

Marshall Berman

RUINS AND REFORMS

New York Yesterday and Today

*We beg delinquents for our life.
Behind each bush, perhaps, a knife;
each landscaped crag, each flowering shrub,
hides a policeman with his club.*

—Robert Lowell, "Central Park"

*. . . the block is burning down on one side of the
street, and the kids are trying to build something on
the other.*

—Grace Paley, "Somewhere Else"

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here are all sorts of ironies in a *Dissent* issue devoted to New York City. In one sense, nothing could be more obvious. Most of *Dissent's* editors have spent most of their lives in or near this city. Indeed, the strong vertical form of our masthead resembles nothing so much as a New York apartment house. [Editors' note: With this issue, the masthead changes to a low-rise model.] Examined at closer range, this mostly but not wholly Jewish masthead—"Howe, Walzer, Geltman, Phillips, Carpenter, Plastrik, Avishai, . . . Schapiro, Sexton, Steinberg, Steinfeld, Wrong"—evokes the rows of doorbells on the thresholds of the Bronx and Brooklyn apartment houses where many of us grew up, or in the lobbies of the more formidable piles of the Upper West Side where many of us live now. In scrutinizing New York, we are buzzing our own bells to get us to come out in the open.

It may sound obvious, but it hasn't come easy. Our founders, growing up in immigrant families and neighborhoods, and coming of age in the various radical movements of the 1930s, prided themselves on taking the whole world as

their province. They saw quite early that they would never storm the Winter Palaces of the world; instead, they asserted the intellectual power to penetrate into that world's remotest corners and to grasp it as a whole. But, somehow, that whole did not include themselves, or the world they came from and moved in; they couldn't imagine that their homes, or their streets, or their city, could have meaning for anybody but themselves. They showed amazing aptitude for seeing the big picture, and yet failed to put themselves and their own history into the picture.

In 1961, however, that first generation made what we might call a great leap inward, and produced a splendid issue on New York. That Summer 1961 issue of *Dissent* is still exciting a quarter century later. It features a memoir by Irving Howe, "New York in the Thirties"; an overview of the city's political economy by Daniel Bell; a portrait of contrasting modes of urban poverty by Dorothy Day; an exposé of Robert Moses's politico-bureaucratic empire by Fred Cook; an eminently sensible "Utopian proposal" by Percival and Paul Goodman to ban private cars from Manhattan; "Harlem, My Harlem," Claude Brown's first published piece; Norman Mailer, living life on the edge with a Brooklyn gang; and twenty other pieces, almost every one of which still stands up today. What makes *Dissent's* first New York issue so special is the passion that drives it, and the willingness of the writers to affirm the ties that bind them to a particular place; they are happy to identify themselves as New Yorkers, rather than trying to sound like universal beings. They seem to understand instinctively how the personal is political.

One of the most striking things about our

first New York issue is how much of its political analysis still rings true today. Daniel Bell complains that the city lacks a procedure, or even a vocabulary, for assessing public priorities. "Where politics is played as a brokerage game, all groups defend private interests" against social needs. Dorothy Day distinguishes between stable poverty in which "the poor have some hope," and destitution, "habitation of the ill, the lonely and the hopeless ones" who "suffer the torments of hell." Daniel Friedenberg begins his "Real Estate Confidential" with the assertion that "The most stunning fact about New York is the realty boom," and concludes, "As long as the laws deliberately subsidize the rich and rapacious, a frenzy of building and speculation will be a permanent aspect of American life." Edward Chase paints a picture of neighborhoods increasingly segregated by class and race, and the city as a whole polarized increasingly between rich and poor. Mary Perot Nichols sees the success of municipal reform movements as shallow and transient, and portrays a political machine increasingly adept at coopting its enemies. Percival Goodman

shows how city and state governments pour lavish subsidies into culture as a luxury industry and imperial spectacle (in the 1960s it was Lincoln Center), even as Nat Hentoff and Mary Otis show how the jazz musicians and theater groups that are New York's real culture heroes face endless harassment from landlords, government bureaucracies, the mob, and the police.

