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Rebecca Maeve Hartwell grew up unschooled on a horse ranch in the Nevada mountains, immersed in her own world of fantasy. Playing dress-up with elaborate backstories, building forts and inventing entire fictional wars in which to defend them, devouring library books, or even directing friends in plays and home movies she scripted, everything was a story, and everyone was a character in them. Despite this, she never considered a career in writing until her mid-twenties, instead indulging her love for plots and magic through re-enactment, acting, and escaping bad situations through daydreams. It was in the darkest moments in her life that the seeds for the first novel she wrote were planted, and she became an author in the hopes of helping others to escape, survive, recover, and thrive, just as the stories of others helped her to. Rebecca lives and writes in Maine with her two cats. She enjoys Lindy Hop swing dancing, sewing costumes, and long drives in the dark with just the right music playing. Sexual Sadist And Cold-Blooded Killer Robert Ben Rhoades Was A Travelin' Man, Until... By Karen Brandel Well, at that particular time, when I shined the flashlight inside the vehicle, the woman screamed and I saw a momentary illumination of a man's face with the flashlight. That's when this series of events started, and there was no stopping any of the events that happened. --DPS Officer Mike Miller, State of Arizona vs. Robert Ben Rhoades The Peterbilt semi-tractor rig was pointed toward Tucson in the dark, early morning hours of April 1, 1990. Arizona State Trooper Mike Miller wondered if the trucker was having difficulty, because the rig, its hazard lights flashing, was parked on a curb off Interstate 10, just at the city limits of Casa Grande. Those lights nagged at Miller. His decision to stop that morning came just in the nick of time; it was the first in a horrifying chain of events. As Miller opened the Peterbilt's cab, he couldn't imagine time depravity he was about to find, nor could he know that blood had spilled well beyond Arizona's borders. Subsequently, the details of two separate kidnappings in different states emerged, gradually fitting like transparencies over a savage homicide in yet another state. Then, evidence that was tagged for destruction in Arizona would be salvaged and yield crucial information. Only much later would weary investigators marvel at how it all came together. They still wonder about the 50 skeletonized bodies strewn across America that they can't rule out. They only know for sure that Robert Ben Rhoades killed, and cruelly relished it, long before they ever caught up with him. Although they're still waiting for Rhoades to talk, authorities believe his is a classic case of sexual sadism; they say this frightening psychological disorder is being seen in greater numbers. Officer Miller took his flashlight and walked around the truck, looking for the driver. He noticed some commotion within the rig, so he stepped up on the runner to look inside the sleeper cab. His breath caught when he saw a nude woman shackled and chained to the wall. She screamed frantically when she saw him, and Miller saw a man scramble through the curtains separating the sleeper cab from the front seats. Trying to maintain calm as the woman kept screaming, Miller lurched to the driver's side of the truck and ordered the man out. He complied, calmly assuring Miller everything was all right. The man also informed Miller he was carrying a gun. "It's the good guys who tell you they have a weapon," recalls Miller. "He was so smooth, yet that woman was terrified. I didn't know what I had on my hands." The trucker's cool composure and the woman's terrified shrieks were more than Miller could attend to at once. So he went by the book: He took the trucker's wrists and handcuffed them behind his back, then seatbelted him in the patrol car. With the man out of the way, Miller returned to the woman and saw she was badly wounded. She bore mean red welts on her body and cuts on her mouth. She had a horse bridle strapped around her neck and a long chain padlocked to the horse bit. Her hands and ankles were handcuffed. Seeing all this, Miller called the city of Casa Grande for back-up. Miller tried to cover the young woman's body until help arrived. He couldn't console her--she was terrified the trucker would return. And with good reason, Miller discovered. The trucker had managed, Houdini-like, to get his hands down to his feet and bring them up so that the cuffs were now in front of him. In that amount of time, he'd also unfastened the seatbelt. Unnerved, Miller realized the trucker could've killed him, climbed back into his rig and disappeared into the sparse but anonymous traffic on I-10. Miller was relieved when Officer Robert Gygax of the Casa Grande Police Department pulled up behind him. Gygax freed the woman with the handcuff keys Miller managed to find inside the trucker's pocket. She was taken to the Casa Grande Police station. At the station, 27-year-old Katie Ford (not her real name) finally began to feel safe. After her injuries were photographed, she readily gave information about her attacker, who'd been identified as Robert Ben Rhoades, of Houston, Texas. In a videotaped interview, Ford told Detective Rick Barnhart that Rhoades had picked her up at Rip Griffin's truckstop, just north of Phoenix. She often hitched rides in order to visit friends, she said, adding Rhoades had been very polite at the truckstop. She'd been asleep when he stopped the truck, shoved her into the sleeper cab and shackled her. He took his torture items from a briefcase, she said. She'd been tortured on and off since he picked her up earlier that day. Long red welts from a vicious whipping covered her chest and back . Rhoades told her his name was "Whips and Chains," and she correctly took this to mean this was his CB radio nickname. He also told her he'd been doing this for 15 years. Barnhart asked if she'd been raped and noted that Ford hesitated before stating she'd been rescued just in time. Barnhart doubted that, because her injuries were severe and the photos revealed her nipples and labia had been punctured with sharp objects. Before the interview ended, Ford told Barnhart that Rhoades "got off" on the torture. It was about 3 a.m. as Barnhart prepared to question Rhoades. The detective looked over some of the evidence, especially the well-stocked briefcase. "He took good care of the contents of that briefcase," recalls Barnhart. "There were alligator clips, leashes, handcuffs, whips, pins and dildos. It was just very well cared for and everything was placed neatly. I knew I had a serial rapist because of all that, and I suspected he might also have killed someone." Rhoades entered the interview room while the video camera was rolling. He stretched out comfortably on the couch and yawned. He spent a long time explaining how the woman they'd found in his truck was "not playing with a full deck," that he was tired and never had the time or inclination to screw around while on the road. Barnhart had no way of knowing that not half a month before this interview, Rhoades had managed to steal huge chunks of time for his sadism, nor did he know the extreme to which Rhoades took it. Rhoades continued to explain the term "lot lizard," or women who loiter around truck stops. "That's what that woman is," he claimed. Barnhart sensed Rhoades was trying to act chummy with him when he chortled that you just don't get involved with the women at truckstops "unless you want your dick to fall off, you know." But Barnhart wanted an explanation for the woman's injuries. He conducted the interview carefully, frequently asking if Rhoades wanted to stop. Rhoades kept talking, like an experienced damage-control expert, all around the subject. Finally, he made a crease in the couch with his hand. "I took you up to the point where I stopped the truck. Now, I'm not gonna cross that line. I stopped the truck." Barnhart photographed Rhoades' injuries on his arm and flank, after Rhoades asked if a lawyer would allow that. After Barnhart left the room, Rhoades took a deep drag on his cigarette and winced as he patted the bite wound on his left flank that Ford had managed to give him. Barnhart was disturbed by the interview. Rhoades acted so normal and had a knack for persuasion. He acted as if this nasty business of the shackled woman in his truck had been her own doing, that it had been his bad luck to offer the crazy woman a ride. If there hadn't been so much physical evidence, including a live, screaming victim, it would've be easy to imagine Rhoades talking himself out of lots of questionable situations. As Rhoades was being booked for aggravated assault, sexual assault and unlawful imprisonment, Barnhart sent a teletype nationwide, and faxed a letter to a superior court judge in Florence, Arizona, to detain Rhoades at least until some information came in. Then Barnhart called the Houston Police Department, since Rhoades lived there. It wasn't long before Detective R. E. Bomar called Barnhart to relate the details of a similar kidnapping in Houston--a kidnapping in which Rhoades was involved. In that case, Rhoades kept the 18-year-old woman about two weeks, then clipped her hair short and shaved her pubic hair. She, too, had been systematically tortured, and Rhoades had talked to her about killing her. She escaped when Rhoades forgot to close the handcuff that kept her chained inside the truck. The Houston victim had described the truck and its driver to the police, but when two officers brought her face to face with the detained trucker--Rhoades--the victim looked at the ground and said he was not her attacker. The officers couldn't detain Rhoades any longer. Only later did the woman tell them the man they'd stopped was indeed her attacker, but she'd been too afraid. After weeks of torture at his hands, she said, in her mind there weren't enough officers around to protect her. That case never went anywhere because the victim seemed too iffy. Both of Rhoades' known victims were especially vulnerable: Either they'd had emotional upsets at the time they were abducted, were very young and naive, or had physical afflictions like dyslexia. Two victims in two different states, both with similar tales of unbelievable torture at this man's hands, thought Barnhart. He called the Phoenix FBI office, and from there the growing file on Rhoades went to the Houston FBI office, where it was assigned to Special Agent Bob Lee. When Lee reviewed the two kidnapped victims' accounts of the methodical torture they endured, and viewed the contents of Rhoades' briefcase--it was the most refined "rape kit" agents had ever seen--he saw a classic profile of a sexual sadist. "Sexual sadists start off with a limited rape kit, as we call it," explained Lee. "Because his was so refined, we knew he'd been doing this for a long time." Lee immediately wanted to search Rhoades' Houston apartment, since sexual sadists--defined as those who become aroused by their victim's suffering--often keep journals, photos and other items to help them re-live their exploits. He found out the apartment was leased only to Rhoades. But Rhoades' apartment manager was nosy, and had entered his apartment. What she told Lee made him more determined to get a search warrant. She'd seen handcuffs, whips, bondage magazines and women's clothing strewn over the floor. The manager also told Lee that a woman claiming to be Rhoades' wife had recently visited, saying that Rhoades had just called her and instructed her to clear everything out of the apartment. Lee smiled. Rhoades obviously had some secrets in there. But Lee had to get a behavioral sciences expert from FBI headquarters in Quantico, Virginia, to explain to a judge the reasons he needed a search warrant. The search was granted. On April 6, agents swarmed into Rhoades' apartment while other agents tracked down his wife. The agents removed all the bondage material, women's clothing, make-up, and a bunch of white towels, one of which was saturated with blood. Rhoades liked his white towels. Both kidnap victims related that he placed a white towel beneath them before starting his sexual torture. On one wall was a large poster, a blow-up of a Santana album cover that looks like a lion but on closer examination reveals many faces of contorted agony. Agents also seized photographs, many of a young teenager with very short hair in various stages of undress--always shackled and handcuffed. She must have been with him for some time, Lee realized, because some of the photos revealed old bruises near her breasts, and shaved pubic hair in various stages of regrowth. In some photos, she had a vacant stare, while in others she looked tearful and scared. The photos bothered Lee. He couldn't ask for help in identifying the girl because she may have been a willing partner in the sadistic sexual acts. In that event, broadcasting her picture would violate her rights. It was a legal obstacle that Lee couldn't circumvent, but in his gut, he knew the girl was a victim and he wanted to find her. Lee is a burly man with a serious demeanor softened only by his pleasant Texas drawl. It's clear the photos he seized on April 6, 1990, still bother him. Maybe more so, for now he knows what happened. "Back then," Lee explains, waving his arm about the expansive Houston FBI office, "this place didn't have these dividers. It was like a bullpen, and you could hear other agents discussing their cases." It was nearly a year after the apartment search when Lee heard Special Agent Mark Young talking about a homicide in rural Illinois. The victim was found in a barn loft, when a farmer decided to take one last look through the decaying wooden structure before having it burned. To the farmer's horror, he discovered a desiccated body. Young had the case because it had been confirmed that the 14-year-old victim, identified through dental records as Regina Walters, of Pasadena, Texas, was last seen in February, 1990, near Houston with her boyfriend, Ricky Lee Jones. "The FBI entered the case in early 1991 because she was apparently kidnapped from the Houston area," Young explained. "I studied the crime scene photos--she'd been strangled with bailing wire that was attached to a wooden beam. The wire had been twisted many times beyond the point needed for death. Her hair was very short, and the forensic report told me something invaluable: Her pubic hair had been shaved prior to death. This was the signature aspect of the killer I would be looking for." Behavioral experts like Young take pains to distinguish the difference between M.O. (Modus Operandi) and signature aspect, or ritual. The M.O., which can be anything from the approach the offender takes to lure a victim or the type of binding material he uses, is something that changes, usually every 3 to 4 months as the offender becomes more experienced. But the signature aspect--that which gives him psychosexual gratification--never changes. In this case, it was the cutting of the victims' head hair and shaving the pubic hair that served some need. Although there are some classic sadists in custody who've talked about their criminal acts, they've never discussed the bizarre individual rituals that accompany their crimes. "The law enforcement folks in Illinois thought their best suspect was the boyfriend, 18-year-old Ricky Lee Jones," Young said. "But based on my profiling experience, I knew her killer was older, had more fetishes, and was a traveler. The people in Illinois and I exchanged some words, there was a lot of tension. Time was passing and they understandably wanted to find the killer of Regina Walters and clear the case. They couldn't understand why I couldn't locate the boyfriend. I strongly suspected then, and still do, that he's dead." Jones, of Houston, had some minor brushes with the law, but was described by friends as rather meek. He and some siblings were removed from their home by Child Protective Services when he was younger. According to friends, he was infatuated with Regina Walters, but didn't know she was only 14. A friend told police the two were in love, and were hitch-hiking to Mexico. Jones has not been found, and his family never reported him as missing. It's his sad epitaph that he was charged in absentia in Bond County, Illinois, for the murder of the girl he loved--Regina Walters. IN RECALLING THE case on Rhoades, agents Lee and Young stop a moment and look at each other, puzzled. "I don't know exactly how we teamed up," says Lee. "I heard him talking about his own case and knew that he should see the file on my kidnapping cases, including the photos I seized from Rhoades' apartment." By October 1991, Young looked over some of the photos in Lee's file on Rhoades. He saw the red welts on Ford's back and chest. Her hair was dark brown and long. The other kidnap victim in Rhoades' file though, had short, clipped head hair. Astonished, Young saw that her pubic hair was shaved, just like the late Regina Walters' had been. Lee had to rush to court, but he assured Young there were more photos. The other photos were of a young, nude teenager with short hair. She had a choke chain around her neck and was shackled and handcuffed. This was the girl Lee wanted to find. Young thought she resembled the photograph he had of Regina Walters, his homicide victim, but he couldn't be sure because she had long hair in his photo. He blocked part of a photo and showed it to the girl's father, who sadly nodded it was his daughter. There were three birthmarks on her neck that also matched. In an especially cruel twist, Regina Walters' father had received anonymous phone calls, both at work and at his unlisted home number, a month after her disappearance. The caller told Walters, "I made some changes. I cut her hair." He also told Walters that his daughter was in a barn loft, and when Walters asked if she was alive, the caller hung up. The calls, made over a two-day period, were traced to Oklahoma City the first day, and to Ennis, Texas, the next day. Though the phone calls will forever haunt Walters, they would also come back to haunt the over-confident Rhoades. Among the photos of Regina Walters seized from Rhoades' apartment were a series in which she wore a black dress, oversized black high heels and a terrified expression. She was made to pose in front of and inside an old barn. Experts compared these photos with those from the crime scene in Illinois and were able to conclude it was the same barn. Now, years later, agents Young and Lee open the photo album, Rhoades' own chronicle of the torture he inflicted on the teenager. The harsh fluorescent lights of the Houston office bring even the dimmest photos into crisp focus. "It was eerie," says Young, "because one of the crime scene photos was taken from the same angle as one of Rhoades' photos, and the position of the body was the same." Lee points to one of the photos in which the teenager appears in despair. "These guys usually tell their victims what they're going to do ahead of time," he says tersely, before firmly shutting the photo album. After linking Rhoades to Regina Walters, agents Young and Lee worked together. They notified Illinois, since Rhoades would have to be tried for the murder of the Walters girl in Bond County, where the body was found. "I called Arizona, where Rhoades had been sentenced to six years for the kidnapping of Katie Ford in Casa Grande," says Young. "He was about to begin a work-furlough program. We wanted the evidence that was seized from the truck, and to my amazement, it was tagged for destruction!" They managed to salvage the evidence, and among the items recovered was a notebook belonging to Regina Walters. In it were the unlisted phone numbers of her father, along with the phone numbers of her mother, grandmother and friends. This explained how Rhoades was able to call her father. The agents compared Rhoades' trucking logs with the dates of the traced phone calls. The first call to Regina's father was from a pay phone at a truckstop in Oklahoma City on March 16. On that day, Rhoades had fueled up his rig at the same truckstop. The next day, Rhoades had been in Ennis, Texas, the logs revealed. In the notebook, someone had scrawled a message "Ricky is a dead man" and crudely drawn a picture of a gun and drops of blood. There were also cryptic notations that seemed to indicate directions and other unknown meanings, such as "water tank, Fun and Hide." Rhoades' wife was shown the handwriting and identified it as her husband's. It wasn't until early 1992 that the Bond County, Illinois, state attorney was convinced there was sufficient evidence against Rhoades. In September, 1992, Rhoades was shown all the evidence against him by his court-appointed attorneys, who wanted to negotiate a plea agreement in order to spare him the death sentence. Rhoades became convinced the case against him was solid, pled guilty to killing Regina Walters, and received a sentence of life without the possibility of parole. Rhoades' trucking log had already been analyzed at the National Center for the Analysis of Violent Crime (VICAP) at FBI headquarters in Quantico, and skeletonized bodies had indeed been found in areas where Rhoades had traveled. "We're positive he's killed before," Young states firmly. "Killers like Rhoades often pick on vulnerable, anonymous people who won't be reported missing immediately. The skeletonized bodies are found, and nobody knows what really happened." Along with Regina Walters and Ricky Jones, there were udoubtedly many others who couldn't imagine the truck coming around the bend was equipped for the cross-country murder binges of its driver. The task still remaining is to eliminate which bodies cannot be attributed to Rhoades. Young thinks Rhoades increased his savage activity until he was kidnapping and murdering about three girls a month in early 1990. In late 1989 and early 1990, Rhoades had job assignments that brought him to Tucson or neighboring cities 36 times. Sadists like Rhoades are of special interest to behavioral experts like Roy Hazelwood, formerly of the FBI's Behavioral Sciences Unit and now with the prestigious Academy Group in Manassas, Virginia. The interest stems from the fact that sexual sadists are