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# THE GAMUT

*A Journal of Ideas  
and Information*

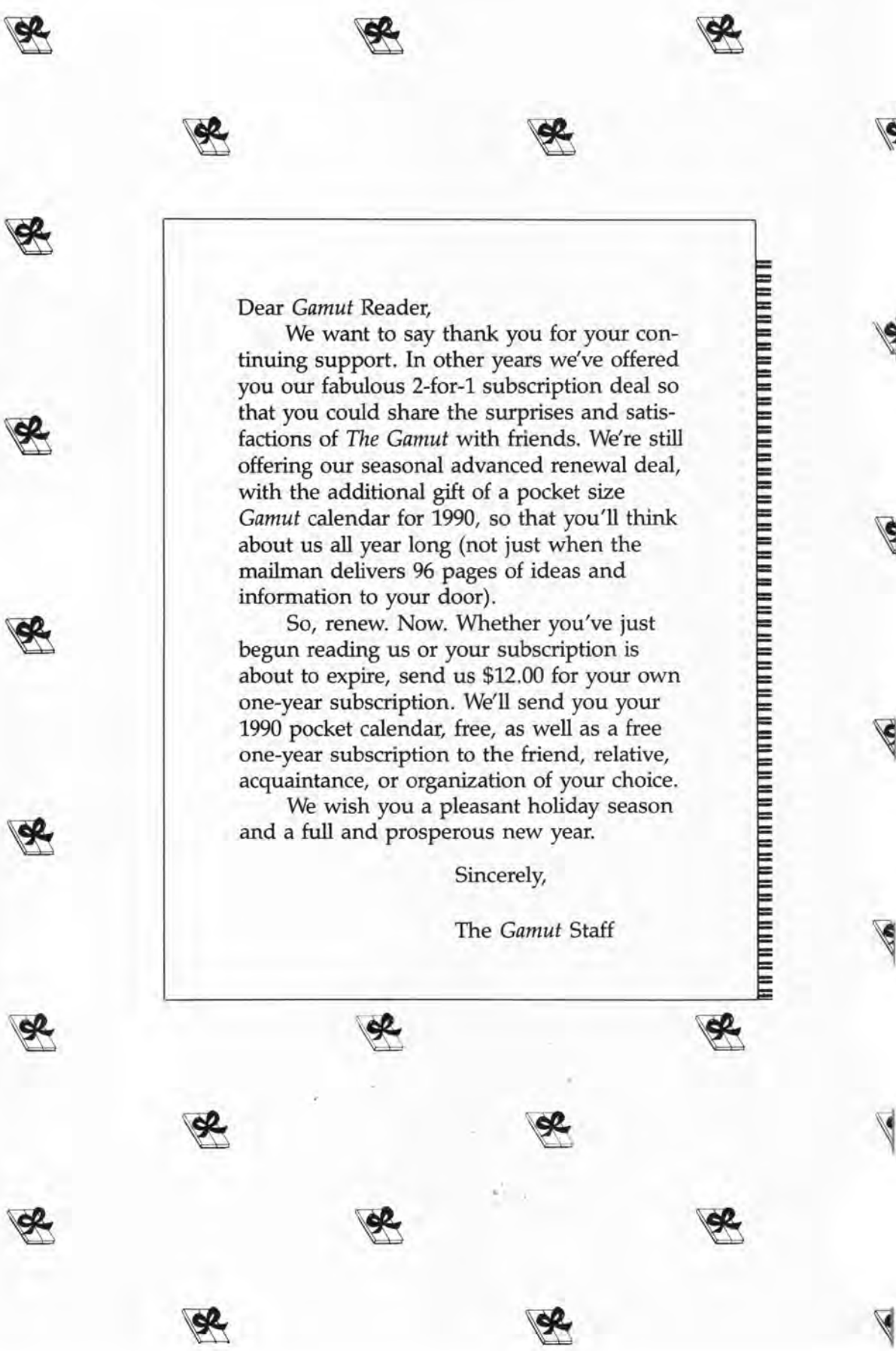
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The *Gamut* Staff

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Winter 1989

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## Editorial

### *Solutions for Difficult Problems*

Every society has problems—what else would politicians make promises about?—and problems by definition have solutions. Some difficulties, of course, are not problems: death, evil, the end of the universe. Our society has some well-defined problems that urgently demand solutions. Three of these are most prominent: crime, drugs, poor education. From presidents to local office-seekers, politicians advertise plans to solve these problems with solutions that have not worked in the past and will not work in the future or are simply foolish or immoral: changing the color of American currency, paying students to study, building more prisons, imposing longer sentences, applying the death penalty more strictly and more frequently, certifying teachers . . .

In actual fact, crime, drugs and education are far from insoluble problems, given an intense desire to solve them come what may, which means primarily a willingness to abandon the present order of things, something difficult to do in a democracy, although it has been done in times of stress, notably under Presidents Lincoln, Wilson, and Roosevelt, during wartime. If the situation is construed as serious enough to deserve wartime effort, the problem can be solved, for it is a single problem with three names. And to solve it, courageous and decisive leadership is required, instead of pusillanimous opportunism.

If society were reorganized economically, there would be a de facto equality which would go far to eliminate the need for drugs by a hopeless segment of the population. Or if drugs were decriminalized, the economic incentive for the growing of opium, coca, and marijuana would be diminished and the importation of high-priced abusive materials into this country would subside. Such a move would make unnecessary a drug interdiction army and would also take care of the Noriega problem at one level. If the possession of firearms by civilians were outlawed as it ought to be, the crimes associated with drugs would be reduced or eliminated and the civilian population could live at peace. The present shilly-shallying about the Second Amendment is based on a defective

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interpretation of its grammar: the introductory nominative absolute ("A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state") is applicable only if the country does not have a standing army to protect it against external force. Those who under the protection of this sanction buy assault rifles are not patriots concerned about being invaded by Canada or Mexico. Obviously these are not popular or easy solutions, but they are solutions that a persuasive and bold leader could urge on his fellow-citizens.

And what of education? This is the thread for unraveling the problem. For education can lead to economic equality, the lack of which causes a turn to crime and hopelessness. How serious is society about introducing genuine equality among its citizens? If it is serious, it must decide that what has been taking place in many schools cannot be considered serious education and will never enable the residents of the inner city to catch up economically with those in the wealthier ring of suburbs. One aspect of the solution is metropolitan government, under which the wealth of the suburbs is combined with the needs of the city to provide a necessary modicum for all the residents of what is after all a single polity. What stands in the way? For one thing, the ambition of ethnic politicians, whose jobs would be jeopardized if their constituencies were diluted; for another, the self interest of people in the suburbs, who don't want to subsidize the urban poor.

With even a moderate reform of our priorities, we could see measurable progress. Discussion of priorities, however, always results in a constant division of opinion leading to paralysis. Of course we want to save the ozone layer, say the politicians, but do we want to force the manufacturers of aerosol products, of automobiles, out of business, their employees discharged, more homeless people on the streets of the cities? And again, certainly we want to relieve the hunger of starving people in Africa and India, which we can do by releasing our excess stocks of grain and cheese, but what of the economies of Canada and Argentina,

which would be wrecked by our generosity, and which would doubtless retaliate against our interests, to say nothing of the additional children born to populations no longer on the edge of starvation, compounding the problem? How does a nation successfully navigate among these priorities and keep to what is just and good?

In the past, leadership was the answer, leadership compounded of civic courage and clear thinking. Civic courage is rare in today's politicians, whose decisions rest on a base of myth-laden ideology (protecting one's flank from the right wing, it is called) which forbids decisions that are in the public interest: arresting the gross exploitation of the treasury by defense contractors, protecting the integrity of the First Amendment in the face of the flag-wavers, resisting the pressures of the gun enthusiasts . . . .

That the nation does not have the benefits that would result from such decisions comes, not from the lack of solutions, but from politicians' fear of political consequences. The Republic, if it is to survive, needs leaders who are not always candidates in the next election, not paralyzed by the thought of alienating some constituency, not hearkening only to the voice of the pollster. Are there any such and if there are could they be elected? Perhaps the voters, in their willing acquiescence in the seduction of their wills by huckster television, are ultimately responsible. The United States has been lucky in the past: several of its least promising Presidents have turned out well, been ennobled by the responsibility (Andrew Johnson, Chester Arthur, Truman, Eisenhower) but the more recent sequence does not give much comfort and the problems are not getting easier. There is great scope for a pessimistic look at the future of Jefferson's experiment. ■

*Louis F. Mbitia*

# Right, Wrong, and the Insane Killer

Victor M. Victoroff

When I recently read in *The Plain Dealer* that the Ohio Court of Appeals had overturned the murder conviction of Kent A. Malcolm, I felt a sense of anticlimax but no surprise. I had served as psychiatric witness for the defense in this case. After giving my testimony, I felt sure of two things: first, that Malcolm would be found guilty of aggravated murder of one woman and of aggravated assault on two other women that he had shot in the Cleveland Public Library in a display of senseless psychotic violence on December 19, 1984, and that he would be sentenced to death; and second, that the decision would be reversed on appeal as a result of what I considered errors by the prosecution and the narrow vision of Judge Joseph F. McManamon, who presided over the trial.

On March 18, 1985, Judge McManamon appointed me "defendant's medical expert for psychiatric examination." I first learned about the violence on the 11 p.m. television news, December 19, 1984. During lunchtime that Wednesday, an angry, unkempt man had deliberately shot three women, seemingly at random, in the Cleveland Public Library: Kathleen J. Bowman, 20, a clerk typist, who was killed; Judith Scott, 33, also employed at the library as a typist, and Lilaya Vrndavan, 32, who had been browsing, were seriously wounded. The assailant, Kent Allen Malcolm, who would be described as "a drifter" in the newspaper accounts, had made no attempt to escape and was arrested within minutes on the steps of the library by an off-duty police officer. Malcolm apparently said in explanation of his murderous rampage that he was tired of being rejected and that he hated all women.

A little after 11:00 a.m., Sunday, April 28, I met Kent Allen Malcolm for the first time. Wearing the familiar orange, pajama-like prison uniform, he sat in a somewhat hunched pose and greeted me with suspicion. His facial expression, the large scar across the left brow, his darting glances and perpetual feral sneer, gave off an aura of unmitigated and barely controlled rage. Malcolm almost grudgingly moderated his tension when he understood that I had been assigned by his attorneys to be his ally.



Victor M. Victoroff, born in Jersey City, N. J., received his B.A. from Johns Hopkins University and his M.D. from New York University College of Medicine. He is a physician specializing in psychiatry and geropsychiatry. Dr. Victoroff's interests include tennis, scuba diving, photography, and professional and creative writing. He published pulp detective stories to help defray expenses while going to medical school.

## Malcolm back in court, testifies

By JOHN F. HAGAN

STAFF WRITER

Kent A. Malcolm stopped boycotting his trial yesterday and testified that he listens to a voice from within and looks to changing expressions of the faces on coins to find answers to life's problems.

Malcolm, whose outbursts disrupted his trial in Common Pleas Court last week, was a model of good behavior yesterday. After one outburst Thursday, Malcolm, in a huff, started walking toward a door leading to a holding cell. Deputy sheriffs escorted him the rest of the way to the cell, where Malcolm listened to the voice from the court-



PD/TIMOTHY C. B

Kent A. Malcolm  
... thing for women."

... Abraham

A fellow County Jail inmate  
... that Malcolm

Kent Malcolm's trial was covered extensively by The Plain Dealer (above, from June 11, 1985).

Malcolm was born February 11, 1940, in Davenport, Iowa. His mother, Margaret, and his father, Ward, were apparently incompatible and quarreled incessantly. There was one sister, Colleen. His parents were divorced when Malcolm was five, and his mother moved with the children to West Riverside, California, in hopes of pursuing a career in the movies. Both children were boarded out in a succession of foster homes.

In describing his mother to me, Malcolm became almost incoherent, trying to express the bitterness, loneliness, abandonment, and betrayal which he believes his mother inflicted on him. Furious, he raised his voice, searching for words, "She lied. She's sick, insane. She beat me, cheated me, she's a snake. She had no business having kids."

He described his mother as sexually provocative, walking about scantily clothed, rudely pushing him away when he responded to her with excitement and wanted closeness. He came to expect such rejection from all women. "As long as a boy is not a sexual threat, they keep him. . . . As soon as you talk sex you know you're doing something wrong. They use sex to attract you, to exploit a man, but most women don't want sex at all. If they could get a baby without sex, they would."

When the boy was twelve, Margaret attempted to set up an apartment with the two children. The experiment was apparently a disaster. Malcolm was defiant and disobedient. He had no interest in school and was frequently a truant. The mother left the children by themselves. Sometime during the summer of 1952, juvenile authorities removed the children from Margaret's care.

That summer Malcolm suffered a major injury which would irrevocably prejudice the rest of his life. While at Camp Fox, a YMCA camp near Catalina Island, he chased



after a lost arrow and fell from a cliff on jagged rocks. He suffered a depressed fracture of the left fronto-temporal bone. He was moved to a hospital where emergency surgery was performed. The bone was elevated and a portion removed. He had been critically injured, and was unconscious for two days. He also suffered fractures of the left arm and left leg.

Injury to the brain stem and the hypothalamus, which probably occurred, are known to trigger relentless, seething subliminal rage. Persons who have suffered frontal-temporal lobe injuries strike out violently at even minor provocations, are remarkably aggressive, and lack social inhibitions.

What remained of Malcolm's cognitive potential was considerable. The vital functions of the brain, such as maintaining heartbeat and respiration, metabolism, and endocrine function, were not discernibly sacrificed. His special senses—vision, hearing, taste, touch, and smell—remained essentially intact. Balance, coordination, digital dexterity were somewhat compromised, but as he grew, he learned to compensate for these losses. Reading and verbal skills were well retained.

His inability to correctly perceive information gathered by special senses and to organize it and integrate it with previous learning led over the years to a gradual break with reality and eventual descent into delusional thinking.

He remembers a constant state of rage directed toward his mother which he acted out by episodes of fire-setting, and which resulted in his arrest in May of 1958 for assaulting two girls in Redlands, California. He was eighteen years old at the time. It was in that year that he recalls encountering and embracing the idea that he should kill women.

While in prison at the California Medical Facility in Vacaville, he underwent brain surgery on May 23, 1963, at which time bone fragments, cystic areas, scarring, and atrophy of the brain were noted; dead tissue was removed, and a plate was inserted to improve the cosmetic appearance of the face and skull. From the beginning of his incarceration until February 17, 1972, Malcolm was subject to disciplinary action ninety-two times. In twenty-six instances he was involved in violence against persons, ranging from throwing liquids and spitting on an officer, to stabbing an inmate in the eye with a pencil; in thirty-one separate instances he was disciplined for destruction of property including breaking windows and destroying a wash basin. Such violence was unusual even in the case of a brain-injured, psychotic person.

Many mentally ill persons with some awareness of their condition seek validation for their bizarre thoughts and behavior in the writings of metaphysical philosophers. While in prison Malcolm came across the writings of the self-styled metaphysician, Arthur Soderberg, now deceased. After accidentally finding *Gyhooya* in the prison library, Malcolm wrote to Soderberg and carried on a correspondence with him from April 22, 1975 to September 1, 1977. In his first letter Malcolm wrote, "I had the very delightful privilege of reading one of the most stimulating and

thought-provoking books I have ever read. It was your very enlightening and profoundly interesting book, *Gyhooya*. Truly a masterpiece—a classic among the great works of literature is your book, Mr. Soderberg."

In Malcolm's correspondence a clear indication of developing schizophrenia can be seen. In my sessions with him in jail, I spent a good deal of time explicitly directed to this material and Malcolm confirmed that he had indeed written what I quoted back to him. He reaffirmed the beliefs he had written in his letter to Soderberg:

You have disproven completely the whole idea of free will. . . . I, myself, had never even thought about or ever considered the idea of whether or not we have free will until I read your book, but now I am convinced beyond any shadow of a doubt that man's will is not free nor does he choose between two alternative courses of action out of any freedom of choice. His decisions are determined just as surely as his will, no behavior is free.

He frequently experienced auditory hallucinations. "More than once I have been right on the brink of sleep and a voice will whisper something to me and it will come right out of the pillow." "Sometimes it will say something which has no relevance or meaning right then, but a week later it does. . . ." "Just as I was on the very brink of sleep a loud swishing sound swept across the room and landed right on my ear and a voice spoke very clearly right into my ear. It said, 'I'M TALKING TO YOU.'" The voices became controlling and Malcolm expected them to tell him what to do.

During his correspondence with Soderberg he developed the delusion that, by examining coins in accordance with the I Ching hexagon formula, every decision in life and every act that could affect him or might follow, would be revealed to him. Part of that delusion was his belief that there was no such thing as free will or individual responsibility. He came to the conclusion that God did exist. Gradually the concept was expressed as a grandiose delusion. "We are God . . . we have the same powers . . . God becomes what a person conceives Him to be. If one sees Him as a jealous, vindictive, wrathful and avenging God, He becomes just that, for man truly creates God in his own image and that is why there are multitudinous different conceptions about God. . . ." In a remarkable projection of his own personality he wrote, "If they think of Him as aversive, cruel, hateful, they usually have just this type of character themselves."

By the end of 1977 he was grossly psychotic. Symptoms which were exaggerated when he had been drinking, however, diminished when he was on palliative and anti-depressant drugs, such as Mellaril, Stelazine and Elavil.

In Malcolm's mind, women were seductive, but not genuinely interested in sex with men, nor capable of real

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*He developed the delusion that by examining coins in accordance with the I Ching hexagon formula, every decision in life would be revealed to him.*

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desire. Malcolm believed that if a woman dressed seductively, as for example, in tight pants or shorts, or a clinging, figure-revealing sweater, and showed herself to him, in that act she offered him her body and it was his to take. If she refused to accommodate his demand for sexual favors, she deserved to be killed.

After he had spent three months in jail on an assault charge in Philadelphia and was released in August 1984, he was required, as a condition of probation, to accept psychiatric treatment. He left Philadelphia refusing the conditions for probation. Thus he violated probation and remained through the early fall in Davenport, Iowa. He stopped to borrow money from his half-brother, Wade, and then went on to Cleveland.

On two occasions I personally witnessed evidence of his insensate hatred for women. While interviewing him in a glass enclosed room, visitors who were clearly visible to us began to arrive from the elevators. Several were women, one of whom was dressed in a tight-fitting black sweater and shorts, another in jeans. Malcolm balled his fists, sat rigidly before me with gritted teeth, his face flushed. He muttered obscenities, glared at the women, and said, "Look at those bitches. They do it on purpose. They need to be killed!"

Several days later I was waiting to interview the prisoner in an office of the psychological division of the jail. As the guard guided him to my office he passed the receptionist's desk at which a young woman was seated. He stopped. The guard sensed his focus of attention, took him by the arm and swiftly pushed him forward. The young woman, realizing the menace, swiftly got up from her desk. It took several minutes for Malcolm to calm himself from the rage which his view of the woman had mobilized. He uttered something to the effect, "Women like that should have to pay for it. . . ."

On May 24 I offered a deposition elaborating on the need for neuro-diagnostic tests to be performed under the direction of Arthur Brickel, M.D., "To evaluate the damage which Mr. Malcolm may have suffered at the time of his head injury, and give us some insight about the dyscontrol syndrome manifested and the possibility of epileptic or convulsive disorder."

On May 30, John Harkins and Gary Puzin, attorneys for the defense, informed me that Judge McManamon had refused to authorize the examinations. He suggested that I should prepare a report. The next day, Harkins again called and apologetically advised me that Judge McManamon demanded my complete report no later than Tuesday, June 4!

This made my role difficult. Not only would I, as expert witness, be denied important subsidiary information for presentation to the court, but my detailed report required me to work nearly eighteen hours a day for the next two days and to engage an assistant typist to work on the 9000-word summary.

Even before I set foot in the courtroom, I had the impression that Judge McManamon had no intention of

allowing the defense any flexibility in preparing its case. Both attorneys, Harkins and Puzin, admitted that their attempt to get data had been difficult and frustrating. Time had slipped away before they could secure crucial material and qualifying witnesses who would attest to the authenticity of important records.

For a psychiatrist, the courtroom procedure makes the oath "To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" difficult to live up to. When the expert witness tries to be impartial, honest and logical, the rules often do not allow him to tell the whole truth. Dr. Alan Stone, a famous forensic psychiatrist, has said, "No physician undergoes more intense scrutiny than the psychiatrist who testifies in court."

There are further deterrents. Lawyers, clerks and judges take an indifferent attitude toward the needs of witnesses, ignoring the possibility that physicians may have busy schedules. It is not always convenient to respond to a peremptory demand to appear "the next day."

A myth persists in the public mind, disseminated by books, films, and the media, that the expert witness who testifies in court is a "hired gun" who appears primarily for the gain. The facts are quite otherwise. A physician who appears in court usually loses more time and fees than are covered by his stipend for testifying.

The reports to the court submitted by the opposing team of psychiatrists, Phillip Resnick, M.D. and Robert Alcorn, M.D., employed by the Court Psychiatric Clinic, revealed that they had examined Malcolm and found him legally sane. As expected, Doctors Resnick and Alcorn granted that Malcolm was psychotic, but they found that he was under no more duress at the time he committed the murders than at other times. They would quote his acknowledgement that his wish to kill women was not particularly stronger at the time of the killing than it was in everyday life. The prosecutor's psychiatrists noted that he had refrained from killing women in the past. He did not perform that act repeatedly and continuously. So, they argued, if he could refrain from killing women on any prior occasion, then presumably he should have been able to refrain from doing so at the time of the library incident.

The evidence for the defense position, however, seemed clear and compelling. Four important factors cumulatively affected Malcolm and ultimately provided background for the tragedy in the library. First, his traumatic childhood, especially his prejudicial relationship with his mother. Next, there is the possibility of genetic endowment towards mental illness, recalling that both his mother and maternal grandmother had been described as psychiatric patients. Third was the severe head injury which he suffered at the age of twelve, and last his rampant mental illness, described as schizophrenia, as early as July 1958.

I would try to establish that the sum of these disruptive forces in his life profoundly crippled his personality, deformed his capacity for relating to others, compromised cognition, ability to abstract, to understand, to learn, and



*Kent Malcolm in 1985. Photo: The Plain Dealer.*



especially to "know" right from wrong. I would reinforce these opinions with unassailable evidence from the medical and prison records.

It would be useful to point out that Malcolm's two-year sentence in the California penitentiary had stretched to a fourteen-year incarceration as a result of ninety-seven violations of prison rules, most of them expressions of violence against others and destruction of property. It would be my task to counter the contention of the prosecutor's psychiatrists that Malcolm had refrained from killing women in the past and therefore supposedly had the option to refrain on the date he entered the library. I would explain that ultimate violent acts such as suicide and murder are state-dependent. Nearly all of the elements had existed for many years, including his hatred of women and his fantasy of killing them. However, the particular opportunity to kill women on December 19, 1984, required that Malcolm have a weapon, intensity of purpose, and a peculiar confluence of psychotic thinking, all of which had come together on at least three previous experiences when he had indeed tried to kill women, but which culminated in the episode in the library when he actually succeeded in doing so.

Years before Malcolm came to Cleveland, his psychotic state and commitment to his death-dealing mission had been in place. Malcolm had constituted a danger for womankind for all his adult life. A stick of dynamite does not have to blow up "continuously" to be a constant danger. A cobra does not have to strike victims "continuously" to be recognized as dangerous. What is continuous is not the act, but the potential. The menace inherent in dynamite, cobra, and Malcolm existed continuously. Given certain provocative circumstances, dynamite will explode, the snake will strike, and Malcolm would kill.

An alternative defense for the accused is to establish that by reason of his mental defect he could not desist from committing the crime. There was an abundance of evidence to establish that Malcolm had submitted most decisions, even minor ones, to the guidance and instructions of forces which controlled him by hallucinated auditory, visual, and tactile cues, and which he believed could punish his defiance by painful consequences, including death. The prosecution would attempt to minimize the degree to which Malcolm was commanded and had to obey the psychotic influences. For years Malcolm, according to his statement, had submitted even the simplest decisions to anticipated voices or instructions he received by tossing coins in the I Ching ritual. He was persuaded that every occurrence in life was predetermined. He had no free will and could know how to proceed only by consulting the omniscient and omnipotent voices.

Dr. Resnick would testify that Malcolm did have a choice of behaviors and now and then had disobeyed the hallucinated commands, suffering minor, annoying punishment, such as being mocked by the "Christ Within," being accosted by the police, losing a relationship with a woman, or being made physically ill. I would give examples when Malcolm by his own account was almost killed when he did

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*Malcolm's two-year sentence in the California penitentiary had stretch to a fourteen-year incarceration as a result ninety-seven violations of prison rules, most of the expressions of violence.*

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not obey, giving weight to the perception that he could not refuse the command hallucinations without feeling the threat of dire consequence.

When the case was finally heard, I was gently directed to the witness chair by Judge McManamon, who seemed avuncular but impatient.

Ordinarily, medical witnesses find the first few minutes on the witness stand comfortable, even reassuring, as the attorney introduces them to the court. So it was that Mr. Harkins began with a series of questions designed to identify me, describing my credentials, then intending to lead to the relevance of my presence. But almost immediately Robert V. Housel, Assistant County Prosecutor, began to interfere, just after I had affirmed the absolute importance of a good medical history to arrive at a diagnosis. I progressed slowly through a flurry of frantic objections from Housel as I attempted to provide it. The Judge, however, insisted that I state what I had learned at each separate interview with Malcolm, instead of allowing me to present a detailed, well-organized history. I had begun with Malcolm's date of birth, February 11, 1940, but was interrupted as the Judge said, "Doctor, the history must be related to the incident." As I still didn't appreciate the rules as defined by the Judge, he explained that some things might not be admissible and instructed me to tell about what had occurred on December 19th.

When I replied that the first two interviews did not deal with the murders, I was directed to discuss the third session with Malcolm. I tried ignoring Housel's interruptions, but the Judge asked me to stop when there was an objection.