In important structural ways, then, New York hasn't changed much in the last quarter century. And yet, rereading our Summer 1961 issue, we can't help but notice the great gulf in experience and sensibility between those days and our own. Those writers were often bitter or sad, but not traumatized or shocked. They saw New York deteriorating in all sorts of ways; but the trouble they feared was entropy, not catastrophe. They saw themselves as part of a large, growing, increasingly self-confident reforming public, a public that cared passionately about the city and had the energy to make real changes, if it could just understand what was going on. The élan of that public comes through in the issue's cover, a brilliant expressionist montage by Elaine de Kooning, deploying torn newspaper headlines ("Larger Capacity!", "Tigers," "Man," "Murderers," "Rage," and other familiars of daily life), shredded Christmas wrappings, and fragments of industrial debris, leaping off the page in bold black and white and fuchsia and purple. Below the exploding chaos, "New York, N.Y."; above it, boldest of all, like a billboard flashing in Times Square, *DISSENT*. De Kooning's cover expresses—we might even say, it helps to invent—the spirit of the 1960s. It proclaims that we can let all the city's eruptive forces live and thrive.

Koch & the Developers

Once, there was a time when the city of New York saw its responsibility for physical planning as a simple mandate: to limit growth. The idea was not to restrict it unreasonably, or to meddle excessively with the forces of capitalism, but to guarantee that those qualities of urban living that are of public benefit, such as light, air, sunshine and a sense of comfortable scale, did not disappear. It was implicitly understood that the private sector, acting on its own, had little incentive to preserve these things, and that it was the responsibility of the city to do so instead. . . .

The city is no longer our protector, but a full-fledged participant in the orgy of Manhattan real-estate development. This is the sad truth—that the municipal government, which at its best should be a moral force for good development, has shown so little interest in anything except accommodation. It is not the job of private developers to set limits; it is their job to make money. It is the function of the city to represent the public interest and forge into the building process the values that matter, which often means drawing the line. And that is just what the city has chosen *not* to do.

PAUL GOLDBERGER
New York Times, May 31, 1987

We have come a long way since then. The experience of looking back to New York in the summer of 1961 is a little like Philip Larkin's poem about pictures of England in August 1914. The poet's refrain: "Never such innocence again." Those of us who lived through the 1960s and 1970s in New York often felt like soldiers in that Great War: under fire for years, assaulted from more directions than we could keep track of, pinned down in positions

from which we couldn't seem to move. These were years when violence, and violent death, became everyday facts of city life. The number of homicides in New York, which had remained remarkably constant at around 300 per year since 1930 (when reliable statistics begin), quintupled in the course of the 1960s; it has fluctuated between 1,500 and 1,800 per year ever since. The frequency of assault, robbery and rape, and of drug-related death seems to have increased even more. So many ordinary, decent people like ourselves, who had worked all their lives to stay clean, suddenly found themselves entangled—as victims, witnesses, or survivors—in ferocious crimes. There was nowhere you could get away from it. We all learned (often without noticing that we were learning) to be very alert in public places, to respond to subliminal signs. Yet our defense systems, adept in protecting us against strangers, might totally fail to alert us to what our loved ones were doing just behind the door; we would only learn when the knock or call came from the police.

We were used to shabby, impoverished, neglected neighborhoods all around the town—some of us worked in them, others drove through on the way out of town; nothing prepared us for the burning down and virtual destruction of many of these neighborhoods, the flames shooting up around us night after night, the metamorphosis of teeming streets and overflowing buildings—sometimes the streets and buildings we'd grown up in—into deserts of burnt-out hulks and vast emptiness. We were used to photographic images of ragged, distressed people down on the Bowery or uptown in Harlem; we weren't prepared to see them face to face, flooding our own streets and doorways and subway stations, and sleeping out in the cold and rain because they had no place to go. We were used to walking through streets full of quiet desperation; we had to learn to negotiate streets full of people shrieking in rage and despair at the top of their voices, and often directing their shrieks at us.

Now we should not forget that, since the early 1960s, the sky has been falling all over America. It would be a sign of our often-remarked provinciality for New Yorkers to think that it has fallen on us alone. Neverthe-

less, there are certain features of New York that have made these general troubles particularly traumatic. Ironically, these are precisely the qualities that have also made New York such a thrilling and beloved place.