seen in growing numbers. Hazelwood, a chain-smoker in loose-fitting expensive suits, is quick to share the information experts have compiled, but only with a disclaimer of sorts: "We can give you facts. We can tell you what occupations they probably have, their marital status, what branch of the military they served in, even what kind of sexual dysfunction each one has--based on the crime scene. This is all based on cases, crime-scene investigation and experience. What we can't tell you is why, or how they got that way." The uninterpreted facts are amazing: Nearly 100 percent of sexual sadists studied so far--only 30--have been Caucasian males. One case involved an African-American adopted at birth by a white couple. Of the sadists who'd served in the military, they'd overwhelmingly been in the ground forces. Most had occupations that involved contact with the public. Excessive driving, or driving with no clear goal, or driving long distances, characterized 40 percent of the men. Eighty-three percent collected items related to sexual or violent themes, or both. The most common collectible is pornography, followed by guns, bondage paraphernalia and detective magazines. Nearly 75 percent murdered a victim. Close to half were married at the time of their known offenses, usually to a "compliant partner," who is the victim of many of the sadist's tortures, which he later plays out to the extreme with strangers. Debbie was Rhoades' third wife and stayed married to him for several years. According to Rhoades' statement, that marriage was his first foray into what he considered merely kinky sex. Debbie told agents she thought it was far more than kinky. She says she felt awful about going along with the physically painful perversions, but as her self-esteem plummeted, she just acquiesced. She now wonders, as do the federal agents, how many others died at Rhoades' hands. "He killed a 14-year-old," she says today. "I have a 14-year-old daughter myself." She credits Hazelwood for being the first to make her realize it wasn't her fault. But Hazelwood gave her some impressions to think about. "He told me that my ex-husband is the essence of evil. I wonder how I could have loved the essence of evil." Meanwhile, Agents Lee and Young in Texas, and Detective Barnhart and Officer Miller in Arizona, have had time to contemplate the nature of the evil that touched their lives. Lee and Young have teamed up, not by coincidence this time, on a similar case. Barnhart is still struck by how normal Rhoades seemed, how smooth-talking and at-ease he was even under threatening circumstances. He points to Rhoades on the video, taken right after Miller had arrested him in April, 1990. "Does he look evil to you? Not at all. That's how he got away with it." Barnhart studies Rhoades on the video--the gestures, the easy laughter--and shakes his head: "Thank God for Mike Miller." Page 2 YOU HAVE TO hand it to the Arizona Legislature for blowing a couple million bucks on a presidential primary to benefit a candidate who couldn't even last through New Hampshire. Last year, state lawmakers created next Tuesday's primary after a lot of arm-twisting by Sen. John McCain and bankrupt Gov. J. Fife Symington III, who had cooked up a scheme to give Phil Gramm's campaign a boost after an expected trouncing in the Granite State. As it worked out--another credit to the political instincts of our GOP leadership--Gramm was so repulsive to the average voter that he didn't even register in Arizona polls. By the time he dropped out of the race, Gramm had about as much chance to win this farce as O.J. Simpson did. Well, Phil, you know what they say: It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. So without Gramm, who's left? Well, there's bleeding Sen. Bob Dole, who's just seen New Hampshire slip right out of his fingers. It must be hell to be Dole--all those times around the Beltway, and he still can't get more than 30 percent of the vote in his own party. The quintessential Washington insider, Dole likes to stress that he's been "tested," but that experience has become a gigantic albatross around his neck. Dole is the victim of 1994's GOP revolution, with all its throw-the-bums-out fervor. As the Republicans are now learning, whipping up that kind of anti-incumbent karma can leave you reaping the whirlwind. In this case, the whirlwind--perhaps a more appropriate term would be maelstrom--is populist avenger and budding fascist Pat Buchanan. We have to confess: When Pat talks about stopping CEOs from giving themselves million-dollar bonuses for shipping U.S. jobs overseas, we can't help but agree. Right on, Pat! But then we realize we're the sort of troublemaking liberal scum he'd like to herd into relocation camps with working moms, mud people, doctors who perform abortions and anyone else who deviates from the standard missionary position--and the luster starts to fade. Here's an example of how absurd the presidential selection process has become:Pat managed to pull off an upset in New Hampshire by a couple thousand votes and now he's claiming a mandate. Meanwhile, the party establishment is beginning to worry he might really have one. Pat is supposed to be riding in our rodeo parade on Thursday, February 22, which is fitting when you consider that he's fighting to return the country to the 19th century. It's even money as to who'll spread more horseshit--Buchanan or all the animals in the parade. The other beneficiary of Dole's collapsing support is former Tennessee Gov. Lamar Alexander, who's got a plaid shirt and a vague notion he'd like to turn over all the money spent on social programs to local charities to dole (if you'll pardon the expression) out as they see fit. Sounds like he put a lot more thought into his wardrobe than his platform. Then there's Steve "Fading" Forbes, the gazillionaire whose primary promise was to cut his own taxes at the expense of most Americans. Here's a guy who hires two of the most vicious thugs in politics away from Jesse Helms, spends the gross national product of Japan on attack ads and then complains he's the victim of negative campaigning. His spots have been so relentless we're hoping we'll be able to get a V-chip installed in our tubes just to screen out his mind-numbing crap. And these are the serious contenders--remember the other stiffs in the race? Dick Lugar? His biggest moment came when he aired an ad showing him saving the world--and a cute little girl--from nuclear terrorists. That's a real issue these days--if you live in terror of the Goldwater Jihad. Bob Dornan? Nevermind what automatic weapons editor Emil Franzi says elsewhere on this page--B-1 Bobby is one mean-spirited warmongering sonofabitch. The big surprise is that he's coming off as the statesman in this clusterfuck. Alan Keyes? Hell of an orator, for someone who's convinced God commanded him to seek the nomination. Keyes hasn't let a complete absence of support dissuade him from campaigning, proving again that the Lord works in mysterious ways. Morry Taylor? He's another one of these millionaires with no political experience who has bought his way into the race. Screw that seven-year bullshit--Taylor says he'll balance the budget in 18 months by slashing the federal workforce by a third. That's sure to stabilize the country. Of course, not all these folks may be familiar to you, since we haven't seen much of them. They've been busy campaigning in Iowa and New Hampshire--a wrinkle our state Legislature never considered when they decided to blow the bucks on this sham. You can't campaign two places at once, so we've been treated to TV ads rather than actual appearances (which has been a real windfall for TV stations). Hell, we haven't seen a single campaign sign in Pima County, which goes to show you how excited rank-and-file Republicans are over these stiffs. We're guessing turn-out is going to be 15 percent, tops. Pathetic candidates, backward policies, a fractured party and voter apathy--Republicans have come a long way since that big win in November 1994. We can't wait for the GOP convention. By Emil Franzi ARIZONA REPUBLICANS ARE about to face the difficult decision of voting in a presidential pseudo-primary that was created by the state's party leadership for the sole purpose of boosting the candidacy of a man who is no longer a candidate, Sen. Phil Gramm, R-Soft Porn. As a basic right-wing nut, I have a dilemma. All these guys are trying to tell me how conservative they are, but there's really only one genuine article on the ballot--California Congressman Bob Dornan. Forget Pat Buchanan. Mr. America-First had his ass caught driving a Mercedes in New Hampshire last time. And his economic policies are a strange blend of Albert Speer and John L. Lewis. And forget Alan Keyes. He had some high-falutin' job with the Foreign Service back when Dornan was still fighting for the B-1 Bomber--a fight he waged so powerfully that he's still known by the nickname B-l Bobby. Keyes is a fake know-nothing. Forget those neo-kooks. Dornan has been a certified hard-core kook for decades. He was a right-wing nut before is it was fashionable. And there's style. Dornan has one. As he said in Florida, all the rest of the candidates are charismatically challenged. Besides, how many Congressmen do you know who've got the cajones to call the president of the United States a traitor and lose House floor privileges for a day because of it? Lamar Alexander and Bob Dole are both too wimpy. And Richard Lugar is out of it. As for Steve Forbes, get real. On some social issues it turns out he's to the left of Clinton. Dornan has also shown more party loyalty than the rest of the back-stabbing pack. He stayed tight with President George Bush in '92 and has chastised his fellow candidates for attacking Dole. Bush, Dole and Dornan are the only GOP candidates who ever wore a uniform. Unlike many GOP hawks who dodged being in a real war, Dornan not only tried to start a couple himself, but actually wanted to fight in them. Give him credit for lack of hypocrisy. And for doing what the liberal media always whine about--running an issues campaign. And give him credit for soul. With so many fraudulent poll-sucking weenies hiding behind a host of handlers, Bob Dornan lets it all hang out. Unlike the rest, what you sees is what you gets. You give me a ridiculous primary to vote in and I give you back a ballot marked accordingly. Forget who can win. Forbes and Buchanan ain't gonna be president either, so what the hell. I'm going with Bob Dornan. And I'll never have to say "I'm sorry." Page 3 By Michael Burns FORGET ABOUT THE Tucson you once knew. Forget about the past. Tucson's climate is changing; it's getting hotter and it's not going to go back to normal. We've already begun to see some initial signs. Here's one big sign: On June 29, 1994, a record high temperature was set for the month of June for the U.S. It was recorded in two different places, in Arizona at Lake Havasu City and in California at Death Valley. At both locations it hit 128 degrees. In its history, the United States has never seen a June temperature this high. What can we in Arizona expect in the near future? There are a range of possibilities, and none are pleasant. Some are downright nasty. For example, it's conceivable that within 40 years this entire region could become a wasteland, devoid of life as we know it. Daytime temperatures in the months of June could reach 160 degrees, if only for a few days at a time. This whole place would look like the worst parts of Death Valley. For worried environmentalists, the June U.S. record was one more clue that something strange is happening to our planet's climate. In recent years, there have been thousands of clues, all pointing in the same direction. But few have been paying attention. The clues involve various scientific disciplines, including meteorology, geology, botany, and biology; but if we take these clues and analyze them, they lead to one inescapable conclusion: Global warming has begun in earnest. Of all the cities on earth, the people of Tucson and Phoenix stand to suffer the most. We may be among the first environmental refugees. In March of 1995, Angela Merkel, Germany's environment minister, said, "We have come to recognize the greenhouse effect is capable of destroying humanity." She spoke at a United Nations-sponsored conference, the goal of which was to find ways for nations to reduce carbon dioxide emissions resulting from the burning of fossil fuels, the primary cause of global warming. The conference failed miserably. No government in these tough economic times, including the Clinton Administration, was willing to sign onto a program that would restrict the use of fossil fuels. Timothy E. Wirth, undersecretary of state, led the U.S. delegation to the conference, and his feeble excuse for not taking any action was that the Republican-controlled congress would never go along with any agreement. What he didn't say was that the oil companies have heavily lobbied the Clinton White House. Needless to say, the Persian Gulf potentates and the oil companies absolutely want no restrictions placed on their operations. Yet evidence is accumulating that drastic action is needed and needed fast. The Chicago heatwave of July 1995 that killed hundreds of people is just the beginning of what Americans can expect as the climate grows hotter. Merkel had it exactly right. The potential intensification in the earth's greenhouse effect is capable of killing all of us. THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT is not just a figment of environmentalists' imagination. Any basic astronomy textbook mentions the earth having a greenhouse effect. If the earth did not have a small amount of carbon dioxide and water vapor present in its atmosphere, we'd have a frozen planet. Carbon dioxide and water vapor are invisible gases, completely transparent to visible light. Both trap infrared energy, the heat part of the spectrum, within the atmosphere. We have not had a warm planet just because of sunlight, but because the earth's atmosphere works in combination with the sun. However, our environment appears to be very finely balanced. If we don't have enough greenhouse gases such as carbon dioxide present in the atmosphere, we'll freeze; but if we get too much, we'll literally boil. But before we boil, certain events will begin to happen. Unfortunately, we in Southern Arizona will be among the first to bear witness to these events. An enhanced greenhouse effect will lead to daytime temperatures on the earth never before thought possible. Scientists who've spoken out about global warming thus far have been speaking only in terms of increases in average global temperatures. They haven't spoken in terms of sudden and dramatic temperature spikes caused by intense heatwaves. Tucson and Phoenix will soon see daytime temperatures in June and July of 140 degrees, again if only for a few days at a time. Although this would be a dry heat, neither city is prepared for this kind of weather. Recently, the authorities in Phoenix have been moving around their official weather station sites in a laughable effort to find cooler readings. When global warming decides to smother the Valley of the Sun, it won't matter where they have their thermometers. The American Midwest and Southeast will see temperature spikes approaching 125 degrees, but the situation will be much worse because the attendant high humidity will prove to be a lethal combination. In these regions, a widespread heatwave under conditions of global warming will kill hundreds of thousands of people, and what happened in Chicago last July will seem like insignificant ancient history. These kinds of spikes are not decades away, either. Events are now moving rapidly. A monster heatwave could happen on any given summer day beginning this year. And June is only months away. Sound unbelievable? Before you render judgment, consider some of the other signals the earth has been sending us. Let's expand our horizons beyond Southern Arizona. DURING EACH OF the past two years, 1994 and 1995, there has been a heatwave in the desert regions of India and Pakistan during the months of May and June prior to the onset of the monsoonal rains. In both years, hundreds of people died as a direct result of the heat. The daytime temperatures were hitting the low 120s for weeks on end, and since electricity in the remote areas of the Indian subcontinent is rare and there is little air conditioning, there was simply nowhere for people to hide from the heat. These temperatures were far above the norm for these regions for these months of the year. Unfortunately, these heatwaves were not properly reported by the American media, but they were more signs from afar that something bad is beginning to happen. Closer to home, the late spring and summer of 1995 in Great Britain was a monster. It was the hottest spring/summer they've ever witnessed. For the English, this was particularly disturbing, because they've been keeping precise weather records for hundreds of years. This heat was not isolated. There were other heatwaves throughout the Northern Hemisphere in 1995. In May, a heatwave struck Israel. And it was the hottest May that Moscow has seen since the Russians started keeping records. It got so hot in Moscow that the airport runways began cracking up. This is an important sign--much more important than if it were to occur in, say, Phoenix--because Moscow is so far north. June and July brought heatwaves to most of Europe and the Middle East, and, of course, to the United States and Canada. Is this a trend or just some cyclical event? Dr. James Hansen and a team of scientists at NASA's Goddard Institute of Space Studies analyzed global weather records dating back to 1860 and found the decade of the 1980s was the hottest since we started keeping accurate weather records. Of those years, 1988 was definitely the hottest. Remember 1988? That was the year Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming burned. The 1990s will be even hotter. Already, the years 1990, 1991, 1994, and 1995 were hotter than 1988. In January, British scientists announced their findings that 1995 was the hottest year on record--period. And so the trend continues. The years 1992 and 1993 saw some cooling, but this is readily explained. In June of 1991, a huge volcanic eruption on Mount Pinatubo in the Philippines clouded the earth over with ash and dust. This acted like a parasol, preventing some sunlight from getting through the atmosphere. By 1994, Pinatubo's dust had fallen back to earth, and temperatures resumed their climb. For example, Japan had the hottest summer since they started keeping records. For the first time in memory, Japan's mountains lost their snowcaps. In June of '94, Tucson was setting heat records almost every day. In case you're hoping another volcano might save us, you should know Pinatubo's eruption caused some problems. In the era of global warming, volcanoes are a two-edged sword. The same particles of volcanic dust and ash which shade the earth from the sun also provide a perfect surface upon which water vapor is able to condense. Meteorologists call these particles condensation nuclei. Water vapor is the gaseous form of water. It's created when water evaporates from the oceans, seas, lakes, rivers and land. It can rise tens of thousands of feet into the atmosphere. When this gas is pulled out of the atmosphere and begins to condense on a surface, then we begin to see micro-droplets of water, hundreds of times smaller than a raindrop. These drops begin to collect together and clouds begin to form. It's no longer a gas, but has now reverted to its liquid form. Then it rains and falls back to earth, eventually to evaporate and begin its journey again. This is known as the hydrologic cycle. Because the earth is a water planet, this cycle is never-ending. If we see more volcanic eruptions on the earth, condensation nuclei will increase; and because of global warming, as water vapor increases, all that volcanic ash and water vapor become a deadly combination giving rise to torrential rains and flooding. But even without considering volcanoes, increased water vapor is becoming a major problem. Scientists at the National Climatic Data Center at Asheville, North Carolina, have collected data from 647 sites around the world. Their findings are very alarming. They say the world is warming and that a warmer world will have and hold more water vapor, leading to "precipitation intensity." Remember the Midwest floods of the summer of 1993? Since 1993, there have been major storms and flooding around the planet that have bordered on being apocalyptic. The American flooding in 1993 was just part of the story. That same summer China saw storms and flooding that were more extensive than America's. In January 1995, Europe saw major flooding caused entirely by torrential rain, not by spring ice melt. Other major floods around the globe since 1993 are too numerous to mention, but they're definitely part of an evolving pattern: Almost all of these floods are being caused by torrential rain. In many of these storms, it rained one inch per hour for 20 to 30 consecutive hours. WHILE THE EXTENT of torrential rain and flooding around the globe is becoming mind-boggling, the American news media are attributing none of this to global warming. That's too bad--perhaps if Americans would start making the connection between these strange storms and the autos they drive and their local coal-fired utilities, they might force the process of change away from fossil fuels. But these storms have certainly caught the attention of the world's major insurance companies. Their recent storm-related losses have been catastrophic and completely unexpected. Insurance executives are now taking global warming and carbon dioxide emissions much more seriously. They're also re-analyzing what their potential future losses might be. We can probably guess who'll pay the increases in insurance premiums. In terms of harsh, wet weather as opposed to dry, arid weather, thus far regional and seasonal conditions have been relative as global warming gets underway. The conditions are simply becoming more intense. For example, here in the United States, the Southeast is getting more rain and flooding, whereas the Southwest is