VOL. 163, NO. 2 FEBRUARY 1983

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

THE MORE MACABRE, the more horrible the event, the more obvious seems the God-given instinct to survive that makes the human spirit so resilient. Never have I seen this more stoutly proclaimed than by the survivors of the massacre in the Palestinian camps of west Beirut.

While sewage still oozed from the debris and the air reeked of dead bodies yet unfound, I visited the Shatila and Sabra camps with NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC Senior Writer Bill Ellis and free-lance photographer Steve McCurry, who were finishing fieldwork on the article beginning on page 262.

A woman washed clothes in a puddle left by broken water mains. A man straightened furniture in a living room with only two walls left standing. A merchant sat in front of a pile of bricks that had been his shop, selling sundry items from a makeshift table. Children gathered at a tank truck to fill buckets and cans with clean drinking water. It surprised me—even disturbed me, I suppose—that already they could laugh and play while waiting their turn. We passed a woman standing on a pile of rubble; she told us tearlessly that her four children were still underneath.

WILBUR E. GARRETT

Nearby, alongside a main road, an enterprising man displayed on a bare tree branch jammed into the mud several goldfish for sale, swimming in plastic bags of clean water. This display shone as a bright relief in an ugly scene. More than that, the little goldfish were like medicine for the human spirit: a salve to the need for beauty and life in the shattered world of the survivors.

Wilbur E. Garrett

EDITOR

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

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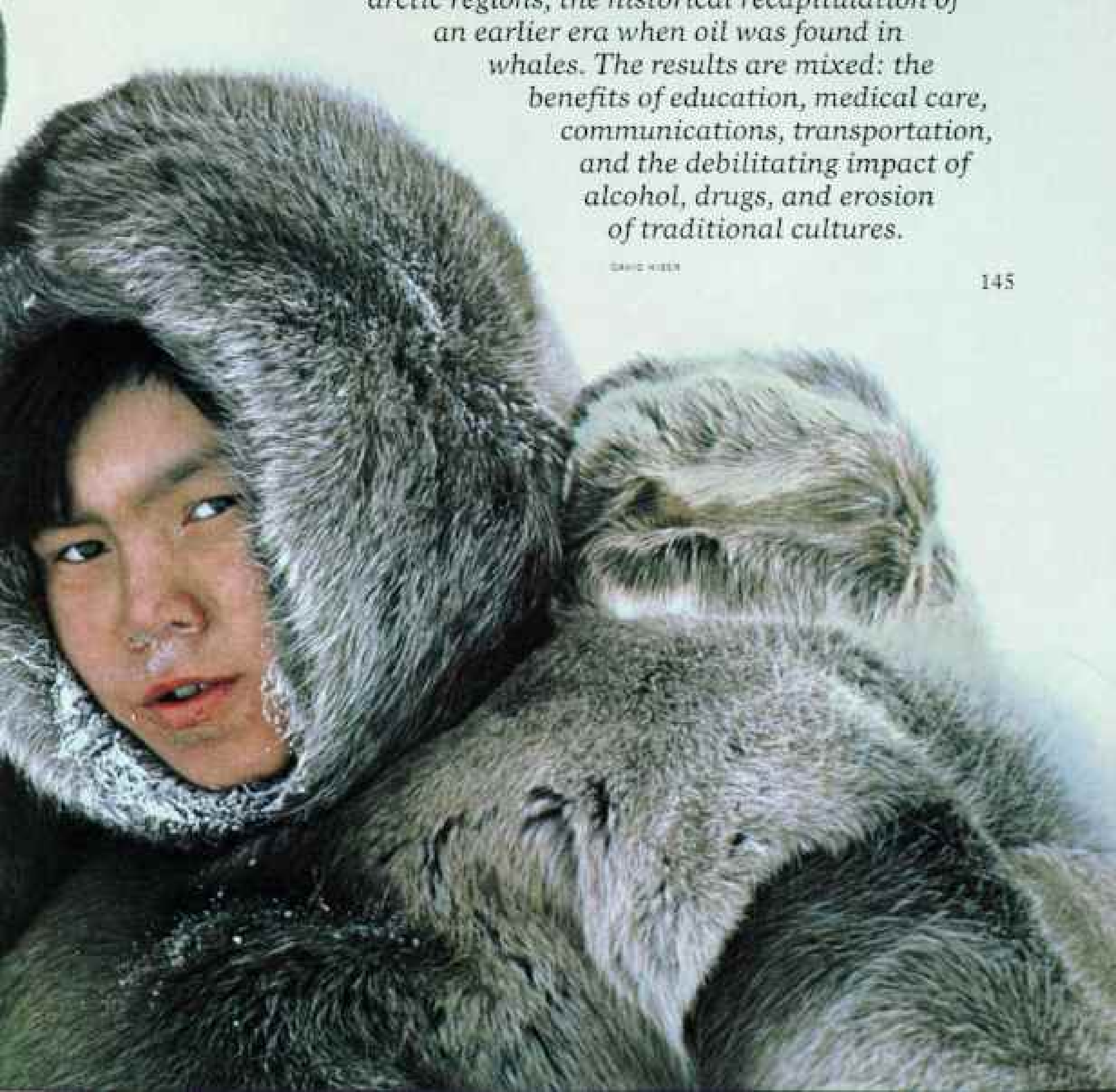
COVER: *All eyes and bright garb, an Inupiat Eskimo child in Kiana, Alaska, steps out in subzero weather. Photograph by David Alan Harvey.*

PEOPLES OF

THE ARCTIC

"IF WE WANT to own the land, then we should live on the land," says Andy Mamgark of Canada's Northwest Territories. His oldest son graduated from high school but could find no work. Neither could he hunt and fish. So Andy took a younger son, Taukijaa, out of school and began instructing him in the traditional ways of survival.

But Taukijaa, like northern peoples around the entire Arctic Ocean, must live in two worlds. Modern man's lust for energy and other resources has led northward in both the Eurasian and North American arctic regions, the historical recapitulation of an earlier era when oil was found in whales. The results are mixed: the benefits of education, medical care, communications, transportation, and the debilitating impact of alcohol, drugs, and erosion of traditional cultures.



The awesome beauty of the Arctic is one of huge scale, subtle colors, simple forms of sea, plain, and mountain. Woven into it, though, is an intricate, fragile web of existence spun from the eternal light of summer to the endless dark of winter.

Wild flowers bloom, seed, and die in a rush; for mammal, bird, and fish, life flourishes quickly against high odds, and ends as suddenly. And the culture of arctic man, so carefully crafted over millennia, is as complex and as vulnerable as the rest.

Whose land?

The winds of confrontation blow throughout much of the Arctic as nations hungry for oil, gas, hydroelectric power, and mineral wealth claim the use of land. But in the name of dignity and homeland, arctic peoples, except in the Soviet Union, speak out with increasingly united voices. Their goals: participation in decision making, compensation in land and money, and recognition as self-governing entities.

As residents of the Soviet Union, indigenous arctic peoples can have no claim to ownership of land, individually or as a people, which is their traditional concept. While they are afforded modern education, they cherish their cultural heritage and still hunt and fish and manage large reindeer herds.

YAKUT
NENETS
DOLGAN
ARCTIC CIRCLE
Lena
YAKUT
YAKUT
Taymyr Peninsula
Zyryanka
Kolyma
YUKAGHIR
YAKUT
LIMIT OF WOODED COUNTRY
YUKAGHIR
U.S.S.R.
U.S.
MONETARY BOUNDARY
Amguema River
CHUKCHI
ESKIMO
Billings Cape
ESKIMO
180°
CHUKCHI
Chukchi Peninsula
Chukchi Sea
Arakamchechen Island
Providence Bay
ESKIMO
Bering Sea
Uelen
DATE LINE
Little Diomede I
Big Diomede I
Chevak
Nome
Kotzebue
Barrow
INUPIAT
Kiana
Bethel
YUPIK
ALEUT
Yukon
KOYUKON
Anaktuvuk Pass
North Slope
Prudhoe Bay
ALASKA REGIONAL CORPORATIONS
Kaktovik
Beaufort Sea
TANANA
KUTCHIN
Fairbanks
U.S.
CANADA
Anchorage
Aklavik
Tuktoyaktuk Peninsula
Mackenzie R.
Inuvik
Fort McPherson
INUVIALUIT
LOUCHEUX
North Pacific Ocean
CYI
HARE
Fort Good Hope
BOUNDARIES NOT DETERMINED
Whitehorse
SLAVEY
Norman Wells
DENE NATION AND MÉTIS ASSOCIATION
Rae Lakes
DOGRIB
Rae
Yellowknife
Hay River
Great Slave Lake
Fort Resolution
CHIPEWYAN
Juneau
CANADA
U.S.
Hudson Bay
James Bay
Foxe Basin
Repulse Bay
Igloolik
Thule
INUIT
INUIT
INUIT
INUIT
TFN
COPE
LIMIT OF MULTI-YEAR ICE
NORTH POLE
Arctic Ocean

Planned construction of the trans-Alaska pipeline spurred the settlement of claims of Alaska natives. In 1971 they were awarded 44 million acres of land and 962.5 million dollars, to be administered by 13 regional corporations:

1. *Aleut Corp.*
2. *Calista Corp.*
3. *Bering Straits Native Corp.*
4. *N A N A Regional Corp.*
5. *Arctic Slope Regional Corp.*
6. *Bristol Bay Native Corp.*
7. *Cook Inlet Region, Inc.*
8. *Doyon, Limited*
9. *Koniag, Inc.*
10. *Chugach Natives, Inc.*
11. *Ahtna, Inc.*
12. *Sealaska Corp.*
13. *Thirteenth Regional Corp. (nonresident natives) not keyed on map*

Through the Committee for Original Peoples' Entitlement (COPE), the Inuvialuit seek direct involvement in oil development in the Beaufort Sea, as well as land and monetary settlements. An "agreement-in-principle" with Ottawa has been signed but not finalized.

Proposed oil and gas projects concern the Tungavik Federation of Nunavut (TFN), which represents the Inuit Tapirisat of Canada. In addition to negotiating Inuit land claims, the TFN lobbies in Ottawa for the creation of Nunavut, a new province-like district north of the tree line.

Negotiations continue between the Council for Yukon Indians (CYI) and the Canadian government regarding land claims around native villages and the Indians' concern over resource development.

Area Indians seek a self-governing jurisdiction called Denendeh south of the tree line in the Northwest Territories. Negotiations with Ottawa are hampered by the government's reluctance to discuss political arrangements and by internal disagreement among native groups.

The pages that follow are the result of tens of thousands of miles of travel across the arctic regions of the world. Author Priit Vesilind and photographers David Alan Harvey, Ivars Silis, and Sisse Brimberg visited remote communities from the Bering Sea across Alaska and Canada to Greenland and beyond to Lapland. The prominent Chukchi author Yuri Rytkheu, whose books about his native land have been translated into several languages, accompanied staff photographer Dean Conger on a swing from the Chukchi Peninsula westward across the vast Soviet Arctic. Estonian writer and photographer Lennart Meri contributed material from a voyage on an ice-breaking supply ship to ports along the Arctic Ocean.

Everywhere except in the Soviet Arctic, they found intellectual and political ferment over questions of land ownership and cultural stability (maps, left and special supplement). There is a new feeling of union and solidarity among peoples of these far northern lands—between which nature makes no distinction. The long years of European exploration and exploitation are but a prologue to the arctic history being written in this century.

JOSEPH JUDGE
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

By
PRIIT J. VESILIND
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SENIOR STAFF

Hunters of

the Lost Spirit

TOMORROW sits across the ice from Little Diomede Island, Alaska. It blankets Asia and the Soviet Union.

Today is April 20 and brilliant on the Bering Strait. The sea ice is buckled into ridges of green and blue pastel, and Eskimo women dip for crabs.

Three miles away, across the date line, is another continent. It is easy to fancy a Soviet patrol there, on Big Diomede Island, eyeing yesterday with binoculars. All the Eskimos were removed to the nearby mainland by the Soviet government in the 1950s.

Once the people of the two Diomedes celebrated Easter together. Even recently, delegations met on the ice, straddling the border to talk of relatives and exchange gifts, vodka for bubble gum.

"We don't see the Russians any more," said Philip Ahkinga, manager of the Little Diomede village corporation. "They don't come over since Reagan became President."

The elders of Little Diomede remember tales of a time when the people all lived on a sandbar that stretched between the two islands. When it finally sank, they moved to these rocks. From here they still hunt in umiaks, skin boats, for the walruses, seals, and beluga whales that migrate between the Bering and Chukchi Seas.

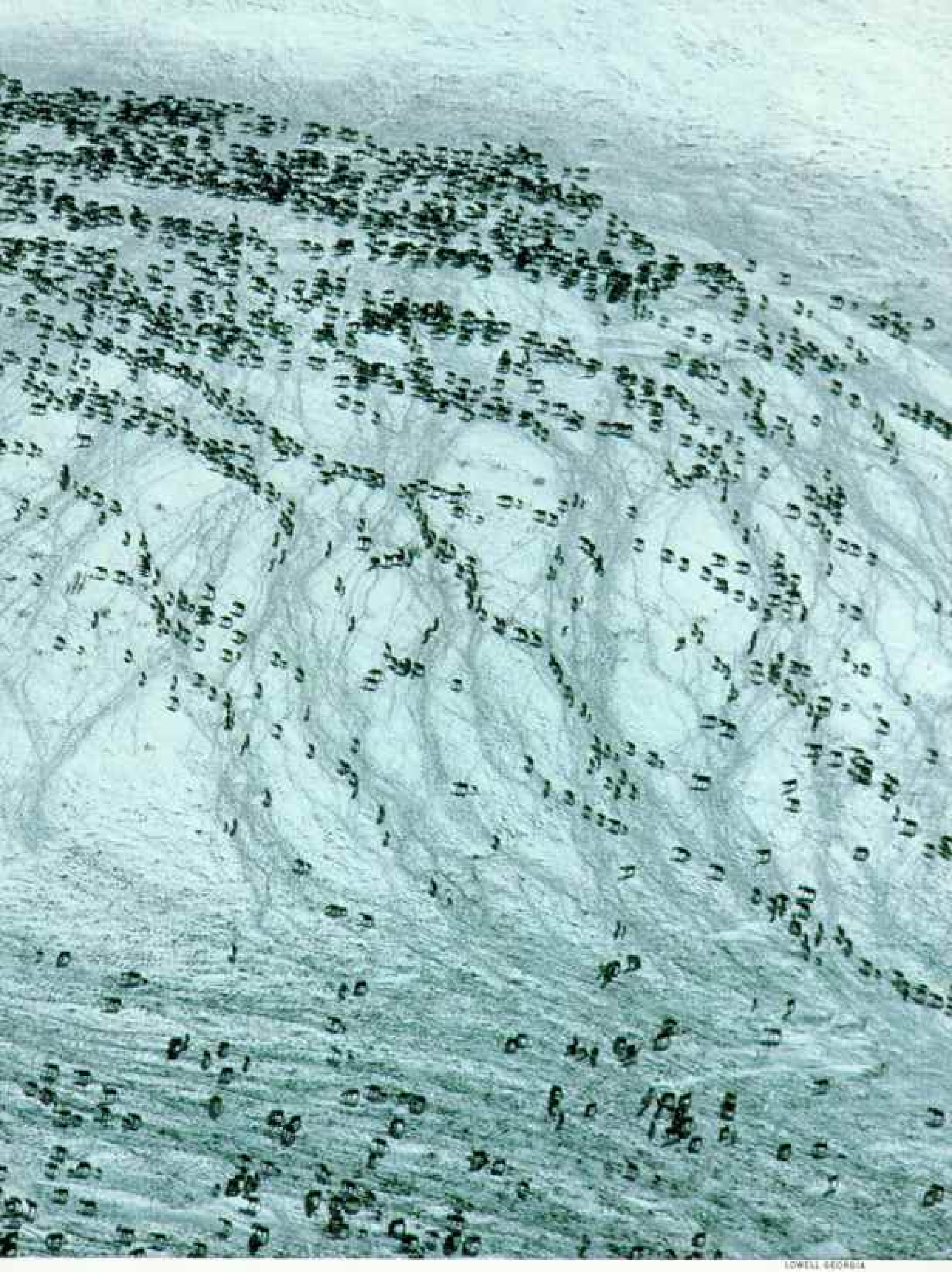
Deeper still in racial memory is the land bridge, Beringia, that once connected Asia and North America here, and led the ancestors of both Indians and Eskimos to the New World some 30,000 years ago.

The Little Diomeders are proud of their survival. Supplies come by bush plane from

Standing tough for tradition, *Eskimo whaler Roy Nageak hefts a harpoon gun in Barrow, Alaska, northernmost town in the United States, where the bowhead whale is still hunted each spring. After a silence of centuries, the Arctic's native peoples are finding their voice, with the hope of ordering their destiny.*

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER DAVID ALAN HARVEY

A swarm of reindeer *sweeps across the Tuktoyaktuk Peninsula of western Canada, "country food" for Eskimos. Today unresolved questions of land use and ownership dominate the politics and development of the far north,*



LOWELL GEORGIA

regarded by many as a rich wilderness storehouse ready for exploitation. But to native peoples it is home and theirs by right. They support a growing number of organizations that work to protect their claims and improve their lives.

***Man-made island** in the Beaufort Sea—an oil-drilling station **(left)**—is the site of a joint venture between four Alaskan native corporations and Sohio Alaska Petroleum Company.*

*In Canada's Northwest Territories, an Indian, Charlie Kochon **(below)**, toils for Esso Resources, part of a consortium constructing a controversial pipeline up the Mackenzie River Valley from the town of Norman Wells to Zama, Alberta.*

Nome and land on the sea-ice runway. In the summertime rockslides rumble down the slopes. For five months of the year, during breakup and freeze-up, the island is virtually inaccessible. Recreation is provided by a community poolroom, where Mayor Patrick Omiak first greeted me.

"Come in," he said. "This is a small island, but it's a free country."

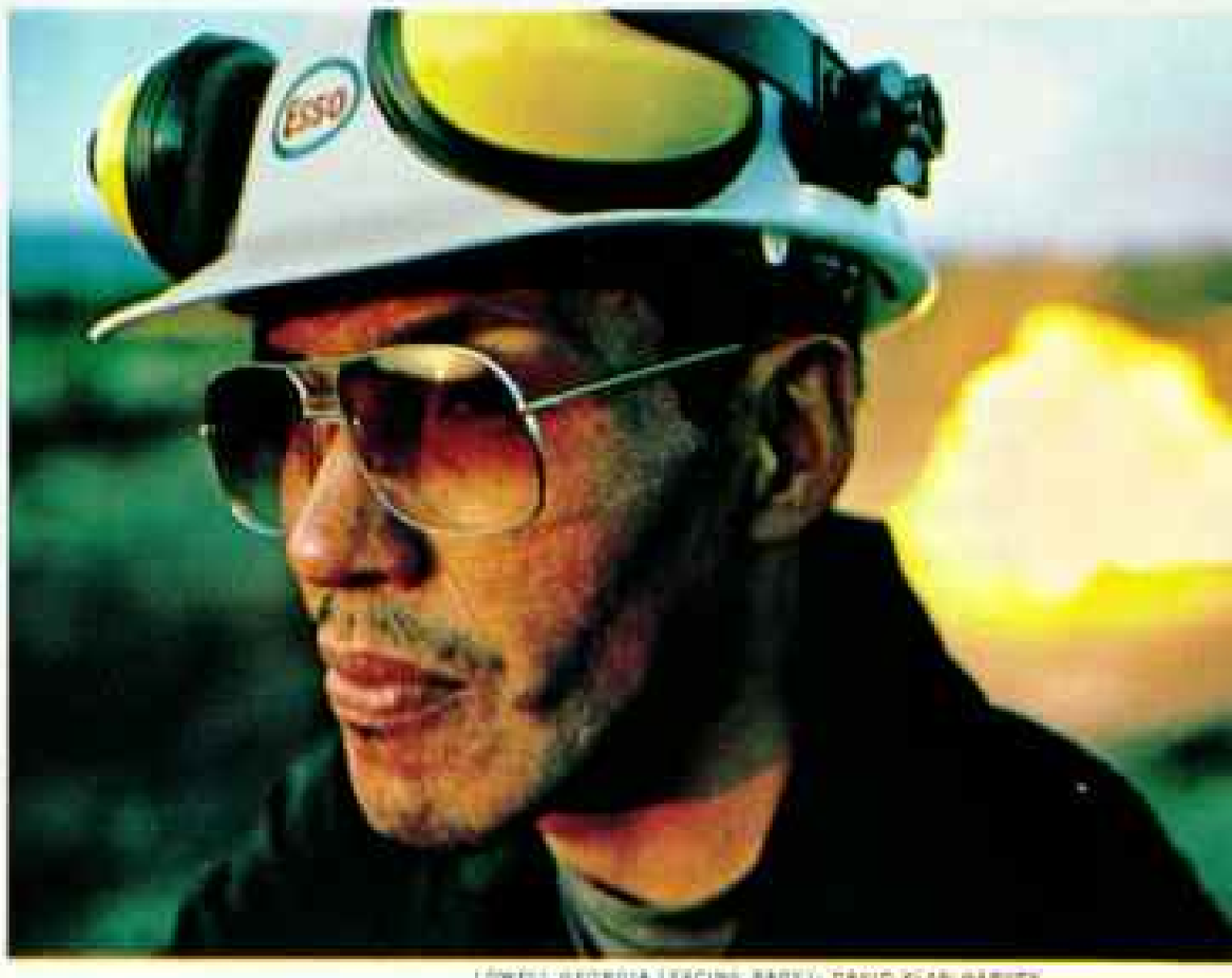
Free. I mulled it over in the supply plane, roaring back to Nome over silent white hills. They were free to stay. Free to leave that barren pile of rock too. But they stayed.

And there were others in the Arctic, I discovered, who had left and were returning. In Bethel in Alaska's southwest, where April was in full mud and temperatures bracketed freezing, I spoke to an Eskimo woman who had graduated from college in the south and had remained there for 13 years. Two years ago she returned to Alaska, and she told me why.

"Regardless of where I was or what I did," she said, "I knew that I belonged to some place back here. There's a lot of security and a sense of peace and fullness that comes from that—knowing that I belong here and that these people belong to me. They understand. And I'm part of the land. I know it's different with the regular Anglo. But I didn't even wear diapers when I was a kid. I was in a sod house till I was 11 years old.

"Last summer we went berry picking and camping near old Chevak. It's a powerful experience just to know that your ancestors lived in that area for thousands of years. Even though I'm supposed to be educated, even though I know the scientific method, I still feel their spirits."

From Little Diomede through Alaska, across Canada to Greenland and Scandinavia, there are echoes of a spiritual return home. The peoples of the Arctic, only 200,000 in the west, have stopped apologizing for themselves. They are not merely unfinished products of the civilization process. They are the Yupiks and the Inupiat and the Athapaskans in Alaska, the Dene and the Inuit in Canada, the Inuit in Greenland, and the Saami in Scandinavia. These names mean roughly the same thing—"the people."



LOWELL GEORGIA (FACING PAGE); DAVID ALAN HARVEY

They have endured decades of wrenching transitions. Governments, seeking new energy sources, have closed in. As happened on southern frontiers 200 years ago, the Arctic has finally been confronted by the full industrial will of the south, and by the suffocating lure of its culture.

But today in the north, native peoples are pushing for recognition as nations, and for equal participation in the development of their homelands. They have made successful land claims based on aboriginal rights. They have erected unprecedented cross-arctic links, and are bound together by the

ALASKANS

Photographs by
DAVID ALAN HARVEY
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER

same questions: Who owns this land? How will native peoples be allowed to join its development? What rights do they have to determine their own future?

The spring and summer of 1982 saw a blizzard of meetings, games, festivals, and seminars. The Inuit Circumpolar Conference (ICC), a U. S.-Canadian-Greenlandic Eskimo forum, is striving to develop an arctic policy that will add reason to passion on environmental and cultural questions. The ICC has applied for, and by this summer will likely be granted, nonvoting status in the United Nations.

Ottawa, Washington, and the Scandinavian capitals have inherited influential and tough-minded native lobby groups.

These are the only people, after all, who really care about the Arctic.

I traveled over this unforgiving but not unloved land for five months, on jets and steamers, dogsleds and snowmobiles, and bush planes held together with duct tape. And the answer to the question "Why do you live in this forsaken place?" never varied: "Because it is my home."

FREEDOM FROM POVERTY, freedom from dependence. That was the promise of the 1971 Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act. It left the 85,000 native people 44 million acres of land and gave them nearly a billion dollars in compensation. All U. S. citizens with at least one-quarter Alaska-native ancestry became shareholders in 13 regional and some 200 village profit-making corporations set up to administer the land and money. Other aboriginal land claims were extinguished. The road was cleared for the trans-Alaska pipeline. Good luck. The American way.

After 12 years all 13 regional corporations survive. They have invested in timber, fisheries, reindeer herds, and mining. They own seafood companies and two of Anchorage's largest luxury hotels. But much of the land selected by the corporations, enmeshed in red tape, has not been conveyed, and individual shareholders have received few dividends. Impatience grows. Worried corporation leaders are asking for time, but time could run out in 1991.

*A man for all peoples, Inupiat Eskimo Willie Hensley (**below**, center) chairs the racially mixed board of United Bank Alaska. Hensley is among the leaders who have inspired a resurgence of native spirit in Alaska. He also works with Kotzebue area board members of NANA (**left**), one of 13 native-directed regional corporations that administer land and capital accrued from the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act of 1971.*

The settlement act stipulated that shareholders could not sell their stock for 20 years. Now the deadline nears, and the land, symbol of native culture, could go quickly. Outside investors wait in the wings. In economically weak regions, where dividends may never catch up with expectations, some people just don't care. Said Andy Patrick, a Yupik Eskimo from Nelson Island, "My shares in the corporation? Give me ten bucks and a six-pack, and they're yours."

In regions with proved oil and gas reserves, such as the North Slope, energy conglomerates could offer each shareholder half a million dollars. Critics of the settlement act claim it was crassly intended to terminate Alaskan native identity. Native leaders are now lining up legal roadblocks and exhorting their people not to sell out their culture for the white man's money.

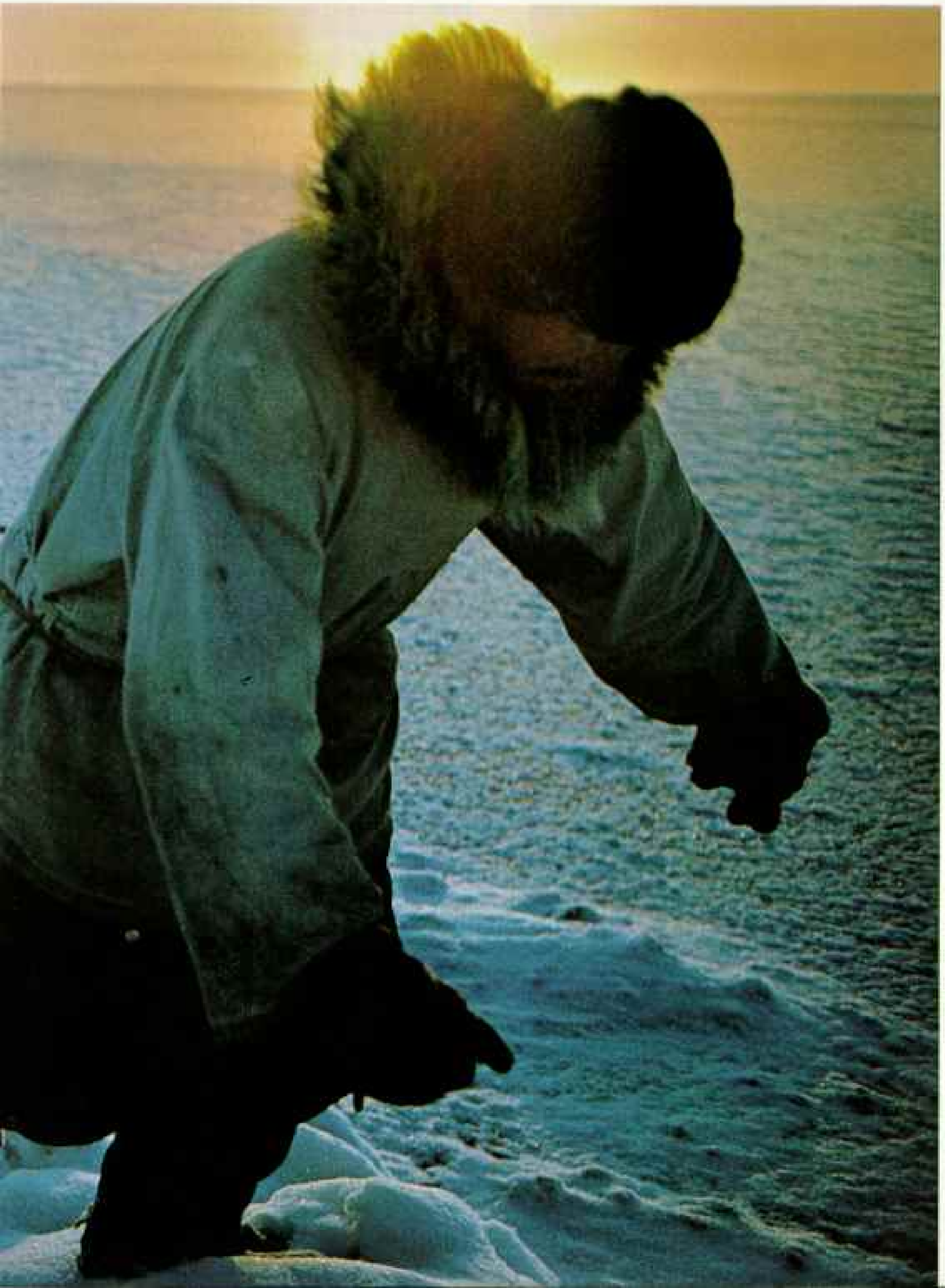
Since the settlement act, hundreds of millions of dollars more, for electricity, schools, and safe water systems, have been funneled into the long-neglected villages where most Alaskan natives live. Native politicians, two state senators and two representatives, their skills honed in the land-claims struggle, wield increasing power in Juneau as members of the "bush caucus."

