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Holy Land! Holy War!

by John A. Gettier

I

How hard it is to comprehend that in this the first year of the fourth quarter of the twentieth century we are witnessing conflicts, either simmering or raging, which are rooted in religious hostility. In Northern Ireland: Protestant against Catholic. In Lebanon: Christian against Muslim. In Israel: Muslim against Jew. Not to mention Cyprus, India-Pakistan, and the Philippines. In a civilized world religion should not even be the subject of rancor since the Holocaust of the 30's and 40's and the Vietnam of the 60's. So perhaps we should not be surprised that religious wars are very much a part of our age.

Of course, men are not spilling blood over matters of doctrine: doctrinal battles are now fought with paper and ink. The bloodletting occurs when religion is linked with issues of territory, social welfare, culture, and identity. Such wars are no different from other wars — except they are fought in the name of God and Truth and dubbed holy. If anything, holy wars are fought with more ferocity and with less quarter given, because by definition they always pit the religious against the heathen, the good against the evil, the sons of light against the sons of darkness. A holy war amid twentieth century technology is truly a terrifying phenomenon, for excited by this-worldly grievances and other-worldly visions it could well be carried to the ultimate extreme and convulse our planet once and for all. An apocalypse, indeed!

It may appear strange to be speaking of religion in such dynamic terms. In our American society so many people have outgrown religion, or have become disillusioned with it, or define it so narrowly as to make it irrelevant. Ritual words are trotted out for ceremonial occasions like presidential inaugurations and football games, but we are thoroughly uncomfortable when religion and social or political action are too closely linked. Regardless of the causes of current American religious attitudes and of any evaluation of them, those attitudes can lead us to minimize the place of religion in our contemporary world and to underestimate its explosive power — and we dare not take that risk. We simply cannot overlook the extraordinary force which religion can and has exerted in the course of human history nor the passions with which religious belief is held and which it excites. To do so is to fail to take seriously a major ingredient in the concatenation of events in our time. One need not be "religious" to recognize and respect this primal ingredient, and one neglects it to the peril of our planet. For good or for ill, men persist in paying homage to the holy and in waging war in its name. For good or for ill, men persist in denying others the right to pay that homage and in waging campaigns of suppression.

No doubt, modern disregard and/or antipathy toward religion as a vital factor in current history is fostered by past actions of religious men and institutions and the convoluted casuistry which has justified those actions. Too often religion has been the tool of political opportunists employed to rationalize a course of action and to rally popular support. But just as often it has led the sincere believer into paths of pious pillaging in order to save the "lost" and promote the kingdom of God. Salvation through destruction was not the invention of the Johnson-Nixon administrations but has always been the motto of holy warriors as they faced the pagans, barbarians, and infidels. Woven through the religious texts of Christianity, Islam, and Judaism, the three monotheistic faiths which dominate so much of the religious life and thought of our world, is the assumption that the destruction of the "wicked" and "godless" is a prelude to and condition of the establishment of that longed-for kingdom of eternal peace, and men of good conscience and in the name of "brotherhood" and "love" have accepted the responsibility of purging the world and hastening the new era. How curious is the logic which motivates such deeds, and how horrifying the spectacle of crusades, inquisitions, pogroms, and holocausts performed under divine sanction!

One must not, however, confuse religion with human folly nor assign to God the perverted enthusiasm of men. Religious human beings are still human beings, and if their humanity reflects their religious persuasion, it is just as true that their religious life reflects their humanity in all of its strengths and weaknesses. Religion cannot be assigned the blame for all of those atrocities perpetuated in its name, yet if we are to understand the actions of one who professes a particular faith, we must know something about the long tradition which has given shape to that faith and which is being interpreted in those actions.

Here then is a plea, whether in the intimate area of personal relationships or the broad arena of national and international affairs, for dispassionate analysis of the religious factors which feed group tensions and which too often explode into cruel warfare. So long as governments as well as individuals fail to appreciate the religious dimension of human affairs, little progress can be made toward reasonable settlement of angry disputes much less toward the "peaceable kingdom."
II

For no area of the world is this plea more urgent than the Middle East today. Here is soil hallowed by three religious traditions. Confrontations are, indeed, cultural and ethnic in origin. They are, indeed, economic and political also. However, all confrontations focus upon a land, not simply because that land is desirable territory for life and growth but because it is holy. The land is holy to Muslim, Christian, and Jew, and history has shown that holy wars have been most bitterly contested over this holy land.

It is sad to see this continuing hostility between people of different religions and equally depressing to watch the super powers pour in their weaponry and use these peoples as pawns in a larger struggle. That there are legitimate grievances involved in the disputes for the holy land cannot be questioned, but twentieth century grievances will never be resolved until all parties, large and small, understand what it is that makes this land holy and so come to respect the religious attachment to it which has been nurtured not for decades but for centuries and even millennia. Concern for legitimacy of claims is here irrelevant. One must first seek to appreciate the depth of religious conviction involved and the roots of that conviction in historical tradition.

The context for this developing tradition is a land which though poor in resources has always been strategic in location. Bounded by the Mediterranean Sea on one side and the desert on the other, it makes up part of a narrow corridor stretching from the borders of the Nile (Egypt) northward into Mesopotamia (Syria and Iraq). Movement between these heavily populated areas north and south by geographic necessity was forced through this corridor, and to control this movement, whether of trade caravans or armies, the land was contested by powers large and small, from the petty kingdoms of Moab and Ammon to the great nations of Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, Rome, Turkey, unto the present day.

This factor of location makes the land desirable for some, but what makes it holy? For Jews the story begins almost four thousand years ago in the eighteenth century B.C. when Abraham, living in upper Mesopotamia, heard and obeyed a command from his God.

"The Lord said to Abram, 'Leave your own country, your kinsmen, and your father's house, and go to a country that I will show you. I will make you into a great nation; and I will bless you and make your name great so that it will become a blessing.'"

Genesis 12:1, 2

Jewry’s attachment to the land is, therefore, rooted in a divine promise to Abraham, the first patriarch of the Jewish people. From its very inception Jewish faith was, thus, bound up with the land.

In the course of time divine promise was coupled with divine action, for the Jews have always remembered how their God delivered them from their slavery in Egypt, led them on a tortuous journey through a harsh wilderness, and brought them into the land he had promised them. This action on their behalf began when God spoke personally to Moses (Exodus 3); it was only concluded when Joshua, Moses’s successor, marched with his people into the land and secured it with God’s help (Joshua 23).

This initial struggle for the land is the prototype for the holy war in Israel’s tradition. All subsequent wars, even those projected and mythical ones which would once and for all destroy evil in this world and provide the conditions for a new age, were patterned in their telling after this one war in which God fought to fulfill his promise to Abraham and provide his descendants with their own land.

There is a third aspect of this attachment to the land which might be called divine confirmation. Under King David Israel did become a great nation as God’s original call to Abraham stated, and that fulfillment in a magnificent kingdom with its center in the renowned capital city Jerusalem, made splendid by its royal buildings and a magnificent temple for worship, was Israel’s golden age. The land originally promised, then won through hard struggle, now flourished. At every stage of this history it was understood that God had acted on behalf of his people and that he would continue to act to sustain them (2 Samuel 7).

The final stage in the development of this tradition arose from tragedy, for eventually Israel was displaced from the land by her enemies and was compelled to live in exile. Yet even in the despair of those events these people clung to the memory of God’s promises and actions of the past and lived in the fervent expectation of their renewal in the future. Their hope focused upon a restoration of the land with a rebirth of the nation under a great leader like David.

“For this is the word of the Lord: 'The time is coming when I will restore the fortunes of my people Israel and bring them back to the land which I gave to their forefathers; and it shall be their possession.'”

Jeremiah 30:3

This land, therefore, became the focal point of hope for all Jews during the centuries they have lived and prayed in strange lands. To the Jew this land is inextricably interwoven with the very fabric of his faith. Whether he chooses to live there or not, his understanding of himself and of his God is tied to the land. So it is a holy land.
To the Christian the land is holy for different reasons. Here in this land occurred all the momentous events involving Jesus, and Jerusalem, particularly, is remembered as the focal point not only for the death and resurrection of Jesus but also for the initial growth of the early church (Acts 1). Thus, this land is a Christian shrine. In it the Saviour lived and preached; in it took place those crucial events of the passion of the Son of God which are at the heart of the Christian faith; in it there occurred those actions of God through his Spirit by which the faith would spread and salvation would be brought to all the world.

This land is more than a shrine to Christians, however. Though it may be easy to forget, Jesus was a Jew, and his first followers were Jews as were the first members of the early church. Therefore, all that has been said about Jewish attachment to the land is in some sense applicable to the Christians. One may argue that Jesus reinterpreted the ancient traditions and gave them broader application, but the hope which Jesus is understood to fulfill grew out of that expectation spawned by divine promise, action, and confirmation, an expectation rooted in this holy land, if going beyond it. And at the end of days when this order with its evil are destroyed, the Christian envisions a new heaven and new earth from God the center of which will be a new Jerusalem (Revelation 21).

Similar observations can be made about Islam. The land is holy because it includes so many shrines commemorating for the faithful significant events and burial grounds. The central event, of course, is the ascension of the prophet Muhammad from the temple mount in Jerusalem. On this site is erected the Dome of the Rock, making Jerusalem along with Mecca and Medina one of the three most holy places in the world for Muslims. In fact, the sanctity of Jerusalem is declared in the Koran by Muhammad himself (Sūrah 17:1).

But again the holy land for the Muslim is more than a place of sacred events and shrines. Muhammad taught that the religion of Islam, which took shape in the seventh century A.D., was rooted in ancient traditions dating back to the patriarch Abraham.

“We believe in Allah and that which is revealed unto us and that which is revealed unto Abraham, and Ishmael, and Isaac, and Jacob, and the tribes, and that which Moses and Jesus received, and that which the prophets received from their Lord.”

Sūrah 2:136

Far from being something new in Muhammad’s lifetime, Islam is understood to be intimately tied to Abraham and with him to the land which God promised. Furthermore, Abraham is recognized as neither Christian nor Jew but as father of the people who worship Allah. Indeed, Muhammad explained that the very word “Islam” and its idea of complete dedication to God came from Abraham.

“He [Allah] hath chosen you and hath not laid upon you in religion any hardship; the faith of your father Abraham is yours. He hath named you Muslims [i.e. those who have surrendered] of old time and in the Scripture . . . .”

Sūrah 22:78

Thus, we have a situation in which three religions not only see their origins in the same land but also through the very same traditions variously interpreted. Judaism, Islam, and Christianity stand in a close family relationship, and the tensions, past and present, which have existed among their adherents over this land are more than tensions between neighbors. They are the bitter tensions among relatives to each of whom the land is in some way crucial for self-definition.

Holy wars over a holy land! Those wars were fought even in the time of Abraham so many centuries ago. They are still being waged today. And they will continue to be waged until combatants and diplomatists at large discover in religious psychology and tradition the roots of the tenacity with which this land is cherished by so many people. Then perhaps immediate demands and grievances can be put in perspective, and we might envision a holy land ennobled by a holy peace.

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The Wheaton Collection: Trinity College's First Library

by Peter J. Knapp

In the Summer of 1823 the Trustees of the newly chartered Washington College appointed one of their number, the Reverend Nathaniel Wheaton, to proceed to England to obtain financial support, books and scientific apparatus. In the course of a year Wheaton acquired the initial collection for the college's library through judicious expenditure and the support of friends of the college abroad and at home. This study will examine the books he assembled, known now as the Wheaton Collection, in an effort to show their contemporary importance to Washington College students and faculty and to suggest their abiding value more than one-hundred fifty years later to the Trinity College of today.

Nathaniel Sheldon Wheaton was born in August, 1792 in Marbledale, near Washington, Connecticut. He prepared for college at the Episcopal Academy in Cheshire and graduated from Yale in 1814. For a short time he taught school in Maryland while he was preparing for the Episcopal priesthood to which he was ordained in 1818. After serving as Rector of a Maryland parish he came to Hartford in March, 1820 to serve as Assistant Rector of Christ Church (now the Cathedral) whose Rector was then Bishop Brownell. In April, 1821 Wheaton became Rector of Christ Church where he served for ten years until assuming office as the second President of Washington College in October, 1831.

Wheaton's term as President was marked by a consolidation of the college's financial situation and physical plant. He was instrumental in establishing the endowed Hobart and Seabury professorships and continued to support the inclusion of the sciences in a narrow traditional curriculum. In February, 1837 Wheaton resigned the Presidency to return to the duties of a parish priest and became Rector of Christ Church in New Orleans. Here he distinguished himself during an epidemic of yellow fever in ministering to the needs of the stricken citizenry. By 1844 his health had become severely impaired as a result of contracting the fever and he was forced to resign. After a recuperative trip to Europe he returned to Hartford and finally settled in Marbledale. For the remainder of his life he was unable to pursue an active ministry and contented himself with his studies and intermittent assistance in services at local parishes. He died in March, 1862 at the age of 70.

Judging from the entertaining description of his year-long trip to Europe in 1823-1824 which Wheaton published as Journal of a Residence During Several Months in London ... (Hartford, 1830), he evidently enjoyed himself despite some disappointing reverses encountered in his attempts to raise funds for the college. As an omnivident traveller he seems to have missed few of the sights worth seeing, but he did find the time to discharge his obligation to assemble the first library collection for Washington College. His efforts in this regard were devoted to the selection and purchase of books and to seeking donations of books or the funds with which to buy them from potential friends of the college.

Providentially for the researcher the original invoices testifying to Wheaton's book acquisitions survive in the Trinity College Archives. These, in company with the original manuscript catalog of the 'Wheaton Books' which was prepared upon his return to Hartford in November, 1824, allow us to reconstruct his work. In all Wheaton assembled 400 titles which are carefully listed in the manuscript catalog, the humble predecessor of the modern card catalog. Of the 400, 212 titles or 53 percent were purchased for a little less than $1,800.00.

Wheaton's first purchases were made in Paris, probably from several sources over a period of days since the invoice was prepared for a shipping firm and dated August 16, 1824. Five cases containing 134 titles were shipped from Paris to Havre and there placed by the firm of Lunnel on the sailing ship Marmion, Captain Nagel, Master, bound for New York. The consignees were Messrs. Haydn & Timmings, 58 Pine Street, New York, and they duly arranged for shipment to 'Washington College, Connecticut' via a Captain Francis of the Hartford packet, undoubtedly a coastal schooner.

The next purchase was consummated at the London bookselling firm of Rivingtons and Cochran where 78 titles exchanged hands for the sum of £134.4s. As in the case of their French counterparts Rivingtons gave a respectable discount for payment in hard cash. These books were likewise shipped to Messrs. Haydn & Timmings by westbound packet.

In his Journal (p.90) Wheaton observed, upon viewing the library of St. John's College, Cambridge:

Twenty-four thousand volumes arranged in stalls around the room make a goodly show; and it is a circumstance worthy of being borne in mind by the patrons of literature and science in our young republic, that the noble libraries which are the pride and boast of the English universities, have been principally made up by the donations of private individuals.

This statement about the importance of donors was as significant in 1823 as it is today, and Wheaton enjoyed modest success in this regard. Thomas Horne, a biblical scholar and bibliographer, and the Reverend Dr. George Gaskin, formerly Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, contributed between them 41 titles. The major gift was in the form of a subscription of funds which enabled Wheaton to purchase 110 titles from the firm of William Sior in Brighton. Unfortunately the individuals or group responsible for this generous
assistance are not identifiable. A few gifts from sympathetic Anglican clergymen round out the books sent from Europe.

Wheaton thus acquired 158 titles by donation or subscription. Either during or prior to November, 1824, and perhaps as a result of seeing the fruits of Wheaton’s labors, one of the local supporters of the college and a future trustee, Martin Welles of Hartford, donated 30 titles worth $75.00. Adding this figure to those enumerated above we find that Wheaton had succeeded in securing 188 donated titles for the infant Washington College Library.

