

and spread over the lawn and flower beds of their beloved garden. My wife and I slowly re-entered the house to have a last look around. We lingered a while in the dining-room with table set as if for dinner. It was last used by Shaw as a sick room, where, surrounded by Churchill's flowers and some chosen memorabilia, he ended his days. In pride of place, in the center of the mantelpiece, was a framed photograph of his home in Synge St., replete with plaque, and nearby hung a framed citation awarding him the freedom of Baile Atha Cliath.

No tirades, no ranting, no longer giving vent,
 Infuriating genius, now mellow old gent,
 Life's wheel had now turned,
 No anger now burned,
 At Life Force release,
 Now Shaw was at peace

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Anecdotes. By my late father William A. Smith (fondly remembered)

BUDGET

December 20, 1999

1 - An Act of Charity. Anthony G. Covatta

- 2 - Dan In Memoriam.Martin B. Macht
 3 - Requiem for a Century. . . .William R. Burleigh

1

An Act of Charity

At our last holiday observance, most of you will remember, we left Tom Blakeley on Christmas night, 1997, piloting his girlfriend's Volvo station wagon up the highroad to Taos. Unheeded and unknowable to them and us, the stars in their courses have picked their way through the heavens, arriving tonight where they stood this time last year. A year has passed in our lives as in Tom's, and the holiday season of 1998 found Tom much differently situated than he had been the year before.

Tom's halting interest in Sallie Hume blossomed into romance, and just before the Santa Fe Opera opened for the summer, Tom and Sallie entered into the bonds of holy matrimony. Tom's daughter and son came in from Idaho and New York City for the small ceremony. Sallie's teenage son and daughter were there as well. The months that followed were strenuous ones. Tom and Sallie not only had to get to know each other - their courtship had been all too short to fully accomplish that - but they also had to begin to integrate Tom into Sallie's family. While Sallie's children were secretly pleased to have a male presence back in the house, especially one as eager to prove himself agreeable as Tom, there were still many rough edges to smooth out.

Things were not helped when Bradley Hume, Sallie's ex, soon demanded that Sallie sell the house and pay him his half of the equity years early. Although no word was ever said, it was clear that he could not abide the thought of Tom living in his house. And perhaps there was a silver lining to this domestic cloud. After some initial bitter grumbling, Tom and especially Sallie buckled down to the serious business

of finding a new nest for the new family. Sallie had always liked Galisteo, a small village some 20 miles or so south of Santa Fe, and it was only a matter of weeks before they had found a house on the edge of the village, with a clear view of the mountains toward Albuquerque, and plenty of acreage for sedate romping by Samantha, Sallie's beloved and aging Scottish deerhound. Sallie was not completely surprised when Bradley offered to buy her out of their marital residence, and they quickly closed on that transaction. Bradley Hume was more than a little miffed when his son and daughter chose to move to Galisteo with their mother, leaving him alone in the big house on Santa Fe's south side as autumn descended on the desert.

Sensing his loneliness and disappointment, and putting aside any vengeful glee, Sallie induced both of the kids to spend an extended Christmas in town with their Dad, a gesture that even Bradley recognized, though only when alone and feeling his most beneficent and secure, and one he would never have shared with Sallie, or anyone else. The kids' Christmas plans made, Tom and Sallie thought this would be a good time to spend some time with each other. Tom's children had been out in the summer and would not come back so soon. But one early December morning as Tom got into his car to drive off to work, he noticed an altar cloth of snow on the distant Sangre de Cristo mountains. Thoughts of serving early Mass at St. Mary's on Erie Avenue in Cincinnati turned to thoughts of his sister, far away in Charlotte, North Carolina.

The courtship and marriage, his early success with Sallie's kids, and Sallie's ungrudging kindness to Bradley made him giddy with good fellowship. Tom had steered clear of his sister since his parents had died. Although they were quite different and Tom's recent path had taken them even further apart, Tom thought it would be good to invite Caroline and her husband Bruce out for Christmas. This elicited a raised eyebrow from Sallie. But she shelved her embryonic plans for the holidays, and fell to rendering 14 Acequia Verde, Galisteo, New Mexico as sparkling as the cathedral on Christmas Eve.