It became apparent that I would not be permitted to present Malcolm's history to the jury. In effect, I was asked to discuss Malcolm as if he had been created *de novo* on the day he arrived in Cleveland—as if he had no background. I was allowed to sketch Malcolm's purchase of a gun, then his random shooting at a black woman he had tried to kill on the street the night before the episode in the library. I told the court how he believed that he had been given extremely painful signals by God which warned him how to behave in his search for appropriate victims and how he described his frequent reference to the I Ching coins where the expression on the faces of the coins gave him "guidance."

The court heard the detailed account of his wandering around the library, looking for candidates to kill, obedient to the commands he heard in his hallucinated state: "Let's get started." We went through his throwing of the coins and getting approval to shoot a woman after the voice said, "Get her!" I described how, after shooting his victim five times, he went into another room and shot another woman. He then ran into an office to reload, jamming two bullets into the gun and hastily rushing to find another victim. Then he shot a third woman who was walking toward him in the hallway. Despite Housel's objections to my relating even the incidents which had occurred several days before, the Judge allowed me to relate that on December 17, after

he had obtained the .32 caliber revolver, he intended to leave Cleveland. However, his paranoid delusions made him rush from the Greyhound Bus Terminal to the Trailways Bus Terminal as he became convinced that a ticket seller was observing him.

He had purchased bus tickets but was unable to use them because of contradictory messages from the voices which warned him that his getting on the bus would be a mistake. He had then fled to hide along the railroad tracks, hopped aboard a freight train which was moved into a dead end, forcing him to remain there all night. It was then that Malcolm realized that he would have to move his base of operation from Philadelphia to Cleveland in order to kill women in obedience to his delusional purpose.

Mr. Harkins was able to get on the record that Malcolm had suffered persecutory ideas that women teased him sexually from early adult life and I had begun to detail his experience with hallucinatory occurrences from adolescence when Housel's objections brought an end to that account.

After stating that Malcolm suffered from chronic schizophrenia, paranoid type, Harkins correctly asked if I had a secondary diagnosis, implying the appropriateness of my mentioning mixed organic brain syndrome, resulting from severe closed head injury July 18, 1952, craniotomy for removal of bone fragments, the scarring of cystic areas and atrophy of the brain May 23, 1963, and epileptiform manifestations which have occurred from that time to the present. I could have added chronic alcoholism indulgence since 1972.

The judge excused the jury and allowed the defense lawyers to "proffer evidence for a future appeal." He instructed Harkins that in Ohio law (Rule 703), an expert witness could not make diagnoses or derive opinion from sources which had not been certified by the court. This meant that any reference to medical documents (hospital charts and prison records) could not be used in my formulation of an opinion.

The Judge did allow me to quote Malcolm as having described his head injury, its effect and the temporary beneficent relief the surgery he received in prison had provided. Housel attempted to link these facts with the forbidden records, which would have rendered the information inadmissible.

Although I eventually realized I would not be able to testify about Malcolm's history, the direction of Housel's cross examination was not immediately apparent until a succession of questions were put to me which indicated that the attorney would attempt to create doubt in the mind of the jury that Malcolm had been and was a rampant schizophrenic. Indeed Housel's strategy would be to try to establish that Malcolm killed women because he hated them and that his defense of mental illness was fraudulent.

The prosecutor had access to every document that I had seen and some I had not. He *knew* about Malcolm's miserable childhood, his crushing head injury, the early advent of his psychosis, his bizarre and violent history. He had the prison records and the Soderberg letters, yet taking advan-

tage of the inability of the defense to get the records properly certified thereby making them inaccessible to the jury, he proceeded as if none of the facts existed.

Housel tried to smother all references to Malcolm's psychosis. He insisted that because the confession signed by Malcolm didn't convey gross evidence of hallucinations and delusions, he must be faking. He had obtained testimony from a jail cell companion of Malcolm's, who testified that Malcolm confided that he would feign insanity. He also insisted that a huge pile of documents on the table in front of the defense attorneys be removed, apparently fearing that the jurors might suppose the files contained information they would not be allowed to hear.

He explained Malcolm's bizarre behavior on the day before the library incident (when Malcolm shot at a woman in the street and hid all night in a freight car) as a mistake, a miscalculation that anyone could make. Knowing that Malcolm had used the I Ching coins and had been steeped in the mystique of occult beliefs dating back to his early adult years, he traced Malcolm's dependence on this procedure to a novel, *Death in the I Ching*, that Malcolm had read the book in the library and claimed that it was his first experience with the concept of I Ching.

In his questioning he obtained my ready admission that up to two-fifths of schizophrenics ignore command hallucinations. He then incorporated that vague generalization into his presentation as if it specifically applied to Malcolm. He dismissed the possibility that Malcolm might be [and indeed was, in my opinion] in the three-fifths who did obey command hallucinations.

Focusing on the I Ching coins, Housel elicited my observation, obtained directly from Malcolm, that the accused had never disobeyed the coins. When I agreed that Malcolm's delusion about the coins was "very significant" in my establishment of a diagnosis of paranoid schizophrenia, Housel insisted that Malcolm was my only source of information, knowing that I could not make reference to the extensive medical and prison records of other observers who had much earlier made the diagnosis.

Housel developed the thesis that because Malcolm had not killed women before he could therefore assume that Malcolm was capable of discretionary decision-making and restraint. Even in the mitigation hearing\* when Dr. Phillip Resnick, the primary psychiatric witness for the prosecution testified for the defense, Housel tried to force the belief on the jury that however "crazy" the accused may have been, whatever his history of mental illness in the past, brushing aside his flagrantly psychotic behavior in Cleveland, at the instant Malcolm pulled the trigger he was legally sane.

The manner in which attorney Housel conducted his role of prosecutor was good theater and probably good courtroom strategy. It is hard for me to say whether it was based on an opportunistic desire to convict or on a genuine belief in the defendant's guilt. It seemed unfair to me, but I was after all retained by the defense and committed to my own evaluation of the defendant's state of mind.

\*After an accused has been found guilty, especially in a capital case, a mitigation hearing is held to give the accused an opportunity to put before the court any information which could explain, moderate, or reduce in the eye of the court his blameworthiness. The rules of evidence are usually relaxed and information which could not be put before a jury in the formal trial is allowable.



The jury, most of whom were women, were only allowed to see Malcolm as a murdering, vengeance-seeking drifter, whose main grievance against women was that they deliberately excited him to sexual arousal, then contemptuously rejected his advances. Housel would repeatedly hammer on this theme, making it seem logical, in the absence of any other reliable hypothesis, that Malcolm's hatred of women was his sole motive for his shooting three victims in the Cleveland Public Library.

Meanwhile, by conscientiously applying the law which excluded testimony about Malcolm's history and gagging the defense attorneys, Judge McManamon effectively blocked the jury from seeing the accused except as a cartoon character, the fearsome monster in women's nightmares, the male murderer who kills in fury because he is denied sex.

Predictably, Dr. Robert Alcorn, psychiatrist for the prosecution, testified that Malcolm was indeed suffering from chronic paranoid schizophrenia, but asserted that suffering from this severe mental illness would not automatically label such an individual as legally insane. Dr. Alcorn asserted that despite the chronic mental illness, Malcolm knew the wrongfulness of his acts, and could have refrained, resting his opinion on the accused's admission that he had been tempted to kill women in the past, but had resisted the impulse.

Dr. Alcorn also testified that he was not aware of documentation of prior delusional thinking. Responding to cross examination, Dr. Alcorn admitted that he had not noticed the large scar on his forehead, nor ordered neurological or psychological examinations having *a priori* decided that no matter what the results he would not have changed his impression of Malcolm's blameworthiness.

He doubted that a man could be delusional in assuming a woman who dressed so as to emphasize her figure was sexually offering herself to him. Dr. Alcorn made no mention whatever of Malcolm's brain injury. Attempts by defense attorneys to elicit information from him regarding his probable knowledge of the past history were quashed by the Judge's stern warning that he would consider any continued attempt to introduce this matter into the record as an obstruction of justice.

Dr. Phillip Resnick, the second prosecution psychiatrist, emphasized his conviction that although Malcolm was mentally ill, his primary motive was his hatred of women. He expressed the opinion that the hallucinations merely directed Malcolm in his choice of victims, and made no mention of organic brain disease in connection with Malcolm's knowledge about the wrongfulness of his acts. He recognized that Malcolm suffered from schizophrenia but did not believe the illness impaired his reason to an extent that Malcolm failed to know the wrongfulness of his acts, or to the extent that he was totally unable to refrain.

In a later report to the court, prior to the mitigation hearings, Dr. Resnick, now using the allowable less-stringent criteria for mitigation hearings, was able to say that

Malcolm did manifest substantial inability to refrain. At the time of the shooting, Malcolm's schizophrenia was active, based upon hallucinations and delusional ideas, but his mental disease did not cause him to lack substantial capacity to appreciate the criminality of his conduct.

Dr. Resnick treats the concept of "knowing" as quantifiable. Malcolm knew a lot about motives, circumstance, consequence, and the social judgment of an act of murder, and Dr. Resnick concedes Malcolm's understanding was not complete. But neither Dr. Resnick nor the law adequately takes into consideration *the quality* of knowing.

Since the celebrated McNaughton case in 1843, jurists have avoided any question concerning the accused's knowledge of right and wrong in the abstract, preferring to impose a concrete test: did the defendant know that the specific act with which he was charged was wrong. In Ohio the test requires that the defendant manifest a total inability to know.

In a laudable attempt to identify the defendant whose degree of insanity has suspended his comprehension of the nature of an unlawful act, jurists accepted that one committing a criminal act is not guilty if he is unable to distinguish right and wrong in the moral sense. Thus, even if the defendant knew to any degree that his act is deemed wrongful by law, "It may emphasize his insanity that, knowing the human law, he believes that he is acting under the direct command of God" (People vs. Schmidt, 1915).

Following these principles, for the jury to find Malcolm not guilty by reason of insanity, it would have to believe that he was totally devoid of any degree of understanding of his moral obligation to abstain from shooting his victims. On the other hand, to find him guilty, the jury would have to believe the psychiatrists for the prosecution that he had some—*any degree*—of awareness that his act was morally wrong.

What does it mean when we say, "to know"? We can know at many levels of consciousness, beginning perhaps with instinctual knowledge by genetic endowment which causes the baby to take a first breath; by reflex, automatic recognition and response reactions below consciousness, such as the regulatory mechanisms of the body as heart beat, digestion, avoidant responses to pain; and there are a multitude of automatic, learned acts which we perform consequent to our awareness of the environment and need to survive which barely reach consciousness, as standing, walking, driving an automobile, and scratching an itch.

With the mobilization of an infinite variety of increasingly complex linkages in the brain, "to know" involves the ability to remember, reason, cogitate, integrate and abstract information.

In Malcolm's mind no act was voluntary, every act was predetermined and willed, even forced, by Christ Within. Yet, even in his bizarre deterministic belief system there is room for mistaken or wrongful behavior. In order to validate that a considered act is consistent with the will of Christ, he was convinced that the guidance he received by

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tossing the coins or hallucinated commands would invariably indicate morally correct behavior. His mandate in the library to shoot his three unfortunate victims was ordained by higher authority than the laws of man; hence in the twisted logic of Malcolm's mind the acts were morally justifiable.

During the trial much emphasis was placed by the prosecution on the question of whether Malcolm's compulsion to obey was absolute. Doctors Resnick and Alcorn established on the basis of their examinations of the accused that he might only experience mild to moderate annoyance or inconvenience if he disobeyed the divine orders. In my interviews, however, Malcolm indicated he might lose his life if he failed to obey.

There is an assumed correlation between the degree to which Malcolm felt threatened by punishment, mild or dire, and his relative freedom to desist from the criminal act. If this were established by the prosecution it would weaken the defendant's alleged inability to conform his behavior to the law. It would not to my mind dilute Malcolm's inability to know his act was morally wrong because of his absolute belief that his behavior was predetermined by the Christ Within. Since the acts of shooting were commissioned by the Higher Authority, Malcolm lacked the comprehension to know that what he did was morally wrong. His defect of mind does satisfy one arm of the statutory definition of "Not Guilty By Reason of Insanity."

The failure to define "morally wrong" makes it difficult, even for trained examiners, to assess Malcolm's thought processes at the moment of the crime.

It is not clear if the prosecution would have to prove at trial that Malcolm had violated his own personally held philosophical system of morality and ethics. On the other hand, since the burden of proving insanity is on the accused, Malcolm would have to establish there was no inconsistency, nor error, no contrary element in his homicidal behavior with his personally held concept of what he considered right or wrong.

A scrupulous and ethical physician, Dr. Resnick stated that at the time the defendant committed the offense he lacked substantial capacity to conform his behavior to the requirements of the law. He wrote, "I do not believe Mr. Malcolm was totally unable to refrain from the shooting . . . however, I do believe that the jury should consider the fact that he did have an active mental disease, which did substantially reduce his capacity for rational judgment about carrying out the shooting."

Dr. Resnick did appear at the mitigation hearing as a witness for the defense. Even then, at a procedure designed to give the condemned criminal an opportunity to lessen his sentence, Housel continued to insist that Malcolm was feigning mental illness, and that medical witnesses had obtained evidence of his supposed previous history of brain injury and psychosis only from Malcolm himself.

Inevitably, hearing little evidence to give dimension to Malcolm's status as a complex human being, or to under-

stand his behavior as anything but the act of a vicious, evil man, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty and recommended the penalty of death. The Judge concurred in that sentence. But it seemed almost inevitable that the Appeals Court, appreciative of the errors in the conduct of this case, would fault the way it was conducted.

After Malcolm was convicted, the judgment was appealed in the Eighth District Court of Appeals; Carla Tricarichi was appointed by Judge McManamon to represent the accused before the Court of Appeals.

Ms. Tricarichi is diminutive in size and demure in manner, but she was an absolute tigress in her legal address to this matter. Early on, I'm pleased to say, I made significant contributions to her understanding of the case, but essentially she carried the appeals through, arguing her case both in writing and orally before the judges. On October 29, 1987, the Court of Appeals reversed the trial findings and remanded the case back for a new trial.

Finally the office of the prosecutor of Cuyahoga County seems to have had enough of the case and accepted a plea bargain which immediately deleted the death penalty. In exchange Malcolm was allowed to plead guilty and accepted a sentence of 30 years to life.

The issue of insanity was set aside. No one wanted to relitigate this case. From what I hear Malcolm will spend his next 30 years in an Ohio correctional institution.

The irony of this outcome is that the defense attorneys, even before the trial had begun, had attempted to set up the plea bargaining and were refused by the District Attorney's office.

What conclusions can I draw from my experience with the American court system? The defense attorneys were at fault for their failure to obtain the proper certifications of the medical and prison records before the date set for trial. Judge McManamon was at fault for his refusal to allow the defense attorneys the time they needed to properly prepare their case. Assistant Prosecutor Housel was at fault for conducting the case as if the medical and prison records did not exist. The adversary system of laws was at fault because it utilizes the model of primitive combat as a way of attaining justice.

Malcolm is too dangerous to walk free ever again, not only because his crimes were heinous, but because his mind-set is probably beyond rehabilitation, incorrigible. It is my opinion that, by reason of severe damage to his brain and long-standing psychotic delusions which he obeyed as a puppet, he lacked the competence to mentally realize the true moral significance of his violent acts. ■

*I wish to thank Dr. Phillip Resnick for his generous expenditure of time and skill in making valuable suggestions.*



## Ardis, America's Supplier of Contemporary Russian Literature

Most of the authors cited in this article have been published by Ardis in Ann Arbor, Michigan, a small firm by usual publishing standards, but the leading publisher of Russian literature in the U.S.A. Since its founding in 1971 by Carl and Ellendea Proffer, Ardis has printed many works suppressed in the USSR, thereby winning the gratitude of dissident authors there. David Remnick wrote in *The Washington Post*, "There is not a writer, artist, or scholar in the Soviet Union who does not know it as a citadel of Russian literature." Joseph Brodsky, who lived with the Proffers after leaving the USSR in 1972, has said, "From the point of view of Russian literature, the existence of this house is the second greatest event in literature after the printing press."

The Proffers met in 1969 when Carl was teaching Russian literature at the University of Indiana and Ellendea was a graduate student there. In 1969 the couple lived six months in Soviet Russia on a Fulbright Scholarship; during that time they met Nadezhda Mandelstam, widow of the poet Osip Mandelstam, and through her a number of other people in literary circles. The experience fired their enthusiasm for twentieth-century Russian writing.

In 1971, when Carl was teaching at the University of Michigan, he and Ellendea established the *Russian Literary TriQuarterly*, a thick journal of criticism, poetry and fiction. In the same year, they also founded Ardis. They began by printing facsimile volumes of rare Russian editions such as Mandelstam's *Stone*, but went on to issue editions both in Russian and in English translation, until their catalogue at present contains over 275 titles.

Because of Carl's scholarly interest in Vladimir Nabokov, one of the major projects for Ardis has been the publication of Nabokov's works, including translations into Russian of books, such as *Lolita*, that were originally written in English. About one-third of the company's Russian-language books have wound up in the USSR—many of them smuggled in.

The Ardis catalog is strong in literature written between 1900 and 1935, including Zamyatin's *We*, Pilnyak's *The Naked Year*, Olesha's *Envy*, and something by virtually every great writer of that period. Among their titles are works by a number of avant-garde and dissident writers, some now émigrés, including Brodsky, Akhmatova, Sokolov, and Maramzin. Vakhtin's volume including *The Sheepskin Coat* and *An Absolutely Happy Village* has just been published.



Carl and Ellendea Proffer

Because they sought out and championed writers not in favor with Soviet officialdom, Ardis has had difficulties in dealing with the USSR. Relations began amicably; the Proffers made annual trips to Soviet Russia and, though shadowed by KGB men, were allowed to travel freely in Moscow. Carl Proffer in 1980 explained, "Many of the books we did are simply Russian classics. Theoretically it's Russian culture that we're popularizing. They were initially in favor of that." But in 1975 they printed *To Be Preserved Eternally* by dissident Lev Kopelev, which annoyed Soviet authorities. The Proffers found KGB agents keeping track of them not only in the USSR but in Ann Arbor. Still they were allowed to visit the USSR until 1979. What finally got them barred was their publication of *Metropole*, an unauthorized literary anthology including works by some of the best contemporary Russian writers, all of whom were subsequently blacklisted. The Proffers were prohibited from returning to the Soviet Union, and the *Russian Literary Gazette* called Ardis "an anti-Soviet bake shop."

Carl Proffer died of cancer in 1984, but the company has continued under the leadership of his wife. With the coming of glasnost, Ardis is once again welcome in the USSR. Ms. Proffer, back from a recent trip there, says she received very cordial treatment. The works of émigrés out of favor for decades, including Zamyatin and Nabokov, are being published again and claimed as part of Russian culture. Ardis has played a significant role in this literary renaissance in Russia, and it remains the major purveyor of twentieth-century Russian literature in the United States.

Harvey Pekar

# Soviet Literature's Reawakening

Harvey Pekar

Russians have been called the most literature-loving of all peoples. The quality of their own literature certainly justifies this observation. With the coming of Stalinist censorship, Russian writing suffered, but in the 1960s a renaissance began and it continues, with increasingly heartening results.

From 1840 to 1900 Russia probably produced more distinguished prose fiction writers than any other nation: Dostoevsky, Chekhov, Tolstoi, Gogol, Turgenev, Saltykov-Schedrin, Goncharov, Leskov, and Lermontov, only begin the list. Up to and including Gorky, many of these writers are familiar to knowledgeable Western readers, who, however, remain woefully unaware of literary developments in twentieth-century Russia—the USSR.

In fact, until Stalin's purges of the mid-1930s, outstanding literary artists continued to appear in Russia: poets including Vladimir Mayakovsky, Osip Mandelstam, Nikolai Gumilev, Boris Pasternak, Alexander Blok, Serge Esenin, and the innovative Velimir Khlebnikov, as well as prose fiction writers including Andre Bely, Leonid Andreyev, Ivan Bunin, Evgeny Zamyatin, Boris Pilnyak, Yuri Olesha, Mikhail Zoshchenko, Fyodor Sologub, Isaac Babel, Mikhail Bulgakov, Andrei Platonov, and Aleksander Remizov.

Nabokov called Bely's *Petersburg* one of the four most significant prose fiction works of our century, but unfortunately few literary historians or critics have read it. Generally they know next to nothing about experimental twentieth-century Russian literature. Avant-garde artists in any medium usually have to stay around a long time to get the credit they deserve. In the USSR they weren't allowed to: they were silenced and their work suppressed, often before it was available to the rest of the world.

Gradually enough has surfaced, however, to enable us to say that 1900-1937 was a great era in Russian writing. Many of the innovations of Soviet authors paralleled those of authors in the West (with whom they, of course, shared similar inspirations). Bely, in his short story "A Luminous Fairy Tale," and Andreyev, in the novella *The Red Laugh*,



*Harvey Pekar, a lifelong Cleveland resident, says, "I've been writing comic book stories and getting them published since 1972. I've published my own comic American Splendor since 1976, from which Doubleday has reprinted two trade paperback books." He has written literary articles and criticism for The New York Times, The Washington Post, the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and The Village Voice. He has made several guest appearances on The David Letterman Show, and received a Before Columbus Foundation literary award in 1987.*

were using stream-of-consciousness writing before 1905. At that time only a few writers outside of Russia—Eduard Dujardin, George Moore, Arthur Schnitzler, and Romain Rolland—had experimented with stream-of-consciousness writing.

Early twentieth-century Russian authors developed a synthetic form called ornamentalism, related to the prose poems of Baudelaire and other nineteenth-century French writers. Bely, Zamyatin, Pilnyak, and others not only combined prose and poetry, but incorporated letters, documents, and newspaper articles in their work, and employed mixed language levels (highbrow and colloquial), unusual print layouts, and various styles and sizes of type face. Between 1910 and 1937 both Russian and Western novelists experimented with fragmented, mosaic-like construction; Bely in *Petersburg* and Pilnyak in *The Naked Year* constantly shift focus from character to character, from place to place, like John Dos Passos in his panoramic novels and Evelyn Scott in *The Wave*. There was even a school of Soviet absurdists led by Daniil Kharmis and Alexander Vvedensky.

Western and Soviet writers were headed in roughly the same direction until Stalin became entrenched and halted the publication of avant-garde literature. From the mid-1930s to the present, virtually the only writing tolerated in Russia has been Socialist Realism, which is supposed to encourage people to keep quiet, work hard, and obey their leaders. It is hard to write good novels and poems under such limitations, and, though some respectable fiction was still being written, by the 1950s Soviet literature in general had become a joke.

With the coming of Khrushchev's thaw, however, some Soviet writers began to take aesthetic and political risks, to publish unauthorized works outside the USSR. Pasternak did this with *Dr. Zhivago*, as did Alexander Solzhenitsyn with *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. Ilya Ehrenberg's *The Thaw* (1955), which departed from strict Socialist Realism, aroused considerable controversy, and unorthodox works were also written by Valery Tarsis, Andrei Sinyavsky, and Yuli Daniel.

In 1962 Tarsis published two novellas in England, *The Bluebottle* and *Red and Black*. The first of these, a satire, was critical of Soviet political institutions. The romantic *Red and Black* contains impressionistic passages and is the kind of work party critics labeled excessively subjective and morbid. Both works described the plight of intellectuals in the USSR. As a result, Tarsis was declared insane and put in a mental institution for about eight months, an experience he wrote about in the autobiographical novel *Ward Seven*, again published abroad (1965). This time Tarsis had his citizenship revoked and was forced to emigrate to England.

The admirable Sinyavsky (pseudonym, Abram Tertz) had a style that might have been drawn directly from experimental Soviet writers of the 1920s. In his short novels *The*

*Trial Begins* and *The Makepiece Experiment* he employs a direct, informal and humorous narrative style reminiscent of Zoschenko. There are elements of fantasy, surrealism, and even absurdism reminiscent of Bulgakov. He fragments the narrative and changes focus rapidly, as did some Soviet writers in the 1920s. In *The Makepiece Experiment* Sinyavsky uses footnotes for satirical purposes (like Nabokov in *Pale Fire*); they become so lengthy that they tell a second story in counterpoint to the main text.

Daniel (pseudonym, Nikolai Arzakh), a profound thinker and unconventional stylist, also employs fantasy. In the short story "This is Moscow Speaking" the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet announces that there will be a Public Murder Day, during which "all citizens of the Soviet Union who have reached the age of sixteen are given the right to exterminate any other citizen with the exception of those listed in the annexes to this decree."

Another Daniel story, "The Man from MINAP," is playful, centering on the exploits of a young Russian fellow who can will the sex of his children in the act of conception. When word about him gets out he finds he is in great demand by women who want to make sure of their children's gender. "Man from MINAP" recalls the clever and irreverent work of Ilya Ilf and Evgeny Petrov, Soviet humorists of the 1930s. Daniel even pokes fun at Karl Marx.

In *Atonement* a man is accused of having informed on a friend who has spent years in prison. The accusations are false but everyone believes them and the protagonist becomes a pariah. Daniel skillfully and powerfully recounts the dissolution of his life, making use of interior monologues.

Daniel and Sinyavsky received five and seven years in prison respectively for "Anti-Soviet propaganda," but this did not stop other writers from challenging Soviet authorities. If Khrushchev could reveal Stalin's crimes, why couldn't other Soviet leaders be similarly scrutinized? Once Solzhenitsyn, Tarsis, Sinyavsky, and Daniel began their criticism of Soviet leaders and policies, there was no going back. The amount of latitude allowed writers would vary; some would be imprisoned, but the demand by artists for creative freedom became constant.

Underground literature developed; unpublished manuscripts critical of Soviet institutions and sometimes written with stylistic daring were passed around in *samizdat* (unauthorized, privately circulated copies). An increasing number of works were smuggled out of the country to be published abroad. Some Soviet dissident writers gained international recognition. In 1963 the Soviet journal *Novy Mir* announced the forthcoming publication of Vladimir Voinovich's comic novel *The Life and Extraordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin*; but the political climate changed and Voinovich could not get his book printed. Circulated in *samizdat* for years, it finally appeared in Germany in 1970 and subsequently was well received throughout the world. It deals



with the dilemma of Chonkin, who is sent to a collective farm to guard a disabled airplane, then forgotten. A peasant himself, he becomes integrated into the community until, following the German attack on the USSR, the Russian secret police hear rumors about a soldier lingering on a farm miles from the front. The novel is compassionate, humorous, and satirical, but not viciously so. By Western standards its criticism of the government is rather tame, despite the controversy it caused.

