

New York Times

Arkansas chic sweeps Manhattan:

Judge Patricia M. Wald and Robert L. Wald of Washington have announced the engagement of their daughter Frederica Nora Wald to Roger Sherman, a son of Justice and Mrs. Burton Sherman of New York. A September wedding is planned.

Ms. Wald, 35, is a senior marketing manager at Time Warner Inc. in New York. She graduated cum laude from Wesleyan University. She and her fiancé received MBA degrees from the University of Pennsylvania.

Her mother, who was President Clinton's first choice for Attorney General but declined the appointment, is a judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia and was the first woman to serve as chief judge of that court. Ms. Wald's father . . .

[February 28, 1993]

APA Newsletters

(American Philosophical Association)
A typical university cosmopolitan, one who knows the ways of the French gourmand, brings her merkin to the barricades:

I am a white lesbian, forty-eight years old and I have a beard. Sort of a double goatee affair that grows on either side of my chin. I have had it for about sixteen years. When I first realized I was growing a beard, not just a few chin hairs, I was shocked. I identified strongly as a feminist, but was not ready for this test of my will and resolve not to appear at least moderately feminine in this world of strict masculine/feminine dichotomies. Besides, until the beard came, I did not realize what deep recesses of desire to be "pretty" in a traditionally feminine way I harbored. The beard, if let grow, would certainly end the possibility of a purely feminine appearance for me. It took me over a year to stop shaving it altogether. By then I had moved to liking it a lot and putting some effort into seeing to it that it appeared neat and not unkempt by, for instance, keeping crumbs out of it when I ate croissants.

[Fall 1992]

News-Leader

(Springfield, Missouri)

Miss June McGaughey—apparently a political scientist or historian at some small college—pipes up on behalf of National Salvation:

The almighty God has lifted up William Clinton to lead this country through the most perilous times in its history. Every one of us must help our courageous young president with everything he wants done.

The vision he unveiled to America the night of Feb. 17 must never be forgotten. It will become a reality. We have been called to take up arms. We dare not fail in the terrible battle that has begun.

President Clinton is America's last hope for liberation from its cruel bondage.

[February 24, 1993]

Harvard

The official house organ of Harvard gets another puritanical bull from the morally incontinent Thurston Smith:

I feel obliged to respond to the full-page photograph on page 76 of the January-February issue, showing Thomas Kershaw, M.B.A. '62, tailgating before the Harvard-Yale football game, eating a chicken leg and holding out his Bloody Mary glass for a refill.

. . . As one who is concerned with educating Harvard-Radcliffe men and women about responsibility in drinking, I find the glorification of Kershaw as a "partygoer *par excellence*" extremely distressing. As long as he does not break the law (and I hope he was not driving that day), Kershaw of course has the right to behave as he wishes. Your magazine, however, should refrain from presenting this picture as the ultimate way to enjoy "The Game."

I will leave my other reactions to the fur coat and to the overall promotion of Harvard's unfortunate and incorrect image as an elite and snobbish institution for another time.

—Thurston Smith, C.A.S. '71
Associate Registrar,
Faculty of Arts and Sciences
Harvard University

[April 1993]

Federal News Service

In the aftermath of the bombing of the World Trade Center, the Hon. Mario Cuomo suffers a gruesome case of logorrhea right there in the "safest" city in the world—safer even than Beirut or Washington, D.C.:

As far as apprehension is concerned, we all have that feeling—that feeling of being violated. It is still true that this is the safest place in the world, that you have the best law enforcement people, the best fire service people, the best public employees, the best federal investigative unit in the whole world. All of them working together. You will have now a heightened security in every way that it can be heightened. You have on the state side—I assume this will happen with other governments as well—all state officials working harder to enforce codes, working more diligently at every security measure that you can take. All of that will be done.

And so, what used to be the safest place in the world will be safer still. . . .

[February 27, 1993]

San Francisco Chronicle

Beyond the devilry of R. Limbaugh! With poetry and svelte syllogism Miss Susan Margolis (author of *Fame!*) exhorts all Americans to follow Him:

Remember, near the end of *Casablanca*, when Ingrid Bergman and her husband ask Humphrey Bogart to give them exit visas so they can escape to safety and keep working to defeat the Nazis?

. . . Right now, according to recent polls, three quarters of Americans are Ingrid Bergman and her husband. We've all got our personal fights and fortunes to consider, but Bill Clinton, our Bogart, holds everybody's exit visas—his economic plan—which could free us from dictatorship of the deficit and possibly lead to a happy ending. . . .