She knew that the visit could only be trying. Only in the families of canonized saints do sisters accept the brides of their brothers with the love that passes understanding. Sallie understood as Tom did not that Caroline had never accepted Tom's place in their family, including his relationship with Uncle Walt, who had taken Tom into his business. Caroline had never forgotten that this plum had not gone to Ken, her first husband. From what she had heard in Tom's late night monologues, Sallie knew that Caroline and Ken had broken up all too noisily. Caroline's parochial upbringing had not kept her from having a series of affairs, and the divorce from Ken was ugly and prolonged. On a trip to Las Vegas she had met Bruce, a retired army officer turned good ole boy banker with First Union Bank. Sallie was a firm believer in the saw that you marry your spouse but not necessarily the spouse's family, but she too was overcome by a surfeit of good feeling, although she did not abandon her native skepticism.

She was all too right. From the moment Bruce's rented Range Rover landed in their driveway, Sallie and even Tom knew they had made an awful mistake. The visit was only to be three days long, but the 72 hours might as well have been as many months. An unrecognizable Carolina bounced out of the Rover, her yappy miniature Schnauzer, Beauregard, under foot. She had obviously had radical face and body work, with drastic nips and tucks, and an augmented front porch that might have been attractive if coupled with a different personality. Caroline launched into the smarmy old gal accent she had adopted when she and Bruce had moved to Charlotte five years before. Redolent of a mixture of magnolia blossoms and chamomile tea, the incomprehensible patois was that of someone who had paid only passing attention to Gone with the Wind when she had seen it. And the accent thinly coated veiled hostility.

Sallie and Tom were going to have to prove that this trip had been worth her while, spotting two sets of a best of five match at the start. A tour of the house and some introductory conversation about Sallie's kids and antecedents, as well as pointed cross examination as to why Tom had sold the agency and moved

to Santa Fe and what on earth he had been doing there filled the hours until cocktails. Everyone had one drink too many and they were off to Tom and Sallie's favorite restaurant in Santa Fe, an unpretentious spot in a shopping center off Cerrillos Road that had great basic Italian food. Tom knew very shortly that Caroline and Bruce were underwhelmed with the spot. As the conversation developed it became clear that the Carolinians were the surf and turf type, the more expensive, the better.

The following day was a stand off. Sallie took Caroline to town and watched her shop at the silversmiths. Tom and Bruce went for a hike in the National Forest, up Artists' Road, where Tom has lived when he arrived in Santa Fe. Bruce shared Tom's love of the outdoors, but Tom was not a hunter, and Bruce insisted on talking guns and ammo. The tales of carnage turned Tom's stomach, defiling the sacred groves of the Borrego Trail.

Cocktails that evening did not serve to anesthetize the wary couples. The conversation took an ugly turn when Bruce casually mentioned his admiration for Jesse Helms, and his bride enthusiastically joined in. The talk quickly shifted to the hot topic of the day, the impeachment trial of Bill Clinton, and Sallie and Tom were treated to a diatribe worthy of Dick Arme, Tom Delay and Newt Gingrich (another hero to Bruce) all rolled into one. The unthinking conservatism that Tom had inhaled with the air in Cincinnati was quickly melting away in Santa Fe. Neither Tom nor Sallie admired the President's unique notion of veracity, nor his penchant for preying on young or defenseless women. Nevertheless, they were disgusted by the right wing's glazed eyed campaign to drive the Clintons from the White House, and found it a perversion of our Constitutional principles.

Unfortunately, they were dining just down the street at a Galisteo resort's chic restaurant, and there was no long drive to provide a cooling off period. Tom found himself sinking into one of his deep silences, and watched from several fathoms deep as Sallie tried to entertain two people she hardly knew, but already cordially despised. Both Bruce and

Caroline picked at the Southwestern cuisine. The charms of jicama and cactus salsa were lost on them.

