

body wants to be married to a doctor who works weekends and makes house calls at 2 o'clock in the morning. But every patient would like to find one. . . ."

The award for wish-fulfillment goes to all those correspondents who believed François Mitterrand's cabinet to be "moderate" rather than "radical." The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* failed to tell their readers that Mitterrand had selected the infamous Régis Debray (hagiographer of Che Guevara) as

one of his top aides. The fact of the matter is that no one who knows France well feels inclined to make any definitive statements yet about the new Socialist government, and this sense of uncertainty should have been the keynote of our reportage.

Reflections: As I will shortly be working in the State Department, this will be my last "Presswatch" for a while. As you will have gathered, I feel that the press is in terrible shape in this country, and the poor state of the press helps the government

perform badly, since the government has to cater to the needs and follies of the journalists. If I had to summarize my concerns, I would say that journalists have lost sight of one of their many obligations: to transmit simply to the citizenry the thoughts and actions of the government. While the press should not always be merely a passive transmission belt, it should do that a good deal of the time. The lust for scandal is currently far too great, and the drive for "scoops" too overpowering, for the press to pay

attention to simple reportage. Consequently, far too much of what appears in printed and broadcast journalism is simply politics by another name. Just as Walter Lippmann observed repeatedly, there is a sort of Gresham's law at work in the media: Shabby ideas drive out good ones, and high quality becomes ever rarer. The passing of John Osborne, the one and only high-class White House correspondent left in America, marked the end of the great era of American journalism. □



NEW ALBION

"What beauty can compare to that of a cantina in the early morning?"

—Geoffrey Firmin (The Consul),
from *Under the Volcano*
by Malcolm Lowry

Good drinking, as the Consul and Malc Lowry himself would attest, is an art. It requires a degree of creativity to sustain, matched with like quantities of stamina. Nor is it a pastime for the timid. It demands a lusty thirst and a sense of proportion to keep one's drought in check. For what he lacked in proportion, the bibulous Lowry nonetheless compensated with an uncanny knack for surrounding himself with imbibers of a like-minded perspective—surely another requisite. Finally, good drinking requires, above all, a good brew.

Brewing, however, is a science. Like all sciences today, it has fallen on hard times. The commercial demands of crossing hundreds or thousands of miles and languishing unconsumed in saloons or package stores for weeks or months often dictates the use of pasteurization, heading agents, enzymes, or antibiotics in production of the modern-day beer or ale.

The beauty that can compare to the Consul's beloved Farolito is that of a brewery making ale, porter, and stout according to the old ways—in the early morning. The reader should be cautioned here, though. I consumed my first stout at Jack McAuliffe's New Albion Brewery in Sonoma, California, at nine o'clock on a

dewy Saturday morning in March. In all fairness, I must confess that prior to this sumptuous occasion, your correspondent's only experience with early morning consumption occurred a decade ago at 7:15 a.m. on a Saturday in Peru (pronounced PEE-ROO), Indiana. As a daily newspaper reporter, I witnessed, between gulps of warm Bud at the Rainbow Bar on Broadway, a charwoman in the act of mopping a pool of coagulated blood. A woman had been involved—as is often the case in these occurrences—and her male companion's chest had been mistaken as a strop for a straight razor. Such is the tutelage of one who would assume the dubious charge of scribe of saloons.

Jack's place, while not a saloon per se, is guaranteed to intrigue anyone seriously concerned with good drinking. The brewery is situated a mile or so east of the town of Sonoma in the heart of California vineyard country. Once a haven for Jack London and later for bands of hippies in the 1960s, the town today is beset with busloads of fisheye tourists whose zeal in sampling its quaint boutiques, prized cheese, and tasty loaves of sourdough is matched only by an army of fleas on a pariah dog.

Fortunately, New Albion has little, if anything, to do with the town, save when the feisty McAuliffe chases from the premises a stray leisure-suited, patent-leathered L.A. type who has found his way to the brewery in a futile attempt to taste Sonoma's homegrown brew. This is not a vineyard; there are no "tastings" offered here. One may drink at the brewery

only if properly sanctioned, that is to say, brought into the New Albion fold. This apparent cliquishness, wholeheartedly fostered by McAuliffe and his hard-working clan, limits consumption of the brewery's products on the premises via sale or gift. No matter, for the ale, porter, and stout of New Albion vintage can be had—at prices ranging from \$1.20 to \$1.50 or more per bottle—at any number of drinking establishments in San Francisco and environs.

