proof of Loss Forms. Morgan turned away, plodded through the falling debris until he came to a twenty-foot wall with a massive gate crowned by a pagoda. The gate swung back easily at his touch, and he entered.

Beneath a spotlight sat Barbara in a white robe, fresh from her bath, combing her still-wet hair, surrounded by a host of Orientals smiling, furiously hoisting pins.

One pin flew toward Morgan, and behind it another, and another. He found himself equipped with such a profusion of hands that he could grab each pin instantly, and funnel it back to Barbara, who had discarded her robe and stood before him, spangled. The crowd rose to its feet, broke into wild applause.

Morgan found himself in the center ring, next to Barbara on an enormous bed. He rested his head in her lap, looked up at the lights above, and the crowd hushed. Barbara's hands came toward his cheeks, he closed his eyes, and effortlessly he began to dream. ■



Jared Kirtland and His Warbler

Sibley W. Hoobler

A resident of Lakewood, Ohio, for forty years until his death in 1877 at the age of eighty-four, Dr. Jared P. Kirtland was renowned as a physician, naturalist, and legislator; he has given his name to a number of places in the Cleveland area as well as to several animal species, including a snake, a fish, a butterfly, a mollusk, and a bird.

The event which assures Kirtland of near immortality is the migrant warbler shot one afternoon in May 1851 by his son-in-law, Charles Pease, and brought to him while he was entertaining Spencer Baird, later director of the Smithsonian Museum. Baird took the bird's skin to Washington, where it was identified as a new species. Baird wrote, "This species, which was shot near Cleveland, Ohio, is dedicated to Dr. Jared P. Kirtland of Cleveland, a gentleman to whom, more than any one living, we are indebted for knowledge of the Natural History of Ohio."

The warbler named for Dr. Kirtland has received an unusual measure of attention, for several reasons. Its habitat is exotic and unusually restricted; the bird has fought an uphill battle to survive against a changing environment; its would-be protectors have caused monumental destruction; and, finally, a feathered villain has entered the story!

Warblers are small migratory birds, notable for their joyful song and lovely colors. Most inhabit a wide range in winter and summer. But Kirtland's warbler chooses a summer range of about sixty square miles in Michigan's lower peninsula, and it winters only in the Bahamas. The first specimen was shot near there in 1841, ten years before it was found on Dr. Kirtland's farm. The first discoverer was Dr. Samuel Cabot, then on a voyage to study birds in Yucatán, who consigned the bird skin to an unmarked drawer in his Boston bird collection. It was discovered and identified many years after the species had been named for Kirtland.

The discovery of its nesting site came very much later, in the spring of 1903, when an ornithologist, fishing for trout in the Au Sable River of Michigan, heard a bird with an unusual song, shot it, and brought it back to Ann Arbor where its species was identified. The fisherman, Dr. Norman Wood, returned to search out the warbler's nesting place. His notebook records the story:



Dr. Sibley Hoobler was born in 1911, son of a pediatrics professor at Wayne State University, who taught him the woods lore he had learned in his own pioneer boyhood. After graduating from The Johns Hopkins University, Hoobler became a professor of medicine at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. Coming to Cleveland on retirement in 1976, he taught part-time at Case Western Reserve University (he is now professor emeritus), and joined the Rowfant Club, a literary society, in 1980. His love of both Michigan and Cleveland is reflected in his interest in Jared Kirtland. Like Kirtland's warbler, Hoobler returns to his "nest" in Michigan each summer. This article originated as a talk presented to the Rowfant Club.

Leaving the Au Sable river bottom, I climbed to the first plain and walked slowly . . . until I suddenly heard a new song, so rich, loud and clear I knew it must be the one I sought . . . its song is so wild and clear and has such a ringing liquid quality that I felt well repaid for the trip by this one experience.

Later Wood wrote in his notebook: "I have just found a pair of Kirtland's warblers and as I write the female is three feet away, fluttering her wings and very anxious . . . I began looking carefully on the ground . . . suddenly I saw the nest with two young birds and one white egg with black markings . . ."

Every nest since this first one, according to H.F. Mayfield, from whose book I have quoted, has been found within sixty miles of the first sighting. All have been built on the ground under jack pine trees three to nine feet high, such that the trees' lowest green branches cover the nest.

At the turn of the century this lovely, relatively large warbler, with its blue-grey back and yellow breast, must have numbered in the thousands, judging by the many times it was found along its migratory path through Ohio, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida. The abundance of jack pine nesting sites in Michigan followed the great white pine harvest which terminated in the 1880s. Lumbering companies deserted the land, leaving monumental dry brush piles, the source of repeated forest fires in the years that followed. All forest cover was gone and the country was referred to as the "pine barrens." But one tree species, the scorned and unmerchantable jack pine, possessed cones which split open only under heat, thus being the first species to regenerate after the fires. So for nearly a generation the barren land became a vast jack pine forest.

In those far-gone days the song of the Kirtland warbler must have resounded over the land. In more recent years, when forest fires rarely burn out of control, the remaining

(Continued on p. 78)



Kirtland's warbler feeding young in ground-level nest under a jack pine. Photo courtesy of the Laboratory of Ornithology, Cornell University.

Jared P. Kirtland, a native of Connecticut, first came to Ohio in 1810 at the age of seventeen to visit his father, Turbard, a developer of the Western Reserve who had settled in the town of Poland, just south of Youngstown, and who was thought to be fatally ill. Already at this age Jared had shown his scientific aptitude by proving that female silk moths could lay fertile eggs without a male (later he disproved the theory of asexual reproduction in Ohio's fresh water mollusks). Turbard Kirtland recovered from his illness, and Jared, after teaching school for a year to pay his travel expenses, returned east to study medicine at Yale.