More original and pointed is Voinovich's autobiographical *The Ivankiad*, in which he relates his struggle to occupy an apartment in his housing cooperative, which Ivanko, a Soviet big shot, wants for himself. Voinovich heaps scorn on the petty bureaucrats who try to intercede on Ivanko's behalf. But Voinovich, though already in disfavor with the authorities, runs into some sympathetic officials too, and in the end gets his apartment, thus showing that even in the USSR there is at least a possibility of justice.

*The Ivankiad* consists of two parts, which are broken up into many brief chapters with humorous titles. In this respect it is reminiscent of Bely's *Petersburg*. Voinovich addresses the reader in the first person, using a storytelling technique similar to Zoschenko's intrusive colloquial narrative style, a style known in Russian literature as "*skaz*."

Evidently Soviet fiction writers have somehow been able to keep up with Western innovations as well as learn about their own great early twentieth-century literary experimenters. Even Yuri Nagibin, a respected but traditional short story writer, has listed James Joyce among his favorite authors. Vasily Aksyonov, considered by some to be among the finest Russian novelists to emerge in decades, is similarly up to date. Aksyonov, who began publishing in the 1960s, had to leave the USSR in 1980 following the publication of his ambitious novel *The Burn*. Though his efforts to obtain freedom for himself and fellow writers show him to be a man of great courage, his writing seems precious and exhibitionistic. Aksyonov has apparently read many avant-garde writers and familiarized himself with international pop culture, and he wants to show the reader how much he knows. He frequently makes references to jazz in the process of writing painfully corny material that seems like an unintentional parody of beatnik authors. He also sprinkles his work with the names of foreign products (Pontiacs, Alka-Seltzer) to demonstrate his sophistication. Like Thomas Pynchon, his style is a badly synthesized pastiche of modernist devices, fantasy, and allegory.

Aksyonov is even familiar with popular espionage novels, as his *Island of the Crimea* indicates. If Aksyonov was able to learn so much about West European and American art and culture, clearly other Russians (some of whom have read his work) knew something about them too. The Iron Curtain had more holes in it than people have realized.

Vladimir Maximov's first novel, *A Man Survives*, also published in the early sixties, uses flashback sequences to follow the life of an escaped convict, a wanderer and a criminal since his youth when his father was arrested in Stalin's purges. Maximov's spare, detached writing was

rather unusual in the context of Soviet literature of the 1960s, as was his implication that, criminal though his protagonist may have been, he was a victim of the Soviet system and deserved sympathy. Maximov, a very active dissident, was expelled from the USSR in 1974. He went on to edit an important Paris-based journal, *Kontinent*, which dealt with Eastern European literary and political affairs.

Four years after Maximov's departure, Alexander Zinoviev also had to leave the Soviet Union. A highly regarded university-based philosopher and logician, Zinoviev brought the wrath of the government down on him by publishing a satirical novel, *The Yawning Heights*, which reportedly so infuriated Brezhnev that he personally deprived Zinoviev of his citizenship. The book is a Bunyanesque allegory, with characters who have names like Leader, Sociologist, Chatterer, and Neurasthenic. Zinoviev attacks official Soviet political and scientific positions, employing literary devices that recall the innovators of the 1920s. He mixes poetry with prose and uses fragmented construction and slang, sometimes scatological. In parodying official Soviet thinking, Zinoviev, whether he means to or not, also makes fun of double-talking academics the world over. His other novels, *The Radiant Future*, *Homo Sovieticus*, and *The Madhouse*, similarly consist of polemics covered with a veneer of story.

Much outstanding Soviet literature was originally circulated in *samizdat* for years before being published. This was the case with Benedict (Benny) Erofeev's novel *Moscow Circles*. Erofeev, an underground cable layer in Moscow and an unapologetic alcoholic, began the book in 1969; it was published seven years later in France. The narrator-protagonist of *Moscow Circles* is named Benny Erofeev, though the book does not make clear whether or not he is supposed to be identical with the author. Apparently in a perpetual state of drunkenness, he describes a train trip from Moscow to suburban Petushki, where he has a girl friend.

*Moscow Circles* evolves in a strange and unpredictable way. At first it is amusing but obnoxious. Benny describes his drunken adventures as if we are supposed to applaud him for being such a hail-fellow-well-met, a regular Dean Martin, boozing on the way to the train and on the train. Things take a literary turn for the better when he meets and starts drinking with several fellow passengers; they have a hilarious conversation about the effect of drinking on themselves, their friends, and great artists. Then Benny moves into the world of the fantastic; maybe he's drunk and hallucinating, maybe he's dreaming. He meets his friend Tikhonov and together they foment a successful revolution, declare war on Norway, send a threatening letter to Franco in Spain, and make demands of Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Next Benny meets Satan and a sphinx, who asks him questions so silly he refuses to answer them:

When the ships of the US Seventh Fleet docked at Petushki railway station there were no Party Members among the girls, but if Komsomol Members are taken as Party Members, then every third girl was a blonde. After the departure of the ships

of the US Seventh Fleet the following facts came to light: every third Komsomol Member had been violated, every fourth girl violated turned out to be a Komsomol Member, every fifth Komsomol Member violated turned out to be blonde, and every ninth blonde violated turned out to be a Komsomol Member. If the total number of girls in Petushki is 428 how many intact non-Party brunettes were left?

But the mood becomes increasingly menacing. Benny loses track of where he is. The train stops. Benny exits and finds he is back in Moscow. Four men chase him through empty streets and eventually catch him and drive an awl through his neck.

*Moscow Circles*, with its use of free association and symbolism and its accelerating pace, is one of the most original books written in the USSR—indeed, anywhere—in the past thirty years. Erofeev's casual, slangy narration disguises his artfulness and originality. The novel's idiosyncratic devices have precedents in Laurence Sterne and Machado de Assis: one chapter contains a single short sentence; others are joined by sentences which begin in one and end in the next. The insertion of blank space in places causes the reader to slow down and think carefully about what is written.

Another ostensibly comic Russian novel that has a deeply serious aspect is Vladimir Sorokin's *The Queue*, first published in France in 1985. Sorokin says, "The Soviet writer is above all someone serious who must react to social problems. . . . My position is that of one who gives himself over to the playful." But social criticism is implicit in *The Queue*, which centers on a man who spends days and nights waiting in a line—in the process getting involved with two women—to buy a product which is never identified. The novel consists entirely of unattributed dialogue. At a couple of points, during a roll call and when the protagonist is making love, the dialogue is set up in two vertical columns. In the latter scene, exclamations ("Ha! Oh . . . Oh . . .") are printed with one of the pair facing the other suggestively upside down:

— Aaah.....	— Hah!
— Haa...	— Mo...ore....
— Aah.....	— Hah!
— Haa...	— Aaaa....
— Aaah.....	— O!
— Haaa! Oooo...unnn....	— Aaa....
— Aaah.....	— Oh!
— Haaa!	— Aaaa....
— Oooh...go...on...a...gain...	— Oh!
— Ha!	— Aaa....
— Oh....	— Aha!
— Ha!	— Aaaa....
— Aaaaah....	— Aha!
— Ha!	— Oh....
— Ah....	— Aha!
— Ha! Oh...oh...	— Moore...aaa....
— Aaaaah.....	— Aha....

Though he has been officially criticized, Sorokin has not been incarcerated or exiled—probably a benefit of glasnost.

Some of the best and most sophisticated Russian writers to emerge recently—Vakhtin, Maramzin, Bitov, and Dovlatov have been based in the Leningrad area. Of these Boris Vakhtin deserves special praise, though he is not well known in the West, even compared to other Soviet writers. I hope the new volume containing two of his novellas, "The Sheepskin Coat" and "An Absolutely Happy Village," recently issued by Ardis, will bring him deserved attention. The first of these novellas acknowledges a classic Russian influence: "We've all come from Gogol's *Overcoat*." The protagonist in this story, a lonely veteran civil servant, longs for a sheepskin coat, which he finally receives, only to have it bring about his downfall.

The bittersweet content, though not the style, of "An Absolutely Happy Village" is reminiscent of Thornton Wilder's *Our Town*. Vakhtin's rural village, located in a lush agricultural region somewhere in the USSR, is full of endearingly eccentric characters. The central figures are Mikheyev, a strapping twenty-year-old farm boy, and Polina, the beautiful young woman he marries just before going off to war and a hero's death. The potential sentimentality is avoided by Vakhtin's unsentimental humanity and his rich prose, full of humor, lyricism, and inventiveness.

There is effective satire in Vakhtin's ironic portrayal of Soviet bureaucracy and parody of "modern" poetry in "The Sheepskin Coat." Here is one sentence:

Of course, Philharmon Ivanovich would not have touched a manuscript like that for anything in the world, but he had been given orders by his immediate superior, who was hurrying away on leave, and his immediate superior had been at least persuaded to read it and give an opinion by the doctor who was treating a friend of his wife's who was suffering from one of those illnesses, at the request of a classmate of his, a chief engineer at a shoe factory—but who had put pressure on the chief engineer was not known for a long time and was not cleared up until much later, during the legal investigation, or more accurately, it was not who had put pressure on him that was cleared up but who might have been able to, who knew this ill-starred engineer with whom it all began, that is the changes, although in the final analysis nothing changed at all.

As is evident in this passage, Vakhtin creates humorous effects by using digression and free association. At times he changes focus between characters rapidly, even within one sentence; for example: "This is the way she and I talked for the last time, and I went off to war to fight and wait and I went home to live and wait and I watched her go and I watched him go and God in Heaven how unbearable it was to part."



Vakhtin also employs fantasy; among the speaking characters in his *Ardis* volume are a cat, a scarecrow, a well, and Mikheyev speaking from the afterlife. When Vakhtin died in 1981 at the age of fifty-one, most of what he wrote was unpublishable in the USSR. I hope it was preserved and will eventually surface. He was a wonderful writer.

Only a few of Vladimir Maramzin's pieces are available in English, possibly because he is so difficult to translate. His syntax is weirdly convoluted and he uses some words in ways that depart from their usual definitions; his more advanced stories are reminiscent of Gertrude Stein's work and of automatic writing. Maramzin uses free association, even freer than that of Erofeev. His sentences dart everywhere and sometimes he leaves out words the reader should anticipate, so that the sentences read like shorthand. Maramzin is tough to read; you can't just skim sentences like these from "The Two-Toned Blond: a Reciprocal Tale":

Then I sacrificed myself for a long time, making up my mind a woman of manhood, with a loud voice of substitution, but then I didn't reach it . . . I can't understand it at all: why are death necessary? An unpleasant word! A simple Soviet man, by the name of fifty years, can't live without it of course, the continuation of the product is in short supply, we're something else, a separate representative of an outstanding power.

A clue to Maramzin's intentions occurs in a statement of his referring to "this strange twisted language, this decomposition of consciousness . . . but a consciousness that is no longer capable of being governed with the aid of logic . . ." He continues: "It goes without saying that this is a literary work . . . in the sense of its giving expression to what transpires inside this person . . . we, with our grammatical phrases express ourselves much more poorly." Maramzin, then, is seeking to dig beneath the seemingly well organized surface of our thoughts to get at the underlying confusion.

Maramzin, one of the more radical literary experimenters of recent years, currently lives in Paris. Trained as an engineer, he now reportedly earns a good salary doing some kind of high-tech work and has given up writing.

Andre Bitov began publishing short stories in the early 1960s. His introspective autobiographical style coupled with his poetic prose are coincidentally reminiscent of Proust, although Bunin, with a somewhat similar style, is more likely to have influenced him. In his ambitious *Pushkin House* Bitov combines storytelling with commentaries on Russian literature. This open-structured, autobiographical novel contains several epilogues and an appendix; at one point Bitov, as the author, intrudes to interview the protagonist, his alter-ego.

Sergei Dovlatov does not use book-length plots in his memoir novels; his chapters have a certain autonomy and are themselves sometimes anecdotal. He isn't so much interested in telling a story as in acquainting readers with an area of his experience. In *The Compromise* he writes about



*Tianitolkai* by Maramzin



Andrei Bitov

being a newspaper reporter in Estonia; each chapter begins with one of his newspaper articles, and is followed by the story behind it. *The Zone* describes his life as an army prison guard.

I am even more impressed by Dovlatov's *The Invisible Book*, in which he writes of his difficulties in getting published, relationships with other Leningrad writers, and government persecution. The reckless courage of Dovlatov and many of his colleagues in continuing to write and say what they really thought in the face of career setbacks and jail sentences is impressive. And yet Dovlatov keeps his sense of humor—including his ability to laugh at himself. In 1978 he was forced to emigrate.

*A School for Fools* by Sasha Sokolov, published in 1976, is among the greatest Russian novels of this century. The protagonist, who has been a student at a "school for fools," that is, a school for the mentally ill and retarded, narrates his story in flashbacks, some of which are recalled dreams and hallucinations. Sometimes he carries on an internal dialogue, questioning himself. Gentle and tender, he is not concerned with denouncing those who have been his persecutors; rather, his memories, though often melancholy, are couched in prose that is warm, poetic, and sometimes humorous. His paragraphs which go on for pages and his run-on sentences are reminiscent of Molly Bloom's soliloquy in Joyce's *Ulysses*:

Careful, the way up ee-ee-ee when you see a passing freight below covered all over with chalk graffiti or a clean express with starched-collar curtains try not to look down or you'll get dizzy and fall your arms flailing on your back or face down and the sympathetic passersby who haven't managed to turn into birds will surround your body and someone will raise your head and start slapping your cheeks the poor lad he probably doesn't have any heart it's avitaminosis anemia a woman in a peasant dress the owner of the baskets holds the accordion and his mama where's his mama he's probably alone taking music lessons look he's got blood on his head of course he's alone God what happened to him nothing now he's now I Veta I'm alone I beg you to forgive me your boy your tender student looked too long at a freight covered all over with chalk graffiti . . .

Sokolov, not surprisingly, left the USSR in 1976, emigrating to Canada. His next novel, *Between the Wolf and the Dog* (1980), is very ambitious but has so far daunted translators. Unfortunately, his third, *Astrophobia*, issued by Grove Press, is merely a showcase for his erudition and technical prowess. His attempts at humor are not only silly but embarrassingly vulgar.

Given the handicaps they've had to work under, the variety and large number of admirable Russian authors working today is heartening. A discussion of fiction writers who are stylistically conservative though politically courageous lies outside the limits of this article, but there are



Sergei Dovlatov



*A School for Fools* by Sokolov

many good ones, such as Yuri Trifonov and Valentin Rasputin. In Fazil Iskander, part Persian, part Abkhazian, author of *Sandro of Chegem*, Russian literature has a magic realist. Andrei Voznesensky, perhaps the most highly regarded poet to write in Russian in the past thirty years, is also a fine prose stylist, as may be seen in his symbolic novella "O." "O" is a black hole consisting of clots of compressed memory which makes the author review his life in flashback sequences, presented in lyrical and allusive fashion.

I haven't run into Vladimir Bogomolov's name in English language accounts of recent developments in Soviet literature. He writes patriotic works about the Second World War and could easily be dismissed by scholars as a hack. But his *The Moment of Truth*, an espionage novel first published in 1973 (originally entitled *In August '44*), is surprisingly modern from a technical standpoint. In it he uses ornamentation, studding his text with italicized telegram and RT (radio telephone) messages and pages of staccato stream-of-consciousness writing. Evidently because he was popular and patriotic, the authorities allowed him to use modernist devices.

More good Russian writers keep surfacing as political repression eases, and we can hope that we will be getting them in translation soon. Very little is yet available in the West from, for example, Nina Katerli, though her novella *The Barsukov Triangle* suggests that she may be one of the more original Soviet writers of the 1970s and '80s. In *Barsukov* she mixes slice-of-life realism and fantasy and interweaves several plots in such a way as to recall Dos Passos's panoramic style.

Encouraging news is coming out of the USSR these days: Zamyatin's *We* has been published there for the first time and Bulgakov's plays are being staged. If Gorbachev and his policies continue to prevail, it may not be long before Russian writers regain their primacy in fiction. Russian literature did not die under Stalin, it went into hibernation. Now it is reawakening. ■

# The Computer Muse

Karen Kovacik

Before I started to make pictures on computers, I worked primarily in collage and brightly colored cut paper. I have also published some 30 poems in assorted literary journals. All of these media depend upon the recombination of words and images (red wheelbarrows and white chickens, say) in ways that startle or give pleasure. For such recombining and recycling, the computer is indeed an unprecedented tool. So fluently and easily can one cut, paste, change colors, and repeat images on the computer that it comes to feel more like a muse than the machine it is.

In September 1987 I arrived, like a new immigrant, at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. I had been living in Warsaw, Poland, for two years, where I taught English and studied painting and drawing. Warsaw is not Paris or London, but it is a European capital with a thousand-year history, and I had been living two blocks from the pastel-colored Royal Castle in the city's Old Town. In Chicago, I missed my friends, our evenings drinking black Bulgarian wine and glasses of hot tea. I missed the stork's nest atop the light pole in my relatives' village. I missed the lace curtains, the red tramcars and neon curlicues, the bells at vespers from five different churches in my neighborhood.

Chicago, the "city of big shoulders," overwhelmed me daily with its sounds and images: men sleeping on cardboard beneath the Van Buren El, the glassy music of the sailboats on the lake, my bus ride to work under the red and gold arches and pagodas of Chinatown, the nineteenth century factory with sloping, dusty floors, where, for \$5.75 an hour, I pasted up tiny prescription labels for pharmacies all over America.

The School of the Art Institute gave me a shock at first, too. The entire freshman class appeared to be in uniform: regulation black leather jeans and boots, studded dog collars, and peroxide hair. And the school bureaucracy was disorganized and unfriendly, so it took me a while to find a niche. I worked during the day, took classes in the evenings, and commuted 40 minutes to Indiana, where I was living with my parents until I could get a place in the city.

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During those first few uncertain weeks in Chicago, I remember being struck by a fragment from Wyndham Lewis's "Code of the Herdsman": "Cherish and develop, side by side, your most constant indications of different personalities . . . A variety of clothes, hats especially, are of help in this wider dramatization of yourself. Never fall into the vulgarity of being or assuming yourself to be one ego." Feeling like I had more personalities than I could count on one hand, I decided to base my first series of computer photographs on Lewis's dictum.

Using a Commodore Amiga 2000 computer hooked up to a video camera, I was able to record the photographs directly onto computer disks. *Digitizing*, the process by which the video signal is converted into a computer file, is a simple way of generating raw imagery that can then be retouched, reworked, reimagined. First, I took several black and white photos of myself in various hats and guises (figures 1-3). Then, using Deluxe Paint II software, I experimented with repeating the same half of my face, thus creating *Hawthorne's Twins*, *The Visitation*, and *Mouseketeers* (figures 4-6). I was pleased with this series of warped self-portraits, because they seemed to reveal dimensions of rigidity, zeal, and dread in their subject that the unembellished photographs had not.



Figures 1, 2, and 3: the artist photographs herself directly onto the computer disk in various hats and guises.





*Figure 4:*  
Hawthorne's  
Twins.



*Figure 5:*  
The Visitation.



*Figure 6:*  
Mouseketeers.

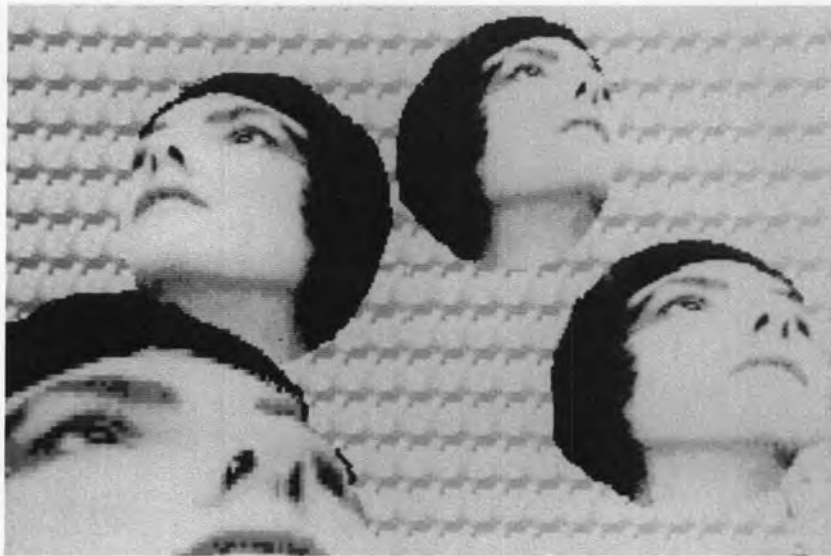
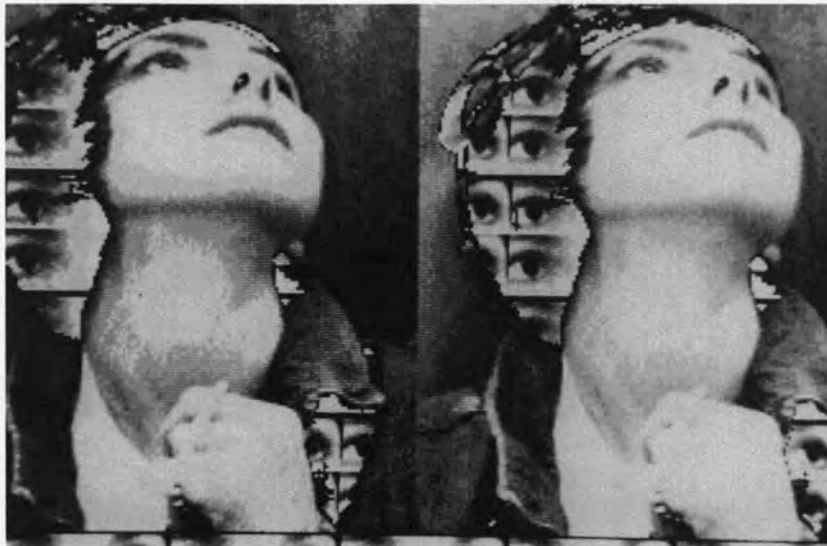


Figure 7: Self-Portrait with Pearls

Figure 8: Diptych.



Further experiments produced more decorative results. In *Self-Portrait with Pearls* (figure 7), I was playing with notions of flatness and depth. The background is entirely filled in with a beaded fragment from figure 2. The repetition of the fragment, even as it emphasizes the roundness of the pearls, makes for a kind of two-dimensional "wallpaper" effect. The face shares this complexity. On the one hand, it's stamped out in flattened spheres at various points in the picture plane and, on the other, it's manipulated by a paint-program perspective tool that exaggerates its depth. *Diptych* (figure 8), which also makes use of raw material from figure 2, strives for a more posterized, silkscreen effect. While *Self-Portrait* is tinted lavender (I wanted the look of a handpainted photograph), *Diptych* bares collage-like patches of indigo, scarlet, lilac, black and gray.

A second series of images was based on the Russian artist Rodchenko's mobiles and photographs, which I digitized from an album of his collected works and then manipulated in different ways. *DDT* (figure 9) and *Cowboy from the Crimea* (figure 10) both seek to reimagine Alexander Rodchenko's well known photograph of the revolutionary poet, Vladimir Mayakovsky (1893-1930). The Russian constructivist aesthetic of a humanity streamlined, geometricized, and perfected is at the heart of *DDT*, a black-and-white triptych drawn in stark chevrons, lines and circles. A fragment of one of Rodchenko's mobiles has been pasted over the poet's upper face for a bug-eyed, gasmask look, leaving only his brooding, grainy mouth exposed.

*Cowboy*, done in a technicolor palette, looks at a different side of the poet. Mayakovsky, despite his reputation as a utilitarian social poet, wrote a number of fairly bourgeois love lyrics throughout his career, the last just a few years before his death by suicide. It is this smarmy, Elvis Presley-like Mayakovsky, this shameless, self-promoting proletarian who ate mashed potatoes with his bare hands at a 1920s literary banquet in Poland, that I wanted to capture in *Cowboy*.



Figure 9: DDT.



Figure 10: Cowboy from the Crimea.





Figure 11:  
Origami.



Figure 12:  
Iwona Luna.

After awhile, I stopped feeling like Mayakovsky and began exploring other bodies of imagery. Although Chicago's incongruities continued to trouble me, I began to adjust to the city. I found a studio apartment mere blocks from the majestic presence of Wrigley Field and snagged a comfortable desk job across the street from my school, where I was free to drink lots of tea and gossip in Polish. One of my friends from work, Iwona Pankowska, a recent immigrant and dedicated astrology buff, inspired my next series of photographs.

I decided to juxtapose outer space images with Iwona's face in the series that included *Origami*, *Iwona Luna*, and *Between Jupiter and Mars* (figures 11-13). In *Origami*, which has a delicately tinted palette of mahogany, maroon and pink, I wanted to make a piece about memory, so I



Figure 13: Between Jupiter and Mars.

excerpted one of Iwona's eyes and repeated the fragment over and over, tilting it in all three dimensions. I wanted the effect of those fragile paper birds, that poetry of movement frozen.

For *Iwona Luna*, I digitized a poster of the moon, which I placed behind the same image of Iwona that I used in *Origami*. But this time I upped the contrast and modulated the palette to give both woman and moon a posterized, marbled look. Then from the moon's periwinkle, salmon, olive, and brown I created a tapestry of letters, against what I hoped would look like a garish tablecloth.

*Between Jupiter and Mars* is a kind of landscape—or sky-scape. I wanted the drama of a heavy hanging sky populated with bizarrely lit planets, competing with the 3-D wedge of Iwonas and the flat, glowing marble of the lower third of the picture plane. I was experimenting with light and perspective in order to expand space and also to collapse it somewhat as Cézanne did in his *The Bay at L'Estaque*—for a vision of well-being undercut with uncertainty.

By invoking Cézanne, I don't mean to suggest that the computer can or should replace the traditional media of pigment, canvas, bronze, wood, and clay. But as a tool for synthesis and transformation it can help artists of every kind to create bold vocabularies of imagery from a few syllables. Just as many writers find their word processors indispensable aids for fluid drafting and revising, so do computer artists use their machines to close the gap between imagining and imaging. ■

# Moscow and Tallinn under Gorbachev

Barbara B. Green

Although I had been to the Soviet Union most recently in February 1988, when the opportunity arose a few months ago to spend a week living with a family in Moscow and a week with another family in Estonia, I didn't hesitate. The chance to observe *perestroika*, *glasnost*, and nationalism as they affect ordinary citizens was tempting. What follows is a diary of my experiences.