And Jack's brew is not to be missed, especially the porter. The porter is a mellifluous blend, a richly hued amber liquid that is cloudy because of final fermentation in the bottle. It combines the best of New Albion's heavier, darker stout and the light bodied, traditional ale. The stout is, typically, bitter and throaty, yet somehow lacking in the classic bite of the ubiquitous Guinness. All three "beers," as McAuliffe is wont to lump them, are fully natural, embodying only malt, hops, yeast, and water.

There are two visual characteristics that are idiosyncratic to the New Albion brews. The first is their opacity when decanted from bottle to glass. This quality is a result of the brewery's slow fermentation in the bottle—a process that takes five weeks in a chilling cellar at the brewery. Since they are not stabilized by sterile filtration or heat (as in pasteurization), the beers continue to live in the bottle during delivery and when consumed. Invariably, upon emptying a New Albion bottle, there is a thin, irregular coat of yeast that

has formed and stuck to the inner bottom.

The second curio is the label on the bottle, depicting a ship precariously navigating between what appear to be two icebergs. The ship, McAuliffe informs me, is Sir Francis Drake's vessel the *Golden Hinde*. Drake, who is said to have discovered California, called the land "New Albion" in honor of his homeland, and claimed it for Queen Elizabeth I. Having read of the Albion Brewing Company, a turn-of-the-century brewery operating in San Francisco until the twenties, McAuliffe thought it fitting to revive a local tradition.

So much for the history. As for the present, I am on my second porter after a stout for breakfast, upon which the master brewer insisted. The stream of characters who inhabit the brewery on a given Saturday has begun to flow, as has the day's wort from the mash tun to the brewing vat in the tiny two-story brewhouse behind the office. As McAuliffe, morning stout in hand, observes, "People do like to stop here and chat. There's a nice feeling about this place."

First there is Sal, the brewery's "designer," an energetic fellow with a wry countenance who does etchings. Today he carries a book-length computer printout of gags, which he begins reciting to McAuliffe, vice president and brewster Suzanne Stern, and me. The brewery's shutterbug stops in, bearing photos of a recent party (New Albion products in

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evidence) for the staff. Then comes Al, a personable man of some apparent means. He extends to me an invitation to the Third New Albion Pig Roast at his mountain retreat in June, where the owner of San Francisco's Anchor Steam Brewery is to be present. Asked his opinion of Anchor Steam, McAuliffe feigns ignorance. Later, when pressed, he launches into his generic tirade against the products of larger, commercial brewers, then backs off. "I don't want to tell people what to do," he says. He admits he once received a letter from a major brewer's association mildly exhorting him—like a good "light beer"—should—not to demean the products of his larger and more established brethren. "There's lots of room in this world for all kinds of people," McAuliffe says. "Our beer is not for everybody. It's bitter, and lots of people don't like the way it tastes. But any pasteurized or filtered ale cannot be classified as real ale."

Although they are frowned upon, visitors to New Albion find their way around the side of the corrugated structure housing the brewery to the office, a room the size of a garage. It contains a single large desk (reminiscent of this writer's own garage sale leftover), a four-ton safe of Midas proportions that McAuliffe found in a dump after it had been "peeled" open by nocturnal visitors to a local jewelry, and a bookcase whose contents include such classic tomes as *100 Years of Brewing* (1903), *The Complete Practical Brewer* (1852), *Pasteur's Studies on Fermentation* (1879), *Textbook on the Science of Brewing* (1891), and *Preparation of Malt and Fabrication of Beer* (1882). These are not for show, but are used daily. McAuliffe is resolutely dedicated to refining the practical science of brewing to personal perfection; he soon will sign on a new member of the brewery staff, a young man with a degree in fermentation science from the University of California at Davis. This will, the brewmaster boasts, "give us a real good technical corps here."

A ringing telephone jars my stouped and portered senses. Boulder Brewing, a small Colorado outfit just getting started, wants tips on bottling. McAuliffe winces. His advice comes cheap, if grudgingly, but as he well knows, bottling is expensive. At New Albion, Wednesday is bottling day. On bottling day, three workers are assigned to the day-long task of washing, filling, capping, and labeling.