The reader will note that in discussing the Wheaton Collection reference has been made to titles, not to volumes. A title may comprise several volumes, and care must be taken when analyzing a book collection to distinguish between the number of individual works and the number of volumes, the latter a measure only of physical bulk. Thus the 400 titles originally forming the Wheaton Collection constituted 1146 volumes.

A survey of the distribution of titles in the collection grouped by major discipline reveals that 33.5 percent (134 titles) represented works dealing in some way with organized religion and theology. The relative size of this category is not surprising and included are works of the church fathers, collections of sermons, theological discourses and biblical texts. Excluded from the figure are titles concerned with the impact of religion on historical periods, for example accounts of ‘religious’ wars, and works of politico-religious significance such as those discussing the Council of Trent. These texts on religious history (16 titles) accounted for 4 percent of the Wheaton Collection.

The second major body of material in the collection was composed of the works of the Greek and Latin classical authors — 91 titles or 22.7 percent. The remaining portion of the Wheaton books was divided thusly: Literature and Languages — 26 titles; 6.5 percent; History, Travels and Voyages — 25 titles; 6 percent; Economics and what would now be considered Political Science — 11 titles; 3 percent; Philosophy — 9 titles; 2.3 percent; Biography — 5 titles; 1.3 percent; and Miscellaneous, some of which defy classification — 24 titles; 6 percent.

Wheaton’s personal library, an undated manuscript catalogue for which exists in the Trinity Archives, shows a remarkably similar breakdown to that described above, with the exceptions of books on religion and the Greek and Latin authors. The former accounts for 50 percent of the 345 titles listed, and the latter are not as well represented. The personal collection was willed to the college at Wheaton’s death, and its contents reflect a catholicity of intellectual interest encompassing more than biblical texts and sermons. A similar breadth marks the library collection acquired in 1824, and suggests a large measure of personal selection. Wheaton undoubtedly had some advice on what to obtain from Bishop Brownell who was well read and supported the incorporation of the sciences in the curriculum. Wheaton himself was interested in the practical science of architecture and helped plan the new Christ Church building completed in 1829.

Of the 400 titles forming the Wheaton Collection 334 remain at present in the Trinity College Library. These were reassembled about twenty years ago from the circulating collection, and a small number are replacements for the original copies which were lost in the course of 150 years. A sampling of the remarkably large number of surviving works, many in early editions, which can be identified from the original manuscript catalog, reveals the following interesting titles. Apart from the numerous books on religion and theology represented by the works of St. Augustine (1680), John Calvin (1671), and Richard Allestree’s instructive The Whole Duty of Man (1726), the inquisitive Washington College student could find much of value. In religious history there are represented the seventeenth-century Italian prelate and historian Paolo Sarpi’s History of the Council of Trent (1676), an English translation by Nathaniel Brent; and the works of the first-century historian Flavius Josephus (1726).

Among the Greek and Latin classical writers may be found the works of Tacitus, Thucydides, Herodotus, Livy, Pliny, Aristotle, Aeschylus, Vergil and an edition of the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter (1709). In Literature and Languages there are Johnson’s Dictionary of the English Language (1818) and his Works (1823); Robert Anderson’s multi-volume Complete Edition of the Poets of Great Britain (1792-1807) which includes Chaucer and Shakespeare; Corneille’s Theatre (1764); La Fontaine’s Fables (1795); Le Sage’s Histoire de Gil Blas de Santillane (1818); the works of Molière (1821), Montesquieu (1763), Racine (1808), Rousseau (in 38 volumes, 1788-1793), Voltaire (in 30 volumes, 1768), and Dante (Venice, 1741).

In the Natural and Physical Sciences we may note the famed seventeenth-century English naturalist John Ray’s Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation (1743); Jean Delambre’s Astronomie Théorique et Pratique (1814), one of several works on astronomy; Traité Élémentaire de Physique (1806), by the Abbé René Hauy, eminent French mineralogist and the founder of the science of crystallography; the English scientist William Whewell’s Treatise on Dynamics (1823); the eighteenth-century French naturalist Georges Buffon’s famed Histoire Naturelle (1769-1790 in 57 volumes); and the Italian mechanician Giuseppe Borgnis’ Traité Complet de Mécanique Appliquée aux Arts... (1818-1823), a fascinating ten-volume set discussing mechanical applications in the fields of hydraulics, agriculture, industrial fabrication, etc.; and the same author’s Traité Élémentaire de Construction Appliquée à l’Architecture Civile (1823).

In the fields of History, Travel and Voyages there are available John Pinkerton’s Modern Geography (1817); the sixteenth-century Spanish historian Luis del Marmol y Carvajal’s L’Afrique (a French translation dated 1667) which describes the history and development of Africa; Michel Crevecoeur’s Voyage dans la Haute Pensylvanie et dans L’Etat de New York (1801); Pierre Bayle’s Dictionnaire Histoire et Critique (1740); Sir Walter Raleigh’s History of the World (1687); and, among several works in French history, the seventeenth-century Italian soldier and historian Enrico Davila’s History of the Civil Wars of France (1758).

The student interested in Economics and Politics could choose from Adam Smith’s Works (1811-1812); Locke’s
Two Treatises on Government (1728); the seventeenth-century Dutch jurist and statesman Hugo Grotius' classic of international law De jure Belli ac Pacis (1720); the Earl of Sheffield's Observations on the Commerce of the American States (6th edition, 1784); the Correspondence of Louis XVI (1803); and Thomas May's History of Parliament (1812).

Readers with a desire to study the classics of Philosophy could select the works of Leibnitz (1768) and Bacon (1819), while the interest in Biography might be stimulated by exploring Alexander Chalmers' massive General Biographical Dictionary in 32 volumes (1812-1817), a work still valuable for research. Some miscellaneous titles include a copy of the Stranger's Guide Through the University and City of Oxford (c. 1824), and the Royal Blue Book (1824), a guide to contemporary London society and its haunts. Both works were probably used by Wheaton during his stay in England. Rounding out the sampling of titles is John Johnson's Typographia (1824), a compendium of information on printing which incorporates a history of the dissemination of scholarship.

Wheaton presumably hoped that the books he procured while on his travels abroad would be well utilized by the students and faculty of Washington College. An oblong journal containing circulation records for the period from 1827 to 1840 is preserved in the Trinity Archives. The records are arranged alphabetically by the name of the student or faculty member, and the books were signed out to them. The notation 'RT' was usually next to a title upon its return. Unfortunately for us, but readily understandable, pages were torn out periodically as they became filled. The records from about 1833 to 1840 are generally intact, and leafing through them with an eye peeled for Wheaton Collection titles, we find unmistakable evidence that they did receive use in respectable numbers. Undoubtedly exceptional students and the faculty benefited most from the collection. This is borne out by the great number of entries for students who later became faculty and presidents of the college. These include John Williams (Class of 1835), Abner Jackson (Class of 1837) and Thomas Ruggles Pynchon (Class of 1841), all of whom read prodigiously, subsequently taught at the college and eventually became President. Also noteworthy are Ellen Edwards Boardsdale (Class of 1832), who was a tutor from 1833 to 1835, and Silas Totten, who joined the faculty in 1833 and was President from 1837 to 1848. Totten, Jackson and Pynchon served in the capacity of Librarian and were responsible for maintaining the circulation records.

In general, most students made modest use of the Library. The curriculum, in keeping with the tendency of the day, involved work from textbooks, and it is questionable how many students were motivated to do more than the minimum. Only those with a sound background in Latin and Greek, and perhaps some French, could thoroughly explore the breadth of the Wheaton Collection. A reasonable competence in Latin and Greek was required for admission to college, but French received little formal attention in this period. Despite the problem of language competence there was still much that could be readily used in the collection.

Rules governing the Library housed in Seabury Hall did not promote intense use of the collection, but we must remember the relative scarcity then prevailing of what the modern student takes for granted. The Library was not available to the public and was open only a few hours during the week. The Librarian, usually appointed from among the faculty, 'prescribed' the order in which students might visit the Library, a privilege granted in return for one dollar per term of the general expenses fee. The number of books which might be signed out was in direct proportion to their physical size, by extension a measure of their relative value and a common arrangement of the period. A student could take out only one folio (generally a large, bulky book) which might be kept for four weeks. One quarto (a book of average size today) might be borrowed for three weeks, and either one octavo or two duodecimos might be retained for two weeks. No reader other than a faculty member, whose limit was twelve, could borrow more than three books at a time. Fines were assessed for late returns and damages to books, and no person could 'lend' to another any book which he has received from the Library, under penalty of losing the privilege of borrowing for one year.
On a mild night near the end of August, 1776, Lord Howe's 64-gun flagship H.M.S. Eagle rolled gently amidst a British fleet anchored in New York Bay. Had the watch on board the Eagle leaned over the side about the stroke of eight bells, he might have detected a slight swirl in the slack water. He might have heard a distinct click of metal on metal coming from below the waterline of the ship—then another click and another. Had he crossed the deck to the opposite rail and looked below, he might have spied new eddies rising to the surface. But these opportunities passed.

Some time later in the first flush of dawn a lookout spotted a strange object moving slowly up the harbor. It appeared to be a black pot set atop a round mass which barely broke water. A warning sounded. The fleet came alive. From Governor's Island, already in the hands of the British, a gig was launched to investigate. When the boat pulled to within a few yards of the intruder, the officer in charge gave the order to come about, possibly sensing some Yankee trickery. A moment later an explosion rent the air and a column of water spurted skyward. There must have been a grateful crew aboard that gig.

This was the first attack by a submarine on an enemy ship in all of naval history. David Bushnell's American Turtle, piloted by the cool-headed Ezra Lee, nearly succeeded in sinking a great man-o-war hundreds of times its own size. It was the colonial version of David and Goliath. George Washington wrote to Thomas Jefferson, 26 September 1787:

Bushnell is a man of great mechanical powers—fertile of invention—and a master of execution. He came to me in 1776 recommended by Governor Trumbull (now dead) and other respectable characters who were privilites to his plan. Although I wanted faith myself, I furnished him with money and other aids to carry it into execution. He laboured for some time ineffectually, and though the advocates for his scheme continued undiminished [?] he never did succeed. One accident or another was always intervening.

Imagine "Mr. Washington" trying to defend the little city of New York in the late Summer of 1776. The Second Continental Congress voted that he should defend it at all costs. Sir William Howe chose to evacuate Boston after the June Battle of Breed's Hill and withdrew to Halifax to muster additional strength for his professional army drawn to support his suppression of the American radicals and to demand their allegiance to the Crown. He caught up with Washington on Staten Island and was able to double the British threat with the arrival in the harbor of the fleet of his brother, Admiral, Lord Richard Howe. Lord Richard actually carried letters of commission directing him to open peace negotiations with the rebels, but since these were addressed to a "Mr. Washington," the American General found it convenient to dismiss the overtures. The 17,000 man Continental Army, of which probably no more than 10,000 were disciplined fighting men, now confronted 30,000 British veterans and a powerful armada of warships and transports. Washington was forced to retreat from Long Island and to prepare a stand on Manhattan.

It is little wonder that the colonial leader who had yet to score a major victory in the rebellion against British bondage should lend a willing ear and even a helping hand to proposals for any device, however preposterous, infernal or otherwise, which might give him that miracle he so sorely needed to bolster the dwindling morale of the revolutionaries. Jefferson, in his inquiry to Washington about Bushnell's submarine, recollected how they (the Americans) "were so peculiarly in want of such an agent." Victory, not idealism, was the immediate issue. Washington was privy to the secret weapon of David Bushnell through communications with Governor Trumbull. It is likely that the 'War Office' in Lebanon, Connecticut, supplied some materials for the venture through Jonathan Trumbull's son Joseph who in July of 1775 had been named Commissary General for the Continental troops. Washington nearly had his miracle that night in late August 1776, and he concluded his letter to Jefferson, saying:

I then thought and still think that it was an effort of genius . . . .

David Bushnell (1742-1826) solved the problem of exploding gunpowder under water while he was still an undergraduate at Yale College. Back at his home in Westbrook (then part of Old Saybrook), Connecticut, he engaged in the clandestine business of building a submarine. He took into his confidence his brother Ezra, a fellow Yale alumnus—Dr. Benjamin Gale of neighboring Killingworth, and through Gale, Silas Deane of Wethersfield. Out on a lonely sand bar known as Poverty Island in the mouth of the Connecticut River, an island since washed away by the onslaught of flood and tide, the Bushnell brothers built a crude shelter around a fish seine and in this shelter their secret work began.
"An Effort of Genius"

The **American Turtle** was seven feet along its vertical axis, six feet along its horizontal axis, composed of two half tortoise-shaped shells made of staves of wood covered with tar. An elliptical protuberance of brass fitted to an iron ring occupied the position analogous to the turtle’s head and represented the top-sides of the one-man craft. Ingress and egress to the submarine were provided by a hatch on top of the “head.” Suspended from the bottom of the craft was a detachable lead weight of about two hundred pounds that served the dual purpose of anchor and safety device. Its release would assure a sudden surplus of positive buoyancy and quickly return the boat to the surface, even though the skipper might find himself upside down. Mounted piggy-back on the stern of the **Turtle** was a detachable powder keg.

The interior of the **Turtle** was amazingly complex. A seat for the operator ran athwart the boat — adding lateral strength to the structure — a masterful precaution against collapse by pressure from without. In front of the operator was a crank on the outboard axle of which was attached “an oar, formed on the principle of the screw.” The most frequently reproduced sketch of the **Turtle** represents a helical propeller, but for several reasons this representation, though useful, is highly suspect. First, the drawing was made by Lt. F. M. Barber a full century after the construction of the **Turtle**. The operator’s sartorial style is obviously Victorian, as is the haircut and beard. Later illustrators shrewdly changed the attire to that more befitting a Colonial gentleman, but they failed to modify any of the mechanical features in Barber’s interpretation. Secondly, the ship’s propeller, as we now know it today, did not come into general use until thirty years later. While Alan Burgoyne (1903) would have Bushnell returning to conventional oars protruding through leather sleeves in the fashion of Van Drebbel (1620), it is possible that the “oar, formed on the principle of the screw” was a type of paddle-blade with the pitch (or angle) fixed at the hub, a forerunner of Robert Fulton’s “fly.” The single bit of evidence in favor of Barber’s drawing is a passage in a report made in later years by Fulton. This artist-inventor declared that he had introduced the “fly,” a two-bladed affair, because he discovered that the complete twist of an Archimedian screw was unnecessary.

In front of the little conning tower another “oar, formed on the principle of the screw” was directed upward, its axle terminating in the second crank in the interior below the head of the operator. This propeller was used to drive the **Turtle** up or down when near-neutral buoyancy had been established. The boat was steered by an off-set tiller tucked under the left arm of the navigator. A lever on

The surviving parts of the **American Turtle** show that the vessel was a type of *screw* rather than a paddle, and that **Bushnell** had designed an especially effective one-man vessel. It is probable that the innovative application of copper sheeting to the bottom of the **Eagle** saved the flagship of Lord Howe from destruction. The indomitable Lee was able to retreat to Whitehall Stairs, Manhattan, but not until he had released his powder keg and frightened the British. He returned to the plaudits of Generals Israel Putnam and Parsons who waited on the shore. Two
further attempts farther up the Hudson River also failed, but the courage of Sergeant Ezra Lee of Old Lyme, Connecticut, in the first two of these sorties, is not to be forgotten. Indeed, as Washington put it: "... too many things were necessary to be combined to expect much from the issue against an enemy who are always upon guard."

Bushnell's remarkably complete vessel, by far the most perfect and effective submarine boat built before 1881, remained unappreciated in America, although his American turtles might have prevented the capture of Washington and rendered America invulnerable to England in 1812 had they been in hands accustomed to their management.

So wrote John P. Holland, the submarine genius of the 19th century, in the annual marine issue of Cassier's Magazine, (London, 1897).