**Saturday, July 29, 1989**

I fly FinnAir from JFK Airport to Helsinki.

**Sunday, July 30**

In the Moscow airport, I get in line for passport control with four other Americans. The lines are long and slow, so we try out our Russian on each other. A young fellow in uniform comes along, opens a control booth, winks at us, and tells the five of us to come with him. He laughs and lets us through. His silver teeth and smile charm us.

We go to customs, and again a young man signals to us to by-pass the line. We're let through with no questions while others are being quizzed.

It is now about 10:00 at night. We go to a community center off Gorky Street to meet our Soviet hosts. Instead of the journalist I was originally assigned to, I will be staying with a young man and his parents. The mother is a teacher of engineering technology in a specialized secondary school. The father is a serious-looking communication engineer and owns a car. Neither speaks any English. The son, Dima, a fifth-year student at Moscow Aviation Institute, speaks some English. We drive about twenty minutes to where they live. The costs of my stay are borne by my hosts as a result of a reciprocal arrangement by private agencies.

The building's construction flaws are apparent. There is cracking cement and many floor tiles are missing. It is dingy. The stair steps are not evenly spaced. The elevator is very small and creaky.

The flat, on the ninth floor, is small but clean. There is a kitchen, not much bigger than a closet. Mickey Mouse decals are on the cabinets. The toilet and bath are in separate adjoining rooms, each about six feet by three. The floors throughout the apartment are covered in brown lino-



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leum, though there is a straw runner over the linoleum in the hall and in Dima's room. In the good-sized living room, an oriental rug is hung on the wall over the sofa. Instead of a door, there is a beaded curtain separating the living room and the master bedroom. Another oriental rug hangs on the wall in the master bedroom and one is on the floor. There is a small balcony off the master bedroom. Dima's room has a door, with glass panels. The furniture in his room is massive Soviet-standard brown metal made to resemble wood. There is a large wardrobe, a desk, a dresser and a bed, two hanging bookcases, a stereo, videotapes, rock posters, and lots of books. The living room has a large wooden breakfront with glass doors to display china, several bookcases, a sofa, easy chairs, dining table and chairs. There are also a television, VCR, and many books, journals, and magazines.

I am given the son's room. Exhausted, I soon fall asleep.

#### **Monday, July 31**

This morning I first awaken at about 6:00, but manage to go back to sleep until 8:30. Valery, the father, has already left for work. Regina, the mother, serves breakfast to Dima and me. We have noodles with grated cheese, dark bread, sliced sausage that looks like salami, and sliced ham. I decline hot kasha (buckwheat porridge) but have a tiny cup of coffee. We eat at a small table that takes up much of the space in the kitchen.

After breakfast, Dima and I ride a streetcar and then a metro (subway) to Gorky Park. There are very few people there and most of the concessions are closed. We pass a pond with ducks and another with paddle boats. Dima observes that he and his friends used to stay away from the park because working-class youths from outside the city, who resented the way the Westernized youth of Moscow dressed, would start fights.

Dima says there was a rumor that people who wanted to go to the U.S. or Israel had gone to the airport with their suitcases and were staying there to protest restrictions on emigration.

We walk along the embankment. Dima points out a very imposing apartment building inhabited chiefly "by party bigwigs." It is even thought there might be a tennis court on the roof. We continue walking through an elegant area where we see well-dressed people on the street.

Dima asks what I think of Boris Yeltsin, who won 89 percent of the Moscow vote in the March election to the new Congress. Dima says he might be a bit of a demagogue, but is a useful counterbalance to the conservative, Ligachev.

We continue walking, going next to the Arbat—a large area closed to traffic, populated by artists, musicians, and tourists, and lined with cafes. There are people exhibiting and trying to sell paintings, sketching pictures of passersby, playing instruments, singing songs, selling ice cream, fruit, vegetables, juice. One man, in a strong voice, sings what sounds like a traditional Russian folk song but the words





*Valery and Regina in their  
Moscow apartment.*

turn out to be: "Where are you, Communism? You promised us plenty for all, but the stores are empty. Why do some have so much, and others so little?"

Each time we take an underground cross-over, we see people selling things: T-shirts with designs seem to predominate. We also see a few beggars sitting on the ground.

Dima says his family has all the issues of *Ogonyok*, the liberal periodical which favors glasnost. He speaks of Pamyat, the right-wing Russian nationalist group, which blames everything bad on the Jews. Dima is not surprised that Pamyat had so little support in the elections—he thinks that most people no longer believe racist statements.

We walk through a pleasant strip of park down the middle of a wide boulevard circling the center of the city. There are trees, benches, children's playgrounds, and even a cafe. We come to Pushkin Square where, a few years ago, young people used to come to read poetry, play music, and give speeches. Right off the square, Moscow's first McDonald's is being built.

After some time we cut across to the outer Sadovaya ring. We see some very old houses, including a few made of wood. This area of the city seems seedy compared to the center. Long lines of people form to buy fruit, vegetables, and other goods. Dima says peasants from collective farms come into Moscow by train to buy food and supplies. The women remind me of plow horses—they are big, heavy, and strong, and wear what look like housedresses. They are a marked contrast to the fashion-conscious women we had seen earlier. I find it odd for people from the countryside to come to the city to buy food, but Dima explains that the government buys up all the produce of the farms to distribute to the cities and much disappears in the process.

Dima notes how fortunate the city-dwellers are, because supplies go there first. Although cheap soap is not available, expensive brands are easily found. Some people also resent the profit-making from the new private enterprises. People who do little useful work make a great deal of money at *rinoks* (market-places), where goods may be bought and sold two or three times, each time at a higher price.

A lot of university and institute students now sell fruit at stands on the street. They buy it from suppliers who usually short-weight their customers. In order to make up for this, they do the same to theirs. There is dishonesty and bribery—it is a way of life. If you sell ice cream, you have to pay off the delivery truck man. Otherwise you'll get your supply last and it will be half-melted. If you buy fruit, the bottom layer will be rotten.

We take a very crowded trolley most of the way back so we can see the city from the windows. It is hot and riders are jam packed. We take two buses, and finally arrive at the area in which Dima lives. The small balconies are filled with drying clothes. Old women sit on the broken stoops. We take the slow elevator to the ninth floor, and arrive back at the small apartment at 4:00, hot, hungry, thirsty, and tired.

I take a cool shower in the tiny bathroom, and then we eat. We have borscht with sour cream, baked chicken, rice, and fresh sliced tomatoes. To drink, we have water in which some jam is stirred and tiny ice cubes from a small ice tray. For dessert, we have plums and fruit purée which, Regina shows me, comes from a baby food jar.

After I wake up from a nap, Regina shows me photographs of Dima and Pavel, her other son, and a few of Valery and herself when they were young. Dima plays a videotape of his niece at her first birthday party in their *dacha* (country home) where his brother's family now live. It's about forty minutes from Moscow.

When Valery comes home from work about 7:30, he turns the TV on to live coverage of the Supreme Soviet. When the Congress originally met, its sessions were broadcast all day long, and everyone watched instead of working. Now the broadcasts don't start until 4:00 p.m. The speeches this evening concern child care, pensions, and the high inflation rate. Public debate and the airing of controversial issues are new enough to be fascinating.

We have a light supper of sliced squash in a sauce, with bread, crackers, sliced salami, ham, and cookies. We drink a sweet dessert wine from Germany and hot tea.

Valery then takes us for a long automobile ride into the center of town, along the embankment, and then to the Novovideichny convent, which is striking with its ornate domes.

We drive by Lenin Stadium. Valery says that recently the area around the Stadium has turned into a kind of open-air debating society with people making speeches and giving their opinions on every possible political issue. We

continue on to the University and a place from which we can look down on the Stadium and the city. Down the road there is a small functioning church.

Back in the car, we drive past the guarded area where important party and government officials live. We continue into the city past the new American Embassy compound which was discovered to be filled with Soviet listening equipment. It is made of brick and although attractive, it completely jars with the architecture of all the other buildings on the river bank. We continue around the corner to see the old American Embassy.

When we return we have some wine, tea, and more conversation. We talk about the alcohol problem in Russia, how prohibition failed in the U.S., and the increasing drug problem in both countries. Valery is concerned with Soviet labor productivity. He thinks American workers are more productive because they can be fired if they don't work. I explain about civil service and trade unions, and how difficult it can be to get rid of poor workers. Dima says the real problem is the shortage of workers. No manager can afford to fire a worker, no matter how unproductive, because he wouldn't be able to get a replacement.

We also discuss schools, tests and examination, entrance and graduation requirements. Dima shows me a sweatshirt from his institute. When Russian students first saw Americans wearing sweatshirts with college insignia they wanted the same, so the students at his school wear some that read Moscow Aviation Institute.

They show me issues of *Ogonyok*. The August issue has a picture of Molotov shaking hands with Ribbentrop at the time of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. The 50th anniversary of the pact and the investigation into the secret protocol about the

*Other Moscow apartment buildings seen from Valery and Regina's window.*



disposition of Poland and the Baltic republics has become a topic of real concern.

**Tuesday, August 1**

Again, I sleep late. For breakfast we have kasha, toast with butter and cheese, tomatoes, ham, salami, and coffee. The coffee is served in a tiny cup, and I long for a large mug of hot steaming coffee, but I realize that coffee is a luxury.

Dima and I go to the Rizhni rinok, a large marketplace where everything is sold—fruits, vegetables, flowers, jewelry, jeans, T-shirts, etc. Many of the sellers are gypsies. The market, across from the Riga Train Station, has grown recently and become very large. It is a real center of small-scale free enterprise with high prices. Regina had warned me to hang on to my purse.

We leave the market, go to Gorky Street, and look in all the stores. Books are very cheap compared to ours, mostly under \$5.00. Women's dresses cost about \$100 in rubles at the official rate of exchange,<sup>1</sup> but the quality is poor. At a *gastronom* (grocery store), there is always some food to buy, but not necessarily what you may want: one day potatoes, the next tomatoes, and the third neither. Women always carry plastic bags in case they find something to buy. Some things, such as audio and videotapes, are not available at all. Dima's family has a VCR, but there are not enough videotapes and it's hard to get the film you want. It is also almost impossible to get anything repaired—you have to learn to fix things yourself. If you take something to a repair shop, they're likely to tell you they have too much to do, there's no room in the shop, come back another day.

We go to Red Square, walk through the GUM department store, pass the Hotel Rossiya. We come to an area full of Volvos and BMWs with plates indicating the cars belong to Swedes and Americans. There are several foreign businesses in the area.

We continue walking to Kirov Square, and then come back to the apartment. Regina's sister, Liza, who is in her late thirties and wears a cross on a chain around her neck, has come to drive us to the television tower, where tickets are needed and Russians must show their internal passports. Since Liza could only get two tickets, she does not come up with us.

From the observation level, 1100 feet up, we can see most of the city. Surprisingly, photographs are permitted. We are supposed to have supper in the restaurant, but though we had reservations the headwaiter says there will be a fifty-minute wait, so we leave.

We pass the Botanical Gardens, catch a bus, change to another, and get back to the apartment just as Valery arrives. His car is not working right, so after a quick bite to eat, he goes out to see if he can fix it. Regina wants to show me some slides, but the projector is broken.

We watch the Supreme Soviet on TV. It's hard to imagine Americans rushing home to watch the Senate on television, but the Russians are taking the Supreme Soviet debates very seriously. It is touching to see their faith in the



value of democratic debate. The deputies are discussing pensions for peasants and workers. We next watch *Vremya*, the news show, and learn that Col. Higgins has been hanged. The reaction here is no different from what I would expect in Cleveland.

Regina shows a tape of her parents' golden wedding anniversary reception in 1988. In America if anyone tried to show me such a tape I would find some excuse to leave the room, but I find this fascinating. First, the family all went to a Wedding Palace where, in an impressive ceremony conducted by a government official, they re-exchanged marital vows. They then went to a restaurant to celebrate. Regina, as the oldest child, offered a toast. Her parents' best friend toasted the couple, and other toasts followed. They ate, drank, toasted the couple, sang old Russian songs, and danced. The grandfather is an ethnic German. During World War II, the whole family was evacuated to Harbin, near Vladivostok, but returned to Moscow in 1945 when Regina was five. The grandmother's father was a miller. He was declared a Kulak (well-to-do peasant), a member of the class considered counter-revolutionary by Stalin, and everything the family owned was seized.

While we watch the tape, Valery tries to repair the car. He is very patient; there's no choice if you want anything repaired. Valery and Regina are planning to go to Bulgaria on vacation. They do a lot of traveling. They have gone all over the Soviet Union, and they go to Eastern bloc countries on vacations. Valery also travels to trade fairs in East Germany, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia.

Dima has one more semester at the Aviation Institute. He hopes that he will not have to report to a three-year job assignment as is required for all graduates of higher educational institutions. Recently the ministry indicated it might no longer be necessary. I ask him what he would like to do if he could really choose. He says he'd like to work in the film or television industries. He chose to attend an aviation institute because it was extremely difficult to get into the film institute without good connections. The aviation institute in Moscow excuses its students from performing two years of military service. Instead, students can train while enrolled. On August 5, he will go to summer training camp for a month. When he graduates, he will be given the rank of lieutenant.

### **Wednesday, August 2**

Liza drives Dima and me to Usad'ba Kuskovo, one of the estates of the Sheremetovs, a family of Tsarist landlords. On the way, we stop at a supermarket because Liza wants a particular brand of bottled water, but it is not available. On the way to the estate, we pass Sokolniki Park. Dima and his family used to live nearby in a small wooden house with six apartments. His family lived in one and his grandparents and Liza in another. All the wooden houses in the area were torn down and replaced by large apartment buildings. There is a parking lot where their house stood. Dima and his brother Pavel were allowed to continue at the school

until they graduated because it specialized in English. The school had to certify that so many hours of instruction were in English. Their math classes, for instance, were supposedly taught in English. In fact, outside of the English lessons, very little was taught in English.

When we arrive at the estate it is very hot. People are swimming in the lake. The main house has a pink exterior, and the rooms are glorious, with tiled stoves and fireplaces, parquet floors, paintings, and inlaid furniture. We have to put on slippers over our shoes before entering. The large windows overlook the gardens. Beside the main house there is a Dutch House with inside walls of delft tile, an Italian House, a grotto for the summer, two little lakes, small houses for birds, a church, and a bell-tower. The Sheremetovs were often visited by 25,000 people at one time, according to the official guidebook.

We return to the apartment to eat. The first course is shredded carrots with sour cream. It is followed by chicken soup with cauliflower, potatoes, and carrots. Next, we have rice and beef stroganoff, green and red peppers, mint, chives, and tomatoes. For dessert we have a peach which tastes delicious.

After a short rest, we spend some time talking in the living room. Dima has read Martin Cruz Smith's *Gorky Park* in English. It is now being translated into Russian. He has read some Harold Robbins, and wants to know if Americans think he is a good writer. He is disappointed with my negative reply.

Dima and I then set out for the Glinka Museum. First, we look at a small exhibit of "avant-garde" art, but it is not very startling. The Glinka exhibits musical instruments. Some musicians who were to perform did not show up.

We decide to go to the birthday celebration of one of Dima's former schoolmates, Vadim. This is not as simple as it sounds. Six taxis one after another refuse to take us. We find a willing driver, which is uncommon because drivers simply refuse to take passengers if the destination is out of their way. They are supposed to take you where you want to go, but it is not worthwhile to try to enforce this right.

Vadim lives in an apartment house opposite the school he and Dima attended together. There are stores on the ground floor and apartments above. It looks far more attractive than the apartment house where Dima lives. When we get out of the cab, however, Dima says, "you know, not everyone in our school is in the middle rank, some are poorer." He explains that it is not the size but the contents of one's apartment that reveals one's financial status.

The entrance to the apartments is in the back. It is not in good condition like Dima's. We walk up two floors and enter a small apartment.

Some young people are talking quietly. We say hello to Vadim, a good-looking young man, wish him Happy Birthday, and are introduced to the friends, his mother, and his grandmother. I also meet his mother's closest friend, who is

the mother of one of the boys. She tells me that she was born in Washington, D.C., where her father was involved in lend-lease.

We go into the living room. The table is loaded with plates of food of every kind. They serve bottled water and Hungarian wine. All the toasts are given with wine. There is no vodka or other liquor. Vadim is toasted by several of his friends who stand up and, in serious speeches, praise him for his intelligence and character, and wish him well for the future.

We leave the living room and go into Vadim's bedroom and the kitchen, the only other rooms. We discuss the Soviet economy, Gorbachev, Ligachev, Yeltsin, Raisa Gorbachev, and whether rubles should be freely exchangeable. All the young men have either been in the army or will have to serve two years. They kid Dima about coming to visit him when he leaves for army camp. They speak of the American all-volunteer army, and wish they too could have a volunteer army so they would not have to serve. We talk about Americans who went to Canada to avoid service in Viet Nam. They seem surprised that Canada did not force them to return. They speak of their opposition to the Afghan War. One says, "you would think we would have learned from America's mistake in Viet Nam." They indicate there is a problem with veterans returning from Afghanistan, who resent the fact that they are not treated as heroes and that everything at home changed while they were away. There have been fights between veterans and young men who are critical of the war. While we are talking, coffee ice creams are served.

After about an hour, we return to the table, this time for tea and a variety of desserts made by Vadim's mother and grandmother. We discuss Pamyat, the right-wing organization. Vadim, who is Jewish, indicates that there was some worry about Pamyat, but it didn't have enough support to get anyone nominated in Moscow. In Leningrad, its people were soundly defeated.

Vadim's family had lived in the Ukraine, near Odessa. When the Germans came, they were evacuated to the east, but have lived in Moscow since 1956. Vadim, of course, was born in Moscow. He and his mother live in the one-bedroom apartment, and his grandmother lives nearby. The apartment does have less furniture than Dima's and no VCR or stereo, though there is a large TV and a record player. Vadim's mother supported the three of them on her salary of 160 rubles a month, working in a research laboratory. She recently received an increase to 240 rubles, and last year won a special bonus of 3000 rubles.

There is a great deal of warmth shown by the guests to each other, to Vadim, and to me. They say that birthdays are their most important holiday, and every birthday is celebrated with a real party of friends.

We soon say our goodbyes as others have done and thank Vadim's mother and grandmother. Valery, who is downstairs with the car, drives us home and gives me a



*Dima and friend Vadim.*

plastic bag as a symbol of perestroika. It is now being produced by a converted military factory. He also shows me the latest issue of *Ogonyok*.

#### Thursday, August 3

Regina prepares a typical Russian breakfast. She serves kasha, toast with butter and cheese, sliced ham, sliced smoked fish, sliced kielbasa, tomatoes, cucumbers, and dill. This is served with grape juice and coffee.

Pavel and his wife Lena arrive. Pavel, who strongly resembles his father, is an electronic engineer. Lena will teach English this fall. Although her English is far from perfect, she says it is good enough to teach in a school not specializing in English. From the age of 2 to 6, she lived in Japan, where her father was with a trade mission. Recently she spent six weeks at the University of Surrey improving her English.

Pavel, Lena, Dima, and I drive to see the monastery at Zagorsk, 42 miles from Moscow. It is beyond the 25 mile limit permitted by my visa, but I have been told there is little risk. Regina gives us sandwiches, tomatoes, and a thermos of hot water to make tea. Pavel also takes a bottle of water for the car.

On the way to Zagorsk, we stop at a restaurant called Skazka (fairy tale), which looks like a wooden peasant hut, and make a reservation.

The Zagorsk monastery is surrounded by walls dating from the sixteenth century. Inside there is a cathedral, churches, a belltower, a palace, infirmary, rectory, and other buildings. It is quite beautiful with its variegated colors and gold. Since the monastery withstood three sieges, protecting Russia from the Tartars, the Poles, and Napoleon, it is a patriotic as well as a religious center.

There are tourists there, primarily Russian, but most of the visitors are religious pilgrims. Many drink the holy water in the several fountains, cross themselves, and light candles. We see priests in black robes and women who kiss the relics of the founder, Sergius, who is buried in the monastery's Trinity Cathedral. I am surprised at the number taking part, and at the wide range of ages. Lena says that many people of all social classes and educational levels are turning to religion.

When we pass the Moscow Theological Academy within the walls, Pavel and Dima say it is the only Russian institute of higher education that is competitive internationally. They insist that the technological and scientific levels of other institutions, including Moscow State University, Leningrad State University, and Baumann Technology Institute are simply not up to Western schools. As we leave the monastery, we notice a short flight of stone steps leading directly into an iron fence with no gate. Pavel says that is symbolic of Soviet Russia—you're enticed to take a few steps ahead, but then the way is barred.

We return to the car, eat our picnic sandwiches and drink our tea. We then drive around the village of Zagorsk.



Zagorsk: religious pilgrims drink holy water from fountain.





*Near the Zagorsk monastery:  
steps to nowhere.*

The red light goes on signaling that the car needs gasoline. There is no place in Zagorsk to get any. We drive out on the highway until we come to a government automobile inspectorate, the equivalent of our highway patrol, where we ask the location of the nearest gas station. It turns out that we have to drive 20 kilometers to find one, and then there is a line of cars. It takes us half an hour in the hot sun.

We turn around, driving back to the Skazka restaurant. When we get there, the door is locked. Dima knocks, and a man comes out saying the restaurant is closed. When Dima insists that we have a reservation, he reluctantly lets us in. About two-thirds of the tables are empty. According to Dima, that is typical—they won't let you in even when there's room because they don't want to work unless bribed.

Our table is covered with various dishes—crabmeat, smoked salmon, ham, tongue, pickles, tomatoes, cucumbers, chicken, and pork. There is a pitcher of cider and we order a bottle of Soviet champagne.

Lena says there is no hope—people simply do not believe things will get better. Pavel says all they had for years was hope, but if things don't change soon, there will be no hope left. All they want is the chance to live better if they work hard—but the only people who live well are Party bosses. Other people live crammed together. Even with money you can't get things. It would be a miracle if you could just go into a grocery store and ask for bananas and get them. It is bad enough in Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev, but it is much worse in the villages. Dima says a peasant usually owns one pair of pants, one shirt, and one pair of boots.

I ask them about cooperative restaurants, a new phenomenon. They say such restaurants are very expensive and usually filled with Georgians who come to Moscow to sell fruits and vegetables at the rinoks. They also run thriv-

ing black markets. At home, Georgians are warm and hospitable. But when they come to Moscow, they compete with the natives by out-spending them.

The bill came to 42 rubles. Dima says he doesn't think it was worth it. In Soviet restaurants, you never know if you're getting someone else's leftovers. Since we did not finish all our dishes, he is convinced our surplus will be served to the next people.

We leave, on our way back to Moscow, when the engine overheats. It becomes clear that the pipe that Valery had tried to fix still leaks. Dima and Pavel open the hood and funnel water from the jar we are carrying. We drive on a bit, but the engine again overheats. Pavel pulls over to the side of the road. He and Dima get water from a small stream and again funnel it in. This time it steams. We drive on very slowly, and soon find an automobile service station across the highway. We are not optimistic, because you usually can't get any help unless you know the people at the station or bribe someone.

After half an hour Dima and Pavel return. First they waited. When they finally were able to speak to the manager, he told them to go around the back and ask the workmen if by any chance they had the right spare part. When that proved futile, they were sent to a large catalog to look up the number of the part. They discovered that the part was out of stock. I am getting a good lesson in what is wrong with the Soviet Union, they said.

Dima says Russia is the only country where a used car sells for three times what a new car does. It is almost impossible to get a new car because the waiting list is so long. You might have to wait six years. So, if you need a car, you try to get one second-hand. The demand sends prices soaring. Since Soviet cars are badly made, old cars often need replacement parts. But replacement parts are not manufactured. Car theft is the normal way to get parts.

When Valery comes home, we eat again and then all go to Liza's. I meet her husband, who is a criminal detective, and her mother. Liza's seventeen-year-old son is in the country.

Liza serves tea, honey cake and apple cake, blueberry, apricot, and cherry preserves. Although not hungry it is clear I have to eat some of everything or insult my hostess.

Liza's and Regina's mother is the daughter of a kulak. She wants to bring the Tsar back, and deplores the cruelty of the assassination of the Tsar and his family. Dima says that not long ago they would have said of her that "she has the mentality of a kulak," an accusation which would have terrified anyone.

Pavel and Lena say that in Russia most people want everyone to be equal, even if that means that everyone is equally poor. As soon as anyone has a little more than others, he is singled out.

There is much discussion of Russian family life, how close families are, how they all try to live near each other, and how no one wants to live alone. Things are changing though. People now have to lock their doors. They do not

even know other people who live in their building. But within the family, all generations join in conversation together, drinking tea and eating sweet cakes.

Liza and the grandmother, who are wonderfully warm and hospitable, keep insisting I have to come back to see them again. As we are leaving, the grandmother asks me to see the room she and the grandfather live in. She says, "We are Muscovites and have lived here all our lives, and now this is all we have out of it—one room."

#### Friday August 4

Dima and I go into town. His mother has arranged an official invitation from the ministry for us to visit the Diamond Fund in the Kremlin. When we arrive, the guard tells me to check my camera and umbrella. He also asks if I have a spray can in my purse. Dima and I wonder whether they were warned that I might spray the guards with tear gas and use the umbrella to smash the glass cases and steal the diamonds!

The exhibit includes cut and uncut diamonds, some of enormous size, jewelry with diamonds, pearls, and rubies, gold and platinum. In an inner room, we see the state jewelry dating from Peter the Great. There are diamond earrings so heavy that they had to be looped over the ears like eyeglasses.

When we finish, we walk through the park and meet Tanya, a former schoolmate of Dima's and Vadim's. She has just graduated from the Institute for Transportation Engineering in June, but will not begin work until September. She spent a month vacationing in the Crimea. She is dressed quite stylishly and is very vivacious. She obviously adores Dima. He likes her, but the adoration is not reciprocal.