Washing takes place beneath a roofed but unwallled structure adjacent to the brewery, where lurks a white contraption the size of a small

cabin cruiser. This is the bottle washer. Called a D & L six-wide soaker-hydro, this mechanical beast consists of innumerable gears, wheels, flanges, and locomotive-type arms surrounding an enclosed inner honeycomb of holes, curtains of rubber straps, and endless lengths of conveyor. The machine appears to have no beginning nor end, nor any reasonable purpose behind its de-

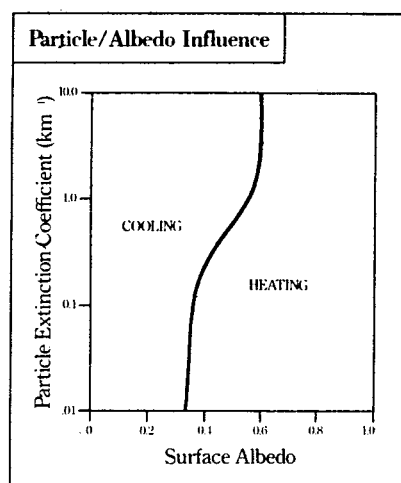
sign. Yet McAuliffe, who saved it from an ignominious death as scrap for a mere \$150 (the latest model soaker-hydro will set you back \$10,000, sans options), assures me that it cleanses and sanitizes hundreds of bottles in succession while simultaneously stripping each of its label. Nearby stand stacks of cases of empties awaiting holy Wednesday and their turn in the baptismal waters

of the great soaker-hydro. New Albion bottles, incidentally, are of the standard dark brown twelve-ounce export type. They are returnable, and few New Albion drinkers are so foolish as to employ them as ammunition against Golden State scenery.

In the brewhouse, the first wort runoff from the mash tun is starchy. The dark, opaque liquid runs from

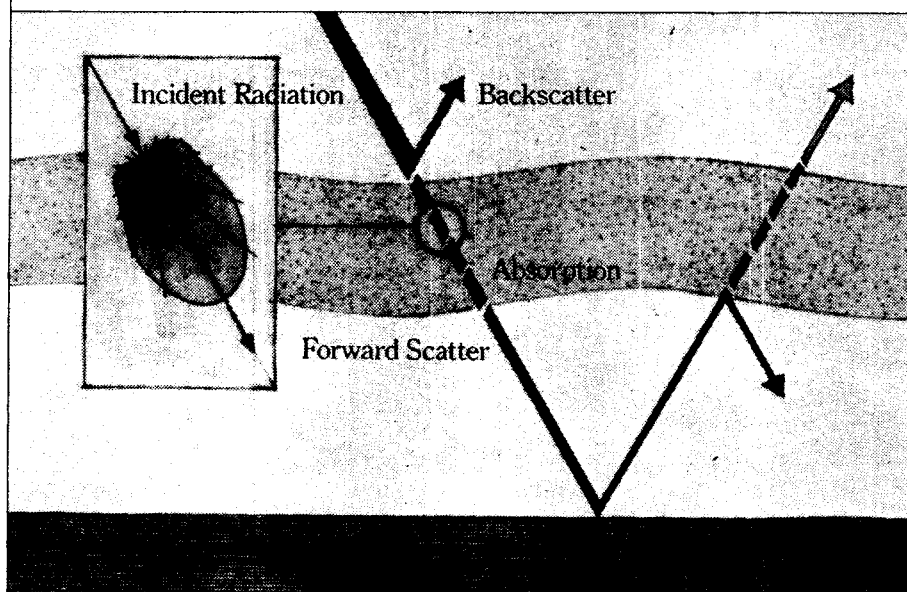
The Albedo Effect

Mathematical models of the atmosphere are the chief scientific tools for predicting long-term climate and identifying possible climatic changes that may result from man's activities. Recent advances at the General Motors Research Laboratories have revealed new information about the contribution of airborne particles to the delicate thermal balance of the earth's atmosphere.



Regions of heating and cooling determined by particle characteristics and surface albedo.

Radiation scattering exhibited by a layer of particles. The inset shows the distribution of scattering by a single particle of mean size.



DEVOID of its atmosphere, the bare earth would reach an average temperature of only -1°C . Atmospheric interaction with solar and terrestrial radiation raises the average surface temperature to fifteen degrees Celsius, making life as we know it possible. Small fluctuations in overall temperature can have large-scale effects. It is believed that a drop of a few degrees Celsius lasting for a period as short as four years could trigger an ice age. Fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories explore the effect of various atmospheric factors, natural and man-made, on the earth's thermal balance.