becoming more arid. That's not to say the Southeast won't at some point experience a drought or the Southwest won't get a flood. The dynamics of the earth's weather are too complicated, and we can't make any pat predictions for entire regions over a given period. Within the disciplines of botany and biology, there have also been clues that things are beginning to go awry. Scientists and researchers have reported seeing flowers where they once never existed--for instance, high up in the Alps. Also, British researchers have reported a rapid expansion of certain plants in Antarctica, indicating the temperatures there are increasing. In Russia, in July of 1995, doctors reported seeing venomous snakes in Arctic regions where they've never been seen before. The doctors attributed this phenomenon to a warming habitat. This Arctic warming is corroborated by European scientists who announced, also in July, that they believe Siberia is warmer now than it has been in more than 1,000 years. And another group of scientists, American geologists, reported that sea ice in the Arctic has been reduced about 20 percent since 1973. In the fields of oceanography and marine biology there have been signs of changes. In the ocean off the California coast, species of sea life are moving farther north with each passing year. This is because the water temperatures are increasing, according to scientists at Stanford University's Hopkins Marine Station. Increasing water temperatures in vast areas of the Pacific are corroborated by scientists at Scripps Institute of Oceanography. John McGowan of Scripps has reported that since 1951, the average water temperature off the California coast has increased by approximately 3 degrees. In geological terms, this kind of rapid change is incredible. The increase in water temperature has caused zooplankton to decline by 80 percent. This has led to a stunning loss of many sea species dependent upon zooplankton for survival. McGowan's findings are confirmed by Dick Veit, zoologist at the University of Washington. He cites other studies which show the same thing. There has been an overwhelming loss of sea life all along the Pacific coast attributed to a warming ocean. If we accept the fact that oceanic water temperatures are increasing, then we must accept the fact that we'll see increasing amounts of water vapor present in the atmosphere. After all, the warmer the water gets, the more quickly it evaporates. This can only lead to more torrential rain and more flooding in those regions where heavy rainfall is normal during certain seasons--for example, we should expect more tropical storms hitting the Gulf Coast during the months of July and August. In the winter, we should expect to see heavier snowfalls, at least during the initial stages of global warming. After all, snow is just a form of precipitation. People who say, "Look at all the snow that's falling back East--there's no such thing as global warming," are dead wrong. They don't understand the basic mechanisms involved in weather, and they certainly don't understand some basic principles of astronomy. Our planet is divided into two distinct hemispheres, northern and southern. If you laid the globe out flat, you'd quickly see most of the Southern Hemisphere consists of water, whereas most of the Northern Hemisphere consists of land. During our winter, when the Northern Hemisphere is tilted away from the sun, the part of the planet receiving most of the sunlight is that part where the most water exists. Over the past few years, water temperatures in the South Pacific have been excessive. Given this, water vapor is going to flow all over the planet; and when it comes in contact with cold Arctic air, it's going to condense and turn into snow and freezing rain. During our winter, we are actually about five million kilometers closer to the sun than during the summer, due to the earth's elliptical orbit. Yet, over all, the earth is actually warmer during our winter in the Northern Hemisphere. The most important factor governing heat and cold in the Northern Hemisphere is the angle of the incoming solar energy. Since the North Pole is facing away from the sun in the winter, it's always going to be cold during December, January and February. So, even during conditions of global warming, we can expect to see snow in the winter; and given excess water vapor, we can expect to see heavy snows. Warmer ocean temperatures will also lead to more and bigger hurricanes (or typhoons as they're called in the Western Pacific). Hurricanes need warm water to develop, although their formation is difficult to predict, because in order to begin their cyclonic movement they also need ideal wind conditions. Still, we've been seeing bigger, more powerful hurricanes in the 1990s all around the earth. In 1994 we saw Hurricane John form in the Central Pacific. John was the longest-lived, most powerful hurricane ever seen in this part of the world. If a system like John were to strike the eastern seaboard of the U.S., the results would be catastrophic. There are even more ominous clues in the field of glaciology, where scientists are reporting a sudden and rapid contraction of the earth's glaciers. To put it simply, the glaciers are melting. This is confirmed by everyone who researches the subject. Events are beginning to move quickly. We're running out of time. In March 1995, scientists from two different groups, the British Antarctic Survey and Argentina's National Antarctic Directorate, reported seeing ice breaking up in Antarctica. (March is late summer for the South Pole.) Rodolfo del Valle, who heads the Argentinean team, actually broke down and cried when he saw the extent of what had happened. Ice that was 1,000 feet thick had cracked open for a length of 40 miles, exposing sea water below for the first time in more than 20,000 years. Eventually, what had been a perfect field of ice cracked up into tiny pieces, which, according to del Valle, looked "like bits of polystyrene foam smashed by a child." Again, this event was not properly reported by the American news media, but it's clearly one of the most profound clues to what's coming. It should be obvious to everyone that if the icecap is melting, there can be only one reason--the earth's atmosphere is heating up. DESPITE ALL THE evidence, there seems to be a small--but vocal--group of Americans who denounce as "environmental wackos" anyone who thinks the planet is getting hotter. This group is being led by Republican talk-radio gasbag Rush Limbaugh, who has actually been telling his audience there's no evidence to support global warming. Limbaugh should talk to David Rodenhuis, director of the Climate Analysis Center, a part of the National Weather Service. Rodenhuis and his group have been carefully monitoring global weather information. It's from their office that I obtained the information concerning the record-high global temperatures for the years 1990, 1991 and 1994. Another group, the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change, composed of more than 2,000 scientists who work under the auspices of the United Nations, have confirmed these findings, and recently they speculated as to what might happen given a warming climate. In October of 1995 they released a report which said the planet will become hotter and wetter; large storm systems will intensify; deserts will become hotter, more arid and expand; food production may suffer; and ocean waters will probably rise noticeably. Their prediction seems based on recent solid facts. In October of 1991 and March of 1993, during major "noreasters," 100-foot tall waves were observed in the ocean south of Nova Scotia. Waves this high have never been seen before. Is this an example of storm intensification? As for the prediction that the world's deserts will become hotter and more arid, we need only to look in our own back yard. The vast Sonoran Desert already is one of the hottest places on earth. The June 1994 record-high temperature set in the deserts of California and Arizona is only the beginning of things to come. It won't be that difficult for Mother Nature to go another 12 degrees, from 128 degrees up to 140. Once you accept that notion, then start thinking about 160 degrees. After all, what's 32 more degrees? When Phoenix posts its first 130-degree day, people will begin to get the message. Animals migrate, but so do humans. Phoenix will become a ghost town, and Tucson won't be too far behind. When the cities of the Southwest become uninhabitable, we will have lost forever millions of square miles of territory, not to mention trillions of dollars of assets. Eventually, global warming will cause massive ice melting at the South Pole, and other cities in the United States will be seriously affected. There's enough ice covering the land mass of Antarctica that, should it melt, the oceans would rise by approximately 200 feet. What Americans don't quite grasp is that the typical elevation at the South Pole is about 10,000 feet, and it's almost all ice. In other words, the ice cap covering Antarctica is two miles thick. If this huge block of ice melts, it would flow off the continent and into all of the world's oceans. All of America's coastal cities would have to be evacuated, and even if only a portion of the ice melts, say 10 percent, we'd still lose the entire coast of Florida, including all of that state's major cities. Under a limited-melt scenario, New Orleans will have a special dilemma. Do they build a dike, or do they evacuate the city? Much of New Orleans is already below sea level. Washington, D.C., would have the same problem. Our nation's capital was built on a swamp, just barely above sea level. In view of the possible consequences, it's tragic the Berlin conference failed to reach consensus. Michael Oppenheimer, atmospheric scientist for the Environmental Defense Fund, points out humankind is emitting 60 million tons of carbon dioxide every day from all sources. Every day! But because it's invisible, we really don't see what we're doing. Unfortunately, carbon dioxide emissions are not being reduced, but indeed they are being increased. Robert Priddle, executive director of the International Energy Agency, issued a report in April 1995 which clearly stated that given present trends, carbon dioxide emissions from human sources will rise approximately 30 to 40 percent above 1990 levels by the year 2010. Not only will this continue to enhance the greenhouse effect, but it will greatly speed things up. This, coupled with the fact that American scientists in Boulder, Colorado, recently announced that all their super-computer global climate models are inaccurate and that all previous projections should be thrown out the window, gives rise to speculation as to just what the future holds for all of us, starting, of course, with the spring and summer of 1996. Just how important is carbon dioxide in the atmosphere? The Keeling Laboratory at Scripps Institution in La Jolla, California, has a carbon dioxide monitoring site located at the peak of Mauna Loa in Hawaii. Keeling officials say their instruments reveal we have now reached carbon dioxide levels of 360 parts per million. This is significant because during a period of normal climate, C02 levels are only 280 parts per million. During an ice age, C02 levels are 190 parts per million. As you can see, it doesn't take much of a swing to make a big difference in the earth's climate. At 360 parts per million, there can be no doubt we'll see climate and weather changes. The important question is how rapid will this change be? And what will happen when we reach 400 parts per million? Making the situation even more ominous is the staggering amount of carbon dioxide stored in the peat moss beneath the frozen tundra of the Arctic. If the tundra thaws, and the evidence suggests that it will, then the earth itself will suddenly release several hundred billion tons of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere. The climatologists term this kind of action a "positive feedback mechanism." Basically, what it means is that the greenhouse effect is feeding on itself. There are also hundreds of billions of tons of carbon dioxide stored in the earth's forests and rainforests. As we cut down these forests, or burn them down, with each passing year more and more carbon dioxide is being released into the atmosphere. Also, we've recently lost millions of acres of forests around the world to natural wildfires, because hot temperatures have persisted for weeks on end and the forest have turned bone dry. This is what happened to Yellowstone National Park in 1988, and it's been repeated all around the world. These trees are releasing millions of tons of carbon dioxide. If the situation worsens, there is no doubt the greenhouse effect will build upon itself and start to accelerate. As the oceans grow warmer, they'll release even more water vapor into the atmosphere. We'll have an enhanced hydrologic cycle. Water vapor is already increasing, and we haven't even kept records on it for very long. This poses the possibility of a vicious cycle--the "runaway greenhouse effect" of which many scientists warn. The process could easily become irreversible. All life on the planet's surface will die. HUMANKIND MUST drastically restrict the burning of fossil fuels, and we must do it immediately. Will the U.S. government lead the way? It's doubtful. As Will Rogers used to say, we have the best congress money can buy. Today, we have the best administration and congress that oil money can buy. Somehow we've got to get the truth out; but doing so is not going to be easy. There will still be diehards who refuse to see the handwriting on the wall. Undoubtedly it will take something drastic to wake people up. Fortunately, it may happen sooner rather than later. What should we look for? Barring a major volcanic eruption somewhere on the earth, it appears that 1996 is going to be a real cooker. First, be on the lookout for more ice melting or cracking at the South Pole in February or March. Then, look for a heatwave in India and Pakistan in May which will kill hundreds or thousands of people. In June, watch the daytime temperatures in the arid American Southwest. Then, we might look for a heatwave in the humid American Southeast this summer, which will be witnessed by just about everyone on earth because the Olympics will be underway in Atlanta, Georgia. If the Olympics are postponed or suspended due to abnormal heat, perhaps that will be the evidence all humankind needs to convince governments to take action. Finally, I'd just like to mention some clues I've observed. I'm writing this article as of early January 1996. I live in Nogales, Arizona, at an elevation of 4,000 feet. Normally at this time of year there have been numerous freezes and the land is somewhat barren. Right now, however, everything is green. The hills are alive with green. Mesquite trees which should have lost their leaves long ago are still green. Nor have the apple trees around my house lost their leaves. Arizona just had the warmest November on record. September and October were also excessively hot. Everybody around here thinks the weather is fine. Do I think it's fine? No. I'm worried. I fear what the future will bring. I fear what May and June will be like here in Southern Arizona. I fear my trees will not survive the hot weather that's sure to come; and if it doesn't come in the summer of 1996, then certainly in 1997 or 1998. Why do I think this? Because of one given certainty: Emissions of greenhouse gases such as carbon dioxide into the atmosphere are constant on a daily basis; they are increasing, and they show no sign of stopping. And this is the worst sign of all. Michael Burns is an environmentalist and writer. His novel Hot Planet is available at most independent bookstores in Tucson. Burns was scheduled to appear on the John C. Scott radio show Friday morning, February 16, on KTUC, 1400 AM. The Conservative Consensus: Why Three Hot Summers Don't Mean Global Warming. THE GLOBAL TEMPERATURE is rather like the level of unemployment: hard to define or measure, and easy to misunderstand. Whenever the Northern Hemisphere has an unusually hot summer, newspapers attribute it to the greenhouse effect. Whenever it has a particularly cold spell in winter, the same papers ask, "What happened to global warming?" Both lines are misleading. Greenhouse gases are not the only factor affecting global temperatures. Some of the other factors are also due to human activity; industrial emissions of sulfur dioxide, for example, may have a cooling effect. Still others are quite natural, such as volcanic eruptions (which can cool the climate temporarily) and variations in the energy output of the sun. Almost all climate models suggest, however, that the world's average surface temperature ought to have warmed somewhere between 0.4 degrees centigrade and 1 degree centigrade since pre-industrial times as a result of the greenhouse gases emitted so far. So one of the clearest signs of man-made climate change would be the detection of such a warming. Studies of the global annual average temperature from 1861 to the present do indeed seem to show a warming trend. But such data must be interpreted carefully. Natural climate variations make it difficult to distinguish long-term trends. If there happened to be a natural temperature cycle which was at a minimum in 1861 and near a maximum at present, then plotting out temperatures over this time period and drawing a straight line through them could give a misleading impression of the trend. Take an analogy: If you made a series of hourly measurements of the brightness of the sun, starting at noon and ending at midnight two-and-a-half days later, you might well conclude the world was getting darker--and you'd be wrong. Of course, modern statistical techniques assume nothing so naive as a straight line. Instead, they attempt to explain observed variations in terms of a long-term trend (which may or may not be a straight line) as well as a set of fairly regular fluctuations about that trend. They thus reduce a complicated signal to a small number of fairly simple patterns. State-of-the-art statistical methods indicate a global warming of approximately 0.45 degrees centigrade since the beginning of this century. It isn't a straight line on the charts, but they clearly indicate a warming trend. But, substantial fluctuations have occurred around this underlying trend. This is particularly clear if we consider the most recent 30 years of measurements. Natural temperature fluctuations seem to be occurring on several time scales. Some of these fluctuations may be due to natural climate oscillations and may therefore be fairly predictable. Others may be completely random. Data which have been filtered in this way must be interpreted with caution. But whatever their origin, it appears these natural fluctuations conspired to make the late 1980s particularly warm, much warmer than would have been expected on the basis of the underlying trend alone. It's quite possible the world will cool over the next few years as the system "swings back" from the hot 1980s, even though the underlying trend remains upwards. These are very recent results, and aspects of them are still under debate. But the basic message for non-statisticians is clear: Three hot summers don't mean global warming, nor do three cold winters mean a new ice age. The most statistics can tell us at present is there does appear to be a genuine warming trend. Whether this trend is the effect of greenhouse gas emissions or of a natural fluctuation due to some as-yet-undiscovered mechanism cannot be determined from an analysis of the global mean temperature alone. Such natural, century-time-scale fluctuations appear to have occurred in the past (although none in the last 9,000 years was as large as the projected change over the coming century). Unambiguous detection of climate change is likely to be a painfully slow process, involving much more detailed comparison of climate model results with observations. There is no climatic counterpart to the Antarctic ozone hole. We must not expect a single, dramatic discovery to confirm "global warming" once and for all. If we wait for that discovery, we will wait for a long time--until well after it is too late to do much about it. --From The University Corporation for Atmospheric Research, Based on a grant from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration. Page 4 Bill Small's Big Collection By Margaret