The next day was Christmas Eve. The couples kept a formal distance from each other. Bruce and Caroline decided to do some last minute shopping in town, and Sallie was conspicuously in her room, officially wrapping presents for the children. Dusk was falling when the only unengaged members of the two factions entered the fray. Samantha the deerhound was placidly chewing a rawhide bone, a pre-Christmas treat that had appeared a few days before, stretched out on one of her family easy chairs. The Schnauzer, Beauregard, who had been remarkably agreeable to that moment, coveted the bone, and went for it. The struggle was noisy but brief, as Bruce and Tom came running and pulled the dogs apart, but not before the usually peaceful Samantha sustained nasty gashes on her neck and throat, and Beauregard a shredded ear.

The dogs were patched up by dinner time. The open display of canine hostility had shocked Bruce and Tom to their senses. Their co-operative attempt to quell the riot restored some sense of fellowship. Tom knew that it was up to him to entertain, seeing Sallie's brave but brittle half smile, and enduring her silence. And he had Bruce to talk to.

The plan had been to have a leisurely dinner, rest a bit, then go to Midnight Mass. Tom carried the ball well enough, but made one lateral in the wrong direction. Waxing sentimental, he started to recall for his sister one of his favorite memories of their early years. One Christmas, when Tom was home from his eastern university, Caroline was doing charity work with her sorority at UC. She fixed an entire Christmas dinner, turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, the works. Tom helped her deliver it to a poor black family, a mother, no father, and five young children, in the shabbiest part of the West End. He could still remember a gas heater, exposed jets blowing, throwing out what heat the place contained; holes in the shack's walls through which he could see the darkening mean street; a throng of wide eyed, all too young children, and a little mutt puppy that he hoped would get some of the turkey they ceremoniously, if sheepishly brought

in. He could hear Caroline's nervous directions about how to heat the dishes up when it was time to eat.

As Tom voiced his mixture of pride in Caroline's generosity and his own self-conscious embarrassment and discomfort at the plight of the black family, he could not help but notice the flicker of a grimace beneath his sister's face lift.

"Tom, what are you talking about? I don't remember anything like that happening. Ever."

Tom was dumbfounded. Of course it had happened. It had been one of his most vivid, recurring memories for 35 years. Was his sister so changed inside that she could not remember his finest memory of her? He spent the rest of the dinner in shock. As they cleared the table, after a shared look, Tom and Sallie told their guests they would skip Midnight Mass. This went down well enough. The visit had been too long already. The guests were pushing off in the morning for a sentimental side trip to Vegas before heading back East. The end was in sight for all.

After a quiet evening, Tom and Sallie gave Bruce directions, saw them off for church, and decided to take a long walk in the winter night. Tom put the Schnauzer on a stout leash to his left. Sallie was to his right and Samantha ranged warily at a distance, head low, beyond Sallie. The foursome made its way, boots and paws padding on the rime of the gravel road.

"What about tomorrow?" asked Sallie.

"They'll be getting off early. They have a lot of driving to do. We'll call all the kids, relax, and get some dinner at a Chinese restaurant. They're always open on Christmas." They walked on in silence for a few minutes.

Said Tom, "The 'mystic chords of memory,' Abe Lincoln called it - the bonds of sentiment that he hoped would hold the Union together."

"When did he say that?"

"The First Inaugural."

"Well," said Sallie, "help me out." She was already used to Tom's dragging out a high sounding phrase to finish off a point or a story. "It's a great phrase, but it didn't seem to work out so well then, did it? Seems to me that it's still not working out so well if our guests are any indication."

"It's still a great phrase," said Tom. "And I still have my memories. The girl who went to all the trouble to cook that Christmas dinner and deliver it to that hovel can't have totally disappeared."