First of all, there is our city's intense and vibrant street life. Our nineteenth-century street system, built for pedestrians to walk around in, and our early-twentieth-century mass transit system, built to move streets full of people *en bloc*, have been overtaxed and undermaintained for a long time now. Still, they have held up over the long haul, and most New Yorkers use them every day. They constitute public space of a breadth and intensity probably unsurpassed in the world, and not even dreamt of in the rest of the U.S.A. A random walk in the street or ride on the train can give us a remarkably full view of the richness, diversity, and color of New York life. All our people's energy and beauty can be instantly seen, heard, felt in the street. But that also means that all our strains and tensions are instantly visible, audible, palpable—and, moreover, because the streets are our lifeline, there is nowhere we can go to get away from it all. This openness is one of the things that makes New York so endlessly exciting. But all the tensions that have been seething throughout American society—tensions between races, classes, sexes, generations—have boiled over instantly on the sidewalks of New York. At such times, our

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wonderfully open city has felt like a great, festering open wound.

Even as New York's street life has intensified our collective troubles, the city's preeminence as a world communications center has blown them up into something mythical. Things that happen in New York are beamed instantly all over America, indeed, the world, thanks to all the mass media that are located here. Facts become symbols instantly—often long before they are understood. In the late 1960s, New York came to symbolize "urban violence." This wouldn't have been so bad if it had enabled Americans to confront the rapidly rising tide of violence throughout American society. But the symbolism took on an insidiously twisted form: poverty, racism, easy access to drugs and guns, desperate rage exploding into mayhem, were considered uniquely *our* problems; out-of-towners seeing our town come apart concluded complacently that it could never happen to theirs. And when it did happen, instead of learning to scrutinize their own towns more closely, they attacked

New York even more violently, as if we had afflicted all America with its spreading blight. Our own media mythicized us into America's Other, which could be blamed for everything that the country didn't want to see in itself. The demonization of New York reached orgasmic heights in the mid-1970s, during our fiscal crisis, when many politicians and media pundits spoke as if social peace would return to all America if only New York could somehow be wiped off the map.

Another severe blow to New Yorkers came from a direction where we had felt most secure: our city's public sector. New York's public services included enormous housing and hospital complexes, the most generous welfare allowances in the country, and a city university that not only dwarfed all existing state systems (except perhaps California's) but was free. The upkeep of these services helped to make New York the most highly taxed city in the U.S.A. But New Yorkers were willing to pay for them, in part because they appreciated the benefits they brought, in part because these services

Carlin Meyer

Whose Windfall?

Every couple of years friends of friends from Denmark come to visit. When they leave I always ask them, "What impressed you the most about New York City?" Always, I hear the same reply. Not the Statue of Liberty, the World Trade Center, or Wall Street. Not the architecture or the food or the jazz or the theater. What has impressed them about New York City is the appalling disparity of wealth. "How can you stand to live in such a place?" they always ask me.

Sometimes I wonder how I can. Last week I had lunch with a friend who told me about his best law school buddy, now a senior partner in a major Wall Street law firm. His buddy's "draw" (annual salary) is \$800,000. His expense account is \$100,000, or about \$2,000 a week.

My Danish friends are teachers, or carpenters, or government employees. They earn small salaries (\$15,000 to \$25,000—they can never afford hotels when they come to the United States); they pay 50 percent of those small salaries in income tax so that

all Danes can have medical care, food, and basic necessities. They don't have expense accounts.

I think of the Wall Street partner and of my Danish friends whenever I pass a homeless person, a street-walker, a beggar, a junkie. I wish for, I dream of, a 50 percent income tax that might pay for the housing for the homeless that no one can seem to build, or the food for the hungry that we pay midwestern farmers not to grow. Of a 50 percent inheritance tax that might pay for free college tuition, or adequate staffing, equipment, and buildings for our elementary and high schools. I look around me at the decaying city structures and at the thousands of unemployed, young and old, and imagine having the funds to hire those unemployed to accomplish all of the public works so desperately needed just to hold our crumbling infrastructure together, let alone to make the city a glorious place to live in (planting flowers and trees, painting murals, supporting free theater and concerts all year round).

And then I listen sadly as the politicians of our

were a source of civic pride. First, because they contained world-renowned people and institutions; second, because they provided formidable social support for people in need and generated a sense of civic solidarity.