Regan It was a crisp December morning in the barrio just south of downtown. A strong winter sun warmed up the neighborhood, though, lighting up in democratic fashion not only the trendy salmon walls of the gentrifiers' restored adobes but also the cracked, yellowing houses of poor families. Out in the street, in between the BMWs and the dented clunkers, workmen were quietly digging trenches for new fiber optic cable. No one paid much attention to the U-Haul truck parked in the long driveway of a tidy white house on the corner, pulled in way past the cyclone fence. A rental truck is an ordinary sight in this yin-yang neighborhood of poverty and wealth, but a closer look would have yielded something extraordinary. Because going onto the truck one by one were gigantic modern paintings, huge canvases thick with luxuriant swaths of paint, museum-quality works valued at thousands and thousands of dollars. Here was a Seurat-like landscape, "Virginia Dogwood," by New York painter Joseph DiGiorgio, being gently nudged aboard by white-gloved workers. There was "Bridge to Nowhere," by another New Yorker, Chuck Connelly, a two-panel work 18 feet long, last seen publicly in the movie New York Stories. (The film had viewers believing it was the work of actor Nick Nolte.) Next was "Elk Springs," an early work by Tucson artist Jim Waid. On into the truck went "Bug Out," a wildly exuberant work by the gifted Puerto Rican painter Raphael Collazo, who died not long ago of AIDS. And so on and on throughout the day. The truck was filled, and filled again, with art carried out from a pink-and-white building tucked inconspicuously into a courtyard behind the house. The paintings being disgorged from this secret repository in the barrio were the last remnants of the private collection of the late William A. Small Jr., the former newspaper magnate turned voracious art collector in the last two decades of his life. The workers, all from the Tucson Museum of Art, were cheerful ("Nick Nolte's a pretty good painter," joked Simon Donovan as he carefully maneuvered "Bridge to Nowhere" onto the truck) and no wonder. They were taking possession of some 90 artworks that Small and his widow, Susan, had donated to the TMA, a windfall, says painter Waid, that "fundamentally changes the nature of the museum." But those 90 artworks, now on view in a major TMA show that nearly fills the entire museum, are only a small part of the story. They were just a portion of a collection of some 700 contemporary artworks the Small estate has now disbursed to some 47 museums and institutions around the country. Smith College, Susan Small's alma mater, had first pick for its museum, and its curators carried off many of the top artists in the collection, including Louise Nevelson, George McNeil, Joan Snyder and Donald Sultan. But Small was an inveterate collector of Tucson artists, too. With the dispersal of his estate, works by Tucsonans have been propelled into museums all around the country. One painting, by James G. Davis, got as far as Berlin, landing in the permanent collection of the Berlinische Galerie. But the odd thing is that this valuable cache of art was so little known in Tucson before now. Small was so passionate about his privacy that even his obituary in The Arizona Daily Star, a paper he once owned, noted with some irony, "Close friends and associates of Small said he was an extremely private person who always tried to stay out of the limelight. The friends and relatives declined to be quoted." Small kept his art housed in his hidden-away barrio gallery, unbeknownst to his neighbors and to the community at large, lending the paintings out for museum exhibitions only on condition of anonymity. Built in a back lot behind his office in 1987, the Annex, as it was called, was a treasure trove that until Small's death at age 70 in October 1994 remained a tightly guarded secret in the art community. "Bill was so private," says painter Kevin Sloan, who worked for Small for two years in the late '80s as curator in the Annex. "He came from a wealthy family but he didn't need to flaunt it, to have other people know about it. He just lived his life. He was opposed to other people knowing what he had." The artists whose work Small collected were so grateful for his empathetic patronage that they were happy to keep it secret. He seemed to have a knack for buying work just when they most needed the support. James Cook, a successful Tucson painter, is typical. He's still torn between his reluctance to go against his patron's desire for privacy ("He wanted his life out of the public eye," he says) and his desire to sing the praises of a man he considers crucial to his development as an artist. The two first met back in 1975. "He bought, I think, about four paintings," Cook says. "It just stunned me. It was the first time in Tucson that anyone bought a sizable number of paintings from me. And that continued....He was not the only reason we stayed in Tucson, but he was an important one....His contributions to the cultural scene were substantial." The word about those anonymous contributions slowly got out and about in Tucson in the year after Small's death. The Arizona Theatre Company noted in a program tribute that "Bill Small would hate our doing this, but, being beyond the reach of his veto, we go ahead anyway and dedicate ATC's 1995-96 season to his memory." Written by his old newspaper friend George Rosenberg, the homage said that not only had Small always been a major donor to ATC but that it was the Smalls' Stonewall Foundation that rescued the company when it was about to go under in the late '80s. (Stonewall, founded by the Smalls in 1966, has lavished funds on numerous community non-profits, notably the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, the Tucson Symphony Orchestra, TMA and others.) Over at the University of Arizona Museum of Art, which received 28 works from the Small estate, director Peter Bermingham wrote a similar tribute in his museum newsletter when the paintings went up in the Recent Acquisitions show last fall. But the Small extravaganza that opened at the TMA in December ended Small's art anonymity once and for all. An unprecedented crowd of some 1,000 people squeezed into the museum for the gala opening of the exuberant, eclectic exhibition called A Gift of Vision: The William A. and Susan S. Small Collection. A gleeful Robert Yassin, director of TMA, wrote in a catalog essay that the Small gift was a moment "that move(d) the museum far forward in a single stride." Waid, who helped Small amass his collection, says much of what TMA got will increase in value, particularly works by the likes of Willy Heeks and Joseph Santore. But the collection as a whole represents one man's personal taste rather than all the art trends of his time. "He wasn't interested in the political/didactic stuff at all. I love geometric and optical things, but he never responded to it....He was interested in luscious beauty....It's obvious from the TMA show that he loved color and paint and lush images." It was the cheap, ink-stained paper of the newspaper business that gave Small the wherewithal to indulge his passion for lush colors on canvas. He was born into a newspaper family in Chicago in 1924. His father, William Sr., moved the family down to Tucson when he and a partner, William H. Johnson, bought what was then called the Tucson Daily Citizen in 1936. Later, Small Sr. bought out Johnson's shares. Bill Jr. graduated from Tucson High School in 1941 and enrolled at Cornell University with the intention of studying architecture. But World War II intervened, and he switched to a Navy program in civil engineering at the University of New Mexico. Toward the end of the war he shipped out with the Navy to the Philippines. When peace broke out, Small began his apprenticeship in his father's business in earnest. In between stints at the Citizen, he held a string of other jobs, with United Press in San Francisco and Seattle, the Idaho Evening Statesman in Boise, the Denver Post. He came home to Tucson for good in 1950, becoming assistant publisher to his father at the Citizen. George Rosenberg worked for the Smalls from 1947 to 1967, for 15 years as managing editor of the paper. Small Jr., he says, "kept a close watch on things....He had a very good sense about features....A long time ago he did write a mystery column (with another writer) and gave it a fictitious name." Asa Bushnell, now community relations manager for the Pima County Sheriff's Department, worked at the Citizen for 20 years. "Bill was good at newspaper work. He made a good city editor. He helped me a lot." But tumultuous times were ahead for Tucson's newspaper business. The Citizen and The Arizona Daily Star had a joint operating agreement (JOA) since 1940 that covered printing, distribution and advertising. In late 1964, the two families that owned the Star were about to sell the paper to an Ohio chain. Small Sr. stepped in and exercised an option contained in the JOA to buy the Star, pledging that it would remain editorially independent. "Our decision to buy the Star was made for one compelling reason," Small Sr. was quoted as saying at the time. "It is a desire to see this strong, outspoken newspaper remain a vital force in Tucson, rather than become just another link in a nationwide chain." The sale went through in early January 1965, for $10 million. The Justice Department did not look kindly on the Smalls' ownership of both papers in a single city, nor on their JOA. Justice filed an antitrust lawsuit and a lengthy court battle followed, thrusting Small Jr. into the kind of public arena that was anathema to his private nature. The newspapers eventually lost the suit, and lost again on appeal in the Supreme Court. The politically conservative Smalls had always supported Republicans editorially, but the move to save their papers' JOA came from Arizona's Democratic congressional representatives. Sen. Carl Hayden and Rep. Mo Udall both introduced bills to allow JOAs, with the presumption that such agreements would help keep two independent newspaper voices in one city. After some debate, Congress passed the bill and President Nixon promptly signed it in 1970. Nine months after the Newspaper Preservation Act put the JOA on firm footing, Small Jr., now publisher, sold the Star to the Pulitzer chain for the same price his father had paid: $10 million. Five years later he sold the Citizen too. It went for $30.2 million in stocks to another chain, the giant Gannett company. The sale of the paper to a chain caused "a lot of anguish" to newspapermen like Bushnell. But even though it went against Small's father's earlier wishes, it was a shrewd business move. Gannett stocks skyrocketed in the 1980s and the Smalls' fortune grew. Rosenberg defends his friend's decision to go with Gannett. "The Star had been sold. He'd gone through the agonies and tension of the antitrust lawsuit by the government. TNI (the printing and distribution arm of the papers) had been struck in the middle '60s over the gradual disappearance of hot type. And Bill was concerned that since the Star was a Democratic paper he didn't want the Citizen sold to another liberal-leaning paper. He rejected several other offers. Some just wanted the Citizen as a cash cow. Bill was anxious to see the paper sold to someone who would let it grow with the community. Gannett fitted the bill." And, Rosenberg adds, the community benefited by the profits Small reaped. The charities that have now become public, he says, are "just the tip of the iceberg." Sloan, the painter who worked for Small in later years, said Small's office was curiously devoid of mementos of his newspaper days. "You would never know he'd been publisher of that paper. When I would ask him about it, about the lawsuit, he would say only that it was a really trying experience. I think if Bill had had his druthers, he would have been an architect. The newspaper thing was a family legacy, and Bill was very duty conscious. Luckily he was able to get out." At the age of 53, Small was ready to start a whole new life. We first met when he bought a couple of my paintings at the Harlan Gallery in the 1970s," remembers Jim Waid. "We started meeting a little bit. He would come over to my studio. We became good friends." Small had been buying art off and on since the '50s, but his early collecting was fairly conventional. With the help of Tucson's Rosenquist Gallery, he bought up early works on paper by the likes of Audubon, Catlin and Picasso. After he hooked up with Waid, who paints thick and colorful oils on canvas that draw their roiling shapes from nature, his tastes began to grow more adventurous. He started looking at painters of his own time, painters who relished interesting surfaces on the canvas. "Around 1983 or '84, he said he wanted to start collecting in an organized way, to go to the galleries in New York," Waid says. "He wanted to collect living artists." The two began an extraordinary collaboration. Small would send Waid off to New York City, where he'd put him up in an apartment he owned near Washington Square in Greenwich Village. Waid would scout out the galleries in advance. "Then Bill would come and we'd spend days going to the galleries. He was so robust. He'd go all day looking. Going upstairs, walking. I'd come back to the apartment and crash and he'd be sitting there making notes. Sometimes his light would be on late at night. He was a methodical note taker. He would usually wait until the end of the trip to buy, but sometimes he'd buy it on the spot and shock everybody. Often he'd pick the most adventurous thing in the show." A passion seemed to grip Small when he was on the hunt for art. "One time I saw him break out in a sweat, there was something he wanted so much," Waid says. "Bill told me, 'It's a compulsion, a disease. The only way to stop is not to go to art galleries.' " Cook agrees. "I've seen people get excited about money in art. That didn't really have anything to do with it for Bill. He genuinely derived pleasure from the painting. It was as pure a form of appreciation as I've ever seen in a person not an artist." Once he discovered an artist, Small bought and bought. By the time of his death, Small owned over 30 Jim Waids. In a characteristic gesture, he bought up five Waids when the painter told him he intended to give up his teaching job at Pima to try to make a living at art. (Small once told Waid in later years: "If there's one thing I don't need it's another Jim Waid"). He owned about 20 Kevin Sloans, a dozen James Cooks, a dozen Raphael Collazos. As his collection grew, Small needed more space. One of his three sons, William S., had grown up to become the architect he himself had once dreamed of being. The son designed the Annex, a place with storage and exhibition space, where, Sloan remembers, "We used to set up different shows. It was Pretend Museum." But as Small grew older, the question arose: What was he going to do with all that art? On one East Coast trip Waid and Small went to see the famous Barnes collection in suburban Philadelphia, which opened to the public only after a series of legal skirmishes. Barnes was a notoriously eccentric collector whose will, now overturned, stipulated that his sumptuous collection of Impressionist paintings could never be lent or reproduced, effectively shutting them off from public view or scholarly study. "Bill thought Barnes was nuts!" Waid remembers. "It was exactly the kind of thing he didn't want to do." What Small did want to do was give away the art in a way that he thought would most enhance the reputations of the artists. To his way of thinking, it would be counterproductive to keep the collection together. "He thought that would be way too limited for the artists," says Jan Crebbs, a local curator Small hired in July 1984 when he knew he was dying. "He thought that the more collections they were in, the more widely they were seen, the better it would be for them." A diagnosis of terminal cancer had suddenly made the issue pressing. Small contacted the Smith College Museum of Art first. "Bill called me up and told me the whole story with characteristic forthrightness," says Suzannah Fabing, the Smith director. "He told me, 'I have only a few months to live and I want to give my collection away.' " The Smith delegation came out to Tucson, and with a weakened Small watching from his wheelchair, selected 93 works, with 20 more promised later. "We feel we came away with real depth of the last two decades," Fabing says. Once Smith had taken its portion, and the Smalls had decided what they wanted to keep, Crebbs' job was to find a home for the rest. She delicately negotiated with the museums and the artists. "I really did feel like Lady Bountiful," she says. "Nobody said 'I don't want to talk you.' " "Bill set it up very kindly," says Sloan, who now lives in New Orleans. "Jan would tell the artist: 'This museum wants it. What do you think?' I had absolute veto power. Bill set it up so we could have control. My résumé suddenly got twice as big." Sloan, who got into about 10 different museum collections, including the Museum of Fine arts in Santa Fe, was not the only Tucson artist with a fattened résumé. Given a James G. Davis painting, the Wichita Art Museum is now planning a major exhibition of his works. Lynn Taber-Borcherdt, ex-Tucsonan Michael Berman and Waid all were propelled into the Smith museum. Gail Marcus-Orlen got a picture in Telluride. Cook, Davis, Waid and Sloan all got into the Phoenix Museum of Art. Arizona State University solidified its collection of Arizona artists. "It's very unusual what he did," says ASU curator Linda McAllister. "To collect all that art and then just give it all away." The art is gone now, and the Annex is curiously empty, its fate uncertain. No more trucks will be coming to unload new paintings on Bill Small's private loading dock, but every day trucks unload all over town the papers his father once owned, the papers he believed he saved. There's no one else in Tucson collecting art on the scale that Small did, Waid says. But it's not likely artists will soon forget him. Sloan, now ranked by David Rubin, curator at the Phoenix Art Museum, as "one of the most gifted young painters around," says Small "set the ball rolling for me in terms of my career. He bought a painting which paid my rent for six months. That had never happened to me before. I had just enough money to get by. Then I reinvested all the money (from the sale) into materials, into my work. It was a stamp of validation for me, not from a family member or a friend. It meant a lot. It was a powerful event in my life." Page 5 The Tucson Weekly proudly presents the winner of our Words & Images competition. First place in our fiction contest went to Romi Carrell for "Crazy Half Dreams," a heartwrenching tale of a doomed couple seeking a glimmer of hope on a long drive. The 25-year-old Tucsonan, who is currently working as an editor for an international trade magazine, has always had a love for fiction, but this is her first published short story. She will receive a $500 prize. Becky Hagenston captured second place with "Close Enough," another sad tale of lost souls searching for a semblance of happiness. Hagenston, a 28-year-old graduate student in the University of Arizona MFA creative writing program, also recently won the prestigious O. Henry Award for a story that will appear in an anthology this spring. Hagenston wins $250 for "Close Enough." Our third-place winner was Kristine P. Tobin, for her story "Borderline," a stream-of-consciousness study of the sweaty pleasures of the flesh. A 26-year-old student at Pima Community College studying dance, theatre and politics, Tobin wins a $50 gift certificate at Bookman's Used Books. A special thanks to acclaimed writer Leslie Marmon Silko (Almanac of the Dead, Ceremony), who took time away from work on her new book to judge our contest. Silko says she was distressed to realize so many of the finalists wrote about death and decay. "It's what they say fiction can do," Silko says. "Whether the writer is conscious of it or not, he or she reflects some kind of really strong emanation from the culture." In the color photography contest, Scott Simpson won first prize for "Sasco," which is reproduced on our cover this week. "What he's done is paint that entire scene with light over a very long period of time, so it's a performance photograph in a way," says Terry Etherton, owner of Etherton Gallery, who was gracious enough to take some time to judge the photos. Simpson will receive $200 cash and a $300 gift certificate at Photographic Works Lab. Honorable mentions in the color category include "Sew 004" by Pam Deutschman and "Light Pole" by Elaine Querry. In the black-and-white photography competition, Stephanie Townsend won first prize for "Newly Married," which Etherton described as "a compelling image, almost like a still from a Hitchcock movie." Townsend will receive a $200 prize and a $300 gift certificate at Photographic Works. Second place went to Omer V. Clairborne for "Tucson Meet Yourself." Etherton found the work to be "a really nice portrait of probably a father and his new daughter or son." Clairborne wins a $100 certificate for photo processing at Photographic Works. Marilyn Szabo picked up third-place honors for "Mermaid." Says Etherton, "When I first looked at this picture, I thought it was an aquarium, but it's one of those places in Florida where an actual person goes down in a tank.... The thing I like about it is it's so weird and it's so hard to read the scale on this. I found myself coming back to it and saying, 'That's a really funny picture.' " Szabo wins a $50 certificate for film. A final thanks to our contest sponsors, Bookman's Used Books and Photographic Works Lab. THE AIR CONDITIONING of the Ford Escort quit on the outskirts of Vegas. Sutter remembered because it had quit about the time he saw the first sparkling sign for Caesar's Palace. It might have been a loose connection, or maybe the compressor; these things had broken before. Air conditioning had never really been much of an issue during the brief Seattle summers, but, now, as Sutter and Rachel drove through Arizona on a late August afternoon, it was all they talked about. Rachel folded her legs up into the seat Indian-style. She lifted the hem of her white T-shirt and fanned herself, exposing her milky white stomach in quick, strobe-like flashes. "Turn on the damn air conditioner," she said. She flipped through the pages of an old Glamour magazine, fanning them over and over. He shrugged. "It's making a funny noise. Like it's blown a belt or something. It might be the compressor." "Christ." Rachel slumped into her seat and folded her arms like a punished child. She pulled the neck of her T-shirt over her head, wiped her face and pulled the shirt back down. She absently combed through her hair with her fingers. "So no air conditioning." Sutter ignored her and focused on the drive, his hands gripped tight around the wheel. He was pleased with their time and found himself enjoying the trip more and more. He especially liked Las Vegas, with all that electricity, a Disneyland Main Street Parade for grown-ups. Just as tacky and outrageous as he had ever imagined. He looked at his watch. Five more hours to Phoenix. Then two to Tucson. From there, only an hour to Nogales for the day trips to buy medicine. It didn't seem so bad when he broke it into sections. Rachel rolled down the window, leaned her head out, and used her bent arm as a headrest. Hot breaths of air gusted into the car, carrying a film of dirt and dust. She stared face on at the road until the wind blew tears down her face. She pulled her head back in and asked for a Kleenex. "I needed some air." "Outside is just as hot as the inside." Sutter shook his head. "But, it's a dry heat." She folded her arms and offered him a grim little smile. "An oven is dry heat. So is fire." "You're from here. You're supposed to be used to it." "My grandmother used to live in Scottsdale. We lived in Spokane. Two