The "firsts" which Bushnell chalked up in the history of submarine navigation constitute an excellent summary of his work. His was the first American submarine. He was the first to make of an underwater craft a formidable weapon of naval warfare and the first to use this weapon in an actual engagement against the enemy. He was the first to employ piston pumps to empty the water ballast tanks or alternately to assist the skipper in the trimming of his submarine; the first to suggest a "torpedo" (a word later coined by Robert Fulton); the first to prove that longitudinal stability could be achieved without the unnecessary length usually associated with surface vessels — indeed, the Turtle stood on end. Bushnell demonstrated the potency of a one-man submarine either for harbor defense or as a raider. Perhaps to Bushnell also belongs the credit for designing the first practical propeller "formed on the principle of the screw."

The Turtle was sunk by the British during passage on a barge a few days after the abortive attempts on Lord Howe's fleet. Bushnell is said to have recovered his submarine, but abandoned any attempts to develop it. "I had been in a bad state of health from the beginning of my undertaking," he wrote to Thomas Jefferson in 1789, "and now was very unwell; the situation of public affairs was such that I dispaired of obtaining public attention and the assistance necessary."

But Bushnell's threat to the British was not over. In 1777 he attempted to sink the frigate Cerebus as she lay at anchor in Niantic Bay, west of New London, Connecticut. The curiosity of a prize crew aboard the American schooner tied astern of H.M.S. Cerebus led to the death of three and the loss of the schooner, though the Cerebus went unscathed. The men had picked up a line attached to the frigate. At the end of this line Bushnell had planted an "infernal machine," a kind of tandem torpedo set to explode on contact at different depths. The crew aboard the schooner, thinking the line was that of a fisherman, hauled aboard a strange device, examined it, and inadvertently turned an attached wheel setting off a timing device that led to the fatal explosion.

By December 1777, Bushnell's activities took him to Brandon, New Jersey. The British had sealed off the sea approaches to the capital at Philadelphia by stationing its fleet in the Delaware River. Bushnell's plan was to release kegs of gunpowder suspended below the water from small floats. The kegs were set to explode on contact with a solid object, using a flintlock to trigger them. Again the inventor's ingenuity was thwarted by circumstances beyond his control, for the British had moved their ships out of the line of the floating kegs to berths along the shore in order to avoid ice floes that descended on the early January tides. The incident is preserved in the doggerel of Colonial poet Francis Hopkinson as "The Battle of the Kegs," a verse which pokes fun at the British for being perturbed by Bushnell's experiments. Captured by the enemy, Bushnell was promptly released and his true identity was never revealed.

After the Revolution, Bushnell sojourned in France. He began a correspondence with Thomas Jefferson regarding potential submarine warfare. Robert Fulton, also in Europe at the time, initiated his own persistent effort to interest several governments in his able underwater craft, the first of a long line of submarines to bear the name Nautilus. But Bushnell tried in vain to interest the French government in his American turtles. Already sensitive to the moral cries against him for devising "infernal and cowardly weapons," and certainly suffering for lack of funds, he returned to America in complete anonymity. He settled in Georgia under the assumed name of Dr. Bush and practiced medicine until his death in 1826. David Bushnell's eighteenth century efforts at submarine navigation constitute a unique page in the story of the American Revolution, for "that's the way it was 200 years ago."

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President Ford and the Regulatory Agencies: A Step Towards Deregulation?

I

Within the last two years President Ford has on occasion urged proposals designed to alter significantly the scope and functions of the Federal regulatory agencies. Specifically on October 8, 1974, the President asked Congress to create a commission on regulatory reform to study and recommend the elimination of particular regulations that increased costs but did not result in benefits to the consumer. Again in April, 1975, largely as a means of countering Congressional legislation establishing a Federal consumers protection agency, President Ford argued that deregulation would be a greater benefit to the consumer than a new agency.

There is no guarantee that the current level of interest in regulatory reform will result in substantive changes in the scope and activities of the Federal regulatory agencies.

That there does exist rather widespread discontent with Federal regulatory agencies has been attested by articles published even in local papers. Whether this discontent can be perceived as a cohesive reform movement to eliminate or seriously curtail regulatory activities is less certain. Moreover, the Ford proposal to study the regulatory system is not new. Since 1937 studies have been conducted on at least six occasions, with the latest in 1971 at the request of then President Nixon. He in turn subsequently refused to endorse the sweeping changes in administrative structure that the report recommended. As a result the proposals soon fell into limbo. There is, therefore, no guarantee that the current level of interest in regulatory reform will result in substantive changes in the scope and activities of the Federal regulatory agencies.

Nevertheless, the President's interest in regulatory reform does afford the opportunity to examine critically the institution of regulation both in light of its historical mission and as it is currently practiced. Accordingly, in the space allotted us we shall deal briefly with the major historical issues involved in the evolution of regulation and regulatory objectives. This will be followed by a suggested framework for analyzing the effects of regulation. We shall conclude with an evaluation of the merits as well as speculate on the chances for regulatory reform, specifically on those reforms leading to deregulation. At the outset we must recognize that a short survey of this nature can only touch upon the major points of a complicated subject. We can only hope that what may be lost through oversimplification is more than made up through clarification of the central issues involved in evaluating this unique and distinctly American institution.

II

It would considerably simplify our discussion of regulation if there were a clearly defined set of objectives to guide government policy. Unfortunately, this is not the case. To beg the question, regulation is all too often what regulators do. Moreover, they do it rather extensively at both the Federal and state level. Under statutes granting varying degrees of authority to a number of agencies, regulation encompasses banking, finance, and insurance as well as public utilities, transportation and the communications industries. Together these industries generate about 19 percent of all the wages, rents, interest, and profits earned in the United States.

The Constitutional basis for this authority rests in the right of the state to intervene in industries "affected with the public interest." But what constitutes the public interest and what industries would be affected? The British legal tradition dating back to 1670 granted monopoly status to suppliers of important transportation services deemed to be "affected with the public interest." In return for the franchise accorded them these suppliers had an obligation to serve the public. As a result the state placed constraints upon them, such as the right to oversee the fares they charged.

Necessity of service and monopoly status were the grounds for applying the public interest doctrine.

In this country by the 1870s several states had created regulatory commissions to oversee railroad rates and related operations such as grain elevators. In a landmark Supreme Court decision, Munn v. Illinois, it was acknowledged that states could regulate concerns "affected with the public interest." Necessity of service and monopoly status were the grounds for applying the public interest doctrine. In addition the decision set monopoly of a service "as the prime target of regulation." Thus there came to be a nexus between monopoly and regulation. Moreover in some markets it was thought that substantial overhead costs would make it possible for only one firm to operate at a profit; that is, cost conditions would lead to a natural monopoly. Consequently where monopoly appeared to be inevitable, a convenient
rationalization existed for granting an exclusive franchise to a supplier and for establishing a regulatory body to prevent or minimize some of the perceived abuses of monopoly, including the high level of prices and profits and price discrimination among customers.

Thus it has been argued that railroads in the 19th century were subject to overhead expenditures of such magnitude (tracks, terminals, equipment, and the like) that only a single line could economically serve most pairs of cities. A similar argument could be made for the supply of municipal water services. Moreover, subsequent development of the heavily capital intensive electric, gas, and telephone utilities served to extend the scope of the natural monopoly argument. Even if the monopoly was not complete sometimes cost conditions precluded a large number of firms from competing so that those firms operating in markets with high overhead costs might be perceived to have considerable if not complete monopoly power.

Consequently, the first attempt at Federal regulation, establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1887, was an effort "to attack specific problems associated with concentrated economic power;" 10 that is, to regulate and control monopoly in the public interest. As a general rule the state public utility commissions, established early in the 20th century, operated under the same philosophy. In the context of the times monopoly was a popular political issue. Regulation, as students of American economic history know, was one response. Antitrust was another. The general theme of the era was to promote competition wherever possible and to regulate and control those firms in industries where cost conditions led inevitably to monopoly.

By the 1920s, however, the populist fervor that helped to spawn the monopoly issue had waned, yet regulation was on the threshold of expanding its mandate. Although there were signs of change in the 1920s, the Great Depression provided the necessary catalyst for rapid expansion. As a result "affected with the public interest" began to take on a wider connotation. By 1934 in Nebbia v. New York, 11 the Supreme Court acknowledged that virtually any industry could be deemed to be "affected with the public interest" and hence subject to regulation. Natural monopoly and necessity of service such as those provided by public utilities were no longer necessary conditions for regulation.

Furthermore, while the local electric or water company may indeed supply a "necessary" service and may tend towards natural monopoly, the latter concept even when employed as a justification for regulation was often overdrawn. For example, in the case of railroads it has been shown that about the time of the inception of the ICC, there were but a few cases of small-haul and short-haul markets in which it could be said that the costs of operation justified no more than a single railroad. 12 In addition with the development of other forms of transportation, particularly interstate trucking, there arrived a new mode of competition for railroads. Since government built the highways, by no stretch of the imagination were the overhead costs of interstate trucking so high as to warrant regulation as a natural monopoly. Nevertheless, with encouragement from the railroads the Motor Carrier Act of 1935 brought much of the trucking industry under the jurisdiction of the ICC. The populist fervor that helped spawn regulation was gone yet the institution survived and prospered.

As regulation evolved it did so for a variety of reasons often unrelated to the problem of controlling monopoly power.

Consequently, as regulation evolved it did so for a variety of reasons often unrelated to the problem of controlling monopoly power. Under the Communications Act of 1934, for example, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) was given no authority to regulate prices and profits in broadcasting. Its sole function was and is to allocate radio and subsequently television frequencies in the public interest. When the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) was established, it was given no authority over prices and profits. This responsibility was given, although not initially, to the Civil Aeronautics Board. Air traffic control, however, was and is a major responsibility of the FAA.

Superimposed upon the problems of clarifying the scope of regulation are the legal complexities of overlapping jurisdictions between and among Federal and state agencies. The Federal Power Commission may grant licenses to electric utilities to build and maintain hydroelectric facilities along rivers. At the same time the rates charged and the profits earned may be subject only to control of the state utility commission in the state in which the company is domiciled. If, however, some of the electricity generated is sold in interstate commerce, then the rates charged for that portion of the electricity marketed would again be subject to the jurisdiction of the Federal Power Commission. Finally, if the utility was a subsidiary of a holding company, the types and amounts of securities issued by both the holding company and its subsidiaries would be subject to the rules and regulations of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) under authority granted it by Public Utility Holding Company Act 1935.
The author was recently confronted with these facts in preparing testimony as a financial witness in a case before the Federal Power Commission. Briefly, the utility involved had been called upon by environmental organizations to construct a fishway to allow shad and eventually salmon to move upstream along the Connecticut River. There appeared to be no dispute over the obligation of the utility to construct such a facility, although management wanted to delay construction because it was experiencing, as were many utilities, difficulties in obtaining funds for its program of plant expansion.

Issues pertaining to the timing and building of the fishways are subject to the jurisdiction of the Federal Power Commission. While at this writing final decision on a plan is still pending, it is likely that once built the subsequent costs involved in maintaining and servicing the facility will flow through to the consumers as rate increases. The necessary rate increases, however, would have to be granted by the state public utility commission.

It was thought that with regulation firms could protect themselves from price competition and from new entrants into the industry.

Moreover, since the utility is a subsidiary of a holding company the securities issued to finance the project must conform to the rules and regulations of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Without suggesting that this specific case will run afoul of the diffusion of regulatory activity, it is clear that overlapping jurisdictions may complicate the resolution of a particular issue.

Finally, the ever-expanding scope and complexity of regulation have in recent years led students of the subject both to reassess the conventional thinking with respect to its origins and to search for new hypotheses to explain or predict regulatory behavior. With respect to the origins of regulation, several writers have suggested that often the desire to regulate monopoly, while politically popular, may in reality have been a less important factor than the desire of the industries involved to be regulated. Indeed it was thought that with regulation firms could protect themselves from price competition and from new entrants into the industry. This theme, particularly protection from price competition, is what underlies some of the recent literature of political economy (or in more modern terminology, "social choice") is that regulatory behavior can often be explained or predicted on the basis of its effect on the distribution of wealth and income. Moreover, there is inherent in the regulatory process "a persistent tendency to make socially undesirable policy, even if the agency is motivated to 'do good' rather than to promote the regulated industry." These two views of the regulatory process are not necessarily incompatible with one another, although the "capture hypothesis" is more specific as to the major recipient of any redistribution while the latter need not be. The real world, however, is far more complicated than either view suggests.

If left to their own devices airlines would probably expand service in the long haul markets while curtailing or eliminating it in many of the short haul markets.

Consider, for example, the regulation of airline fares by the Civil Aeronautics Board. The CAB may be able to control prices and profits so that consumers do not pay fares that on balance would lead to what might be perceived as excessive profits accruing to the shareholders of airlines stocks. At the same time the structure of fares could be set so that some routes between two cities are highly profitable while others result in losses. In particular, fares on short haul routes where 60 percent or less of the seats are filled can and do fail to cover costs while those on longer haul routes are generally profitable. The term applied to this policy is cross-subsidization. It represents a redistribution of income from those travelling a relatively long distance on routes where most of the seats are filled, perhaps distances of 500 miles or more, to those taking shorter trips on planes where most of the seats remain empty. At the same time by controlling the amount of service on the profitable routes (that is, by controlling entry into these markets) the CAB prevents price competition among airlines; that is, it stabilizes to the benefit of the industry the price of some airline services. In addition cross-subsidization is a means by which the CAB can carry out its statutory mandate to promote the development of air transportation services. If left to their own devices airlines would probably expand service in the long haul markets while curtailing or eliminating it in many of the short haul markets.

The CAB, therefore, might well be perceived as balancing the collective interests of consumers in low fares against the economic well-being of the airlines all within a framework designed to promote airline travel. The major beneficiaries of these policies would appear to be those trunk airlines with a preponderance of long haul schedules where the seats are usually filled and those consumers who happen to confine most of their flying to relatively short trips. Thus not all airlines or all consumers stand to benefit from CAB policy.

III

The foregoing example serves as a point of departure for illustrating some of the difficulties involved in evaluating the performance of regulatory bodies. Agencies often serve multiple and sometimes conflicting objectives.
Fortunately the CAB need only concern itself with the development and promotion of air transportation. For the ICC, under whose jurisdiction a number of modes of transport fall, the task is more difficult. Thus Congress on one occasion declared its belief that:

(1) an adequate national transportation system must include the development of all modes of transport, (2) regulation must be impartial, and (3) the inherent advantages of each type of carrier shall be recognized and preserved. Any regulatory agency, no matter how brilliant its staff or commissioners, would fail to implement this set of objectives. If it chose to be impartial and recognized the inherent advantages of one type of transport over another, the ICC would allow the lower cost suppliers through price competition to attract whatever share of the market they could.

Indeed, Professor Peck of Yale has estimated that comprehensive rate deregulation would result in a 10 percent shift in freight revenues from barges and a similar shift from trucks to railroads. Yet how would such a policy fare in light of a mandate to develop all modes of transport? Clearly it would not fare well. It should not come as a surprise, therefore, that when railroads introduced the concept of trailer on a flatcar or piggybacking they were not allowed to do so in the most efficient manner. Cost calculations suggested that as a rule the lowest cost method of moving the cargo of a truck was to design flatcars carrying only the containers built for one truckload. ICC revenue requirements for flatcars, however, had the effect of forcing the railroad to charge twice as much for a flatcar designed to carry one truck as for one designed to carry two trucks. In addition, because flatcars regardless of length, cannot have different prices for containers than for whole trailers, the trucking industry has no incentive to use containers, although the cost of switching to containers would have been well worth the savings in transport costs.

It is consumers, of course, and the agent for the lower cost innovation, in this case the railroads, who bear the burden. The former pay higher commodity prices resulting from unnecessarily high transportation costs. The latter lose revenues that might otherwise be used to offset the overhead costs of what might otherwise be underutilized transportation capacity. Considering the financial plight of many railroads and the congestion on some highways a shift in freight traffic to the former might have benefits in addition to those accruing to consumers from lower transport costs.

A change in regulatory policy would affect more than those who consume the products or those who supply them.