Sallie thought it best not to answer. Silent steps. Tom put his arm around her and they continued down the road. In the cold air of the desert night, the faint light of a million stars poured down upon them. It was midnight. They wished each other a Merry Christmas.

Anthony G. Covatta

2

Dan
In Memoriam

On November 16th, a dear friend of mine and a man among men died.

Daniel Nathans represented the very best of Johns Hopkins. A brilliant scientist who won a Nobel Prize, a quiet but effective leader who for two crucial years presided over the Hopkins university and medical systems, Dan inspired students, researchers, professors and administrators alike.

An unflappable figure, he became a living legend on the Hopkins campus. This reputation was well deserved - after all, he was the father of modern biotechnology.

Dan found ways to use certain enzymes to unlock the genetic secrets of the DNA double helix. These "biochemical scissors" let researchers break apart and then rearrange the genes that shape human life. This process lies at the heart of today's stunning advances in genetic engineering and biotechnology. Dan's work made possible such breakthroughs as synthetic insulin, growth hormones, interferon and the mapping of the human genome.

It was a singular achievement and one that led the Nobel selection committee in Stockholm to award its 1978 prize in medicine to Dan, his Hopkins colleague, Hamilton Smith and a Swiss physician, Werner Arber. But it was Dan who immediately grasped the importance of this work and devised methods for turning it into one of the basic tools of modern genetic research.

He played a bigger role at my alma mater than simply pioneering research, for he taught at Hopkins for 37 years, served as department chairman and stepped in when the university needed him most - as interim president in 1994 and 1995.

In this latter job, he surprised even his friends with his fund-raising skills. He succeeded in protecting the quality of medical treatment and research while bringing Hopkins more fully into the era of dreaded managed care.

Dan's death last month at age 71 is a loss not only for his family and friends, but also for medical science. Dan Nathans was a giant in his field. He was not only a scientist, but a pioneer; not only smart, but wise; not only kind, but caring.

All over the world, Christmases will be brighter because of him. Wherever he is now, I'm sure he wishes us all a very, merry Christmas and a bright start to the final year of the millennium.

Martin B. Macht

Requiem for a Century

The year 1900 was but 19 days old when, in a remote area of South Africa known as Spioenkop, the first fearsome battle of the new century occurred. Frustrated by their inability to bring the Boers to bay, British troops blundered onto an untenable summit and suffered upward of 3000 casualties. Afterward the Boer commander, Denys Reitz, wrote that "there cannot have been many battlefields where there was such an accumulation of horrors within so small a compass."

With this violent overture, thus began a century now widely seen as man's bloodiest. Although such comparisons are admittedly risky, we are told that more human life has been lost, more wars fought, more violence recorded than in any previously known period. The sophisticated modern mind recoils at such an indictment. But the people who keep such numbing statistics cite these numbers as evidence: 300 wars and conflicts waged since 1900 and the number of war dead estimated at 110 million. That amounts to a ratio of about 44 deaths per 1000 people, or nearly three times greater than the comparable toll in the 19th Century, a span of time that was itself hardly devoid of warfare.

How can this be so when, during the century that will draw to an end in 11 days, unparalleled technical and scientific advances have brought man unprecedented comfort and prosperity? How can this possibly be so? As we prepare to enter a new millennium amid celebration and optimism, some might even consider it bad form to focus on the low lights of a century filled with so much accomplishment. Yet it is nonetheless also a time to recall the admonition of a philosopher of the century, George Santayana, that "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

The roll call of blood-soaked conflict is at once both familiar and foreign. As the industrial revolution was busy transforming society early in the century, the drums of war on a global scale could be

heard in the distance, shattering the world's consciousness with the assassin's bullet at Sarajevo.