The three of us take the metro to the Novodeivichy convent and cemetery. Inside the convent there are graves of notable figures including those of Peter the Great's wife and sisters. We leave this section of the convent and enter the cemetery proper. Until recently, this section was closed to Russians because Khrushchev is buried here.

It is quite startling to see row on row of graves, most marked with a larger than life-size statue of the person buried there. A former Minister of Communications is depicted holding a telephone, a test pilot is shown in uniform. There is a large figure of the great basso Feodor Chaliapin reclining on a couch. One can also see Stanislavsky, Chekhov, Gogol, Bulgakov, and Khrushchev with his wife Nina beside him. Fresh flowers have been placed on many graves, including Khrushchev's. When we pause at the grave of a Minister of Finance who died in 1980, a woman runs up to us and cries out, "they honor him, but it was his economic policies that got us into the mess we're in!"

Later, we arrive at Tanya's apartment house, an older pre-war building opposite the offices of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, an official literary journal. The building entrance, as usual, is not well-kept. We walk up two flights, and then enter a large apartment with parquet floors and thirteen foot ceil-



*Novodeivichy Cemetery:  
Khrushchev's tomb.*



*Fyodor Chaliapin's tomb at  
Novodeivichy.*

ings. There is a spacious foyer, two bedrooms, a study with a piano, a living room, a large kitchen, a large bathroom, and a lavatory. There are bookcases overflowing with books in Russian, English, and French, and many journals including 1918 editions of Herzen's works.<sup>2</sup>

A large photograph of Anna Akhmatova, the revered poet, hangs over a bookcase. Tanya's family were close friends of Akhmatova and Boris Pasternak. The apartment contains antique desks, chairs, cabinets, dishes, and crystal. Tanya's mother inherited some of these, and buys antiques whenever she has a chance.

Tanya lives in this roomy apartment with her mother and father. Originally, when they moved from Sokolniki, the family included the father's aunt and Tanya's older sister, but the aunt died, Tanya's sister got married and left, and they were lucky enough to be able to keep the apartment. Tanya too misses Sokolniki. She says her family's apartment there was only three rooms, but it was beautiful and old, surrounded by large trees.

Tanya serves us a meal including two dishes made with mushrooms her family has gathered, and potatoes, tomatoes, and cucumbers from their dacha. She makes tea in a samovar, and serves raisin pound cake, strawberry preserves, and fresh strawberries.

We sit and talk for four hours. They discuss the futility of the war in Afghanistan and again note the problems with returning veterans. The army is much on their minds. Vadim served one year in Siberia when the winter temperature was 40 below. In summer, it was hot and humid, but there was permafrost about 15 inches below the surface. He was hospitalized for three months and the Defense Ministry finally discharged him agreeing to pay him 50 rubles a month for two years. Tomorrow Dima leaves for his military training in the north.

We discuss work assignments. When students graduate, they are given a three-year assignment. There are now more engineering graduates than are needed by industry, but still everyone is assigned to a job he cannot quit legally for three years. Vadim says it leads to a paradoxical situation, where the industry doesn't want you but you're not allowed to leave. Because there is a surplus of engineers, pay may be very low. Engineers earn less than the average wage. Students who are born in Moscow can no longer be given assignments outside the city unless they are willing, but students from outside Moscow who attend universities and institutes in Moscow can be sent out. Everyone wants to stay in Moscow.

We discuss problems of health care, the size of families and the relations among ethnic groups. Vadim asks how the American people would have reacted to having Dukakis, with a Greek name, as President. He asks whether the American people will ever accept a Black as President, and wants to know how Americans feel about Jesse Jackson. In the Soviet Union, the ethnic background of leaders is usu-



ally mentioned. When it is not, this usually means the person is Jewish. In Andropov's case, there was never any reference to his ethnic background.

Regina and Valery arrive and after thanking Tanya for her hospitality, we leave to visit friends who live opposite the site of the Economic Exposition. The apartment house is reached by driving through a narrow lane lined with trees. We are met by a couple who have known Regina since they played together as small children. They have known Valery for 25 years. The man is a high administrator with Moscow television and Melodiya records. The woman gives me a tour of the apartment—it appears that this is the custom when guests have not visited before. There is a small living room about 8x12 which serves as a dining room and the couple's bedroom. The balcony off this room has a wonderful view. A second room, about 10x18, is a bedroom for their son. It used to serve both sons, but the older one is married and has his own apartment now. There is a baby grand piano in this room.

The table is set with open sandwiches, cake, fruit, preserves, and candy. The man is convinced that wrestling, as seen on television, is a major sport in America. He says that whenever the government wants to show something bad about America, they show a wrestling match. When it is time to leave, the father gives me several records from Melodiya.

#### **Saturday, August 5**

Vadim and Tanya come to the house to say goodbye to Dima and me. The family gives me farewell presents. At 1:00 Dima, dressed in torn jeans and his unit jacket, leaves.

Valery, Vadim, Tanya and I drive to the center. First we watch Georgian bread being made, buy some, and taste a bit while it is still warm. Then we go to the Bulgakov house which has been turned, unofficially, into a shrine celebrating the author of *The Master and Margarita*. The walls, doors, and all the steps are covered with graffiti—favorite lines from the book, drawings of Margarita and the cat, messages in Russian, English, French and other languages. The door to the apartment on the top floor is sealed, but it too is covered with messages. Admirers of Bulgakov are trying to get authorities to set up a museum in the house.

We next go to the Krushchev exhibit in the central exhibition hall, but it is absolutely jammed. There is a growing interest in Krushchev, the leader who denounced Stalin and was later made almost a non-person by the Brezhnev regime.

After visiting the Yelokhovski Cathedral, Tanya leaves us, but says she'll meet us at Leningrad Station. We return to the house and discover that Dima has been instructed to report to Leningrad Station before 7:30. His hair has been cut.

Regina gives Dima and me packages of food and bottles of water. There will be no food or water on the train, though tea will be served.

We drive to the station and watch Dima join his friends. All the boys are in jeans, and most wear sneakers. They don't look very soldierly.

Vadim, Valery, Regina and I go to the station. Tanya, who has said goodbye to Dima, also arrives. She brings me a rose and Vadim and Tanya give me a book. They all walk me to the train, load my bags into my compartment, and we wave farewell.

The compartments on Soviet trains contain two lower berths and two upper with a narrow aisle between. Suitcases are stowed under the lower berth or left blocking the narrow aisle. Berths are assigned regardless of gender. There is a great deal of partying as people come by with vodka, Russian champagne, recently caught fish, chicken, and sandwiches. An attendant serves hot tea in glasses—free to all passengers. The toilets, which are located on the platforms between the cars, are almost unusable. The Russians actually change into nightclothes taking turns in the compartment. The train stops every forty minutes or so all night, jerking awake anyone who falls asleep.

#### **Sunday, August 6**

At 7:00 a.m., the loudspeaker wakes up everyone on the train. The time of arrival in Tallinn is announced and there is a weather report. Tea is served again.

On arrival at the station in Tallinn at 10:30 I meet my hosts, Priit and his wife Viivi Perri, and their fourteen-year old son Taavi, who is leaving for camp in Poland tomorrow. Viivi and Priit, both engineers, are forty-nine. They are ethnic Estonians.

We drive to their home. For the first part of the ride the streets are lined with wooden buildings. As we drive further, we get to the same kind of housing development as on the outskirts of Moscow.

The Perris' apartment house is surrounded by other identical ones. It is five stories high. In the Soviet Union, buildings over five stories must have an elevator. The Perris' live on the fifth floor and there is no elevator. When we enter, we are greeted by two very large sheepdogs. The apartment is pleasanter than the one in Moscow. The floors are wood, the walls are papered attractively, the kitchen is larger but with the same small stove, sink, and refrigerator. The living room is small. The toilet and bathroom are larger than in Moscow and the bathroom is paneled in wood. I am put in Taavi's room, which is a bit bigger than Dima's and has a balcony. There is no telephone. No one in this area of Tallinn has one.

There is a small TV in the kitchen and a larger one in the living room, a radio, a large tape player in the living room, and a phonograph in Taavi's room. There are few books. The Perris tell me they watch Finnish TV and listen to Finnish radio.

Viivi and Priit were in Florida for three weeks this winter visiting her father who lives in Clearwater. They were overwhelmed by the supermarkets and K-Mart. They are planning to breed the younger dog, sell the puppies, and

earn the rubles so they can return to the U.S. Each ticket costs 1800 rubles round trip, on the only available carrier, Aeroflot, which is all sold out for the year.

Today is the anniversary of the day Estonia was annexed by the Soviet Union, which used to be marked by red flags all over the city. Today there are no red flags—the only flags we see are Estonian flags, “our flag” as Priit says, which had been banned until this year.

We go out in the car. First we see the amphitheater where, a year ago, 300,000 Estonians (one third of the total population) assembled to demand freedom. In the evening they all lit candles and sang patriotic songs.

As we drive, we see many good-sized private houses. It seems that children don’t move away when they grow up; they marry and bring their husbands or wives back home, have children, and continue to live in the same house. Priit comments that ordinary workers can afford to live in these houses because workers earn more than engineers.

After a while, we come to an area with small country houses. We drive on unpaved dirt roads and grass-covered lanes to the cemeteries in the forest where prominent artists, writers, and politicians are buried. The graves have simple markers.

We stop at a small house, the summer home of a friend of Viivi, Mada, who is a well-known ceramic artist. Next week she will go to Paris with a delegation of artists from all over the Soviet Union. Mada puts up a small wooden table and wooden folding chairs, and serves cookies, coffee, and berries. Taavi picks apples. After a while, we leave, driving Mada to her apartment in Tallinn.

We return to the Perris’ apartment—the dogs go out of their minds. We eat again—the mint tea is made from leaves gathered by Viivi. There is yogurt with jam, ham, tomatoes from their summer home, and bread.

They turn on Finnish TV—it’s a Paul Newman movie with Finnish subtitles. Viivi shows me the newspaper with a letter signed by many Estonians protesting Russian occupation and demanding freedom. When they speak of freedom, they mean not so much individual freedom, but freedom from Russia. They are convinced that their economy is weak because they are held back by the Russians. They resent the heavy presence of Russians in Estonia. In 1946, Estonia was 90 percent Estonian—now it is only 65 percent and in Tallinn only 40 percent. They fear loss of their culture and speak of local Russians as immigrants who threaten the indigenous national language and customs. They look forward to 1990 when the Baltic republics will be permitted economic self-management. They want a separate Estonian currency convertible to other currencies.

#### **Monday, August 7**

Taavi leaves for Poland very early. Viivi and I drive to the upper city of the old town for a brief tour. The old town has narrow twisting cobblestone streets. The houses, most dating from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are charming, colored in pastel hues of pink, orange, yellow,

and green with intricate stonecutting and wood carving. There are stalls lining the streets where old women sell flowers and fruit. An Estonian woman tells me in Russian that most Estonians know some Russian but won't speak it. The town hall square is surrounded by old buildings, one of which has been turned into a joint-venture Penguin ice cream shop. The square is filled with East European and Finnish tourists. There is a table with a placard asking people to sign a petition supporting Estonian independence.

Viivi, her two friends Lise and Inga, and I eat in a restaurant in the cellar of a building. We go into one room, the Grill, to have lunch and then into the other room, the Cafe, for coffee and dessert.

As we walk along, we see small privately-run cafes where young people gather to drink and dance at night.

We drive to the Kadriorg Palace which had been the President's Palace during Estonian independence in the interwar period. It is now a museum. The elaborate palace was built by Peter the Great for Catherine, but she lived there for only a few days because she thought Tallinn was a boring backwater. A guard points out the window toward an oak tree which was planted by a Swedish king and is known as the Estonian national tree. We next go to the small cottage where Peter the Great stayed on his trips to Tallinn.

*Tallinn: the old town. Photo courtesy of The Cleveland Press Collection, Cleveland State University Archives.*





Next we return to the old town. We use a public toilet run by a cooperative for which we pay a couple of kopecks. This is an example of perestroika. We then go to an underground cooperative cafe in one of the old buildings for a quick bite to eat, and on to a church for an organ concert.

From there Viivi and I go to a supermarket. Although Viivi says there's not much to buy, there is more food than in Moscow. There is no fish or meat today, but plenty of chicken. There are cucumbers, squash, lettuce, tomatoes. Some shelves are empty. The problem is finding what you want. As Viivi points out, you can't start with a recipe and buy the ingredients. You buy what's available and then make up your recipe.

When we return to the apartment house, a group of five obviously drunken Estonian teenage boys ask Viivi if she has any cigarettes. She is indignant. When we walk up to the flat, Priit is there. We talk and rest for a while.

We drive to the shore of the Baltic Sea, which is about half an hour away. We pass chicken farms. There are high-rise apartment buildings which house workers on the chicken farms, but the workers dislike them and small houses are being built for them instead.

We reach the shore. Although it is half past nine, the sun is just setting. We stand on rocks, looking over the water, towards Sweden just 200 miles away. We drive back, leaving the main road for a dirt road running into an area of attractive summer homes surrounded by trees and flowers. Later we pass quite large houses that Priit says are also private homes.

Throughout the day, people have mentioned that August 23 will be the 50th anniversary of the Nazi-Soviet Pact. There has been talk about some kind of demonstration.

The Perris spend a great deal of time watching Finnish TV and American programs on Finnish TV. Their politics are simple. They want independence for Estonia, the right to take their money out of the country to buy goods elsewhere, the right to travel and visit the U.S., Finland, and Sweden.

#### **Tuesday, August 8**

Viivi earns 250 rubles a month. She resents the fact that immigrant Russian workers without any education receive as much or more. A car costs 10,000 rubles. The only reason she has one is that her father (from the U.S.) visited her three years ago and bought it with dollars. If you have hard currency, you don't have to wait your turn.

This morning the Estonian government is deciding on a new electoral law. Voters must reside in the district two years or in Estonia five. To be elected, candidates must reside in their district five years or in Estonia ten. The ethnic Estonians believe this is the only way to protect their culture from the Russian immigrants. The ethnic Russian population is clearly opposed to residency requirements. It is the main topic on Estonian radio and TV.

Viivi and I drive to the beach to an area which used to be restricted to Russian government officials. There is a metal gate, previously manned by military guards. For the last several years, the road has been open. At the beach, there is a sign saying the water is polluted and swimming forbidden. Pollution has become not only a political but an interethnic issue. Estonians blame the Russians for underwater mining which has polluted the Baltic. The Russians are also blamed for the lack of any kind of controls on emissions by factories, chemical dumping, and other forms of pollution.

We drive to the Estonian Open Air museum, which consists of rural dwellings, barns, and storehouses from different regions of Estonia in their natural setting. Some of the buildings were burned down a year ago. Although the culprits were never caught, Estonians are convinced it was done by Russians. Apparently, there have been several recent incidents of arson in Estonian cultural centers.

In the old town, Viivi and I go into a store which sells clothes made by a cooperative. These are fashioned with much more style than state-produced clothing, although they don't seem up to the level of an American department store. The prices are unbelievably high. Viivi earns 250 rubles a month. A thin raincoat costs 350, a blouse 220, a suit 650. Because of the shoddy quality of state-produced clothes and the high price of cooperative clothing, Viivi makes most of her own.

We meet Priit, Lisa, Inge, and her four-year-old son, and Inge's friend Siria for lunch at the Gloria. There is a long line of people waiting to get in, but because we have reservations we are seated immediately. This is an old restaurant which still looks somewhat elegant. The service makes a stab at formality. Over lunch, Inge and Siria say that Russians often beat up Estonians. They do not open their doors unless the caller identifies himself first. Viivi says the entrance to her apartment has two doors both with locks, one in front of the other, because there have been many break-ins recently with TVs and stereos being stolen.

Viivi, Lisa, and I go to the Historical Museum located in the Great Guild Hall. The first part of the exhibit is typical of such museums, but the large inside room has an exhibition of Estonian national materials from the period of independence. There is a portrait of President Päts, who was arrested by the Russians in July 1940, sent to Siberia, and who died in a psychiatric hospital in 1956. Vases of flowers have been placed under it. There is a marble bust of Päts, Estonian schoolbooks, priests' robes, prayer books, religious symbols, and artifacts from the interwar period. We next drive to a hall with a special exhibit of folk costumes and other artifacts of Finno-Ugroks from Lapland to Estonia, to Hungary, and in between. It is a celebration of non-Slavic ethnicity.

Viivi and I go to the supermarket near her house. People at stalls outside the market sell vegetables and fruit at free market prices. There is a long line to get the metal basket required to carry your groceries. As each person pays

for her groceries at the check-out, she brings the basket to a long table and transfers the goods to a bag she has brought for the purpose. Stores do not provide bags. The empty basket is then pushed down the table to the next person in line. You cannot go in without a metal basket, although the store itself is not crowded. We get some yogurt, bread, and chicken. At the check out, an employee comes up with a tray full of bags of coffee beans. The checker takes about a dozen and shoves them under the counter. We take one, and the rest will be put on the shelves.

When we return to the apartment, we turn on the radio. The commentator says that Russians in Tallinn will strike tomorrow to protest the new electoral law which passed 191-36 with six abstentions. Priit says it is more of a lock-out than a strike—some Russian managers are shutting down their factories.

We fill up the car with gas in case we can't get any tomorrow because of the strike. In July there was a strike and no gasoline was available for two weeks.

We go to visit Viivi's sister and brother-in-law in a nearby apartment house. I ask about the two kinds of taxis I have seen. Those that look like standard cabs are state-owned, but there are also private cabs with a sign extending from the driver's window. These private cabs have been permitted since December, 1986. About two years ago there were clashes between state drivers and private drivers who cut into the income of the state taxi drivers. Most of the private drivers are moonlighting.

Since Helle's apartment house is nine stories high, there is an elevator. Her place is quite charming with a good-sized kitchen, a nice living room/dining room, and two ample bedrooms. It is nicely decorated. They serve us open-face sandwiches, cookies, cake and good coffee made with a Melitta coffee-maker and filters. Helle was a swimming coach but now teaches swimming as therapy to children in a hospital. Her husband was a basketball coach and is now director of a sports school. They are both strikingly attractive. Their older son got married at eighteen because his seventeen-year-old girlfriend got pregnant and didn't want an abortion. The granddaughter is now two and a half. The younger boy finished secondary school but did not do well enough on his exams to get into a higher education institution. Next year, he will study, retake the exam, and hope to be admitted.

There is a discussion about the political situation. Everyone feels that Russians in Estonia should learn the Estonian language. Life in Estonia is better than in Russia, but life today in Estonia is worse than it was twenty years ago. There are shortages of all different kinds. There is inflation. Viivi and Priit admire the McDonald's and Burger Kings they saw in the U.S. because they are quick, efficient, and clean.

We meet some Estonians at the Viiru Hotel where we go to a night club. First there is Estonian folk-dancing and then the music returns to what could be heard anywhere. Until recently only tourists could go to this night club. Now,

if they are able to get tickets, Soviets and Estonians can go too. There are still mainly Finns and East Europeans there.

The conversation turns to economic and political issues almost automatically. The Estonians complain about the difficulty of buying furniture and about the scarcity of goods. Again, they insist that Russians should adapt to Estonian ways if they come here. There is a great deal of anti-Russian feeling. They say the bombing of Tallinn was done by the Russians, not the Germans. Most Germans had left the city before the Russians bombed, and they do not believe the bombing had any military justification. Only in the last two or three years have buildings in the old city been restored. They clearly resent Soviet rule, Socialism, and Russians. They compare their situation not with the Russians but with Finns, Swedes, and Americans.

We finally leave at 1:30 a.m.

### **Wednesday, August 9**

After a late breakfast, we go to the Polytechnic Institute (the only Estonian University is in Tartu). There is not much activity because entrance exams are being held. The names of the students applying to each faculty are posted with the number of entrance exams each has to take. The better the secondary school record, the fewer exams are needed. There is a notice that the dormitory has no rooms left. All empty spaces will be taken by students returning from their two-year army service. Others will have to find rooms with relatives or friends. Students in the Soviet Union cannot get together and rent an apartment—not only is there a long waiting list to get apartments, but they are rented only to family units. We also see a poster advertising an American gospel-singing group which will be performing Saturday and Sunday.

Viivi says the Estonian newspapers have been full of stories about attacks on Estonian youths in the army by Georgians and Asians. She says that some “have done to them what men do to women.” There is a movement to allow Baltic youth to do their service in the Baltics, and not permit them to be sent outside.

We return to the old town where we meet a friend of Viivi who is involved in Estonian television. Her husband, an instructor of scientific communism, is in Nicaragua. She invites us to visit her Friday morning. Viivi and I look at some exhibits of contemporary Estonian art.

We meet Priit for lunch. He hasn't shaved because he ran out of razor blades and can't find any. We go to three restaurants but can't get in. Finally, we go to a new cooperative pizza place in the basement of a bank, where we wait in line, order our food at the counter, wait quite a while for our food, get our silverware (there are no napkins), and find a place to sit. If there is no free table, people sit at empty places at occupied tables. At the end of the meal, you clear off your own place. We have a wonderful Russian soup and Estonian-style pizza. The service is slow and the room is very hot. Priit says he's heard that the strike has not materialized except at bus stations.



We say goodbye to Priit and walk to the square where the American gospel group is singing. It turns out that they don't just sing, they evangelize—but there they are, in the square, singing and playing instruments and calling on people to find God through Jesus Christ. There is a crowd around them applauding the songs. We run into Siria and her husband who have just come from the nearby Church of the Holy Ghost, where the priest told them an Estonian boy had been killed last Saturday by seven drunken Russians who shouted "death to all Estonians!" Siria says, "Why do they provoke us? The Russians deserve anything that happens to them."

The gospel singers continue to sing surrounded by a large crowd. The Penguin ice cream shop is jammed with long lines. The table with the placard and the petition for Estonian autonomy is still there. A man is arguing politics, surrounded by a group who argue back vociferously. A few steps further, there is a picture of an Estonian, with a sign saying, "An Estonian boy was killed here on 5 August 1989 at 1:14 a.m. by a drunken man from Moscow." There are flowers, a holy picture, and candles. The grieving parents stand by what seems to have become a martyr's shrine. Further down the road, near the castle gate, an American man plays the violin, followed by a young American woman preaching the gospel.

No police or soldiers are in sight. There is no interference. The square is packed with Estonians, Finns, and East European tourists.

After it is clear that nothing further is likely to occur, we go to a Soviet furniture store. Near each grouping of furniture there is one of three signs: (1) all orders for 1989 have been taken; (2) orders will be taken in August; (3) orders will be taken today. Only orders with the third sign can be taken. Then your name is put on a list, but there's no guarantee if or when the furniture will arrive. There is no way of knowing when in August the second group can be ordered—the sign may be changed to September. At some point, a notice will appear in the newspaper. If something is in high demand, people may line up for two days to get on the list. Today you can order light wood TV carts, but not dark ones, some rugs, a few sofas, etc. Prices are low by our standards, but not if you make only 250 rubles a month. There is a section with furniture from a cooperative which is much more attractive than Soviet-standard, but also considerably more expensive.

Viivi says they bought their apartment. Their building is a cooperative although it is identical to rental buildings. When Russian immigrant workers arrive they are assigned a rental flat by their factory for which they pay 25-35 rubles a month. For people living in Estonia, there is a long and often futile wait for a rental apartment. If they are in desperate need, they can buy a flat. Viivi said that for 32 years of her life, her family lived in an apartment of three rooms and a kitchen. Her sister Helle, her husband, and their two children lived in one room, her parents in another, and she and her grandmother in the third. The apartment was laid

out like our tenement railroad flats, in which it is necessary to go through one room to get to the next. When she married, they decided they had to move. The price of their apartment was 10,000 rubles. They have to pay it off in fifteen years, and it costs them 55 rubles a month. The full unsubsidized cost of the building must be covered by the total of the amounts charged to the apartment buyers. When it is paid off, they will still be responsible for the upkeep of the building, and must pay a monthly fee to the cooperative. This is more than the rental costs of a similar apartment. In a cooperative, apartment residents are responsible for all upkeep including cleaning and repairs. In a rental apartment building, these are taken care of by the municipal council. If they want to sell the apartment to buy a house, they will have to let the cooperative sell it, and they will get only part of their money back.

This evening, we go to a sauna party for Americans and Estonians sponsored by the Estonian Society for Friendship and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, a non-governmental, non-party organization. On the way, Priit says he has listened to news reports and learned about the young man who was killed in the Square. Apparently, there were two groups of drunken young men who were fighting. The Estonian, who was 30 years old, was fighting with a broken bottle. A Russian killed him with a knife. Priit doesn't think there was a political motive, but the incident is being used politically.

At the party there is, as usual, lots of political conversation. Silvii, a woman who is an electrical engineer and works with Priit, is there with her 25-year-old son. He has managed to avoid army service. He was in the last group whose service was deferred to attend higher education. After graduation, he not only convinced the authorities not to make him serve, but also managed to avoid the 3-year work assignment.

He speaks of the Afghan War and his opposition to it. His friends who served described it as a dirty war: they were not prepared for the kind of fighting they encountered—the sniping, the burning down of villages.

He describes the horrors of military service as related by his friends. First-year recruits are systematically hazed by second year men. They especially fear “the Southerners,” the Asians, who outnumber the Northerners in the army because they have so many children. Their way of life is different, he says. They are dirty and uneducated.

He, his mother, and other Estonians at the party openly say they dislike Russians—they may be all right in Russia, but not when they come to Estonia. They want the Soviet army to leave Estonia. Several openly and emphatically oppose socialism.

Another woman says Russians are dirty. “We are Northerners, like the Swedes. We are clean.”

There is a great deal of racism, with references to the Asians as dark or black, uneducated, with large families. One young man says, “They are like your Africans.” Esto-

nians like the Bill Cosby show, but have a hard time reconciling what they see with their stereotypes of American Blacks.

The attitude of many toward Russians also has a racist element. We keep hearing that unlike Estonians, who are Protestants, Russians are either atheistic or icon-worshippers—their churches are over-ornate, unlike the simple Estonian churches.

#### **Thursday, August 10**

Priit, Viivi and I leave after breakfast for a drive around Estonia. We use a new Estonian road map. Until this year, road maps were only in Russian and were often intentionally inaccurate. We take the new two-lane highway just opened this year.