In the immensity of rural Alaska, satellite telephones have compensated for lack of highways, and television has plugged the village people into the world community. But the material revolution has had a social price: boredom, family violence, alcoholism. The threads that had held the people to their culture—pride in the ways of the land, sharing, traditional roles for men and women—have nearly been severed.

Men, unused to competing in a cash economy, are struggling. Women, with more job opportunities, seem to have an advantage. Said Grace Smith, a social counselor in the struggling southwestern commercial center of Bethel: "Our men are in trouble. They're having a lot tougher time with this transition. They feel like they've lost their manhood. I've got a job, but my husband can't find one. He hunts a lot, fills the freezer with meat each fall. But he also watches the children, and I've become like the man of the house. And I don't like it."

***To survive**—and to remain Eskimo in a softer world of wages and southern comforts—whaling crews still go into the Chukchi Sea from Barrow. James Nageak's crew breaks breathing holes for bowheads by dragging their boat*

through thin, newly formed ice. Earlier they had pulled their boat by snowmobile and by hand across 20 miles of contorted pressure ridges. Despite such efforts, crews from Barrow landed no whales in the dispiriting 1982 season.



Mother's memory *instructs younger women in traditional values at the first Inupiat women's conference in Barrow* ***(right)****. Faye Nusunginya, at right, and Rachael Sakeagak recall their duties as wives of whaling crew captains.*

Mother's pride *prompts Dorcas Maupin of Barrow* ***(below)*** *to show a high-school graduation portrait of her son Jeff, now at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire. Currently 36 northern Alaska Eskimos attend college with scholarships provided by the Arctic Slope Regional Corporation.*

A few years ago the future of his people looked bleak to Inupiat Eskimo leader Willie Hensley of Kotzebue, Alaska's most influential native leader and now chairman of the board for United Bank Alaska.

"I began to question why our parents and grandparents had let us go," he told me, "and why they did not try to maintain the kinds of values that were essential to the Eskimo survival all those years. Our people had so little and their relationship to the land was so important. They were very spiritual people. They still are."

Hensley formed a "spirit committee" of leaders from NANA Regional Corporation and other northwest Alaska native groups to restore Inupiat values. They organized workshops, pressed for native languages and history in schools, and videotaped traditional skills for future generations.

In the past two years the spirit concept has spread. One result: More and more villages have opted for liquor prohibition. Several have organized shelters for battered women. Dr. Ted Mala, an Inupiat physician, currently heads Alaska's first baseline study on drug and alcohol abuse.

Alaska's native leaders understand the alternative well. Said John Schaeffer, president of NANA Corporation, "There have been many civilizations that have died out in the past—lost their sense of identity. If we succeed, fine. If we don't, it was worth the struggle. We deserve to die out."

Blending Old Lessons With New

Meetings, meetings, and meetings—a people in self-analysis—met me in my journeys through Alaska's bush villages. I was struck by the extremes of pride and confusion, rhetoric and apathy, welcome and hostility. Leaders who railed against alcohol abuse could be found sleeping it off in doorways. Enterprises rose and folded.

In the village of Chevak, a streetless asterisk of windswept huts 18 miles from the Bering Sea, traditional culture has been injected into the school curriculum. Village elders teach classes in sewing, sled making, and trapping, and Chevak is a place where people still smile at strangers.

Guide Allen Joseph and I tramped through thigh-high snow from the Chevak airstrip to the new schoolhouse, complete with flush toilets, carpeting, and a rubber-compound gym floor, where the favorite game of winterbound Alaska Eskimos, basketball, is played with gusto.

School principal Gilbert F. Gutierrez, a Mexican American, led us to the home-economics room to meet Joe Friday and Ulric Nayamin, two leather-faced elders who were beating flat drums with sticks and chanting lustily, teaching a traditional dance to a group of teenagers. They would all perform that night in a village festival.

Frozen but *fashionable*, *Barrow teenagers chat in the near 0°F evening by the town bakery. Both enterprise and growth are expensive here on the treeless tundra.*

Few natural building materials exist except ice, and the cost of shipping and storage doubles the price of everything from wood paneling to ice-cream cones.

Body of the feast, *a 46-foot-long bowhead whale is butchered by Inupiat from the village of Kaktovik on the Beaufort Sea. The skin and top layer of fat will be cut into strips called muktuk, considered a delicacy.*

LOWELL GEORGIA

Drum dancing was banished in southwestern Alaska as a tool of shamanism by Moravian missionaries in the 1870s. Only in the past few years has it returned, due in part to the resilience of the Chevak elders.

"The most important thing is to teach our young people our way of life," Joe Friday said later. "Then they will be ready to face what comes from outside."

That evening, visiting dancers arrived in snowmobiles, pulling sledfuls of bundled relatives. They crowded comfortably into the community hall. Cake and juice were served. Sausage-shaped and runny-nosed children scurried about in parkas.

Joe Friday's troupe came on stage, the boys sitting cross-legged in front, the girls standing behind, feet stationary, in headdresses of wolverine and wolf fur. With each pulsing verse they pantomimed the traditional ways of the village: seal hunting, the thrust of the harpoon; picking salmon berries, popping them noisily into their mouths; stalking geese. And, finally, a verse whose movements seemed vaguely familiar: a rhythmic pushing toward the floor with the hands, palms down, then a pushing toward the ceiling, palms up. The audience shrieked with delight.

I looked with puzzlement at my guide.

"Basketball dance," he giggled.

Development—A Dirty Word?

Far to the north, in the Inupiat village of Kiana, morning crackled at minus 30°F. Chained sled dogs howled jealously at the whine of awakening snowmobiles. A woman emerged from a log house between rows of jagged spruce with a saw and a stiff, three-foot-long frozen pike. She set the fish on a stump. Thick steaks fell to the packed snow like cordwood.

Not many log homes remain in Kiana, a progressive village of 300 in NANA Corporation country. A satellite telephone links village health aides to a modern hospital in

Kotzebue; television links viewers to J. R. Ewing in "Dallas"; cases of Hawaiian pineapple sell briskly at Don and Margaret Dorsey's store.

Most of Kiana's 26 HUD-financed frame houses, perched on innovative metal frames against the permafrost, were built in 1981 by Arctic Jomax Construction, a Kotzebue-based firm owned by local Eskimos. Arctic Jomax built 170 such houses that summer.

"We're proud of that," said co-owner Tony Schuerch. He also inspired a resurgence of vegetable gardening in northwestern Alaska, and currently envisions the possibility of a railroad from Fairbanks into the northwest to supply a whole new urban commercial center.

"A guy here who wants to do something with the land can lease all he can use," said Tony. "It's exciting. In the lower 48 there's no land left. Our problem is what to do with all the land we have. To some people up here development is a dirty word, but how else can you get people to fulfill themselves?

"My impatience comes when I see these young guys walking the streets unemployed. One of the reasons we created our company was to show that a group of Eskimos could not only do day labor, but also that we could build a solid company. We could compete."

But local labor is a sometime thing; few Alaskan natives feel the call of the nine-to-five. Yet many of them lack the skills to survive in the wild. They just drift and dream, and find refuge in a bottle.

"We have young men here in Kiana who wouldn't know a trap from a fishhook," said Tony's brother Lorry. Lorry knows. He makes a living from his traplines in winter, and operates arctic fishing expeditions in summer that require him to prepare such things as escargots for clients from Frankfurt and Copenhagen. "Nothin' to it," said Lorry, "just fry a little garlic butter. . . .

"But let me tell you something," Lorry interrupted himself. "If my children are going to compete in the Western civilized way, they had better be prepared for it. My son Patrick is studying in Oregon right now. Maybe he wants to be a mining engineer. Who knows? But he's coming back home. He loves it here. He loves to hunt. . . ."

Lorry studied his coffee cup.

"Get those kids educated and on the right track," he said, "and I think our country would prosper. But what are we after? Do we want to hang on to our culture? Are we after development? Do we want railroads and outsiders all over the place? People don't want that."

Lorry's 9-year-old son, Brent, wandered in wearing earphones hooked to a tape deck.

"May I listen?" I asked him.

Curse of the north

SELF-DIGNITY SUFFERS daily along the strip of seamy honky-tonks on Anchorage's Fourth Avenue. Nudged by a member of the Salvation Army's community patrol, this Eskimo will either be taken home or to an alcohol-treatment center.

Alcohol abuse here makes no distinction between city and village, native or nonnative. One of every nine Alaskan adults has an alcohol problem, one of the worst rates in the country. Now a dry movement sweeps native communities in revulsion against days-long group binges. More than 50 villages have adopted prohibition laws.

Says Dr. Ted Mala, an Eskimo physician conducting Alaska's first serious study to combat drug and alcohol abuse: "We thought we'd get resistance, but people are so concerned that most communities support it. And we're going to succeed because we have our roots here, and we have to live with the results."

Wordlessly, Brent handed me the earphones, and I heard: "Better circle the wagons, Kemo Sabe, they're about to attack!"

Whaling Nourishes the Soul

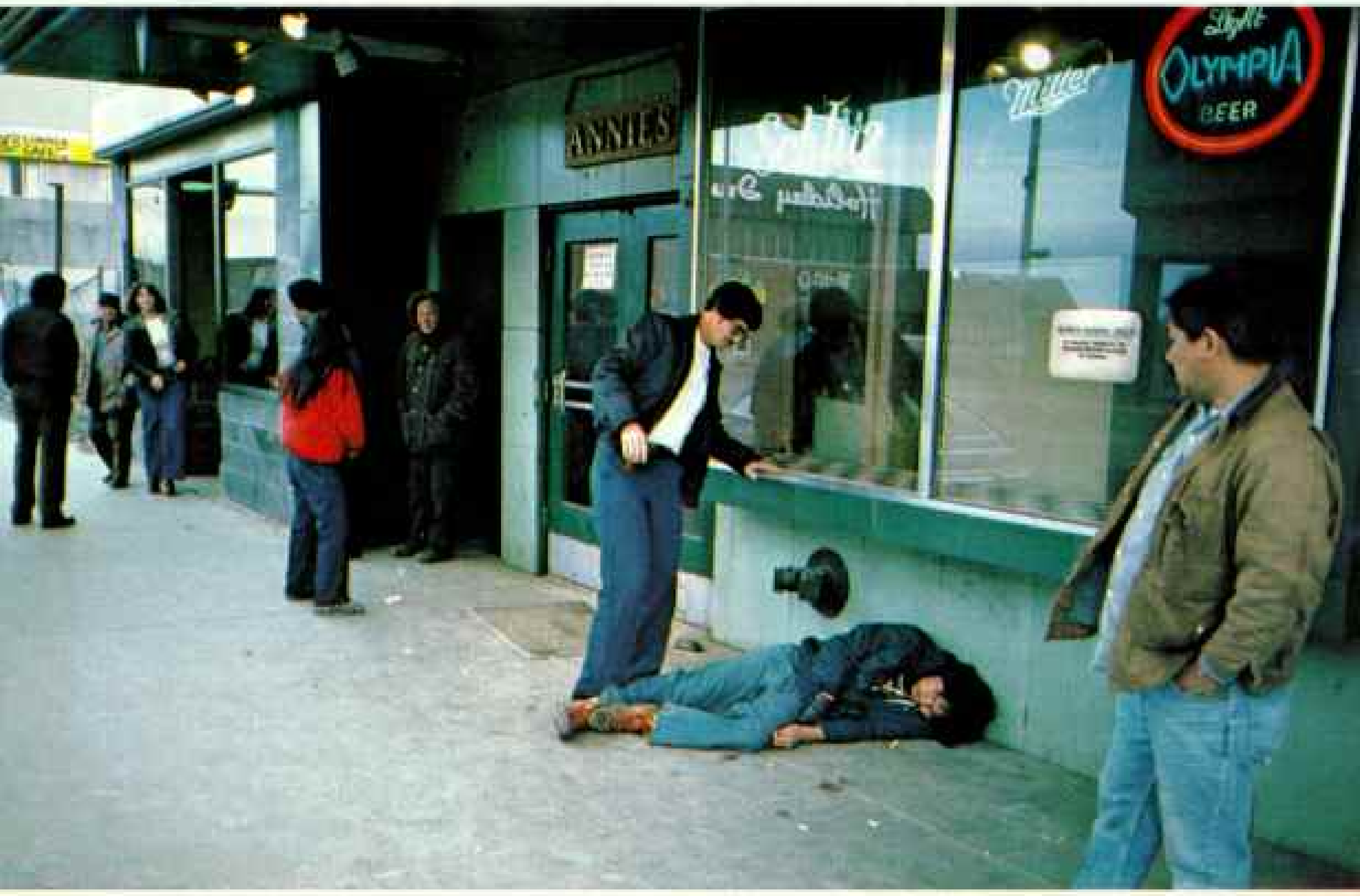
Many Alaska natives consider themselves under cultural siege. They find their fulfillment on the land and fear the day new laws put limits on their harvest. For them hunting and fishing are not only essential, but are also powerful psychological needs. In Barrow, the northernmost town in the United States, I found the hunt for the bowhead whale has ritualistic overtones.

Last spring, Barrow was humiliated. Its crews had struck five whales, their quota by an Alaska Eskimo Whaling Commission agreement with the government, but for the first time in memory had failed to land a single animal. Bitterness swept through town. A few young militants rebelled.

"You can call in the National Guard if you want," said a firebrand named Billy Neakok. "We're going back out."

He fired off a telegram to President Ronald Reagan attacking "white pigs" and took to the ice with a crew, keeping radio silence. Still no whale. Barrow's elders blamed the failure on the erosion of traditional whaling skills since the white man brought his money to the Chukchi Sea.

Neakok is president of the Inupiat Community of the Arctic Slope (ICAS), a tribal government that claims Inupiat sovereignty



***A feisty breed** of Eskimos shapes up for the future. Mayor Harry Hugo (**left,** far left) dunks in the school swimming pool at Anaktuvuk Pass, a remote Eskimo village in the Brooks Range. In funding language, the pool is officially the "fire-extinguisher reservoir."*

*In the school gym in the coastal town of Kotzebue (**right**), an Inupiat athlete does the "high kick" at a leather ball, one of the traditional games that include cheek pulling and that challenge basketball as the Eskimos' most popular sports.*

over all northern Alaska as well as the ice of the Arctic Ocean, which it says is simply an extension of Inupiat hunting grounds. It stands hostile to any development.

Barrow is also home for the Arctic Slope Regional Corporation and for the North Slope Borough government, one of the largest and richest municipalities in the world, covering much of northern Alaska.

Both organizations have invested in energy projects. The borough will collect about 140 million dollars this year in property taxes from the nearby Prudhoe Bay oil fields, or $35,000 for each of the borough's 4,000 residents. A breath-catching 62.5-million-dollar public school for the Barrow community opens this winter.

In Prudhoe Bay, oil companies have set quotas for hiring natives and offer them free training programs. "Anyone who really wants a job in Barrow can get one," said Jeslie Kaleak, an official at the sleek, new regional corporation headquarters. "Now there is a choice of life-styles. But the new homes and the amenities of life that cost money are making hunting, in one sense, obsolete. A good hunter can still make a good living. A mediocre hunter cannot. He can't compete with the wages he would earn."

The concept of the Inuit Circumpolar Conference (ICC) came from this crucible of political consciousness in 1977, when Barrow was the site of an extraordinary first—more than 400 native Alaskans, Canadians, Greenlanders, and Lapps mingling in recognition of mutual challenges and goals.

Despite money and available jobs, severe alcoholism and other social ills rack Barrow, and racial tension remains high. Filipinos, Mexicans, and Koreans have come here in

Alaska's last nomads, *the caribou-hunting inland Eskimos called Nunamiuts settled in 1951 under the towering Brooks Range at Anaktuvuk Pass. Now an*

ambitious building program funded by the North Slope Borough in Barrow, which taxes Prudhoe Bay oil fields, brings the living standards of middle America.

search of the big buck and have complicated community structure by dominating private enterprise. Natives grumble at outside "opportunists" who have no personal stake in the community. And many whites have withdrawn into social cells against what they consider habitual rudeness and apathy from natives.

Brenda Itta, Barrow city administrator, grapples daily with this volatile mix. A 38-year-old Inupiat and former state representative, she hides a will of iron behind a doll-like countenance.

"We've had a lot of the Greenpeace people and other environmentalists up here to protest our whaling," she said. "We've had to do a lot of lobbying to them. The Inupiat people traditionally have welcomed other cultures, but when we're rejected by those that we have joined in a government and a nation, when we experience cold and lack of understanding, and no respect for our traditions and our food—when they laugh at our food—then the hurt is very deep inside."

Spirit Still Alive and Well

Yet optimism is not hard to find in Alaska these days, as young Eskimo leaders emerge with a sense of an unbridled future. In Manley Hot Springs, a village near Fairbanks, a 25-year-old Eskimo named Dixie Dayo was elected president of the village corporation, and administers 69,120 acres of land for her shareholders.

"This is nothing, you have to understand," she said of the land. "We used to own the *whole state*. This is only what we have left to work with."

Dixie fails to see what all the despair is about. "You see people in India starving in the streets," she said. "They can't go out on the land. Here we've got everything. We've got it made. We can still go out and hunt and gather. I'm rich in a different sense. I still have a culture, an opportunity to do whatever I want. The spirit is still in me."

***There's trouble** right here in Anaktuvuk Pass, but with construction jobs at $25 an hour, five dollars to play seems peanuts to sharks at the town pool*

hall. Twenty video games arrived in the village last summer and multi-channel satellite TV brightens long winter nights. A gallon of milk costs seven dollars, and $600 a month goes for fuel oil in winter. Money is here now, with a capital "M." But when building jobs disappear, what then?

CANADIANS

Photographs by DAVID ALAN HARVEY

Mixed feelings surround Treaty Day in Hay River, Northwest Territories ***(below)****, where a Slavey Indian receives his symbolic five dollars from the government agent, Inuit Rudy Cockney. Other Indians, like Fort Good Hope's former Chief Frank T'Selhye* ***(right)****, refuse the money and deny that the Treaty of 1899 gave their land away.*

ARCTIC INDIANS—Kutchins, Tananas, Koyukons—hunt the caribou in the sinuous river valleys of the Alaskan interior. Their political future is one with Alaska's Eskimos, but their mood seems darker; visitors to their villages feel less welcome. The homeland of these Athapaskan-speaking people suits southerners who would not settle in Barrow, and their game is pursued by white hunters who would not stalk a walrus.

Across the Alaska-Canada border, about 7,000 Indians in the Yukon Territory await the finalization of a land-claims agreement with the Ottawa government. At the Council for Yukon Indians (CYI) in the capital city of Whitehorse, closet Indians have been applying for membership in droves.

"Before, it wasn't nice to be an Indian person in Canada, eh?" said CYI official Paul Birckel. "Because you couldn't have a lot of things—voting, drinking, holding title to land—so people called themselves whites. That's reversed now. Now it's the in thing to be Indian."

The Yukon's born-again Indians are bringing back the shaman, or medicine man, whose practice was legislated out of existence by the Canadian Indian Act of 1875. Spiritual workshops were held last summer, by invitation only. Ojibwa Indian Frank Lacosse, government adviser for the program, chose his words carefully:

"In some settlements this seems to be the only thing that helps people find a way. The old people say you've got to have a good job in one hand and your culture in the other. If you have a job in one hand and a bottle in the other, you're not going to make it."

In Canada last April 14, the citizens of the Northwest Territories (NWT), twice the size of Alaska, voted to divide the territory roughly between traditional Eskimo (Inuit, in Canada) and Indian lands. If Canada's

Fruits of the boreal forest—*caribou and wild rice—provide a Treaty Day feast in Rae, a settlement of Dogrib Indians on Great Slave Lake. Four other tribes of*

the Dene nation inhabit the valley of the Mackenzie, or Dehcho ("great river"), which flows from Great Slave to the Arctic Ocean.

A time to remember, a time to dream. *It's 3 a.m. on a summer night in the Dogrib village of Rae Lakes. The drum dance, the ceremonies, and the feast are over, and Elizabeth and David Chocolate can relax after the dual weddings of their sons, Eddie and Charlie. Sleep is optional on these*

special nights, and children gather to idle by smoldering smudge pots that thicken the air against clouds of mosquitoes.

Parliament approves, one part will become a province-like entity called Nunavut ("our land") run by Inuit; the other will be Denendeh (again, "our land") of the Mackenzie Valley Indians.

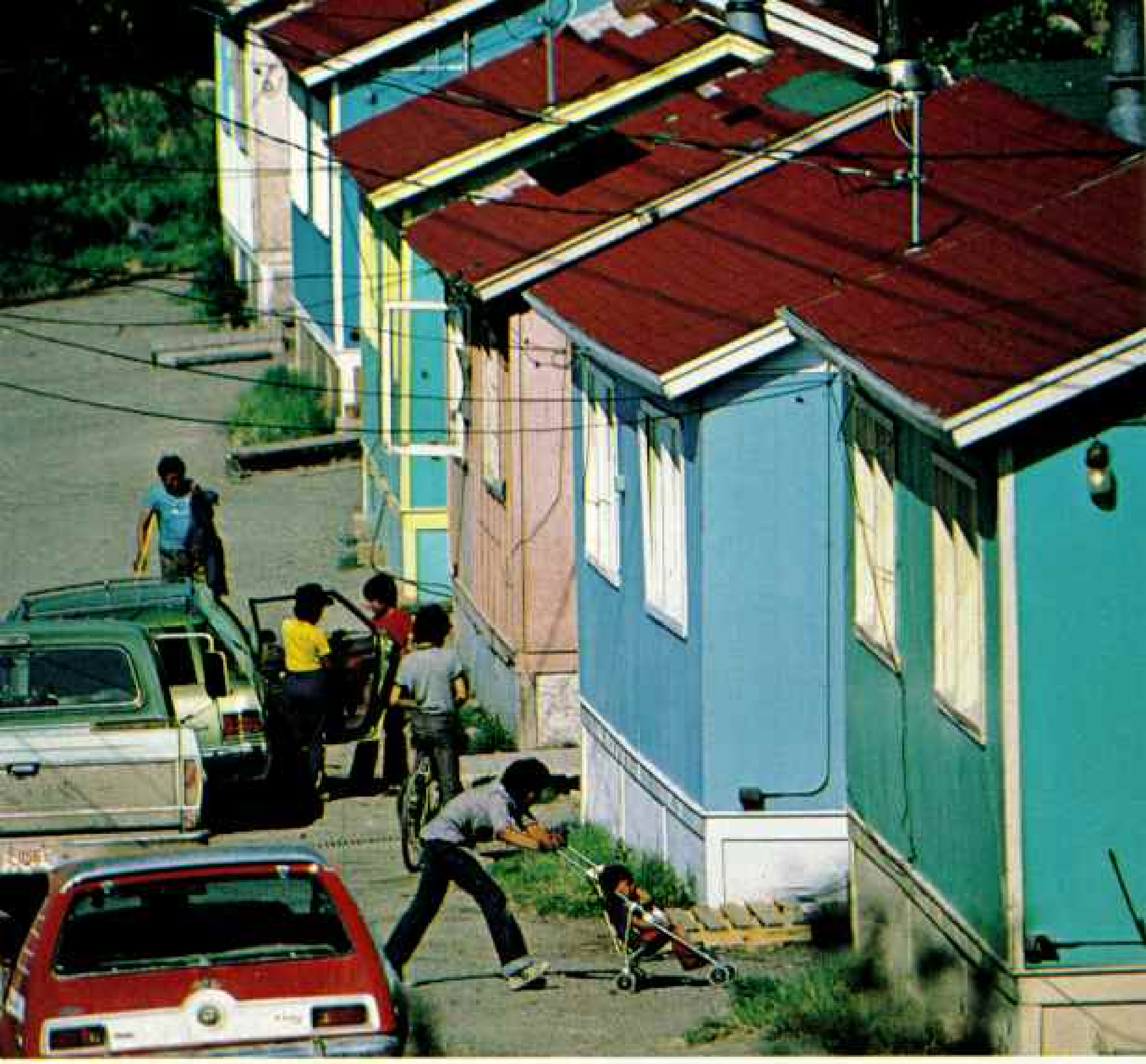
Strung along the spruce and tamarack and tundra valleys of the Mackenzie, the continent's last unspoiled watershed, are the 20 settlements of the 8,000-strong Dene nation—the Chipewyans, Slaveys, Dogribs, Hares, Loucheux. These peoples have never accepted a treaty that gave their land away. They have never lived in reservations. To them the river that empties into the Arctic Ocean has always been called Dehcho, the "great river."

Villages Wary of Outside Contact

Despite the ubiquitous machinery and gadgetry of modern Canada, the settlements remain poor, isolated, and often confused by the events that have swept by as swiftly as the Dehcho itself. Contacts with outside are met with caution. In the Hare Indian village of Fort Good Hope, when satellite television came last summer, residents insisted on a master switch that could turn off all reception during town meetings. When the Mackenzie Highway construction approached Wrigley, citizens refused to have it extended into their village. Just-short-of-Wrigley remains the limit of the road.

In Fort McPherson, a Loucheux settlement 65 miles north of the Arctic Circle, Chief Johnny Charlie was told that the Dempster Highway would bring tourists and money. Robert Alexie put up a motel. The ladies geared up their exquisite beadwork. But when the 470-mile gravel road was pushed from Dawson in the Yukon to Inuvik by the Beaufort Sea in 1979, it was a disappointment. No one coming up the Dempster Highway seemed to care.

I found Chief Charlie wearing a silk shirt and a baseball cap, pacing up and down the floor of his prefabricated house. His wife



sewed. Outside, dogs whimpered in the mud. The heads of three freshly killed caribou leaned casually against the refrigerator.

"It's better if it weren't there," Charlie said of the highway. "It's for all the bums to come out here. We don't want tourists that bad. If they're tight with their money, they can stay away. Everybody who comes to Fort McPherson wants only to look at the people and say, 'Look at the stupid-looking people.' We all thought we'd leave the land and make money off the tourists. Now we're waking up."

Canada quickened to its northland after the oil strike in Alaska's Prudhoe Bay. Oil wells were thrust into the adjacent Beaufort Sea in the early 1970s, but plans for a major Alaska-like pipeline up the Mackenzie River Valley were stymied by Mr. Justice Thomas R. Berger of the British Columbia Supreme Court, who conducted a marathon of listening through the villages of the Dene to judge the potential impact. The landmark Berger Report of 1977 recommended a ten-year moratorium on any major development, enough time for native people to gather their forces.

The Canadian government, needing someone to bargain with, funded the establishment of its own adversaries, four native-rights groups in arctic Canada. The Dene nation was organized, and in 1981 presented a self-government proposal based on tribal forms. Its most controversial features are

***Urban Indians** in the Northwest Territories' capital of Yellowknife, population 10,000, crowd into Rainbow Valley, a district of government-built prefabricated houses imported from outside (**left**).*

Today grants from the federal and territorial governments provide $35,000 for rural families willing to build their own log homes. Applicants cut timber from local forests and do their own work; the grant covers other materials and pays for labor.

*In Fort Good Hope (**top right**), John T'Selhye works on the home that may soon shine like one in Fort Resolution (**right**). The program generates training in construction, and, more important, begins to reverse the welfare dependence that debilitates many areas.*

a ten-year residency requirement for voting and holding office, and an all-Dene Senate with veto power over legislation that infringes on aboriginal rights. The Northwest Territories' white population, still a minority, balked at these "racist" provisions. The Métis Association of the NWT, representing 6,000 nonregistered Indians of mixed descent, wavered from total endorsement.

"It's a brilliant bloody document," admitted Erik Watt of the Canadian government's Northern Affairs office in Yellowknife, "whether you like it or not. It's a bargaining position, of course. The government wants to give land along with royalties from mineral production; the Dene want a political settlement first."

Father Rene Fumoleau, a missionary from France who has served in the Mackenzie Valley for 30 years, compared the future of the NWT to the decolonization of Africa.

"One of the last perfect colonial governments in the world is the Northwest Territories," he said. "There was a historical interdependence between white men and Indians when the land was first being explored, like in the fur trade. When it came to the point that the Indians weren't needed, that was the worst part—the realization that if they died tomorrow, nobody would care."

When I arrived in Yellowknife, a city of 10,000 and the capital of the NWT, it was swimming in a potato soup of ice fog at minus 40°F. Tires squeaked in the packed

A tundra tapestry *unfolds from the Richardson Mountains and covers the broad Mackenzie River Delta with lakes and bogs—rich trapping grounds for the village of Aklavik. Here is the last, northernmost statement of the North American forest. Beyond, only the haunting and treeless land of the Inuit.* ISWELL GEORGE

snow, and fur-wreathed faces appeared and faded like apparitions.