Of course, increased rail carriage at the expense of truck hauls would by definition mitigate traffic congestion on the highways. In addition, rail carriage has the possibility of being less energy consuming and less polluting than at least trucks if not water carriers. At the same time any substantial shift from one mode to another has other costs. The increase in demand for personnel to maintain and operate the rail system would be accompanied by a decrease in employment in the water carriage and trucking industries. There is no guarantee that a transfer out of one industry into the other would take place smoothly. Indeed, severe personal dislocations are likely.

In our continuing contribution to the deterioration of the English language, we economists lump the above considerations under a single heading — *externalities*. By this term we mean in the context employed that a change in regulatory policy would affect more than those who consume the products or those who supply them. Removal of the ICC control over rates would have ramifications beyond an immediate impact on prices paid by consumers and profits earned by producers of transportation services.

The President is as correct in applying benefit-cost analysis to health and safety proposals as he is to rate reduction in the transportation industries.

Recognition and measurement of the direct benefits and costs as well as the externalities involved are the essence of the modern approach to evaluating regulatory policy. By employing what economists and others call a *benefit-cost* framework, we have a quantitative basis for judging the effectiveness of regulation. Where costs more than marginally exceed benefits or where the ratio of benefits to costs is less than one, a policy or set of regulatory policies should be called into question.

We cannot, of course, gainsay that benefit-cost measures are at best subject to margins of error. Consider, for example, a recent estimate of the Office of Management and Budget (OMB) that regulation costs the country $130 billion per year or $2,000 per family. Representative Moss of California criticized this estimate for, among other things, failing to take into account the benefits of government regulation. In particular, Moss argued that the $40 to $60 billion estimate by the OMB of the annual costs of maintaining environmental standards failed to subtract the social costs of the pollution eliminated.

Criticism of the results, of course, is all to the good. The contribution of quantitative studies to a discussion of public policy is the fact that they draw critics to the assumptions underlying the models used, to the quality of the data employed, and the like. The appropriate refinements should follow, leading to improved if not “optimum” results. One can then employ his or her judgment as to whether the best estimates available warrant an alteration in public policy.

Criticism of the benefit-cost framework, however, is in this writer’s view unwarranted. Thus we would disagree with Representative Moss who in response to a Ford speech on regulation was quoted as saying that the “President’s statement indicates he is beguiled by so-called benefit-cost ratios in evaluating public health and safety proposals.” On the contrary, the author would argue that the President is as correct in applying benefit-cost analysis to health and safety proposals as he is to rate reduction in the...
transportation industries. It is possible that because the externalities may be more important in the former, benefits and costs may be more difficult to estimate and hence may be subject to a wider margin of error. To the extent that this is true the results are more tenuous but the analysis remains intact.

It is the author's contention, however, that all regulation should come under scrutiny.

Nevertheless, the comment of Moss does indicate the nature of what appears to be the substance of the political debate over deregulation. As a general rule there is widespread sympathy for economic deregulation; that is, for loosening the grip of regulatory agencies over rates charged, over entry into the industry, and so forth. Nowhere is this sentiment, at least among students of the subject, so pronounced as in the regulation of transportation.22

On the other hand, when we turn to agencies or policies concerned with safety, quality control, and other measures associated with consumer protection; that is, with consumer regulation, many want more rather than less government intervention. Consumer advocate Ralph Nader and his colleague Mark Green perhaps best express this point of view:

A traveler can compare the prices of taking a plane or bus between Washington and New York City, and arrive at a choice without the need of a C.A.B. or an I.C.C. But can consumers smell carbon monoxide seeping into a car, detect that the drug they are giving their children is mutagenic, or taste the cancerous pesticides that went into the production of their food.23

Moreover, to them regulatory price-fixing perpetuates a cartel and hence is to the profit of producers while consumer regulation benefits consumers.24

The difficulty with this view is that it appears to subscribe to the "capture hypothesis" where economic regulation is the chief concern but not where safety, quality control and related matters are the major issue. What prevents a regulatory agency from being "captured" on one set of issues but not on another set?

The above criticism is not meant to disparage Mr. Nader. He has made a distinct contribution to the public's awareness of the frailties of the regulatory agencies, something that students of the subject have failed to do. It is the author's contention, however, that all regulation should come under scrutiny. If areas exist where the benefits of regulation exceed the costs — safety regulation of surface and air transportation is such a possibility — the results should come to the public's attention as should those cases where costs exceed benefits. Appropriate steps may then be taken to retain, extend, or remove regulations depending upon the outcome of the analysis.

Furthermore, to argue as some have that the nation needs a consumers protection agency as "an institutionalized voice in the federal regulatory process to balance that of industry,"25 is a remarkably naive notion. It suggests first that there will be sufficient unanimity of opinion among consumers to offset the "control" firms in the industry exercise over the regulatory agencies involved and second that consumer opinion would reflect the long run interests of the country. The author can conceive of cases where representatives of consumers might approach unanimity but possibly at the expense of the longer run interests of themselves and the nation.

Consider regulation of natural gas at the well head, a relatively recent phenomenon said by the U.S. Supreme Court in the 1950s to be a responsibility of the Federal Power Commission under the Natural Gas Act of 1938. After some experimenting, the FPC established in 1965 a "two tier" price system that resulted in a lower price for "old gas" than for new gas. "The purpose of setting a lower ceiling on 'old gas' already committed to the interstate markets is to transfer income from producers to consumers."26

What started as an attempt to assist consumers has helped to stimulate a shortage of a basic source of energy.

New gas, however, soon becomes "old gas" as the FPC moves the cutoff date forward in time. Natural gas producers, therefore, must assume that the price they negotiate in an interstate contract will only rise as the FPC allows the price of "old gas" to rise. Currently the rate for old gas moving in interstate commerce is 23 1/2 cents per 1000 cubic feet with a scheduled rise in July 1976 to 29 1/2 cents per 1000 cubic feet. Pipelines selling the gas within the state where it is produced are, of course, not subject to FPC controls. Prices for intrastate gas have ranged from $1 to $2 per 1000 cubic feet.27 Meanwhile the costs of exploration and development have not escaped the general inflationary trend we have experienced in recent years. At the same time rates on "old gas" remain lower than they would otherwise be in an unfettered market. Given these facts we can expect that producers will not search as extensively for new gas, will not negotiate long term contracts for its delivery, and will keep as much gas as possible out of interstate commerce.

Basic economic analysis and more elaborate "economic" models have borne out these expectations. As a result we face an acute shortage of natural gas that can best be alleviated by elimination of FPC controls at the well head.28 As of this writing legislation to do so was still pending in Congress. If there were a consumer advocacy agency one suspects that it would be arguing in favor of retention of controls. It would be doing so in spite of the fact that only those few consumers still under long term contracts for "old" gas would be enjoying the benefits. Others sooner or later will experience shortages or be forced to use higher priced substitutes. Thus what started as an attempt to assist consumers has helped to stimulate a shortage of a basic source of energy.

IV

The political debate over more or less regulation is often couched in generalities. Thus regulation is denounced by some as "government intervention in the free market" and praised by others as protection for the consumer and in some cases the small businessman or farmer against the corporate giants. Below the superficial rhetoric that
surrounds the debate lies what is perhaps a truly ambivalent attitude toward regulation. On the one hand President Ford can appeal to a basic disenchantment with the institution, the bureaucracies that underlie it, the complex and often arcane pronouncements that come from these bureaucracies, and above all the lack of visible benefits to the public. At the same time there is the nagging fear that without these bureaucracies the quality or safety of many of the products and services we consume would deteriorate. Moreover, there is widespread appeal in the notion that regulatory agencies staffed with "honest" men and women are capable of preventing large corporations from abusing the public; that is, from profiting at the expense of the public.

Perhaps because of this ambivalence there seems to be no widespread popular consensus to press for deregulation on a broad front. As a result substantive changes that do occur will come about on a piecemeal basis.

On occasion, a combination of circumstances does work to promote a measure of deregulation. In May, 1975 the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) presided over the demise of the fixed commission rate structure in the brokerage industry, a practice that had been perpetuated by the New York Stock Exchange since its inception in 1792. While the author has developed elsewhere the reasons for ending the system, suffice it to say that its breakdown was due more to structural changes in the market for brokerages services, particularly the shift from individual to institutional investors, than to the SEC. Conceived in 1934 the primary function of the SEC was to oversee legislation designed to prevent fraud and manipulation in the issuance of and trading in securities. Consequently it acquired in the system of brokerage commissions until market forces, combined with encouragement from Congress and the courts, caused it to promote competitively determined brokerage rates.

Perhaps a different set of circumstances, most likely dislocations resulting from a severe shortage of natural gas, will bring about price competition in that industry. This piecemeal approach to deregulation is in the author's view unfortunate, although given the ambivalence of the body politic toward regulatory agencies, it is understandable. Nevertheless, it may be worthwhile to continue to press for greater freedom from regulatory constraints. Even if the net loss of regulation turned out to be only 50 percent of the original OMB figure, we would still conclude that $1,000 per family is not an insignificant sum.

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1 The major agencies involved are: The Federal Power Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Federal Maritime Commission, and the Federal Communications Commission.


3 See, for example, Donald Lambro, "U.S. Regulatory Agencies are Under Fire," Hartford Times, December 21, 1975, p. 11.


7 Clair Wilcox and William C. Shepherd, op. cit., p. 353.

8 Munn v. Illinois 94 U.S. 113 (1877).

9 Clair Wilcox and William C. Shepherd, op. cit., p. 354.

10 Roger Noll, op. cit., p. 37.


15 See Roger Noll, op. cit., p. 40.


17 Charles F. Phillips, Jr., op. cit., p. 468.


22 Clair Wilcox and William G. Shepherd, op. cit., p. 496.


Profile of an Artist: Richard Tuttle
by Jolene Goldenthal

Art, as we know it today, is in a state of flux, pushed backward and thrust forward by conflicting multiple urges. Young artists are seeking, as artists historically have sought, more personal forms of expression. One of the most quietly powerful agents for change has been Richard Tuttle, Trinity '63, who emerged swiftly onto the world art scene just two years following his graduation from Trinity.

Tuttle's work, which has been labeled "Minimal," is deceptively simple, so simple that it has aroused enormous controversy. His important one-man show at the Whitney Museum of American Art last fall, characterized by the museum as "a major examination of his work," stimulated fiery discussion and a barrage of loudly conflicting critical opinion.

Richard Tuttle and I were, briefly, fellow students at Trinity. In the spring term of 1963, Dick's senior year, Stephen Silvestri, assistant editor of this magazine, and I journeyed to New York to see it. She arranged an interview with Dick, who met us at the museum. We saw the show, and then, all through a dark and rainy afternoon, we sat in the small restaurant at the Whitney and talked, and ate, and talked some more.

Upstairs, people came and went to see the final portion of his three-part show, hanging on the entire second floor of the museum. Challenged, entranced, baffled, mystified, they wandered in and out, while downstairs, still, we talked.

"An exhibition in a gallery is an exhibition in a gallery," Dick mused. "Whatever it is I'm dreaming of, it's not this."

His first gallery show was at the Betty Parsons Gallery in 1965. In a nice continuum, some of the work from that show, the first pieces that he made in New York, were included in the Whitney exhibit. These are a series of small paper cubes, simple lightweight forms, architectural in concept, each with a varied opening.

All of his work since then has come out of these pieces, he feels. Everything since then "has been about the inside of the cube looking out." They were a breakthrough for him, a way of "finding one's voice" which he compared to "that heart beating a little faster that happened in Steve's class... the sensation of getting close to something."

At Trinity, Dick was a fine arts major, and editor, in his junior year, of a highly controversial issue of the Ivy. He had been a student member of the committee for the yet-to-be-built Austin Arts Center, and had designed a cover and illustrations for the Cesare Barbieri Courier. But, simultaneously, he had been waiting, marking time, to do what he had longed to do since childhood: go to art school.

Immediately upon graduation, he applied to tuition-free Cooper Union in New York, a school so highly competitive that 5000 students apply annually. Dick was rejected and, ironically, received word that his entrance scores had been the highest in the school's history.

Tuttle was working at that time for Albert Holland, vice president in charge of development at Trinity. Greatly discouraged, he told Holland of his rejection. Holland phoned Cooper Union and they reversed the earlier decision.

Dreams, long sought, often have a way of going awry, and Tuttle's dream of art school shortly did just that. After one semester and two weeks of the next, he left art school. "I'd been waiting my lifetime for this," he said. "But we found each other mutually incompatible. By then I'd begun getting very much interested in my own work. Then I began to realize that they weren't interested."

Dick left school and enlisted in the Air Force. He wanted to be a pilot, seeing this as "an image for independence." "When one is 20 or 21, one is very much involved with the urgent thing of putting together a legend for oneself," he explained with a smile.

Tuttle's Air Force career lasted only six weeks. But when he got out a fortuitous event set his career in art in motion. Jobless, he went to a museum opening, met the then director of the Betty Parsons Gallery, Jock Truman, and heard him say that the gallery needed somebody to work part time. Dick asked, "What about me?" and was hired.

Dick began working afternoons as a "gallery assistant" (a euphemism for broom pusher, he says), using the free morning hours to create his own pieces. "It was a terrific job," he remembers. "Lots of terrific artists. It was an atmosphere that fell encouraging to do what I wanted to do."

He made the Paper Cubes, mentioned earlier, in 1964 at the gallery, and they now belong to Betty Parsons, who keeps them near her desk. They were included in his first show, in 1965 at the gallery. "The kick (about them) was finding a format," Dick explained. "The cube became the vehicle. The difficult thing about them is that they are about weight. It mattered to me that they were so light. Like air."

This quality of lightness ranks high in any consideration of Tuttle's work. It has been labelled "Minimal," but minimal is a harsh word and, I think, a misnomer. It connotes the heavy and severe type of metal sculpture that Donald Judd was doing in the 60's. Tuttle's work is in basic opposition to that kind of formal minimalism. He deliberately selects lightweight materials, paper, cloth, and tin, or materials with a certain amount of available elasticity, like soft string or fine wire.
At times the work relates to photography, with emphasis on light and shadow. The curve formed by the shadow of a wire in some of his work is, for him, an integral planned part of the piece. Totally, of course, it is a changing work, for shadows shift with light mutations. But room for change and spontaneity are what he seeks. Letting things happen, catching and holding the spontaneity of the moment is of prime importance to Tuttle.

Tuttle works quickly, by choice. But he adds that some of his work, such as the Paper Octagonals, set up a "paradox of spending hours of time in preparation and then the actual work may take two minutes." Normally, though, he feels that "the longer I take, the more chance there is for errors to enter or dominate."

Deliberate spontaneity delights him. "I can't work any old time. It just happens, it happens fast. Whether or not the work is the preparation or the time is, I don't know and I can't know."

For me, the essence of Tuttle's art can be expressed in two words: simplicity and spontaneity. Everything that he makes clearly demonstrates a striving for these twin goals. Striving, because in order to achieve simplicity today, the artist is forced to peel back layers of habit, convention, and regulation, and to substitute for these self-discovery, and more important, a sense of newness, of beginning again.

That is, I think, what Tuttle means when he speaks of children's art, "little kids' art." Ideally, a child comes fresh and new to drawing, takes a crayon and marks with excitement and with delight, on paper, on cloth, on walls, on anything.

Tuttle's own wall drawings are done directly on large open areas of museum wall space. He draws these himself for a particular exhibit, and they have been done for shows in Dallas (at the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts), in Hartford (at MATRIX in the Wadsworth Atheneum) and at the Whitney. These are transitory images drawn directly on the walls and, by plan, painted over, erased, when the exhibit is over.

It is fascinating to consider the contradictory impulses at work here, the sense of spontaneity and, working in direct opposition, the necessity to capture, permanently, the fleeting image.

His sketch for a wall drawing done in Dallas in 1971 was included in the Whitney show. Tuttle analysed it as "a very simple thing. You start with a unit, drop it around, move the point, drop it again. It can be any size and in any place. The work is just about the invention of a scheme."

All true. Yet the philosophical implications hidden in the warring images of a permanent drawing and a transitory wall sketch of the same work, will not disappear, even as we recognize that spontaneity is a function of the creative portion of the work. Completed, the urge to keep and to record takes over.