We see churches, destroyed by the Russians during the war, being rebuilt. A collective farm has numerous buildings, most in bad shape. We pass cows, grass, trees, small houses, farm buildings. Some small peasant houses, which are still in use, resemble those in the outdoor museum but are in much worse shape.

The town of Lihu, where we stop, has one- and two-story dilapidated wood and cement houses and stores, an Estonian Church and a Russian Church. The merchandise in the clothing store is shoddy and unappealing. Near the cashier are some better-made shoes with a sign saying "cooperative," which have been imported from Poland. They may be sold only to residents of Lihu. A nearby cafe is dark, dingy, and fly-specked. Glasses filled with apple juice are set out on the counter.

We stop by Helle's summer cottage, a house that had been abandoned for ten years. The government, until recently, would not let city people buy country homes in this area. When Helle bought the house two years ago, the roof was caved in. They have been working since to fix it up. The cottage, built in 1930, has a large kitchen with an old wood stove as well as a newer electric stove and a refrigerator. The living room is heated by an old wood stove. There are wide floorboards and some old carved-wood Estonian chests. The room is papered with pages from *Glamour* magazine, sent to Helle by her father in Florida. Viivi says the kitchen at their country house is papered in the same way. Outside apples, potatoes, cucumbers, and berries are grown. There are so many apples this year that Helle bought a machine to make apple juice. When the house was abandoned, nature took over the gardens, and they have been trying to reclaim the land. We drive to the Perris' summer cottage to pick up apples, tomatoes, and cucumbers and view the sauna that Priit has just built.

We drive down a grassy road to the rock-strewn shore. This is where we had planned to swim, but the weather is cool and the sky overcast. Viivi gathers wild flowers to make tea.

As we continue our journey, I notice that there is scheduled bus service out here, even on an unpaved road. There are also taxis. Since not everyone has a car, these are considered a necessity. After a while, we come to a field in

which Viivi and Priit have planted three rows of potatoes which they will eat in winter.

We go to a charming old country inn near Parnu but there is a long line outside. After trying another restaurant, we go to a cooperative. Inside the entrance is a small shop selling imported goods. Viivi says they call this the Hysterical Shop because the prices are so high. T-shirts with simple logos are 60 rubles, eye make-up kits from 45 to 60, lipsticks 25. The cost of tapes, sneakers, and cameras is proportional.

Parnu is a summer resort. There are about 50,000 inhabitants year-round, but in summer the number doubles. There are many large private homes which rent out rooms, and many houses of rest for workers chosen by their trade union for a heavily subsidized vacation. There are also sanatoriums and a tennis club. People come here from all over the Soviet Union, which causes more resentment.

On the main street, a few people sell jewelry and flowers from stalls. The shops have dreary unattractive goods. The park and waterfront with restaurants overlooking the beach do have a resort flavor, but there is a sign on the beach warning that the water is polluted and swimming is forbidden.

Next we drive to the monument for Konstantin Päts. There is a plaque stating it was originally built 25 June 1939, destroyed August 1940, and rebuilt 25 June 1989. Its restoration is another symbol of the revival of Estonia.

We continue our journey to Viljandi. As we enter the city, we first see a military base and blocks of Soviet-style apartment buildings. Next we pass cemeteries in the woods and then numerous private houses. We stop in a parking lot with the local Communist Party headquarters straight in front of us and the municipal council on our right.

We walk through a park along tree-lined paths, crossing a swinging bridge with wood planks, and come to some 13th century castle walls and ruins. There is a breathtaking view over the valley and lake. We walk among the ruins, and then back over a wooden bridge, through the park, onto a narrow curving street with quaint wooden houses. We return to the car and drive down to the waterfront, look up the hill and see row upon row of wooden houses.

We drive on, stopping only at a private cafe, and return home for tea and a snack, having driven 519 kilometers.

#### **Friday, August 11**

At breakfast this morning, Estonian radio broadcasts news that Hungary is considering a multi-party system and that Solidarity may form a government in Poland without the Communists.

We drive to the home of Kadi, the woman I had met a few days ago in the old city. She is an editor for Estonian television and her husband is a specialist in Scientific Communism for the Estonian Communist Party. He appears often on Estonian television and is very well-known. Both went to Nicaragua a year and a half ago, but Kadi returned because she said there was nothing for her to do there.



They live in an area of private houses in what had been an independent town but is now part of Tallinn. Their house has four apartments. Kadi, one of her daughters, and her ten-year-old son greet us. The living room is filled with books. There are paintings by Estonian artists on the walls and art objects everywhere. There is a massive desk that had belonged to her father, as well as pre-Soviet not-quite-antique tables and chairs, although the bookcases and cabinets are Soviet-standard. They serve us coffee and cake. In Estonia, as in Russia, a visitor, even for a casual visit, must be offered food.

The apartment is typified by international intellectual chaos, with books everywhere. Kadi seems not to share the bourgeois housewifely virtues of the other Estonian women I have met. The flat has a living room, kitchen, two bedrooms, a tiny room off the kitchen that had been intended as a maid's room, and a small bathroom with a toilet and tub, but no sink. Kadi's parents moved into the flat in 1939 when they had one child. They liked it because it was surrounded by trees and near a large park. Kadi has been unable to move to a larger flat even though at one time she, her husband, her father and mother, and two daughters all lived there. Now, with both her parents dead, there are five people and a dog. She is building two rooms onto the side of the house, which she rents from the city. A woman paid by the municipal council is hired to clean the stairs and common hallway, but does very little. Riit, Kadi's 23-year-old daughter who just graduated from Tartu University as a journalist, said she complained to the municipal council, but was told that the woman wasn't paid much and couldn't be expected to work any better. Riit will be going to graduate school in Sweden. Her younger sister, a 3rd year student at Tartu University, will spend next year as an exchange student in Finland.

Kadi and Riit say socialism has destroyed the morality of society. No one cares about what doesn't belong to himself personally. Socialism has not worked in Russia because they had no capitalist base to build on, and it has sapped Estonian values. People become depressed and alienated. The only place socialism works is in Sweden.

Kadi feels strongly about Estonia. She says that among the 191 deputies voting for the new electoral law, there were many Russians. Only a small group doesn't see the reasonableness of the new law, and many of them are opposed to *perestroika* and *glasnost*. The strike is being pushed by a small group of agitators who are talking the others into it. She says Estonian leaders support measures to protect the rights of Russians already resident in Estonia. Inter-war Estonia had a model law protecting minority rights. Until recently, the official Soviet press asserted that Estonians had been backward peasants until they were civilized and helped by the Russians.

Riit says their neighbors across the hall are Russians and they always got along well. They fled to Estonia in 1918 because they feared the revolution.

Most of the private houses in the neighborhood were built before the war. The Russians confiscated them and arrested and deported the owners. The Russians also tried to deport as many of the middle class and intellectuals as they could.

Kadi says the Estonian leaders have been very brave, especially last November when they declared sovereignty and insisted that Soviet laws had no force in Estonia. Now the leaders are being careful. Although they speak out, they want to avoid violence. There will be some kind of demonstration on August 23, but it will be peaceful. "We are not like the Georgians and Abkazians—we are not terrorists."

Kadi and Riit believe change will take some time. The people have been corrupted. The Estonian people today are not the same Estonian people who lived under the republic. Estonians have always been economical and hard-working, making do with what they had. They managed to survive under feudal landlords and to flourish in the brief period of the capitalist republic. But it will take time to reshape, remold, and recover what has been lost under socialism.

People are just beginning to believe what they read in the newspapers and hear on the radio. They knew they were being lied to for years and didn't believe anything they read. They were not sure how to react to glasnost, but about a year and a half ago they started to believe. Now people are, for the first time, beginning to trust. They are starting to renovate houses and build on to them to enlarge them. This is an indication of some belief in the future. But materials are hard to get. Her own addition has been held up several times because of the shortages of materials.

She and Viivi discuss their dogs. Last year Kadi's puppy died because it was immunized with a contaminated needle. This year she got the serum and needle from Finland for her new puppy. Viivi says she did the same for her dogs. There are no disposable needles in the Soviet Union, and the serum is not as good. They don't want to use Soviet products, foreign exchange is almost impossible to get, but they have to use it to immunize dogs. This, says Kadi, is just an example of the overall problem. Soviet goods are shoddy, but they can't buy foreign goods for rubles because no one will accept rubles, and they can't get foreign money.

Riit says they watch American television shows on Finnish TV. They enjoy *Dynasty*, but are quick to assure me that they do not think it depicts how a typical American lives. Other Estonians I have spoken to are also regular viewers of *Dynasty* and are startled when I tell them that I saw it for the first time in Tallinn. The *Cosby Show* has a particular fascination for them, because it shows a typical American family.

We take a walk around the neighborhood visiting a fairy-tale castle built by a wealthy German merchant at the turn of the century. He helped in the revival of Estonia's ancient cultural myths. On the grounds of the estate he had

a lighthouse, and statues of a crocodile and an Estonian epic hero. After the Germans invaded by sea in the first World War, it was believed that they had found their way into the harbor with the help of his beacon, so the Russians destroyed the castle. It was recently rebuilt by students from the Polytechnic Institute who use it as a club house.

The grounds of the estate are now a lovely park with tall trees. Kadi says she played in this park as a child, coming here alone, but would never let her own children play here because of the crime and vandalism. She blames this on the socialist system.

When we leave the park we note the street signs, which have the Estonian name above and the Russian name below. Here the Russian names have been painted out.

We return to the flat and talk some more. Kadi says the concept of *Homo Sovieticus*<sup>3</sup> makes no sense and cannot be forced on people against their will. Perhaps, she says, if Lenin had not died so soon and Stalin not come in when he did, things might have been different.

She asks me whether my impressions of Estonia coincide with the picture I had before I came. I tell her that I see less perestroika and more glasnost than I had expected. Despite the fact that Estonia is supposed to be a testing ground for economic changes, the cooperative and private enterprises are really very marginal activities—restaurants, taxis, designer clothes and such. On the other hand, there is more glasnost, more open discussion than I had expected.

She replied that perestroika will take time, it cannot be accomplished overnight, and it cannot be done entirely by laws. There needs to be a revival of the spirit of enterprise. As for glasnost, "we have always talked openly around the coffee table, and now we are willing to do it publicly."

Kadi gives me a book she has translated. We drive Riit to get her passport for Sweden and Kadi to her office. Viivi and I go to the hard currency store to buy some things not available for rubles. Even they have no razor blades—apparently they have disappeared from Estonia.

### Saturday, August 12

I leave Tallinn for Leningrad by bus.

17,000 workers are out in Tallinn and 20 factories are shut. Bus service is in an upheaval. The Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of Estonia ordered the strikers back, but they refused. Drivers from other cities in Estonia and from Latvia and Lithuania are coming into Tallinn, are being cheered and given flowers by Estonians.

At the Estonian-Russian border bridge at Narva, hostile forts face each other across the river. It will take time for these symbols to change their meaning. ■

### Notes

<sup>1</sup>The official rate of exchange is \$1.60 to the ruble. The black market rate is 15 rubles to the dollar.

<sup>2</sup>Herzen, a nineteenth century liberal socialist, left Russia in 1848 for London where he published the newspaper *Kolokol* (*The Bell*) which was enormously influential in Russia.

<sup>3</sup>This refers to the concept that as socialism progresses, men will overcome their separate, divisive, national loyalties, and transfer the allegiance to the Soviet people as whole.

# Two Churches in China

J. D. Brown

On Sunday, July 1, 1984, a Protestant church in the eastern suburbs of China's ancient capital Xi'an opened its doors to worshippers for the first time in twenty years. Although never announced publicly, word of its reopening circulated for weeks in the city. Hours before the service started, the church filled, and Chinese Protestants of every age, rank, and class held the suffocating summer heat at bay with a fluttering of bamboo fans.

I arrived late. Finding my way had been complicated. The suburbs east of the city walls are seldom visited by foreigners, and Xi'an tourist maps are useless there. Few of those I questioned even knew there was a church in this area, and three times I was misdirected; but finally a boy led me through a labyrinth of narrow, walled back streets. I parked my bike at the gates of what appeared to be a factory.

Anywhere else in the world, an industrial yard would be considered an unlikely site for a church, but in China it was typical. Those churches, mosques, and temples not razed by the Red Guards during the Cultural Revolution (1966-1976) were often converted into schools or factories. The Protestant church I was now seeking was just one building among many within the walls of a heavy equipment storage yard. I did not recognize it as a church at first. There was no cross or spire, and a steamroller was parked near its entrance. The building was indeed a church, however, a severe version of late nineteenth-century northern English design, built here around the turn of the century. For the last two decades, it had housed machinery to repair roads.

As the only foreigner in attendance, I was immediately ushered to the front pew which a Chinese family was forced to vacate, despite my usual protests. The minister, buttoned into a black robe, punctuated his sermon in Chinese with fierce gestures. He was old enough to have been ordained before the Communist Revolution, meaning that like other members of the clergy, he had passed through imprisonment, perhaps torture, before pledging his loyalty to Party and State and resuming the pulpit.



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*Protestant church, eastern suburbs of Xi'an, church grounds used as heavy equipment yard. Photo: J. D. Brown.*

The church now showed little evidence of the ravages of the Cultural Revolution, except that it was almost bare—no paintings or pictures, no crucifixes, no stained glass in the rows of window panes. The walls were freshly plastered and painted an industrial green. Garish green and red glass-beaded lamps hung from the length of the high cement ceiling.

The most vibrant feature was the choir, mostly composed of middle-aged women. They wore new white choir robes and sang with vigor. The congregation stood, joining in Chinese versions of "Holy, Holy, Holy" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." There were not enough hymnals to go around, but most seemed to know the words. The piano beside the choir, new and loud, had not been tuned. A second minister now launched into his sermon. The congregation was silent and attentive, despite the rising humidity. The elderly worshipers, of which there were many, came dressed in white to take communion, but the church proved far too small to hold all who came. Many stood outside, peering in through the windows at the ends of each row of pews, much as peasants stare open-mouthed through restaurant windows when they spot foreigners



*Service in Protestant church in eastern suburbs of Xi'an. Photo: R. I. Fram*

seated within. In most ways, however, this resembled other Protestant services under way around the world that Sunday, except in terms of history.

This was the second Protestant church to reopen since 1980 in Xi'an, the birthplace of Christianity in China. Thirteen centuries ago, the first Christian church in China was built here. Xi'an, the terminus of the fabled Silk Road, was then the largest city in the world with well over a million inhabitants. It was also the eastern crossroads of the world's great religions. Buddhists, Taoists, Moslems, and Nestorians settled within its walls. (The Nestorians were members of a Christian sect which had been expelled as heretical from the Church in the West over the divine nature of Christ. They came from Syria to Xi'an in the seventh century, stayed, and built several churches over the next two centuries.) A large stone tablet carved in 781 A.D., and now on display at the Forest of Steles pavilion in Xi'an, records the history of early Christianity in China.\* By the ninth century, as a result of general religious persecutions, Christianity had disappeared there, and did not return for a thousand years. Early in this century, Catholic and Protestant missionaries were running important schools and hospitals in China, but with the Communist Revolution of 1949, virtually all Christian activity ended.

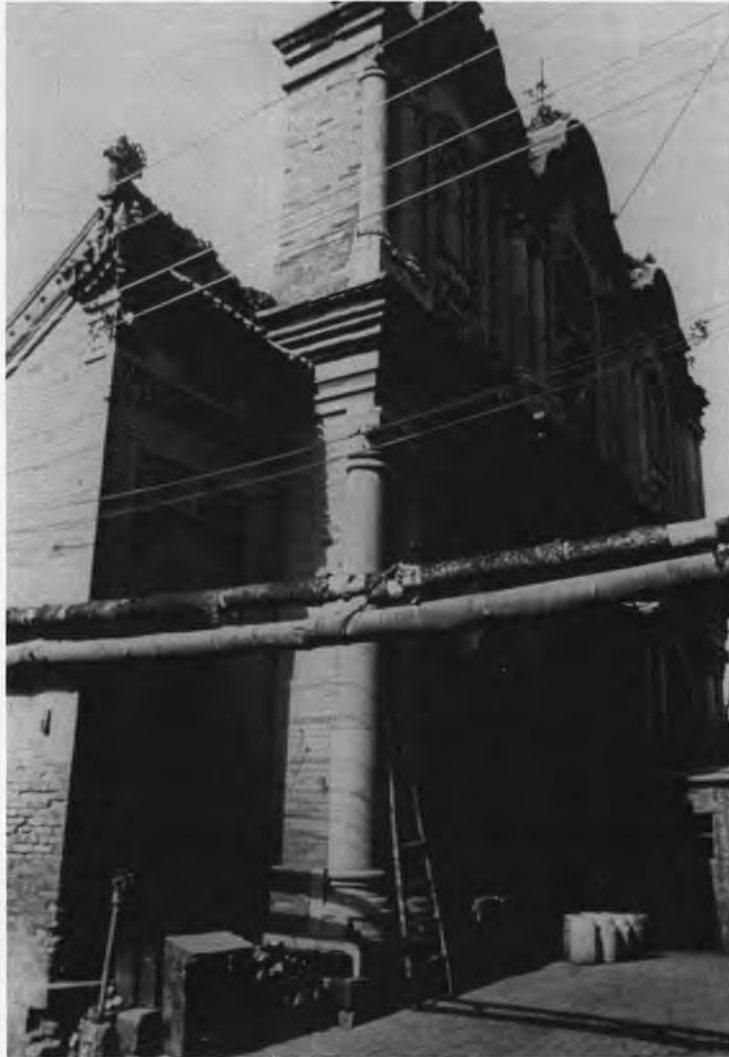
In 1954, the various Protestant denominations, including Anglicanism, were compelled to unite in a single, State-controlled church which was to be self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating. Under this Three-Self Patriotic Movement, Christians were cut off from all foreign contact and forbidden to proselytize. In opposition to the official Three-Self Patriotic Church, an underground movement quickly evolved. These underground home-churches (not unlike the original groups of Christians in Rome) multiplied after 1966 when all Christian worship was outlawed and the clergy were jailed for the duration of the Cultural Revolution.

The Three-Self Patriotic Movement was not revived again until 1980. In each major Chinese city two official churches, one Protestant and one Catholic, were then reopened. Officials today count three million Protestants in China, but the underground home-churches boast that their enrollment is ten times that figure. Even thirty million Protestants is not a significant number in a nation of one billion, but xenophobic authorities throughout China seem to fear an "outbreak" of religious fervor. I was told of at least twenty cases in the previous eighteen months, in Xi'an alone, in which underground Christian leaders were arrested. Clearly the government preferred to force Protestants and Catholics into the official "showcase" churches where tighter controls are exercised.

The Chinese Christians seemed unperturbed by such crackdowns, but I detected an underlying apprehension. The memory of persecution is strong, the clergy is circum-spect, and worshipers knew that all the churches could be closed again, without warning. At the same time, most felt that this was no more likely than the sudden suspension of



\*The Forest of Steles, a series of four galleries housed in the Shaanxi Provincial Museum at Xi'an, is the largest collection of engraved stone tablets in China. This collection was formally established by scholars in 1090 A.D. It includes priceless monuments from all the major dynasties, including the definitive text of the Confucian Classics, carved on 114 double-sided stone blocks in 837 A.D. The Nestorian Stele itself was apparently buried by fearful Nestorians in the ninth century and not rediscovered until 1625 A.D. (quite by accident); it was not placed in the Forest of Steles collection until the turn of this century.



*Catholic cathedral, Xi'an. Photo:  
R. I. Frame.*

all the other liberal economic and cultural reforms that were taking place in China before the summer of 1989.

For the time being, then, a few thousand of the few million citizens of Xi'an were quietly practicing Christianity again. They were doing so openly, and sometimes boldly. As I left the Protestant services in east Xi'an, I met a vendor at the gate who embodied this bolder spirit. He was crouching over two open crates of Bibles in Chinese. He had no vendor's license and he would not tell me how the Bibles had come into his hands, but he seemed in no way fearful of arrest or suspicious of my questions. Many of China's intellectuals have spoken of two hopes for the future of their nation: that the economy will be enriched by private enterprise and that the realm of personal choice and belief will be widened. On that hot Sunday, at least, this unintimidated bookseller seemed to give expression to both hopes.

A Catholic cathedral also reopened in Xi'an a few years after the Cultural Revolution. It, too, proved difficult to

find. I had heard rumors of a mass conducted in Latin there, but I wasn't able to see for myself until a fellow teacher in Xi'an drew me a map one evening. The gate to the cathedral was entirely unremarkable, he said; it opened to the sidewalk like a thousand other gates in a thousand other walls along the downtown streets. Stores, schools, apartments, factories, even churches—all have their own gates and walls, I'd said to my friend. "This one is different," he answered. "During the Cultural Revolution they closed the cathedral and built a candy factory around it."

This was indeed the case. Early Sunday morning I stood outside the walls of the candy factory, the cathedral concealed within. Nervous, I checked my watch. It had stopped. Deciding it was time to risk entry on my own, I walked some thirty paces into the compound before I met a candy worker. He did not challenge me. The walkway between low, quiet buildings ended in a cul-de-sac; an inclined ramp led up to the right; and there, as though backed into this blind alley and left at a service entrance, was the cathedral. A two-story building of white stone in impeccable Romanesque style, it was as out of place here as a billboard of the Cathedral of Notre Dame would have been in the Forbidden City.

I crouched down on the narrow band of asphalt. The condition of the exterior was superb—no checks, scars, or hammer marks. For some reason the Red Guard had spared its facade from the usual mutilations. A wide plaza undoubtedly ran out to the street until 1973, when the new confectionery storerooms went up. In these pinched quarters the cathedral of Xi'an resembled a monolithic relic shunted to the backlot of China's modernization program. No one had thought to dust it off as a showpiece for visiting diplomats and businessmen. It was strictly for the Chinese, whom I now watched arriving, the old men and women I expected—those of long faith and endurance—and those I did not expect, young peasants, couples, and families with a baby boy or girl hugging a hymnal. When my friend arrived, we entered the church together, the only foreigners.

The interior of the cathedral was cool but stuffy, festooned with icons from the West. Its high ceiling was supported by a dozen lumbering columns painted red, rising from rows of dark wooden pews. The ceiling tiles and upper moldings were of Oriental design, but these were almost invisible in the suspended darkness through which a painting of St. Francis, a skull at his feet, peered sadly down. Simple stained glass windows, a few panes missing, let in a bit of light, but everything had a shopworn glaze of wet ash. The interior had not been fully restored, perhaps, since its closing during the Cultural Revolution. Paintings depicting the Stations of the Cross hung in gilded frames, and Christ's humiliation had lost its remoteness here. His denunciation by the people in the streets of the city was a familiar scene, fresh as a postcard.



*St. Francis peers sadly down from above doorway in Xi'an Catholic cathedral. Photo: R. I. Frame.*



We took a hard pew on the left. The raised sanctuary was obscured by one of the columns. I craned my neck to view the altar. Abutting the lip of the sanctuary were two bare wooden confessionals, one at either end, each lacking a door or curtain to conceal the confessor. Those wishing to speak to a priest simply approached the open booths, turned their backs to the congregation, and spoke through a wide opening. The confession lines were long. Even children waited a turn. When old women finished speaking to a priest, they removed their head scarves, swatches of white or black cloth, and handed them to others in line. No one took much notice of us. It was one of the few places in Xi'an where a foreigner could stop moving and not draw a crowd.

The mass was one long rising and falling chant in Latin, more spoken than sung. The priest performed the ritual at the rear of the sanctuary, his back to us, his voice inaudible in the din and distance. In the pew to my right, the man who led the chant sank down on his kneeler, consulting a little red book of Chinese characters he marked with his thumb. Sounding out the Latin syllable by syllable, his voice droned on. Beside him another man, fat and flushed by Xi'an standards, diligently fingered a long rosary.

The mass was in the Latin version of the pre-revolutionary period. The priest, an imperial figure clad in crisp white muslin vestments and a crimson surplice of silk, came down to administer communion. As he blessed wafer and wine, he spoke to each worshiper. His voice tripped with a stutter and halt; he made the sounds of one who had suffered a premature stroke.

Afterwards I met him outside, under a banner tied to the cathedral exhorting the confectionery workers to greater profits. The cathedral had been built about a hundred years ago by Italian missionaries, he said. This was now the official Catholic Church of Xi'an, reopened in 1980. Of what he or the church had suffered in the Cultural Revolution, he could only purse his lips and smile, keeping the details of survival secure in an uncertain time. All his teeth were broken out. He was the Bishop of Xi'an.

The Vatican opposed the Communist Revolution of 1949 and urged its members to oppose the government. The Chinese government ordered its citizens to break all connections with Rome. To date, the Vatican and China have no formal ties; there is no official relationship between the Catholic Church in China and the Catholic Church in the West; and the bishops appointed in 1958 by the official Chinese Catholic Patriotic Association are still in a state of excommunication. China presently has about 40 of its own Catholic bishops, 1300 nuns, six seminaries, and its own magazine and publishing house—all without Vatican sanction. In 1981, the pope elevated a bishop in Canton to archbishop without consulting the Chinese Catholic Patriotic Association, further confusing the uncertain status of Catholics in China.

As I stood before the cathedral with the bishop of Xi'an, I did not know what to say to him. It was odd what had survived: a dead language, a rehabilitated bishop. My

friend said that the priests in China spoke better Latin today than those in Italy. For a moment I could believe nothing had ever happened here, nothing had changed, no one had been beaten, nothing had been smashed; but everything on the inner walls of this cathedral had its own litany of exodus, concealment, and return. In the recesses of these walls there were blue tapestries embossed with red characters draped over tiered shrines of fresh flowers, and above these displays were paintings of the Madonna and Child on a background of solid gold set in a rounded frame red as blood. Red, blue, and gold were the colors of the faith here, but one had to look closely to see them in the dust and shadows of the interior.

Outside the brick and stone were blinding in the noon sun. At the gate the Bishop said farewell. Across the street I could see children without their slippers running in rings around the communal water pump. Their parents squatted beside the earthen walls of their homes, clearing the dust from their throats, staring our way, then stretching, waking from their naps, glad it was their one free afternoon of the week. Everyone was eager for a stroll down the Big Street, for window shopping, for an ice lolly, and later for shish-kebab and more shopping among the candles in the night market. It was a fine Catholic neighborhood, without a single Catholic.