I found George Erasmus, the 34-year-old president of the Dene nation, in an office complex thick with media experts, researchers, and fresh piles of leaflets and manifestos. Resolve heated to anger as we talked.

"The broad majority of Dene want change," he said. "And we want to be involved in the decision-making sphere of development. We have attempted to stop specific major developments for good reason—they would have destroyed the whole valley. The propaganda used against us is that we're Communists. Ludicrous! The idea that we're controlled by outside advisers—that is a racist assumption!"

If Beaufort Sea oil development proceeds as expected, he said, 20,000 people would pour in. "They're going to be people from the south. Twenty thousand workers! You could have a situation where the work force that comes controls the government of the day. I can't conceive how that's going to be in the interest of anyone.

"I laugh when white people say, 'What are you going to do to us?' There was a time when we weren't even regarded as human beings. So don't tell us about taking anyone's rights away. We've been trying to sell a concept that it would be beneficial to the whole country if the native people were left self-reliant. Here we are in the north—the last place there is a native majority. This is one place we can learn from our mistakes."

Ills of the South Move North

Trees taper off rapidly northeast of the Mackenzie River Delta, from the air a wondrous paisley print of coiled channels. In the final breath of the boreal forest, north of the Great Plains, scruffy spruce burrow in the troughs of frozen streams. Soon the spruce turns to willow brush, like a landscape in need of a shave. Then the willows are gone, replaced by infinite whiteness.

The 26,000 Inuit of Canada who cherish this land are gathered in small, dependent communities of government-built houses and windswept litter. Productive and self-reliant hunters are still scattered throughout the Arctic, but they are a dying breed. The towns are equipped with the fads and afflictions of the south—booze, bubble gum, glue-sniffing—but lack the health habits, social confidence, work ethic, and time-clock discipline to cope with them.

Canadian Eskimos remain culturally more intact, but materially and politically poorer than their incorporated cousins in Alaska or the Greenlanders to the east. Among them is a sense of desperation to catch up. Old regional differences between Inuit groups have given way to differing political organizations, based on the status of their aboriginal land claims.

Only one arctic native land claim has passed into law—the James Bay Settlement of 1975 in northern Quebec. As in Alaska, the deal was tied to the opening of a mammoth energy project—the 15-billion-dollar James Bay hydroelectric system.*

Next in line could be the Inuvialuit people of the western Arctic, whose land seems profitably tied to Dome Petroleum's Beaufort Sea operations. In 1978 the Inuvialuit rights group, the Committee for Original Peoples' Entitlement (COPE), signed a land claims "agreement-in-principle" with the Canadian government. Finalization was set for 1979, but appears stalled. COPE leaders fear the government hesitates to set a precedent when the larger issues of Nunavut and Denendeh are unresolved.

"They like the status quo," said COPE land-claims negotiator Nellie Cornoyea testily. "They like looking after native people because it creates a lot of employment for them, and they don't think native people can look after themselves.

*See "Quebec's Northern Dynamo," by Larry Kohl, in the March 1982 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.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BOTH BY TERRY KILEY

The weekend hunter *among the Inuit of the high-arctic islands depends heavily on the machinery of the south. On a seal-hunting trip* ***(above)****, Methusalah Kunuk from the village of Igloolik hauls his family and his speedboat on a komatik, or sled, with a snowmobile pulling. The boat will be launched when they reach the edge of the ice. Becky Awa of Igloolik* ***(left)*** *packs her baby in a traditional amautik parka and pilots her family's boat on a summer outing after seals.*

Before such craft came to the Arctic, dogsleds and skin boats carried Inuit hunters, and families migrated from camp to camp. Now they have the luxury of returning home at night to centralized settlements and holding part-time wage-earning jobs. "Besides," says Canadian government official Andy Theriault of Frobisher Bay, the eastern Arctic's administrative center, "we can't have everyone being a hunter any more, because if we do we're going to run out of wildlife in a hurry."

Today dogsled teams are making a comeback, particularly in a dozen or so outpost camps on Baffin Island, where Inuit families have moved closer to traditional life. Machines break down; dogs will always get you back. And, Inuit say in their unsentimental way, "You can't eat your snowmobile."

***White, bright, right**—subconscious lessons of the dominant culture—start early for an Inuit tot in Repulse Bay, a village of 350 on the Arctic Circle. Inuktitut, the Inuit language, is now used in the first three school years, but success is still spelled in English.*

TREG BRUCKNER

"But they don't realize that all they're doing is building antagonism toward outsiders and nonnatives, and that in the long run will be the destruction of the society up here."

In the eastern arctic village of Igloolik, where Canadian culture has only recently asserted itself, there are still people like 50-year-old Vivi Kunnuk, mother of 11, who has had no trouble looking after herself. She invited me to visit the shack she built behind her modern house, so she could continue cooking on a seal-oil lamp. Her stainless-steel kitchen just didn't feel right, she said.

"I gave birth to two of my children by myself," Vivi told me proudly.

"Where was your husband?" I asked.

"The first time, he was away on a hunting trip. The other time I didn't want to disturb him. He was asleep."

Igloolik, perhaps the most traditional eastern arctic village, was washed in the constant light of summer, and kids roamed happily through the streets till the meaningless morning. The sea ice of Foxe Basin, covered by a film of water, glistened in hues from ink to lemonade. Returning seal hunters wore rubber waders, and plumes of water spewed behind their snowmobiles.

For Teachers, Anger and Frustration

The atmosphere of tolerance in Inuit villages often translates to lack of discipline by southern standards, and the mills of education grind slowly. In the whole Baffin Island region, out of hundreds of high-school students only a handful graduate each year. And southern teachers, no matter how motivated, rarely stay. I met one such teacher in a village airport on her way home after several years.

"I'm tired of giving, giving, giving, and never getting anything in return," she said. "Kids come to school dirty, their noses running, wander in at eleven o'clock. Parents don't make them come. They say education is foreign to their culture—well, so are skidoos and video games."

In Igloolik few villagers older than 35 speak English, and government regulations that conflict with Inuit custom leave them baffled. Forceful abduction of a bride, for example, if arranged with the girl's family, is part of the tough, high-spirited life. The government of Canada calls it rape. One 17-year-old Igloolik girl called the police after breaking away from a suitor last spring, and

government-employed Inuit social worker Leah Otak had to explain to the distraught mother. "I told her that her daughter has the right to decide for herself," Leah told me. "'Oh, no,' the woman said. 'She's only a baby. She's mine!'

"Parents are caught in between. They're scared to speak out, to fight back. I don't like to be a person who is destroying our culture, but I feel like one anyway. I seem to be telling our elders, 'We have the power, you don't.' Some people are just sitting around saying, 'What's going on?'"

Suicide, the grim answer for an alarming number of young Inuit, came to Igloolik last April. I spoke to the widow, Carmen Idlout, who said she didn't know why her husband had done it. But she thought it ran in the family. Both his father and grandfather had taken their own lives.

"He was 33," she said, "the first native journeyman electrician in the Baffin area. On that day I saw him through the window with a rifle. He couldn't get the skidoo started. He was very, very quiet. He never would discuss his problems. Kept it all inside."

Self-help programs have begun to flow from Frobisher Bay, the unofficial capital of the eastern Arctic. Baffin Regional Inuit Association is in the midst of a five-year computerized game-harvesting study that could be used as documentation in future political forays. The territorial government operates 22 outpost camps of Inuit who are living in the traditional way.

Andy Theriault, the Department of Indian Affairs man in Frobisher, feels encouraged: "Sometimes we fail to realize they can do things," he told me. "We find it difficult to let go, like a bunch of mother's helpers. ('I'll do it for you, I'll do it for you.') And then we turn around and say, 'Well, hell, those people don't want to do anything.'"

In 1980 a group of Inuit lobbied in London, and in 1981 they took part in a combined native protest march in Ottawa that convinced the Canadian government to reinsert an aboriginal-rights clause into the new Canadian constitution.

But the government has yet to answer on the question of Nunavut and Denendeh. When and how the Northwest Territories will be divided, and how much authority will be granted the Inuit, are not issues it is prone to rush. And land-claims negotiations could drag on for decades. Says John Amagoalik, president of the Inuit Tapirisat of Canada (ITC), "If the government was really serious about our claims, I think they could be settled within five years."

Opposition Grows to APP

For the Inuit of the eastern Arctic, there have been no vital megaprojects to force the coming of Nunavut. But now, Inuit leaders in Ottawa and Greenland are gearing up for a massive intervention over the Arctic Pilot Project (APP), a scheme to bring liquefied natural gas in a fleet of year-round ice-breaking tankers from the high Arctic to southern ports. Inuit say the tankers would cut through their hunting grounds, leaving impassable cracks in the ice, scaring away seals and whales, and increasing the possibility of hazardous spills. Last fall the ITC convinced the Canadian government to halt hearings on the APP until technology could answer critical environmental questions.

Meanwhile, the Canadian Inuit are on hold, as Amagoalik said, "looking to Greenland for political inspiration, and to Alaska on how to deal with oil companies." When and if they gain control of their land from a wary Ottawa, the Canadian Inuit will furnish the missing link of a broad, resource-rich semi-nation of Inuit stretching from Little Diomede to the North Atlantic. Such an alliance would not only affect the future of petroleum exploration in the Arctic, but could also influence Western military security, and provide a significant fourth world voice in the United Nations.

Like an alien spacecraft, *a Canadian government scientific research facility dominates the summer twilight in Igloolik, an Inuit settlement of 700, whose*

TERRY EILER

name means "place of houses." The village is frozen for ten months of the year, and utility poles must be set in concrete and rocks atop the permafrost.


JULI

GREENLANDERS

Photographs by IVARS SILIS

Forsaking kayaks, Greenland Inuit have turned to commercial fishing. The village of Arsuk, where codfish are hoisted to the community-owned processing plant, is one success story to buoy Greenland's home-rule government, negotiated with Denmark in 1979.

IN 1981 the first commercial airline connection between Canada and Greenland linked Frobisher Bay and the Greenlandic capital of Nuuk, and tightened the bonds between Inuit.

From Nuuk, a bleak but modern city with a fleet of a hundred Mercedes-Benz taxicabs, Inuit Circumpolar Conference President Hans-Pavia Rosing hopes to forge a definitive agreement between the Inuit nation and its governments.

"Resource development affects everything else in our society," he told me. "And not even the governments have very good control over what's going on in the Arctic. The oil companies—they have the control.

"We live in a rich part of the world and have always claimed these areas, but only in the past 20 years have we been forced to claim them publicly and fight for them."

Greenland, the world's largest island, is an intimidating piece of geography—a mammoth bowl of ice thousands of feet deep, whose glaciers continually calve icebergs into the ragged fjords that fringe its coast. Traditional hunters remain, concentrated in the Thule region in the north and on the island's east coast. But two centuries of European influence have permanently changed the Greenlandic Inuit. Danish taste permeates their neat, white-trimmed frame houses, education has taken hold, and Inuit hunters have become commercial fishermen, even sheepherders.

But the new Greenland, called Kalaallit Nunaat in the Inuit language, has emerged as the first self-governing arctic native state, and an inspiration to others.

Despite Denmark's relatively enlightened policies, the road to home rule has been as painful and disorienting as any transition in the Arctic. Denmark's move to modernize the colony in 1953 left its native Greenlanders as mere spectators to their own future. The struggling west coast people were uprooted and centralized into towns with fish processing plants. Incongruous but efficient blocks of flats were erected, and hospitals built to eradicate tuberculosis. Children were shipped to Denmark for part of their education, and the Inuit language and culture became liabilities in the new order.

The crisis of spirit that followed, with its familiar rash of alcoholism and suicide, genuinely surprised the Danes, and when Greenland's newly educated young agitated for a voice in the early 1970s, home rule came with surprising swiftness.

Today, Denmark retains control of Greenland's defense and foreign affairs and still operates much of the commerce that sustains the Greenlandic economy. Although agency by agency Copenhagen is slowly loosening its grip, total independence may never come. Greenland produces only 10 percent of its needs; the rest comes from Denmark in a block sum that exceeded 150 million dollars in 1982. Many Danes remain in Greenland, the necessary professionals and technologists to maintain the Western standard of living.

"We are lucky to have had the Danes," graduate student Tove Søvndahl told me in the town of Julianehåb. "If it had been the Americans, we would have all kinds of military bases and oil companies running all over the place."

The burden of government has fallen on Prime Minister Jonathan Motzfeldt, an Inuit Lutheran minister whose schedule suddenly includes visits from European royalty and inquiries on home rule from the Palestine Liberation Organization.

"We are a little people in a huge country," he told me. "Our human resources are few, but we have done some good things. And remember this: My father is still a hunter. Hunting is his life. From kayak to home rule is a great step for us."

Qualified people are scarce, but Greenland's young have picked up the challenge. In Nuuk, 32-year-old Ove Rosing Olsen is a

Home is not a house *in Nuuk, formerly called Godthåb, Greenland's capital, where blocks of urban-style flats accommodate new Inuit wage earners (**right and below right**). Urban growing pains still challenge Inuit Prime Minister Jonathan Motzfeldt (**below**), a Lutheran clergyman.*

physician who also lobbies for better fisheries. "Everyone who's educated in this country has to do two jobs," he said.

Seven Greenlandic medical students are now studying in Denmark, and four native doctors have returned and are already at work in Greenland.

"We know how they live," Dr. Olsen said of his patients. "A human being's disease is not just what you can see physically, but the sum of his whole life."

Near Julianehåb in southern Greenland, Kaj Egede has revitalized the sheepherding industry, succeeding where a long line of Danish consultants had failed. Kaj, 33, speaks in their own language to Greenland's 82 Inuit sheep farmers and provides the continuity that was impossible with Danish civil servants. Like other Greenland natives he now has a personal and permanent stake in his work.

And in the west coast village of Arsuk, a haven of brightly painted homes and trawlers strung with bubbles of iridescent pink floats in the postcard harbor, 27-year-old fish-factory manager Knud Albrechtsen has the world by the tail.

More than 6,000 tons of codfish a year meet their end in a collection of new, whirring stainless-steel filleting machines here, watched over by a small army of chattering Inuit girls in white smocks, orange gloves, and yellow ear protectors. The floor is spotless. Loudspeakers push rock music above the din.

It is a proud business. The factory is owned by the village itself and netted 1.1 million dollars last year, one of only a few self-sustaining fishing operations in Greenland. Social problems in Arsuk are negligible, the work ethic firmly entrenched.

Tall and calm, with long, straight, white teeth between curls of blond mustache and beard, Knud, part Inuit, looks like a Dane. Just don't call him one by mistake. "I get mad," he said, smiling coolly.

I asked him about the old days.

"Oh, the women wouldn't want to work without the new machines," he said.

I had meant the *old* days—the life in kayaks and sod houses, the proud hunters on the ice. But I realized that the Inuit of Arsuk had turned the corner. The way of life here has been changed too long. They had met the stronger culture and adapted.

LAPPS

Photographs by SISSE BRIMBERG

*On the crown of Europe, some 40,000 Saami, or Lapps, doggedly resist assimilation into Norwegian, Swedish, or Finnish society. In Masi, Norway, two traditionally dressed Saami (**below**) deal with their own oil crisis. In Levdun, Norway (**right**), a trapper's wife hawks fox furs.*

CONSERVATIVE and quiet Oslo, Norway, erupted with angry Saami protesters in October 1979. Tents were defiantly pitched on the Parliament lawn. Several Saami staged a hunger strike. Many Norwegian supporters were arrested. The government, often a spokesman for human rights in the world forum, was thoroughly embarrassed.

In the Norwegian Arctic, all work was

temporarily halted on the Alta-Kautokeino Hydroelectric Project that had threatened to inundate one more northern valley. Work has resumed at Alta now, but the case of the Saami people—widely known as Lapps—has been heard.

There is a new awareness of Saami culture throughout Scandinavia today. These seminomadic people, thought to have migrated from Central Asia, number only about 40,000. After thousands of years of contact the Saami are so intertwined with Scandinavians that the credentials of the Saami delegation to the first World Council of Indigenous People in 1975 were in serious question. Today the activists of the Saami movement call for separate treatment. They want to develop, most Saami say, but not as Norwegians, or Swedes, or Finns.

"We need special attention," a Norwegian Saami printer named Rolf Olsen told me in the town of Karasjok. "Otherwise we can't survive. Many Norwegians feel that the best thing for us to do is get assimilated. But we have the human right to be a group."

Nearby Kautokeino, unofficial capital of Lapland, is 175 miles north of the Arctic Circle. It shows a summer face of green fields, farmhouses, and patches of dwarf birch, a climate warmed by the Gulf Stream currents. Traditional Saami dress can still be seen here, in a supermarket line, or glimpsed behind the wheel of a Volvo. The town itself is new; during World War II the retreating Germans destroyed it as part of a scorched-earth policy.

Land is again an issue in Lapland, the largest uninterrupted stretch of natural countryside left in Europe, reaching from the Kola Peninsula of the U.S.S.R. down the mountainous spine of Scandinavia. The Saami say they have been robbed of it. Power stations, dams, and parks have crowded into their reindeer grazing lands. A network of roads brings carloads of gawking tourists. And Saami leaders fear the prospect of a natural-gas pipeline through Norway and Sweden. A proposed power project on the Kalix River in Sweden has the makings of another Alta confrontation.

The three-nation Nordic Saami Institute, formed in 1973, now fills a large brick building in Kautokeino. Its leader, Aslak Nils Sara, shuttles throughout the world to make common cause with other indigenous people like American Indians and Canadian Inuit.

The anchor of Saami culture has been reindeer herding, an occupation held by only 10 percent of Saami today. Scandinavian governments protect the industry. In

Sweden and Norway only certain Saami have the right to own and breed reindeer. Both nations have established herd limits, and in Sweden Saami have exclusive hunting and fishing rights in their areas. Saami who do not herd reindeer have no special privileges in Norway, and many are bitter over what they consider their loss of identity. In Finland, where anyone may herd reindeer, the privilege structure does not exist, and Saami are identified as much by language as by occupation.

In Finland's Lemmenjoki National Park I visited Aslak and Inga Aikio and their sons, Juhani, 35, and Paulus, 32, reindeer people all. The Aikios live in a three-family enclave of mustard-colored frame houses on a river, the Lemmenjoki, where reindeer wearing cowbells wander sassily on the highways and nibble backyard buttercups like overgrown rabbits. Three years ago special government legislation enabled the Aikios to build new houses, bringing indoor plumbing and electricity for the first time. The government also provides for inexpensive purchase of adjoining land and a guaranteed homesite on water.

"Can you summarize your most important problems today?" I asked the Aikios, notebook and pen at the ready. Five Lapps leaned back from the table, thought that one over, and never did come up with any.

Northern Peoples Hone New Tools

But pressure builds each year as industrial nations reach toward the Arctic. Layers of change will challenge the spirit. Still, the people of the far north—be they Yupiks or Inupiat or Athapaskans, or Dene, Inuit, or Saami—have gained momentum and the courage to speak up, and they can hope that governments will have the wisdom to listen.

As Alaska Eskimo leader Dennis Tiepelman told me, "We are the 20th-century hunters. Our tools are not rifles and sleds but legislation and language." □

The tundra is paved *in Kautokeino, Norway, to the delight of Kirsten Hawkins, left, and Solfrid Hätta. One of the remaining Saami-majority towns in*

Lapland, Kautokeino houses the three-nation Nordic Saami Institute, which presses for cultural revival and political rights. "We want to develop," say new Saami activists, "but we want to remain ourselves. Don't put us in museums or reservations." The sentiment is shared all across the Arctic.

ART OF THE BERING SEA

Where Magic Ruled

MATTER and spirit, separate yet inseparable, were twin realities in the lives of the 19th-century Bering Sea Eskimos and suffused their handiworks.

Even so basic an implement as a handle (***right***), with a thong for pulling a slain seal over ice, was imbued with spiritual character. Carved from ivory in the form of a wolf's head, it thereby partook of the wolf's predatory qualities and became a more effective tool for the task.

Mythological beasts, avoided by common folk and appeased by shamans, roamed the Eskimos' universe, threatening lives and controlling destinies.

Powerful and malevolent *tunghat*, believed to have dwelt on the moon, regulated the supply of game animals. Crocodile-like *palraiyuk* lurked in marshes, lakes, and rivers, ready to seize the unwary. In the sky soared huge *tinmiukpuk*, the awesome thunderbird, capable of preying on whales and caribou as well as men.

The Eskimos believed that every living thing possessed a spirit, or *inua*, a concept that found artistic expression in a ceremonial mask of a black bear (***facing page***). The bear's inua

is represented as a smiling, humanlike face veiled by hair.

These and most of the works on the following pages were collected by Edward W. Nelson, a weather observer for the U. S. Signal Service at St. Michael, Alaska, from 1877 to 1881.

Asked by the Smithsonian Institution to gather information and artifacts from the Eskimos, the young naturalist roamed the Bering Sea region by dogsled, kayak, and ship, visiting many places where white men had never been and encountering great physical hardships.

While in the Yukon Delta, he and an Eskimo companion contended with unremitting snow, sleet, and fog for nearly two weeks. "Without fire, and with no shelter but a small light tent . . . ," Nelson wrote, "the Eskimo and myself crouched in our scanty supply of blankets, benumbed with cold, and unable to better our condition. Finally, the weather moderated."

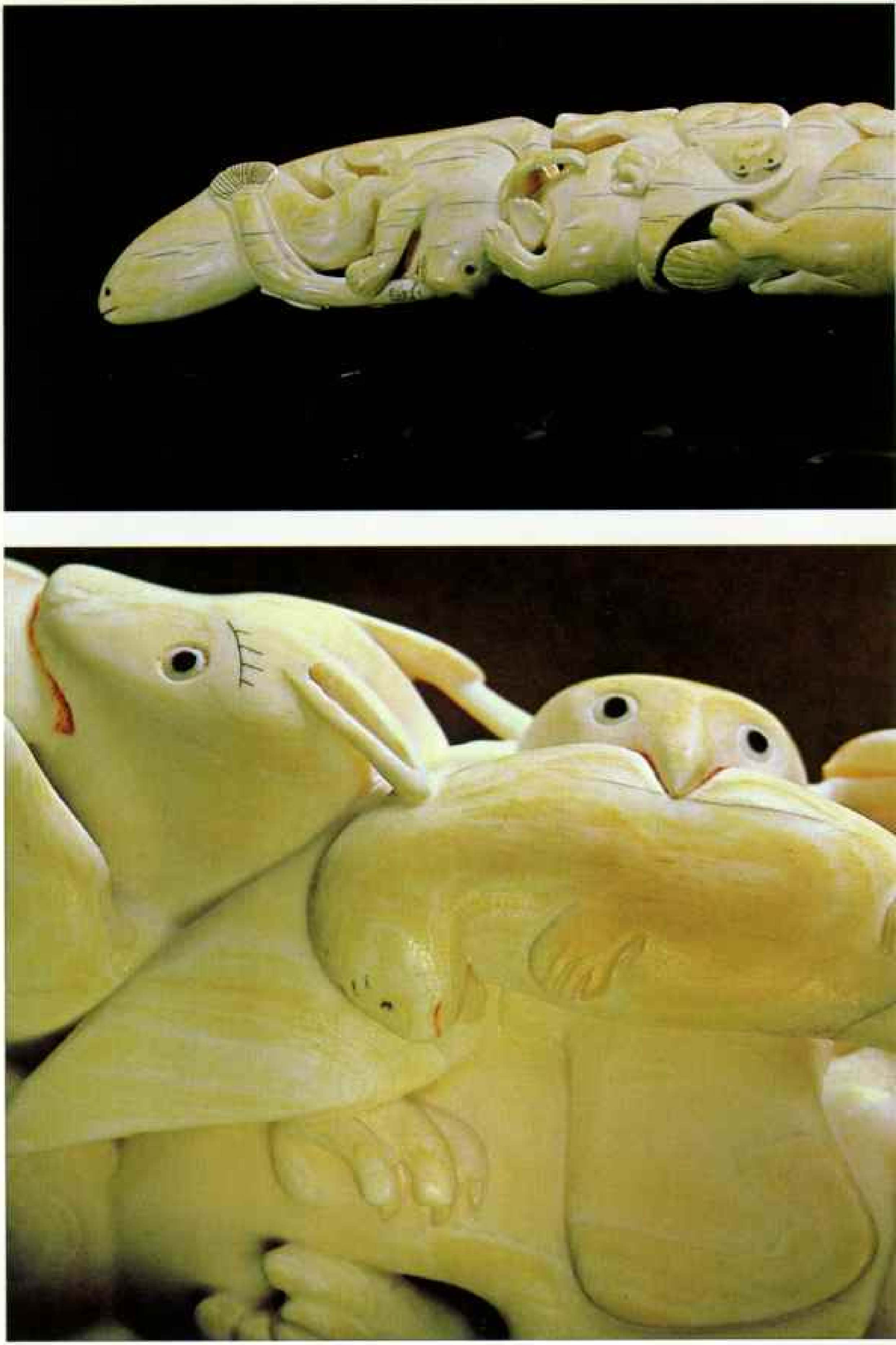
In addition to recording ethnographic information and compiling an Eskimo dictionary, Nelson bought and bartered for 10,000 artifacts—toys, garments, tools, and elaborate masks. The Eskimos came to refer to him as the "man who buys good-for-nothing things."

Those things now constitute one of the world's finest collections of Eskimo artifacts and provide a unique glimpse into the lifeways of their makers. The collection is housed at the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History; selections are now on a two-year tour of the U. S. and Canada.

William W. Fitzhugh, Curator of Anthropology, Smithsonian Institution, and research associate **Susan A. Kaplan** are the authors of *Inua: Spirit World of the Bering Sea Eskimos*. Free-lance photographer **Sisse Brimberg** is a frequent contributor to NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC.

By WILLIAM W. FITZHUGH and SUSAN A. KAPLAN

Photographs by SISSE BRIMBERG

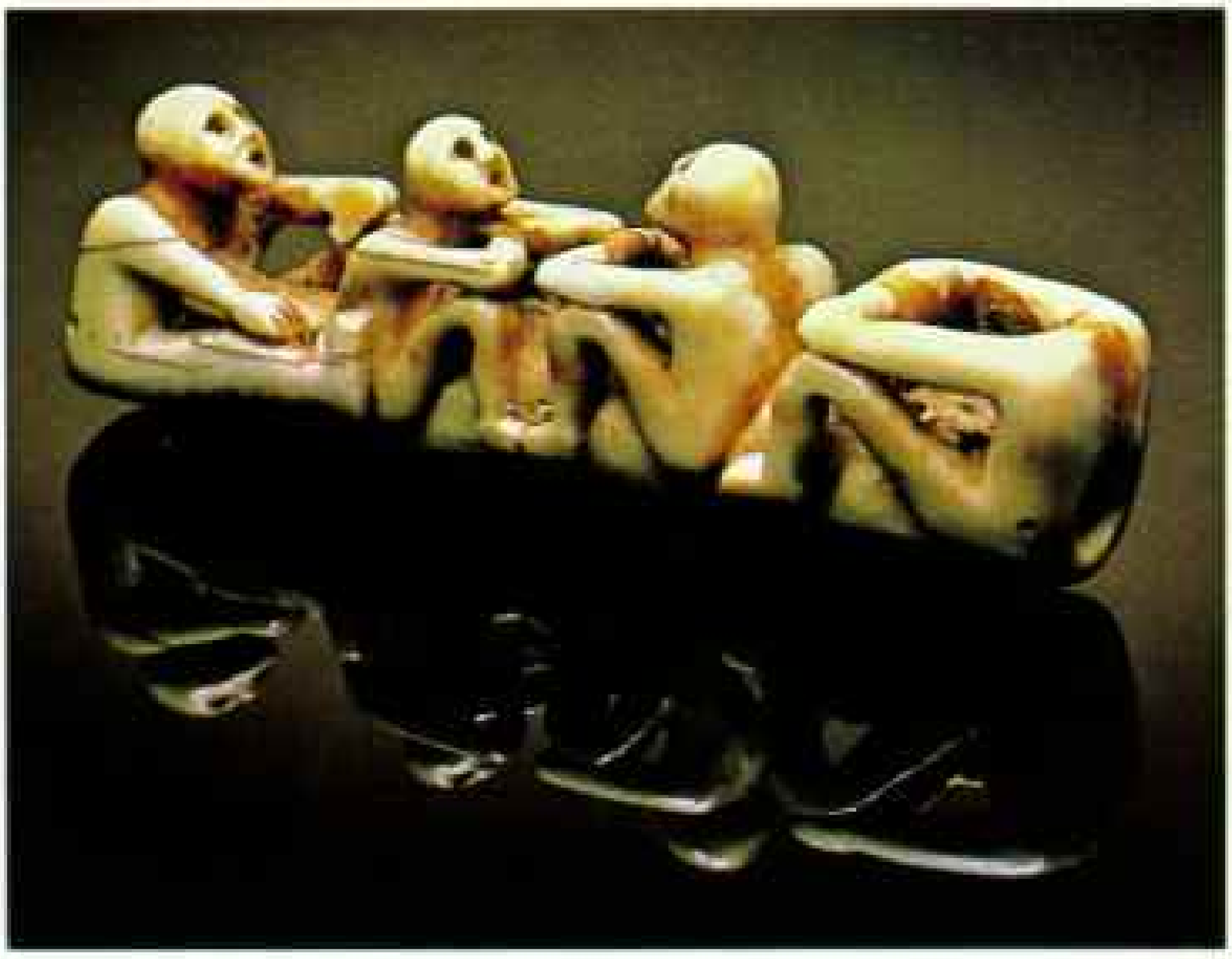


Evidence of great skill

IN THE SPIRIT REALM, the impossible happens.