Jared took up family practice in Durham, Connecticut, but ten years later his wife and one daughter died of fever. He and the remaining daughter returned to Ohio in 1823, where he married Hannah Tousey, became an Ohio legislator, and acquired a farm in Lakewood. He soon became renowned as the best doctor in Ohio, but he never attempted surgery, considering malpractice judgments excessive. When local residents donated the land, Kirtland and three other physicians started a medical school in Cleveland, which later became affiliated with Western Reserve University. He taught effectively and was never taken in by the medical fads of the day such as bleeding and cupping. For the treatment of tuberculosis he had the following recommendation: "Avoid blood-letting and blistering but use fresh air, a good diet, alcohol rubs and . . . as much old French brandy, Jamaica Spirit and . . . Madeira wine as the system will tolerate." He was among the first to blame outbreaks of cholera and typhoid on contaminated water supplies, and he succeeded in getting water piped in from far out in Lake Erie: the Kirtland water intake of Cleveland is so named to recognize him.

In 1837 Kirtland was appointed to the Ohio Geological Survey with the job of cataloging the zoological species in the state. In 1846 he founded the Cleveland Academy of Natural Science at a building in Public Square called "the Ark." In 1850 his efforts to improve community life led to his founding a magazine, *The Family Visitor*, dedicated to "instruct the mind and improve the heart."

From 1837 until his death forty years later he lived in his fine farm home, "Whippoorwill," located at the corner of Bunts and Detroit streets in Lakewood and extending north to the shore of Lake Erie. He once wrote: "Italy with its boasted skies cannot excel the view of a summer sunset on Lake Erie." The gardens, orchards, and unusual trees planted there made an unforgettable impression on his many out-of-town visitors, among whom were John Audubon, the British geologist Sir Charles Lyell, and even a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. But he was a man without airs. It is related that a distinguished visitor on horseback came upon Kirtland working in his shirt sleeves at the farm entrance; the following conversation ensued:

"Is this Dr. Kirtland's home?" "Yes." "Is he at home?" "Yes." "Will you, my good man, hold my horse?" The visitor proceeded on foot to the front door and asked, "Where can I find the renowned doctor?" The answer: "He's out on the street holding someone's horse."

Kirtland died in 1877 at age eighty-four, having received an honorary degree from Williams College and having been elected to what was then America's most prestigious academy, *The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia*. His legacy comprises not only his name attached to various species but his example of energy, public spirit, and broad-ranging interests.



This portrait of Kirtland, painted in 1870 by Allen Smith, Jr., is reproduced courtesy of the Cleveland Museum of Natural History, where it now hangs.

jack pine have grown taller, and new species of trees crown Michigan's beautiful forest country. Thus there are fewer jack pines, and those that remain are so tall that the lower branches are dead and afford no cover for the birds that nest on the ground. Probably as a result of this change, the population of Kirtland's warblers has been declining. In 1961 five hundred singing males were counted; in 1972 only two hundred were heard. The bird has been admitted to the endangered species list; over twenty thousand acres were set aside and jack pine seedlings were planted with the hope that in about five to ten years they would provide cover for the nesting warblers. The birds' protectors also tried to take a leaf out of the book of Mother Nature, who had for years provided new jack pine by naturally occurring fires. In 1980, near Mack Lake a "controlled burn" was started, but high winds whipped the fire out of control. When it was all over, forty homes had been destroyed and one life lost.

The villain in the story is the cowbird. For reasons unknown, these birds discovered Michigan in large numbers in 1940. It so happens that they feed on the same insects as the warblers, perch near the ground so they can watch the nesting female, and swoop in on her nest to lay their eggs when she first leaves it in the morning. Cowbird eggs hatch one day before those of the warbler and the fledglings are innocently fed by the parent warblers. In 1971, 69% of the known nests had been parasitized. Even without such a handicap, the Kirtland's warbler has a hard time surviving: at the end of the summer, offspring exceeded their parents by only about 30%. Add to this the deaths from storms and predators on the winter migrations, and the result is a lifetime expectancy of five years. To fight the villainous cowbirds the conservationists devised a technique to trap them near the nesting area of the warblers: in one summer they removed two thousand birds. Fewer nests were parasitized, but the number of singing males counted each year remains at about two hundred. At a certain stage, a population suffers an irreversible decline and dies out. So passed away the passenger pigeon species that once darkened the skies of Michigan.

Jared Kirtland died one hundred and ten years ago; his namesake bird may soon sing its last song. The Kirtland name will remain on Cleveland area landmarks for a while longer to remind us to be grateful for the life of this intellectual pioneer of the Western Reserve. ■

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Artificial Intelligence

Jack A. Soules

When I was a college student in the '40s, an especially hot topic for discussion in the coffee shops and fraternity lounges was "life." Were living things only aggregations of chemicals organized into incredibly complex structures? Once those structures were sorted out could they be synthesized? Could life be created, in principle at least, in a test tube? Or was there an essence, a *vis vitae*, that required reproduction from an already living form? When does life begin? What minimum function or behavior must a system exhibit to be alive? We were already pretty sure that viruses were not living material but what were they?

Looking back, I remember that my biology teachers did not involve themselves nearly as strenuously as my fellow students (and professors) in physics, mathematics, philosophy, engineering, etc. Today one never hears the question asked. Of course, there is a minor political debate over when life begins, significant to the quarrel about abortion. And no one has created a living cell "*de novo*," but viruses are frequently taken apart into a few simple constituents and then reassembled, and no cell is safe from invasion by a biologist who wants to add or subtract a bit of DNA to alter the behavior of the cell and its reproduction. No one doubts that every constituent of the cell *could* be fabricated by chemical methods. And "life" and living things are no less miraculous for all that. They remain so complex that it is cost and inconvenience rather than ignorance that deters experiments to synthesize a living cell.