Books, of course, are the perfect vehicle for keeping and recording, and Tuttle is captivated by the making of books. Characteristically, his are small edition arrange-
ments of hand drawn sheets of line drawings, done on a litho die cut background. They have been shown in some of his museum exhibits, most recently at MATRIX, where his book "Interlude" was exhibited together with a large wall drawing and a group of drawings on paper, all of which related to the line images of the book.

Tuttle is charmed by oblique philosophical statement. His definition of that book: "The book was about the ability to tear out the page and have prints."

Question: "Is it a book or prints?"

Answer: "It's finally an object."

Enormous emphasis has been placed on every statement that Tuttle makes about his work. A good deal, for example, has been said about Tuttle's insistence on "gesture." He has been quoted as placing great importance on hand and arm movements, and on the magic of these, together, achieving a line on paper. But these statements, read, continued to puzzle me, until I was able to ask him, finally, why this emphasis on what was essentially a matter of basic physical coordination?

"Gesture," it seems, is based on a marvelous child's memory of watching his grandfather draw, the arm and the hand reaching out and, miraculously, on the paper, a resultant clear and definite line. Dick was only about four years old, he told me, when this happened. He was totally fascinated by that mind-to-hand observation, the idea of thinking through what was wanted and then willing the hand to execute it. It is this simple and powerful childhood memory that today emphasizes, for him, the importance of "gesture."

Tuttle's is a purposefully spare art, focusing on the slightest image, the shadow of that image, a miniscule shift or change. In the positive sense, his attitude towards his work takes us back to the beginnings of art, stripping away almost everything that has been accomplished to force a new beginning.

He has abandoned that which has become too familiar, overly used, to begin again, as a child begins. The philosophy of newness, of beginning again, is inescapable in any serious consideration of his work: "We've gone as far as we can go, become as practiced and sophisticated as we can be, we've reached the end of that road and now it's time to turn back, to begin again."

His work is difficult primarily because it is so amazingly simple. With that simplicity, everything extraneous is stripped away. Images are honed down to an outline or a fine line, a shadow of that line, or a combination of the two.

To me, Tuttle's work reflects an essentially Oriental attitude, one that, ideally, erases or sacrifices the non-essentials, even destroys them, to emphasize the nuances, the subtleties, the small touch of rightness. Yet, until I was able to ask him directly, I never realized how acute his feelings for the Orient actually are.

"I've always been attracted to the Orient, without really knowing why," he told me. "I've generally been uncomfortable in America. The first time that I went to Japan I felt that I was home."

Tuttle's first trip to Japan was in the Summer of 1968, a time of assassination and conflict in this country. He had made "a major breakthrough" in his work (constructing cloth pieces) and "felt entirely drained. I remember in the spring of that year there was a lunar eclipse. I felt that the future didn't bode well. I intended to stay in Japan for a year, to live in the mountains. When I went, I lived in a town, just long enough to learn enough language so that I could go into the mountains. If there is anything to reincarnation, I suspect that in my last life, I lived in Japan. I'm really homesick for the Orient . . . ."

Tuttle, at 34, has been extremely influential, particularly among young artists. His stripped-down work, sparse use of ordinary materials, pieces that might once have been considered studies for more elaborate works, have made a definite mark on the current art scene. His work has been shown and collected in locations as diverse as Paris, Milan, Ireland, Los Angeles, Dallas and New York. Whether he has sought it or not (and I think not) he is a leader.

He once rejected the importance of "success, fame, future" for a life of art, and has now achieved those same unsought goals. But he is as perceptive and as honest as he was at 20, and the irony of this has not escaped him. "Close friends have said I've changed. I've lost something with this show (at the Whitney). There are certain moments that you have to lose something to gain something. And maybe what you've gained may not be as precious as what you've lost. I do feel in my life at this point that the more success I have in terms of my art career, the more I fail in terms of what I really want. I don't think we ever get to know what it is we really want. We do have insights from time to time. If I said 'peace of mind' that's not just it. One goes through life trying to understand . . . ."

Jolene Goldenthal, art critic for The Hartford Courant, received her M.A. degree from Trinity in 1969.
POETRY

by Stephen Thomas

Low cat in an old tree
he perching
on the highest of high
branches i mean he
up there

GRAVITY

"Gravity is the root of grace and the
mainstay of all speed" — Lao Tzu

i say
your gravity bores me
your scrutiny the piercing
eyes these are the worst
my friend you are
mean with me because you
are stuck with self-assertion
and independence and if
our friendship went
unchecked we would grow to
love each other in some
kinky
defenseless way
lets dance

FISH THE EDGES OF THE DEEP

i do not want it and
i do not need it and
if it were to visit me i
would walk right out on it
in the background of
this a man speaks to his
wife he is saying i
want you to leave me
i can never leave you
please leave me i could
never leave you i have
never loved you fish the
dges of the deep i
mean let it slide
along the walls of that
channel which flows through
the center or you might
hide in shallows or
some earlier drop-off
(not unlike skipping a beat)
one is altered as
one proceeds a small hand-painted japanese will take
your coat at the door
you are there
my first big glove
i miss you baby i
miss you come live
with me my wife will
like you too
(is this itself a fish? asked
little nemo, no, says me, it
is certainly looser than that)

TO HIS LOVER

here he is this he
he is waiting and he is
restless
on the way to his shop
he listens
for the footsteps behind
the brush of leaf which
marks his path
above
the quiet and more interesting
ways of
getting along
he is rattled vexed by
light and
uninsured there is no
harsh sound which dis­
tracts him
he feels himself alone he says
"something has emptied itself
of me"
he likes you you
encourage him and he likes
that you comfort him
he told me

CHEMOTAXIS
(for Tom Ingolia)
i mean i
am drawn to you there are statistics i am a
young man america is a young country i am
a priest a vegetarian i wish
someday to visit kansas
i am drawn away from you you are my food
enigma sets
in america grows old my manhood falters
loose ends
once treasured
are beyond my reach i am complete
god forbid and
simple
this is a year for passion this is a year
for triumph
there is unqualified terror in your face
you see i wind away from myself
this is the one natural act
a very tall man leans interested towards
a very tall woman the sight both fascinates
and pleases me as they form an angle of
sixty degrees
i am drawn to you i am leaning towards you
i live here i said
so do i you replied with conviction

Stephen Thomas, a member of the Class of 1976,
has been named a Watson Fellow.
I hang up the phone slowly. She is dead, I tell myself. Fay's mother is dead. Thank God.

My wife calls from the bedroom. "Who was that on the phone?"

I walk up the stairs and into the bedroom. "It was the nursing home, Fay. Your mother is dead." She cries softly, her head in my arms, the dye of her brown hair leaving smudges on my white t-shirt. The alarm clock rings and Fay jumps. She leans back against the headboard and tells me not to wake the girls. She wants to tell them herself, but not quite yet. I want to tell Fay that it's for the best. We're just a family now. She wouldn't understand.

The stairs would creak, Mother's head come around the corner, "So Fay, what's new?" She would say. Her stockings are rolled around rubber garters, and full of tiny runs sewed closed with white thread. "So Fay, what's new?"

"Nothing, Mother," Fay would say.
"So you just don't want to tell me. I understand. So you just don't want to tell me. That's fine." Her garters would gradually fall to the top of her knees and her stockings would bag. "Okay, I understand," she would say, climbing back up the stairs to her room. "I understand."

"Len," Fay says, "I have to call my sister."
"Do you want me to make the calls?" I say.
"No, she's my sister."

"Yes, I say. Fay wraps her hand around mine as we walk down the stairs and into the kitchen. Her hand is clammy and I pull my hand tight, hoping that it will slip out of her grasp. Slowly, she takes a breath and begins to dial. Half way through dialing the number, she hangs up the phone. "Damn," she says, "Wrong number. I just can't think straight." Fay takes another breath, wipes her hands against the material of her bright yellow bathrobe and walks to the stove. "Do you want some tea?" she says.

"No," I say.

Fay fills the kettle and turns on the burner. I put a teabag in a cup and hand the cup to Fay.

"Thank you," she says. Fay puts the cup on the counter and walks back to the phone. Her fingers tremble as she dials. I hear the phone ring in her ear. Seven rings, then Sonya answers.

"Sonya, this is Fay," Fay begins to cry, "Sonya, Momma's dead." Fay is sobbing, I take the phone from her.

"I told you not to put her in that Home." Sonya's voice is deep, her accent is slight, definite traces of Mother's tones.

"Sonya, Mother's dead," I say.
"I didn't have the room for her. You shouldn't have put her in that Home. You had the room."

"Sonya, Momma's dead," I whisper.
"I know. She was sick. The home didn't make any difference. She would have died anyway. I know. She's dead." Sonya says.
The tea kettle rings loudly. I tell Sonya that Fay needs me. She says that she will come over, later this morning. I say fine, she hangs up.

Fay is sitting at the kitchen table, crying still, loudly in big sobs and then in little whimpers. I hear the girls walking down the stairs.

"How come you’re not at the office? I thought you had an early appointment this morning," Alison says. Her upper lip is already twitching, her eyes full with tears.

"What’s wrong?" Barbara says and starts to chew on a piece of her dark hair.

"Take the hair out of your mouth," Fay says.

"What’s wrong?" Barbara says.

"Grandma’s dead." I say.

"Grandma’s dead?" Alison says.

"When did you find out?" Alison says.

"Early this morning. Your father answered the call," Fay says.

"Why didn’t you wake me?" Alison looks angry.

"You needed your sleep," Fay says.

"How did it happen?" Alison says.

"In her sleep," Fay says.

"Grandma’s really dead?" Alison asks.

"Thank God," I say.

"What?" Fay says.

"Thank God she didn’t suffer," I say. They all cry.

The apartment is cold, when Mary wakes up. Next to her, Ruben is snoring. Across the room, Freida and Bela are completely hidden by their blankets. Mary gets out of bed quietly and runs over the cold floor, into the bathroom. She looks into the bathroom mirror. Nose, eyes, ears, mouth, every part accounted for. She smiles slowly, her long face gathering new fullness, prettiness, and then she lets go. Her face drops, the tears fall. How old am I? She thinks. She smiles again, drops the smile, smiles again, drops the smile, smiles again and drops the smile. She thinks that she will go crazy if she can’t decide her age. Finally, there are no more tears. I am thirty and ninety, she decides and turns away. The baby is crying.

Carefully, she gathers him into her arms and carries him through the bathroom to the kitchen. Mary lights the stove and then sits, rocking him slowly back and forth.

"Yes, yes, I know you are cold. It will be warm soon. Come, stop crying. Look, Bela, see the sun, soon it will be bright. Do you think it will snow today? Maybe Freida will stay home from school and build a snowman for you. Maybe your father won’t go to and it will be too cold for the neighbors to bring us their dirty laundry. We can all sit in the kitchen, together, and I’ll make a good soup. Come, Bela stop crying," Mary says. He doesn’t stop. "So keep crying," she says.

She struggles to give the baby her love. But the memory of his birth is still aching in her. The feel of his soft head, in her arms, reminds her of the night of his birth. Ruben goes for a doctor, a friend of a friend of a friend’s brother. The doctor is at a party. He walks into their room, smiling and joking; he is drunk. Bela is delivered on the kitchen table. The doctor’s forceps hit the baby’s eye. For a long time, the eye is swollen. Then it opens, sees, but is large and misshapen. "Bela, sleep," Mary says, "Close the eyes." This is Ruben’s son, Mary thinks, putting a hand on its little neck and squeezing. "So this is the way it will be," Mary says, "My monster, my monster." Now the baby is sleeping and smiling.

"So there you are," Ruben says, as he walks into the kitchen.

"Where should I be?" Mary says.

"What a good mood, you’re in. Go tell Freida to get out of bed, she shouldn’t be late for school," he says.

"Here, take your son," Mary says.

I say that I think it would be a good idea to clean Mother’s room. Fay stares at me and looks surprised, but when I explain that the longer we wait, the harder it will be, she nods. I tell the girls that now they will each have a room of their own. Barbara says that she would be afraid to live in Mother’s room. I say that after we clean it out, she will feel differently. We walk up the stairs and down the hall into Mother’s room, like a little army.

A picture of a strong fat woman hangs over Mother’s bed. The picture is of Mother; she wears black velvet in a high collar with white lace. Fay says that she thinks she should get some boxes to store anything we want to save. Yes, I say that’s a good idea. The girls just stare at Mother’s bed. I walk to the window and look out over the driveway and the front door. Best damn view in the entire house.

"Fay," Mother would yell, "Fay answer the door. It’s the paperboy."

"The doorbell didn’t ring, Mother," Fay would yell back.

"Any minute. Any minute. He just put his bicycle in the driveway. He just got off his bicycle. He’s walking up towards the door. Any minute. Any minute." The doorbell would ring. "I was right, wasn’t I?" Mother would call down to Fay and the paperboy.

"Yes, Mother, you were right," Fay would call back as she paid the paperboy.

Fay takes a blanket cover off of Mother’s old red quilt. The quilt is stained and full of small holes. Its red rose pattern has all but disappeared. The doorbell rings. We all stare at each other, afraid to answer the door. Fay looks out the window and sees her sister. "Do you want me to answer the door?" I say.

Fay does not answer, instead she walks back to the bed and folds the quilt. The doorbell rings again. "Do you want me to answer the door?" I say.

"This quilt is absolutely filthy," Fay says, "I’m going to have it cleaned. I mean you just can’t store something in this condition." The doorbell rings for a third time.
“Don’t you think we should answer the door and let your sister in?” I say.

“Yes, I guess we should,” she says. I follow Fay to the front door. She turns the knob so slowly that I want to grab it out of her hand and pull the door open. This feeling lasts only the few minutes it takes for Sonya to walk into my house. ‘Len, you know I started to think that no one was home,’ Sonya says. She is shorter than Fay and wears a green woolen suit. Her face is covered with tiny sweat beads from the hot August sun. She looks like Mother.

Sonya walks toward me and kisses my cheek. She is not Mother. I tell myself. Sonya is not Mother. But she looks like Mother and she talks like Mother and I back away from her. Sonya comes to Mother’s room. She sits on the bed and stares at the portrait. I stare at the portrait and it stares back at me. I want to blacken the teeth, cross the eyes and draw a moustache over Mother’s red lips.

Alison finds Mother’s jewelry box in one of the night table drawers. She fingers the rhinestones as a five year old would finger them, thinking they are diamonds. Barbara puts her hand inside the jewelry box and pulls out a huge pin that looks like a green jello bubble. “Ohhh,” she says, “Look at this. Isn’t it beautiful?” No one answers. Sonya leaves the quilt and comes to look at the green pin.

“You can hold it,” Barbara says.

Sonya takes the pin and rubs it around in the palm of her hand. Her hands are sweating and as she rubs the pin it slips to the floor, the stone not falling out, just cracking in its setting. Green rhinestone mash. Barbara bends down and picks up the pin. She puts it on the night table and finds another piece of jewelry to look at. Fay pulls the jewelry box over to her side of the bed. A long string of fake pearls with a silver clasp with smaller fake pearls is her find.

“I bought these at the beauty parlour boutique,” Fay says.

“They’re beautiful, Mother,” Alison says.

“They look beautiful on you, Mother,” Fay said.

“So once in a while, you do think of me,” Mother said.

“They look real and did you see the clasp? Silver.” Fay smiles. Her newly styled hair seeming like an extension of her mouth, turned up just the right amount, lacquered at the edges.

“Silver? Thank you, Fay. Now you’re the one buying me presents. Now you’re the one taking care of me, Fay. Thank you.” Mother puts the pearls around her neck. They hung against her black and white checkered housedress, with ketchup on the sleeve.

Fay is looking guilty now. Silver? No plastic. Department store plastic. She puts the pearls back in the box. Alison finds a dried flower in an envelope. There is a bug crawling on it. She drops the flower and jumps back.

* * *

“So Ruben,” Mary says, “If the sister can’t help in the laundry she will make hats. We have enough money, there is a room upstairs for rent. She can live there with Freida. There is no problem.” Mary rubs her hands together. Her skin is dry and wrinkled from washing in the basins all day.