A bird, perhaps representing the inua of a puffin, grasps a seal with its beak and claws (***left***). Puffin, seal, and a fanciful creature on the left are details on a cribbage board (***above***), exquisitely carved from a walrus tusk by a Nunivak Island Eskimo for a visiting sailor or trader. The piece was collected some 40 years after Nelson left the area.

A needle case (***below***) that Nelson acquired at King Island depicts four men, one whose head has been lost, perhaps engaged in a singing contest or a tug-of-war. The Eskimos' "work in ivory and bone bears evidence of great skill," wrote Nelson.

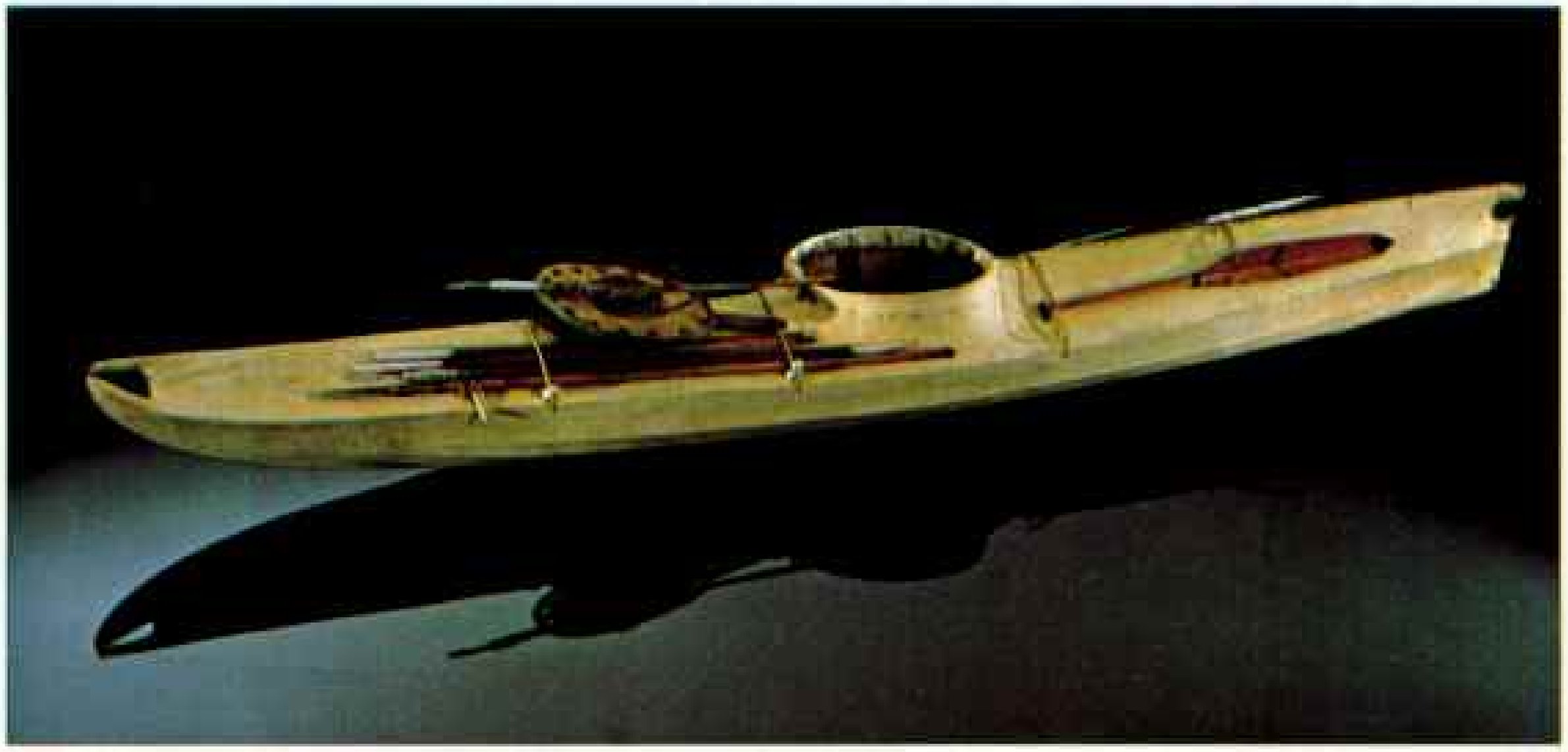


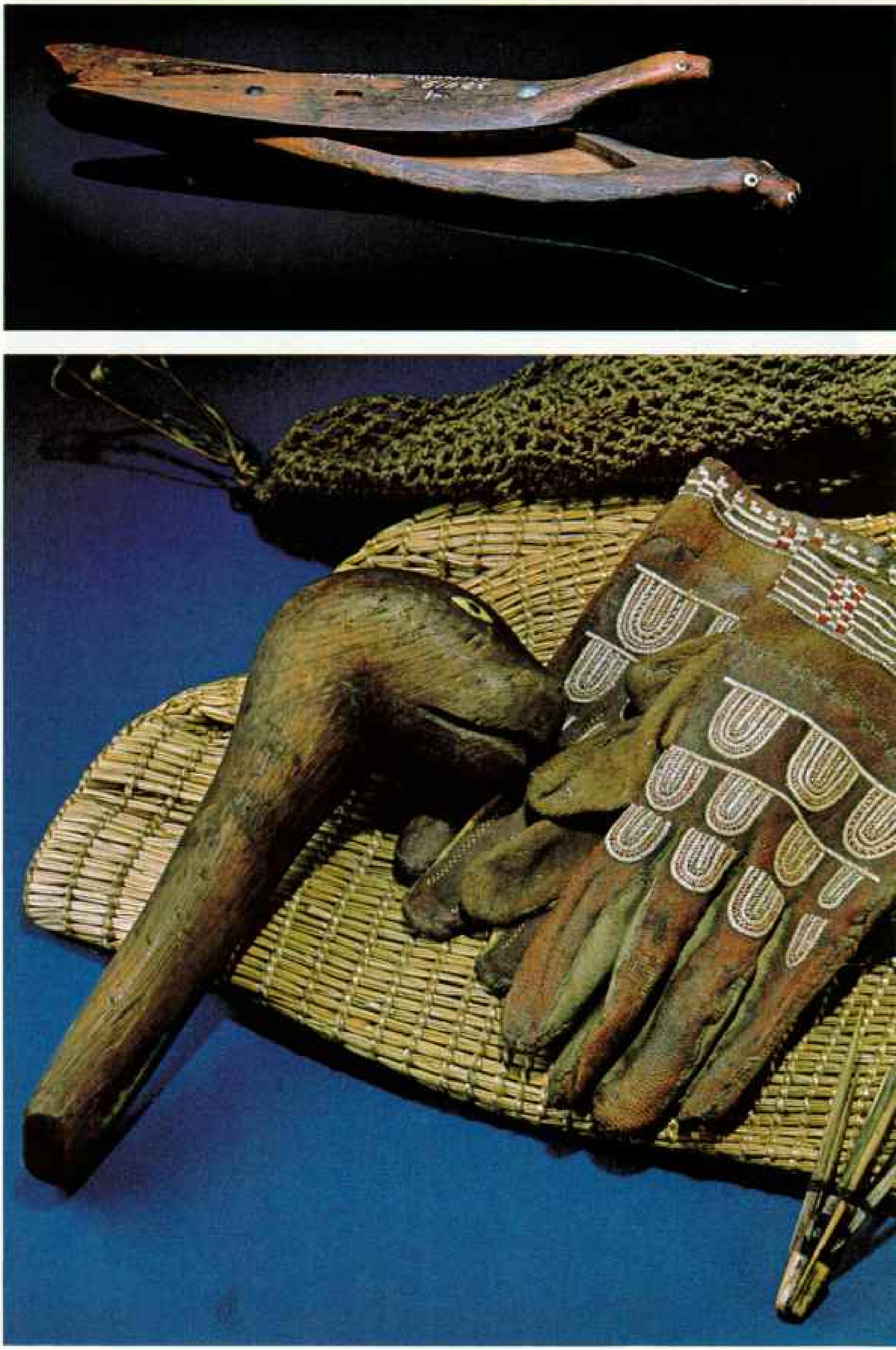
The inua never forgets

A HARPOON head for walrus (***left,*** center), as well as smaller ones designed for seals, gives evidence of craftsmanship that went beyond mere function. The Eskimos believed that the inua of an animal enjoyed being hunted with a beautiful implement. Moreover, after the animal was slain, its inua transferred to an unborn animal and, when hunted again, remembered how it had been treated.

Dolled up in Western clothes, including a flaring scarf (***right***), a child's toy from a village on the Yukon River retains its Eskimo character only in its tattooed face of carved ivory. Though parents also made dolls with Eskimo clothes for their children, they considered Western goods prestige items.

Notches in the bow and stern of a model kayak (***below***) identify it as being from Norton Sound. The delicately wrought piece was commissioned by Nelson's predecessor, Lucien Turner.





The gear of everyday life

MIXED BAG of fishing gear (***below left***) includes a net at top made from caribou sinew and a fish-storage bag woven from twined grass. A wooden float for a seal net is shaped like the head of its target. The intricate embroidery of caribou hair, sinew, and red wool on a woman's dance gloves bears a female motif.

Narrow slits in the snow goggles helped shield the wearer's eyes from glare. A variety of lures and sinkers includes a tomcod hook at bottom with long, sharp prongs carved from caribou antlers.

Mythological beasts decorate a ladle (***top right***), resting in a serving bowl painted with masked faces.

A Cape Nome seal hunter carried his lance points inside a box in the form of a baby seal riding on its mother's back (***top left***). Thus the points would grow accustomed to being inside a seal, making them more likely to find their marks and the quarry more likely to accept them. In the magical universe of the Bering Sea Eskimos, this made complete sense. □

People of the Long Spring

By YURI RYTKHEU

Photographs by DEAN CONGER

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER

FOR each person the world begins where he himself first appeared, and the rest of mankind begins with him.

I was born on Cape Dezhnev, which some maps call East Cape and which lies at the extreme northeastern tip of the Soviet Arctic. In my childhood I heard another name for this rocky massif. It was called Pyeyek, meaning "big" in the language of my people, the Chukchis.

In good weather from the summit of Pyeyek I could see two islands: Ratmanov and Krusenstern—Big Diomede and Little Diomede. As a child I knew them in the Chukchi language as Imaklik and Inaklik.

In the dark blue haze beyond Imaklik and Inaklik rises a high cape that we called Kytmin. Maps designate it as Cape Prince of Wales—the beginning of the North American Continent.

My birthplace, the settlement of Uelen on the Chukchi Peninsula, is situated on a narrow pebble spit. To the north lies the Arctic Ocean, which came up to our *yaranga*, or family dwelling. During autumn storms, waves often beat against the walrus-skin walls of the hut, while in winter masses of broken ice reached the hole where we kept our winter supplies of walrus meat. The south side of the spit is washed by a shallow lagoon fed by rivers of the vast tundra stretching south and west of my home.

Our whole life was bound up with the sea. Early on summer mornings the hunters set off from land in their *baydars*, or kayaks, paddling out into sparkling patches of sunlight among the drifting ice floes to chase the herds of walruses and whales. In winter the men hunted seals on foot, hiding in the light blue twilight among the masses of broken sea ice.

Our dwellings were built largely of walrus skins—roof, walls, and floor. Walrus skins covered the hunters' baydars, and sledge

Warmed by fur and a mother's loving touch, *a child ventures from her family's tent at a reindeer herders' camp near Salekhard in the Soviet Arctic. A two-million-square-mile expanse, underlain by permafrost, is cherished by the more than a dozen ethnic groups that call it home. Increasingly dominated by tsarist Russia from the late 1600s, these peoples subsequently felt the impact of post-revolutionary Soviet politics, education, and appropriation of the land's economic resources—with cost to their traditional ways, a familiar pattern across the Arctic.*

Wedging through *floes nearly five feet thick, Soviet icebreakers lead a freighter convoy along the northern sea route. Despite a Soviet fleet that includes three nuclear-powered icebreakers, ice shuts down shipping from November to March.*

LENNART NILSSON

runners of walrus tusks slid easily over the ice. The tips of harpoons, handles of knives, and numerous other instruments were also fashioned from this strong ivory. Walrus and whale oil burned in stone lamps, warming and illuminating our homes. Our entire view of the world, our philosophy, fairy tales, legends, and songs were linked with the sea and its animals. Even our earthly origins were bound to the sea.

My grandmother, whom people called Givevneu, meaning the "knowledgeable one," taught me most of the legends and stories. She told me of the origin of our people, the seacoast dwellers.

One day many years ago I drove with her by dogsled from Uelen to Nauken, an old settlement that no longer exists, to visit relatives. In one of the hollows in a steep coastal cliff along the way we saw enormous whale bones, polished to a high gleam by blizzards and washed white by the cold autumn rains.

Grandmother Givevneu halted the dogs, took out crumbs of dried reindeer meat from a leather basket, and threw them toward the whale bones. Seeing my questioning glance, she explained: "Here, under the whale's bones, lies the spirit mother who gave life to all the people of the coast. She was impregnated by this very whale, who changed into a man for the purpose. . . ."

To this day I cannot dismiss this poetic legend about the origin of my people. It remains in the depths of my soul, filling me with a sense of mysterious community with nature, with ancient history.

The Chukchi Peninsula, where I was born, is gripped by gale-force winds and severe cold. For all practical purposes there is no summer here, if one excludes the one and a half or two months of relatively warm weather when the temperature rises as high as 21°C (70°F). This is the time when the tundra vegetation blossoms and the midnight sun hardly disappears below the horizon.

Like many arctic peoples the Chukchis

The incandescence of pride *lights the face of Maria Malikov (**right**), a full-blooded Yukaghir. Her people, one of the smallest of the Soviet nationalities, total only about 800. Her three sons (**bottom,** left to right)—Vladimir, a pilot, Ivan, a policeman, and Nikolai, a telephone-company worker—were born of a Russian father. Such intermarriage has long been common. All live in Zyryanka, where the*

*communications center (**top**) provides a link to the outside world. The town of about 6,000 is on the Kolyma River, an area once infamous for Stalinist-era labor camps.*

Formerly occupying a vast territory, the Yukaghirs were decimated by invasions and epidemics, mainly in the 18th and 19th centuries. The remaining few now carefully collect and preserve their folklore and artifacts.

Old and new ways of getting around *cross paths in a reindeer herders' village near Naryan Mar in a Nenets autonomous district. Some 30,000 Nenets,*

consider that the year begins when the sun first appears after the polar night. This marks the beginning of spring—"the long day." Since we have almost no summer, spring for us is the longest season of the year.

I WAS BORN and grew up during a period when life beside the Bering Strait was changing rapidly. Literacy, books, electricity, and radio came to our yarangas from Soviet cities far to the west and south.

During this era of the 1930s and '40s the arctic peoples were being intensively studied by scientists from the outside. We cherished a joke in those days about the composition of the typical arctic family: father, mother, two children, and, over there in the corner of the hut, the researcher.

With the researchers, however, came teachers who opened up a new world to us. Even the nomadic people who travel most of the year with their reindeer often had schools and teachers to accompany them.

Today, half a century later, many inhabitants of the Soviet Arctic have not only absorbed the ancient heritage that was passed on by their forefathers but have also adopted much of the contemporary outside world. They have shifted from yarangas to modern-style houses furnished with arrays of modern conveniences, including radio and television. Some have exchanged reindeer or dogsleds for snowmobiles or all-terrain vehicles, and they fly from village to nomad camp by helicopter.

But for all their ability to adapt, the native inhabitants of the Soviet Arctic remain inexorably bound to their homeland. They may change, but they will never leave their beloved seacoast or tundra; they will remain hunters and reindeer herders, dwellers amid lands covered for most of the year by ice and snow. These are the "people of the long spring," and I myself am one of them.

one of the largest groups of arctic peoples, live in ethnic territories where politics, legal business, and the press use both Russian and an indigenous language.

WELL I REMEMBER the sweet springtime, when early one morning, without any alarm clocks, all the inhabitants of my village of Uelen awoke simultaneously. Bearing wooden platters with sacrificial offerings of reindeer meat and fat for the spirits of marine creatures, the villagers would gather at a seashore still covered with ice. There they would place the offerings, which eventually would sink through the melting ice and be received by the spirits of the whales, walruses, and other sea creatures that my people hunted.

On that same day the villagers removed the walrus-skin baydars from their high storage racks. The baydars and the larger whaleboats were placed on sledges, and the long caravan moved along the edge of the ice toward the open leads where the marine animals were to be found.

As was the custom among my people, I went on my first whale hunt at the age of 12. It was an exciting experience, for in those days we did not use rifles or outboard motors as some do now. We sailed or paddled quietly up to a whale, and the boat captain would strike with a hand-held harpoon. Floats made of inflated seal stomachs attached to the line acted as drags and caused the whale to exhaust itself. Finally it was towed ashore and divided up among all the villagers.

In recent years I have often accompanied Soviet Eskimos who continue to kill whales by the old hand-held harpoon method. I must say that nothing is more compelling or majestic than this combat between man and sea giant. That is why, when the hunt is successful—usually on that very day—the Eskimos hold a big ritual whale festival. It is a celebration of thanksgiving to the gods of the sea, with traditional dances and singing. In essence, too, the festival is a glorification of the strength and power of man.

SOME 1,500 ESKIMOS and 14,000 Chukchis represent only two of more than a dozen native ethnic groups that inhabit the Soviet Arctic. (See the supplement map, **Historical Peoples of the Arctic**, distributed with this issue.) The area is vast, stretching from the Chukchi Peninsula in the east to the Kola Peninsula in Europe on the west, some 4,000 miles. From arctic islands the area extends southward into the forested taiga, in places beyond the 60th parallel.

Numbering perhaps 300,000 people, these ethnic groups are scattered across an area far larger than Western Europe. Since time immemorial the majority of inhabitants have lived by hunting and herding reindeer, though a few like the Eskimos and coastal Chukchis hunt marine animals.

As a Chukchi, I have long been interested in the different cultures and customs of my fellow residents in the far north. Recently I visited several of these ethnic groups during a six-week trip through the Soviet Arctic.

I began with Arakamchechen Island, located just to the east of the Chukchi Peninsula. Flying by helicopter from my village of Uelen, I paid a visit to the Chukchi reindeer herders at the state farm known in Russian as Mayak Severa, or "beacon of the north."

Arakamchechen is well suited for reindeer farming; in summer the winds blowing across the island sweep the swarms of mosquitoes out to sea, and the pastureland is rich. Until the 1920s the island and the walrus herds on its northern shore were controlled solely by a powerful shaman, or medicine man, named Akkr. When the new Communist government's socialist revolution reached the island, Akkr was dispossessed, and he hanged himself.

Vladimir Tukkay, leader of the state farm's brigade of reindeer workers, does not comprehend how one person could be the sole master of an island and its walrus herds.

"It is the same," he told me, "as saying,

In the snug haven *of a hide-covered tent, the family of a Khanty reindeer herder warms by a stove. Education is required for these children of the Arctic, whose curriculum includes political ideology. Many will go to boarding school.*

'The sea is mine, the sky is mine, and those clouds over there, coming over the edge of the sky, are also mine.' "

Among arctic peoples the idea of owning land—in tundra or taiga—was traditionally a collective concept; they find the idea of private ownership of land alien.

Vladimir Tukkay has his own reindeer, but this is quite another matter from having one's own pasture. His spacious yaranga is packed with recent newspapers and magazines. A powerful all-terrain vehicle with a transceiver stands by his home.

Surveying these comforts, I asked Tukkay if he would live in any other place.

"Any other place?" he pondered. "Most likely not. I was born in the tundra, my parents and forefathers were always reindeer herders. I studied at school, lived in the dormitory, then served in the army. Sometimes the thought sprang up within me: Could I live in any other place but Arakamchechen? To do that, I would be deprived of a certain part of my very self. Here in the tundra, among the reindeer, although this is not the most comfortable and jovial existence, I feel the life I was created for."

Listening to Tukkay, an educated man, I was struck by the northerners' tenacity and devotion to their native land. Despite predictions as early as two centuries ago that these people would vanish under the impact of a more aggressive culture from the outside, they continue to exist and in some cases to grow in number.

It would appear that even such small ethnic groups as the Yukaghirs, who number roughly 800 and who inhabit areas in the northeastern Soviet Arctic, are determined to preserve their cultural heritage. After my trip to Arakamchechen Island I flew to Zyryanka, a town on the Kolyma River in the northeast. There I spent several days as a guest among the Yukaghir people.

The Yukaghirs today are scrupulously collecting folklore and mementos of their cultural and spiritual past. They are now attempting to create a Yukaghir alphabet so as to publish books in their native tongue.

One old friend, the distinguished Yukaghir author Semen Kurilov, jokingly calls himself the only writer in the world who knows all his readers by sight. During my visit he showed me his latest book, whose first printing, in Russian, numbered 100,000. "You see," Semen said with a grin, "that means each of my countrymen can have 125 copies!"

THE YUKAGHIRS have a legend about their great numbers in olden days. There was a time when so many Yukaghir bonfires were burning that their smoke darkened the wings of birds trying to fly north in the spring. Moreover, the northern lights are nothing less than the reflection of numerous Yukaghir campfires left in the memory of the sky.

In fact, the Yukaghirs probably once

numbered many thousands. Assimilation, epidemics, and a series of invasions eventually reduced the Yukaghirs to their present number.

Based on the percentage of people who have received higher education, the Yukaghirs are far ahead of many more numerous peoples. Even so, an overwhelming number of them prefer to continue their age-old occupations: reindeer hunting and herding.

People of the far north such as the Yukaghirs have survived over millennia in the harsh arctic wastes because they were not mere hunters, ignorant and unimaginative, but people who were curious, with keen, inventive, and artistic minds.

They understood and loved beauty, as is evident in the work of Ogdo Aksyonova, a talented poet of the Dolgan people. The Dolgans form a group of roughly 5,000 people on the southern fringe of the Taymyr Peninsula, which lies west of the Yukaghirs' homeland and thrusts into the Arctic Ocean.

The basic occupations of the Dolgans have been fishing, hunting, and reindeer herding. Their entire life cycle, as with all reindeer-farming peoples, is connected with breeding and pasturing reindeer. Theirs is a land of barren tundra and cruel climate, yet in her writing Ogdo Aksyonova reveals the warmth and gentleness of the Dolgan spirit. In her poem "A Custom of My Forefathers" she writes:

We Dolgans live on our fair earth,
With love we warm the ground,
Never knew we any wars since birth. . . .
So plant this seed of peace and love
Throughout the whole wide world,
Then keep it warm with hope and trust
And flowers will unfurl.

Memory stakes a trail *in a roadless land as a Saami, or Lapp, herder heads for his reindeer herd 30 miles from Lovozero. Since the 1930s, reindeer raising, the*

WITH THE ADVENT of warmer weather, the whole expanse of reindeer land, from the Chukchi and Taymyr Peninsulas to the

primary occupation of many Soviet Arctic peoples, has been managed mostly by state and collective farms, but animals forage on the tundra, surviving largely on lichens and mosses. Besides 2.3 million reindeer, the far north holds huge oil and gas deposits, perhaps half the U.S.S.R.'s gold, and most of its diamonds.

Kola Peninsula, experiences a great and recurring phenomenon—the birth of a new generation of reindeer. To the peoples of the Arctic it is like the gathering of a new harvest. Yet, despite the thawing of the frosts and the sun's warmth, this season is perfidious. An unexpected blizzard may blow up, and the defenseless reindeer calves can die from the frosts or succumb to the fierce winds. Centuries of raising reindeer have taught the nomadic herders to seek protected places and the best pastures.

And the sun climbs higher. Now, in the high latitudes near the Arctic Ocean, it barely sets. Truly, this is one of the quietest and loveliest times in the lives of those who live among the reindeer. The winter dwellings of reindeer skins are rolled up, and in their place rise light summer ones of fabric.

Along with the birds, children of the reindeer herders return to the tundra from boarding schools in the towns and cities. During this pleasant period, even the old people who have retired to settlements try to return to their native tundra. Here they walk across the live and resilient earth, sit on the shore of some quiet, clean lake, and hear the sound of water—not from a metal faucet, but rushing over stones covered with sparse moss.

Well-organized reindeer farming yields enormous income and is the most profitable livestock enterprise in the Soviet Arctic. This is due first of all to the biology of the reindeer themselves. They do not require expensive stabling and are self-sufficient in finding food all year. Their needs are amazingly simple: When mature, they can survive the cruelest frosts, rains, winds, and prolonged cold. They can graze the most meager pastures and, despite all this, they manage by the end of summer to build up enough of a layer of fat to survive the harsh winter. Even during the winter months they manage to scrape down through the snow and forage on the scant vegetation beneath.

IN THE CITY OF SALEKHARD on the Ob River in the western Soviet Arctic, I visited the Nenets people, one of the largest ethnic groups in the Arctic, with a population of 30,000. The Nenets, too, subsist largely by reindeer herding and are fiercely proud of their cultural heritage.

Salekhard stands directly on the Arctic Circle. It is in one of the fastest growing regions of the Soviet north, thanks to huge oil and natural-gas fields discovered during the past two decades.

Nenets art, literature, music, and dance are both colorful and distinctive. As with other arctic peoples many Nenets have had the opportunity of pursuing higher education in Moscow and Leningrad. There they have been exposed to outside literature and art, and this has given them new perspective on the beauty of their own ancestral culture.

In Salekhard I called on the famous Nenets poet Leonid Laptsuy and his wife, Yelena Susoy. Both are dedicated to the preservation and advancement of Nenets culture.

Yelena is a staff member at the Institute of Schools of the North, a department of the Soviet Ministry of Education. She supervises publication of school texts and books in the native Nenets language and helped establish a dictionary in Nenets.

Intermarriage between Russians and members of ethnic groups in the Arctic is a frequently discussed subject. Yelena obviously is in favor of it.

"Some say that if a Nenets man marries a Russian woman, then both the Russian and the Nenets lose something," she told me. "But why not look upon such a union in a different light? Isn't it true that both have become doubly rich, uniting two languages and two cultures?"

For his part, Leonid Laptsuy has contributed to an understanding of his people and to a wider appreciation of the challenge of arctic life. In his poem "The Hunter" he

describes a successful chase for arctic fox across the winter tundra:

He's hiding over a ravine,
You dive beyond a snowy wall.
He makes a jump while you bend down,
You jump while he goes at a crawl.
You bend your back up like a stoat,
You crane your neck around a bush. . . .
There's his tail! You shoot quickly
And your bullet stops his flight.
Hunting's not an easy job,
That's clear to anyone who tries.
I can tell a proper hunter
*Just by looking at his eyes.**

THROUGHOUT MY TRAVELS in the Soviet Arctic I have found differences among the various ethnic groups, but many similarities to my own life and experience as a Chukchi.

Several years ago, in order to write undisturbed, I went into seclusion in a small Chukchi village on Billings Cape beside the Arctic Ocean. Before I had a chance to get to my typewriter, I was invited to participate in a funeral ritual for a local woman.

I was curious to see what remained from ancient times and what new aspects had been assimilated into these rituals.

The latter were most clearly revealed by the objects that the deceased woman took with her into the Realm of the Polar Star, where, according to tradition, lie the camps of those who have departed this life. Since she was an excellent seamstress, on the little table that stood at the head of the coffin were laid out various needles, skeins of thread, a sharp knife to cut skins, an ink pen, thimbles, plus her porcelain cup covered with a network of crackles and dark blue drawings faded with time.

What struck me most was the electric sewing machine. Learning from a neighbor at the memorial altar that the machine was likewise destined for life in the Realm of the Polar Star, I pointed out that it would obviously be useless there, since in heaven there are no electric outlets.

Nevertheless, the machine was carried to the cemetery. I asked one old man why they decided to bury it also.

"Several years ago," he answered, "the husband of this old woman crossed over to that same place. In this life he was an active man and headed our community soviet. Thanks to his energy and industriousness, we obtained a power station and lights for our dwellings.

"I do not think," the old man added, "that all these years the husband has been in the Realm of the Polar Star, he has been sitting with folded hands, doing nothing. So do not be skeptical: The deceased will have somewhere to plug in her sewing machine."

In this quaint, mixed-up concept of death and the possibility of continuing life in the Realm of the Polar Star, there is a certain logic. When we observe, for example, that in the Soviet Arctic shamanism has vanished very quickly, we overlook the fact that it has simply taken on modern dimensions.

The shaman was the preserver of tradition and cultural experience. He was meteorologist, physician, philosopher, and ideologist—a one-man Academy of Sciences. His success depended upon his skill at prognosticating the presence of game, determining the route of the reindeer herds, and predicting the weather well in advance. In order to do all this, he must above all be an intelligent and knowledgeable man.