By the end of the 1960s, however, all the city's public services found themselves overwhelmed by floods of people who were in far more trouble than the city's resources could even begin to cope with. Anybody who lived in a housing project, took the subway to work, sent a child to public school, tried to use a city hospital or summon the police for help, came face to face with institutions that were, or seemed to be, on the point of breakdown. This was dreadful, not just for the immediate suffering it caused (which was plenty), but for the revelation that, after all the expense and care we had lavished on our public services, we were as endangered and helpless as if we had spent the last twenty years asleep. Our whole public sector, which was supposed to form a structure of solid walls binding New Yorkers

together into a community, seemed to be crashing down on our heads.

Nothing in our collective civic consciousness prepared us for this sudden vulnerability. There was nothing in that first *Dissent*—or in any other American source—to warn us. We assumed that although we as individuals were bound to die, our city would live forever. Like citizens of so many cities through the ages, we discovered, to our shock, the precariousness of urban life. The shock was greatest, probably, for the more than half a million New Yorkers who, between 1968 and 1980, saw their own homes and neighborhoods—large parts of Brownsville, East New York, Bedford-Stuyvesant, the Lower East Side, Harlem, a dozen neighborhoods in the Bronx—go up in flames. But our city life was shattering and exploding in so many ways, that all New Yorkers were burned by the heat. In 1984 I coined a word for this dreadful process: URBICIDE, the murder of a city.

Why did everything in the city seem to be collapsing at once? For years nobody seemed to

great city and state race each other to the microphones to announce with great fanfare that they will be the first to return to the individual taxpayer the "windfall" gain to government tax coffers that has resulted from slight adjustments in the federal tax laws (adjustments that *lower* the basic income tax rate for the \$800,000-a-year partner!). I try to imagine what I and hundreds of thousands of other average New Yorkers will buy with the \$50, or \$500 or even \$1,000 that we will gain. And I wish I could stop each one of us as we spend those "windfall" dollars on the new Easter hat, or the night on the town, or the video cassette we'll watch twice, or the trip to the Bahamas—stop each one of us and ask if we'd be willing to give it back if it meant fewer homeless in the subways and bus stations, fewer dropouts and drug addicts, fewer hungry and desperate.

I know what every one of us would say and do, if someone stood next to us as we received that "windfall" refund (or set out to spend it) and asked for the return of that small gift to our city and its people. I know that virtually every one of us would gladly give it up. I'd like to put a referendum on the ballot.

But whenever I tell this dream, this vision, to the ones in the know—the politicians and the academics and the planners and the pundits—they tell me that it's

not that simple. They tell me that the issues require an understanding of microeconomics and macroeconomics and inflation and deflation and conflagration. They've tried to convince me that even though there is much work to be done to enable our city to survive, and even though there are thousands of unemployed ready, willing, and eager to do it, it somehow isn't possible to put work and worker together.

They've tried to convince me that though we're capable at this moment of producing vastly more food to feed our thousands of hungry (and, indeed, hunger activists tell me that we already produce enough), it is nonetheless necessary to pay farmers not to plant and to let cheese and butter and grain rot in storage bins. Some of them have even tried to show me why it would be economically counterproductive for the wealthiest nation in the world to redistribute its wealth so that children are not born malnourished and do not grow up to turn to suicide and drugs. They've drawn graphs and pictures and charts. But no matter how they try to explain it, I just can't seem to get it.

I have a sneaking suspicion that it really isn't about numbers or graphs or statistics. I have the feeling somehow that it's about choices. About political and personal and yes, even moral choices. Maybe it's even about choosing which side you are on. □

have a clue. It was only in the late 1970s, after our fiscal crisis, that we developed a comprehensive analysis that did justice to the long-term complexity of our troubles, and brought to light the deep structural forces at their root. One of the crucial historical forces working against New York—and, indeed, against all industrial cities more than a generation old—is the vastly accelerated mobility of capital, propelled by breakthroughs in information technology. This mobility, which no government in the world has as yet figured out how to regulate, is fast bringing about the deindustrialization of America. The first wave broke over the cities of the Northeast. One irony of our history is that this coincided precisely with a human wave of mass migration, in which millions of poor and uneducated blacks and Hispanics came to northern cities in search of industrial jobs that were going the other way. In 1958 the U.S. Navy relocated the Brooklyn Navy Yard to the Gulf Coast, taking with it not only thousands of jobs but a whole complex of satellite industries that supported thousands more.