This history seems relevant to an equally exciting and provocative possibility of today. Can an "intelligent machine" be built that, beyond memory and programmed reflexes, could rightfully be said to think? If someone claimed to have accomplished the construction of an "intelligent machine" how could we test it? Must it laugh and cry? What motivation would cause it to "think"? How would we communicate with it? In any discussion today it is easy to provoke strong reactions to the idea of artificial intelligence. There are passionate attacks and equally passionate defenses. And, just as in the '40s, we are unsure of what we mean by intelligence. Perhaps an acceptable definition of intelligence will emerge from our



Jack Soules was born in Ashtabula, Ohio, and earned his B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. at Ohio State University. He is now professor of physics at Cleveland State University, as well as an industrial engineering consultant and part-time inventor. He got interested in artificial intelligence when he needed a project to take the place of laboratory physics when he was dean of the College of Arts and Sciences. "My interest in artificial intelligence," he says, "comes from a philosophical base rather than an interest in the computer hardware." In his spare time he enjoys bridge, sports, and music, and he has built an airplane in his garage, to which he plans to attach a new and unusual engine and propellers. He hopes to fly it this spring.

efforts to construct the machine. The machine may be as helpful for understanding ourselves as for any other purpose.

It is generally accepted that horses are smarter than cows, that dogs are smarter than horses and that gorillas and chimpanzees are smarter than dogs. We expect porpoises and killer whales to act intelligently, more so than many other animals. In the animal kingdom, intelligence, as we define it, means trainability, the ability to adapt, whether to the environment, other animals, or various contingencies. With the trainer in control of the environment, the animal responds in a prescribed fashion, as long as it is physically able to do so. And since man does the rating, he considers those animals that learn more complex tasks or learn them more quickly to be more intelligent. If we are to understand intelligence, perhaps we should begin by studying learning.

Psychologists insist that learning is evidenced by a change in behavior in response to the environment, which includes stimuli, memories of past experience, etc. We call to mind all those experiments with hungry rats running mazes and learning to win food for their successful efforts. The "environment" for a computer is limited to its memory and the input to its keyboard. Some computers are wired to accept other inputs as well, such as signals from a microphone, a video camera, and, commonly, a joystick post or mouse. Can we imagine a computer that would respond to those inputs, perhaps by requesting additional information or producing some other "output," and then would modify its internal program in response? Would we call a computer that is capable of changing its own internal program a "learning" computer? At what point would we be satisfied that the computer had adapted itself and learned to respond appropriately?

Suppose, for example, that you were to "teach" a computer to perform simple sums of three-digit numbers. Of course almost all real computers already contain the necessary algorithms for doing that, but many computers exist which must be "programmed" to do arithmetic. Suppose further that you were moderately successful, since your machine is almost error-free. But at every thousandth operation, more or less, an error occurs. And that situation persists no matter how much practice the machine gets. Would you give up in disgust? Of course, current computers can do much better than that—but people don't! Humans doing addition frequently err. Hence error-free behavior is not a criterion of intelligence.

Most psychologists include quickness of response as a dimension of intelligence. A more intelligent animal "solves" the maze or exhibits the desired behavior in fewer trials and with fewer errors. It is because computers are so fast and error-free that some people are already inclined to treat them as intelligent. Nevertheless, there are so many tasks that computers *can't* do, that most people do not believe the current generation of computers is very smart.

Can a computer learn? The computer revolution is far enough along now that most computer users are able to write some BASIC instructions for their personal computers. Needless to say, making the computer behave in a certain way by writing instructions does not qualify as teaching it, nor is the computer "learning." Since the computer is totally under the

In the animal kingdom, intelligence, as we define it, means trainability.

control of the program, the "learning" accomplished by direct programming is analogous to the child who "teaches" a puppy to play the piano by hitting the keys with its paws. We prefer to restrict the meaning of "learning" to situations where the computer, guided by the program, works out a successful behavior after consideration of alternatives or by trial and error. The distinction, to be fair, is quantitative, not qualitative. Human learners must be "programmed" too, to be successful. For more than twenty years we have had computers that are programmed to learn more or less in the human or natural fashion.

In the game of tic-tac-toe, one player chooses a square (one of nine) in which to put an *X* and the computer is programmed to select a square for its *O*, quite at random among the other eight squares. The human player then chooses a square for the second *X* and the computer randomly decides where to put its next *O*, etc. Of course the human wins. Now comes the second game. After the human has placed his *X* in a square, the computer scans its memory, in which it has stored the moves in the previous game. If it has seen the same configuration before (and it has lost) it chooses a different square. Actually it isn't necessary for it to change. If it continues to choose at random it will sooner or later find a winning combination. And if it can remember all the winning combinations, after a few hundred games the computer cannot lose. The human player will at best achieve a draw against the computer.

Does this description represent the way a human learns to play? Because he is more intelligent than the computer, it took him fewer games to learn what to avoid. But the process was surely similar, even including the early random responses and the important feedback that rewards success and penalizes (or is neutral) after failure. Of course real learning programs in use today tackle much more complicated problems than tic-tac-toe.

Today, a computer can be bought for less than \$50 which can play a fairly competent game of chess. Built into the program is an algorithm for evaluating the condition of the board. An algorithm is a rule or set of rules for calculating. We all know an algorithm for performing long division. There is another for extracting a square root and another for solving a quadratic equation. In a chess game, the algorithm counts positive points for each opponent's piece under attack by your pieces. Each of your pieces under attack by the opponent counts negative points. If the sum over the whole board, taking account of the different values of the pieces, is positive for you, then you are imagined to have an advantage in the actual play; if it is negative, then you are at a disadvantage.



From the earliest years of the computer, the ability to play chess has been a kind of test of machine "intelligence." Here is Professor John McCarthy of Stanford University in 1966 with an IBM 7090 computer, engaged in an international chess match against the Russians' M-20 computer in Moscow.