So now we see a modern breed of shaman, like the Chukchi physical therapist Olga Tymnebtuvie, the pediatrician Yelena Papo, and the Nenets surgeon Stanislav Salinder. And we perceive that the replacement of shamanism with contemporary science does not contradict the basic views and principles of the arctic peoples.

*This verse and that on page 216 appear in *Soviet Literature*, 1980, No. 3 (384).

MAN IN THE ARCTIC has always defended himself from the forces of nature, from the environment. At times he has had to protect himself from wild animals. Now, however, a new era has dawned, when nature in the Arctic must be preserved from man himself. The animals of the world, the cleanest lakes and rivers, and even the crystal air of the Arctic are threatened.

All of us throughout the Arctic have this problem. With the rapid development of polar regions for mining and other purposes, pollution and the destruction of wilderness lands are inevitable. But we cannot close the door on the Arctic, nor are most people who seek to develop it blind to the dangers. In all this there are hopeful signs, and I saw one recently near my home in Uelen on the Chukchi Peninsula.

Here, on the shores of Providence Bay, the Chukchi people once hunted walrus. In modern times the herds have all but disappeared. One of those who has worked toward their restoration is an Eskimo, Vasiliy Nanok, chairman of the soviet of the neighboring village of Unazik. With the help of Vasiliy and others like him, laws have been passed forbidding commercial hunting of walruses and other animals on the Chukchi Peninsula. A new sense of conservation among the Chukchi people has resulted in improved conditions for all creatures in the wild.

Early one morning Vasiliy telephoned me at home and invited me to walk along the shore of Providence Bay. He led me to the noisiest and most crowded place, not far from Unazik's local store. What I saw surprised me: On the shore, usually noted for its piles of rubbish, lay several very live walruses.

"The walruses have returned to the shores of Providence Bay," Nanok announced triumphantly. "That means our work has not been in vain."

***Weather hardened** by a land of spring gales and summer frosts, a Chukchi hunter exemplifies arctic peoples, whom*

LEV VASTINOV

explorer Roald Amundsen called "polar optimists who do not lose their smile . . . during the hungriest and darkest winter nights." The coastal Chukchis, hunters of marine animals, have now traded harpoon for rifle.

On the edge of yesterday, *Soviet-owned Big Diomede Island, right, stares across the Bering Strait and date line at a previous day and different world—Little Diomede Island in the United States. Although Soviet authorities removed Big Diomede's Eskimos in the fifties, a surveillance post remains.*

YES, THE WALRUSES are returning to their old grounds, and the polar bears have recovered in such numbers that they are beginning to bother seacoast settlements. All this makes the native inhabitants of the Arctic rejoice.

Long ago we said farewell to the numerous gods who had explained the tangled world and incomprehensible phenomena to us. However, the same gods also had revealed to us the authentic value of our manner of living and our spiritual heritage.

Devotion to that heritage has been passed from generation to generation, and the young people of today are no exception. I remember talking with Vera Etynkeu, a reindeer herder in her late teens at the Polyarnik collective along the Amguema River in the eastern Soviet Arctic.

"As a young girl," she told me, "I was sent away to boarding school in the south. It seemed so long a time to be away from my

YURI RYTKHEU

These remnants of a land bridge that once stapled Asia and America lie near the village of Uelen, birthplace of author Yuri Rytkheu. "Life in the tundra can be cruel," he says. "But today's inhabitants imbibe with their mother's milk a philosophy of joyful acceptance of life."

birthplace that I ran out of patience, but finally I was able to come back.

"The tundra is the very best place to be. Here one has the real sense of freedom, where there are no restrictions, such as where to cross the street—or the river.

"My people are of the tundra," she continued, "and I wish to be among them. I dream one day of meeting someone who will be my subject of love. The tundra is wide and one must look far, but in time I will find him."

Everywhere in the Soviet Arctic I met people for whom the north—with its snows, its cold, its vivid summer tundra and sweet cloudberries—constitutes their native land, the dearest place on earth.

And regardless of where fate might cast us up, for us the return to our native soil is always a return to that point from which we see the world. For me that point is Cape Dezhnev, where the globe first became—and always will be—reality. □

A DIFFERENT COMMUNISM

Hungary's New Way

By JOHN J. PUTMAN

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SENIOR WRITER

Photographs by BILL WEEMS

ON A SPRING DAY in Budapest, when buds and tender leaves swell on bare tree limbs and old people and young mothers with children come again into the parks; when the landing docks are being rigged along the Danube banks and excursion boats reappear; when on the shopping streets, as if on a single command, women have abandoned winter's boots for pumps and the flash of ankles; when university students sprawl in the sun around the National Museum to study and the first tourist buses arrive, great shiny ones from Austria; when roads are crowded with automobiles and the Great Market Hall seems to groan under its weight of produce; well, on such a fine day, you should not feel in the company of ghosts.

Crown *of St. Stephen, first king of Hungary, symbolizes 1,000 years of a proud but tragic history.*

But I did, as I stood waiting for the No. 2 streetcar. I was nearing the end of my travels in Hungary; two trips, eight weeks. I had come first in winter, when mists, rain, and snow shrouded the city in gray; when the old stone buildings of Pest appeared so heavy it seemed they might sink into the earth; when the country's thousand-year past, often so tragic, seemed to draw close, like the dark, lowering clouds.

The year of that winter marked the 25th anniversary of the uprising of 1956, when Hungarians took to the streets to throw off an oppressive Communist regime and were crushed by Soviet tanks and troops. At least 2,200 people—perhaps many more—died; 200,000 fled to the West.

I had come to look into reports that in the years since, Hungary had set off on a new and distinctive socialist course: that individual enterprise was not only permitted but encouraged; that factory managers were instructed to make their own decisions and a profit rather than follow some central plan; that members of farm cooperatives were assisted in growing livestock and food on their farm plots for private sale; that commercial and touristic ties to the West *(Continued on page 230)*

Their moment to shine, *students graduating from a secondary school in Budapest exchange congratulations and good-byes, carrying armfuls of good wishes from parents and friends. Ever hopeful as a people, the Hungarians—in the most intriguing success story of central Europe—are carefully fashioning a new style of socialism on the doorstep of the Soviet Union.*

Hungary

Kingdom of Hungary

Magyars, the first Hungarians, invaded in the ninth century after migrating from the Ural Mountain region. They were converted to Christianity by Stephen I, crowned in 1001.

Turkish Rule

Ottoman Sultan Suleiman I defeated the Hungarian Army at Mohács in 1526, after which the nation was divided under Ottoman and Habsburg rule.

Habsburg Rule

Maria Theresa, the first female ruler of the Habsburg dominions, succeeded Charles III as monarch of Hungary, ushering in 40 years of mild reform and domestic stability.

Hungary

IN THE HEART OF EUROPE, Hungary looks to both East and West for trade and culture. As a member of the Warsaw Pact, it stands firmly in the alliance of socialist states. Yet half of its business is with non-Communist countries, and its people have a keen taste for Western styles of living. Perhaps a million people of Hungarian stock live in the United States, more than 50,000 of whom fled Hungary following the 1956 uprising that was crushed by the Soviet Union. More than three million Hungarians live in neighboring nations. The Hungarian language is radically different from major European tongues, giving its poets a frustrating sense of isolation. Yet the warmth of its people is translated into friendship each year for a growing number of visitors.

AREA: 93,030 sq km (35,919 sq mi). **POPULATION:** 10,713,000. **MAJOR CITIES:** Budapest (capital), 2,064,000; Miskolc, 209,000; Debrecen, 195,000. **LITERACY:** 98 percent. **LIFE EXPECTANCY:** 70 years. **GEOGRAPHY:** Mostly flat plains with hilly regions in the north and west. **CLIMATE:** Temperate. **GOVERNMENT:** Communist state. **ECONOMY:** Pharmaceuticals, transportation equipment, textiles, medical and scientific instruments, bauxite, corn, wheat, sunflower oil, sugar beets, wine.

Napoleonic Era

Hungarian nationalism grew in the decades before 1848, when a revolution led by Lajos Kossuth won independence. But Tsar Nicholas I of Russia helped put down the rebellion a year later.

World War I

Hungary entered World War I as part of the expanded Dual Monarchy. After defeat in 1918 Hungary lost 64 percent of its population and 71 percent of its territory (next map).

World War II

Hoping to regain lost lands, and defenseless against Nazi Germany, Hungary entered the war on the Axis side. Soviet forces were victorious in 1945; Communist control was complete by 1949.

Little Paris on the Danube, *as it is colorfully described, Budapest has all the worldly charm of other major European capitals. The hills of medieval Buda on the river's west bank, at left, are linked to the elegant boulevards of more modern Pest on the east by eight graceful bridges. The soaring figure*

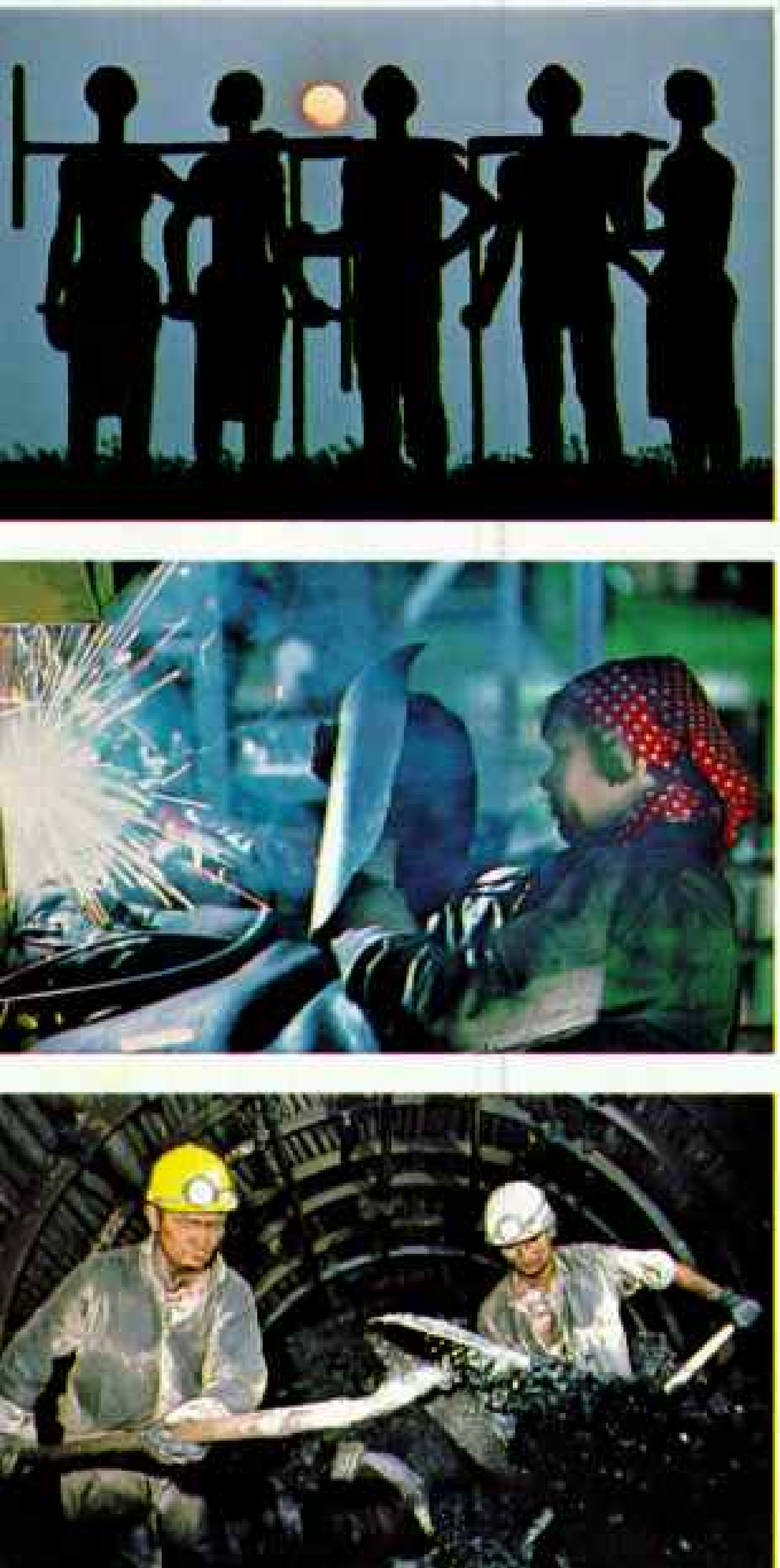
of the Liberation Monument commemorates the Soviet victory over Nazi Germany in 1945. With a fifth of Hungary's population and a host of coffeehouses and concert halls, as well as government offices and factories, the city dominates the cultural, political, and economic life of the nation.

were being strengthened; that the once iron hand of Communist authority had been withdrawn from daily life, so that you might forget for days that you were east, rather than west, of the iron curtain.

When the No. 2 streetcar arrived, I hopped aboard and rode three stops to the Parliament Building, a neo-Gothic mass of stone raised at the turn of the century, a remnant of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. With my credentials approved, I entered. It was the first session of the year, and in the ornate corridors members greeted one another and chatted.

Hungary is a small country, I was reminded again. Among the members were people I had met earlier, elsewhere: the rabbi, portly, in his yarmulke; the Calvinist bishop, tall, elegant, a gold ring flashing on his left index finger; the burly boss of the coal mines near Pécs, well tailored, who paused to recall my visit there.

It was, in a way, showcase parliament: It included a leading sculptor, a leading composer, leading personalities from a cross section of interests. It had, a Western diplomat told me, no power and met only a few days each year; but, he added, it had influence in the lengthier committee hearings, where proposals designed by the Hungarian Socialist Workers' Party could be discussed and differing points of view expressed.



In the spotlight *of a national effort to expand foreign trade, the Ikarus bus company, based in Budapest, has become one of the world's largest bus manufacturers. A worker in a drying chamber* ***(right)*** *smooths a coach's undercoat before final layers of paint are applied.*

Paralleling trends in other industries, about 35 percent of the firm's workers are women, who hold positions from manager to welder ***(left)****.*

Stylized workers unite in a statue outside the new industrial town of Dunaújvdros ***(top left)****, where modern blast furnaces produce steel with iron ore imported from the U.S.S.R. Hungary relies upon the Soviet Union for about a third of its foreign trade, buying mainly fuel and raw materials in exchange for machinery and food.*

In response to the high cost of oil and natural-gas imports, Hungary plans to burn more coal. At the 2,000-foot-deep mine near the city of Komló, miners bend to their work ***(left)****.*

A bell sounded and we took our places in the great chamber. In the center crouched television and still cameramen; next came a row of tables for ministers; above them were rows of seats for parliament members. In the second row sat János Kádár, member of parliament, First Secretary of the Hungarian Socialist Workers' (Communist) Party.

In 1956, amid the uprising, Mr. Kádár left Budapest; he returned with the Soviet Army, established a government, and has led Hungary since. In 1956 many called him a traitor with blood on his hands; today most Hungarians seem to fear his passing.

Once while a minister spoke about the need to reform the legal code—it had grown too bulky, too arcane—Mr. Kádár slipped from his seat and walked alone down a corridor. He is 70, above average height, neither fat nor thin. One shoulder seemed slightly hunched; he was plainly dressed, almost nondescript. There was an aura of power, but you might misread it; you might guess him to be the boss of a successful agricultural cooperative.

As I watched him disappear down the corridor, two of the ghosts at my side stirred. They were the ghosts of two men: Mr. Kádár had served both, watched them fail, turned against them. In the relationships, I knew, lay part of the explanation for Hungary's present course. *(Continued on page 236)*

Rocking and rolling *in a Budapest park, some 30,000 teenagers crush toward the stage* ***(left)*** *during a performance by Locomotiv GT, one of Hungary's most popular state-approved groups. Screaming and shouting and dancing on the grass, the concertgoers nevertheless managed to leave the park almost as clean as they found it, thanks largely to only modest amounts of drugs and alcohol.*

Klári Katona ***(below)*** *touches a different chord in her listeners' hearts, singing—in a pleasing style halfway between new wave and jazz—lyrics of love.*

Hurrying to get ahead *in a society where consumer goods are plentiful but wages are low, 200,000 people a day jam into Budapest from 45 suburbs.*

*At the height of rush hour (**right**), cars built in the Soviet Union, East Germany, Poland, and Romania jostle for running room with Czech streetcars and Hungarian-made buses.*

*Advertisements of the country's abundance—in contrast to some other Eastern European nations—legs of pork hang the length of a butcher shop (**below**) in the Great Market Hall of downtown Pest. In nearby stalls, salamis and other sausages fill the air with fragrance, fruits are piled high, and strings of red paprikas, the nation's favorite spice, loop over the counter tops.*

*Among the wealthiest men in Hungary, Ernö Rubik (**below right**) chats with his daughter, Anna, as he twists his world-famous cube. The teacher of interior design lives modestly in a modern Budapest house, despite royalties from cube sales that have made him a millionaire. More important than the money is the idea behind the cube, he says. "It gives you a good feeling when you solve it."*


4
1364

(Continued from page 231) It was a story that unfolded slowly as I crisscrossed Hungary, looking into life today.

ON A COLD, DRIZZLY DAY with fog drifting across the road, I drove to Győr, a city halfway between Budapest and Vienna, and on into the village of Győrújbarát. I made inquiries until I located the house of Károly and Piroska Németh.

I had come for a pig killing. In the long years before World War II, Hungary was a mostly rural country, backward, poor. A pig killing, with its promise of food, was a great ceremony, limned by poems and folklore. That mystique remains. I wanted also to learn why the markets of Hungary were so well stocked.

Mr. Németh greeted me with *törköly*, a brandy made from the skins of grapes after they have been crushed to make wine. A traditional drink, he said, "to give strength to pig killers." While Mrs. Németh got their three children off to school, Mr. Németh said that he was a factory worker, and Mrs. Németh an accountant at the farm cooperative here. As a member, she received a family farming plot, 0.6 hectares (1.5 acres) and 2,500 kilograms (5,500 pounds) of corn a year for fodder. They also now had two mother pigs and seven piglets in their backyard. They could sell the animals to the cooperative, or privately. "We sold 19 piglets in March," Mr. Németh said, "to other families, those who have no mother pigs. In fact, that's a good business."

They owned their house and had rented out another that they had inherited.

Friends and relatives arrived to help in the butchering. "All will get a part of the meat, all will share pork-and-cabbage soup afterward," Mrs. Németh said. We went out into the cold of the backyard. Men wrestled the pig onto its side; one cut its throat. When the pig was dead, the men used a blowtorch to burn off the bristles, then hung it from a butchering rack. Pails of water were set to boiling, the big cutting table scrubbed.

As the pig was butchered, parts were taken into the basement for further processing. The bladder was cleaned, to hold "pig cheese," the odds and ends of butchering; the intestines cleaned to hold sausage; the nose and feet set aside to make pig pudding.

While the work went on, Mrs. Németh invited me back into the house to sample the fresh pig liver, sauteed in lard, sprinkled with paprika; fresh brown bread, homemade wine. But there was more: "Come into the kitchen, you must taste the sausage!" It was not yet smoked, but rich with the special musk of freshly killed meat, pungent from garlic and half a pound of paprika.

And then: "You can't leave yet, sit down again. The fresh cutlets are almost ready!" Mrs. Németh placed on the table steaming cutlets, pickles, more paprika, more fresh bread, more homemade wine. No man in all Hungary ate better that morning.

As I ate, I talked with Mr. Németh. I told him some said that the farmers in Hungary were better off than city dwellers; that there were millionaires in this village.

"It is not certain that we have a lot of money," he said, "but we have plenty to eat. We work hard, from four or five in the morning until eight in the evening; we have time only to sleep. But we have meat seven days."

Later I was told by the farm editor of the local paper that about half of the pigs in Hungary—some 420,000—are raised on such plots. "It is good for the state. It has to furnish no capital, and the pork is produced cheaply." The grandiose plans of the past, when livestock was to be raised exclusively in huge factory-like buildings, had been abandoned—at least for a time.

There had been food shortages in Hungary in the past, when production was too tightly controlled, when the incentive to work did not exist. Now, as one Hungarian told me, "People are allowed to work, to make money, and so we have food, the best in all the socialist world."

TO GAIN THE VIEW of a farm manager, I went to Tata, a town nearly 60 kilometers (35 miles) northwest of Budapest. There I toured the State Farm of Tata, occupying land once owned by the old and noble Eszterházy family. My host was József Vető, managing director, a man with a raspy voice and a countryman's way of cocking his head as he sizes you up.

We visited the noisy parts of the farm, where 28,000 geese lay 900,000 eggs a year and 7,000 ducks produce 500,000 young.

then the quiet parts, the 1,000 hectares of lakes where carp are bred, and 1,200 hectares of wheat and corn, the latter yielding a notable eight metric tons per hectare.

But in Hungary's quest to earn money and fully utilize labor, the farm had branched out: It held also a small plastics factory, a hunting preserve frequented by wealthy Italians and West Germans, a riding school that drew a stream of Austrian tourists.

In the riding school's stable, smelling richly of horses and hay and still bearing on its fireplace the coat of arms of the Eszterházys, we talked of changes on Hungary's farms.

"We used to have a very strict system," Mr. Vető said. "Ministries in Budapest determined the number of geese or ducks or whatever the farm should have, and we had sometimes very low prices. The more we produced, the greater the loss on the farm.

"Then the approach changed. Now *we* work out the annual plan on the farm. There is some review by the higher authorities, but very rarely will they suggest some change. And there is no interference at all during the year.

"And now it is important to gain profit. The profit is divided between the state and the farm, with a part going to the workers as bonuses. So people use their minds, their brains."

There was another change. Mr. Vető, I discovered, was not a member of the party. "*Nem*, I'm not a member. Ah, God knows why. When I was the deputy to the general manager, I did not join. Now that I am the general manager, I think I'm too old.

"When this social system was introduced, the point was to appoint people to top positions who were traditionally leaders of the working-class movement, very loyal Communists. And the actual level of training was not that important.

"Nowadays it is more important that you are a good expert in your field, and a good manager." Mr. Vető, it was clear, was one such good expert.

The small city of Esztergom lies on the Danube 40 miles upriver from Budapest: The river here marks the border with Czechoslovakia. It is a place to pause, to seek perspective. Near here, in Roman times, the emperor-philosopher Marcus Aurelius wrote his *Meditations*, among them: "Time is a sort of river . . . and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this too will be swept away." And so the Romans were swept away.

The Magyars arrived late in the ninth century, and here in the 11th their first Christian king, St. Stephen, was crowned; here Mongol invaders of the 13th century failed to take the city's fortress; here in the 16th century came the conquering Turks, who ruled much of Hungary for 150 years; and here thereafter, under the Habsburgs of Austria, arose the fine baroque houses, the churches, and ecclesiastical buildings that give the town its present character.

Esztergom is called Hungary's Vatican; its great cathedral holds treasuries of gold chalices, embroidered vestments, the tombs of the archbishops. I wondered: When the river of time brought Communism, what

***Tapping the talents** of handicapped workers, the Rozmaring flower cooperative outside Budapest has pioneered a unique hiring program. In hopes of broadening their opportunities, it has filled its accounting department with 50 disabled people.*

***Spicy revues** at the Moulin Rouge (**opposite**) and other Budapest cabarets are tailored to please an international audience. A plush new casino also caters to foreign visitors, though no Hungarians are permitted to enter.*

*Following 1981 economic reforms, the city's night life has come alive with small, independent enterprises such as restaurants, bars, and taxis (**left**). Recognizing the need for more specialty businesses, the state wants to bring into the open the vast "second economy" of moonlighters, in which perhaps 80 percent of all workers participate.*

*On a street in the downtown district, filmmaker Gyula Gazdag (**below** center) directs a scene for a modern adaptation of Balzac's "Lost Illusions." The movie tells the story of a Hungarian journalist in the late 1960s who loses his integrity through compromises. "Our history bears heavily on all the films we make here," Gazdag explains.*

was the effect on the Catholic Church, which had once claimed two-thirds of Hungary's people as communicants?

IN THE PALACE OF the cardinal primate, I talked with Father Pál Cséfalvay, director of the museum. He said there were no statistics on church membership; answers could not be precise.

"Religious commitment is growing a bit stronger in urban areas; materialistic trends are stronger in the rural areas than they used to be." Here there was an adequate number of candidates for the seminary.

As for government policy: "The first secretary, János Kádár, said he is not bothered if someone goes to church in his free time, or goes to see a soccer match in his free time; the important matter is that someone should work well after doing so."

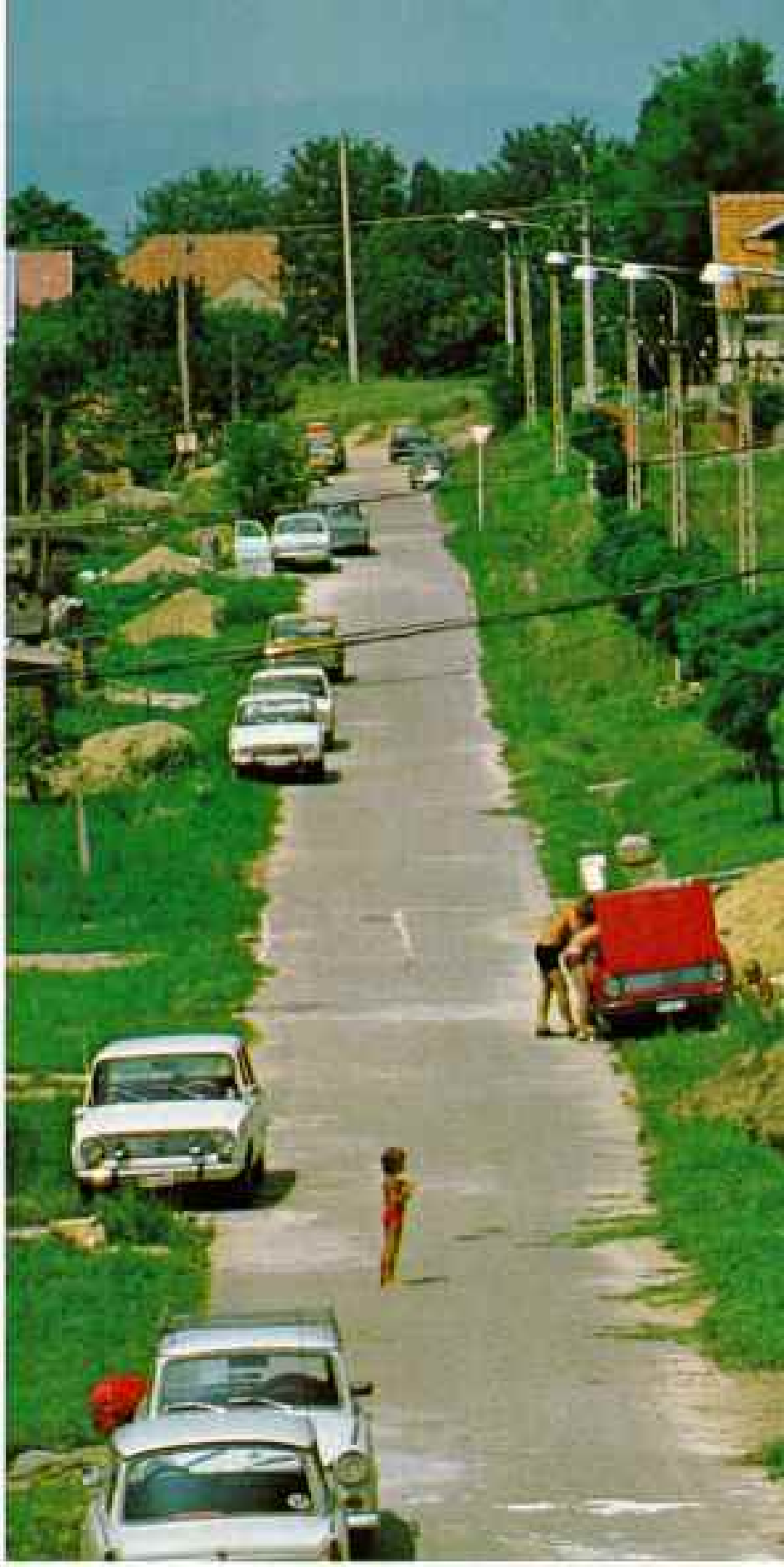
The church runs eight secondary schools in Hungary, six for boys, two for girls. "They are not free, and so the parents bear an extra burden. As for the state primary schools, it is not forbidden to have religious instructions if the parents so wish. The instruction may be in the morning before the first class, or after the last. In some places, very many students attend these instructions; in other places, not so many."

The priest saw a positive sign in this arrangement. "It is not explicitly stated, but there is an implication in this that makes us feel that we are somehow urged to go on with our religious instructions, to put a good impact on the children in schools, to have them under a good influence."

But there was a ghost in this place, the ghost of a man who once dwelt here, József Cardinal Mindszenty. His bitter resistance to Communism had made him a martyr. He died in exile in Vienna in 1975.

"For sure he had some good qualities," the priest said. "He was very strongly protecting the rights of the church, but he also tried to defend political positions that did not exist any longer. He did not recognize a republic; he called himself prince primate, a title from the Habsburg kings; and he thought of himself as the foremost 'baron' of the country.