Meanwhile, the federal highway system, probably the biggest public works project in history, was creating massive incentives for businesses and industries to leave city locations. (Robert Moses's Cross-Bronx Expressway, which displaced about 50,000 people, made the Bronx seductively easy to get out of, and increasingly difficult to stay in.) Federal Housing Administration lending policies, which effectively blacklisted cities (and all locations with large minority populations), created similar incentives for families to relocate. Banks

Welcome Aboard

Two new members have been added to our editorial board

BRIAN MORTON edits *Dissent's* "In the Magazines" section. He has written one novel, which was rejected by every publisher in the U.S., and is at work on another.

JIM SLEEPER is a writer, teacher, and consultant on urban affairs. He has written about New York City politics for *Dissent* since 1980. A former speechwriter for City Council President Carol Bellamy and teacher in New York University's Metropolitan Studies Program, he is at work on a book about New York.

followed by redlining (i.e., refusing mortgage or construction loans in) large areas of the city. Meanwhile, the American economy as a whole was becoming increasingly militarized, further inflating the power of the Sunbelt. A multibillion dollar, cost-plus, militarized economy virtually guaranteed spectacular profits to investors in the West and South. The Sunbelt became skillful at transforming its economic power into political power; the federal budget was focused more and more on guns, and the social expenditures which, starting in the Great Society years, had helped so many poor people and their neighborhoods survive, were slashed. All these converging forces put us—along with dozens of other cities—up against the wall.

It was, and still is, a desperate predicament. There was probably nothing New York could have done to avert the crash of 1975, because it depended so heavily on decisions made at a national and international level by elites utterly indifferent to the fate of the city. Yet it might have made some difference—even now it still could make a difference—if we were blessed with political leaders honest enough to explain to the people the shape and weight of the forces we are up against. Then we might at least begin to develop a new civic consciousness, appropriate to an age of deindustrialization and dematerialized capital. Then, too, we could take a first step toward a new social contract, in which New Yorkers could share in both the sacrifices that are necessary and the benefits that are still possible.

So how come we're still waiting for a preface to a new social contract? Why, in a city full of smart people who love the city, haven't we moved beyond the urbanism of the summer of 1961? I think that New York intellectuals are stuck because the inner wounds we suffered through the 1960s and 1970s, when we saw our city shake and break, still have not healed. To help things happen, we need to examine some of these old wounds once again.

In 1971, at one of New York's darkest moments, Bernard Malamud published a brilliant parable, *The Tenants*, that came close to the heart of our darkness. Malamud's protagonists are a Jewish writer and a black writer, the

sole inhabitants of a collapsing East Side tenement that the landlord is trying to tear down. Each man is imaginative and talented, but profoundly blocked and unable to work through what he is trying to say. (The Jew, Lesser, can hardly bear to go out.) At first, they are delighted to meet. They talk of James Joyce and Bessie Smith, share space, smoke dope, feel like brothers, help each other survive. By and by, however, accumulated pain, rage, and despair poison the friendship. Each comes to believe that it is the other's very existence that blocks him. As the book plunges toward its end, the two men stalk each other with lethal weapons through the building's ruins. In deepest night,

Neither could see the other but sensed where he stood. Each heard himself scarcely breathing.

"Bloodsuckin Jew niggerhater."

"Anti-Semitic ape."

Their metal glinted in hidden light. . . .

They attack each other, and as they lie dying—this is the book's last line—"Each, thought the writer, feels the anguish of the other." At the end, *Levenspiel*, the old landlord, finds the bodies, and cries and cries for *rachmones*, mercy for us all.

In *The Tenants*, as in all his best fiction, Malamud was a master of imprisonment. Here he captured the tragic pathos of Jews and blacks clinging to our crumbling city when so many others had given up on it. They are briefly aware of each other's anguish, and alive to the possibility of empathy and mutual aid; in the end, however, they lose themselves in the sure joys of martyrdom, even at the price of self-destruction, rather than staying alive and running the risks of solidarity. It would be silly to restrict the scope of this novel's meaning to Jews and blacks, or for that matter to New York. Still, if we want to think about the costs of isolation, New York's Jews and blacks in the past fifteen or twenty years are not a bad place to start. People who have been chronically victimized often glory in their wounds and fear a future without them. Sometimes victims turn into vicious chauvinists who try to monopolize suffering, and erupt with rage at anybody who might hope to heal or even to share their pain.