The computer not only assesses the current condition but it also internally makes a test move of one piece and reassesses the board. Then it makes a response for the opponent and measures again. And so on, over all possible moves, responses, and responses to responses. In the blink of an eye it can evaluate millions of possibilities. When it finds a large positive score is possible after a few moves that cannot be prevented by counter moves, it will take the first step in the sequence. By the time the human player makes his move the computer has already considered it! Of course, its assessment may indicate that all the positives are on your side and it is only minimizing its disadvantage. Because it must search through as many as twenty alternatives for the first move, then twenty possible responses and twenty responses to each of those, a search only three moves ahead will involve 400^3 (or sixty-four million) alternatives; and each additional look ahead multiplies the number of calculations. It is limited to looking only three or four moves ahead, because beyond that, even with its speed, the computer would take too long between moves. Even though a computer can make a calculation in about a microsecond, a search through sixty-four million alternatives will require a minute or so. To look ahead four moves would take about twenty minutes and five moves would take over three hours. That would be much too long for any realistic game. On the other hand, by quickly ruling out many possibilities, the human player may be able to look four or five moves ahead in the same time. If one is skilled at eliminating fruitless moves, one can, barring a blunder (that is, a move which was overlooked), expect to win.

Although the computer chess program I have described is very impressive, it is not intelligent. It wins by its superior memory, its bookkeeping, and its speed. The intelligence was supplied by Mr. Claude Shannon (who has been a strong intellectual force in the development of computers for many years) and his successors who devised the algorithm. Furthermore, this elementary program is helpless against a top-rank player.

There are computer chess programs with algorithms superior to the one I have described, designed to run on very large computers. The best of the current crop are just about good enough to challenge the fifty best players in the world. But not the very best.

Efforts to program a computer to *learn* to play chess have also been tried, but it takes many more than a few hundred games to produce significant results. Of course, human players must also play many, many games of chess to learn enough to win, but they have the advantage of books and of a large number of rudimentary algorithms accumulated over several centuries. Even the relative ranking of the pieces, which is different in the later stages of the game than at the beginning, is a primitive algorithm which most players learn by instruction rather than by experience. So far it has been more fruitful to study how intelligent (human) players assess the board and then imitate them. And imitation is not learning. Or is it?

We have many examples in nature in which an animal solves a problem successfully, perhaps after extensive trial and error. Surely the animal has "learned" to solve the problem.

What is interesting is that in some cases other animals will observe the behavior and imitate it, thus "learning" the solution too. I have in mind the famous macaque monkeys of Koshima Island who wash their food before eating it, in imitation of one monkey who learned to remove sand from her food that way. I am sure she is no longer alive but I believe the macaques continue to wash their food¹.

The aspect of research in artificial intelligence that is most in the news these days is described as an "expert system." An expert system is designed to solve a particular problem, typically a very complicated one like a medical diagnosis or a business investment decision. The program begins by asking many detailed questions about the problem, each question depending on the previous answers. It keeps track of the responses and eventually proposes one or more solutions to the problem, including perhaps a judgment as to their likely effectiveness. It is at once a giant encyclopedia, a road map, and a compendium of professional experience. For example, suppose you want to repair your television set (a very complicated military electronic system would be a more typical example). The computer asks you what the make and model of the set is and what seems to be wrong with it. You reply according to a fixed menu—a list of expected answers. Depending on your response the computer branches to another question and so forth. The questions and answers were originally prepared by asking an experienced (expert) panel of TV repairmen and engineers how they would go about fixing a television receiver. The simplest expert system is no more than this highly branched question-and-answer routine.

In the better systems the computer looks for patterns in your responses and computes the probability of various malfunctions being responsible for the symptoms you report. It may ask you specialized questions—"Does the receiver take longer than 20 seconds to warm up?"—which require you to perform special tests. Eventually it will make a recommendation for the most probable way to repair the set.

The best expert systems are open-ended. That is, they are designed to lead the user to consult the original panel of experts when the questions are unanswerable or when test results appear to contradict one another. These top-of-the-line systems will require that when the set is finally repaired the correct diagnosis is fed back to the computer, thereby permitting it to recalculate all of its predictions, suggestions, and requests for test data. Clearly such a system can "learn"; at least it can improve itself by benefiting from the new data.

Expert systems have great economic potential. For example, few small towns in America have access to the best medical experts in the country. Yet, an expert system designed to diagnose eye disease or injury can, with the help of an average ophthalmologist, put a great deal of skill and experience at the service of the patient. The economic payoff for such systems is very great and such payoffs have encouraged the rapid development of literally hundreds of systems. Some computer companies are marketing a "shell" or outline program for an expert system which can be adapted to almost any field in

¹G. Gray Eaton, "The Social Order of Japanese Macaques," *Scientific American* (October 1976), 104.

In spite of the economic value of expert systems, most of us believe they fall far short of true intelligence.

which professional skill and judgment is needed. The expert system results from the interaction between the shell and a panel of experts with the answers stored.

In spite of the economic value of expert systems, most of us believe they fall far short of true intelligence. We tend to believe that all of the intelligence really resides in the panel of experts. It is true, however, that the system ultimately makes fewer errors than any one expert.

An economically important branch of artificial intelligence is the industrial robot. The economic value of a functioning robot is obvious. A robot can paint a car without worrying about inhaling the paint. It can hold and weld steel without burning its fingers. It can work long hours without getting tired or making mistakes. Industrial robots are now widely used in manufacturing. In general, however, these machines have little ability to make discriminatory judgments. Their behavior is largely repetitive. A typical robot that encounters an unfamiliar contact, pressure or motion is programmed to stop until a human operator can intervene. Like the expert system, the robot is useful, if not very intelligent.