Maybe, just maybe, Clinton is everything he seems to be: a man disciplined and smart enough to have figured out what he

thinks will work and strong enough to be able to take that plan to the people and admit that without their support, he'll fail. In other words, a man comfortable enough with his own power to share his power with the rest of us.

But is he powerful enough to overcome our cynicism? It will be tempting for us to adopt Russ [sic] Limbaugh's glibness, focusing on what's wrong with him and how we don't like the way his plan will touch our lives. Or we can take that leap of faith.

Remember how *Casablanca* ends? Bogart's power over Bergman and her husband ennobles him. He surprises everybody by deciding to send them off together. He even recommits himself to fighting the good fight. And why? Because as he says at the movie's end, otherwise, his life doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

Well, we're living in the '90s and not the '40s. Clinton is Bogart, minus the cigarette and trench coat. Times have changed, Styles have changed. But only one man holds the exit visas. And unless we're willing to sacrifice, his presidency won't amount to a hill of beans.

[March 1, 1993]

Letter of Invitation Communist Party of Nepal (Unified Marxist-Leninist)

Good News and Bad News for profs at the Harvard Law School making their summer travel plans:

Dear Friend,

It is our pleasure to inform you that the Communist Party of Nepal (Unified Marxist-Leninist) has decided to hold its historic National Congress from 27th January to 2nd February 1993.

At a time when world communist movement has met with setbacks following the collapse of the Soviet Union, it should be a matter of significant interest to all that this Congress of our Party is going to address important theoretical and practical issues of the movement. . . . Hoping that our discussions in the above line will be of interest to you, we extend our cordial invitation to you to cover the proceedings of our congress.

We regret to mention that because of our financial constraints, we are not in a position to provide travel subsidy. . . .

Yours sincerely,

Bharat Mohan Adhikari
Polit Bureau Member
CPN (UML)

[January 14, 1993]

SF Weekly

(San Francisco, California)

A moral inquiry into crank calling from Mr. John Trubee, rock singer and crank caller, as recorded in a New Age Journal for the catatonically entranced:

Trubee has tapered off his pranking activities in recent years, saying he feels "a little uncomfortable" with engaging in a juvenile activity into his late 30s. But he still believes pranking is educational and—yes, this is the '90s—empowering for America's youth.

"I think it's healthy sometimes for kids and teenagers to do prank phone calls, in order to realize that they can exert some control over their lives," Trubee asserts. "When you prank people, what you're doing is using words to create this false reality for the person on the other end of the phone. When you learn to do that, you realize that this juggernaut that we call society is just a construction of words that is very tenuous and illusory sometimes.

"When you finally find out that you can use words to convince people of things that are untrue, then you realize, conversely, that you've been fooled a lot yourself—through advertisements, business, governments—by institutions that use words to lie all the time, and use untruths to jerk us around, and bully us, and keep us under their thumbs. When you do prank phone calls, it's a way of fighting back."

[March 10, 1993]

Health

In a *Washington Post* supplement written for those with the blues, the sagacious and sightly Miss Abigail Trafford discourses upon yet another area of American life in need of the salutary magic of Affirmative Action:

Debbie, Diane, Janet. What do these women have in common?

Answer: They all turned to doctors to help them die. . . .

• But why are there so many women on this list of patients who made medical history with their dying? Where are the examples of Tom, Dick and Harry in the debate on assisted suicide?

The numbers are still too small to be statistically valid, but as *JAMA* editor George D. Lundberg points out: "There is a pattern that's beginning to emerge." . . .

The apparent gender gap in physician-assisted suicides can also be explained by


the differences between men and women in the methods they choose to kill themselves. "Men's methods are active and physical," says *JAMA* editor Lundberg, a forensic pathologist. They commit suicide by gunshot, hanging or jumping off a bridge. They also kill themselves four times more frequently than women. "Women's methods are more passive," he says. They use drugs, which usually require a doctor's prescription.

But there could be other factors at work. The shortage of men on the list may reflect a more subtle and inherent form of sexism in medicine. Lundberg suggests that male patients may also ask physicians to help them die, but doctors are more comfortable writing about women who seek help because it fits the profession's stereotype of the weak, needy patient-female. Given the paternalism of the medical establishment, "men would be more likely to describe a woman requesting assistance than other men," says Lundberg.