"He expected everybody to become a martyr like himself. But it was not naturally desired by everyone, nor by the political situation, nor by *(Continued on page 248)*



Do-it-yourself house building *is a common pastime in Hungary, both in suburban neighborhoods (**above**) and in the countryside. Private construction in 1982 accounted for 60 percent of the nation's new housing, including homes built by contractors and apartments put up by construction cooperatives.*

*In the village of Szigliget, family and friends of Béla Kovács (**right**) pass building blocks hand to hand. It will take the Kovács family more than two years to finish the new house, which will stand next to that of Béla's mother.*

Outperforming *the rest of the Soviet bloc, Hungary's farms bring in bumper crops of grain under a system of loose controls unlike any other in the Communist world. Managers of the nation's 130 state farms follow production guidelines, but chairmen of the 1,360 cooperatives that cultivate 80 percent of the farmland are left largely on their own to show a profit for their members. The results have been rewarding. While most Eastern European nations import foodstuffs, Hungarian agriculture contributes nearly a fourth of the country's exports.*

Many cooperatives have diversified into light industry such as plastics manufacture or tire retreading. Such initiative can be important to their profitability since, though some cooperatives receive technical advice and financial aid from the state, they must purchase their own supplies and equipment.

Entrepreneurial fever *grips nearly everyone in the countryside after the day's work is finished at state farms or cooperatives. In a field near Kiskunfélegyhdza a member of the Lenin Cooperative sows corn with a homemade planter on the small portion set aside for his private use* **(above)**.

To supplement income, a housewife in Zákdnyszék **(left)** *raises nutrias in her backyard to sell to furriers, and a boy outside Szeged* **(right)** *helps harvest beets from his family's private plot.*

National Geographic, February 1983

At least 1.5 million families keep such private gardens or raise their own animals. On these small parcels they manage to raise half of all the pigs, a third of the beef and dairy cattle, 70 percent of the poultry, half of the fruit and wine grapes, and 40 percent of the vegetables—in all, about 30 percent of everything produced in Hungary.

Private plots have been so successful, in fact, that life in some villages is said to be the most comfortable—and profitable—in the country.

Fit for a queen: *The Diósgyör castle on the outskirts of Miskolc* ***(right)*** *was the scene of royal hunting parties during the 14th and 15th centuries, when it was known as the queen's castle. It is now used on summer evenings for open-air concerts of classical music, jazz, and operettas.*

A commercial center since the Middle Ages, Miskolc is the nation's second largest city, with a population of 209,000. Expansion of its heavy industry in recent decades has created new urgency for additional housing. In response the state has erected strings of prefabricated apartment projects, background, like those going up all over Hungary.

To get away from it all for a while, many apartment dwellers keep a garden in the nearby countryside. Outside the city of Györ in western Hungary, László and Ágnes Csontos ***(above)*** *taste the year's vintage. They also grow peaches, apples, and enough vegetables for their whole family on a plot with a tiny weekend house for sleeping. "It's a good place to relax," László says. "We come out every day after work and on most weekends in summer. Our granddaughter loves to play in the garden."*

(Continued from page 240) the policies of the church itself. Of course, anyone who is religious fears the withering away of Catholicism, but there are many ways one can act in this situation. To be very stiff, just to reject everything: That is not the only way."

And so, as the perception of János Kádár has changed over the years, so, in the minds of some, has the perception of József Mindszenty, prince primate, baron, martyr.

THE JOURNALIST and I sat in a hotel dining room by the Danube. Through the curtains passersby outside appeared as silhouettes, spectral. "You could call me a survivor," he said. He had been a member of the Communist Party in 1956; in the midst of the uprising he found himself in the Parliament Building, a functionary of the government of Imre Nagy.

I pressed him: Why did Nagy, a Communist, declare Hungary neutral and ask the United Nations to help get the Russians out? "He was desperate, all else had failed." And who was in the streets? Who had the guns? Who led them? What did they want? Exactly what happened?

"To this day, my friends and I spend hours digging up every little detail. Still, we don't understand what happened. It was so quick. Perhaps if it had taken more time, we could see what really happened. Power totally collapsed. All this in just a few days!"

He remembered the time after the revolt had been suppressed. "Strange things were happening. Some came back from arrest, others didn't. Ministers seemed to come back from the earth. I didn't join the party again. I had some difficult years, employment problems."

Why didn't he rejoin the party? A silence, then: "Some who were executed were party members. Perhaps that is one reason."

Among the party members executed was Imre Nagy, the man he had served. Nagy was a thickset man with a farmer's mustache and a schoolmaster's pince-nez. The ghost of Nagy was often with me, especially as I walked in Budapest. He had liked to stroll the boulevards, boutonniere in place, responding to the greetings of admirers. He was a kindly man, popular.

Another who had been in the Parliament Building, serving under Nagy, was János Kádár, until he slipped away to the Russian side. In Eastern Europe, Mr. Kádár could clearly see, good intentions and popularity are not enough.

But there was another ghost in this matter, a man whose name I would hear from time to time in Hungary, spoken as if a verbal charm, to ward off the return of evil: Rákosi. Mátyás Rákosi was, some remember, a dumpy little man with a moon face, always dressed in the regulation black suit and silver tie, always accompanied by two men, each with a hand in his pistol pocket.

Rákosi came to power with the Russian Army after World War II. He destroyed opposition parties bit by bit, "like slicing salami." Then he proceeded to oppress his fellow Hungarians: "If the doorbell rang after ten in the evening, you were terrified." The terror, the oppression helped inspire the events of 1956. Among those who served Rákosi, and who were jailed by him and in jail tortured, was János Kádár. There were lessons to be drawn.

I sat in a large book-lined office in the Parliament Building. The man opposite had been an orphan, raised in institutions; once he had wanted only to read poetry. Now he was a deputy prime minister, a member of the politburo, soon to be secretary of the central committee. His graying hair was swept backward, his nose prominent, his shoulders stooped as if weighted by more than a single lifetime of experience.

"I have no personal reasons to say that what happened before 1956 could be portrayed in clean colors," György Aczél said. He had spent more than five years in prison.

His perceptions of the events that led to the uprising:

"There was a group of leaders who misused the name of the Communist Party and made several faults by misusing that name. There were brutal deeds attributed to these people, and I would state that the Hungarian people in 1956 were disappointed not because of socialism but because of these brutal distortions."

In Mr. Aczél's view the revolt had been started by young people wishing to reform the Communist Party, then was seized by people wishing to overthrow the socialist system. And so it was crushed. This is the view taught in schoolbooks.

What had he learned in prison? "That it is impossible to make a people happy if it is against their will; an ideology should not be one to subject a people to tests and experiments. So it is our conviction that this system is to be built without unnecessary blood, sweat, and tears; we have to make people happy, not force them."

In her dreams *a young Gypsy, Gizella Bogdán, travels far from her village near the Yugoslav border to the world of high fashion she finds in magazines. A tough people with a footloose past, Hungary's 320,000 Gypsies are slowly being drawn into the rest of society.*

I BEGAN with marrow soup, so rich and peppery it had to be eaten with slices of thick brown toast; then I addressed the house specialty, Hungarian beefsteak, smothered in tomatoes, onions, paprika. My host, József Hajdú, watched with interest, now and then refilling my glass with a white wine from the Lake Balaton region. József and his wife, Marika, operate the restaurant Aranyhíd (Golden Bridge) as a contract restaurant. It is an example of the individual enterprise that is now encouraged in Hungary. I wanted to learn a little of how it worked.

József told me that the restaurant was owned by the state catering company of south Buda, which operates about 160 restaurants and coffeehouses. "They decided to rent out some to employees who had worked a long time with such companies. My wife and I had done so. There was a down payment, and monthly payments. We can buy food and drink supplies anywhere."

The hours are long, but the results satisfying. "Before we took over the restaurant, it offered just beer, some warm sandwiches. Now we have a kitchen, offer a wide variety, everything cooked to order. And before, the restaurant was open only to 10 p.m.; now it is open to midnight or even 4 a.m., just as long as people stay."

Now their goal was to build a large outside terrace: "If we get it, we will get tourist contracts, and then we will succeed!"

After testing individual enterprise in restaurants, the government allowed it in other areas, such as computer software.

And so one fine spring day I talked with László Barthó, 37, who had the slightly anxious expression of any man with a wife and two children who is planning to abandon a certain salary for the risks of entrepreneurship.

In lieu of a card he presented me with a freshly printed sheet of stationery. It read: "DATACOM, Számítástechnika [Computer Technology]." He said there were three other partners in the company, that their clients were state-owned enterprises, from the largest software house to small businesses. "We have about ten years' experience in the field, a lot of connections. Some companies advertise; we have not felt the need."

He cited an example: "One large-scale state company got in trouble with a contract. It needed a packaged program in one month, a very short deadline. No one wanted the job. They came to us."

While building their business, the partners hold onto their old jobs. The company's business is handled "after work, on the weekends, whenever there is time. But it's impossible to go on like this always. One must choose.

"It's a little bit dangerous. The future is hopeful. We do not know if there will be changes, and if so, in what direction. But the company is useful and good, and in it I feel

that I am truly responsible for what I do."

In the 1950s Hungary utilized a classic socialist economic system, one patterned on that of the Soviet Union in the 1930s and '40s. This was successful in turning an agricultural country into an industrial nation. But by the beginning of the 1960s, results diminished. "We realized," one economist said, "that if we wanted to continue the economic development of our country, we had to change our methods."

So in 1968 the state introduced the New Economic Mechanism, a set of rules that to a degree decentralized planning and control, reinstated the profit motive, allowed the functioning of supply and demand, and permitted accumulation of individual wealth.

"I think our system is unique," the economist said. "And the reason is that our position in the socialist bloc is unique. Almost 50 percent of our national income is based on foreign trade. So we are obliged to have a very elastic, very flexible system."

POOR in natural resources, save for its good earth and bauxite, Hungary must import (petroleum, natural gas, automobiles). To pay for those imports, it must export (pharmaceuticals, buses, axles, salami, wheat, alumina). About half the trade is with nonsocialist nations.

In the scramble for foreign earnings Hungary vigorously seeks joint enterprises with Western companies and searches for new markets. The French and Italians like very much the taste of white rabbits? Well, send them 40 million dollars' worth a year. Send them also doves, pigeons, goose liver.

Does the world seek new novelties? Send it a rather curious toy, the Rubik's Cube.

I caught up with Ernő Rubik at the Academy of Applied Arts in Buda, where he is a professor (page 235). I had read somewhere that he had created the cube as a tool to help his students; I expected an old, kindly, possibly distracted gentleman. Instead I found a 38-year-old father of two, of moderate height, with a finely wrought face, quick eyes, clad in brown slacks and sweater and open-necked shirt. In the cabin of a jetliner, where he is often found nowadays, you might mistake him for a French entrepreneur, bound to or from a ski holiday.

I asked if indeed he had developed his

Doing battle *to protect a national treasure, a helicopter sprays a vineyard of the northeast, where raisinlike aszú grapes are grown to produce a world famous sweet wine. Praised by Voltaire and cherished by Peter the Great, Tokaj (Tokay) wines reflect the skills of nine centuries of vintners.*

In a dank cellar of the state winery at Eger, wine master János Árvai (**right**) *draws a sample of Egri Bikavér, called bull's blood for its velvet color and potent kick. Excellent wines are also made in the hills above Lake Balaton.*

Refreshing their spirits *after a long day of picking hops destined for a brewery in Budapest, a farm couple unpack a little supper. The standard of living in rural areas has steadily improved since the end of World War II, when the Communists dismantled a feudal-like system of large estates. Today every village is said to have electricity, though not every farmhouse has it.*

cube as a teaching aid. "Everything a teacher does is related to the teaching process." But a teacher is human like everyone else, and he creates for himself as well as for others. "I could say the reason I started to be active in this field is simply my own character. You could say it grew out of my profession. I am an architect and an interior designer."

Of his earnings (more than 30 million cubes have thus far been produced) he would only say: "In my case, which would characterize the situation of other inventors also, I get a certain share of the sales. Of course, in the case of the cube, which is so popular, the profit is quite large."

Yes, he has other ideas, new ones, and is pursuing them. Among them a book.

SOMETIMES, in Hungary, a sense of tragedy sneaks up on you. I was visiting the bauxite mines near Tapolca when an official led me proudly into the miners' social and educational center. It was a fine new building with classrooms, meeting rooms, a library, and an auditorium. Something about the auditorium seemed odd. It was, the official said, previously a synagogue; the new part of the building had been built around it. All over Hungary synagogues now serve such purposes. In them, if you have an imagination, you may hear a terrible cry.

In 1944 German and Hungarian Nazis rounded up 600,000 Jews and shipped them to concentration camps and death. Today perhaps 20,000 Jews remain outside Budapest: not enough to keep the rural synagogues alive; only enough, perhaps, to muster the required ten Jewish men for services in a prayerhouse. So the synagogues were sold, for uses deemed appropriate.

The Jews of Budapest were luckier. Their total destruction in the ghetto was frustrated. Two days before a final effort by the Nazis to eliminate them all, the Soviet Army fought its way into the city. Mrs. Ilona Seifert, secretary-general of the Central Board of Hungarian Jews, was then a young girl,

cowering in a cellar with 84 other people. She remembers the cellar door opening, the terrible fear that it was a Fascist killer, then the appearance of a young Russian soldier.

Mrs. Seifert poured kosher slivovitz, clear and clean tasting, into glasses. She is a short woman, stout now, energy undiminished. "We have in Budapest 30 synagogues and prayerhouses; ours is now the greatest Jewish community in middle Europe. Perhaps 80,000 strong. We have a hospital with 200 beds, three old-age homes, a kindergarten, a school, two day-care centers, and a kosher kitchen to prepare food for older people who cannot shop or cook for themselves. And we have the Jewish Theological Seminary, a century old, the only such school remaining in Eastern or middle Europe. It has 18 students; three from the Soviet Union, one from Czechoslovakia, one from the German Democratic Republic."

The cost for all these was met by contributions from the state, international Jewish organizations, and the Jewish community.

Mrs. Seifert led me into the main synagogue, built in 1859 in Moorish style; the museum adjoining it, its most eloquent object a small simple cloth, six pointed, yellow; and the small garden behind it, another Nazi legacy, a mass grave. "There are, I think, 3,500 buried there," she said.

With that background the present appeared good. The renaissance, she said, began after 1956. "Then Mr. Kádár said that in our time it is not interesting whether somebody has written the name of God with a capital letter or with a small letter. It is not interesting if somebody is an atheist or religious. What is important is to build together the country.

"And after this began a new life."

By all rights, some say, the Hungarians should not be in Hungary at all; if their language is incomprehensible to their neighbors, if their history has been problematic, it is their own doing. Where had they come from? I talked with Dr. Péter Veres of the Ethnographical Institute of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. He jabbed a finger at a large map of the Soviet Union.

"Here is the place, just east of the Urals, in western Siberia: New evidence places it east, not west, of those mountains. The region was then a pine forest, the people hunters and fishermen. They were a mix of Caucasian and Mongoloid. They are now called the Finno-Ugric people.

"Some of those people migrated north. Some became the Finns, while smaller groups settled across the northern part of what is now the Soviet Union. There, perhaps 25 ethnic groups still speak Finno-Ugric languages. Some live a very archaic life. Some are hunters and fishermen and also deal in reindeer breeding. We study them, to find out about our own past.

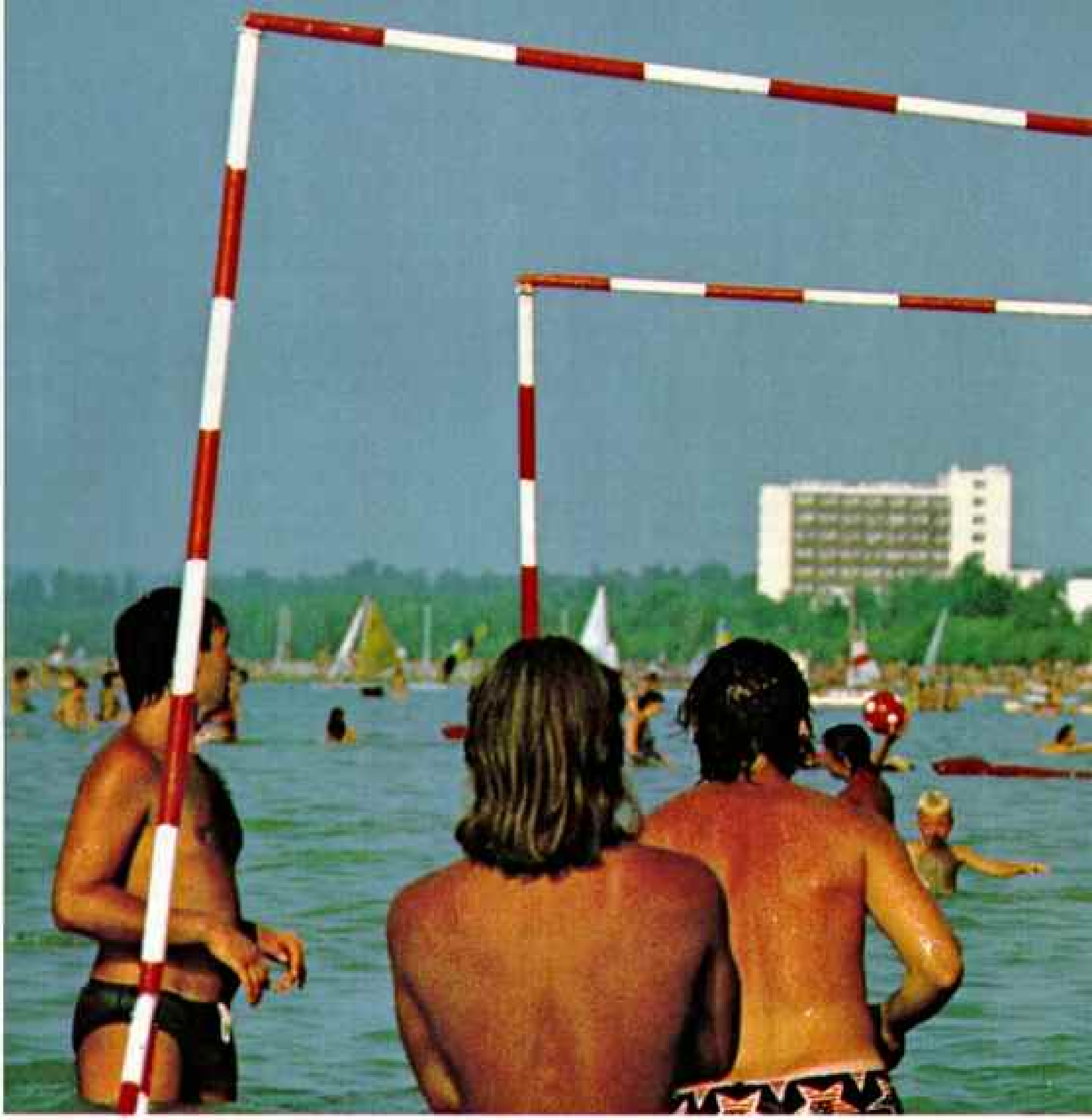
"Between the 12th and 10th centuries B.C. a change of climate took place in western Siberia. The groundwater began to rise, the area became a sort of marsh, and the people had to move. The ancestors of the Hungarians moved south. They abandoned their life as hunters and fishermen and became a pastoral people, always in movement. Gradually, over a period of 2,000 years, they moved to the west, arriving here in the year 896."

WHAT REMAINS of the old culture? "Elements in our folkloric music. Our skill at husbandry. And, there are old people alive today who remember shamanism—how certain people, when they became shamans, could cure illness, could locate lost or stolen goods, could find the answers to problems."

And there was the language, the language that binds Hungarians together. Only 15 million people in the world speak it, the nearly 11 million within Hungary, some four million outside—among them perhaps two million in Romania, 800,000 in Czechoslovakia, 800,000 in Yugoslavia.

It is an irony that after World War I, when Hungary regained its independence for the first time in the modern era, it lost by a treaty 71 percent of its territory, much of its population. Those lost people remain in the consciousness of the Hungarians. Especially those in Romania: "They are badly treated," I was told more than once.

But there were life-affirming memories I would take from Hungary. I liked the streetcars, three little cars in tandem, bright yellow, darting this way, that way, like goldfish in a row; the Bükk Mountains, lilliputian, with forests, castles, pine smells, and then you are out of them. I liked Gypsy musicians,




RANCH
SANTA-FE

Millions of sun lovers *come each summer to Lake Balaton* (**above**) *from all over Europe to swim, sail, or just soak up a tan by a log-cabin-style tent* (**left**).

The number of tourists visiting Hungary has doubled during the past decade to more than ten million in 1981, 85 percent from socialist nations such as Czechoslovakia and East Germany. Winter sports are popular in the Bükk Mountains of the northeast, where a skiing family (**right**) *takes a break for a bite of hot lunch.*

but you must be lingering over wine and with friends (and perhaps two of those friends are falling in love; he will give her earrings, she will have her ears pierced). I liked the young Budapest couple's flat on Molnár Street, the old-fashioned windows; the boarder who uncorked plum brandy from his father's house in Yugoslavia; the old lady who lived alone and came each day just to sit quietly and hear voices and so hold on to life.

I like Hungarian poetry, the way it evokes the mystery of the land, and the way tragedy runs through it as rivers, creeks, and rivulets of rain run through the land itself. I like its devil-take-the-hindmost defiance. The poet Attila József shocked his university teachers in the early 1900s but later won the hearts of his countrymen with this bold challenge to life, its blows, its demands:

Without father without mother
without God or homeland either
without crib or coffin-cover
without kisses or a lover . . .

Even on journeys with only pleasure in mind, I found more ways that individual enterprise is harnessed in Hungary. I went to the Tokaj wine region in the northeast, where the Great Hungarian Plain meets the Carpathian Mountains. The southern slopes of these mountains have been cultivated for the grape since medieval times.

One old cellar, 2,700 meters of labyrinth, held 6,000 barrels; I sampled from 14. The wines varied from clear, sharp new ones to sweet, old, brownish ones, some made with raisinlike *aszú* grapes. As I sipped, very contentedly, a wine company official told me that about half of the vineyards were in private hands, with 14,000 owners. Grapes require intensive seasonal work, he said. But the owners can call on relatives and friends at the harvest; they are all inspired by the profit motive to relentlessly pursue the demanding handwork.

On the way back to Budapest I stopped at another famous wine-producing center, Eger. In the little limestone valley where the caves cluster, I chose one at random: perhaps because the vintner, standing at its entrance, appeared rough cut, the cave simple.

As he drew the wine, the vintner talked of business. "It's good. I sell to the Hilton." He pointed out across the valley to the caves

opposite. "I've just bought a cellar there for my daughter—180,000 forints [$4,800]. We'll open it soon. We'll have food, stuffed cabbage and such, and even beautiful toilets!

"Listen, I've just bought a fourth vineyard. I have a nice home, a bicycle. I'm 61, a retired factory worker, but I have a life!

"Here," he said, pulling from a paper bag homemade sausage, a slab of fat bacon, bread, and a knife. Glasses were refilled.

By now I knew the ritual: As we cut into the sausage, drank the local wine, it seemed a secular sacrament, commemorating life, prospects.

AT TIMES I was confused: Here was a country governed by Communists, adopting aspects of Western capitalism and Western socialism, and all the while wrapping the reforms in veils of Marxist dialectic. I wondered if a sociologist might help clarify matters.

I called on Dr. Elemér Hankiss, director of the Center for Value Sociology in Budapest. He is a youngish man, spare in body, quick in word and movement. He had taken part in the events of 1956, and then spent a year in jail. There he learned, he said, "not to be afraid. In Eastern Europe the person who learns this has learned the most important thing. Then one indeed is free."

And today? "A kind of game is played in this country. Everybody knows the rules, what he can do, what he can accept for what. And this is more or less working. It has been working for the past 20 years."

There were at least two results. One edged on politics.

"We have a kind of slowly developing pluralism. There are special-interest groups, agrarian and industrial lobbies, the cooperative farms and those in the second or private economy, and so on. And they have a number of ways of protecting their interests. All behind the scenes."

And there was an important sociological result, a sort of healing. "Before World War II we had very strong class identities. After that war these identities were destroyed, consciously and surgically, by the Communist Party at that time. Everybody was mortified and humiliated. If you were a small landholder, you were called an oscillating

Shoulder to shoulder *with the highest ranking Soviet officer in Hungary, third from left, leading military and government officials salute the year's new officer corps at a Constitution Day ceremony.*

Since the unsuccessful revolt of 1956, when Soviet tanks rolled into Budapest, the party-controlled government has strictly supported the Soviet Union in foreign policy, even as it experiments with social reforms at home.

With four Soviet divisions stationed in their country, many Hungarians are worried that unrest in Poland may upset their relations with Moscow.

A chalked heart ***(right)*** *on a Budapest wall—still pocked by the gunfire of 27 years ago—symbolizes the feeling that, no matter what, life will go on.*

Pride and joy *in their eyes, József and Katalin Nagy* ***(right)*** *emerge from a Reformed Church in Debrecen after the baptism of their son, Lőrinc. Dubbed the Calvinist Rome, Debrecen is the spiritual center of Hungarian Protestantism and the home of a 450-year-old seminary.*

Dr. Tivadar Rózsay ***(below right)*** *emphasizes a point in the religion class he teaches.*

On a carpet of flowers *that winds all through the village of Csömör, a priest blesses the congregation* ***(right)*** *during the Day of the Lord procession—Úrnapi körmenet. Each family decorates a section of the carpet with a variety of bright patterns, combining their artistic talents and Roman Catholic heritage.*

Traditional in their clothes as well as their customs, the women of the village ***(left)*** *return home after Mass. Of the nation's estimated nine million church members—only a portion of them active—six million are Roman Catholics, two million belong to the Reformed Church, and 500,000 are Lutherans. Hungarian Jews—600,000 of whom were shipped to Nazi concentration camps—now number only 100,000.*

peasant; if you were an intellectual, you were called a servant of fascism. And so instead of these old identities, a kind of feeling of guilt was substituted. A skillful strategy.

"With the prosperity, the growing economy of the past 20 years, there is a slow growing of good feeling about ourselves, a sort of identity. We have begun to feel maybe we can achieve something, and these feelings have been growing very quickly in the past three or four years."

SOCIOLOGISTS WORK from data; poets and writers from intuition, memories, perceptions, as if trying to seize reality from some ether. They complement one another. The taxi dropped me at No. 9 Józsefhegyi Street on Rose Hill, long the most fashionable neighborhood in Budapest. An older woman let me into a house crammed with books. Gyula Illyés, 80, the most distinguished living Hungarian writer, appeared, a man with a kindly face and some signs of recent illness.

Cakes were brought, wine opened.

Mr. Illyés began publishing his poems in the 1920s. He is not a Communist, never has been; he calls himself a leftist, a revolutionary.

He spoke of how the Magyars had come long ago on horseback and under romantic circumstances, and how Hungarians have concluded from this that they are a courageous people, very brave, with hot tempers. But for him, "the genuine quality of the Hungarian people is that they are able to work, if they have a chance to do that, and if they can work freely."

As for today: "The most characteristic feature of the situation nowadays is that Hungarian citizens can legally leave the country. Not immediately, but if one would very much like to leave, one could get an official passport within a relatively short period, and one can come back. So there is not any feeling that we are closed in. For you perhaps it is not so easy to understand what this means here in central Europe.

"And I could be on a train and have a conversation. The other passenger may disagree, and may say so, but it is inconceivable that he would leave the train at the next stop and request the police to come. It is just impossible to imagine that. So there is a feeling of freedom.

"And, in relation to this, the leading strata of the society somehow have adjusted to the taste of the inhabitants of this country. They have a rather modest attitude and a modest way of life. For instance, János Kádár lives in a house nearby. The garden does not belong to him, and the house itself has three rooms only."

The future? "The small people always depend on the big powers."

IT WAS a bright, sunny day. The noises of the traffic in the city below arrived on Rose Hill only as a murmur: You could hear the songs of birds, the voices of an old man and his grandson carried by the breeze. I decided to walk down to the city.

What do the Hungarians think in their heart of hearts? Would they prefer, as one Western diplomat suggested, to be like Austria, neutral, free of bonds to East or West? I don't know. Perhaps in a small country in the middle of Europe with powerful neighbors, one deals with realities, while wishes atrophy. I do know that most Hungarians believe their life to be "not bad"; much better than before, better than that of their socialist neighbors. But I know also that two questions hang like specters over those with memories: "Will there be war? What will happen after Kádár?"

The first question is universal, the second Hungarian. While Communism wears a humanistic face in Hungary today, the classic party apparatus of control remains in place, to be taken in hand and wielded by another Rákosi, should one arise. And, as one former Communist told me, "the next chapter will be written in Moscow." We quickened our steps, the ghosts and I, down Rose Hill. □

Laid-back cowboy *of Hungarian legend, today's csikós displays his mastery of horses mainly at tourist shows like this one—though it's not clear in this case whether he's resting or being rested on. Their history has helped make Hungarians a pragmatic people who make the best of what life gives them.*

By WILLIAM S. ELLIS
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SENIOR WRITER

Photographs by
STEVE McCURRY

BEIRUT—

Sidewalk gossip returns to west Beirut after Israel's invasion last summer,

UP FROM THE RUBBLE

as workers clear older debris left from the height of Lebanon's civil war — one of many scars in a city trying hard to heal its wounds.