In fact it turns out that very simple robots containing as few as a half dozen computer logic elements are capable of remarkably complex behavior. The logic elements read the output of sensors—photocells, contact switches, microphones and the like—and then connect them to circuits which make such decisions as "if-then," "if-not," "greater than," "less than," etc. A famous machine of this kind was built in England by Dr. Grey Walter, who called it *Machina Speculatrix*. The robot appeared very purposeful as it searched out light sources, traveling from one to another as if curious. When the batteries grew weak it would search for and find its "home," a box where the batteries were recharged. Its successor, *Machina Docilis*, was capable of remarkably subtle and lifelike behavior, fully analogous to some primitive organisms. The robot can be made to appear very purposeful and even resourceful with very little hardware.

Biologists have now succeeded in teasing out the interconnections in the nervous systems of a few very simple animals—protozoa, worms, and the like. In these as few as a hundred neurons provide sufficient complexity to account for all the behavior of the animal: feeding, avoiding light, seeking appropriate temperature, escaping other animals At least at this level a computer model is completely adequate to explain the behavior.

There are two important areas in which machine intelligence—even using a very large computer (though the supercomputer has not been used for this purpose)—has not been able to simulate human intelligence. The human eye (and by inference, any animal eye) is a remarkable sense organ. It is really an extension of the brain, and in addition to its ability to detect light and dark spots on the retina it can find edges, lines, areas, angles and motion. It is not necessary to teach the brain to notice a dark spot in a light surrounding, or the edge separating a light area from a dark area. The interconnections of the nerves at the rear of the eye do that automatically. There is a small repertoire of "significant" visual facts that seem to be preprogrammed. As a result, the eye can discrimi-

nate one visual scene from another even when only a few details are changed. A typical frame of a television picture contains around 400,000 dots. Although thousands of irrelevant dots could be changed without one's being aware of it, as few as a hundred changed dots in an appropriate pattern would be instantly noticed.

Electronic sensors can be connected to a computer which will attempt to identify patterns in the image: lines, circles, triangles, curves and open figures of all kinds. But even to search for all possible circles, large and small, slightly elliptical, badly distorted, thin lines or thick, filled in or open, requires a tremendous amount of computing time when there are hundreds of thousands of points in the field. Yet the human eye makes just those discriminations in a fraction of a second. Even as simple a task as reading the printed word has been a major problem for the computer. Small changes in the shape, slant, thickness or contrast between the parts of a letter, which would be ignored by an ordinary reader, are confusing to the computer. The Kurzweil Reader is programmed to learn the shapes of unfamiliar letters. At first the Reader compares each letter to its built-in standard font. If the match is imperfect (whether the result of a different font or a broken letter or a smudge), the operator is called on to verify the decision, a page at a time. The revised decisions are added to the Reader's memory during the "learning" phase until it can read a page without question. After the learning phase is complete, the Reader makes scarcely any errors during the production phase and will be able to read that particular font with ease on future occasions.

Letters, pictures and human faces are all similar visual patterns. So human intelligence can "recognize" a face, even after many years and much distortion. Sometimes only a fraction of a newspaper photo (itself an array of dots) is necessary for identification. Current computers are incapable of imitating this skill.

The second area of human intelligence which has successfully evaded the computer is the translation of one language to another. In spite of millions of dollars and many man-hours, a successful program to convert a paragraph of ordinary German into a paragraph of English with the same meaning has not been written. Of course, the key to the problem lies in the word "meaning." Although a dictionary is necessary to effect the translation, the complete set of grammatical rules (and their exceptions), similes, metaphors, hyperbole, customs, idioms is still not adequate to the task. We seem to have an internal sense of the "meaning" of a sentence that transcends its mere expression in words. Consider the sentence: "Since the garage burned down, the front porch will get the paint for the garage." The meaning is clear enough to a human reader (because of the elision: "the paint *which was intended* for the garage"), but is unlikely to be sorted out by even the best current computer programs.

The value of an effective translation program is far greater than making available to all countries the news, books, and plays of others. It would facilitate international trade and international justice. It would also let an international army, composed of forces from several nations, operate efficiently and without confusion.

Even as simple a task as reading the printed word has been a major problem for the computer.



The economic payoff for a successful translation program is huge, billions of dollars per year worldwide. The Japanese have given a high priority to developing computer tools—machines and programs—to permit the instantaneous translation of Japanese into English and vice versa. They are planning confidently for the day when an American customer can phone Japan and discuss his order directly with the Japanese salesperson. The voice he hears will be a computer simulation of the target language but the ideas will be those originally expressed in the source language. Neither the salesman nor the customer will need to master the other's language for the transaction to take place. Such a system does not exist now, but many people believe it can be created—and therefore it probably will be. It seems likely that many of the problems of machine translation will be solved before long. Already there are schemes of analysis that begin by classifying the intent of the sentence before attempting to parse and interpret it. Sentences can describe, inform, persuade, threaten, please, inquire, etc. The list of possibilities is not long and once a sentence is classified, most, perhaps all, of the ambiguities can be removed. Sentences exist in a context. Their meaning often depends on preceding and following sentences, so the necessary program grows larger to take them into account. In principle a human speaker constructs his sentence out of his entire previous life history. But if that were taken too literally none of us could be sure what we meant. In practice a context is seldom larger than a few sentences and the computer is equal to that.

The difficulty for the computer is in separating natural language from its expression. We know that there are universal ideas that exist separate from their expression. Number, for example, or the idea of night and day. On the other hand, different cultures have different ways of collecting objects together to form a class as, for example, "people," "animals," "plants." Someone in our culture might say "A bear broke into our camp last night." But certain Indian cultures do not consider bears as a general classification. When they say "Bear broke into camp" they mean something closer to "bearness," a quality of power and majesty to be respected and feared. Not just *any* bear!