Undoubtedly there have been Daves, Dicks and Johns, but it fits cultural stereotyping to publicize Debbie, Diane and Janet.

[March 3, 1993]

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Boom Town

by Brit Hume

At a black-tie dinner recently, I was introduced to Pamela Harriman, grande dame of the Democratic Party and soon-to-be ambassador to Paris. We were seated, by chance, at the same table. I told her we are neighbors, both living in Georgetown. She smiled, sort of, and looked as if she found it curious that she and I should live in the same hemisphere.

In a sense, we don't. Although her townhouse is just a few doors from my condominium (so near and yet so far), she has been quoted as saying she doesn't know what it's like in Georgetown on Friday and Saturday nights because she's never in town on weekends. She told the same interviewer that hers is one of the "bigger houses... with deep gardens. In the summer, you sit out there and never know you are in a city."

At my place, you know you're in a city. There's a lot of distinctly urban noise: sirens, car theft alarms, screeching tires, drunken, bellicose shouting. The most common sound, though, is the thunderous, rhythmic boom of automobile stereo systems with the volume and bass cranked up all the way. I live three floors up, but I sometimes feel those car stereos before I actually hear them. When I put in storm windows last year, there was immediate improvement—not in the fuel bill, but the noise level.

Long before it became famous for its brick sidewalks, cobblestoned streets, and picturesque rows of federal and colonial townhouses, Georgetown was a thriving harbor. Its commercial center still has much of the raffish character of a waterfront. Along the busy corridors of Wisconsin Avenue and M Street are such trendy emporia as a Polo Store, a Banana

Republic, and an Abercrombie and Fitch. There are antique stores and small bookshops. There are many good restaurants, and several excellent ones. There are also, however, numerous rough-and-tumble bars and night clubs, and some peculiar shops that specialize in the fancy athletic footwear and designer warm-up suits that seem to attract the people with the boom boxes in their cars.

The standard view in the neighborhood is that these people are drug dealers who venture into Georgetown to shop for clothes and gold jewelry. I don't know where they get their money, but they seem to have a lot of it. What they don't have a lot of is regard for the local ordinances, such as those against jaywalking and public urination. If you honk your horn at those doing the former, you are likely to be answered with threats and racial epithets. If you complain about the latter, as I did to the man watering my front steps recently, you will get the threats and the epithets, as well as a slurred explanation that "it's biodegradable."

Mrs. Harriman and I reside about a block from both Wisconsin and M streets, very near the commercial heart of things. Just down the street, on the corner of Wisconsin and N, an immigrant businessman named George Stoupakis has spent \$700,000 of his own money to turn a defunct Little Tavern hamburger stand into a bright, comfortable restaurant he calls "Stoupsy's Diner." It serves a variety of Greek and American dishes at moderate prices. The food is quite good. Even the decaffeinated coffee is good. What an asset: a good, cheap restaurant that supplanted a crummy one. Business is brisk.

Stoupakis, though, says he is living a nightmare. "I came here because I thought this is the best neighborhood,"

he said. "But it's like the Third World. I get drunks, homeless people, drug dealers. You should see what this homeless guy did in my bathroom this morning. I can't tell you. I try to keep people who are not my customers out, but a guy opened his coat the other day to show me his gun. I let him use the bathroom. What could I do?" He says the police don't do much except issue parking tickets (a major source of city revenue).

As we spoke, there was a tall man outside, who would have looked distinguished in his beard and plaid overcoat except for two things: he had a scarf wrapped around his head and was wandering around in the middle of the intersection. First he strode purposefully in one direction, then another. "What's he doing?" I asked. "Oh, him," said a waitress. "He's a regular. He's out there every day."

Georgetowners are used to putting up with a lot. The university has always generated its share of noise, traffic and drunks, and some M-street bars of years past would make today's rowdier saloons seem elegant. As an under-age teenager, I used to ride the streetcar to a place called "Julie's" where no ID was required and beer was served even to a friend of mine who ordered a draught one night and pronounced it "drawt."

Georgetown has long been an odd mix of the stylish and the seedy, but some residents now fear that the decay and disorder that afflict much of urban America have caught up with their neighborhood. I'm not ready to say as much, yet, but I'm glad that I live three floors up, that I have a parking space that's not on the street, and that Mrs. Harriman, who could live anywhere, still lives just a few doors away. □

Brit Hume is the ABC News White House correspondent.