New knowledge of the influence of airborne particles on the earth's thermal balance has

been revealed by investigations carried out by Dr. Ruth Reck. Dr. Reck's work at General Motors integrated for the first time the complex factor of particles into radiative-convective atmospheric models. Her findings help determine under what conditions particles have a cooling influence, and under what conditions they have a heating influence.

Airborne particles have many sources: volcanic issue, wind-raised dust and sea salt, ash, soot, direct and indirect products of combustion and industrial processing, the products of the decay of plant and animal life, the liquid droplets and ice crystals that make up clouds. Particles alter the radiation flow in the atmosphere by the processes of scattering and absorption. Particles differ by size and composition, factors which determine optical properties.

Prior to Dr. Reck's work, models for calculating the vertical temperature profile included layers of clouds and the significant gases— O_2 , O_3 , H_2O and CO_2 —but neglected the particle factor. To establish the thermal effect of particles, later models assumed a uniform vertical temperature change.

Dr. Reck's contribution was to add the particle factor to a one-dimensional model developed at the Geophysical Fluid Dynamics Laboratory at Princeton University. This model divides the atmosphere into nine layers. An initial temperature distribution is assumed, and the model is used to compute the net radiative energy

the run through a transparent plastic tube to a stainless steel pail, where it collects, and Stern offers me a taste. It is at once sweet and tart. This part of the brewing process is known as sparging the grains. The drained off or sparged contents in the pail are poured back in the run, to be processed once more until the starch has been broken down sufficiently for the wort to run clear.

Back in the office, I am engulfed by the pungent aroma of old books and ale brewing, a smell at once felicitous and evocative of a time when men wore handlebar mustaches, women covered their bodies in puffy things that challenged the male imagination, and saloons were places of splendid isolation, of escape, as it were, from the sobering realities of domestic vicissitude.

McAuliffe is expounding on work and the necessity for the brewery's long hours. "In this country people used to work six days a week, twelve hours a day. We start at 7 a.m. and work ten and twelve hours a day, five, six, sometimes seven days a week." Toting an open bottle of stout—much ale being consumed by those who labor here—McAuliffe, 35, is a barrel-chested man of

medium height with rubicund cheeks and a singularly industrious constitution. He is given to punctuating his rare verbal utterances with a roisterous, mocking snigger that occasionally peels into a full-blown horse-laugh. The butt of his comic jabs is, more often than not, Uncle Sam. "I hate all government and I despise regulation. We're taxed by the barrel, and we turn out something like 360 barrels a year. The government is addicted to taxes."

An anachronistic figure, McAuliffe would have been better suited as a village farrier in Victorian England. Grinning mischievously, he hands me a copy of an 1888 volume titled *In Praise of Ale*, open to the frontispiece, which reads:

There's many a clinking song is made
In honour of the Blacksmith's trade;
But more for the Brewer may be said,
Which nobody can deny.

His only allegiances to our time, in fact, are penchants for flying and for nuclear weaponry. McAuliffe served on a nuclear submarine support ship in the North Atlantic, and later found employment in California's Silicon Valley as a designer of laser-triggered flashlamps. "I'm still interested in modern weapons," he volunteers, "but my talents are better directed doing this stuff." He admits to having no scheme to give Sonoma the bomb, although this certainly would be one means of eradicating the obnoxious breed of tourists that infects this tiny hamlet each weekend.

Now hops—the dried blossoms of the female hop plant—are added to the wort in the brew kettle to impart flavor, body, and aroma. Hops also act as a natural inhibitor of bacterial growth, Stern tells me, but in recent years the hopping rate at many breweries has been reduced in favor of the more popular lighter and milder beers. From the brewhouse, the cooked wort is pumped to the fermentation room. There it is cooled to 58 degrees Fahrenheit in a device resembling an automobile radiator, and pumped into stainless steel drums where yeast will be added to begin fermentation. After several days, the yeast will have worked its bacterial legerdemain, converting sugars to alcohol and carbon dioxide. The wort then will have turned to beer, although it will continue to ferment for several weeks in the bottle.

In his laudable determination to set brewing back to a better century, McAuliffe has one-upped the soaker-hydro on the Rube Goldberg scale of technology with his answer to bottle labeling. Resembling a Ben Franklin

flow into or out of each layer. A particle population is input for each layer. Calculated radiation imbalances result in a temperature change for each layer within the model, subject to the condition that change in temperature with altitude not exceed the adiabatic lapse rate. The new temperatures are used to compute a new radiation balance. This process is repeated until there are no further changes in temperature.