Now, as a matter of fact, very few New Yorkers have turned themselves into brutal chauvinists, monopolizers of suffering, empty of empathy or *rachmones*—that's the good news. The bad news is that one of those few is our mayor.

Much of this issue of *Dissent* examines Edward Koch's policies and strategies: the spectacular giveaways to real estate developers; the attacks on the poor, depriving them of industrial work, low-income housing, public hospitals; the trained incapacity to see the city as a human environment, or as anything more than a machine for generating money; the casual brutality that has come to permeate our public life, as in the recent wave of mass arrests to drive homeless people out of the railway terminals that the city's own development policies have driven them into; the triumphal march of the city's rejuvenated political machines, whose movers and members have made the 1980s one long carnival of white-collar crime; the rescue of the city from the clutches of a hostile federal government, by selling it (or giving it away) to rapacious real estate empires that will tear down anything or throw up anything, if it pays; the long-term transformation of New York into a place where capital from anywhere in the world is instantly at home, while everybody without capital is increasingly out of place.

Koch could never have done so much for New York's plutocrats without his demagogic flair for dividing and demoralizing its people. He has been remarkably adept at polarizing blacks and Jews, exploiting their pain and vulnerability, opening and deepening their inner wounds, nourishing their resentments and dreams of revenge, entrenching them in the death frieze of *The Tenants*, ensuring that they will not learn to unite. In life as in art, the landlord steps over the bodies; only in life the landlord is not Malamud's kindly old *Levenspiel*, an outsider like his tenants, but Donald Trump, who treats all New Yorkers as so much slag, to be discarded fast when we get in the way of his gold mines.

If we look hard at New York's civic culture as it is today, the view is bleak. Hustlers and haters fight for hegemony; the city lurches between sophisticated nihilism and crude erup-

tions of tribal fear and rage. The worst part is the dearth of alternatives. The generosity of spirit, the reforming vision and energy of the 1960s seem to be gone with the wind. The dominant modes of civic consciousness today help to keep New Yorkers unconscious of the gigantic development deals that will blow them all away tomorrow. No doubt Mayor Koch and his henchmen, and the media that adored him uncritically until last year, deserve plenty of blame for this. But we ourselves, New York's intellectuals, have to take a major share of responsibility for what New Yorkers know and when they know it. If they don't know that the city is controlled by a development machine that is eating up their neighborhoods, their livelihoods and their culture, and if they don't know that they have the power to fight the machine and change the city's course, then we haven't been doing our job. Civic culture was born, in ancient Athens and Jerusalem, when intellectuals took their stand in public spaces, and took it on themselves to act as the consciousness and conscience of their cities. New York's intellectuals haven't done much

lately to live up to this legacy. We've stayed indoors, upstairs, while more and more of our city has been sold and bulldozed out from under us.

I've argued that this long absence springs not from ignorance or indifference, but from impacted pain and grief. But there's no reason for our paralysis to be terminal. After all these years, aren't we sick of it? We still have plenty of brains and energy, and we still love New York. If we expose some of our inner wounds to the air, we can not only discover their sources, but see how widely they are shared. Knowledge is power; understanding pain can help us work our way toward a stronger civic identity. If New Yorkers can come to feel how much we all have lost, it can help us work together fast before we lose it all. We need first to mourn, then to reform: to go through our grief together, and then to move beyond the work of mourning, to create a framework that can bring our city's future development under its citizens' control. Then we will be able to let go of our pain, and to build over the ruins a city we can share. □

To Our Contributors:

A few suggestions:

(1) Be sure to keep a copy of your ms—the mails aren't always reliable. And please remember that we can't return articles unless they're accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

(2) Please don't write to ask whether we're interested in such and such an article—it makes for useless correspondence. Look at our last few issues to see if your idea fits in. Or take a chance and send us your article.

(3) Type your ms *double-spaced*, with *wide* margins. Check all your figures, dates, names, etc.—they're the author's responsibility. No dot matrix submissions, *please*.

(4) Notes and footnotes should also be typed double-spaced, on a *separate* sheet. As we're not an academic journal, we prefer that they, wherever possible, be dropped altogether or worked into the text.

(5) We're usually quick in giving editorial decisions. If there's a delay, it's because a few editors are reading your article.

(6) Please bear with us—we have accumulated quite a backlog of material, and you may have to wait for a few issues before you see your article in print.

THE EDITORS □