“Then you don’t mind my sister staying with us?” Ruben says.

“Where else can she go? Don’t worry,” Mary says, “Look at these hands, Ruben. Not pretty. Can you remember them being soft?”

“They are beautiful hands,” Ruben says.

“Help me fold the laundry,” Mary says.

“Where is Freida, why she can’t help you?” he says.

“She’s not back from school, yet,” Mary says.

“Two blocks she has to walk and it takes her two days,” Ruben says.

“Shad. She is a good girl,” Mary says, “So, the sister comes soon?”

“Tomorrow,” he says.

“Good,” Mary says.

“What are those bells?” Ruben says.

“That is Santa Claus,” Mary says.

“And all day you have to listen to that?” he says.

“Most of the time I am too busy to hear,” she says, “Freida thinks that she would like a Christmas tree.”

“So what you tell her?” Ruben says.

“That you wouldn’t like that idea,” Mary says.

In the street, Salvation Army Santa Clauses sit ringing bells at folding tables, next to the larger shops. Next to them pretzel vendors sell hot salted pretzels for a nickel. “And what do you want for Christmas?” A Salvation Army Santa Claus asks as Freida puts a dime in his drum.

“We don’t have Christmas,” Freida says.

“No?” the Santa Claus says.

“We’re Jewish,” Freida says.

“I’m sorry,” the Santa Claus says.

Freida hurries into her mother’s laundry shop.

“Freida, we are taking the room upstairs,” Mary says, “Your aunt is coming to live with us.”

“Another room, are we rich?” Freida says.

“We have enough to share,” Ruben says.

“You’re going to move upstairs,” Mary says, “Now come, help me fold this laundry.”

“I’m hungry,” Freida says.

“Fold the laundry,” Ruben says.

“Yes,” Freida says, “later can we make some of those pretty cookies?”

“Christmas cookies?” Ruben says.

“Yes,” Freida says.

“Your mother is too tired to bother with such things,” he says.

“Can I do it alone?” Freida says.

“No, but you can help your mother fold the laundry,” Ruben says.

* * *

Sonya walks to the window and stares outside. “The paperboy just delivered your paper,” she says.
“Oh,” I say. I open the closet and start piling clothes onto the bed. Sonya stares at them. The clothes are mainly suits in dark colors, black, navy blue, a dull gray and old housedresses with frayed edges and safety pins in the pockets. In the back corner, on the floor of the closet are a pair of rubber garters. I pick them up, think about shooting them at Sonya, and decide to put them in my pocket instead. We spend most of the afternoon folding clothes.

In the pocket of the brown tweed winter coat, I find a copper Jewish star. Somehow, the feel of coat and the star combined cause memories of Friday nights in a Williamsburg Brooklyn Shul to surface. I remember praying with my father in the back of a cigar store, memorizing strange Hebrew words and prayer movements. The whining tone of the men around me would fill my blood and make me want to scream. And yet, all around old men stood peaceful, sing-songing their troubles away, talking to a God that didn’t help them. “It will be good,” they said, “It will be good.” Sometimes I go back. The old men are dead. Plaques on the walls have their names engraved upon them, and next to their names memorial lights blink on and off in that old sing-song rhythm.

The laundry business is slow, these days. Mary tries to spend as much time as she can with Bela. He goes to school now, but usually comes home crying. The children laugh at his eye. Some boys down the street beat him and call him “Jew.” When Mary cannot find time to be with Bela, she leaves him with the crippled aunt.

The aunt is good with Bela. They sit for long hours in the kitchen, making hats to the noise of the kettle, always boiling. Bela helps the aunt paste ribbons on the hats. Sometimes he delivers the hats to the neighbors and collects the money. With buttons, he pastes faces onto the hats with broad rims. Inside these hats, he sews his name, in red thread and large clumsy stitches. Bela makes a large bright red hat for Mary, sewing the words, ‘Love, Bela,’ on the inside edge.

Late that night she receives Bela’s gift, Mary stares at the hat as she scrubs the coal stoves clean and polishes it till it shines. The bright color of the hat, reflected off of the kitchen table and onto the stove reminds her of the bright embroidered clothes of the people of Pest. She cries as she sees familiar, laughing faces of her former neighbors and lost friends. Then she sees her own face, as it was, and as it is, wrinkled and rough and takes a deep breath, thinking of Ruben’s words, “It will be good.”

How old was I in 1897? Mary wonders. Twenty-five, she decides. Young, fat, strong, powerful hands, proud. Now, I have the hands of a washed out laundry lady, Mary thinks, hard and rough. She rubs the back of one hand against her face. “This is what I am,” she says, “This is what I am.” “It will be good,” Ruben had said before they left Budapest. His plumbing store bankrupt, a financial panic causing the clicking of tongues and the shaking of heads, “America,” Ruben says. So he goes, finds a job, in a hardware store, a home in Brooklyn and Mary follows. “We are luckier than most,” she says.

Mary rubs her hands together and thinks of the bundles of strangers’ dirty laundry that she will have to wash in the morning; she cannot smile at her luck. In the reflection on her stove, Mary can count the times she has been happy. She sees Freida, reading to her and the aunt, after the dinner dishes are washed, dried and put away. Not really ever listening to the words of Freida’s books, Mary enjoys the quiet and a sense of closeness, almost more than sleep. She sees the Sunday afternoon visits to her wealthy Uncle Abe and Aunt Bessie on Park Avenue. Uncle Abe, who gives Freida and Bela shiny silver dimes. Freida, saving the dimes, in a little bag, tying the bag to her bedpost each Sunday night, feeling rich. Mary also sees the bathtub, bought late last summer, kept in the kitchen, a sign of a family on the rise. Happiness? Mary cries harder.

Freida runs into the kitchen and hugs Mary from behind. “What is the matter?” Mary says.

“I am afraid of the aunt,” Freida says.

“She doesn’t bite,” Mary says.

“I wake up from a dream and see her hardly breathing. I think that she is dead. I lean over her to feel for her breath. It is hot and wet and I am afraid, I don’t really know why,” Freida says.

“You have too much imagination,” Mary says and hugs Freida. “We are working people, and need our rest. Don’t waste your sleep. Go back to bed, don’t look at the aunt. Sleep on your other side,” Mary says.

Sonya is sitting on Mother’s bed. “You shouldn’t have put her in that Home,” she says.

“Mother was too sick to stay here,” Fay says.

“You are going to leave me here?” Mother said.

“There are movies every Thursday night, Grandma,” Barbara said.

“I have lived without movies before,” Mother said.

“You are going to leave me here!”

“You’ll get better faster here,” Fay said.

“You are going to leave me here to die,” Mother said. She tied her bathrobe tight around her and started shaking her head.

Every Sunday for a month we come to see her, then every other Sunday. She says that she enjoys the movies and that she has some friends. Her doctor tells us that she won’t leave her room. She says that he lies. She wants to come home. We tell her that she is too sick. She says that she is fine. The doctor puts medicine in her food to make her sleepy, she tells us. She won’t eat. She sighs. We sigh. We leave. She dies.
The mirrors are all covered by sheets, when Freida gets home from school. Her father is sitting at the kitchen table, with Bela on his lap, talking to a strange man. "She's dead?" Freida says, meaning the crippled man, "I could tell by the way she breathed."

"She's dead," Ruben says.

"Momma," Bela says.

"Shad, Bela," Ruben says.

"What about Momma?" Freida says.

"She's dead," Ruben says.

"Momma's dead?" Freida says.

"Who else?" Ruben says.

"The aunt," Freida whispers.

"What?" Ruben says.

"Nothing," Freida says, "I don't understand. You said Momma was on a vacation."

"Tuberculosis," the stranger says, "Your mother was in a sanitarium."

"You said she was tired and needed to rest," Freida says.

"I thought she would get better," Ruben says.

"I don't understand," Freida says.

Ruben closes the laundry and takes his family back to Budapest. They live in a small room in Pest. Ruben works as a roofer. He cannot afford the bright clothes he would like to buy for his daughter. Bela is confused by the language. The streets are dirty, the Danube is brown.

One Sunday, they picnic on the side of the Danube and take a steamboat ride up the river to St. Margarita's Island. Ruben tells the children that they are going back to America. He can find no work in Pest. They will live with Uncle Abe and Aunt Bessie. "It will be good," Ruben says.

"It is going to be good," Freida says. A week later, they ride a steamboat back to America. Freida drops out of school, she works part time at a dairy and cleans and cooks for her uncle and for her own family.

* * *

I tell Barbara and Alison to go downstairs, watch television and relax. I follow them downstairs to the den. They sit, as they did when they were very young, on two alligator-shaped cushions. I want to pretend that they are young and that it is Sunday, that we are watching a Bowery Boys movie and that we are laughing. I can't. Always in the background, I hear Mother, coughing, calling, spitting, flushing the toilet. I feel her shuffling down the stairs, her backless slippers making a thumping sound as they hit her feet. She wears a rose-colored bathrobe, a flannel nightgown and white bobby socks. Blowing her nose into a tissue, she says that she doesn't feel well, but she won't, she won't, take a pill.

I go back upstairs. In a little while Barbara appears at the doorway of Mother's room.

"What's wrong?" I say.

"I'm scared," she says.

"Of what?" I say.

"Grandma's ghost," she says.

"There are no such things as ghosts," Fay says.

"Listen to your mother," I say.

"I'm scared," Barbara says in a long whisper. I take her hand. She refuses to enter Mother's room.

"What's wrong?" I say. She does not answer. I know it is the portrait over the bed that bothers her. I see her standing with Alison in the doorway of Mother's room. They are staring at Mother in bed. They stare at her illness, at the old lady being swallowed up and drawn into the room. She does not recognize them.

"Sonya," she says, "Father will be late tonight."

"Fay," she says, "Uncle Bela is coming to dinner, set an extra place." Her freckled face folds at the wrinkles, her arms sag.

"For Mother's Day," she says, "I want a pair of silk stockings and some new garters." The phone rings and she screams.

"My mother is dead," she says, in a little girl voice, "Bela, Momma is dead? Vacation. She is dead. Poppa, what will we do? Go live with Uncle Abe? Of course. It will be good."

When we take her to the home, there is more stocking wrapped around the garter than around the bottom part of her leg.

"She is dead," I say to Barbara.

"I know," Barbara says. We stare at the picture, together.

Fay is filling a carton with nightgowns and scarves and old stockings. "The funeral," she says, "We have to talk about the funeral."

"We have time," Sonya says, "We have time."

"No, we should talk about the funeral," I say.

"Momma would have wanted a religious ceremony," Fay says.

"We have time," Sonya says, "We have time."

"Why don't you rest for a little while?" I say.

Sonya says that she will and goes downstairs to Alison.

Fay finds an old hat on the top shelf of Mother's closet. It is made of brown felt and has a lopsided button face with a blue ribbon mouth, pasted on it. Inside the words, 'Love, Bela,' are stitched in red thread. Fay cries.

"It will be all right," I say, "Everything is going to be fine."

As I take the hat from Fay, something in its rim cuts my hand and I begin to bleed. My hands are soft and the skin tears easily.

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Meredith Adler, a member of the Class of 1976, is editor of The Tripod. Ms. Adler's "Old Sing-Song Rhythms" received first prize in the prose fiction category at Honors Day ceremonies on May 12, 1976.
I'd like to take you on your first visit to a Navajo Yeibichai (yay-bih-chay) ceremony. It gets its name from yei (yay) who are a group of Navajo supernatural Holy Beings.

A yeibichai is a curing ceremony that goes on continuously for nine days and nine nights. There will have been a diagnosis by a hand-trembler as to the kind of "Indian sickness" for which a yeibichai is relevant. So, for Navajos it is an important religious occasion. No medic, no priest or preacher and no psychologist can cure "Indian sickness" — a thing of the spirit.

We're going on the last night which is the only night on which masked dancers appear. They won't show until around ten o' clock, and nothing in Indian life requires clock time.

Such major ceremonies can properly be conducted only between first frost (beginning of winter) and last frost (beginning of spring). It's in summertime that the social dances take place. The one we're to attend is being held in mid-November. Snow is not yet too deep for us. But we won't head for the site until after dinner.

I warn you to don layers of your warmest clothing — long johns, warm socks, heavy wool trousers and sweater, a heavy overcoat. The only "extra" garment the stoic Indians will carry along will be their Pendleton wool "Indian blankets." But at 5,000 to 8,000 feet up, in mountains that rise to 10,000 feet, cold will penetrate within a few hours anything a white person wears.

When we arrive, we see we are the only two or three Anglo spectators. Around a thousand Navajo men, women and children of all ages are already assembled. Some are standing, holding their blankets drawn tightly just below black eyes peering around. Many are sitting close to tiny campfires, talking in tones too low for us to hear, or munching food, or simply dozing. The silence alone tells you things are different here from where you dwell. You perhaps wonder if you are still in the United States.

Eventually, a file of some seven or eight masked dancers emerges. They are bare-legged and bare-chested in white clay. At the end of the file is a masked clown. He wears a coyote tail and prances gaily. The crowd smiles silently.

There is no drum. All is quiet. The dancers stoop in unison and shake their rattles close to the ground. Then they join in a penetrating falsetto chorus. It is a sound that can be heard nowhere else off the Navajo reservation and in no other country in the world. It is as eerie as must be the sound of supernaturals singing. And it is so shrill it spreads for several miles across the land.

The dancers stomp and move in jerky steps, around an elongated circle half a dozen times. Their movements emphasize their eerie song.

There are two "teams" of dancers who alternate all through the night. You stand around perhaps half an hour between appearances of the two teams. I hate to say it, but if your reactions are anything like most first-time visitors, it'll be something like this:

You begin to wonder. A religious ritual? You are not accustomed to having a clown appear in church. People sleeping! The Puritans used to have someone tap church-sleepers over the head with a long pole. People talking during the ceremony? Not in your church. The same dance and the same song all night long? It's boring. Let's go, it's getting cold.

But this is what I learned: The cure for a patient is a process of achieving and restoring harmony among all the clan's members and with all-powerful Holy Beings. The patient's clan members have come by wagon, or horseback, or pick-up truck and afoot for miles upon miles. They have been here the first eight days and nights feasting together, praying together, working together.

Perhaps in a white man's church, some members may actually envy, look down upon, or have other negative attitudes toward the preacher or a fellow congregationalist in the very same pew. And if anyone should make a mistake in any way, there will be belittling talk sooner or later.

But not here. Such attitudes would completely negate the "power" of the ceremony. The cure would not work. The clown is a vehicle and symbol of avoidance of anything untoward taking place. It is a group affair. Harmony, by definition, is a group affair.

As for the monotony of the same dance and the same song repetitively sung all night long, the Anglos place value on change and variety. The Navajos take a different view.

Their having been long dependent upon and close to Nature, when Mother Earth provided squash in the fall, for days there was only squash to eat. Or only corn while it lasted. Or peaches. Or beans. To complain about monotony would be ungrateful to Nature. Thus, from experience of necessity, the Navajo belief became "when something is good, let's have more of it." Tradition is the "good life." Change is Sin.

Not a really bad view, is it? Not much different from a youngster whose mother has prepared a different sandwich for a change for lunch. What is the complaint. "No more peanut butter?"

Navajo religion is filled with anxieties and taboos. They believe that their Holy Beings, and other forms of supernaturals, are not to be fully trusted. Supernaturals are capable of performing misdeeds and harm as well as good deeds in human affairs. Some of today's non-Indians you've heard about know about witches too.

Hence, Navajos have a great fear of the dead being infiltrated by evil spirits. If at all possible, they'll get a white person to do the burying. During World War II, with a great shortage of doctors and nurses even in the few hospitals, Red Cross short courses in first-aid were offered.
But we avoided those sections having to do with trying to revive persons struck by lightning.

On one occasion, technicians had selected an apparently fine site for a new school building in a very isolated part of the reservation. When they heard about the site being chosen, Navajos of the area said they would not send their children to the proposed school. Why? Ancient bones had been found there. And any such place was chindee — filled with evil spirits. So we moved the site.