places not geographically similar." "But you visited." "Only in the winter." "It's nice then?" "Yes. Warm and it hardly ever rains." "That will be nice." "Very." Rachel rolled the window up and leaned her head against it. She fell asleep quickly, her head pressed heavily against the glass, her neck bent in a sharp angle. The afternoon sunlight shimmered through her red-brown hair and cast a golden crown around her head. He looked in the rear-view mirror. They had packed their things deep and tight and high, preventing him from seeing out the hatch window. Some bags had shifted making the pile list to the right, but, for the most part, everything looked intact. He took a deep breath, stretched his legs and pointed his toes. The stretch pulled all the way through his spine and he exhaled with labored relief. He looked out Rachel's window to the west, held his fingers up and aligned them horizontally between the sun and the horizon, a trick his father had taught him on one of their many hunting trips. Each finger counts for one hour until sunset. As a boy, Sutter had never been able to get it quite right, but he'd been younger then, smaller. He held his hand out. Two fingers. He knew he would have to wake Rachel soon to make her eat and take the medicine that made her so sick. He thought about Mexico, of the many trips they would take there, and wondered how they would know where to go, which pharmacies would have the medicines. He had read that the medicine was available there much cheaper than in the U.S., but he hadn't thought further ahead as to how to find it. Surely a doctor would know and tell them what to do. Sutter hated their dependency on the medication, the treatments, the doctors. When his grandmother had died of cancer she had been taking seven pills each day to fight off the things that were invading her body. He remembered this, the reason she took the pills, for the same reason someone applies cosmetics--for hope, for the promise of something that is not naturally their own. He hated that he was only 28 years old and buying hope. Rachel stirred. She pulled her head up groggily and with the slow precision of someone in a great deal of pain. Her hair was flat on one side, heat pressed by the window and the late afternoon sun. She looked over at Sutter and blinked heavily through swollen lids. She rubbed her eyes with the balls of her hands and blinked. "What time is it?" she asked, her voice thick and strained. Sutter reached across his body with his left hand and showed her his watch. "Little after six." She groaned. Sutter took this as an acknowledgment. "Hungry?" "No." She raised her arms above her head and locked her fingers. The fading sun backlit her petite body. She gave a stretch with her arms and twisted at the waist. Something cracked loudly. "Where's a comb?" She pulled the rubber band from her hair. "Packed in your bag." "Shit." She bent forward and her long, mossy hair fell in wisps until her face was obscured. She ran her fingers along her scalp then flung her hair back over her shoulders . "You need to do your roots." She parted her hair with her fingers and looked up. "Fuck you." "Very nice." He paused. "Just let it go back. You have pretty hair. I don't know why you ever dyed it that horrible burgundy color." "And you look like a movie star these days?" She scowled at him. Sutter shifted in his seat and said nothing though he agreed with her. His blond hair had turned dirty brown lately. And he'd lost weight, lost all the runner's muscle tone he had worked so hard for, for so long. He hated looking like a skinny old man. "Let's get something to eat," he said. "You've got to take your pills." Sutter spoke with the authority of a parent. She sighed and closed the magazine. "Do you think it's working?" She stared out the window blankly, eyes wide. Sutter looked past her to the dim mountains in the distant west and the purple feathers of night creeping across the sky. With a sharp indrawing of breath he said, "Yes." "Do you think those doctors will be able to help us?" Her voice was like a child's, not someone approaching 30. "Yes." He held out his hand to her, palm up the same way he had that first night he met her, at a college party where they'd all been drunk and young. She danced with all the guys and spoke to Sutter last, stumbling and stinking of beer on her approach. She said that she liked shy guys, she thought them to be a great challenge. Sutter heard the wild tales about her and the infamous exploits around campus. When the keg dried up and people began to leave the party, he asked if she needed a ride home. When they arrived at her apartment, she seemed confused when he didn't follow her in, when he remained in the car and said he would wait until she was safely inside. She called him the next day to thank him and Sutter realized that they were already good friends. "We should stop and get something to eat." She took a slow breath. "Sutter, you know you've got more time than me." "God, no, Rachel." He squeezed her hand. "Let's just see what the doctors in Tucson have to say." She fanned her fingers out between his. "Yeah," she said. She folded her arms and stared out into the fresh night. "I saw a sign for a Denny's. It's supposed to be a few miles up the road. Let's stop." She nodded, fell back into her seat and shut her eyes. "I just want to be there." "Only a few more hours." Sutter pulled off at the exit marked with the Denny's logo. Rachel had already fallen asleep again by the time he parked the car in the lot, and when he stopped the car and cut the engine, she jolted awake. "Where are we?" She folded her arms and walked slowly, her thin legs picking along like a spider. "Kingman." He held the door open. The shock of refrigerated air inside in the restaurant gave him a chill and his skin turned goose pimply. A heavyset waitress approached them and seated them at a noisy booth in the back near the kitchen. Sutter swept the green vinyl seat with his hand before he sat down. Rachel sat opposite him. She hunched over with her elbows on the table and her face cradled in her palms. Her makeshift pony tail was falling out again and Sutter thought he could see every single hair on her head standing out individually. "What are you going to have?" "I don't know." "How about the sourdough burger?" He held the menu out so she could see the picture. "I guess." "Fine, then. And some tea?" She rose up and leaned back into the seat. Sutter reached into his backpack and took out a couple of bottles. He pushed down hard and pulled up, damn child safety caps, then shook two capsules out. They clung to his damp palm. "Here." He held his hand out to her and she delicately picked one of them She laid it next to her water glass on the yellow and green napkin. "It'll be nice to buy this stuff so much cheaper." Sutter put his capsule on the table next to the Sugar Twin dispenser and took a long drink of water. He tossed a couple of ice cubes around in his mouth. "You say it's only an hour from Tucson?" She made figure eights with her fingertips on the sticky tabletop. "Yes." Sutter stared out the plate glass window at the cars passing by, moving, coming, going. He watched the red lights get smaller and smaller and the white lights get larger and larger, until they zoomed off out of view. "You're so much better at maps and directions. You'll have to show me around there or I'll get lost." The same thick waitress came to the table and looked to Sutter for the order, two burgers and two iced teas. How odd we must look, Sutter thought. Like an old married couple who happen to be very young. "If we keep going we can be in Tucson late tonight." Sutter wiped his mouth with a rough paper napkin. Rachel exhaled slowly. "Can't we just spend the night here?" She folded her hands like she was in church. "Yeah, I guess we could. But I thought you wanted to get there." "I'm tired." She took her napkin out from under her silverware, pulled it apart and laid it across her lap. She relocated the capsule to another napkin next to her water glass. "I saw a sign for a Best Western up the road. We can stay there." "That sounds good." She smiled as she kicked the capsule around the table with her index finger. "Where did you put your résumé in?" Rachel stared past him and into some unseen distance. "A few places. Tucson has a lot of software companies." Rachel nodded with the empty look of disinterest. She paused then said, "I think I can get some freelance work. I updated my book and I think it looks pretty good. I just hope they don't expect me to have a computer. To know all those graphics programs." "You can work as an illustrator. People still need that." Sutter tried to sound enthusiastic, but he had been through this conversation before. "Yeah. " The thick waitress returned with their food. She set the plates down. "Plates are hot," she said as she turned up the aisle toward the waitresses' station. "Freelancing will be fun. No more nine to five. And, when I get enough money I can go on that Europe trip for as long as I like. Not cram it into two weeks." She picked up a pickle from her plate and laid it on Sutter's. "You better eat." He pointed to her food and began to wonder when the words "Don't waste that" and "Eat your vegetables" would fall out of his mouth. He wondered if this is what his mother had felt like. She nodded and pulled a piece of crust from the bun. She put it in her mouth as solemnly as if she were taking communion. "I'm really tired." She dipped a French fry in ketchup and licked the ketchup from the fry. "I've been pushing you too hard." She shook her head. "I feel like I'm in limbo on this trip." "Well, we'll be there tomorrow noon if we get on the road at a decent time." They ate the rest of the meal in silence. When they finished, Sutter put the capsule on the back of his tongue. He pushed the other one toward Rachel, who took it and reluctantly swallowed it with a gulp of iced tea. They got back in the car and drove until they found a motel with a vacancy. Rachel stayed in the car while Sutter went to the office to get the room key. When he emerged, he held the key up for her to see. They found the room, bottom floor, last one on the right. Sutter unlocked the door and flicked on the light. The first thing he noticed was the brown shag carpeting and the musty smell of old cigarettes, like a nightclub in the daytime. "I'll go get the bags," he said as Rachel crawled up into the middle of the bed. She lay back and swung her arms and legs the way a child would make a snow angel. Sutter carefully opened the Escort's hatch, secretly fearing a luggage explosion. He grabbed Rachel's overnight bag, which had become wedged between two overstuffed duffel bags, took his backpack and locked the car. As he walked away, the car's fan kicked in so loud that the car sounded like it was still running. When he reached the room, he found Rachel asleep in the middle of the bed, her mouth slack. He locked the door and set the bags down against the wall. He found the air conditioner nestled just under the window, behind the curtains. He turned it on and it rattled ominously before it clicked into gear. He turned on the television, careful to keep the volume low, and sat down at the table. He watched Rachel, deep in sleep, each breath rising and falling rhythmically inside her chest. It had not been so long ago that things were normal for him. Rachel had found out first. She was tested after she heard about an old boyfriend who was sick, one that Sutter had always thought was an asshole. The first test was positive, and, six months later, so was the second. Sutter had thought he was safe; too much time had passed since his wild days, since the all-night parties and the drugs. It was after his insurance company made blood testing mandatory that Sutter found out about his illness, with an unceremonious phone call asking that he make an appointment to see a health-care representative from Health and Human Services. He knew without even having to ask. Rachel kicked her legs out and sat up. She looked around the room for a moment as if unsure where she was. She swung her legs over the side of the bed and sat with her head hung low. "You OK?" Sutter stood up and approached her. "Yes." "You sure?" "Yes," she said. "Where's my bag?" Sutter walked over, picked it up and dropped it on the bed. She unzipped it and pulled out an oversize T-shirt and pair of underwear. "I'm taking a bath," she said. She emerged a half hour later, her hair wrapped in a towel, her skin sun burnt red. She was surrounded by puffs of steam that seemed to radiate from her skin. She sat on the end of the bed and folded up her legs in her lap yoga-style. "You better go back in there. You don't look done yet." Sutter pointed to her cherry-colored legs and smiled. "Shut up." She fished out a bottle of lotion from her bag and shook it upside down. It sputtered out in wheezy, wet clumps and she rubbed it on her legs. "Your hair is sopping wet." "I'm too tired to comb it." "Where's your comb?" "In my bag." Sutter found the comb then took a couple of pillows and tossed them on the floor at the foot of the bed. "Sit," he said. "What are you going to do?" "Comb your hair." He scooted to the edge of the bed and draped his legs along either side of her. She bent her head back and he combed gently, forehead to nape. "That feels so good," she said. She shut her eyes. "My mother used to comb my hair like this when I was little." Her hair was thin and it dried quickly. "How much longer to Tucson?" She didn't open her eyes. "About six hours, I think. Something like that." "Not too much farther, then." She smiled. "No. Not too much." He held a piece of hair tight, so that he wouldn't hurt her as he picked at a large snarl. "This feels so good," she said as she placed her hand on his foot. "Sutter, how come you and me..." She paused mid-sentence as if calculating her words. "How come we never dated?" He had expected this, had expected that one day she would ask, probably when she thought she had nothing left to lose. "Bad timing, I guess." She laughed. "That's a very political answer." "I know." "I used to think that you thought I was ugly. Because you asked everybody else out but me." "Come on, Rachel." Sutter combed faster. "I did not ask everybody out." "You did." She patted his knee as if this would help him share the joke. "So you did think I was ugly? I was fat then." He shook his head. "God, no, Rachel." He paused. "And you weren't fat." "Then why?" She pulled away and turned to face him. "Because everybody else did." She looked down, neither surprised nor angry. "All the guys...they made jokes. Asked you out because..." He did not look her in the face. "I didn't want to be a part of it." She stood up. "You didn't ask me because you thought I wasn't good enough." "No," he said. "I didn't ask you out because...you didn't think you were good enough." She picked the comb up and ran her fingers across the teeth, picking out a strange tinny tune. "Why did you want to only be my friend? When it would've been so easy. You never even tried. You never made a move." "Because of all those guys...none of them ever wanted to be your friend." "It could be easy now," she said. Sutter looked up at her. "What?" "Now. Right now." She leaned her head on his shoulder then slipped it into the bend of his neck. "You know, you were the only guy that was ever there for me. You know, without me having to be somebody else." Sutter wrapped his arm around her shoulders. "That's why, Rachel. That's why I never...." She reached over and placed her hand on his face, framing it. She pulled his face closer and pressed her lips to his. "Sutter," she said. "Please." Sutter wanted to please her, to make her happy and that had been easy when all the other men had just wanted her for the body, for the simplicity. All he had to do was be her friend, her confidante. All he had to be was different. But now the body was gone and the illness had taken its place and no one wanted the body anymore. "Sutter...Why was it so easy with everybody else?" She pulled at him, her face contorting in frustration. Sutter didn't say what he wanted to say--that there is comfort in obscurity, security in anonymity. It's always easier when no one knows your name, he thought. He knew he and Rachel had moved past that point the first night they met, when he'd driven her home and waited in the car as she let herself inside. And as they came to know each other, as they grew closer, the comfort and security became less and less until Sutter felt best looking after her, as a mother would a child. Sexless and helpless, a celibate lover. His heart pounded against his ribs like a drumbeat as Rachel pulled her T-shirt over her head. Her pale thin body looked no stronger than a china doll and Sutter was careful as he laid his weight down upon her body. He kissed her with an open mouth. Neither spoke and the room was nearly quiet except for the low rasps of their breathing. He pushed hard against her, inside her, and she raised up against him, wrapping her legs around his waist. He dropped down against her and pulled her tight until her body was surrounded by his. They held each other, frozen as if by fear, a fear that once they let go, they might disappear. When Sutter pulled back from her, he kept his arm around her, still within reach. Rachel stared at the ceiling and drew in a long, exaggerated breath. "What are we going to do first when we get to Tucson?" "Find someplace to live." "With a pool?" "With a pool." "Maybe we could get a little dog. I've wanted a dog for so long." Sutter nodded in the darkness and Rachel reached for his hand. "And I could start looking for a car." "Uh-huh." Sutter nodded again and pressed his face into the base of her neck. He breathed deeply, breathed hard until his lungs were full and the memory was burned into his mind. "We can do that," he said, knowing that they wouldn't. Rachel's breathing became slow and precise, indicating sleep. Sutter loosened his grip, but remained very close. He planned the next day's events, breakfast, packing, getting on the road. He plotted everything out by the hour, before he scrapped it all and decided they would leave whenever they got around to it. Time had lost its value for him. He thought about the doctors and the AZT and the Nogales trips. He thought of the house with a pool and the little dog they would never have and combed her hair with his fingers, like his mother used to do on the nights he couldn't sleep. Lying in the dark, Sutter listened to the rattle of the air conditioner as it kicked in and out. Through the loud rattles and coughs, he could hear the whine of the trucks out on the interstate, red lights getting smaller, white lights getting bigger. Page 6 The UA's Intercollegiate Athletics Department Pulls In $20 Million A Year--So Why Does It Still Get State And Student Subsidies? By Heather J. Lourie SHAWN C. JARRETT thought he'd made the right decision when he signed his National Letter of Intent in 1991 to play football at the University of Arizona. Coaches promised the outside linebacker he could major in business, which he'd studied at Pasadena City College. At first it seemed like a great deal: TV exposure, extensive travel and a scholarship that included tuition, books and living expenses. After Jarrett arrived, however, academic advisors and coaches at the UA Intercollegiate Athletics Department (ICA) encouraged him to take psychology, which they regarded as an easier major. They made this recommendation despite Jarrett's plans to pursue a business career if he did not make it into the National Football League. Athletic Department advisors also wanted him to enroll in general electives taken by all incoming football players so he could focus on athletics. "They have to make sure you stay eligible, so they put you into the easier majors," Jarrett says. "If they can put you into classes where you'll graduate and stay eligible, they will," even if the courses aren't subjects student-athletes are interested in and may not help them prepare for a career. Jarrett also resented the way coaches and Athletic Department advisors constantly monitored his classes and academic work. He thought they were too intrusive and treated him like an errant child. Jarrett is one of numerous UA athletes interviewed who say there are major problems with the way the Athletic Department treats the academic part of a student-athlete's life. AS THE UNIVERSITY of Arizona re-examines its mission in the wake of continuing financial pressures, some faculty, students, legislators and the Arizona Board of Regents are re-evaluating the role of intercollegiate athletics on campus. These issues are so serious that the regents devoted part of their October meeting to athletics, and Sen. Larry Chesley (R-Gilbert), chair of the appropriations subcommittee that considers university budgets, says he plans to ask "hard questions" about funding for the UA's Intercollegiate Athletics Department (ICA) at a Senate subcommittee hearing scheduled for February 2. Meanwhile, professors and students are questioning how big-time sports fit with the academic goals of a top-20 research university in a time of continuing budget reductions. They're asking why the Athletic Department--which reported revenues of nearly $20 million last fiscal year--also reported receiving more than $1.4 million in state funding. In addition, ICA did not have to pay an estimated $1.3 million of overhead costs, which were partly subsidized by state money. Critics point out that ICA's state funding would have been enough to support the operating budgets of the UA Statistics Department and Physical Education program, which the regents decided in June to eliminate, primarily because administrators said the UA did not have the money to support them. Continuing to fund intercollegiate athletics while eliminating those units raises questions about the university's priorities, say critics such as Carol Bernstein, a research associate professor of microbiology and immunology who is the Arizona Conference president of the American Association of University Professors. It's a "very poor balance of priorities" to fund with more than $1 million athletic programs that serve about 450 student-athletes, while cutting programs for thousands of