The particles of interest, known as Mie-scattering aerosols, are comparable in size to the wavelength of the incident radiation. Dr. Reck models the interaction of these particles with the radiation field in terms of two parameters: the single scattering albedo of the particle, which describes backscatter, and an anisotropic scattering factor, which measures the degree of forward scatter. From these two quantities and the size distribution and abundance of the particles, the transmission, absorption and backscatter of each layer in the model can be calculated.

DR. RECK discovered that whether particles have a heating or cooling influence depends upon the surface albedo, or reflective power, of the earth directly beneath them. Snow (0.6) is more reflective than sand (0.3); water is less reflective than either (0.07). Her results indicate that when surface albedo is small, the net effect of particles is to "shield" the earth from incoming solar radiation,

producing a cooling influence. When surface albedo is large, a trapping effect prevails, in which the portion of solar radiation that reaches the earth's surface is "trapped" between the surface and the particles, producing a net heating influence. The competition between these two effects, shielding and trapping, determines the overall thermal influence of particles.

Dr. Reck calculated that for the latitudes between the equator and 35°N, where average surface albedo is low, the current background level of atmospheric particles decreases solar radiation reaching the earth by ~1%, thus producing a net cooling effect. Her findings indicate that heating takes place at latitudes north of 55°N, where average surface albedo is high. Calculations with the model indicate a correlation between the increase in particle abundance due to volcanic activity in 1970 and a subsequent ice build-up in 1971.

"Previous models did not adequately take into account the role played by particles in the earth's thermal balance," says Dr. Reck. "The geosystem is continually changing. It is important for us to understand the elements that affect this evolution, so that we may know how man's activities influence the atmosphere."

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. Ruth Reck is a Staff Research Scientist in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Reck received her Ph.D. in physical chemistry from the University of Minnesota. Her thesis, on the statistical mechanics of heterogeneous systems, concerned the theory of diffusion-controlled chemical reactions. Prior to joining General Motors in 1965, she was a Research Associate in the Applied Mathematics Department of Brown University.

In addition to global climate studies, Dr. Reck has done research at General Motors in solid state physics and magnetic materials. Over the last seven years, she has participated in several international exchange programs on climate-related subjects.



General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

sketch of a printing press, his scavenged semi-automatic World Company 1910 labeler is the antithesis of today's computerized, fully automated bottling lines. Half the size of a phone booth, the World model uses a glue pot and a labeling device operated by a treadle clutch to affix label to bottle with the approximate velocity and cadence of a horse swatting a fly with its tail.

With all due respect, McAuliffe's approach to making beer in 1981 is so utterly outlandish to those who worship modern brewing techniques that *Brewer's Digest*, as a means of reassuring its readership of his membership in brewing circles, saw fit to publish a photograph of McAuliffe's cravat. It appeared over a caption that read, "Mr. McAuliffe,

usually T-shirted, must occasionally don a necktie and keeps one handy in the brewery." So much for the old ways of brewing.

Having wheedled still another of his magnificent porters from the aging room's bountiful cache, I listen as the brewmaster once more fusillades the state of modern brewing. "There's lots of room for different beers. I'm only after a small part of the market. Some people, when they taste my beer, say they can't stand the shit. That's fine with me—I respect that. After all, beer is the beverage of moderation. Beer drinkers don't like to get messed up, otherwise they'd be drinking Jack Daniels. If you want everybody to be

your friend, then you can't have a personality of your own.

"Brewing is a highly visible business," he continues, sipping a stout. "The only more visible business I can think of is a whorehouse." The one thing that bothers McAuliffe is the fact that his ale, porter, and stout are available only to northern California drinkers. "It's not ethically or morally right that folks on the East Coast should be deprived of New Albion."

Such talk, however serious from a man who means business, is not likely to send Anheuser Busch, Miller, and Carling quaking in their bootlegs. McAuliffe's pronouncements, moreover, should be taken with a grain of malt—one of his co-workers, in fact, observing that

marketing is not his long suit, remarked, "Jack should be kept on a short chain at the brewery at all times."