What this clearly told me: Don’t make decisions for Indians without consulting Indians. This is one of their major complaints.

It is a widespread notion that “Indian thinking” is childish. Not so. Indians are an extremely logical people. They can get right down to the root of a proposal. They follow our familiar Greek syllogism; e.g. (a) a premise, (b) a fact, (c) therefore, a conclusion, such as (a) all men are mortal, (b) you are a man, (c) therefore, you are mortal.

In the case of Navajo thinking, much of it is done by analogy, with the premise that like brings like. However, they often start with a false premise. This logically leads to a false conclusion. An example: (a) To talk about death will bring death. (b) He talked about death. (c) Therefore, he died. This is how erroneous taboos get started.

One particular episode involving such thinking comes to mind. I had received an emergency call for assistance from one of the larger boarding schools in the least acculturated part of the reservation. Altogether, as Director of sixty-five Navajo and Hopi Schools of various sizes during the 1940’s, I expected emergency calls daily.

In this case, some two hundred school children shortly after breakfast had become stricken with food poisoning. A substitute cook had unwittingly left perishable food in the refrigerator.

It took a fast three-hour drive over rough, dirt roads to get there. One mother with tears of anguish was waiting. She wanted to take her boy out of school, back to her hogan, immediately. The school was chindee in her opinion.

All I knew so far was that the one-doctor hospital nearby was filled with sick children. To stall for time, I explained to her, through an interpreter, that it was time for all of us to eat. I invited her to have lunch with the children. Fortunately there were some still on their feet.

As I had assured her, after lunch I took the mother to the dormitory. The employee in charge told me the boy had been taken to the hospital during the noon-hour. He wasn’t in the dormitory!

Efforts to comfort her were fruitless. She followed me to the hospital where I asked for the boy. “He’s being given intravenous injection and can’t be seen right now,” a nurse said. So far, every step to communicate was down a blind alley of mistrust by the mother. She said she wanted to get there.

In desperation, I asked the mother if she had ever been in a hospital. The answer was “no.”

We went into the kitchen where I asked a nurse to open the refrigerator door. It was full of bottles and vials of medicines that had to be kept cool. Through an interpreter, I said, “See, the doctor here has strong powers too, some the medicine man does not have.”

She nodded in silence.

We went downstairs into the basement. A large room was filled with bins of oranges, apples, potatoes, all sorts of food. “See, the white-man doctor has many kinds of special foods for different sicknesses.”

I seemed to be making progress, and at least was gaining time for the doctor.

Then into a wire-screened room with a locked door to protect it. The nurse unlocked the door and let us in. There were shelves upon shelves tightly packed with clear bottles, dark brown bottles, green bottles — all sorts of bottles and containers. I repeated the gesture: “See, this doctor can cure many kinds of sickness.”

Saying something in Navajo to the interpreter, the mother looked at me. The interpreter translated. “She wants to know where is the pill for tuberculosis?” Stupid? She had hit the root of her worries.

Now, if I evaded I would surely lose the battle. Perhaps the life of a boy. There is much pathos in working with Indians. All I could do was to say earnestly, “Nobody yet has a pill for tuberculosis.”

We went back upstairs. The doctor was now available. He showed her the sick boy. She agreed she would leave her boy in the hospital for three more days. Then she would be back.

The lesson: Nowhere in the world is intercultural communication the simple problem of having an interpreter or even speaking the same tongue. You can communicate with a person or group of marked difference only on the basis of the listeners' experiences. To communicate solely on the basis of our culture won't get across.

This was strikingly reaffirmed by untrained Navajo interpreters used by the government stockman. To control soil depletion and erosion caused by overgrazing, the government was unyielding at that time in forcing Navajos to reduce cattle, horses, sheep and goats to half the numbers they had been running. The stockmen called one sheep “one sheep unit.”

They said horses ate five times as much forage as sheep. So a horse was referred to as five sheep units.

Interpreters, feeble in English, were saying in Navajo that “a horse eats five sheep.” Naturally, such nonsense created distrust of all government programs — education, health and so on.

It was at this time that members of the educational staff developed a system of writing and printing Navajo on an ordinary typewriter with a change of only two keys. With the backing of Willard W. Beatty, Director of Indian Education, a one-page newspaper in Navajo was developed. Effort was taken, until war prevented continuance, to teach at least one or two Navajos in each so-called community to read it. In that manner stock
reduction and everything else became presentable reservation-wide in the newspaper in one correct way.

There was much controversy caused at that time by opponents who mistakenly accused the government of wasting money by teaching Navajos their own language instead of English. Actually the program was teaching Navajos to be able to read their own language for the first time in history. Now, at long last, there are elementary schools and high schools for all the children. A high percentage of high school graduates go on to college. And the tribe now runs a magazine-size newspaper of its own in English.

Today, Indians are saying in regard to federal and all-Indian public schools on the reservation, "Let us run schools our way." They want to be free to make as many mistakes as do the non-Indians!

Let me cite one other experience regarding intercultural communication.

Back in the 1940's, trachoma, which is a blindness-causing viral infection, was widespread. During the school year, a specialist in successful treatment with sulphanilamide spotted school children suffering with trachoma. When the boarding school at Ft. Defiance, Ariz., closed for the summer, the facilities were used to assemble trachoma-infected children for the two-weeks sulphanilamide treatment.

Parents were informed to come and get their children on the second Friday. But the very Friday they were to go home, several cases of measles were discovered.

Measles creates exceedingly high fever among Indian people. They rapidly go into pneumonia. In earlier times, measles killed more Indians than all the soldiers' bullets. It was hazardous to disperse the children from the special trachoma school and perhaps start a reservation-wide epidemic.

So, another emergency call came to the Director of Navajo Schools. The report was that one father in particular was adamantly demanding to take his boy out. When he talked to me, and I told him there was measles, he asked, "Does my boy have measles?" No. In that case he wanted to take his boy home before he too got measles!

I tried a long shot. "It is true that if your boy stays here he may catch measles. This place is like a sheep corral. When a few sheep have sickness, it is wise to keep all the sheep in the corral. Many of them may become sick. But if you let any of them onto the range before all are well, the sickness may spread to your brothers' sheep, your sisters' sheep and all other sheep on the reservation."

He nodded his head in agreement and left his boy until we told him the children could all go home.

A question frequently raised by visitors from all over the world was: "Which tribe do you think is the smartest?" The question rather implies that none can be as bright as the whites!

Our ancestors indeed made a great leap forward when they organized what was intended to be a multicultural democracy. However, in practice, peoples of European ancestry have pursued a Darwinistic racist, scientifically invalid policy that "survival of the fittest" means it is the white race that is wisest and has all the "bright boys." Therefore, whites should dominate.

Indeed there are valid differences in cultural behaviors due to historical reasons, geographical and environmental reasons, social and economic opportunities. But data indicate that all races — black, brown, yellow, red and white — have an equal proportion of brilliance. In short, the dark-skinned "dope" who still hunts with bow and arrow and has never seen an automobile may be as smart as the white "moron" who drives furiously along a freeway in Los Angeles.

I have cited Navajo experiences to illustrate some learnings from working with Indians. Many other important learnings could be illustrated with Siouxs, Cheyennes, Cherokees and all the others. When supervising the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, I met students annually from over eighty different tribes, not always the same tribes, but from Aleuts to Zunis.

** * * *

Before closing, let me present a few facts about Wounded Knee so recently headlined in the daily news. This involves taking a look at the Paiute Indians. Today, Paiute bands are scattered in tiny groups in Nevada, in Utah, in the Death Valley region of California and one tiny group of roughly three or four dozen in a corner of the Navajo Indian reservation in Arizona.

Once, Paiutes were scattered in family-size groups over most of the Great Basin desert area — the poorest, most destitute Indians in North America.

There was a land of drifting dunes, white-crusted alkali deposits, dried-up ancient lakes, pools of briny water, dry washes and gullies that ran only during cloudbursts of rain. It was a land nearly treeless, where little more than desert cacti and sagebrush grew.

The largest game to be hunted was an occasional jackrabbit, unpalatable to most tribes. For food, Paiute people had to keep moving. Every member of a family would help gather grasshoppers, crickets, lizards, maggots, mice. These were mostly trapped by first digging a dry well about ten to twelve feet across and about four feet deep. Then they formed a thin circle covering several acres, depending upon how many persons were in the group. Waving branches of sagebrush, they converged slowly toward the hole in the center of the circle. In this manner such a trap would sometimes be filled to the brim with grasshoppers, other insects and rodents. These were roasted on sharp sticks or boiled into a paste and soup.

When frost came in the fall, they wandered to distant mountains. There they stayed until snow became too deep. They gathered tiny nuts the size and color of coffee beans that fell out of pine cones high in the tree tops. Other Indians thought the Paiutes were "nutty" and called them Nut Eaters.

Their stone tools, too heavy to be saved and carried far, were so primitive that whites and other Indians looked down upon them as being the most stupid of all people. And when white miners, soldiers and settlers began heading west across this region, they often chased and hunted defenseless Paiutes "for the fun of it."
Incidentally, a Nevada Paiute teenage girl who came to the art institute proved to be such a creative weaver and da Vinci-type sketcher she went on to attend the Rhode Island School of Design, then later became one of the instructors at what is now the junior college level Institute of American Indian Arts.

However, a widespread attitude toward the “Indian problem” in the past century was succinctly expressed by a clergymen in Massachusetts in 1882: “We have a full right, by our own best wisdom, and then even by compulsion, to dictate terms and conditions to them; to use constraint and force, to say what we intend to do, and what they must and shall do . . . This rightful power of ours will relieve us from conforming to, or even consulting to any trouble-some extent, the views and inclinations of Indians whom we are to manage.”

In 1888, in increasing despair, an outstanding Paiute named Wovoka had a religious dream during an eclipse of the sun. He had learned a little about Christianity. In his dream, he believed God was talking directly to him, ghostlike. The message, Wovoka believed, was that inasmuch as a Messiah had once been sent to earth to help white people, a Messiah was now to come to the Indian people to help them. And he, Wovoka, was to go forth and preach peace and brotherhood.

Believers in this new Indian religion, through ritualistic dances known as the Ghost Dance cult, felt that they would now be protected fully from their oppressors. And the symbolic garments they donned would be bullet-proof.

Wovoka’s preaching spread to other despairing tribes — Shoshonis, Bannocks, Crows. Then across the Rocky Mountains eastward to Cheyennes, Arapahos, Wichitas and other tribes of the Great Plains. Excitement mounted in Indian camps, and alarm soon pervaded government officials. When Sioux Indians in the Dakotas were reported to be engaging in Ghost Dance rituals, orders were sent out from Washington to the western military commanders to curtail this religious practice.

Police and troops of cavalry were dispatched to bring in Sioux chief Sitting Bull, in whose camp a Ghost Dance ritual was being held.

When the military arrived, somebody shot one of the policemen who in turn managed to shoot and kill Sitting Bull. The soldiers immediately sought frenzied revenge, while Indians panicked in all directions.

Some Sioux reached Wounded Knee, eighteen miles away. Soon the gathering crowd was surrounded by soldiers who had been ordered to disarm the Indians. With great “caution,” cannon were fired on the tipis, and bayoneted rifles were carried at the ready. In the general melee and pushing around, an Indian shot an officer. Instantly, some three hundred squatting Sioux were shot. Later, bodies of Sioux men, women and children were found strung out for three miles.

Thus, religion that originated with the deeply spiritual-minded Paiutes, led in a roundabout way to the massacre in distant South Dakota. The wounds administered at Wounded Knee that day in 1890 still bleed.

Hard to believe, as late as 1923 the Commissioner of Indian Affairs declared that long-standing “silly” religious Indian dancing in New Mexico should be put to a stop. It was only angry protests by reputable white citizens that led to the order being withdrawn.

In a recent article, former White House aide John Ehrlichman wrote a public admission of behind-the-scenes discussion on the 1973 Indian episode at Wounded Knee. According to him, the White House and top Justice Department officials “met with Army people to learn their views on how to handle such a problem.” The military high command’s position was reported to be that they should either go in fully or stay out fully. But if the “Army was asked to do it, they would use tanks, a minimum of a division of troops and go full scale.”

Fortunately the White House rejected such an assault — a potential repetition of the first “battle” of Wounded Knee. Is it not to be expected that some young Indians today are aggrieved for many reasons, including past acts in the name of Christianity?

Others may have a different view than I have acquired. And certainly neither friends of the Indians nor the bulk of older Indians condone the acts of the young militants. However, with the cultural role of minorities in a multicultural democracy still so beleaguered in our political philosophy and practice, may this not be a major reason for some of the kinds of trouble the nation is now going through? Might not a policy of fostering, rather than just putting-up with, cultural difference be a rewarding investment?

Dr. George A. Boyce. Class of 1920, Hon. 1968, joined the Bureau of Indian Affairs in 1938. His activities included developing a comprehensive social-economic plan for the vast Navajo Reservation. He was director of 65 Navajo and Hopi Schools, launching the nation’s largest boarding school (1,000 girls; 1,300 boys) and founding superintendent of the Institute of American Indian Arts. Retired in 1966, two of his books were published in 1974.

Perhaps the most important attribute of the short story as a narrative form is its economy. Because of the limited length of this form, all events, incidents, and the language itself must be, at once, brief, concentrated, intense and concise. There is no time in the short story to describe events at great length or to go into protracted analyses of the main characters' psychological and/or sociological backgrounds. Events and character can only be suggested, not described in detail. The art of the short story rests on implication and concentration, not upon description and lengthy explanations and, therefore, is perhaps the most difficult literary form after the poem.

In a novel the author has time to develop his ideas, to analyze and elaborate in greater detail the inner growth and development of his characters. He can examine carefully and minutely the several strands of deed and idea that make up his lengthy narrative. In the short story, particularly in the modern short story as devised by James Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, and Ernest Hemingway, usually one incident, and one main incident alone, must reveal all there is to know at the heart of the tale. One incident illuminates character; one major act must serve as the symbolic and illuminating action. This single symbolic act in a short story must replace the extended analysis and descriptive detail that the novel may linger over.

The modern short story usually reveals a character or characters in a moment of crisis or revelation, in what Sherwood Anderson called a “significant moment,” in what Joyce called an “epiphany.” In these precise moments within the short story all must be revealed by implication — a person's character, a flaw in the situation, the environmental influence of a particular setting. Consequently language must be exact and precise; emotions must be concentrated and precisely rendered. It is as if a short story were a glimpse into a single window in a large apartment house. All must be revealed quickly and economically, as sharp and as forthright as that momentary glimpse will allow. The novel form would be more concerned with the entire building, not with just the one window, and could well afford the extended period of time it would require to describe the entire building in full, explore how it came to be there, and who the different people are that live there.

In his book on the writing of fiction, poetry and drama, Three Genres, Steve Minot has made these similar points about the nature of the short story. In fact he shows us how one of the best stories in Crossings, “Windy Fourth,” came to be transformed from personal experience into fictional achievement. It is fascinating to see his methods in operation, the conscious attention to detail, the implications of language, the crossbreeding among character development, dialogue, and setting. The story grows, develops, changes shape, shifts in his hand like the wet clay in the potter’s fingers: we see the layers building, the perceptions carefully put into place.

Minot is a superb craftsman of the modern short story, not of the contemporary bizarre story such as a Pynchon or a Barthelme may design, but of the beautifully crafted tale of a Joyce or a Hemingway. In fact his references to Hemingway’s “The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber” come up again and again in his discussion of fiction. He shares Hemingway’s precise rendering of detail, the purity of the line, the careful observation of the sequence of motion and fact which reveals the emotions and significant resonances of the story. Minot's is a refined, elemental prose, beautifully honed, nothing digressive, unnecessary or tangential: the whole is pruned carefully, “stripped down” without overblown metaphors or sloppy self-indulgent “arty” twists. His sharp eye for the details of sailing, of the Maine coast, of changes in the weather, of shifts in a character’s awareness never seems to fail him: he grounds us in the harsh, beautiful presences of the natural world, within which revelation and understanding steal upon us. We feel the elemental sense of ritual here, the passing from childhood to adulthood, from innocence to wisdom, and view it as part of the natural slopes and terrors of the surrounding landscape.