We walked to the center of Xi'an. In the strong afternoon light, the blue bricks and red columns of the Bell Tower were bleached white; and under the crazed tiles of its golden dome, caravans of traffic circled like pilgrims half-asleep. The tires of bicycles and buses softly sighed; the hooves of beasts of burden, the soles of the shoes of the hawkers clacked loosely across the hot expanse of pavement like strings of broken glass.

On a recent return trip to China, I discovered that both the churches I visited were still thriving, as indeed were Protestant and Catholic worship all across the country. Since 1984, there have been hundreds more churches reopened and, perhaps as a result, a renewed interest among young Chinese in "the foreign faith." Some of this enthusiasm is undoubtedly a thirst for novelty; it might also be considered another outcome of the loss of faith in the Communist Party. For the most part, however, it appears to have been the result of government tolerance combined with a program for indigenous control of Christian worship.

During major Christian holidays today, most churches must restrict admission to their own members. Attendance is higher than it was on the eve of the Revolution in 1949. China's churches are the fastest-growing in the world. Since



*Overflow crowd for Sunday services at Protestant church in downtown Xi'an. Photo: R. I. Frame.*

1984, when I visited the two in Xi'an, a church per day has been opened in China, and membership has risen at twice the birth rate. Even so, church membership is likely to remain proportionally small in China, as it always has. Nevertheless, Christianity now seems to be on its firmest ground here in nearly a half century.

It is, however, a "de-Westernized" faith whose leaders have insisted on complete autonomy. As Bishop Ting has steadfastly maintained, the aim of Christians in China "is limited to achieving a Chinese identity for the churches in China." Joint ventures with foreign Christian organizations are now initiated by the Chinese themselves and limited to broad humanitarian and social endeavors. To assist in China's modernization is the goal. Missionary work and proselytizing are things of the past, nearly invisible now.

Though Christian churches have made a striking resurgence, it is worth remembering, especially in light of the recent crackdown on student demonstrators, that Christians do not stand on secure ground in China. This is especially true for the tens of millions of Protestants and Catholics who gather in unauthorized home churches. Recalling what happened to some Christians in China in 1984—the year I visited places of worship in Xi'an—in light of what befell the students in Beijing five years later makes the point. In 1984, there was a wave of arrests and persecutions aimed at underground "dissident" religious leaders and participants; notices were posted ordering people not to listen to short-wave Gospel broadcasts; roaming evangelists appeared on wanted posters; over a hundred home church leaders were forced into hiding in Henan Province; two dozen Christians were jailed in Xi'an; and Bishop Peter Joseph Fan, 76, was given ten years for illegally ordaining underground priests. To Chinese Christians five years later, the lessons the student demonstrators learned in Tienanmen Square are not new. ■

# Sing Aloud, Loud, Loud

Sally B. Palmer

The droning six-hour flight from Fiji was exhausting even for a teenager, so by the time the red roofs and green hills of Auckland zoomed up, revolving beneath the propellers of the plane, my surfeited mind was spinning too. A stumbling walk through a wintry airport (surprisingly cold after a summer morning in the tropics), a cab ride, and then I was gratefully nodding off on the immaculate linen bunk of a compartment on the Auckland Railway Express. Muffled British-sounding voices sounded through the rocking walls as the train rushed south, the narrow-gauge rails clicking comfortingly in my ears and strange fern-shaped trees blurring past in the darkness.

I was fifteen. One week ago I had completed the unhappiest year in my life in a sophisticated California high school, where exuberant childhood had abruptly collided with tortured adolescence and where, formally dropped by a group of erstwhile friends, I had gained some unwelcome discoveries about myself: I was ugly, too intellectual for a girl, prudish, and unpopular with boys. Nowadays this is a fairly definitive description of a nerd. Then, I was simply square, with the identical social implications. At any rate, completely friendless at school, I had been counting the days until summer vacation would end my misery, when my father received a sabbatical offer to work in New Zealand for a year. He hastily packed his large family and flew to the South Pacific, where June was the beginning of the Fall Term. I was to be immediately enrolled at Palmerston North Girls' High School.

So it was that, the morning following that nighttime ride on "the Limited," I found myself being driven through the ancient, high brick walls surrounding ivy-covered Girls' High, amid streaming throngs of navy blue-uniformed bicyclists. To my utter enchantment and delight, it was like being transported in time and space to the closest possible facsimile of the English boarding school, setting of dozens of books I had read during lonely hours at the library back home. Hundreds of girls marched through the falling leaves in identical wool pleated jumpers, long black stockings,



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black Oxford shoes, white shirts, striped ties, blazers with the Latin motto "semper sursum" on the pockets, and berets with badges. The girls themselves were stocky and cheerful, with short blunt-cut hair, no makeup whatever, rosy cheeks, and hearty, slap-on-the-back British jollity. They carried books in heavy cardboard valises and leather satchels; they whacked one another with hockey sticks and said things like, "Oh, well done, old thing!" and "Come along, mustn't dally in the lav; what a dag!" and "Ta, cheerio!"

The teachers, almost nunlike in their long black gowns, did not mingle socially, I noticed, with the girls. They swirled austere through the school's long chilly corridors, and must be addressed only, I learned, by rising from one's seat and murmuring fearfully, "Yes, Miss Markham." "No, Mrs. Beresford."

The headmistress, Miss Wallace, was a ponderous woman who clumped slowly and in great state through the rows of uniformed schoolgirls each morning in assembly, tapping her cane on the floor and peering suspiciously at the source of any noise.

"Good morning, school," she would command, and seven hundred voices would dutifully chorus,

"Good morning, Miss Wallace."

Then she would lower her head, and all would recite the Lord's Prayer in unison.

Standing with head bowed, surrounded by identical petitioners, I eventually learned to avoid the sidelong glances and giggles directed at me, by dropping the "r" as we intoned:

"Forevah and evah, ah-main."

Once prayer had ended, all would sing, from memory, an Anglican hymn, one of the most frequent being:

God is love: His the care,  
Tending each, everywhere  
God is love—all is there!  
Jesus came to show Him,  
That mankind might know Him:  
Sing aloud, loud, loud!

After the catty competitiveness of a modern American high school, where each day social success (or, in my case, failure) was measured by the fashionableness of one's clothing, the social standing of one's associates, and the carefully bored inflections of one's speech, I was enthralled, euphoric, completely charmed by the atmosphere of the New Zealand girls' school. Each class of two dozen girls had an oak-paneled home room where they stayed all day, their teachers rotating from room to room each hour. My class, or form, was the Classics group. These girls had been together since primary school and were university bound. Toward that end, they were learning French, Latin, chemistry, trigonometry and history, where other classes would study sewing, art, cooking, and typing. There was good-natured groaning about this, but pride also; the girls were

aware that they were the Top Form. In a few months, they would take ("sit") the School Certificate examination, a massive test for which they had been preparing five years, and the results of which would determine their high school's standing and their own future scholastic and career opportunities. They welcomed me eagerly into their group, surrounding my desk at lunchtime to ask questions about America, laughing at my accent, teasing me to teach them the latest American pop songs and dances, glad to fill me in on all the in-jokes, the gossip, the school routine. We would lean back in our chairs, feet propped up on the desks, and talk and laugh over our paper-wrapped Marmite and beet sandwiches, Cornish meat pasties, or sticky buns, washing them down with bottles of orange Fanta. A few girls would knit rapidly as they gossiped and listened; some would write letters or read. It was an atmosphere so comfortable, so accepting, so utterly fairy-tale different from what I'd known. What a difference the absence of clothing distinctions and the opposite sex made! Here no one was more popular or better-looking or richer than I. Here, on common ground, we could enjoy one another's personalities and conversation. And since my conversation was the newest, the most exotic, I became the one whose opinions were sought, whose talk was imitated, whose jokes were repeated, whose influence increased.

"Tell about California," the girls would implore. "Tell about the Beatles." "Tell about the movies." "Tell about the war." "Tell about your religion." "Tell about the blacks."

So I told, waving my sandwich for emphasis and leaning against the windowsill (the windows, despite 50-60 degree temperatures, were never closed) as the brisk cold air wafted in the smell of damp grass and earth and the distant shrieks and whistle blasts from the hockey fields. I told, until the sharp tapping at the door caused us all to leap to our feet, sweeping the crumbs and the knitting under the desks, and chant, "Good afternoon, Miss Patterson," as our form mistress strode in to inspect her class.

Education at Girls' High consisted of the teacher writing information on the chalkboard and the students copying it into their bound copybooks. Neatness and penmanship—we used fountain pens with actual inkwells and blotting pads—were of paramount importance; teachers walking about among the desks to inspect students would stop to censure ink blots, careless writing, and topics that were not underlined in red with the use of a ruler. Maps of the British Isles as well as New Zealand were drawn freehand, from memory, in meticulous detail. Occasionally oral drills were conducted: "Conjugate, class!" And the girls would chorus, "Amo, amas, amat." Questions and comments, perceived as "cheeky," were frowned on. As a result, raised in a much more permissive atmosphere, I soon developed a bad reputation among the faculty members, who tended to see my ill-bred mannerisms—answering with a simple

"yes" or "no" or even, sometimes when I forgot, "yeah"—as pert and insolent attempts to undermine their authority. But all my classmates were solidly behind me in any confrontations, and my growing sense of popularity added an almost manic euphoria to my happiness at school. This whole experience was delightful, incredible. I knew it was only temporary, but I consciously enjoyed it to the utmost.

At Games time, we played hockey, basketball, tennis, and we swam. As a refugee from a school where only girls decorative enough to be cheerleaders were allowed onto the playing fields, and as a field hockey novice, I felt blissfully honored to move up, during the year, from the school's eighth-rated "H" team to the "B." When it rained, we learned Scottish Country Dancing from the ruddy-faced highlander games mistress, Miss Swan. I can hear the recorded bagpipes yet, reverberating through the gym as lines of giggling girls ducked, swayed and leapt gracefully, hands overhead. Miss Swan strode alongside, her long stick reaching out to poke those moving too slowly and restraining overexuberance. All strenuous activities were preceded by the removal of woolen jumpers and stockings, which revealed the underwear: black flannel bloomers. The girls were fully aware of how ridiculous they looked in bloomers and shirttails, but usually this was forgotten in the frolic and battle. Besides, who was watching?

Not that the male sex was entirely out of mind. At any time during the day (between classes or during tea breaks), the cry of "Boys!" was liable to go up. At this signal, every girl would rush to the windows to hang over the sill, mouth agape, while one or two other student messengers from the Boys' High School across town walked by en route to Miss Wallace's office. Usually these were eighteen-year-old prefects (student officers), whose muscular and hairy legs beneath their short uniform pants elicited much enthusiastic discussion, comparison, and admiration. Most of what my strictly brought-up schoolmates knew of boys was gleaned from books and movies, dating being generally reserved for those who had either finished school or dropped out at fifteen. On Friday evenings, groups of schoolgirls would attend "the pictures" together, eyeing similar clusters of boys during the briefly lit interludes when Elizabeth Regina's picture would flash upon the screen and the audience would arise for "God Save the Queen." Afterwards, girls strolled clockwise around the sidewalks of the town square, feigning interest in shop windows but evincing far more regard for the teenage boys who likewise took their exercise by casually walking counterclockwise the same route. Dressing carefully for this weekly event in their lovely English-woven New Zealand woolens, my schoolmates would plan for months how to obtain a certain boy's name or achieve a smiling "G'day" from him during the few seconds they saw him five or six times each Friday night.

One day, during a study period when our unsupervised class was gathered around my desk chatting about the ridic-

ulous mannerisms and attributes of our various teachers, our stern white-haired form mistress in particular, we became unduly silly. We began to create imaginary situations and to insert Miss Patterson into them. Several scenarios were offered, each more lurid and even ribald than the one before, with Miss Patterson's behavior and conversation hilariously described and enacted. Soon we were sprawled on the floor, gasping with laughter.

"Miss Patterson at a male striptease parlor!"

"No, no: Miss Patterson doing the Twist in a nightclub, wearing gold lamé slacks and spiked heels!"

It was only a matter of someone (it may have been I, but I forget) grabbing a piece of paper and a pencil and outlining the subject matter, and someone else suggesting that we put it into comic book form. Such was the birth of the APS (anti-Patterson Society) newsletter.

I think I actually still have, somewhere in my boxes of memorabilia, a couple of copies of the APS Newsletter. At its height, the APS had fifty or so members (current and former Patterson pupils), all avid readers and contributors to the letter. It was more a magazine, really, each issue featuring a full-length centerfold drawing of Miss Patterson in some compromising attitude. There were articles about Miss Patterson's probable birth and youth. There was a serial story, illustrated in cartoon form, its heroine always Esme Patterson. There was an Advice to the Lovelorn column with plaintive problems involving having Miss Patterson for a teacher (or daughter, or lover, or friend). There were news items juicily retelling the latest Patterson confrontation in class. And there was a schedule of events planned to embarrass Miss Patterson.

The events we planned and executed were not major events on anyone's calendar, but they were done each day for months.

Monday: 11:02 a.m. Everyone drop their book on the floor.

Tuesday: 9:45 a.m. Everyone yawn.

Wednesday: Glue on Miss Patterson's chair.

Thursday: 2:30 p.m. Everyone click their Biro pen.

And so it went. The results of these little maneuvers were gratifying in the extreme. The prim old lady would look surprised, then annoyed, then would begin to scold. She would gaze around the room at 25 pairs of innocent eyes, unable to pinpoint the culprit. It was obviously very frustrating to her, and of course the more irritated she became, the more gleeful were my friends and I. More APS bulletins were laboriously and secretively copied out with carbons and distributed. Girls would show them to their friends and sisters in other classes and it became common for several girls to crowd, giggling, around our classroom door every afternoon.

"What did you do today?"

"How did she take it?"

"Oh, I wish I could have seen her reaction when everybody coughed every time she said the word 'poor!'"



There seemed no way to stop the ball once it was rolling, and indeed, we were all having so much fun that no one wanted to stop it. I admit to a few twinges of conscience, but they were largely related to the fear of being apprehended by Miss Patterson or the dreaded Miss Wallace. Mostly, this fear only added to the excitement of planning and carrying out our anti-Patterson activities. Mostly, I was delirious with the sense of power and prestige I enjoyed as the daring, clever, popular and charismatic American girl who was waging a winning war against a harsh overlord.

It was inevitable that a copy of the newsletter would some day find its way into the dim leather lounge where the faculty members, like large bats, perched around the perimeter of the room to sip their morning tea. (We had our suspicions about who'd leaked it: her name was Lorna and she was instantly ostracized.) I suppose in a way it was a relief to know the whole thing was doomed, because I was incapable of bringing the now-speeding train to a stop. I didn't anticipate, though, how it would actually end. We held our breaths for a few days, wondering, until one morning the tap on the door brought in not Miss Patterson's taut little frame but the massive, austere bulk of Miss Wallace the headmistress. Leaning on her cane and gazing levelly around the room, she announced,

"This class will sit School Certificate in one month.

Inasmuch as you have been unable to concentrate on your studies and prepare for this exam, we have removed your form mistress, Miss Patterson. She will no longer be your teacher. Starting immediately, you will study for Cert. under Miss Florham. That is all." She turned and swept out. In the silence, we listened to her cane stumping along the hall until it ceased. Then we sat down. None of us looked at the others. One by one, desks opened, books appeared, heads were bent over them. The tall Norwegian girl in the front row solemnly got up, walked to the teacher's desk in front, lifted a large slimy grub from the top drawer, and dropped it out the window. No one giggled.

Toward the end of my year in New Zealand, one of the girls decided to give a party for me. In honor of a sophisticated, liberated, socially in-the-know California girl (how could they have known the truth?), she decided to give a dance. This involved a rented hall, formal attire, and of course boys. Although, as a veteran wallflower of American sock hops, I dreaded the event, I did my best to appear as excited as the other girls when the engraved invitation came, and immediately purchased the requisite satin heels, elbow-length white gloves, and evening stole, all unheard of in my part of the U.S.A. When the festive evening arrived, I entered the ballroom with great misgivings and greeted my friends, awestruck by how different they looked with their hair done, makeup, and beautiful "party frocks." Already I could feel myself shrinking back into my former cocoon, and as they danced off with the boys they knew

from Anglican Sunday School or from walking around the Square, I sat on the sidelines in my finery, feeling as exposed as Cinderella after midnight. Though unquestionably the most popular girl in school, I knew that to the male sex, the international four-sided stamp of rejection still glowed from my forehead, and feared that my social failures would embarrass my friends as well as cause them to see me as I really was.

As the evening progressed, it became evident that the traditional New Zealand supper was being "laid on." Each girl, I knew, must be escorted to supper by a male companion, who would then be her steady dance partner for the remainder of the evening. The orchestra stopped playing, and couples began drifting towards the table of savories and sweets: bacon-and-egg tarts, plump oozing frankfurter-like saveloys, Cornish pasties filled with spicy meat and gravy, high fluffy Pavlovas or meringues piled with Chinese gooseberries, scones topped with jam and whipped cream, heavy butter cakes with jam filling. Still on the sidelines, I was frantic with apprehension until approached by a thin, freckled, scrubbed-looking boy who asked me to accompany him to supper. I will always be grateful to this shy young man with whom I sat out the remainder of that evening, although we had nothing in common. Not in school, he worked as a shearer and herdsboy on a sheep farm in the hills, and was terrified of females, who were as alien to his world as boys were to mine. Although we danced a little, mostly we sat together by the wall, making strained conversation to allay our joint embarrassment at the sight of other young couples becoming progressively more intimate as the hours stretched on. I had not worn my glasses, and couldn't even recognize, let alone exchange glances with, my friends to ascertain what they thought of me now.

Shortly thereafter, my family and I left Palmerston North, our year ended. It was a sorrowful departure. Seventy people showed up at the train depot at midnight to see us off. There were flowers, gifts, hugs, tears, telegrams, singing. Many of my schoolmates had biked or walked late at night to the station to say goodbye. Some galloped down the platform as the train pulled out, waving frantically and blowing kisses. Inside the car, I leaned against the snow-white pillow on my seat and cried till I was exhausted. It had been my happiest year; I knew it would never be matched.

I managed to get through the remainder of my California adolescence in reasonable mental health, bolstered largely by the memories and self-esteem I gained during that magical year in New Zealand. I went on to obtain a university degree, of course; in America anyone can go to college. Sometimes I wondered guiltily if my pranks had kept any of my classmates from passing the School Certificate exam. I kept in touch with many of them through the years, sending them boxes of Keds (Palmerston North's ultimate teenage status symbol), letters, and books. Surprisingly few of the girls went on to the university, given the

fact that these were Girls' High's brightest. One became a nursery school teacher, one became a practical nurse. Lorna, I heard, was teaching at Girls' High. Of the two I still write to, twenty-five years later, one is homesteading on a sheep farm with a husband and four children, raising all their own food. The other is a single mother supported by the State. "The N.Z. government is kind to solo parents," she writes in her still impeccable Girls' High script, though now with a ballpoint. "I have an old house and can go to the library frequently." My now moth-eaten Girls' High blazer with its motto, "semper sursum"—ever onward—still hangs in a back corner of my closet. Occasionally fingering it during a brief pause in what has become a complex and rocky life, I will close my eyes and that whole vivid year of time-out will come rushing back. In a moment, I will see the green sheep-dotted hills; I will hear the whining bagpipes, the clash of hockey sticks, and most of all seven hundred girlish voices ascending in unison to the vaulted rafters in the hymn:

None can see God above;  
All have here man to love;  
Thus may we Godward move,  
Finding him in others,  
Holding all men brothers:  
Sing aloud, loud, loud!

# Minoan Bull Jumping

## *A Major Athletic Event 1000 Years Before the Ancient Olympic Games<sup>1</sup>*

James G. Thompson

The premier sporting event of the world, the Olympic Games had its origins in Greece over 2700 years ago, a fact often mentioned with awe by scholars and commentators.<sup>2</sup> Much less well known is the even more ancient sport of Minoan bull jumping, which predates the Olympic Games by at least a thousand years.

The Minoans, who spoke an early form of Greek, lived on the island of Crete during the Aegean Bronze Age. The civilization gets its name from its legendary king, Minos, whose capital, Knossos, was the largest of three major palace sites and was the focal point of Europe's earliest sophisticated civilization.<sup>3</sup> The palace was spectacular by any standards, requiring a staff of nearly 800. The city, which extended out from the palace, had approximately 100,000 inhabitants; one could say that Knossos was Europe's first metropolis.

There is still much to be learned about the Minoans. The bull jump has been debated and is considered one of the most distinctive features of their civilization.<sup>4</sup> While skeptics might consider it unlikely that anyone would try such a dangerous feat, there is such an abundance of evidence that it is not a question of whether the activity took place but rather of how it was performed. The exact technique used to vault over a bull seems to have varied. The most popular description was put forth by Sir Arthur Evans, excavator of the palace at Knossos: after seizing the onrushing bull's horns, the vaulter turned a somersault on them, landing on the animal's back. The vaulter completed the exercise by jumping to the ground into the waiting arms of a spotter or fellow athlete<sup>5</sup> (figure 1).

There is evidence that Minoan vaulters used other methods for these jumps. Vaulters have been depicted approaching a walking bull from the rear.<sup>6</sup> There is also evidence that bull leapers jumped over a galloping bull



*James G. Thompson is a Professor of Exercise and Sport Science at Penn State. "My research specialization focuses on ancient Greek history as it relates to physical education and athletics. Several trips to Crete and a recent travel grant to explore Minoan palaces have heightened my interest in Minoan bull sports." He will be teaching a course called "Sport in Antiquity" this spring in Athens, Greece.*



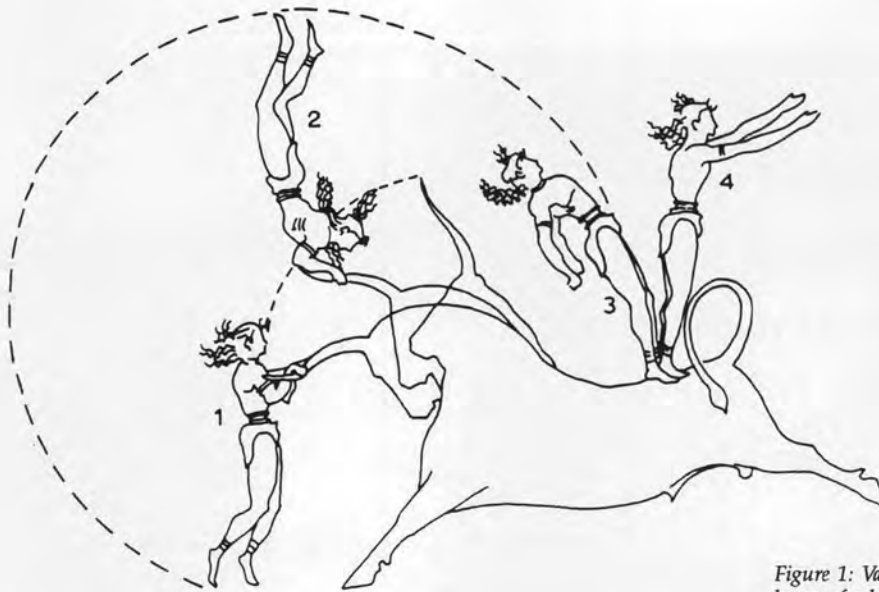


Figure 1: Vaulting sequence using the horns of a bull (from John G. Younger, "Bronze Age Representations of Aegea Bull-Leaping," *American Journal of Archaeology* 80 [1976]).

from the side rather than the front.<sup>7</sup> Still another method shows vaulters grasping the horns of a bull while the animal was in a prone position.<sup>8</sup> The fresco in the Heraklion museum depicts a vaulter landing on the back of a bull with arms extended (figure 2). The scene is reminiscent of present-day gymnasts placing both hands on the long horse (apparatus used in men's gymnastic competitions) while performing a vault. In the fresco scene, the leaper appears to have missed the mark: his right hand is along the side of the bull and one can imagine him crashing head-first onto the back of the bull. We can appreciate the many hours of practice vaulters must have spent preparing for these sports, and we can also appreciate the ingenuity of their coaches—the invention of girths and grips to help perfect

Figure 2: Toreador fresco from Heraklion Museum, Crete (photo by author).



Figure 3: Stepped platform from the northwest corner of the central court at Phaestos (photo by author).



the gymnastic movements of vaulters, substituting wild goats for bulls to provide a progression in the degree of danger and difficulty. Obviously, a goat is less formidable than a bull and would be a logical intermediate step before proceeding to the larger and more dangerous animal. These long hours of practice would have been necessary in order to prepare the bull jumpers for their ultimate performance—vaulting over a moving bull before a festive crowd.<sup>9</sup>

Just as ancient Greek athletes who competed in the Olympic Games used aids to enhance their performance,<sup>10</sup> it appears that Minoan bull leapers nearly one thousand years earlier used devices to assist them in completing their dangerous jumps. J. W. Graham was the first to introduce this hypothesis. Located in the northwest sector of the central court at the palace at Phaestos is a stepped platform (figure 3). According to Graham, a bull was maneuvered into the corner of the court in order to utilize the platform for vaulting onto or over the animal.<sup>11</sup> Nearly thirty years later, a similar theory was suggested at Mallia. In the northwest portion of the central court is a large stone (figure 4) with a flat base. Near the stone's apex is a groove which may have served as the place where a vaulter's foot was put (figure 5). In other words, the stone may have served as a type of springboard for Mallian bull jumpers in much the same manner modern gymnasts use a springboard to vault over the long horse. While there is surely no "spring" in the stone, an experiment using a simulation of the stone clearly shows that a vaulter's vertical lift would have been increased by using the artificial device.<sup>12</sup> Since jumping off the stone would have increased flight time, a vaulter could also have achieved greater distance by changing the body angle at take-off.

The use of mechanical devices such as the stepped platform at Phaestos and the stone ball at Mallia suggests alternatives to the traditional theory that the bull jumper grabbed the bull by the horns. By avoiding the horns altogether, an athlete could have landed on the back of a bull



Figure 4: Stone ball from the northwest corner of the central court at Mallia (photo by author).



Figure 5: Stone ball in use from the northwest corner of the central court at Mallia (photo by author).