What then unfolded between 1914 and 1918 has been described as "unimaginable, unprecedented moral degeneration." From Picardy to Poland, Flanders to Finland, 8 million soldiers died. France, Britain and Germany lost one in three young men between 19 and 22 years of age. In Serbia, epicenter of the trouble, 15% of the total population - military and civilian - was killed. While nonetheless traumatized by its late entry onto the world stage, the United States paid a relatively small price compared to the suffering of the European combatants. Still 116,000 American lives were lost, half of these by influenza, not enemy fire.

In a way, World War I set the standard for what was to follow - a war launched for ideological reasons, without moral justification and with little evidence of popular support.

Already a clue could be detected as to why the 1990s would write such a bloody page in history. From the perspective of 80 years later, historian John Keegan would observe: "The generals were trapped within the iron fetters of a technology all too adequate for mass destruction of life but quite inadequate to restore to them the flexibilities of control that would have kept destruction of life within bearable limits."

This "war to end all wars" was, of course, eclipsed by a second and worse one that was brewing within 20 years of the armistice ending the first. Totalitarianism had already reared its ugly head in Germany, Russia and other spots. Bolsheviks and Nazis were looming as code words for terror and trouble. Historian Paul Johnson saw "the holistic principle of moral corruption operat(ing) a satanic Gresham's Law in which evil drives out good."

For the record, the Second World War was five times more destructive in terms of human life than the First. There is still uncertainty about the exact numbers but perhaps as many as 60 million died. Germany doubled to 4 million the casualties incurred in

its first aggression. The Soviet Union lost 11 million, including 7 million civilians alone, almost as many as were killed from all nations in World War I. Poland lost 45% of her doctors, 57% of the lawyers, 40% of the professors and most of her journalists.

As we all know too well, the greatest horror was visited upon Europe's Jews. In a mobilization of hatred that will forever haunt the human spirit, Hitler's ovens snuffed out the lives of 5,860,000 Holocaust victims. Auschwitz alone accounted for 2 million, "the greatest institution for human annihilation of all time."

Amid the slaughter, Hannah Arendt was led to mourn what she described as "the banality of evil."

Weapons of mass destruction grew apace in their impersonal efficiency. The phosgene gas of the Somme trenches became the atomic cloud hovering over Hiroshima. The Sopwith Camel evolved into the Dresden bombers and V-2 rockets.

Tyrannical rulers operating within their own borders turned the ideological terror on their own kind. A post-war Stalin "judicially" murdered 500,000. In the revolution that then transpired in China, Mao killed so many that estimates range wildly from 1 to 15 million, the truth still remaining hidden from later generations.

The two global convulsions called world wars surely did not satiate the bloodlust infecting the century. For the United States, Korea and Vietnam followed, along with lesser engagements of sometimes dubious purpose. Few places seemed safe from carnage. Typical of Africa, for example, Idi Amin slaughtered 200,000 countrymen in Uganda at mid-century and genocide in Rwanda cost 800,000 more lives in this very decade.

In the 70's, when flower children were surfacing in the U.S., 30 conventional wars were being fought around the globe. Then, with the fall of the Berlin Wall and the end of the Cold War, came mutations of warfare by other names - so-called regional conflicts,

ethnic cleansing, terrorist attacks, independence movements, guerilla campaigns and nuclear proliferation.

True to the tempo of the times, the bloodiest century finally comes to an end not with a whimper but a bang. The Worldwatch Institute, the recognized keeper of such things, says 31 conflicts are currently underway at various points on the globe. Even at that, the number is a substantial decrease from the early part of this decade when the average was 51.

Violence has indeed begotten violence. While war in one form or another has been waged almost continuously throughout the century, social mores have coarsened in a parallel devolution. Indeed the value of life itself has been steadily cheapened in ways striking for a supposedly enlightened, progressive civilized world.

For example, slavery on a widespread scale has recently reappeared in the Sudan, where women and children are sold for as little as \$15 apiece. United Nations officials said recently that its workers struggling to save lives and lessen human misery around the world are being killed, kidnapped, detained, robbed, raped, attacked and harassed as never before.