Is this ability to abstract properties and form classes universal or totally culture-bound? We know, for example, that different cultures treat the idea of time differently. Is there an



Increasing miniaturization makes possible computers of increased power and economy, and brings machines ever closer to our definition of "intelligent." The 1948 IBM Selective Sequence Electronic Calculator pictured at the top, which used 12,500 electronic tubes and 21,400 relays, was less "intelligent" than a 1988 desk-top computer (middle). At the bottom, in a scene from Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey (MGM), 21st-century astronaut Poole and Mission Commander Bowman try to match wits with their spacecraft's computer Hal. (Top: Acme Photo.)

underlying commonality in spite of superficial differences? It is generally understood that any sentence in a given language can be expressed in any other language, sometimes using more words, perhaps even multiple sentences. But nuances like rhyme, humor, alliteration, simile, metaphor and the like get lost in the translation. What can we expect of the computer as it struggles to find the original meaning of the sentence and then to recreate it in the second language? Will it strive for brevity? for beauty? for humor? Will the translation be dry as dust? Will it be effective, useful?

Suppose the problem of translation is solved. Will we have succeeded in creating intelligence? There is a view that intelligence, true intelligence, requires an act of synthesis, of creation, as opposed to the simple weighing and choosing of alternatives. Synthesis of what? The gift of intelligence permits us, in memory or in the laboratory, to put together concepts, objects, tools that we have never seen juxtaposed. We can imagine how things would be. The creative genius does this naturally, easily and constantly. More important, the creative genius discards 99 and 44/100 percent of all these creations. They are ugly, useless, nonsensical, common, trite, dangerous, unsatisfactory. But the occasional brilliant juxtaposition flashes before his mind, too. And if it is identified it becomes the new idea, the breakthrough. A truly intelligent computer, a creative computer, must make all of those trials and still know when it has found a winning combination. It is the algorithm for the winning combination that we seek. And selection of the successful concept—the successful idea, phrase, picture, invention, game plan, or what have you—includes will, motivation, cost, beauty, utility: all the ideas that humans call "values."

The answer to those questions excites the minds of contemporary computer scientists, linguists, philosophers, logicians and others. It is the most interesting problem of our age perhaps. And if success does come, will we then understand intelligence? Will the computer demonstrate will and motivation? Will it understand that some things—some ideas or expressions—are "pretty" and others are not? Will it know when an idea is simple?

It is quite possible that the next step in human evolution is the computer. It would be arrogant of us to assume that we can extrapolate the millions of years of biological evolution we have studied and understood into a prediction of the next "higher" organism. The computer of the future may "herd" humans to meet its needs just as the herdsman did with sheep thousands of years ago. It is not necessarily an ugly future. We humans may still be around to witness it. ■

*And if success does come,
will we then understand
intelligence? Will the
computer demonstrate will
and motivation?*

POETRY

A Fistful of Poets

Robert Wallace

AFTER A TIME

After a time you don't recall
the row you sat in in third grade,
bedroom curtains your first wife made.

Things that were important fade.
Who was to blame? Were you afraid?
The past becomes a story.

It was, you think, not that at all.
You remember, brown, red, a tie,
but not the color of an eye.

Now in the telling, what's a lie?
The bluff you leapt from was how high?
Fact grows illusory.

Things that were important fade.
Now in the telling, what's a lie?
After a time you don't recall.
The past becomes a story.

Robert Wallace, born in Poughkeepsie, New York, earned a B.A. at Harvard University and an M.A. at Cambridge University in England. He now teaches English at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, where he also runs Bits Press and edits Light Year, a biennial collection of light verse. He has published several books of poetry, the latest being Girlfriends and Wives (Carnegie-Mellon Press, 1984); The Common Summer will appear in Fall, 1988. He says, "I subscribe to William Carlos Williams's comment: 'If it ain't a pleasure it ain't a poem.' In our Age of Criticism, when the least that everyone knows is that poems are supposed to be good for you (like spinach), Williams's emphasis is the right one."

Robert Wallace

WHEN YOU BUY A BIG, OLD HOUSE

You get the straight-grain oak (cut in 1910, seeded in 1850)
and the soft and clogged pipes, wiring with rotting insulation,
plaster whose patches, like big white balloons flattened
to the basement ceilings, recall excitement and long to fall.

Some things you fix, and the place is bright and comfortable
in the morning sunlight of new Junes, snug in up-to-date snows
and winds that go on looking for cracks under the eaves—
the old ark creaks, but its fireplace flutters with cheery warmth;

and you realize it's more to you than you are to it.
Patient of ruin, the beams and struts will go on sheltering you
as long as you need or care. Like a cave, it has its secrets.
Somebody probably died in it, or you fall to imagining

a little girl whose bedroom you have made your study,
who grew up there and slept and dreamed of gifts and lovers,
and might be young still or, from earlier, a grandmother in Phoenix.
Who knows? Old plays that ran, and closed, and are forgotten.

Such made-up, sentimental ghosts don't haunt anybody.
Just call the plumber and get on with your own life.
Enough that, at the dark bottom of its well, in the gray silt,
a sash-weight leans, remembering.

Ron Houchin

A SHORT HISTORY OF FIRE

Every night I'm in my sleeping-cave
listening to the wind
and wondering at the wolf's song
and leaning or longing toward you.

Every night you are in a crowd
knowing as little of sleep as you do of me,
wondering where your next meal's coming from,
thinking the only sleep is death,
the only death, famine.

I had loved you long before
you met Joan D'Arc.
I loved you when I brought you home
that first cold night. Your bright eyes
took in everything and wanted it all at once.

Ron Houchin was born in California and now lives in an old house in South Point, at the southernmost tip of Ohio. There, after a varied work career as a janitor, steelworker, and cabdriver, he teaches high school English. His work has appeared in Bitterroot, Pulpsmith, The Southwest Review, and other little magazines. In 1984, he was a contributing author at the Bread Loaf Writers Conference. "Poems I've written, read, and enjoyed," he says, "seem to be about those experiences too large to comfortably fit in my head at one time. A good poem has to be grown up to. Since so few of us want to grow—up or old—is it a mystery why poetry is unpopular?"