Still, for those of us who would like to see New Albion for sale in places beyond earthquake country, there are a couple of propitious signs. The first is that any man who can bring decades-old machines to life must have a certain power over existence as we know it (I cannot do this with my own motorcar, and it is only five years old). The second omen is less finite, having to do with a man who traveled across several states to arrive at the New Albion Brewing Company. His message could be that of anyone who appreciates a fine brew. Dusty, thirsty, haggard, he asked, "Is this it? Is this Mecca?" □

S P E C T A T O R ' S J O U R N A L

A FAREWELL TO BRAS

by Roger Kaplan

May 30, 1981—May is a history-charged month in France. General De Gaulle returned to power in May 1958, saving France some say: establishing the Fifth Republic at any rate (actually approved by national referendum the following September; in May 1958 De Gaulle was legally made head of the last government of the Fourth Republic). Ten years later the Fifth Republic tottered under a hail of Left Bank cobblestones, until the General got on television and told everybody to quiet down and get back to work. In May-June 1978 the Union of the Left, rent by internal disputes about the direction of history, failed to capture the government in parliamentary elections, despite several years of steady gains. This May the Left, in the person of François Mitterrand, won the presidency of the Republic.

So now is the time of gossip and guessing, waiting and hoping; dancing in the streets of the Latin Quarter every night since the emotional demonstration at the Place de Bastille and Mitterrand's moving visit to the Pantheon; or plotting ways of getting money out of the country, of "saving what is essential" in the June elections. It depends on how

you feel. Mitterrand has dissolved the National Assembly and is going into the June legislative elections which will replace it with a politically masterful government designed to reassure the voters. It contains no Communists and has representatives of every faction in the Socialist party. There is a very good chance the Socialists will emerge from the legislative elections strong enough to govern alone.

It was reasonable to predict, as virtually everyone did, that Giscard d'Estaing would squeak through as in 1974. The historic tendency of the French, after all, is to complain all the time and then keep the conservatives in power. The weak spot in the argument, as I pointed out in these pages in April, was that Giscard was unpopular, that the Gaullist votes might not go to him as surely as the Communists' would go to Mitterrand, and that certain issues—notably his handling of foreign policy—had been brought up, in which he looked only marginally better—and as it turned out, in some cases worse—than François Mitterrand.

Well, Giscard d'Estaing was unable to surmount these problems. The Gaullists, with the exception of a few personal endorsements, including RPR leader Jacques Chirac's very lukewarm one, did not rally to him and demobilized their electoral ma-

chine after the first round. Indeed a number of Gaullist leaders, including Marie-France Garaud and Colonel Passy, De Gaulle's wartime intelligence chief, called for a Mitterrand vote, and it is clear that a great many of their followers answered by doing just that.

But the event that really tipped it for the Socialist candidate was the disastrous showing of the Communist Georges Marchais. It was known that he was in trouble, but no one expected the Communists to fall (at 15 percent) below the point they first achieved in 1936 at the time of the Popular Front. The collapse of Moscow's man in France is probably the most significant political development in the election, even if for the moment it is overshadowed, on the Right, by the bitterness of defeat. Under the conditions that prevailed after the first round of voting, the Socialists could claim with some credibility a vision of a left-wing future without Communists. After Chirac's brilliant show had revealed Giscard's unpopularity among the conservative electorate this blunted the Giscardiens' only remaining card—the fear of revolution.

Indeed, Giscard announced: It will be Communist order or Socialist disorder, if I lose. He may turn out to have been right; but if there is any time to test Socialist disorder in

France—and every people must be allowed its fling with infantilism—it is surely now, when the PCF is least able to cause a lot of mischief.

President Mitterrand is said to be contemplating changes chiefly in the domestic, not the foreign policy, programs of his predecessor. To be sure, a government that includes a "Minister for Free Time" must have novel ideas on the role of the state in people's lives. A Socialist foreign policy, however, may carry some surprise for the United States too. True, Mitterrand has always been a friend of Israel. He has also gone on record as supporting the PLO's claim to represent the Palestinian people, so he may not be quite as much help in the Middle East as some commentators have suggested. His appointment of the famous humanitarian Régis Debray as his chief adviser on Latin America suggests we shall not be getting much political help from France in our hemisphere.

So we are between elections in France and we can only gossip. Until the legislative elections, the stock exchange and the money markets will remain the only sure indicators of what is going on. And we can also reflect that every so often the French need to get their revolutionary ardor out of their system. Who knows, this may yet turn out to have been a pretty tame way to do it. □

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