undergraduates, Bernstein argues. However, UA administrators say such views don't take into account the athletic department's contributions to the university and the community. They point out that state funding is only about 6 percent of ICA's budget, and that ICA has had financial difficulties for several years. "We need the money," says UA Director of Athletics Jim Livengood. Officials Defend, Question ICA's Role UA PROVOST PAUL Sypherd says competitive sports have "become a part of the life of the campus," and "part of the way that we draw the community in." He and other administrators say a successful sports program creates student and alumni loyalty. But some faculty question this rationale. "If you deliver what the students come here for primarily, which is an education, you create more permanent loyalties than a few fond memories of seeing a few exciting sports events," says English Professor John McElroy, a Faculty Senate member. "We have to weigh values here a little bit, and the academic values ought to be always considered more, I think, than the sports and entertainment values," McElroy adds. Livengood says ICA also contributes other values to the university. He points out that intercollegiate sports increase the UA's name recognition and prestige, primarily through television exposure. Administrators "could never afford to advertise and talk about the University of Arizona on the scope that athletics can provide," he says. A recent Board of Regents report agreed, stating that each Arizona university "gains regional and national exposure through its athletic programs, which increases awareness about the institutions and their communities. Such exposure can also attract athletes and non-athletes to enroll at a particular school." However, some state officials question whether these contributions are enough to justify the level of state funding ICA receives. "I'm going to ask (UA President Manuel Pacheco) straight out, 'Why did you cut PE and keep your Athletic Department?' " says Chesley, who plans to investigate why the department doesn't pay for all its overhead expenses. Regents Discuss Intercollegiate Athletics IN RECENT MONTHS, several regents also have raised concerns about the role and public perceptions of intercollegiate athletics. Last October part of the regents' meeting was devoted to a discussion of intercollegiate athletics at the three Arizona universities. The discussion focused primarily on the low graduation rates of Arizona student-athletes (See related story). "The major reason for the student-athlete to come on board is not necessarily to get a zillion-dollar contract with the NFL or the NBA," Regent Judy Gignac said at the meeting. Student-athletes are in college to "get an education" and "hopefully to graduate with one of our institutions," she said. The graduation rates in the "high visibility" men's sports are "deplorable," Gignac added in an interview. Regent Rudy Campbell, who praised the universities' athletic departments for "outstanding leadership" and "excellent supervision" at the October meeting, questions the accuracy of the National Collegiate Athletic Association statistics. However, he says if the NCAA numbers are correct, he would be "disappointed" in the graduation rates. After the October meeting, Gignac requested information from Arizona's three universities about the extent to which athletes are being admitted in categories other than the unconditional admission category; the ways in which athletic departments will deal with future NCAA eligibility standards; and the potential impact of tougher Arizona university admission standards on athletic programs. The regents will continue to study issues related to athletics at a spring board meeting, possibly in March or April, Regent Eddie Basha says. Athletics Vs. Academics CRITICS CHARGE THAT ICA has spent millions of dollars in the last five years on facilities used by only about 450 intercollegiate student-athletes, roughly 1 percent of the total student population. According to a July 1995 ICA capital projects report, the estimated total cost of some projects completed in 1994-95 included: • $667,200 for new seats in McKale Center; • $633,800 for the Gymnastics Practice Facility, used by 15 gymnasts, other student-athletes and participants in two activity classes that will be phased out. ICA also spent more than $1 million on the basketball instant-replay scoreboard completed in 1990-91, the report states. ICA capital projects completed since 1983 have cost more than $20.7 million, according to the report. However, Livengood says "probably 90 to 95 percent" of those facilities have been built with funds and donations generated by ICA. But critics argue that given ICA's ability to generate revenue, which it spends mostly on its own programs, providing the department with state funds undermines the UA's academic priorities. Some UA administrators, including Provost Sypherd and Senior Vice President for Business Affairs Joel Valdez, say these objections are based on false assumptions and misunderstandings about ICA's budget, which has been reduced more than $500,000 in the past six years, according to regents' documents. A 1994 regents' report says intercollegiate sports "comprise a key part of the college experience for many students, and are partially funded by state appropriations to maintain their quality and academic emphasis." "We consider the Athletic Department as one of our academic units, in the sense that they teach and train...that's why they get state funding," says Sypherd, adding, "I'm not prepared to cut their state funding." However, critics such as anthropology Professor Jane Hill say administrators seem to favor the Athletic Department over other academic units. "The university has decided to make a big commitment to athletics...and to try to go for number one," Hill says. "It would be really nice if they had the same sort of commitment in English and neuroscience and evolutionary biology." While UA administrators have made it clear "they are willing to go for the absolute top" in terms of recruiting coaches, some university departments have had to settle for second-rank faculty because administrators "weren't willing to pay market dollars to move top people here in the social sciences," Hill says. Hill points out that operating budgets have remained stagnant in many areas for years. She adds, "classes are bigger" and "we have been cut on TA support." In addition, graduate students "take forever to finish because they get no support. "I definitely have the impression that in the Athletic Department they go first class, and I can assure you that's not true in the rest of (the) university. We go coach if we go at all," Hill says. Associate Professor of Classics Jon Solomon states bitterly that while ICA gets first-class locker rooms and training facilities, other departments struggle without adequate classrooms or teaching materials. Livengood thinks many critics are not aware that during the past 15 years, most intercollegiate athletics facilities have been built with ICA revenues and private funds. However, some critics, such as Grant Smith, director of the UA campus recreation unit, say state monies helped pay for some facilities used by ICA--such as McKale Center and Arizona Stadium. Sypherd counters with the argument that the UA often spends "millions of dollars on facilities that only a small segment" of the university can use. For example, "a very small" portion of the student body will utilize the new Aeronautical & Mechanical Engineering building, he says. Bernstein and others also point out that state funds are used to maintain ICA facilities, despite the department's considerable revenues. In addition, state taxpayers indirectly subsidize some of ICA' s overhead costs, because the university does not charge the Athletic Department its true rate for administrative services, which include items such as utilities, according to the UA's administrative service charge study, completed in 1990. Rick Bishop, UA associate controller, says if ICA were to cover the full costs, it would have to pay an annual administrative service charge of 17 percent. It currently pays 7.5 percent, meaning taxpayers are partly subsidizing ICA's overhead in excess of an estimated $1.3 million a year. However, Bishop and others point out other auxiliary units--such as Cultural Affairs, Residence Life and Flandrau Planetarium--don't pay full costs, either. Bishop says ICA could not maintain a first-rate program without this reduced administrative service charge, and that charging ICA a lower rate represents a "policy" decision about the university's priorities. UA Chief Budget Officer Dick Roberts says this decision does divert money from academic programs. When units such as ICA don't pay their full overhead rate, "that's by definition taking dollars off the table someplace else in the institution. You're doing a subsidy, and I think you've got to be honest about that," Roberts says. Killing PE OTHER CRITICS, SUCH as English Professor John McElroy, believe if administrators were committed to ensuring athletics has a strong academic component, they would not have recommended killing the Physical Education program, which had a national reputation and provided Arizona schools with trainers, coaches and teaching interns. The PE program "added to the prestige of the University of Arizona academically," and dismantling it was "a flagrant act of disregarding the public interest," says McElroy, a member of the Faculty Senate review committee that recommended against closing the program. Still others are troubled because the primary justification for closing the program was lack of money. Administrators said eliminating PE would save the university about $700,000 a year. But Psychology Department head Lynn Nadel, former chair of the UA's Strategic Planning and Budget Advisory Committee, argues the closure was justified because "a lot of money was being used to pay temporary faculty--who had no particular academic function--to teach activity classes." Sypherd says he doesn't consider activity classes such as "golf and tennis and aquatics to be essential to healthy bodies and minds." Sypherd supports the idea of the UA recreation center offering such classes for a fee. The decision to close PE--and administrators' recommendations the Statistics and Journalism departments also be eliminated--intensified discussions about the role of intercollegiate athletics at the UA. Former acting Humanities Dean Norman Austin, who was head of the Faculty Senate review committee that opposed administrators' recommendations to close the Journalism Department, says he supports intercollegiate athletics, but is concerned ICA's relationship to the university is "sort of the tail wagging the dog." Intercollegiate athletics once was "a kind of perk that came along with the university, but now it's a huge business. Twenty million bucks a year is big business," Austin says. Some faculty question why ICA can't live on its $20 million in revenues. Critics point out that some schools with major sports programs, such as Purdue, Nebraska and Ohio State, take little or no direct state funding. Doug Clay, Ohio State business manager for intercollegiate athletics, says, "We've never received state support" because the university views athletics "as an extra-curricular activity rather than a mainstream academic program." "If you support Ohio State athletics, you do it with direct contributions or the purchase of a ticket to an athletic event," Clay says. "It's our university's posture that the athletic department will stand on its own--and not be a burden to the taxpayer." ICA's Role LIVENGOOD AND OTHER ICA officials have different ideas concerning ICA's relationship to the university. They point out that ICA creates a positive economic impact on the institution and builds community spirit. "I would never say it is a business, 'cause it isn't. It's one facet of higher education," Livengood says. However, ICA "needs to be run like a business," because "so much of the revenue comes from different kinds of things," unlike a department "that's going to get a budget and needs to operate within that budget and doesn't really maybe have revenue potential." Nadel and other faculty members say the Athletic Department should contribute money to academic programs, especially during prosperous years. Livengood replies that in addition to funding the band, ICA employs "tons of students," most of whom are not athletes. "That's a way of funding a lot of different programs," he says. Livengood adds that ICA would gladly contribute more to academic units in good years if the UA would promise to provide more money in bad years. He adds the regents require the Athletic Department to have a positive fund balance at the end of each fiscal year--and those balances have been shrinking, from $500,000 several years ago to less than $100,000 last year. "Many people look at athletics sometimes as being the potential of a cash cow...and that's just not the way it is," says Livengood, adding that the department is considering laying off workers because of financial difficulties. Students Shut Out? DURING THE PAST five years, registration fees for in-state students have increased more than 25 percent. Tuition and registration fees for out-of-state students have increased 22 percent during that time, according to regents' statistics. Meanwhile, in 1994-95, ICA received about $466,000 from UA student monies. Thus it's not surprising many students complain that while each year part of their tuition goes to support ICA, most of them can't get season tickets for the most successful UA sports team in history, men's basketball. Students get about 2,500 seats in McKale--about 18 percent of the arena's 14,000 seats, says Darlene Castelan, UA ticket manager. The UA divides the season into two parts, each of which comprises seven home games. Two thousand "season" tickets are sold for each part of the season. Five hundred single tickets are sold prior to each game. Sergio Jasso, a UA student government senator, says, "It's not fun to cheer and go to games" when most spectators are not students. The university should "give the students a chance to get down there and go crazy at games." Livengood says he's "very concerned about the number of students who get into McKale for basketball" games, adding ICA is trying to address the problem. Sypherd says it's "not fair" that there aren't enough student seats at basketball games. "I don't think there's any doubt about the fact that we're squeezing students out in order to gain revenue." But some faculty and administrators are not sympathetic to student complaints. They point out that students receive a reduced rate on tickets in exchange for the portion of tuition that supports ICA. Boyd Baker, a physical education program interim administrator, says, "It's magnificent they can allow...18 percent of those premium seats to be sold to students at way below market value." He says he would gladly refund the $400,000 in student tuition money if ICA were then allowed to sell every one of the basketball seats at top dollar, because ICA would "recoup that $400,000 in a heartbeat." Some students think refunding their money is a good idea. They question why any of their tuition funds go to support ICA rather than a more academic unit, such as the library. Regent Campbell, who thinks the Athletic Department should be self-supporting because "it's entertainment," says UA President Pacheco could recommend to the regents that local tuition dollars be distributed in a different way, and the board then could approve or disapprove that recommendation. The Weekly tried for more than two weeks to ask Pacheco whether he would make such a recommendation, but his spokeswoman said he didn't have time for an interview. Restricted Use EVEN MANY FACULTY and students who favor using tuition funds to support intercollegiate athletics are angry that some facilities used by ICA are closed to the general student body, including students on intramural and club sports teams. They say this is an example of misplaced university priorities. UA freshman Josh Proctor observes, "It seems like a one-way street with the Athletic Department. Part of our tuition money goes to support athletics, and then they (ICA officials) turn around and spend it" on facilities for only a handful of students to use. Mirum Washington White, UA assistant director of intramural sports and sports clubs, says hundreds of students can't participate because facilities--such as the football practice field, football stadium, softball field and baseball field--are not open to general students who want to play intramural and club sports. Each year about 400 students are turned away from intramural football, softball and soccer programs because there isn't enough field space, White says. Another 430 students who play club sports must practice off-campus, he says. Livengood says he wants to open more facilities, but questions about scheduling conflicts and higher maintenance costs must be resolved first. He says a top program requires excellent facilities. "If we're going to stay competing at this level in this conference...there's absolutely no choice" but to spend money on facilities, he says. Dick Bartsch, a UA associate athletic director, says if ICA opened facilities for "general use for the student population," the "facilities would be used to such a point where they wouldn't be top-notch." ICA uses the facilities continually because the NCAA has instituted legislation that allows coaches to work with players during the off-season, Bartsch says. All of which prompts Grant Smith to observe, "It's unfortunate that the Athletic Department uses scheduling conflicts and extra maintenance costs as a smoke screen" to prevent general students from getting official access to some facilities. "This university is supposed to be for our students first, and our students should be able to use the facilities," Smith says. Bartsch points out that the Athletic Department "may be controlling" facilities because they are "in our domain," but adds, "Everything on this campus belongs to the university." Livengood says, "I would be in favor of taking a look" at allowing more access to ICA facilities. "My track record at the two previous institutions (where he worked) is we've opened up facilities as much as we can to students when they're not in use." He says the main problem is the university doesn't have enough field space, and "I don't know that it's up (to) athletics to solve" that problem. John Taylor, dean of the College of Education and a member of the Intercollegiate Athletics Committee, which advises Pacheco, says he doesn't want to open ICA facilities, but instead favors providing non-athletes with "equal, but separate" facilities. Sypherd says, "There are fields all over the City of Tucson" on which students can play intramural and club sports. None of these arguments changes the view of Sen. Chesley, who says the principal problem is that ICA officials "spend money like they're going out of style." "You spend $650,000 on new seats at McKale Center, maybe that's reasonable, maybe it's not. But when it isn't your money, you don't care. That's the really big point." Critics Say The UA Micro-Manages The Lives Of Student Athletes To Maximize Its Investment. Although the department's personnel--which include administrators, advisors and coaches--say academic work comes first, many of the two dozen UA players interviewed for this story say athletes are expected to devote about 40 hours each week to their sport. The department's academic support program emphasizes staying eligible--not learning and getting an education, these athletes say. Arash Feyzjou, head football manager, says the Athletic Department's academic personnel have "the hidden motto: 'to keep athletes eligible, at the very least.' " They believe that "if athletes graduate and have career goals, that's wonderful, as long as they can play when they're here," Feyzjou says. Former UA football player Mu Tagoai understands the rationale. "The coaches have a lot at stake because we are their livelihood," he says. "If you're a coach and we don't win, you're looking for another job." Tagoai, who signed a free-agent contract with the Dallas Cowboys last year, attended the UA for five years, but did not receive a degree. An investigation of the Athletic Department's academic practices and policies, which included interviews with UA athletes, administrators and Athletic Department personnel, revealed several serious issues, including: • The Athletic Department spends hundreds of thousands of dollars on academic support and personal development programs for student-athletes, but the UA has one of the lowest graduation rates in the Pacific-10 Conference, according to a 1995 National Collegiate Athletic Association report. However, the report also shows that the graduation rate for all UA undergraduates is among the lowest in the Pac-10. • The University does not provide general students with the same "intensive care-giving" and "monitoring" that student-athletes get, says Lynne Tronsdal, UA assistant vice provost for undergraduate education. In addition, students with learning disabilities must pay thousands of dollars each year for services athletes receive free. • Numerous athletes say Athletic Department rules in the academic support program seem counter-productive or humiliating. However, ICA officials say these practices provide positive reinforcement. • UA athletes say they devote about 40 hours each week to their sport, much more than the 20-hour limit prescribed by the NCAA. This limits the time athletes have for studying and class assignments. UA officials say they require only 20 hours a week, and that students do extra athletic training on a volunteer basis. The Programs THE UNIVERSITY OF Arizona's academic support program, designed to improve athletes' grades and graduation rates, was established in 1980 with one academic advisor, says Kathleen "Rocky" LaRose, a UA senior associate athletic director. The program now includes two academic coordinators, two senior academic advisors and a personal development program coordinator, says Mike Fisher, director of academics for the Athletic Department. ICA