In Three Genres Minot suggests that fiction deals with “the event or sequence of events which changed one’s attitude toward another person,” and his first chosen example of such a theme is that shift in attitude between child and parent. The over-riding theme of Crossings does seem to be precisely this, the rise and fall of generations in each other’s estimation, particularly the need of sons to come to some kind of recognition about their fathers. This essential search for communion, for the son’s self-identity unearthed in the diaries, the silent reproaches, the wistful glances, the uncertain demands of the father, permeate the book. Each must cross toward a recognition of the sanctity and self-possession of the other. Such moments appear suddenly, quietly, inevitably in Minot’s world: they are rites of passage, the secret ceremonies of life which mark our private growths and griefs. In “Sausage and Beer” a son visits his crazy uncle in a mental hospital with his father. In “Mars Revisited,” a stunning and frightening tale of the outraged chaos of the Sixties, a father searches for his son amid the rubble and terror of the riot-torn world around him. In “Estuaries” a son, now in his forties, re-reads the diaries of his father and feels the stirrings of genuine and incomprehensible love, “a blend of fascination and reverence.”

Transformations and shifts in perspective stalk Minot’s landscape. Rational men, those career-oriented creatures who believe in an abstract order above and beyond the chaos of the world (whether they find it in academe, in civil engineering, in design schools), are forever discovering that their hold upon reality is tenuous at best, non-existent at worst. In “Bruno in the Hall of Mirrors” a man walks onto a stage in the middle of a play and finds his complete livingroom there, intact. And someone else is playing him! In “Mars Revisited” the world...
A MATTER OF INTELLIGENCE

By George Wittman
(New York: Macmillan, 1975)

Reviewed by J. R. Spencer

One of the hallmarks of popular culture in the Cold War era has been our continuing preoccupation with spies and particularly spy novels. Some of the voluminous literature can be readily dismissed as merely updated fantasy-escapism. The appeal of the enormously popular James Bond series, for instance, rests at least as much in its time-honored motifs of sex and swashbuckle as in its background of East-West conflict and its futuristic technology. At heart Bond is only Errol Flynn, despite the overtones of Captain Video.

Harder to dismiss are such writers as John Le Carré, Len Deighton and Robert Littel. We might characterize their work as "novels of intelligence" in both senses of the term. They provide fascinating (and, one suspects, accurate) insights into the mysterious world of espionage and counterespionage. The men (and occasionally women) who occupy this world are moved by strange passions and strong commitments. Though their calling is singularly amoral, they often adhere to a complicated professional code, a bizarre etiquette, in their dealings with one another. Above all, they are convinced human affairs can be comprehended, manipulated, controlled by the relentless application of logic, by their own peculiar version of reason. Suggestive is the remark made by Leo Diamond, the central figure in Littel's The Defection of A. J. Lewinter: "In my business . . . there's no such thing as coincidence."

The world of Cold War spy and counterspy may affect our destiny, but we have rarely been able to explore its inner recesses since a curtain of secrecy surrounds it. There are exceptions, to be sure. The Penkovskiy Papers (1965) and Kim Philby's autobiographical My Silent War (1968) are helpful. But since both were essentially propaganda ventures -- the former for the American side, the latter for the Soviet -- one must treat them with considerable skepticism. Recent sensational revelations about the CIA -- the leaked Report of the House Select Committee on Intelligence, for example, or Victor Marchetti and John Marks' The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence (1974) -- are illuminating, as is, in a different way, Miles Copeland's Beyond Cloak and Dagger (1975). With the partial exception of Copeland, however, these works concentrate on covert operations designed to influence the affairs of other nations by means of assassination, subsidies to foreign politicians and so forth. They tell us relatively little about the modes of classic espionage and counterespionage. On this subject the well informed novelist remains perhaps our best guide.

George Wittman's A Matter of Intelligence is an engaging and informative addition to the literature. In a prefatory note the author states that, though this is a work of fiction, its "principal characters and events . . . are drawn from composites and distillations of contemporary history." One is inclined to credit Wittman's claim to verisimilitude since he, like Le Carré and Graham Greene, both of whom worked for British intelligence, writes with an 'insider's' knowledge. After a stint in the Special Operations branch of Military Intelligence during the Korean War, Wittman headed a private firm that did defense analysis for Washington and handled certain political matters for foreign governments. He has also been a senior staffer at the Hudson Institute, the influential "think tank" perhaps best known as the sometime home of Herman Kahn, who specialized in "thinking the unthinkable" in such books as On Thermonuclear War.

Like most first-line examples of the genre, A Matter of Intelligence is skillfully plotted. The central figure is Alex Schneider, a Soviet KGB agent who assumed the identity of an orphaned American youth at the end of World War II and who has been operating since then as a "deep singleton" in the United States. Slowly he has risen to prominence: State Department translator of unclassified material; editor at the Voice of America; a brief sojourn at the Rand Corporation; an executive post with a New York foundation. Now he is well ensconced as a respected "defense intellectual" at a think tank in Connecticut. Equally important, he is being recruited for "singleton"
work by the CIA! Thirty years of carefully maintained deception are about to reach fruition, for Alex is on the verge of penetrating to the heart of the American intelligence establishment. But circumstances — specifically the Soviets’ sudden need for a secret U.S. report on a laser anti-ballistic missile device — turn the entire situation topsy-turvy. It would scarcely be fair to reveal the details of what ensues. Suffice it to say that Wittman leads the reader through a cleverly contrived series of episodes that are at once bizarre and altogether credible. The ironic twistings and turnings of plot often bring to mind the best of Le Carré’s work.

In addition to its well told tale, the novel is distinguished by two other features: first, its apparently realistic portrayal of the workings of both the Soviet and American intelligence bureaucracies, and, second, its subtle psychological treatment of Alex, the man who has led a double life for three decades. The latter deserves some comment.

In *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* Le Carré describes the extraordinary emotional strains felt by the agent who leads a protracted life of deception. He must be a consummate actor, yet he can never receive applause for the “audience” must never know it is a “performance.” He must steel his will to subdue natural impulses which, if given vent, could betray him.

Alex Schneider knows such strains only too well, for he leads a “mind-splitting, life-splitting existence.” The psychic consequences fascinate Wittman, who deploys some of his best prose in describing them. In KGB training, Alex donned one protective layer after another to guard against self-betrayal. Once, a brief affair with the wife of a French diplomatic official in Washington cut through the protective shell, but in the aftermath Alex “flogged himself into submission, restructuring, reinforcing, reordering the layers — cauterizing the will. The whole instrument rebuilt, made stronger by the knowledge of the weakness.” But now time is taking its toll: “His existence in chiaroscuro, making the grays work in delicate balance, had created a terrifying weariness and loneliness. It had been too long . . . It was not that he sought another life, for he knew no other. And there was no question of why. He knew why. He never allowed himself to question why. The question was how. How to live, how to do, how to be. He was not a man, he was an action. He was dedicated to movement. He himself had created the body and being of this movement. Was this his only self?” Ultimately, we find it plausible that Alex’s crisis of identity, combined with his abandonment by the KGB apparatus which has sustained him, should drive him to suicide.

All in all, Wittman has produced a splendid book. One does not have to be addicted to the genre — as I am not — to derive both pleasure and understanding from it.

Author George Wittman is a member of the Class of 1951. *He has spent many years writing and working in the field of international security affairs. This is his first novel.*

Reviewer J. Ronald Spencer, Class of 1964, is dean of students and instructor in the Department of History.

Professor Robert B. Oxnam’s new book represents an important contribution to the study of the conquest and rule of China by non-Chinese peoples. As Professor Oxnam points out, almost half of recorded Chinese history is the history of non-Chinese rule of China (p.4). Unfortunately, until recently many Chinese and Western historians have accepted to a great extent the biases of the traditional Chinese histories in portraying non-Chinese conquerors, as culturally inferior “barbarians.” The traditional Chinese historiographical bias towards non-Chinese minorities within China and towards non-Chinese rulers of China can be traced back at least as far as the second century B.C., when Ssu-ma Ch’ien (145-90B.C.) wrote the first comprehensive history of China, the *Shih chi (Records of the Historian).* Though Ssu-ma Ch’ien travelled among various “barbarian” peoples and described their relations with the Chinese ruling house, he, revealingly, did not describe their indigenous cultures.

In *Ruling from Horseback,* Professor Oxnam examines the political, cultural, and institutional tensions which the Manchu rulers of China faced after their establishment of the Ch’ing Dynasty in 1644. Specifically, he uses the heuristic device of a tension between “sinification” on the one hand and “Manchu dominance” on the other to analyze the policies of the Oboi regency, which lasted from 1661 to 1669. “Sinification” is defined as the “overriding commitment of a ruling group to governance by Chinese institutions, Chinese officials, and Chinese ideology,” while “Manchu dominance” is defined as “an overriding commitment to governance by Manchu institutions, officials, and ideology” (p.2). Previous studies of the early years of Manchu rule in China have stressed the “sinification” of the Manchus, even before they had swept down from Manchuria to establish the Ch’ing Dynasty. Franz Michael’s 1942 study, *The Origin of Manchu Rule in China,* unequivocally upholds the sinification theory:

The barbarians brought, of course, certain elements and political conceptions of their own with them. But, as already indicated, they had to adapt themselves to a Chinese form of political organization, had to use Chinese political instruments and, to a high degree, Chinese officials. They had to rule China in the Chinese way. (p.7)

In contrast to this view, Oxnam proposes that the period when the four regents (Oboi being the most powerful) ruled on behalf of the young Kang-hsi Emperor represented the “last stand of Manchu conservatism.” Through a well-researched analysis of the regents’ use of Manchu-oriented institutions, of their methods of exerting control in the provinces, and of their military and foreign policies, Oxnam persuasively portrays the regents as “ruling from horseback.” (“The traditional Chinese dictum observes that ‘though the empire can be conquered on horseback, it cannot be ruled from horseback.’”) In Chapter Four, “The Regency and the Metropolitan Bureaucracy,” the author presents his most convincing evidence of the Manchu — as opposed to Chinese — orientation in government policies and decisions in the 1660’s; Oxnam shows that the key institutional adjustments made by the regents amounted to emphasizing Manchu institutions, such as the Council of Deliberative Officials, while devaluing the role of Chinese institutions.

The evidence in Chapter Four is central to Oxnam’s thesis of “Manchu dominance” during the Oboi regency. Alterations in the function and composition of institutions would seem to reflect careful thought out decisions on the part of the regents. In contrast, the decisions made by the regents concerning the governing of the provinces
(deal with in Chapter Five) were based on insufficient, and at times willfully distorted, information coming from provincial government figures. It should be pointed out that the process of the Manchu conquest of China continued far into the reign of the K'ang-hsi Emperor, who ruled in his own right from 1669 to 1722. Local control by representatives of the emperor remained a serious and unsolved problem: witness the Rebellion of the Three Feudatories which engulfed large areas of southern and western China in 1673. Thus the ruthlessness with which the regents treated various members of the provincial elite in southeastern China (see Chapter Five) may not reflect, as Oxnam maintains, a deliberate policy of "Manchu dominance," or even the "Manchu's [sic] deep suspicions about the Chinese elite" (p.112), but, rather, may reflect the more general problem of the interaction of local society with a newly established dynasty, whether that dynasty be Chinese or non-Chinese.

Though Professor Oxnam's treatment of the tensions between "sinification" and "Manchu dominance" during the Oboi regency presents convincing evidence of the regents' deliberate attempt to mold Chinese institutions and culture into a Manchu pattern, the question remains whether the regency is best thought of as the "last stand of Manchu conservatism" or as a nine-year deviation in a comparatively rapid process of cultural sinification. In using the words "comparatively rapid," I am suggesting that when compared to the previous non-Chinese dynasty, the Mongol Yuan Dynasty (1260-1368), the Manchus did indeed adapt to certain aspects of Chinese civilization rather quickly. For example, the first Ch'ing Dynasty ruler, the Shun-chih Emperor (ruled 1643-1661), was literate in Chinese and favored Chinese culture and institutions. The second Ch'ing ruler, the K'ang-hsi Emperor, could read and write Chinese well enough to deal with state documents. For comparison's sake, it should be pointed out that the first Mongol ruler of the Yuan Dynasty, Qubilai (ruled 1260-1294), was essentially illiterate both in Chinese and in the Uighur script which the Mongols had adopted. Under Qubilai's reign, decrees in Chinese were read aloud to the emperor and verbally translated into Mongolian. The German scholar, Herbert Franke, has pointed out in an article entitled "Could the Mongol Emperors Read and Write Chinese?" that it was not until the Jen-tsung Emperor (ruled 1312-1321) that a Mongol ruler exhibited a clear interest in Chinese language, script, and literature.

In view of the enormous importance of non-Chinese rule to the history of China, the possibilities for comparison of Manchu rule with the rule of other non-Chinese dynasties seem virtually unlimited. Ruling from Horseback only hints at the larger questions of Chinese — non-Chinese relations, though it is perhaps unfair to expect a work which concentrates on a nine-year period to treat the Manchu conquest in broader comparative terms.

It is unfortunate that until recently few studies of alien conquest and rule of China have viewed this phenomenon in its proper perspective: as the interaction between two distinct cultures. The failure to acknowledge the importance of non-Chinese cultures stems in large part from ignorance on the part of most historians of China of the languages of non-Chinese conquest peoples. These linguistic limitations, in turn, cause historians to become captives of their Chinese sources and the sinocentric bias which these sources contain. The general narrowness of linguistic skills and consequent absence of comparative perspective have naturally forced historians to ignore the pre-conquest history of non-Chinese rulers of China. Extraordinarily valuable sources exist (especially Manchu sources) for this kind of study, yet they remain to a great extent untapped by historians who cannot read them.

Ruling from Horseback, though limited by the author's inability to read Manchu, represents a hopeful first step in the direction of examining non-Chinese conquest peoples in their own right. Professor Oxnam's work should encourage other scholars of the early Ch'ing period to study the Manchu language, and thus acquire a more balanced understanding of the role which non-Chinese people played in the course of Chinese history.

Author Dr. Robert B. Oxnam, an associate professor of history is on sabbatical and is serving as director of the Asia Society's China Council in New York City. Reviewer Tina Endicott West is a member of the Class of 1974. She is currently in the M.A. program at Yale in East Asian studies.

ALSO NOTED

From rather humble beginnings the Hartford Foundation for Public Giving has grown — first slowly, then rapidly — into one of the nation's largest and most beneficial community trusts for philanthropic purposes. Established late in 1925, it made its first grant in 1936; the amount was only 982 dollars, awarded to the Watkinson Library. By 1974, however, the contributions of Hartford-area donors had swelled the Foundation's assets to over 24 million dollars, and it had some 1.6 million available for annual distribution. Thus it plays a vital role in the support of educational, cultural, recreational and social service institutions and agencies in Hartford and the twenty-one surrounding towns which are eligible for its beneficence.

Glenn Weaver, professor of history at Trinity, chronicles the activities of this exceptionally valuable institution in a brief but highly informative new book, Hartford Foundation for Public Giving: The First Fifty Years (Hartford: Hartford Foundation for Public Giving, 1975). In addition to seventy pages of crisply written narrative, the volume provides several useful appendices: thumbnail biographies of the twenty-one citizens who have served on the Foundation's Distribution Committee; a roster of past and present Trustees; an inventory of the various trust funds composing the Foundation's assets, together with their original book value; and, finally, a list of the more than 250 institutions and organizations helped by the Foundation, including the number and total amount of the grants made to each. This last item suggests it is particularly appropriate that a member of the Trinity faculty should have written this history, for over the years the Foundation has made twelve awards, totaling over four hundred thousand dollars, to the College. Only six recipients have been awarded more.

In his closing paragraph, Professor Weaver expresses the hope that his book will interest additional Greater Hartford residents in making grants and bequests to the Foundation. In view of the Foundation's outstanding record of service to the community, one can only share this hope.