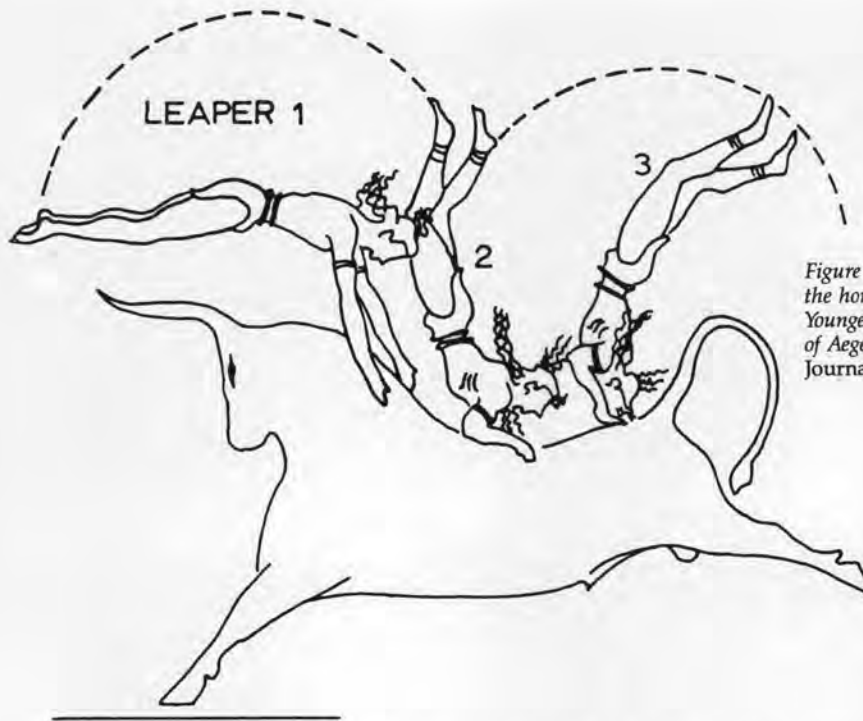


Figure 6: Vaulting sequence avoiding the horns of a bull (from John G. Younger, "Bronze Age Representations of Aegean Bull-Leaping," *American Journal of Archaeology* 80 [1976]).

with both hands and immediately performed a front hand-spring off the back of the animal (figure 6). The final maneuver would have required a dismount similar to those performed by contemporary gymnasts—that is, landing on both feet in a standing position. The difficulty of the feat was compounded by the number of variables, including timing as vaulter and bull approached each other, rate of speed of both, and size of the bull.

The spectacular nature of these bull-jumping contests obviously created a great deal of interest and spectator appeal. According to Anne Ward, the only important public spectacle we know of from Cretan art is the bull jump. These representations appear so frequently, she says, that it is appropriate, when presented with such spectator scenes as the "Grandstand Fresco," to interpret these scenes as representing the audience at the bull-jumping contests.<sup>13</sup>

Among the unresolved questions is precisely where the bull games were held. Some experts argue for a site outside the confines of the Minoan palaces, while others suggest the events could have taken place only within the palace grounds, specifically in the central court. Adequate seating capacity and safety of spectators seem to be critical issues. Graham and Ward suggest the palace's central court as the most likely venue. A special feature of Minoan palaces was the second-story structure that overlooked the central courts.<sup>14</sup> The second floor contained important public rooms and balconies where prominent persons sat to observe festivities that took place below. It would seem that these second-story balconies not only accommodated large numbers

of spectators, but provided a safe vantage point to view the contests. Moreover, Graham has suggested that a temporary restraining wall surrounded the central courts at ground level, providing additional safe viewing.<sup>15</sup>

Graham discredits the external palace site theory by noting that only one area northwest of the palace at Mallia has been uncovered by archaeologists that remotely resembles an arena. He contends that the site does not have adequate seating capacity nor does it take into account the safety of spectators.<sup>16</sup> Both Graham and Ward point out that, although the three major palaces vary in size and shape, the central courts are almost identical in length. The central court at Knossos measures 52 x 42 meters; at Phaestos, approximately 51 x 23 meters; and at Mallia about 48 x 22 meters. The central courts of Phaestos and Mallia are disproportionately large for the architectural requirements of the palaces, suggesting that the dimensions were adopted to meet some specific need.<sup>17</sup>

Other questions remain unanswered. Were these spectacular feats part of a religious ceremony or were they secular in nature and mainly for entertainment? Who were these performers? Were they captives who were trained like Roman gladiators to "make sport" for a Minoan holiday, or were they men and women from the Minoan nobility? Certain points researchers agree upon: these events were highly organized, and they were attended by throngs of spectators.

As historians refer to the rich ancient Greek heritage of the modern Olympic Games, we might remember that highly organized athletic games were already firmly established in Minoan society almost a thousand years earlier. So far, however, no one has proposed bull jumping as an event in the modern Olympics. ■

## Notes

<sup>1</sup>A portion of this paper was presented at the United States Olympic Academy meeting held at The Pennsylvania State University on June 15, 1988.

<sup>2</sup>J. G. Thompson, "Historical Errors About the Ancient Olympic Games," *The Gamut* 17 (Winter 1986), 20-23.

<sup>3</sup>Gerald Cadogan, *The Palaces of Minoan Crete* (London and New York: Barrie and Jenkins, 1976) and J.W. Graham, *The Palaces of Crete* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1962) list the major palace sites on Crete as Knossos, Phaestos, and Mallia.

<sup>4</sup>In addition to bull jumping, bull grappling and bull hunting were popular Minoan sports. See Sir Arthur Evans, "On a Minoan Bronze Group of a Galloping Bull and Acrobatic Figures from Crete," *Journal of Hellenic Studies* 41 (1921), 255-56 and John G. Younger, "Bronze Age Representations of Aegean Bull-Leaping," *American Journal of Archaeology* 80 (1976), 125 (n. 1).

<sup>5</sup>Sir Arthur Evans, *Palace of Minos at Knossos, III* (reprint), (New York: Biblo and Tannen, 1964), 221-22.

<sup>6</sup>John Pinsent, "'Bull-Leaping' in Minoan Society," *Proceedings of the Cambridge Colloquium*, 1981 (Bristol: Bristol Classics Press, 1983), 263.



<sup>7</sup>A. Xenaki-Sakellariou, *Etudes Cretoises* 10 (Paris: Librairie Orientaliste, Paul Geuthner, 1958), 87.

<sup>8</sup>John Pinsent, 264.

<sup>9</sup>John Younger, "A New Look at Aegean Bull-Leaping," *Muse* 17 (1983), 79.

<sup>10</sup>Ancient Greek athletes used devices to improve their performance in the long jump and the javelin events. According to Aristotle, *Problems* (29.5.881b), there was no question that jumping weights (*halteres*) increased distances jumped by Greek pentathletes. See also E. N. Gardiner, "Phaylus and His Record Jump," *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (1904), 77, and Gardiner's *Athletics of the Ancient World* (Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1930), 52, for more information.

<sup>11</sup>J. W. Graham, "The Central Court as the Minoan Bull Ring," *American Journal of Archaeology* 61 (1957), 260.

<sup>12</sup>J. G. Thompson, "The Bull Jumping Exhibitions at Mallia," *Archaeological News* 14 (1985), 1-3, 4.

<sup>13</sup>Anne Ward, "The Cretan Bull Sports," *Antiquity* 42 (1968), 118.

<sup>14</sup>J. G. Thompson, "The Location of Minoan Bull Sports: A Consideration of the Problem," *Journal of Sport History* 13 (1986), 5-13, cites several authorities and their views on the location of the bull-jumping activities of the Minoans. The article argues that, until additional information extends our knowledge about Minoan bull jumping, no firm conclusion can be drawn regarding the exact location of these activities.

<sup>15</sup>J. W. Graham, 258. In addition to ensuring spectator safety, Graham contends, the restraining wall kept the bull confined to the central court.

<sup>16</sup>J. W. Graham, "A New Arena at Mallia," *Antichita Cretesi* 1 (University of Catania: Istituto Di Archeologia, 1977), 65-73.

<sup>17</sup>Graham, "Central Court," p. 255; Ward, p. 120.

# Poetry

Ron Ellis

## Canto 55

One of  
the A source  
said difficulties  
with the steel casing  
He takes pride were bolted  
Susan Lucci found Curtis of  
varying degrees "delicious" to  
work with together. opposition of  
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and unnecessarily narrows artistic options  
by enforcing the script. an all-too-predictable  
dialectic. Reality is the existence horrible; it  
drives us into satisfying in which he has  
insisted of his Whoever ignores style. But there  
are many others who feel differently. changing  
worlds of our own making. But the at a the  
first scene defective joint where two sections of  
poet, with his the precision department,  
it is our job to differentiate. prized the set is  
and in part faculty of  
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thin wall of fictions that could quickly have  
burned and improvising on through not to be  
"true"; however unsatisfactory reality may be, as  
at 5,800 degrees Fahrenheit; a Nor is at  
least they ought to be, in it leak would have  
become a that Tony Curtis And since writers  
are, or has been late for. blow-torch a the first  
scene on that reason. "Mafia Princess"  
sane and mature individual of evil. (who will not  
dwell in fantasy) the the right-hand SRB might  
have burned the movie is Some are almost  
fair, some are bad, some are lethal. based)

*Ron Ellis lives in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, where he teaches writing and literature at the University of Wisconsin-Whitewater and edits the poetry journal Windfall. "Canto 55" is one of The Pratyeka Cantos, a long work-in-progress. The poet says, "The central theme is the struggle for union of subject and object, of Self and Other. Although the title of the work contains a term (pratyeka, from Tibetan Buddhism) referring to spiritual individualism, the cantos are visionary, eclectic, utilizing imagery from many value systems in an attempt to reach a synthesis."*

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there are differences among states. and  
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just which to "open  
up" his of being very evil. the booster's third  
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are themselves very capable is  
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believed in being an instinctive actor (he hasn't  
bothered to read that hard truth.

# General Marshall's Platoon

Lee Heredia

Historians may agree that among the world's great men few had more influence for good on nations and peoples of the world than George Catlett Marshall, five-star General of the Army. After his military career he became U.S. Secretary of State and conceived the plan that breathed life into a prostrate war-ravaged Europe. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1953.

By a stroke of fortune I was given the opportunity to watch the general at work for just a brief moment in his illustrious career.

Shortly after World War II ended in Europe, I was with a group of infantry officers in France awaiting transfer to the Pacific where the war still raged. Suddenly there was a change. We were ordered to Berlin.

Flying into Berlin that morning in July, 1945, I couldn't believe that a living thing remained among the shattered roofless buildings and mountains of rubble. I wondered what we would be asked to do there.

It didn't take long to find out. First Airborne Headquarters had plans for us. The Potsdam Conference was to start in ten days. The Army was responsible for making all the preparations for the American statesmen and their entourage.

Arrangements had to be made to house and feed the American conferees—from President Truman and his aides to State Department clerks. Everything was in short supply—including dinnerware, bedding, furniture, and hardware for repairs. Ravaged Berlin was hardly the place to find such amenities or supplies.

The conference was to be held at the Cecilienhof Palace in Potsdam, a suburb about 20 miles from Berlin. The American delegation would be housed at Babelsberg, another suburb a few miles from Potsdam. Babelsberg had been spared the devastation of areas closer to the center of Berlin. It was the Hollywood of pre-war Germany. Spacious homes of German film stars and executives were requisitioned for the American delegates.



*Lee Heredia was born in San Diego, California. He attended UCLA, majoring in journalism and creative writing, but left school to join the army as an enlisted man during World War II. During his years of service he was editor of a post newspaper, did public relations work in England, and won an infantry commission to the Army's only overseas Officer Candidate School. Later, as a civilian, he was the chief of Public Relations and Historical Section of American Military Government in Berlin. Mr. Heredia is retired from newspaper work now, and lives in Tallahassee, Florida. He devotes most of his time to writing, golf, and tennis.*



Each of the newly assigned officers was given a specific task in the preparations. Mine was to refurbish and make ready a building where the Combined Chiefs of Staff were to meet. They were the four highest-ranking U.S. military officers and their British counterparts. The U.S. officers, known as the Joint Chiefs of Staff, were General of the Army Marshall; Admiral William Daniel Leahy, Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, President Truman; Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Navy; and the Commanding General of the U.S. Army Air Force, General Henry H. Arnold. The British officers were the head of the British Joint Staff Mission in Washington, a representative of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Chief of the Imperial Staff, and the Chief of the British Air Staff.

The housing officer took me to the place. It was a sturdy two-story wooden structure, apparently a former clubhouse or lodge. It was bare of furnishings.

The brains of the U.S. military and their British peers would hold meetings in the place. The utmost security was necessary. Four Military Police sergeants were already on guard around the clock in eight-hour shifts. As the officer in charge of the building I was to live there, leaving only to go to the mess tent. Two privates were assigned to assist me during the day. I could requisition whatever was needed through Supply. The Signal Corps would use one of the upstairs rooms, where top-secret communications equipment would be installed.

Cleaning was a two-day job. A group of twelve German women with brooms, buckets and brushes swept and scoured the place. Then came the task of finding furnishings. The main problem was coming up with a table large enough for the meeting. I spent half a day finding out how many were to be seated at the table. Besides the eight chiefs there would be deputies and aides in attendance.

I selected a room occupying the full width of the house in the back of the lower floor for the meetings. A table almost the length of the room was needed. Supply said it was useless to look for several tables of the same size to place end to end. So two German carpenters made a sturdy table five feet wide by about 35 feet long out of two-by-fours and plywood.

Stains or varnishes were unavailable to finish the table. It was sanded down nicely but did not look like a proper furnishing for a high level meeting. Forget tablecloths, I was told at Supply. Enough matching chairs were found but their walnut finish contrasted strangely with the bare unfinished table. Fortunately Supply could provide a blowtorch and we proceeded to scorch the bare wood lightly with random patterns. The result was a table transformed into a thing of beauty. I borrowed a few large oil paintings left by the Russian looters in nearby palatial homes and the room was ready.

The room off the front foyer remained bare, but Supply found a couple of mismatched but serviceable chairs and two library tables to place near the entrance to the meeting room. This turned out to be a fortunate move, as I had not



*General George Marshall (right) conferring with General Dwight Eisenhower in 1945. Photo courtesy of The Cleveland Press Collection, Cleveland State University Archives.*

given any thought to hatracks. As it turned out the tables were used as a repository for the heavily braided and ornamented caps of the generals and admirals during the meetings. Several news service photographers were permitted to take pictures of the imposing array of headgear.

When the Potsdam Conference opened, everything was ready. The Combined Chiefs were to meet at 1100 hours the same day. At nine-thirty the door-bell rang and I rushed downstairs. A sergeant of the guard announced the presence of a general officer.

I recognized the general instantly from pictures I'd seen. George Catlett Marshall, the five-star General of the Army, the man who designed the plan to defeat the Germans by thrusting through France. Behind him stood a Navy Admiral whose face I couldn't see. I froze at attention for a second wondering whether to salute through the screen door. The sergeant should have stayed and kept the door open. I did not salute but pushed the door outward.

"Lieutenant, we're here to inspect the premises," the general spoke tersely.

"Yes, sir," I said, still wondering whether I should have saluted. He turned and spoke to the Admiral. "Take the outside," he said, in a conversational tone.

As he turned to leave I recognized Admiral William Daniel Leahy, five-star Admiral of the Fleet, the senior naval representative.

Awkwardly holding the door open I moved back to let the general in. I was relieved to see him reach for the door and hold it as he entered and I backtracked. The stairway to the second floor was in the foyer just to the right of the entrance door. Starting up the stairs I stopped to ask, "Shall we start upstairs, sir?"

"That'll be fine."

Leading the general up the stairs I wondered whether I should have let him go first. I explained that the communications room at the head of the stairs was locked and off limits except to authorized Signal Corps personnel. I offered to send for someone to open it. He said it was not necessary.

The general scrutinized each room quickly but carefully, occasionally looking back at the previous room as if memorizing the layout of the place. He asked a few questions but for most of the inspection was silently engrossed in his task. He paid close attention to house fixtures, plumbing and other building appurtenances. I assumed he searched for spots where explosives might be hidden.

He walked out on the deck extending from the back of the second floor. Here he had a good view of the parklike grounds sloping down to a lake about a hundred yards away.

Downstairs he examined the meeting room. Someone had come in while we were upstairs and placed large green desk blotters, note pads, pens, pencils, ash trays and place cards neatly at each place on the table and arranged the chairs. The table really looked fit, inviting and ready, its humble beginnings well camouflaged.

In the next room the general scrutinized with special interest a huge built-in ceiling-high wine bottle rack. It was empty, but a good example of cabinetmaker craft. He seemed interested in its design and construction. Before he was through he had checked every part of the building. When he sat down to preside over the meetings he was fully acquainted with the building's security situation.

I wondered why he and Admiral Leahy made the inspection. There were many high-ranking officers available who could have been entrusted to do the job.

The question lingered in my mind. It finally occurred to me that like millions of others in uniform at that time I was still a civilian at heart. I recalled my training in Officer Candidate School: an infantry platoon leader is responsible for the lives of his men.

Although the war in the Pacific was half a world away, an invisible cloud of risk hung in the air. It was accented by shafts of sunlight glancing off the armed smartly-clad sergeants of the guard pacing alertly around the building. Gathered here were the leaders responsible for guiding our armed forces to victory. The explosion of a well-placed bomb would have caused an immeasurable disaster. General Marshall's inspection was a matter of rank, of instincts and discipline ingrained through a long military career. He was the leader here. He was responsible. He inspected the premises because that was his job.

It was his platoon at risk. ■

# Back Matter

## New Sprigs from *The Wordtree*

To the editors:

The appearance of P.K. Saha's review in a general cultural magazine is a tribute to GAMUT, both in its scope and in its drawing power. ["The Verbal Workshop," Review of Henry G. Burger, *The Wordtree*. *The Gamut* 27 (Summer 1989)]. For one of periodical editors' most common laments is the dearth of qualified reviewers. Indeed, I have long wondered why that problem is not solved by each learned society's requiring publication of at least one book review a year as the minimal "dues" for retaining a member's Fellow status—rather as a medical group requires annual completion of some "continuing education" credits.

Dr. Saha's clear review seems justifiable in almost all respects. Therefore most of our comment, although technically a rejoinder, is actually clarification of some of the larger significance of the new kind of dictionary.

Our system is cornerstoned on the definition of each impact ("transitive") verb in a two-part (binary) fashion. We must differentiate two problems here. One is our justification for that principle. Only then does the other problem arise, how accurate are those two parts in this first edition of *The Wordtree*.

Justification: The basic discovery is our application to language of the Nobel Physicist Niels Bohr's principle called Complementarity: The world may be viewed either as substance/particle/matter, or as process/change—but not simultaneously as both. And substances have already been given a fundamental arrangement via Mendeleyev's periodic table of the (chemical) elements. But science has lacked a corresponding tabularization of process.

*The Wordtree* is an attempt to supply it. We argue that substances can be defined only in terms of other substances. Processes, likewise, can be defined only in terms of other processes.

By insisting on the continuity of processes, we were forced to search for many verbs intermediate between well-established verbs. We received help from what may now be several thousand submitters of journal reprints, etc. Especially in the area of "technolect," we have unearthed vastly more transitives. In fact, this first edition included fully 30% more (almost 5,000 more) transitives than the world's largest collection heretofore, the Oxford English Dictionary.

How can there be so many?—If we flash stroboscopic pictures of a process, such as a horse accelerating, we perceive that any phase must be definable as the preceding phase plus the addendum. And that is binarity. For it is culture, not nature, that demarcates such processual phases



as CANTERING, SLOW-GAITING, GALLOPING, etc. But such precise terms had heretofore been scorned as too technical for a dictionary!

Among our post-publication findings are that the permutation to emphasize the second part of the binarity is best expressed as simply being subsequent to the first, rather than as representing a particular mode. For example, if LASH = BIND & FASTEN, then the permutation to appear on the "F" pages should be read as FASTEN WHILE BINDING = LASH, rather than as FASTEN BOUND OBJECT = LASH, or FASTEN by BINDING = LASH.

How well has the first edition of *The Wordtree* defined those two parts for each of its 20484 transitives?—We gladly plead for Beginner's Mercy: Indeed, each post-publication acceptance has both narrowed the missing phases, and provided "cleats" for tighter redefinitions of the published binarities.

Example: Our first edition defined DIAGRAM as OUTLINE & WRITE. But now, five years later, it has improved to DIAGRAM = LINEATE & FORM. (To LINEATE, by the way, is to MARK and to LINEARIZE.) We hope similarly to keep improving all other definitions.

Other interesting binarities are these: To CUT & SLIVER = to JULIENNE. To ADJOIN & RIGIDIFY = to SPLINT. To RIDE & MANEUVER = to JOCKEY. To ESCORT & RESPECTABILIZE = to CHAPERONE. To BIOGRAPHIZE & MOURN = to OBITUARIZE, etc.

A related post-publication phenomenon is our authorship of a column based on the system. "New Times, New Verbs" (begun 1988) is being syndicated to several linguistic publications.

Indeed, if the market of people interested in a systematization of impact verbs should become large enough, we could fulfill our constant hope of supplementing the book by offering the system online. Then any subscriber could learn the latest binary definition and the latest vocabulary instantly by telephone.

Incidentally, Prof. Saha questioned NORMALIZE as part of his DEFLATE(d) automobile tire. But *The Wordtree* had defined DEFLATE as to DEGAS and DESWELL.

We agree that human utterances should not be limited to three kinds. Instead, we had said that, to simplify discussion, it should be considered that there are "at least three different kinds" (emphasis added, our page 28).

Overall, then, we are delighted that the critic finds *The Wordtree* profitable, useful, and a "veritable wordshop" linked to the changing realities of an ever more maneuvered world in which "one can almost hear the wordsmiths hammering and sawing."

Such a wordbook is evolutionarily branching, or cladistic. It offers shortcuts. If a user is at the end of a branch of transitives from (say) to SHRINK, he may use the second part of a definition (let us say, to SHRINK-WRAP) to "skip-branch" to ideas related to that second part and yet not exactly within the first part—for example, to MUMMIFY.

With such features, *The Wordtree* may be the first system to enable the user to trace any process backward toward its causes, and forward toward its effects.

To Dr. Saha's hint that Burger's *Wordtree* may some day become another "household term for wordstudy . . . like *Roget's Thesaurus* or *Webster's New World Dictionary*," we can only say, Godspeed!

Dr. Henry G. Burger  
The Wordtree  
Overland Park, Kansas

### Reaction to "Expiation and Repression"

Dear Sir,

I'm not quite sure I understand what Diana Hinze is getting at in her article "Expiation and Repression" [*The Gamut*, 27 (Summer 1989)]. Is she still calling for moral reparations from the German people? Does she not see how much she reminds one of those who called for economic reparations after World War I? And who is to make these reparations? And who is to redeem the Third Reich? Writers? Why writers? Isn't their duty to their art? Shouldn't they be allowed to write anything they please, and be judged, not on what they don't say but on what they do? And doesn't it occur to her that if some crimes are too enormous to be satisfied by the individuals who committed them, they might be too enormous to be redeemed at all, and certainly they might be too enormous to be forgotten, much less repressed.

One cannot write an article on expiation until one has decided who is guilty, and one cannot talk about guilt until one has decided how much we belong to ourselves and how much we belong to the State, or if you will, to the Beast. Are we individually accountable for what we do or may we do things in the name of the state which we wouldn't otherwise think of doing? And if we do things in the name of the state, is the state guilty? But how can an abstraction be guilty? How punished? By punishing everyone? But then we are saying that we are not really individuals at all because no matter how good we are we must share the badness of our neighbors. Which was the argument for the extermination of the Jews—every Jew was no more nor less Jewish than his neighbor. So now we're saying that a German is a German is a German?

Anyway, expiation has to do with the conscience of the culprit, not with the conscience of the observer.

Sincerely,  
Robert Trelawny  
Harrisonburg, Virginia


### In response to Mr. Trelawny's letter:

If Mr. Trelawny does not grasp the point I am making in "Expiation and Repression," it is not necessarily the fault of my carefully researched, then screened and edited article. Although no remedial help should be necessary, let me reiterate my thesis and then respond to some of the specific issues Mr. Trelawny raises. My point of departure was the well known argument that the atrocities committed by the Germans during the Third Reich have never been sufficiently acknowledged and redeemed (my original title read "Redemption and Repression"). As a consequence of the "inability to mourn," Fascist thought and behavior patterns survived intact and surfaced with renewed vigor in the Federal Republic. The fact that Germany is still or again a country in which Jews and other foreigners feel unwelcome underscores my contention that the changes so desperately needed after the Holocaust simply never occurred. How else are we to interpret the feelings of disillusionment by young Jews, born and raised in postwar Germany, who have been emigrating to Israel in alarming numbers in the last few years; the books by Lea Fleischmann *This Is Not My Country* (1980), and Henryk Broder *A Stranger in My Own Land* (1979), eloquently refute the official German claim of "Wiedergutmachung" (reparation). Ironically, Mr. Trelawny by mentioning the reparation payments made after WWI confirms part of my argument: the payments made to Jews after WWII were called "Wiedergutmachung," but they remained mere lip service, a vow of sincerity and the desire to ameliorate which was not followed by a fundamental change of attitude. My further argument in which I called upon literature to institute these changes, shows a deeply idealistic belief in the efficacy of art as a factor which can indeed move humans. It was Horace who proclaimed the double character of art as educating as well as entertaining, and to Aristotle we owe the notion of art's cathartic effect on the human psyche. Though much of today's art is patently narcissistic, the writers I considered had indeed taken it upon themselves to write about their experience of the Third Reich; my criticism, then, concerned these German artists' failure to transcend the general populace's inability to come to terms with feelings of guilt and remorse. And yes, I do believe not so much in collective guilt as in a collective conscience, the awareness of which should—in the spirit of the Kantian moral imperative—direct all our opinions and acts. Accepting as I do the idea of democracy as entailing an obligation for the individual's commitment in matters of the public sphere, I reject Mr. Trelawny's notion of the state as a Beast and an abstraction. My article and his letter prove that the mechanism of democracy is fully operational, and that the name Beast may be a misnomer born out of ungratefulness.

Diana Orendi Hinze  
Cleveland, Ohio



*Man as Poodle/Portrait of Herb & Barney*

  
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