spent $460,000 in 1993-94 for the academic support program, and an additional $80,359 for the personal development program, according to the UA Athletic Department annual report. A majority of the costs comprised salaries and supplies. The program served all of the approximately 450 athletes in 1993-94, the latest year for which statistics are available, says John Perrin, senior associate director of athletics for business affairs. Cheerleaders, team managers and trainers are also eligible for the academic support program, Fisher says. However, these students predominately use the tutoring and supervised study services. The program provides athletes with academic advisors who track their progress; the opportunity for advanced class registration so they can sign up for classes before other undergraduates; free private tutors; free note-takers when athletes are injured; access to about 20 computers and a library catalog in a special facility in the Athletic Department; quiet study rooms at McKale Center; and delivery of textbooks to the Athletic Department so athletes don't have to wait in line at the bookstore. All incoming athletes are given an academic evaluation based on test scores and grade point averages, says Tom Perry, former UA senior academic advisor for the football team. Academic coordinators then determine whether an athlete is "at-risk" for failure before he or she starts school, he says. "Academically challenged" student-athletes (also referred to as "at-risk" students) "are normally high in intelligence and low (in) preparation," Fisher says. These students work seven days a week with a coordinator in a "highly disciplined" environment that concentrates on "very intensive learning strategies," he says. Other undergraduates do not have access to such wide-ranging, free academic services, but Athletic Department officials defend providing athletes with advantages other students don't have. High-powered Division I sports put so many time limitations on student-athletes that Athletic Department officials "have an obligation to support" athletes and "ensure their success and graduation," LaRose says. Programs for general students THE $460,000 THE Athletic Department spent on academic support programs in 1993-94 worked out to about $850 for each of the 540 athletes and related personnel that it served. In comparison, the university spent about $250,000 on the University Learning Center--excluding minority and testing services--that served 6,170 students with hands-on academic assistance, such as counseling, in 1993-94. This works out to $40 a student, for a program that is less extensive than the one provided for student-athletes. Lynne Tronsdal points out that the university offers a wide range of academic support services to general students in addition to the ULC. These include programs that help students decide on a course of study, career counseling services, group tutoring in individual departments and academic advising by various colleges. However, these services are "less extensive" and are "diffused" across the campus, she says. According to Sylvia Mioduski, program director of the University Learning Center, the program for non-athletes does not provide free individual tutoring to any students. Free group tutoring is only available at the ULC for first-year undergraduate students, minority students and students receiving need-based financial aid, she says. A 1994 Arizona Auditor General report on student support services at Arizona's three universities concluded student-athletes and honors students receive excellent academic services, while other students do not. According to the report, the ratio of students to full-time professional advisors should not exceed 300 to 1. However, at UA and ASU the ratio can be as high as 1,000 to 1, the report said. Athletic Department personnel defend the special no-cost academic resources, saying athletes need these services because of demands on their time. In a sense, "it's a catch-22," because athletic practices usually are in the afternoon, when most academic support services available for other UA students are offered, LaRose says. Some athletes also defend their academic privileges. "It's essential for athletes to register early," says Tony Bouie, a former UA football free safety who signed a free-agent contract with Tampa Bay's National Football League team last year. "It would take away from practice time (and) game time" if an athlete could not get morning classes. All incoming student-athletes' classes for the initial semester are selected by academic advisors, says Mary Anne Schiavone, former academic outreach counselor. After the first semester, most athletes are given a curriculum guide, a transcript and a list of suggested classes that will fulfill general education requirements, Fisher says. Advisors schedule "at-risk" athletes into classes that match their "aptitude," Perry says. For example, an advisor might place an athlete into a theater arts class rather than a more rigorous philosophy class if both fulfill the same requirement, because this provides "more opportunities for success," he says. "There is no doubt" student-athletes get more hands-on academic services than other undergraduates, says Barbara Sands, UA economics associate professor and a former Faculty Senate representative to the Intercollegiate Athletics Committee, which advises UA President Manuel Pacheco. She regards this extra academic support as a payback for performing "a service for the university." Mike Fisher says the academic support program exists because the athletes earn the money to pay for it "through the events that they compete in." He points out football is "the only activity on campus where you can get killed. Damon Terrell died last August--there's not another activity at the university with any risk like this involved." Athletic Department officials say the programs are

funded primarily from sports revenues. Effective Support? SOME ATHLETES AND STATISTICS indicate the academic support program is ineffective for some students. A graduation report prepared by the NCAA in 1995 shows that: • The UA ranked ninth among Pac-10 schools for the percentage of male athletes who entered as freshmen from 1985 to 1988 and graduated within six years. Forty-one percent of male UA athletes graduated within that time. Male UA undergraduates who did not have access to the same academic support services as these athletes had a higher graduation rate of 47 percent, but this also ranked ninth in the Pac-10. • Only 20 percent of male basketball players who entered the UA between 1985 and 1988 graduated within six years of their entrance. This figure tied with the University of Southern California's for last place in the Pac-10 and was below the 44 percent NCAA national average for male basketball players at 302 institutions. • Among Baseball players who entered the university from 1985 to 1988, the UA graduated only 5 percent within six years of their entrance. The percentage was the lowest in the Pac-10 and far below the 46 percent national average. • Fifty-one percent of football players who entered from 1985 to 1988 graduated within six years, which is only seventh among Pac-10 schools. Nevertheless, that rate is equal to the national average for football players, and is higher than the rate for all male UA undergraduates. The NCAA graduation rates are based on a comparison of the number of scholarship student-athletes who entered a college or university and the number who graduated within six years from that same college or university. The survey only looks at athletes who received sports-related financial assistance. Those who left the institution, including those who transferred to other schools, are counted as non-graduates. Despite these statistics, director Mike Fisher says "the retention rate is way up" for student-athletes who entered in 1991. The university's 1994 Football Media Guide states UA student-athletes have one of the "highest graduation rates in the Pacific-10 Conference." However, statistics from the 1993 NCAA graduation-rates report indicate the UA ranked in the bottom half of the Pac-10 Conference, not near the top. A report presented at a Board of Regents meeting last October stated UA student-athletes have had lower average cumulative grade-point averages since 1989-'90 than other full-time undergraduates who have not had access to the same support services. In addition, male athletes had lower GPAs than their female counterparts. In 1994-95, male athletes had a 2.47 GPA and female athletes had a 2.81 GPA. Male basketball players had a 2.17 GPA and football players had a 2.35 GPA. The GPAs for all full-time undergraduate men and women were 2.78 and 2.93, respectively. Academically, the revenue sports teams are not doing "all that well," Regent Judy Gignac said at the October Board of Regents meeting. She added that "the numbers look good" when they're cumulative, because they include the women athletes' statistics--which tend to be much higher. Keeping Athletes Eligible SOME ATHLETES SAY the support services are ineffective, and discourage serious academic study. "For the first year or two they pick all the classes for you," says Reggie Geary, who has never opened a Schedule of Classes in all his years at the UA. Academic advisors schedule new basketball players into non-demanding electives, such as health and sex education courses, "to get you the highest GPA possible," he says. "They set your GPA up real high" for the first year, so "you can ride it out" and remain eligible, Geary says. Shawn Jarrett was shocked when he arrived for his first semester at the UA and realized an academic advisor had enrolled him in two classes he'd already taken at Pasadena City College. Advisors "pretty much implied" business classes would be too difficult, he says. After his first semester, Jarrett decided to work with advisors at the business college and "have nothing to do" with the academic support program provided to UA student-athletes. He graduated in 1994 with a bachelor's degree in economics and finance. Nevertheless, Fisher defends the academic support office. "I can't sit here and tell everybody they're going to be an engineer," Fisher says. "They may want to be an engineer when they come, but we have to find the appropriate place for people, and sometimes we have to say things to young people that are difficult for them to swallow, but that's our job, and they don't have to take the advice." Jarrett is similar to thousands of Division I student-athletes who pour their sweat and blood into a university sports system that allows them to chase the dream of becoming a professional athlete while earning a degree--as long as they stay eligible to play. Lamont Lovett, a former UA football running back who graduated with a media arts degree in 1994, says coaches and advisors stopped monitoring his academic progress after he finished his last playing season in 1993-94. "In general, it all stops after your eligibility is up. You're not a service to them any longer," he says. "To them, it isn't so important that you are doing well in school. The bottom line is if you can play." Regent Eddie Basha believes the university's low graduation rate for student-athletes indicates the programs are "in part" exploitative. "People come to our universities to learn, to develop career paths, and if they're invited to our university or they're asked to enroll in our university for the purpose of participating in athletics only, and neglecting education, then I think that's wrong." Humiliating Rules JARRETT AND OTHERS complain the academic support system tries to force athletes to stay eligible by closely monitoring their study hours and class attendance while physically punishing them when they don't follow the rules. Former UA football player Thomas Demps, who recently joined the basketball team, expected to see an attendance monitor at almost all his classes during the 1994 spring semester, because his grades were close to a 2.0. "I had my own personal spy," says Demps, who believes such measures are counter-productive. "Just because you go to class doesn't mean you'll pay attention." NCAA rules allow academic advisors to monitor student-athletes. Each year all UA student-athletes and their counterparts at other NCAA schools are required to sign a consent form before they're allowed to compete. The form allows "authorized representatives" of the university to view and monitor student-athletes' education records. Although student-athletes "give up their right to privacy," the system is necessary because university officials must monitor student-athletes' eligibility, says MaryAnne Schiavone, who once advised female athletes. Classroom checks are routine because if "at some point a student-athlete is not fulfilling their obligation (to go to class), you need to know that," says LaRose, who played softball for the UA during the late 1970s. Some advisors disagree with the policy of classroom checks, saying they're not an effective method for encouraging athletes to attend. "If you're trying to make a man out of someone, you don't baby-sit them and follow them to class," says academic program coordinator Ruben Berry, who thinks the primary motivation to go to class should be the rewards of learning. "What's going to happen to you when your eligibility expires and you have to try to get a job? No one is going to force you to go to work." Mike Fisher explains, "Many of the faculty believe that we should not check classes and we should not monitor (performance)." However, athletes are invited to the UA and are given a scholarship to "perform for the university. "We have the responsibility to make them go to school--or try to make them go to school--and I'm under oversights from higher administration within the university to ensure that they make progress," Fisher says, adding his statements are his personal opinion. Coaches require some student-athletes to attend monitored study hours. In addition, the academic office sends mid-semester grade checks to instructors of "targeted" athletes, Fisher says. The forms ask instructors to estimate the student-athlete's current grade; to assess his or her strengths and weaknesses; and to provide guidance about whether the student should drop the course, seek tutorial assistance or have a student-instructor conference. "We receive about a 60 percent return rate" of all mid-semester grade reports, Tom Perry says. Athletes are monitored even more intensely if these reports are not positive, Perry says. In some cases, the students are assigned a tutor and informed they will have random class checks. In other cases, the student-athlete is told to show all classroom work to an advisor before and after it's graded, Perry says. Fisher says "targeted students," who are predominately on the revenue-producing teams, are usually monitored more intensely than other student-athletes. For example, most football and basketball players must attend study hall and tutorial sessions in addition to providing the academic office with tests and papers before or after they're due. Lamont Lovett was required during his sophomore spring semester to show one coach every class assignment before he turned it in and after his teacher had graded it. Even though he wasn't on academic probation, the Athletic Department thought he needed closer monitoring. Lovett thinks Athletic Department officials try to exert too much control over student-athletes. "When you have to be on a certain schedule" and are punished for not complying, "I'd call that control," he says, adding he and others felt humiliated by these measures. Punishment ATHLETES WHO VIOLATE the Athletic Department's rules receive various punishments, players say. Football players are told to lie down on the ground and roll up and down the football field until they're dizzy. Basketball players are told to squat down--keeping their hands and legs on the floor--and push a towel across the McKale basketball court several times until their arms and legs hurt, says Joseph Blair, a UA senior basketball center who was recently declared academically ineligible. Extra running is also a standard method of discipline, football and basketball players say. "For every hour of (of class) that you miss, you have to run an hour," says Blair, who was required to run every morning at 6 a.m. for six weeks last year because some coaches thought his grades were not high enough, even though he says they met NCAA and Arizona Board of Regents standards. "You just go through with what they tell you" and "follow orders," he says. If a football player breaks the rules, his coach may call him at 6 a.m. and order him to run laps around the field or roll on the ground for 10 to 15 minutes until the player "feels sick and nasty," Jarrett says. UA Head Football Coach Dick Tomey, known for his commitment to academics, says "most of the time we try to use an academic experience" as a penalty for not going to class. He adds, "The guys have to go to class," even if their schedules conflict with practice. Fisher says many UA coaches "have decided that we're going to become extremely disciplined and that it's going to start in the classroom." He adds the discipline measures are going to get "much worse," and "for those that complain about the consequences, get ready for the apocalypse coming this spring." He adds, "Draconian measures are necessary to make people understand the coaches really mean business." Huge Time Commitments ATHLETES SAY ANOTHER practice that undermines their academic performance is the fact they must spend many more hours in athletic activities than NCAA rules permit in order to compete for playing time. According to Bylaw 17.1.5.1 in the 1994-95 NCAA Manual, "a student-athlete's participation in countable athletically related activities shall be limited to a maximum of four hours per day and 20 hours per week." Academic advisors, numerous athletes and some administrators agree most students devote about 40 hours a week to their sport during the playing season. "Generally we've said it's like a 40-hour work week," LaRose says. "You can only require student-athletes to be involved in athletically related activities for 20 hours per week," she says. However, athletes also have an "out," she explains. "If a student-athlete wishes to volunteer their time beyond that" they can, LaRose says. "That's where we get caught up in (athletes) participating more than their 20 hours." The time to travel to an event, get dressed and stretch is not counted in the 20 hours, she adds. Student-athletes say they leave their dorm rooms or apartments early in the morning and get back late at night during the playing season. For example, freshmen football players say they're required to attend a maximum eight study hours a week, plus team meetings, practices, strength and training workouts, critiques of game films and team meals. A typical week during the season consists of seven hours of practice and 13 hours of meetings, watching films and weightlifting, says Dick Tomey. He adds a game is counted as three hours. Nevertheless, a few players say if athletes expect to make the traveling squad and stay physically and mentally in shape, devoting only the required amount of time to their sport is insufficient. "You always have to do more to actually make the traveling squad--to actually be a better athlete," says Mike Scurlock, former UA football cornerback who was drafted by the St. Louis Rams last year. "It may take more than 30 hours a week" to stay physically and mentally in shape. In addition, players say the days spent going to away games cut down enormously on study time. Road trips are "not conducive to anything else but playing," says former football player Mu Tagoai. The men's basketball team travels Wednesday to Sunday and the football team travels Friday to Saturday. Nevertheless, the NCAA only counts a game--even though it may be out-of-state--as three of the 20 permitted hours. "They wonder why we're failing," says Reggie Geary, adding the basketball team can attend only four days of class every two weeks during most of the season. "They give us an environment" where grades will be sacrificed, he says. Some Athletic Department personnel are open about their priorities. "Practice time has precedence over school time," says Ruben Berry, who oversees the tutoring program for student-athletes. If a player schedules a class during practice and "it's not needed for graduation" usually a coach will request that an athlete "drop it," he says. "During basketball season you try to take classes that are less stressful, due to the fact that half your time will be spent playing basketball," Berry explains. Mixed Reactions JARRETT AND LOVETT graduated in 1994. Each has a promising future. Jarrett has completed work toward a master's degree in international management at the American Graduate School of International Management (Thunderbird Campus) in Glendale. Lovett is working as a news photographer at KGUN-TV, the ABC affiliate in Tucson. Neither believes the academic support programs helped him prepare well for the career he's pursuing. Lovett, who stayed with the support program, believes the monitoring by coaches and advisors was degrading and contributed little to his desire to learn or determination to complete his degree. "It's a business--that's all it is," says Jarrett, who thinks people are getting cheated out of their education. "A piece of paper doesn't mean shit to me if you didn't learn anything." Page 7 By Gregory McNamee and Luis Alberto Urrea NINETEEN-HUNDRED-AND-ninety-five was a bad year to be in Tucson if you were a young Hispanic male living on the southwest side. It was also a bad year if you were sorting out a relationship, or owned a nice bike or tennis shoes, or were a child in the presence of junkies, or lived in a trailer, or behaved stupidly in the wrong place at the wrong time. Pima County's homicide and non-negligent manslaughter rate hit an all-time high in 1995, weighing in at 102 dead. In 1975, according to the U.S. Department of Justice Uniform Crime Reports, the figure stood at a mere 36, and that was thought of as a particularly gruesome toll at the time. Just 10 years ago, according to the same source, the number was 17. The daily newspapers began