Noreen A. McSherry

FIRST COMMUNION

At Saint Theresa's Church
behind the polished oak,
candles burned in small red jars.
Altar boys arranged white roses
the color bled from them.
Sister's face floated
in her black habit. Absentmindedly,
she rubbed the body on her crucifix,
as she whispered of the glories
yet to come.

Boy, girl, boy, girl
the first two rows of children knelt
and stood. Father Flannagan
held the chalice above his head—
This is my Body.
Like every other angel
I opened up my mouth to let God in.

No minty glory filled me at that moment.
I held plain unleavened bread
beneath my tongue and hung my head
to spit it in my handkerchief.

Noreen McSherry works at Little Brown & Co. Publishers in Boston, where she has lived for most of her life. She now works with bookstore promotions, but hopes to move into the editorial department. In 1984 McSherry received a B.A. in English from Framingham State College, and spent the following summer in Gaelic studies at University College Galway in Ireland. Her work has been published in Sojourner and the Women's Review of Books, and she hopes someday to write about her experiences in the publishing world.

Jeff Gundy

MEDIA INQUIRIES

And where do the voices come from?

What matters is that they come in.

And how do they begin?

There are skills: frequency, modulation.
But first, against the silence
a Niagara of desire.

And what do they want?

Every voice aches for an ear,
for a head to nod, yes.

And why do we turn toward them?

The ear craves a voice that seems
to center: *You. Not the rest. You.*

And when they will not come in?

Work with your instrument.
Turn dials, adjust the antenna.
Whack it twice, not too hard.

And if nothing helps?

Be flexible. Some other voice,
sure and clear, is already speaking.

And if still no voice can be found?

Even between channels the distances whisper.

And if we cannot make them out?

Turn off the receiver. Quiet yourself.
Turn your head. There are always voices.

*Jeff Gundy was born on a farm in central Illinois and attended Goshen College in northern Illinois (B.A.) and Indiana University (M.A. and Ph.D.). He has published poems and reviews in numerous magazines and journals, and a chapbook of his poems, *Surrendering to the Real Things* (Pikestaff Press), came out in 1986. He currently teaches English at Bluffton College in Bluffton, Ohio. About this poem he says, "On a long trip in the car I was dialing around for a station on the radio and was suddenly struck by how filled with information, mostly invisible, is the air we move through."*

Christopher L. Dornin

FOR THREE WHO DROWNED YOUNG

Their last race began in rolling remains of night wind.
Columbus, nearing the edge, never dreamed
Of my brother's transparent sails.

The first mile took an hour, as the fleet grew slowly
Toward the windward bell under ruthless sun
In otherwise innocent sky.

Deserts beyond San Francisco inhaled a Yukon
Seabreeze from the icy Japanese Current, gale
Out of nothing in five minutes.

Waves rose against tide like barbed wire fences,
Raked the hull, all but blinded the crew, forced down on them
Long muscles of sea and air.

We know they rounded the mark first or second
And raised their spinnaker, so they were still competing.
The rest is conjecture.

That parachute sail would have pulled them like
A bat from a cave into dazzling noon. The hull hummed.
The wake hymned what sailors know before they take to the sea.

Like pharaohs, they rode shoulder high
On the jewelled backs of heaving waves, the height
No man prepares for.

Their lines sang through pulleys. They held
Death with burning hands, and it held them. Together they howled
That joy no god tolerates, an almost blasphemous

Joy, but a joy any man could forgive, while flying
In talons of new wind to the secret place where
Waters open all their mysteries.

Christopher Dornin was born in Youngstown, Ohio, but now lives with his wife and five children in Laconia, New Hampshire, where he is a reporter on the Evening Citizen. This poem is about his brother, sister-in-law, and friend who drowned racing a sailboat off Santa Cruz. His work has also appeared in Amelia, Poetry Today, Wellspring, Mudfish, and other little magazines.

FICTION

The Scout

Diana Jachman

I want to tell you something about my mother, and then I want to tell you about the last few weeks. First, it seems my mother has been making life hard for me as long as I can remember. Even before I was born, when she picked this dumb name for me: Dorian. Ever hear of a girl named Dorian? Now, here I am a teenager, and she is still telling people how she was sitting up at night, watching TV, and knitting booties or something like pregnant women do, and she saw this movie she was so crazy about, it was about this weird English guy who never grew any older. So right then she was set on naming the baby Dorian, even though the character in the movie was a guy, and the baby turned out to be me. And I am nothing like the guy in the movie. I am getting older and I am glad.

Maybe for my first ten years she didn't do too badly, but as I got to be a teenager I knew it might be hard on her, and that means hard on me. I read this book about adolescence, how it is a time of change, with so many new things happening. The book was general, but I knew exactly what it meant. One of the new things is going to be boys.

Some mothers think you are still their little girl and I'm afraid my mother might be like that. She has to realize that I am at the age where boys are a big part of my life. They are always on my mind and on the tip of my tongue, and she has to get used to it.

In history we learned how the army, or maybe it was the Indians, sent out scouts. They wanted to see what was ahead, what the land was like, who and how many they had to fight, things like that.

Now I needed to find out what was ahead. Not exactly who I had to fight, but how my mother would react to certain things, like kids my age going together. I wanted to be prepared, so I decided to send out a scout. My best friend Jenny was the scout.

So when Tommy Murtaugh asked me to go with him, I made this plan. The first step was to tell my mother it was Jenny and Tommy.

We were both out in the kitchen, she was fixing dinner and I was unloading the dishwasher. "Jenny is going with Tommy," I said casually.