In the United States, the capital of the material miracles that have spawned so much prosperity, the teen suicide rate has tripled over the past half-century and youngsters annihilate other youngsters in random acts of violence at places bearing such names as Columbine and Paducah. Else we in this audience try to stand aloof, consider that each year in Greater Cincinnati some 7000 cases of abused children are reported - or at a rate of 20 per day.

On an even deeper level, abortion and euthanasia tear at the conscience of the Western world. In Holland some elderly people actually are resisting entering hospitals for fear doctors will end their lives, following state-sanctioned guidelines for "aid in dying." At the other end of the spectrum, since the Roe v. Wade decision was rendered a quarter century

ago, the number of infant lives terminated in the U.S. stands at 38 million.

It will come as no surprise to learn that America is gripped by serious crimes of violence unknown, at least in sheer volume, to previous generations. For example, at the start of the century the U.S. homicide rate was 1.2 per 100,000 people and at the end of the century it is more than five times higher - 6.4 per 100,000.

So, as the century draws to a close, what are we to make of this violent legacy?

The century was six decades old when the Southern writer Flannery O'Connor, seeing the shambles of her age, offered a metaphor for our human condition in her novel, "The Violent Bear It Away." Her backwoods character, Francis Marion Tarwater, typifies the 20th Century's wracked and wandering world, immerse in unspeakable violence, yet seeking somehow to recover his very soul. Tarwater goes into an alien world, murders a mentally deficient child, combats his "uncle" Rayber's plunge into rational nothingness, is defiled by a predatory stranger, yet eventually is drawn back to his spiritual home at Powderhead.

In her dark and shrewd look at ourselves, Miss O'Connor poses a question ever basic and yet unanswered: Could it be that the violence humanity has done to itself will eventually serve as the very purgation needed to restore a sense of reality, the reality of a moral compass enabling social beings to choose good over evil?

Or, will one of her other memorable characters, this one named Misfit, get the last word when he asserts in another of her works, "It's no real pleasure in life except in killing somebody. . .or doing some other meanness."

As the curtain descends on the century and we prepare to enter a new Millennium, could Tarwater's odyssey become society's as well? Or will Misfit's shadow still hover?

These two fictional characters, Tarwater and Misfit, remind us that individual man - as well as the political society he constructs - always exists in a tension between light and darkness. While cloaked in the darkness that brings the madness of war and violence, the human spirit seeks ever to free itself from their enslaving fetters.

As we ponder the violent legacy of the past 100 years, it seems timely to recall Isaiah's ancient hope, etched in stone alongside United Nations headquarters, as a reminder to mankind:

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not raise the sword against nation; nor shall they train for war again."

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William R. Burleigh

SIX GLASSES OF WINE PER BOTTLE
(Part II)

January 3, 2000

John W. Vester

Those who heard the first paper in this series, "Six Glasses of Wine Per Bottle", may remember that that title arose from a Greek writer, Eubulus. In about 375 BC, he wrote, "Three Bowls Do I Mix for the Temperate: One to health, which they empty first, the second to love and pleasure, the third to sleep. When this bowl is drunk up, wise guests go home." The quote goes on to list the serious and dangerous consequences of further bowls. This is said to be the origin of the figure of three drinks of wine as an appropriate amount at a sitting. Containing enough wine to provide three glasses each for two people is the current size of wine bottles. That quotation, of course, is the source of the title of this series which was undertaken because I am tired of being intimidated when a waiter hands me a wine list.

The previous paper ended at the end of the fourteenth century when the identification and naming of grape varieties began. The first of these were the Pinots-Gris and Noir. These grew in Burgundy, as did the next grape to be named, the Gamay. The Cistercian Order of monks was a major force in the development and spread of vineyards. They spread into what is now Germany, and the first and most lustrous was the Abbey of Eberbach in a forested valley in the hills of the Rheingau. Its founders were Burgundians sent out by St. Bernard from Clairvaux in 1136. Within 30 years of its foundation, their dedication and efficiency