THERE IS TIME TO DREAM now, for the nights here are no longer fitful with the sound of rifle fire—to dream of a healing and a rebuilding of this city of Beirut where, after eight years of fighting, there is little left, not even the jasmine that perfumed its springtimes of peace.

No one knows for certain how many died during those years. A figure of 80,000 has been cited, and that may not be far off. As many as 40,000 children are believed to have been orphaned. The damage to property is incalculable (surveys set physical damage to west Beirut hospitals alone, during the Israeli siege last summer, at nearly 35 million dollars). Lebanon, the once gentle land where compromise was the covenant for survival, lies gravely wounded, perhaps never to recover, certainly never to be completely free of the scars of the savagery unleashed here.

But while the fate of the nation's sovereignty remains clouded with uncertainty, there is hope now that Beirut can rise from the rubble. The work has started and, if it is to be successful, it will go on for a decade and cost billions of dollars.

"No tanks allowed" *sign was amended by Israeli troops to read "To Damur," a town where the PLO and allies slew some 300 Christian civilians in 1976.*

Plans to rebuild the city were first drafted in 1977, when many thought the war and destruction had ended. The fighting and killing resumed, however, and the blueprints were rolled up and packed away, memorabilia of wishful thinking. It was a time when a government functionary could ask: "Why hasn't the world wept for Lebanon? It weeps for Poland and for Ireland, but not for Lebanon. *Maalesh* [never mind], I think it is too late now."

Of course, the world did come to weep for Lebanon.

Those who knew Beirut a dozen years ago, when it was grand and wicked without malice—were they not saddened unto tears? To come to the blackened, charred remains of the Hotel St. Georges and see in the mind's eye the onetime grandeur of that place by the sea? To find the old suqs, once aglitter with heavy gold and the sheen of fine silks, reduced to splintered wood and shards of glass? To share, even briefly, the lingering anguish of the Lebanese who counted each day of those eight years as a test for personal survival, and to mourn old friends who failed the test?

So much was lost during those years, since the time when Beirut touched the Arab world with glamour and sophistication. The city played Paris of the Middle East, and played it well, for Lebanon was a mandated creation of the French. And that's the way it was until April 13, 1975.

On that Sunday Pierre Gemayel, leader of the Phalangist Party in Lebanon and a Maronite Catholic, was attacked by Palestinians while attending dedication services for a new church in Beirut. He escaped with his life, but his bodyguard and several others were killed. In retaliation, a group of his followers, members of the Phalangist militia, only hours later stopped a bus carrying mostly Palestinians and killed 27. Thus began the war that would devastate this small nation before it reached its 40th year of independence.

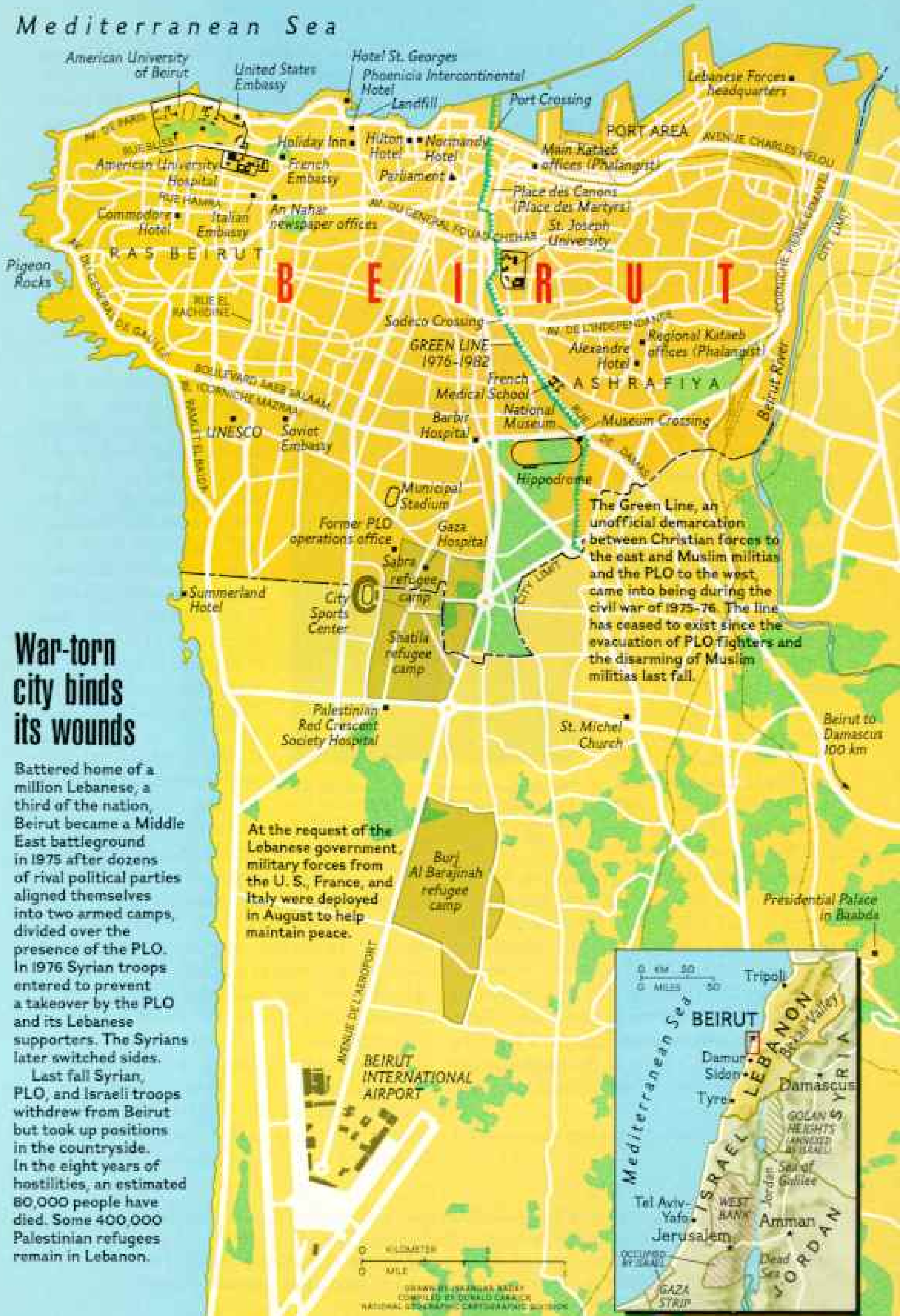
By custom, Lebanon has a Maronite Catholic president, a Sunni Muslim prime minister, and a Shiite Muslim speaker of the house. For many years this ecumenical sort of politics *(Continued on page 271)*

The Green Line has grown into its name. *Wary of mines, two men inspect overgrown Rue de Damas on the demarcation strip that had divided Christian east Beirut and Muslim west Beirut since 1976, when civil war raged, triggered partly by resident Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) fighters. Then last June, Israel invaded to expel the PLO, whose withdrawal effectively erased the Green Line.*

War-torn city binds its wounds

Battered home of a million Lebanese, a third of the nation, Beirut became a Middle East battleground in 1975 after dozens of rival political parties aligned themselves into two armed camps, divided over the presence of the PLO. In 1976 Syrian troops entered to prevent a takeover by the PLO and its Lebanese supporters. The Syrians later switched sides.

Last fall Syrian, PLO, and Israeli troops withdrew from Beirut but took up positions in the countryside. In the eight years of hostilities, an estimated 80,000 people have died. Some 400,000 Palestinian refugees remain in Lebanon.



Charting a new course *in a political maelstrom, President Amin Gemayel* ***(above)*** *seeks to reconstruct and unify his country as well as strengthen the Lebanese Army. Since the late 1960s the army had failed to halt PLO raids against Israel, and Lebanon's political factions raised their own militias, some supporting, others opposing the PLO. Bashir Gemayel, Amin's brother, had commanded the Christian militias known as the Lebanese Forces* ***(above right)*** *before he was elected president and then assassinated last September.*

Lebanese tradition directs accommodation among its communities—the president is a Maronite Catholic, the prime minister a Sunni Muslim, the speaker a Shiite Muslim. The Shiites, now the largest sect, decry their lack of power. On Ashura, their most holy day, activists display portraits ***(below)*** *of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini and Lebanese Imam Musa al Sadr, who disappeared in Libya in 1978.*

Still largely intact, *a skyline of apartment buildings fronts the Mediterranean Sea along the popular Ramlet el Baida beach in a view reflecting a vibrant, hustling, free-wheeling capital. But a closer look reveals pockmarks of war. Opposite an amusement park, a rounded office building at upper left was hit by Israeli gunboat shells.*

The city has often felt Israel's wrath since the late 1960s. Thousands of Palestinians fled to Lebanon from civil war in Jordan and the PLO established its headquarters in west Beirut. Israel's recent Operation Peace in Galilee, purportedly aimed at Palestinian fighters in southern Lebanon who had bombarded Israeli villages, drove militants and refugees northward all the way to Beirut.

*For ten weeks in the summer of 1982 the Israelis blockaded west Beirut as half a million people huddled through a devastating siege by land, sea, and air. Thousands died, including many civilians as well as combatants. To help monitor the evacuation of the PLO, a peacekeeping force moved in, composed of French and Italian troops and U. S. Marines, such as these manning a missile launcher near the airport (**right**).*

Where elegance reigned *in an oceanside hotel, the Summerland, the rubble of wanton destruction remains. Last March the four-year-old resort's Le Dome room* ***(right)*** *highlighted Lebanon's diverse peoples with a show featuring 16th-century-style dress still worn by Shiite wedding dancers and Druze grooms.*

Last summer the hotel was the target of Israeli land, sea, and air bombardments, sustaining direct hits. The owner denies it was a Palestinian refuge. For a time salvaged furnishings were stored in Le Dome ***(below right)****, which escaped the worst damage.*

Hotel employees ***(left)****, here on a lunch break amid the ruins, began a cleanup aimed for completion by May. The city itself hopes to recapture the trade that once reaped the largess of millions of tourists each year.*

(Continued from page 265) worked reasonably well. It was with the rise of Arab nationalism under former Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser that friction developed. The Christians sidestepped the full embrace of Arab unity, pushing instead for strong Lebanese nationalism.

Many Maronites considered themselves of Phoenician stock, inheritors of a land apart from the sands of Arabia. "We are different," one told me. "We draw our spirit from the mountains, not the desert."

The eruption of violence in 1975 was rooted in that bad earth of religious and political conflict. In the next eight years those roots would spread through, and become entangled in, the whole stupefying labyrinth of Middle East politics. Lebanon, in effect, would lose control of its own war, and the country would become an arena for the battles of all.

It is not an uncommon role for this crossroads land, whose people have learned resiliency through the centuries under the trampling feet of Romans and Christian crusaders, Arabs and Ottoman Turks.

As recently as a year ago the cast of players in Lebanon's latest tragedy included:

- A Syrian force of more than 20,000 men.
- Tens of thousands of Palestinians, including members of the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) and its leading militia, Fatah, headed by Yasir Arafat.

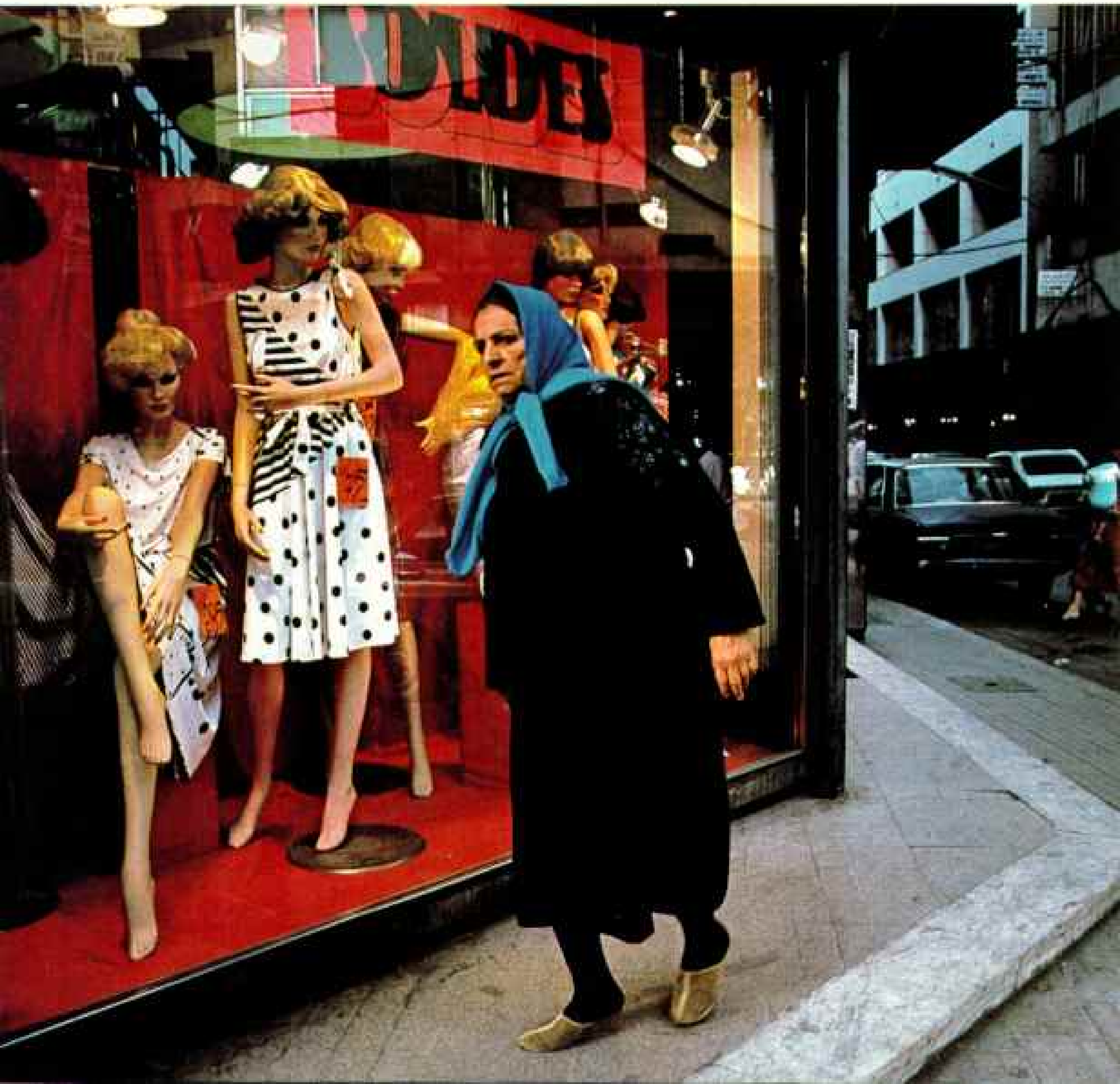
• A United Nations contingent of 6,000 military personnel.
• Dozens of private, well-armed militias, indistinguishable but for the leader followed and the cause espoused.

Lebanon was transformed into a stewpot of anarchy. There was no central government with authority, no army capable of keeping order. Boys no older than 14 stood on the streets, making menacing sweeping motions with their Kalashnikov automatic rifles. Shells whined overhead, while on the streets car bombs were set off to thick and mushy sounds that seemed to have rumbled up from the depths of hell. Garbage on west Beirut streets went uncollected, and the stray cats grew grotesquely fat.

This was not simply brutal warfare between Christians and Muslims. There were alliances and counteralliances, unlikely allies and reluctant enemies. There was confusion and uncertainty, and through it all, Lebanese sovereignty had come to lie like a fallen and forgotten leaf in winter.

BEIRUT came to be a city defined by fear, a city bisected by the Green Line—Christians in the east, Muslims in the west. In those eight years of war there were dozens of cease-fires, but they offered only wispy illusions of peace.

At one such time there was Henri Pharaon, 82, taking his morning coffee in the receiving parlor of his stately house. Soon he would go to the Hippodrome, where some of his 70 Arabian horses would be competing in



Beirut lives on. *Postwar scenes show that though Beirut—once the Paris of the Middle East—suffered damage, parts of the city escaped destruction. Afternoon rush hour (**above**) again finds Corniche Mazraa jammed with traffic. Refurbished boutiques on Rue Hamra display an array of imports, including French fashions (**left**).*

*Throughout the troubles, cash was plentiful. Ninety-five financial institutions are operating, more than ever before, with deposits twice the total of 1974. The Lebanese pound, backed by gold, is among the world's most stable currencies. And the middle class is spending, on education at the respected American University of Beirut, where Lina Ali Ahmad (**right**) is a student—and sometimes on fun. The landmark Hotel St. Georges, though hard hit, keeps bar and pool open for sunbathers (**below**). Beyond rises a new landmark; landfill built of war's rubble may prove one of the city's most valuable pieces of real estate.*

Putting politics aside, *Beirutis of all factions played the horses at the Hippodrome racetrack (**above**) each weekend throughout the civil war although it was just west of the Green Line. During the Israeli invasion the PLO took up*

the day's seven-race card. So far, his home, holding one of the finest collections of Oriental art in the world, had been spared damage (page 281). He explained why: "I am in good relations with all sides."

Former minister of foreign affairs for Lebanon, and minister of state in 1968, banker Pharaon was chiefly responsible for Lebanon's membership in the United Nations and the Arab League.

"There have been more than 3,000 races won under my colors," he was saying on that Saturday of a cease-fire in Beirut. In six months the Hippodrome would be destroyed and a dozen of his horses would be dead, killed in the shelling and bombing of the track. In all, some 40 horses perished.

For in June of last year 60,000 Israeli troops blitzed across the border and brought ruin on 900 square miles of southern Lebanon as they pushed north to Beirut with the aim of driving the PLO from the country. Aerial bombings and shellings by the Israelis piled new rubble on old and sent the death count climbing.

Even when the fighting stopped and the fires cooled, when the PLO and the Syrians (though not the Israelis) were gone from Beirut, fresh blood stained the dueling ground. The president-elect of Lebanon, 34-year-old Bashir Gemayel, was assassinated. Response was swift and sickening: Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons living in the refugee camps of Sabra and Shatila were massacred by Christian militiamen without interference by Israeli soldiers in the area.

Perhaps nothing worse than this could follow. Perhaps that is why expressions of hope for the future began to be heard—hopes whispered, like a distant prophecy:

In a short time, will not Lebanon be turned into a fertile field and the fertile field seem like a forest? (Isaiah 29:17)

INDEED, this October day will bring normalcy of a kind to the city. Boutiques will offer the latest in high fashion, and some of the world's worst auto traffic will clog the streets. Employees of scores of banks will be at work, continuing the Lebanese tradition of bold and innovative finance. Fortunes will be made this day, and fortunes lost.

Rue Hamra at 10:30 a.m.: The traffic moves one way, toward the sea, along this busy artery in the western section of the city called Ras Beirut. Before the war Hamra was a fashionable street, but now water

position in the clubhouse and mined the track. When Israeli tanks ringed west Beirut, fierce fighting left the facility in shambles. French troopers last fall cleared mines from the track (**above**)*; rebuilding may cost 12 million dollars.*

from broken pipes washes against the curb, splashing the shoes of sidewalk peddlers who hawk their wares in voices with the timbre of foghorns. Bullets have pocked many of the buildings along Hamra, and here and there, where shells have struck, the wire innards of reinforced concrete stand exposed and twisted. A section of one building, housing *An Nahar*, Lebanon's leading newspaper, is in heavy ruin, having taken an Israeli phosphorus shell.

The morning began with skies the color of a chow chow's tongue, and now, rinsed with light, they are blue and cloudless. For the first time in years, a traffic policeman is yelling at an errant motorist. For those who were here when each militia protected and ruled its turf with guns and extortion, it is a pleasant sound, a voice from the endearing chaos of prewar Beirut, and to hear it is to be in fellowship with the growing number of Lebanese who have confidence in the eventual recuperation of their capital city.

They are clearing away the rubble now, trucking it to a massive landfill by the sea. The garbage is being collected, too, bringing to an end the all-night bacchanalia of the cats. The electricity has been turned back on, though with frequent outages, and the telephones are again working, more or less.

One person thus far has borne the expense of cleaning up the city. Born in Sidon and now a citizen of Saudi Arabia, Rafik Hariri has spent more than seven million dollars of his own money to have the work done. Trucks and bulldozers and other heavy equipment imprinted with the name of his construction company, Oger Liban, can be seen all over Beirut. He has offered to pay about $20 a day to any able-bodied Lebanese who will go to work to groom the city. Hundreds have accepted.

"The French soldiers come through first and clean out the mines, and then we follow them and pick up the rubble and the rest of the mess," Nouhieddone Shouman, supervisor of one of the work crews, said. "It's so bad in some places that we get the pile of debris down to eye level and then discover that we've uncovered a street."

He spoke above the din of a dozen shovels scraping against concrete. There were mostly teenagers in his work crew, boys whose laughter spoke their joy over the peace that was finally touching their lives.

They worked near the commercial center of Beirut, an area as heavily damaged as any in the city. It is a silent compound of ruins, a

30-square-block section where it is a challenge to put a hand against a building and not cover a bullet hole. One of the nearby streets is Rue de Damas, closed since 1978 and now overgrown with a swale of palm-like plants and other lush greenery (page 264). It, too, will be cleaned up and given back to traffic, most likely before the single fig tree growing there bears its first fruit.

"If all goes according to plan, this will once again be a beautiful city," Mitri Nammar, the governor of Beirut, told me as we walked in the Place des Canons, a no-man's-land during the fighting. "It will be even better than it used to be." Also targeted for reconstruction are the commercial center, the historical area, and the port.

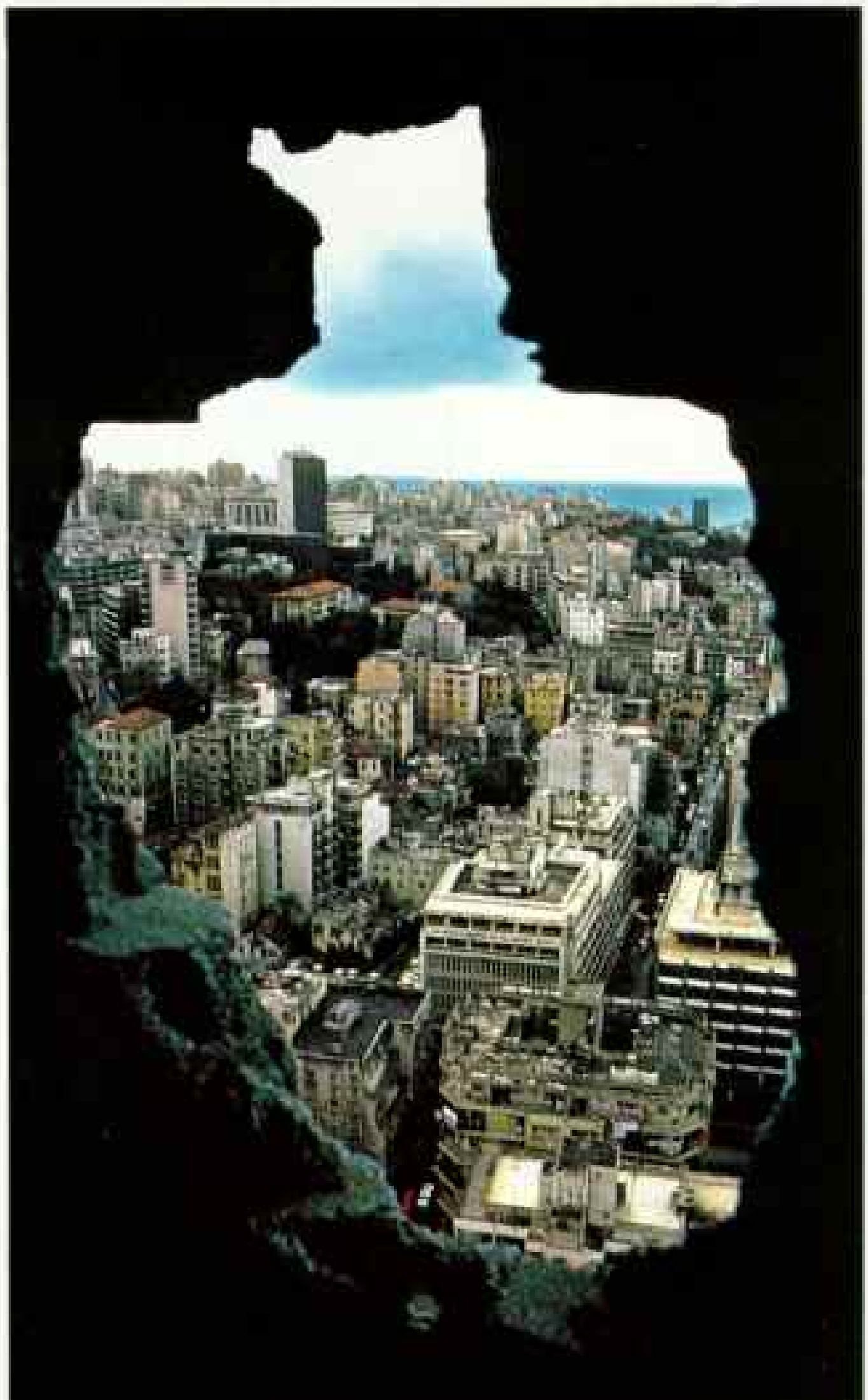
Place des Canons is usually called Place des Martyrs, from an earlier anguish visited on Beirut: Here ruling Turks hanged more than 50 for conspiracy during World War I. Now the buildings around it are gutted and gagged with sandbags.

On one corner is the old Rivoli Theatre, for 30 years a landmark, and half a block away the Café Cilicie, where once men sat over coffee to chart their routes to riches and revolutions and education for their sons, stands with its front blown away and a single cup, unbroken somehow, on a table set with fallen ceiling tiles. Exquisite Florentine arches survive among these ruins, as does the yellow stone Town Hall, built more than 50 years ago. It can, and will, be repaired.

Vacancy—No amenities. *Desperate for housing, Shiite Muslim refugees moved into a room in the Normandy Hotel, closed during the civil war. Then came the Israelis, who detected a gun emplacement across the street, shelled the area, and reduced the room to rubble* (**below**) *as the refugees took shelter elsewhere.*

The nearby Holiday Inn, here rising in 1975 behind its proud builder, Abd al Mohsin Kattan (**right**), *became the scene of vicious fighting in the civil war, attested by a gaping shell hole in an upper wall* (**below right**).

THOMAS J. ABERCROMBIE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF



Overwhelmed by terror and grief, *a Palestinian in the Shatila refugee camp* ***(left)*** *pleads for help in finding her two sons. They disappeared—perhaps they were kidnapped—during the September 1982 massacre by Christian militiamen here and at Sabra, an adjacent Palestinian camp.*

The two camps were sealed by Israeli troops after Bashir Gemayel's assassination. Though all PLO fighters were to have been evacuated, the Israelis charged that 2,000 remained. They allowed Christian militiamen to enter the camps and search for armed Palestinians. In fact, tons of ammunition were found, such as this cache ***(below)****, in a maze of tunnels. But the Christians unleashed their revenge in a bloodbath that left hundreds dead, including women and children, provoking international furor over Israel's tacit role.*

The camps, created after Palestinians fled Israel in 1948, have sprawled into neighborhoods that include a few modern high rises, such as one pulverized as a suspected base for PLO officials ***(right)****.*

Bulldozers manned by French soldiers (who with U. S. Marines and Italian troops comprise the multinational peacekeeping force here) have cleared the nearby streets, at great risk, for the area was heavily mined in the indiscriminate fighting of the late 1970s. When the mines no longer present a danger, the heavy equipment will move on the buildings, bringing down those that are beyond repair.

"When the work here is completed—and we hope to have the center restored within eight years—traffic will no longer be allowed in the Place des Canons," Nammar said. "Only pedestrians. However, there will be facilities for parking under the square."

To the south the mines already have been cleared from the famous racetrack; it will take about 12 million dollars to rebuild the Hippodrome, but surely it will be done. Horse racing is a tradition in Beirut, dating from Turkish rule in the last century, and of all the cities in the Middle East this one moves most to the meter and rhyme of the sporting life.

IT IS GOOD to be able to walk by the sea now and not fear death by a sniper, and good to see men of boardroom demeanor standing before the ruins of the Hotel St. Georges and Phoenicia Intercontinental, Holiday Inn and Hilton, looking and—planning? The fate of the hotels remains uncertain, although it is likely that all but the St. Georges will be reopened. In the new Beirut there will be a promenade along the waterfront in the hotel area, and new construction in the area will be limited to a height of about 50 feet.

The hotels stand now as they did when the fighting in and around them ended in 1976. In one, a large chandelier lies on the lobby floor, its crystal shattered. Nearby is a mass of twisted steel that was once a bank of safe-deposit boxes. Sunlight spills through holes where shells entered, but it is not enough to rid these places of their stygian gloom.

Walking to the top of the Phoenicia, I found broken glass covering the stairs. The doors of most elevators remained jammed with steel bars, but that hadn't stopped advancing militiamen. The Christians were driven from the hotel, and some of those trapped on the top floor, the 18th, were thrown off, down to the blue and white tiles of the swimming pool below. Hypnotically winding down the stairs through air heavy with the cool and musty breath of rubble, I descended not so quickly.

It is one of Beirut's bittersweet ironies that even while the mortars were checking in at the Phoenicia, another luxury hotel was under construction. "We look on this hotel as a declaration of faith in the future of Lebanon," said Khaled Saab, general manager.