Diana Jachman was born in Chicago and now lives in Detroit where she works as a reporter for a weekly paper. Her B.A. in English is from St. Mary's College in Notre Dame, Indiana. She says she writes about teenagers because she has had five of them. "When I began this story my youngest daughter was thirteen, the age of the girls in the story. She has been a constant source of enlightenment, and graciously read it to correct any lapses caused by my parental point of view." "The Scout" is the second short story of Jachman's to be published; the first was in the Sunday magazine of The Detroit News.

"Going with?"

I always think it is so dumb when people echo like that, like they can't even take in what you mean.

"Where are they going?"

And then she let out this humongous laugh, like a horse. She laughed so hard she pretended to be weak and leaned against the kitchen counter, and I gave her my very best withering look, which I had been practicing on Tommy, and kept right on taking glasses out of the dishwasher and putting them away, working around her like she was not even there.

When she was finished laughing I tried again, very patiently. "Don't you even know what 'going with' means?"

"Of course. Sorry, I was just being silly." She looked sorry for about thirty seconds, then giggled again. "It's just that you girls are only in seventh grade, there aren't too many places you can go. Are they going on dates?"

"They might. Anyway, Tommy is in the eighth grade."

Finally she got serious. "When did all this happen?"

"Today. Right here. See, Tommy asked her yesterday, but she had to think about it, and today she came over and we called him . . ."

"We?" One thing about my mother, sometimes she gets this expression on her face, like she's asking a question with her eyebrows. It flusters me.

"She called him, and when she told him he yelled, 'All right' really loud."

"You listened on the phone! Oh Dorrie, how could you? How would you like . . ."

Another thing about my mother, when she gets excited she goes on and on. Usually I tune her out. After the first sentence I know what she is going to say.

Anyway, she passed the first test. She could handle the idea of Jenny and Tommy going together. At least she didn't make one of those "If it was my daughter . . ." speeches, that was a good sign.

The next test would be a date, which we arranged for Saturday. I planned it pretty well, so mom picked us up at the mall. I even planned for Tommy to bring his brother, Brian, so he wouldn't feel funny with two girls.

All through the movie Tommy and Jenny made these dumb remarks, but it was still fun. My mother even behaved in the car, only talking when she had to, and not quizzing us about the movie or saying anything embarrassing.

In school Tommy, Jenny and I are together a lot, sometimes in homeroom, and usually walking home from school.

Lately though, they have been walking ahead. That's because I have to walk home with this family of rowdy kids, the Crittendons. Their mother pays me to see that they get across all the streets and home safely. I don't blame the others for not waiting, because sometimes I am so far behind I never catch up. And if I do, one of the little Crittendons falls down or drops books, and I have to go back and round them all up.

Everything was going according to my plan, and I was thinking of how to tell my mother the truth. I thought of say-

ing I was the one going with Tommy all along, but that would take a lot of explaining. So I decided to say that Tommy and Jenny got tired of each other, and he asked me to go with him instead. I was just waiting for the right time.

When the phone rang the other night my brother got to it before I could. He bellowed through the whole house, "Dorrie, it's a boy! His voice is changing!"

"Why does Tommy call you so often, if it is Jenny he's going with?" My mother was making that face with her eyebrows up again. It sounded like a simple question, but I had to think and answer very carefully. Was it time to put the last step of my plan into action?

I didn't know, so I told her that Jenny's mother didn't like her to use the phone so much. That was the truth.

I was also perfectly truthful the next day, when I had a real complaint. "Jenny is getting so snobbish. Kim says so too. She really gets on my nerves."

"Well, that happens. Girls your age change a lot." Mom looked like she might launch into one of her favorite speeches but instead she just looked at me and didn't say anything.

She was in the kitchen again tonight, making pizza dough, and I was glad because she couldn't hear me talking on the phone, first to Tommy, then to Jenny. After that I just sat in my room and tried to figure out what to tell her. Then I realized I didn't have to tell her anything.

So I just went out to the kitchen to say that Jenny and I weren't best friends anymore. All she said was, "Why is that?" And not even as if she was expecting an answer.


"Well, you know. She is going with Tommy and all. I guess she just doesn't have time. But if I were going with someone, I would always have time for my best friend." For once, I didn't even think before I spoke. I just blurted it out, but after I said it I knew it was the truth.

One thing about my mother, she has these sayings. She says certain things over and over, till I get tired of hearing them. One of her favorites is, "Life is never fair." I waited for her to say it then, but she didn't. She just went back to what she was doing, pushing down the pizza dough and punching it around on the board, like she wanted to beat it to death.

One thing about my mother, sometimes she knows when to keep her mouth shut. ■



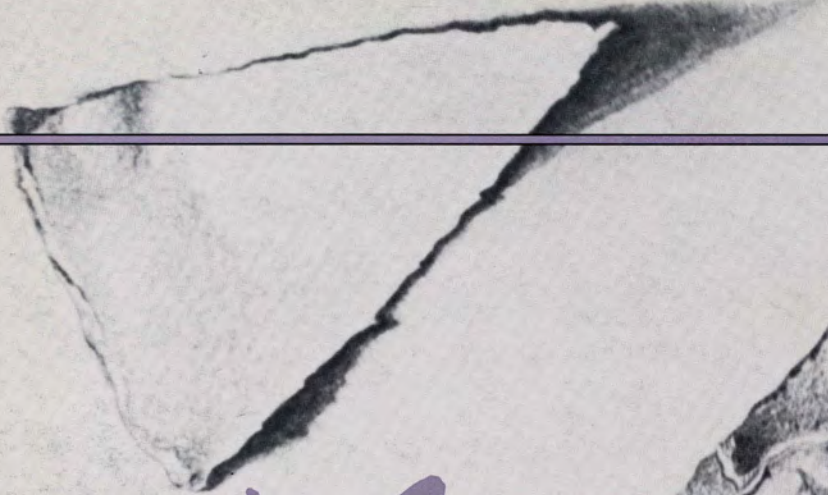
Herb and President Ronald Reagan


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