It was a year ago when Saab told me that. At that time, his hotel, named Summerland, had been open for only two years. With 151 rooms, five restaurants and an equal number of swimming pools, it represented a 35-million-dollar investment. "Better days will come," Saab said then. "The day will come when the war will end."

Before that day arrived, however, Summerland was heavily damaged (page 270).

It began June 17 of last year, and went on into August. Israeli weapons were aimed at the hotel; there would be little relief. "Every day we had hits," Saab told me. "It came from sea and land and air. We had cluster bombs, torpedoes, rockets, everything. One 500-pound bomb fell at the entrance."

In all, 119 shells struck the hotel. Not a single room escaped damage. "And why?" Saab asked. "There were no PLO fighters here, not even any Palestinian refugees."

With damage running to ten million dollars, was Summerland still an expression of faith in Lebanon's future? Khaled Saab turned in his chair to a window. "Look out there," he said. "The proof is before you."

Dozens of workers were cleaning up, hammering, sawing, plastering, painting—rebuilding Summerland for a scheduled reopening date of May 2 this year. "It came at a very high price," Saab said, "but we have in our hands now the chance of a lifetime, to take Beirut, almost a ghost town, and flatten it down and rebuild. As for the hotel industry, it was the first to suffer in this war, and it will be the last to recover. But it will recover. Lebanon will once again lead the Arab world, not only in services, but in tourism as well."

Beirut has already resumed its role as a leading banker to the Arab Middle East, and now there are 95 houses of finance in

Spared war's jackhammer destruction, *a museum-quality collection of art that encompasses Greek crosses, Roman statues, and Chinese porcelains is still displayed by 82-year-old banker Henri Pharaon in his mansion, a veritable Arabic palace. "I tried to make my house what I wanted Lebanon to be," says the Greek Catholic and former minister of state who helped guide Lebanon to UN membership.*

the city as compared to 81 before the fighting started. Indeed, the Lebanese pound has remained strong, defying the logic of sound economics. From 1943, when the nation won independence from France, until 1975, there was not one year of deficit here.

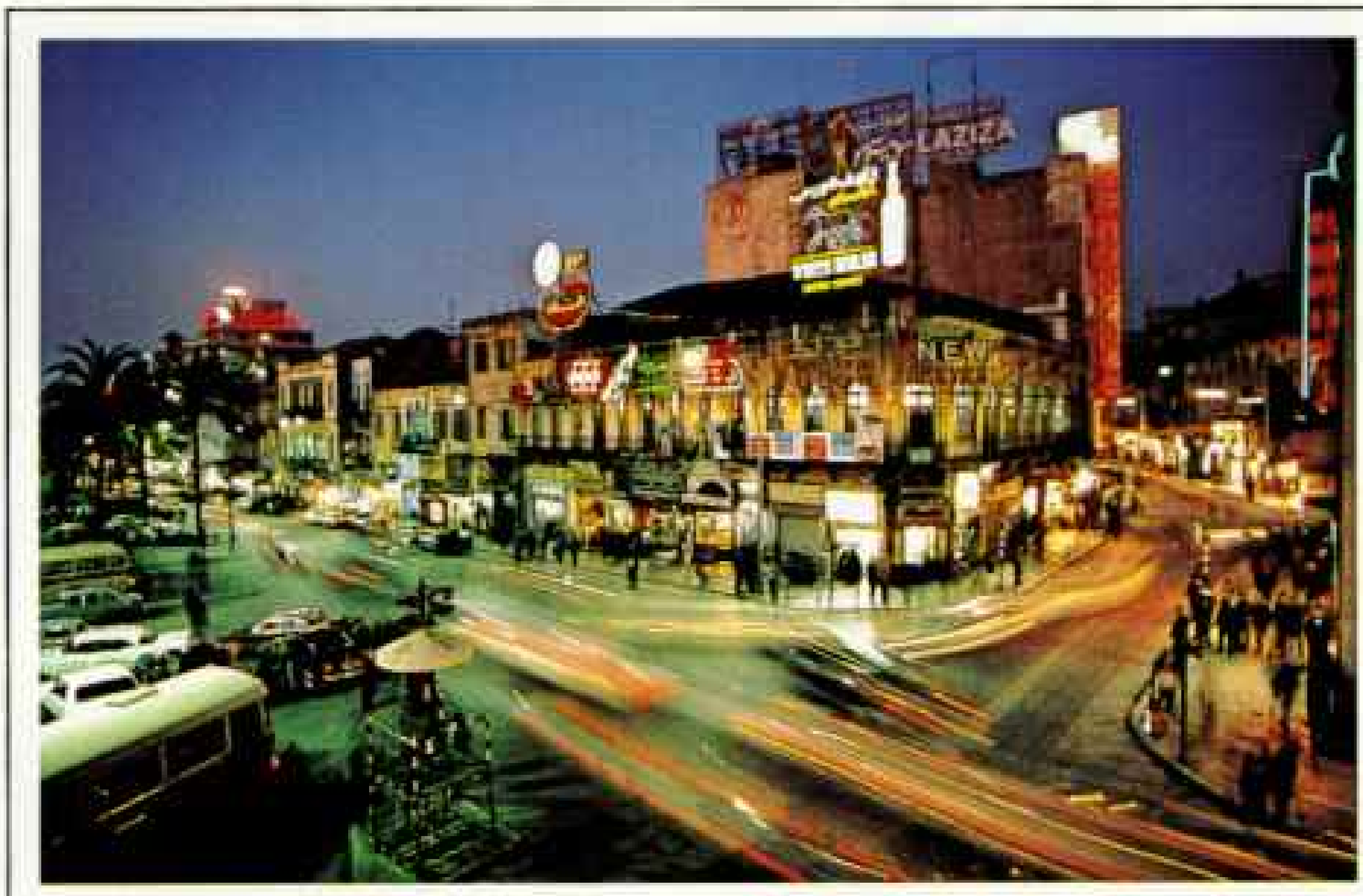
Bank deposits now total more than eight billion dollars, double those of 1974. As late as 1981 there was a favorable balance of payments, and that in a country where few residents pay income taxes and more than half of all consumer goods are imported.

That is not to say that Lebanon prospered in the marketplace of anarchy and killing. But given the depth of the tragedy here, anything less than total collapse of the state seems surprising.

ALTHOUGH HEAVILY burdened with financial and other problems, the educational and medical facilities here, led by the American University of Beirut and its hospital, continue to offer high-quality care of the mind and body. (Five ministers of Bahrain are AUB graduates.)

The university is not as international as it once was, for it has been difficult to attract students and faculty members from abroad. Now under the direction of a new president, Malcolm Kerr, AUB is making strong efforts to regain its internationalism and to renew its status as a premier seat of learning in the Arab world.

There is sadness, though, on that lovely campus that rolls down to the sea in west



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC EDITOR W. E. GARRETT (BELOW); N.G.S. PHOTOGRAPHER GEORGE F. MOBLEY (ABOVE)

Bright lights *of the Place des Canons (Place des Martyrs), seen here on an evening in May 1969, winked out when the fashionable square (***top***) became a civil-war shooting gallery. Christian forces manned one side, Muslims the other. Millions of rounds later, French troops patrol the former no-man's-land (***above***), now reopened. To reconstruct the city's heart, Beirut's governor, Mitri Nammar, standing, and chief engineer Joseph Abdel Ahad (***right***) study blueprints drawn up in 1977 but repeatedly shelved when violence flared anew.*

Make-believe conquers *the tools of war as Muslim children clamber over an abandoned antiaircraft gun. Discarded shells around the gun may still be live, like the explosive grievances and vengeance harbored by many of Beirut's factions. Will there at last come a consensus that a time to bomb must give way to a time to rebuild?*

Beirut. Last summer, during the Israeli siege of the city, David S. Dodge, acting president of the university, was kidnapped, presumably by militiamen. At this writing, he is still missing.

At the university's hospital, renowned throughout the Middle East for its high standards, it has become difficult to find replacements for the doctors and nurses who left during the war. "We were doing just fine,

and then the war came along," said Munthir Kuzayli, hospital director. "We were so naive. We thought the troubles would be over in a short time. In the first 16 months of fighting, 15,000 casualties came in. We became a field hospital."

In times of fighting, combatants generally respected the AUB hospital grounds. But terror did invade the emergency room, as when militiamen came in to kill a wounded rival, or to shoot up the place as a way of demanding immediate medical attention for one of their own wounded.

The hospital distinguished itself during the long emergency, and when the flow of casualties stopped, it turned again to its role as a training center for health and medical services for all the Middle East.

Along with doctors and nurses and professors, some 300,000 Lebanese left the country

during the war. Many are returning now, coming back with the bags that were packed so hastily for hair-raising escapes by car to Damascus and Amman, or an all-night voyage to Cyprus.

One who didn't leave is Aida Marini, a well-known Lebanese artist. During those eight years, she lived in Christian east Beirut, close to the Green Line. "I couldn't leave," she said. "I would have felt like a deserter." Rather, Aida Marini endured hellish nights of ceaseless shellings. She awoke one morning to find a rifle bullet embedded in the frame of one of her pictures in a hallway.

"One night the noise of the shellings was like disco music—*thump thump thump de thump*. So I got out of bed and started dancing to the tempo of the explosions, and just as I got the most graceful movement, they changed the tempo—*thump de thump thump thump*. I went back to sleep."

Now, Mrs. Marini says, she feels she can leave the country "without guilt." And that is a measure of the healing of Beirut.

FUAD has not returned. He was always on the corner with his pushcart, defending the integrity of his fruit against the insults of the women who told him it was a sin to ask such prices. But his fruit was the best in all Beirut: Apples arranged in a perfect pyramid, each one cushioned on a piece of purple tissue paper, each one buffed to a mirror shine; and oranges sweet of meat and swollen with juice, also displayed with flair, in rows of six, a peddler-poet's sestina in citrus. He was on that corner almost daily for 25 years, and now he is gone.

I learned that Fuad had left in 1981 to live with a daughter in Brazil, and that ten of the women he haggled with all those years had come to the airport to see him off.

Fuad should be back here now, to hear about the plans for the city where he was born—the subway they hope to build one day, the new parks and pedestrian malls, the underground parking, the freeway, the new commercial center. Perhaps he wouldn't understand it all, certainly not the decision against bringing back the trolley cars. But surely Fuad would comprehend the bloom of hope for a city suddenly struck with peace after nearly a decade of tumult.

So that the dream doesn't obscure reality, it must be confined to Beirut. Elsewhere, Lebanon still lies scored and quartered in its dazzling setting of sea and mountains, and valleys through which have passed prophets and armies. Even after Israeli troops withdrew from Beirut last October, as many as 3,000 PLO fighters were believed to have returned to the country and regrouped in the north, around Tripoli. Large numbers of Syrian troops remained in the Bekaa Valley. Israeli forces continued to control the south. There was no letup in the tensions outside Beirut, nor was there likely to be, as long as other nations assign their armies and their proxy wars to Lebanese soil.

More than that, it has now become sharply clear that if Lebanon is to survive as a sovereign nation—if it is to avoid irrevocable partition—accommodations by both Christians and Muslims will have to be made, or, as a wise man I met in Beirut said: "The Maronite Catholic who calls himself a Phoenician will have to become more Arab, and the Sunni and Shiite who call themselves Arabs will have to become more Phoenician." He paused. "If we can do that, if Lebanese citizens give as much loyalty to the government as they do to their clans and sects, we will make it."

MEANWHILE, the heart that is Beirut is on the mend, and the goodness of that is awash in the souls of many:

I went one morning to east Beirut with a friend, a Druze who lived before the war in that Christian section called Ashrafiya. He was born there and was raised in a house with arched windows under which bougainvillea grew. When the fighting started, he had to leave, go to the other side, and the house was taken over by a Christian family he didn't even know.

He looked at the house for a long time from the road where we stood. There was a child playing in the yard. The Druze called him over and said, "Is that your house, boy?" And the boy said it was. "It is not your house. Do you understand, boy? It is not your house!" He was shouting, and the boy began to cry.

He said nothing more, other than, "It's all right," as he swept the boy up in his arms and held him close, rocking from side to side to spill the fear from the small body. □

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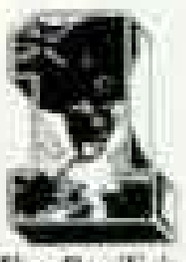

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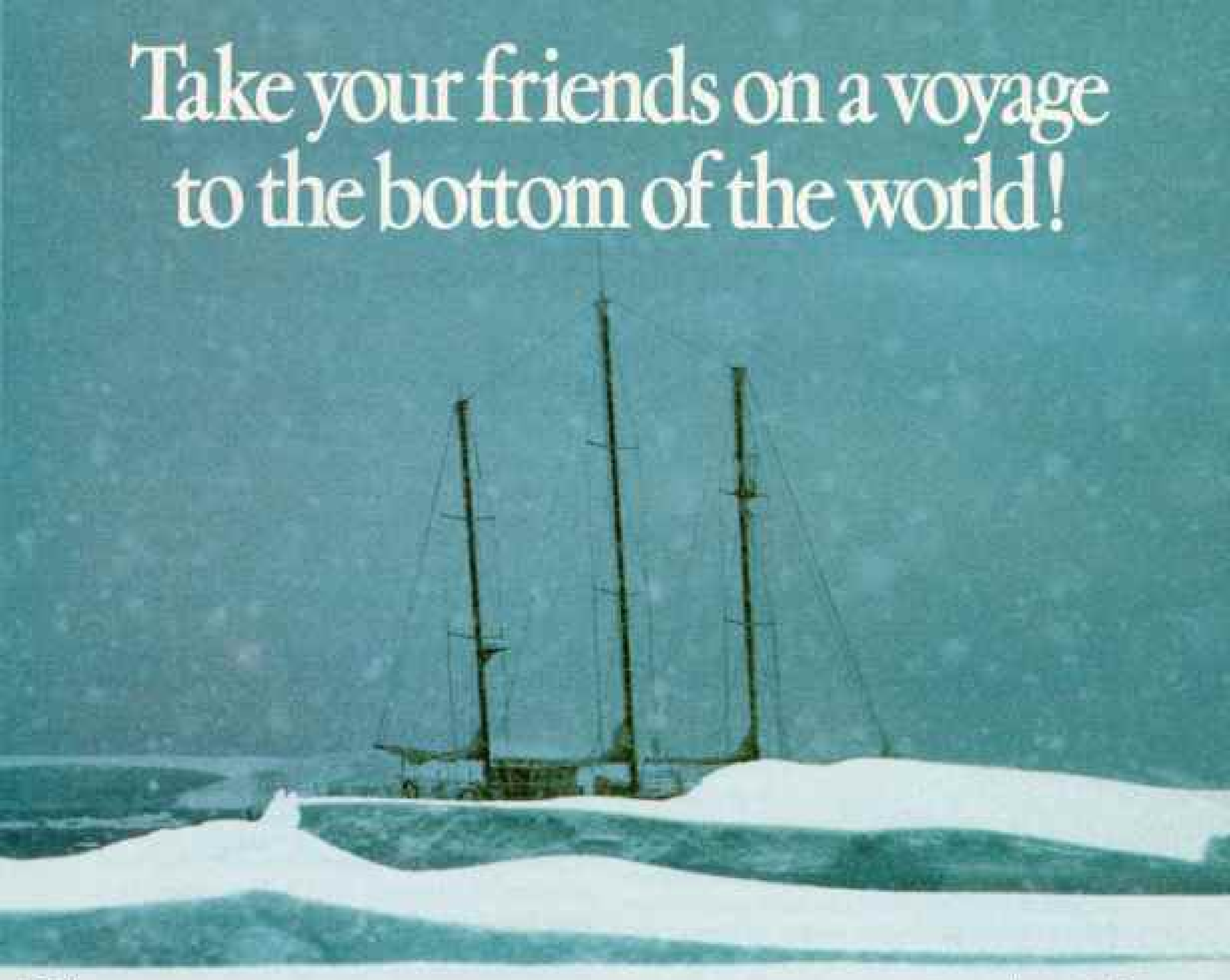

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Members Forum

ANASAZI

I wish to thank you for your story on the Anasazi (November 1982), which touched me deeply. To walk around the ruins and listen to the wind that blows all the time can be the loneliest and most heartbreaking—and most beautiful—moment in a lifetime.

Molly Schneider
Phoenix, Arizona

What may be an interesting footnote was the intrusion into the Anasazi domain by an alien race that built stone towers on the Gallina River northeast of Chaco Canyon around A.D. 1200. This area was researched and reported by Frank C. Hibben many years ago.

Jim Scrugham
Reno, Nevada

Regarding roads, I am led to speculate that the Anasazi would most likely move heavy timbers at night in their hot, arid homeland, probably by point-to-point navigation guided by fires or distant landmarks.

Bonsall D. Johnson
Fort Collins, Colorado

You say the Anasazi legacy leaves questions, and one of them is why the T-shaped doorways (page 559). You have provided your own answer by adding that the people were plagued with arthritis and needed crutches. A T-shaped door with a place where the elbows of people can rest while lifting their bodies and legs over the doorsills is a very practical design.

Orestes Halicki
Oak Park, Illinois

. . . a "swing-through," like parallel bars at a gym.

Allan J. Whitehouse
Butler, Pennsylvania

. . . to allow for entrance when carrying vessels made of basketry?

Ruth Calaverne
Albany, New York

. . . to keep rattlesnakes out and infants in without having constantly to watch them?

Leroy Belland
Mountain View, Missouri

HOPIS

How dare the Hopis practice this inhumane sacrifice of eagles (November 1982)! Religion or no religion, our federal government has no right to condone such action. To senselessly murder these young eagles—and restrict their freedom for months to live on a rooftop—is barbaric.

Amy Dean
Littleton, Massachusetts

Federal law upholds the legal right of Hopis to so use golden eagles. The birds are not officially endangered, but we note that many members have written objecting to the exercise of this right—as they have also about the harvesting of fur seals by Pribilof Islands Aleuts (October 1982).

I know your readers found the Hopi way of life as unique and inspirational as I did during the four years I lived and worked among these people. White-man politics should not be allowed to interfere with these peaceful peoples' legal journey to reclaim and protect their ancestral lands.

Thomas W. Vitz
Corpus Christi, Texas

EL CHICHÓN

"Lakes of dark blue and green water, their temperature an estimated 200°C" (November 1982, page 660). Sixty-five years ago I was taught that water evaporates at the boiling point of 100°C. Has inflation driven the boiling point up, as it has everything else?

Walter Youngman
Seattle, Washington

Since water at lower depths is under increased pressure and often holds dissolved compounds, its temperature can exceed the sea-level boiling point. When it reaches the surface, it boils.

KUBLAI KHAN'S LOST FLEET

The Mongol invasion of Japan in 1281 was inconclusive because of the loss of the fleet and crew at sea (November 1982). The paintings by Issho Yada, however, present a biased effect. One shows the brutality of the Mongol soldiers, and another shows them running away from the Japanese. If the Mongol Army was that cowardly (or the Japanese so courageous), Japan would not have needed the "divine wind" to help her end the invasion.

Isabella Chan
New York, New York

On page 636 Japan's defensive wall is described as being "a massive structure some 2.5 meters high." The picture on page 649 shows the wall

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—Judy Lafferty

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being much higher, possibly 25 meters. Which is in error?

George A. Gimber
Longwood, Florida

The wall was 2.5 meters high. Issho Yada did the paintings in the 19th century, nearly 600 years after the battle. By that time the wall—and the exploits of the defenders—had grown in the Japanese imagination.

Regarding the lost fleet of Kublai Khan, could a possible explanation for the "intriguing" bricks found at the sea bottom be that they had been used on board for building hearths, as was the case on the *Vasa* sunk in Stockholm harbor in the year 1628 and on a Byzantine ship sunk off Asia Minor 1,300 years ago? Wooden ships had to have some kind of insulation around the cooking-fire hearths, and surely the Mongols were as much in need of hot food as any sailors.

Gunnar Glaerum
Oslo, Norway

THE CHIP

As an electronics engineer, I have spent years and much effort explaining integrated circuits and semiconductor devices to lay people. In all my efforts, I've never been able to explain the chip (October 1982) so simply and yet so completely.

Richard Hartley
Columbus, Ohio

If humankind's problems are essentially of the heart and will, human attributes that the machine can only serve, not imitate, I submit that the chip cannot really change our lives at all. Is it not then folly to bow down before the computer, and worse yet, to imitate our own creation in all its dogged specialization?

Earl Nelson
Carrboro, North Carolina

The robot that performed the fitting and spot welding on the bed of a 1982 pickup truck I purchased should have a frontal lobotomy performed on its silicon-chip brain. If that does not cure its criminal propensity for doing bad work, it should be exiled forever to a video arcade in South Succotash.

Anthony J. Centko
Streator, Illinois

As one who has worked diligently at both race walking and computer graphics, I feel sure the stick figure (page 425) you superimposed is the wrong one.

Karl Johansen
Bothell, Washington

You are correct. The point in the stick figure marking the left hip should be ahead (to the right) of the point marking the right hip. Apparently, an inexperienced operator programmed the figure's coordinates incorrectly.

Funny that this came out just a month short of 12 years from your article "Behold the Computer Revolution" (November 1970). Then you showed a photograph of ILLIAC IV being put together. Now you show a photograph of its being taken apart, because it has become obsolete.

Gregory Morrow
Cumberland Center, Maine

THAILAND

The bridge shown (October 1982, page 519) does not span the Kwai River but the Meklong River. The railroad followed the course of the Kwai after it crossed the Meklong at Tamarkan, the site of one of the POW camps where I spent time as a prisoner of the Japanese.

Willem Maugenest
Houston, Texas

The Mae Klong, or Meklong, is also known as the Khwae Yai or Kwai above its confluence with the Khwae Noi (map, page 506). The bridge crosses above the confluence, and the railroad then follows the Khwae Noi.

BAHAMAS

In the article (September 1982) there was an account of the "chickcharneys" of Andros and the effect they were supposed to have had on the fortunes of Neville Chamberlain. It is now generally accepted that the chickcharney was a species of giant barn owl (some say flightless). There are reports that this owl existed within living memory, but it is now extinct. You can imagine the effect such a large, pale, three-toed bird with almost human features would have on the Andros inhabitant who happened to spot it in the dim light of the forest!

W. H. Sweeting
Nassau, Bahamas

Ornithologist Storrs L. Olson says that while the owl might have given rise to the legend if the species survived until recent centuries, the bird was certainly not flightless.

Letters should be addressed to ***Members Forum****, National Geographic Magazine, Box 37448, Washington, D. C. 20013, and should include sender's address and telephone number. Not all letters can be used. Those that are will often be edited and excerpted.*

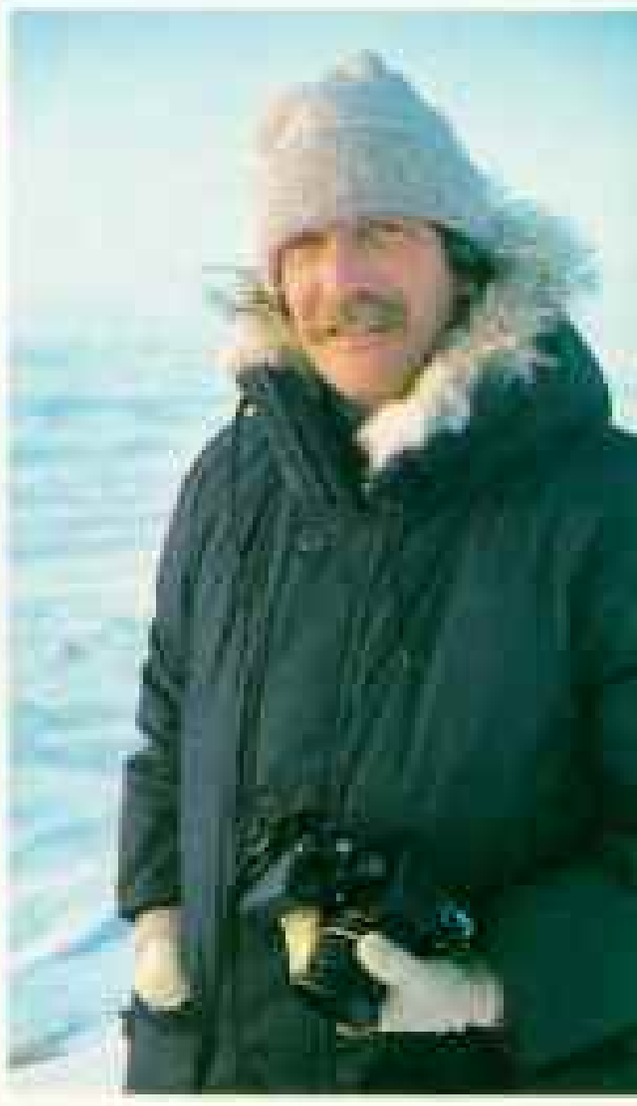
On Assignment

NATURE HAD THE UPPER HAND when staff writer ***Priit Vesilind*** (***left***) found himself stuck in the middle of a whiteout in Chevak, Alaska. "It was like being suspended in a bottle of skimmed milk," he recalls of the arctic storm that turned everything dead white and obliterated the horizon. The weather grounded him for three days. He had originally intended to stay only a half day.

"It was senseless to try to stick to a tight itinerary," says Vesilind, who tallied 120 flights in his swing from Alaska to Lapland. "Fortunately, no one gets upset if you're stranded. Everyone hangs loose and just carries an extra toothbrush and a sleeping bag." His previous assignments have included the greener—but no more predictable—pastures of Estonia, East and West Berlin, Helsinki, and Tahiti.

With Vesilind on the Alaskan and western Canadian legs of his coverage was staff photographer ***David Alan Harvey*** (***right***), just back from assignment to the steamy climate and politics of Kampuchea (May 1982). In Barrow, Alaska, he watched and waited ten straight days and nights with harpoon-armed Eskimo whale hunters. The vigil was interrupted only by brief naps. "They never got a strike," he says. "But I really admired their extraordinary patience."

In Greenland, Vesilind linked up with photographer ***Ivars Silis***. To record Inuit sea hunters, Silis used a gift kayak tailored to his six-foot, one-inch frame (***below***, at left). "The most difficult thing is getting in and out. You have to pull the kayak on like a tight pair of pants," he says. Latvian-born Silis moved to Greenland in 1964 as a geophysicist, but later traded in his seismographic recording devices for a camera. He is married to an Inuit artist.



A true son of the north, author ***Yuri Rytkheu***—shown feasting on a reindeer farm in the Soviet Arctic (***bottom left*** at far left)—grew up on the Chukchi Peninsula in a walrus-skin hut lit by oil lamp.

While a student at Leningrad State University, he learned that courtship dictated the gift of flowers, about which he knew nothing. He presented a showy bouquet to his sweetheart and got a burst of laughter in return for his batch of potato-plant tops. Born in 1930, he is a member of the Union of Soviet Writers, and his works deal exclusively with the amiable folkways of the north rather than the harsher realities of Soviet Siberia. He became an author, he says, because "I wanted to picture my people from the inside, as one of them."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: DAVID ALAN HARVEY (TOP LEFT); PRIIT J. VESILIND (TOP RIGHT); DEAN CONGER (ABOVE); IVARS SILIS

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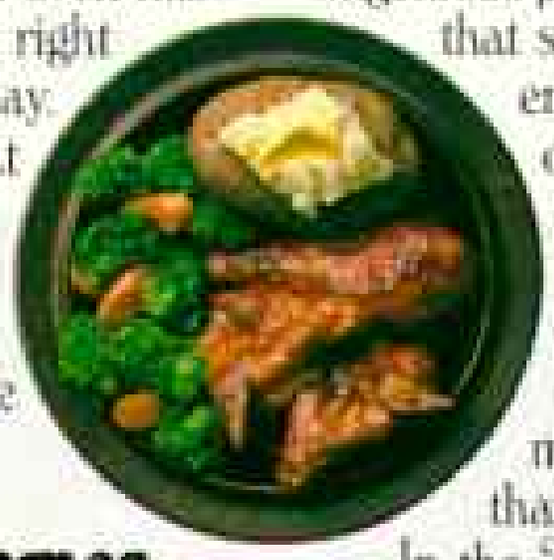

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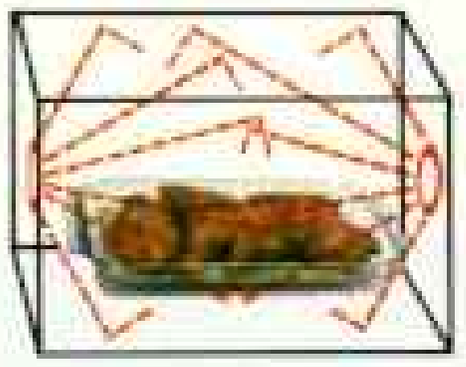

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Photographed by Franz J. Camenzind. ***Black-footed Ferret:*** *Genus: Mustela Species: nigripes*
Adult size: *41cm long with 15cm tail* ***Adult weight:*** *0.681—1.589kg*
Habitat: *Known to live among prairie dog towns in the plains of western USA*
Surviving number: *Estimated 50—60*

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For a long time, the black-footed ferret was thought by many to have become extinct. In fact, it was just over a year ago that this rarest of North American mammals was sighted again after almost a decade.

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