reporting this record-breaking trend early in the year, although, as many readers complained, most stories wound up being buried at the back of the Metro section. Throughout the year, the papers also published conflicting reports on the exact body count: official sources disagreed on the number killed, and the roster shifted as homicides became manslaughter, as police shootings were ruled justifiable, as cases opened and closed and were reclassified and reassigned. The final toll may yet be revised. Murder once was a so-called friendly crime, almost always committed by someone known to the victim, as in the case of 74-year-old Mildred Huff, who was shot to death, police allege, by her granddaughter DaShanna Morgan in an argument over money with which to buy drugs. It is not so friendly now. In 1995, according to the FBI, for the first time in American history more than half of all homicides were random, committed by strangers. That trend was borne out in Tucson, as 19-year-old Bryant Keopele Bright found on May 27, when he attended a graduation party for a friend at Pueblo High School and was cut down by one of the 30 or so bullets allegedly fired by 18-year-old Francisco Gradillas Salcido, who apparently had no particular target in mind when he opened his automatic weapon up on a crowd of 75 partygoers. The vast majority of homicides this year were accomplished by means of handgun, with one grisly shotgun slaying and an emphatic death by assault rifle. (One Tucson Police Department detective commented, "They wanted to make extra sure he was dead.") Following gunshots, the next favored means of extermination were bludgeonings, followed by stabbings. There was one suffocation, and two strangulations. More than two-thirds of the victims were between the ages of 11 and 30, which bears out the long-standing observation that violent crime is the province of the young. (The youngest was one month old, the oldest 80.) Nearly half were Hispanic; 80 percent were male. Most died somewhere west of Alvernon Way and south of Grant Road. The good news, one could say, is that Tucsonans avoided poisoning, drowning or burning each other to death in 1995. Neither were any serial killers working the streets of Tucson--at least as far as police are willing to say. It was strictly Wild West action in the Naked Pueblo, the paradise of gun-shop owners and morticians. But the reasons for killing remain constant, regardless of the relationship between murderer and victim. We are left with a sorry legacy that, in an admittedly unscientific breakdown, falls into crimes of cowardice, crimes of passion, and crimes of stupidity. Crimes Of Cowardice ONE LONGTIME TPD homicide investigator calls most of the current crop of murders "crimes of cowardice": the murderer killed his or her victim without giving the target a chance to flee or fight back. Echoing his colleague, TPD public-information officer Sgt. Eugene Mejia remarks, "Random killings, especially where unarmed people are killed, are the biggest single act of cowardice there is." Those "crimes of cowardice" racked up astonishing statistics in 1995. Of the murders this year, more than half qualify: an Indian transient is stabbed to death by a carload of joyriding Chicano teens here, a bike shop employee is shot to death for an $880 set of wheels there, with no fuss, no prelude. Says one now-retired sheriff's deputy, "Time was, when you had a beef with someone you went out and fought it with your fists. Now it involves guns, and people always wind up dead. Sometimes there's not even a beef, and people wind up dead anyway." A few of these crimes stand as exemplars: • June 21: 2080 West Speedway. 13-year-old Alejandro Morando was shot in the head and died beside a community swimming pool. Apparently he had traded words with four visiting males, only one of them a juvenile. This was not the only 1995 murder in which, as police note with disgust, older armed males cut down a younger, weaponless one. • January 31: 350 N. Wilmot. Two-year-old Greyson Bennett was beaten to death, allegedly by 35-year-old John Sweet, the boyfriend of Donna Jean Bennett, an exotic dancer. She returned home to find the toddler badly hurt. According to a police source who spoke with The Weekly, Bennett was too high on crystal meth to take little Greyson to the hospital, and he died during the night. An autopsy revealed the boy had drugs in his bloodstream. How they got there police did not say. Bennett recently was sentenced to a prison term of 25 years to life. • March 4: 58-year-old UA professor Roy Andrew Johnson was beaten to death and dumped in a wash off of West Ajo Way. His alleged killer, a 28-year-old transient named Beau Jay Greene, was arrested after using Johnson's credit cards to buy camping equipment. • February 20: 16-year-old Hector Calderon was shot at the corner of South Liberty and West Alaska. A carload of youths pulled to the sidewalk, and the males inside shouted insults at Hector. A volley of gunfire followed. The dead Hector was stripped of his armor--his running shoes and jacket--and left in the street. Jose Garcia, 19, was convicted of first-degree murder. • March 13: 20-year-old Kevin Sorrell, an unarmed Wells Fargo security guard, was robbed and executed near the Sun Tran stop at 4450 N. First Ave., where he worked. His body was dumped in the Rillito. No suspects have been identified. Crimes Of Passion CRIMES OF PASSION involve claims of sexual ownership and power, almost always misplaced. A domestic squabble erupts in gunfight here, an issue of macho bravado turns bloody there, as when two men argued over a woman with whom, each suspected, both had produced a child. One of those men, Eduardo Morales, was shot to death. • On April 26, 19-year-old Mandy Lund was shot in her apartment in the 1300 block of West Roger Road. She had been followed from the complex swimming pool by a stalker who attempted to rape Mandy and her roommate at knifepoint. During the attempt, Mandy produced a gun and was killed in the struggle. The suspected stalker, Darius Pittman, then tried to steal a car. Police interrupted him. He fired on them but was captured alive and now awaits trial. • On May 16, at the corner of Escalante and Palmdale, 28-year-old Paul Benavides was shot and killed in a domestic squabble by his girlfriend, Andrea Schosie. She led police in a short car chase that ended, spectacularly enough, at the Valencia exit of I-19, when she shot herself and rolled off the blacktop, dead. This crime inspired a bit of police humor when a detective quipped: "The suspect was apprehended, then buried. Offered no resistance to the arresting officer." • On March 11, 44-year-old Keith Morgan was shot to death during a drunken domestic dispute at his home in Three Points. (In most such disputes, the woman dies.) His 41-year-old wife Jill has been charged with the crime. And on August 11, 46-year-old Ofelia Manning murdered her estranged husband, 44-year-old Charles Manning, and then telephoned a friend to report what she had done. She also scribbled a note saying that she had been "depressed and distraught over personal problems" before shooting herself in the head. • In a scenario straight out of a James M. Cain novel, on March 24, 79-year-old Pearl Alice Oman died of a gunshot wound at her home in the 1600 block of North Silverbell. She met her death at the hands of her husband, the artist Sheridan Oman, whose paintings of Arizona history adorn the downtown Bank One branch office. Apparently overcome with remorse, he drove halfway up the Mount Lemmon Highway, left an apologetic note in his car, and walked into the forest. He has not been seen since. • On July 29, at 4300 S. Sixth Ave., Consuelo Lopez was shot and seriously wounded. Put on life support, Lopez could not speak, due to the intubation in her throat, and the crime went unsolved until she chose to be disconnected. Without the intubation, she was certain to die, but she used her last breaths to name her attacker. On videotape, she accused her boyfriend, Abel Pacheco, of killing her. We're willing to hazard the guess Pacheco's defense attorney will argue Lopez's death was a suicide, inasmuch as she chose to be removed from life support. The county attorney takes a different view, of course; in Arizona law, a death that occurs during the commission of a crime is murder. Crimes Of Stupidity THROUGHOUT HISTORY, BEING in the wrong place at the wrong time is a recipe for misadventure, and Tucson has had its share of deaths as a result. A hefty percentage of recent murders involves the flashing of gang signs in suspect terrain--and, as Sgt. Eugene Mejia remarks, all of Tucson is now suspect terrain, contested by the symbolism of signs rather than by the actual control of turf. Much gang-related violence is thus no longer about ownership per se, but about behavior: the wrong clothing, the wrong hand gesture, the wrong word ineluctably yields a statistic. In the case of Jesus Torres, age 15, the wrong hand signal directed toward a passing car resulted in his termination; in the case of 21-year-old Jason Romero, the wrong buzzwords in the parking lot of a southside Circle K led to his death in a volley of bullets. The first murder of 1995, on January 6, was likewise the result of an unfortunate exchange of gang slogans; Odilon Zepeda, age 17, died for his part in the conversation. Other crimes of stupidity involve the unwise application of gunpowder in, once again, the wrong place at the wrong time: • On March 6, Francisco Burruel, in his 20s, was apparently playing with his buddies, a bottle, and a gun. He was fatally shot. Police can only presume they were playing Russian roulette, although the case is still open. The day before, in an unrelated incident, Mark Wayans was shot at his home on East 30th Street. A 14-year-old was arrested for negligent homicide. Police believe the two were "playing with guns." • Sometimes a death is so tawdry that it becomes embarrassing. Take, for example, the demise of 24-year-old Matt Miller. On October 21, Miller was enjoying a beer blast with friends on the 1000 block of N. Holly. He engaged in a wrestling match with C. Elkins, a neighbor. Police allege that Elkins, enraged at the outcome of the bout, went home and retrieved a shotgun. He allegedly returned to the party and offered some B-movie dialogue: "You want some of this?" Then he blew Miller's head off. • On August 14, Vern Haynes got angry. He attempted to murder his house, in the 2400 block of S. Calle Cordova, by firing several shots into the walls. Vern's family made a 911 call as Vern sped away in his pickup, gun in hand. Police spotted Vern's truck at the corner of East 22nd and Rosemont. Reports of what happened next vary. Attorneys for the Haynes family, who are now suing the city for $5 million, claim Vern was shot nine times while sitting in his truck. Police say Haynes waved his weapon at them, and, after a 911 call with shots fired, they had no choice but to shoot. As the claim against the city states, "either intentionally or by accident" Haynes was hit seven times. Ironically enough, Vern Haynes was a gunshop owner and a lifetime member of the NRA. He was also a civilian volunteer with the Tucson Police Department. Miscellaneous Mayhem SEVERAL OF 1995's murders were hard to classify, hard to codify. Some of them are eerie mysteries--the 80-year-old woman, Tucson's oldest victim, found dead in her trailer on Christmas Day; the skeleton of a man found in the desert; the 35-year-old transient found beaten to death in a culvert on 10th and Bean. Most troubling, perhaps, was the brutal deaths of Antonio Rodriguez and Danielle Wessels, both 18. They were discovered on August 25, in their apartment bedroom at 2100 N. Columbus. Their baby was left unharmed, and was found lying between the two bodies. A police spokesman said, "They had a party the night before. The spooky thing is that the last one to leave that party was probably the killer. But nobody's talking." There is no known motive, and of course, there is no known suspect. Tucson bucked a nationwide trend last year: the overall rate of violent crime declined significantly in almost all major cities. Only Tucson and Minneapolis marked major growth in the rate of murder and non-negligent homicide. Those two cities, remarks the Denver-based demographic analyst and futurist Kim Long, are to be counted as "statistical aberrations," which is small comfort to those of us who live there. Plagued by drugs, guns, a large transient population, and what Long calls "closed circles of criminal elements," Tucson will likely continue to set and break records of human suffering for several years to come. Only strong local government efforts and strong policing can reverse our savage decline, actions of the kind that Rudolph Giuliani set in motion when he became mayor of New York and that saw a 32 percent reduction in violent crime in a single year. With such efforts, however, come a level of strong-arming; if they are put in place here, said one TPD investigator, "you people are going to lose a lot of your civil liberties." How 1996 will compare with 1995 is a matter of the idlest speculation, but trend-watchers and interested parties--including Tucson Mayor George Miller, who has predicted a massive surge of violent crime--see no improvement in the new year. And so another teenager will be gunned down in a parking lot here, another waitress abducted from a roadside diner there, another passerby struck down by an errant bullet, another statistic racked up and filed in a TPD or Sheriff's Department database. Welcome to the Wild West. Page 8 By Leo W. Banks Illustrations by Bettina Mills IT'S A GOLD rush for the plaid-pants' set, silver-haired Winnebago wanderers figuring it's time to get good and rich. They prowl the wooden sidewalks of old Oatman, a carat-sized town that howled early this century, clutching $3 panning kits and asking directions to the motherlode. The locals snicker under their whiskers and tell the God's truth: You won't find enough to pay your way home. But they still come. "We get up to 50 questions a day about gold in here," says Vas Naikel, cook and manager at Cactus Joe's Cantina. "People want to know where's the best place to pan. We tell them you can't pan where there isn't any water. We got one wash that runs two months a year and that's it. But most need to find out for themselves." Gold has always been a hot topic in northwest Arizona, and it is again. The current fever--well, call it a mild temperature elevation--started in December 1994 when Addwest Minerals, Inc. began production at the old Gold Road Mine, two and a half miles northeast of town. It's a serious effort to retrieve what company executives believe is at least 160,000 ounces of gold sitting underneath the Black Mountains. Addwest's venture, which employs 92 workers and could add as many as 30 more, is small by comparison to gold mines in, say, Nevada. But it's the largest such operation in Arizona, and word has spread. So has the misconception that chunks of the yellow metal are laying out under the blazing sun, winking like some dance-hall floozy. That has brought to Oatman a passel of tourists, retirees, vacationers and always-driving-Route 66 Kerouacs who can't rest without knowing what's beyond the next sunset. Most have time to burn. Some bring their grandkids, promising a day of frontier-style prospecting. A few lost their trousers in Laughlin, Nevada, 32 miles away, and are looking to spend a day in a place where all they'll waste is time. That's the hard-rock truth about placer mining around Oatman. "I'd be surprised if anybody found anything using a gold pan," says Bill Hawes, assistant state mine inspector in Arizona. "I think the coarse, visible gold has all been gotten." But it's still a tantalizing trip, because there really is plenty of gold there. Hawes says the area reminds him of the prolific gold belts currently being worked in Nevada, although the Oatman deposits are more spread out. They're also far, far underground. Addwest is digging at several levels, the deepest of which will eventually reach 750 feet, says Sonny Watson, the company's human resources manager. "You need to have pretty good resources to get this gold out," says Watson. "Ma and Pa Kettle couldn't do it." That's dead-solid-straight talk, as far as prospector Preston "Red Dog" Hane is concerned. He works a claim outside town and says, "Even if you know where to look it's too damn much work. I tend bar instead." Back in the early part of the century, Oatman and Gold Road were re-blooded boomtowns with more than 10,000 residents swinging picks in dozens of area mines. Production at the Gold Road vein, that same one Addwest is now working, began in 1901. In 30 years, that mine and others in the Oatman district yielded a total of $31 million in gold, according to state records. The work stopped in 1942, when President Franklin Roosevelt ended all mining not related to the war effort, leaving the region mostly quiet for decades. Not until the price of gold rose from $35 an ounce to its current level of about $400 did it become feasible to mine them again. Such armchair history is well-known to the folks at Cactus Joe's. Gold talk comes with the beer. So does the firm belief the fabled motherlode is still out there. "Nobody thinks it's been found yet," says Naikel, who doubles as captain of the town fire department. "We all have theories about where it is. Everyone tries to out-guess the geologists." It helps that rocks sparkling with gold still turn up in Silver Creek Wash after a good rain, and every once in a while the hills echo with a loud dynamite boom, a sound that only reinforces the narcotic notion that you really can get lousy rich in a dusty, 146-Post Office-box town. It's enough to make a person turn cuckoo, not that anyone in Oatman would notice. The town is well accustomed to, shall we say, odd goings on. Take the 30 or so burros walking the streets. Seems that when the miners took off in '42, they left their fuzzy-bottomed, ripe-smelling pack animals behind. Now the descendants of those beasts ankle up and down the streets, sometimes nuzzling against a tourist's Toyota trying to get a handout. They'll eat just about anything, even food. "There's a tradition that whoever spots the newest baby burro gets to name it," says Kevin Enright, who sells jewelry and trinkets under a canvas top next to the antique fire engine. "The latest is named Shirley. Cute as a button." From his spot on main street, Enright has a good view of the burros and gold seekers. He's developed a unique way of taking the temperature of Oatman's metal fever. "Until you see a bunch of wily old guys with filthy beards, there's nothing to it," says the pony-tailed Enright. "I tell people they can make a lot more money hunting Arizona opals anyway. A good-sized one can bring in $100 or more." But it just doesn't have the same allure. Who ever heard of an opal rush? Page 9 IN A PERFECT world, Arizona lawmakers would gather for 100 days or so, glare at each other and carefully deliberate how best to spend the public purse to provide for the common good: build habitable classrooms, pave roads, marginally help the needy get their feet on the ground, protect our property and bodies from deadly pollution and the like. The utopian vision is different depending on what color glasses you're looking through; liberals want the government to pick your pockets enough so that even stray cats will have full bellies, while conservatives want the government out of the way so the alleged free market can provide well-paying jobs for all hard-working citizens, when in fact they're usually picking your pockets for their well-heeled friends. However, because we live in Arizona rather than our hypothetical perfect world, we have instead a greedy scramble for tax dollars by a small, elite gaggle of highly paid Lobbyists. These folks represent the special interests that have been feeding at your trough for the past century--the mines, the real estate interests, the farms, the educators, the bureaucrats and corporations. The legislative session essentially revolves around money--where lawmakers are going to get roughly $4.5 billion and how they're going to spend it. Between now and April, all the little piggies will be lining up for the slop in Phoenix, figuring out how best to get more while paying less. It all begins with our bankrupt Gov. J. Fife Symington's State of the State address at noon on Monday, January 8. The Environment MANY COMPANIES FIND it very expensive to conform to stringent environmental standards (they call 'em restrictions, we call 'em safeguards), so they pay Lobbyists and contribute to political campaigns in hopes of getting regulations relaxed. It's as close as they come to a forward-looking policy--invest some money now to save dollars in the long run. Last year, we saw this process in action. Before the session even started, Rep. Rusty Bowers, a Mesa Republican who chaired the House Environment Committee, introduced a number of bills which, when combined, would have effectively eliminated the state Department of Environmental Quality. Former enviro chair Sue Grace, a Phoenix Republican, was so disgusted she drafted a floor amendment to shut down the whole agency, but she chickened out before proposing it, knowing it would pass. Bower's bills failed, but another, more sinister one passed: the Environmental Audit Bill, which would have allowed polluters to report their violations in secret and receive immunity from all civil and criminal penalties. After all, a toxic waste spill can really tarnish a company's squeaky-clean image. And if the audit privilege hurts innocent citizens and their property--tough. Despite opposition from the Sierra Club, the Audubon Society, Attorney General Grant Woods and all the prosecutors in the state, this polluter's protection act sailed through the Legislature. Amazingly, it was vetoed by Gov. J. Fife Symington III, who said he was troubled by aspects of the legislation. More likely, he knew environmental organizations would gather enough sigs to put it on the ballot, where it would lose, big-time. Well, guess what? We hear the Environmental Audit Bill is coming out of the Governor's office this year, which means the Governor will say he's "fixed" the legislation. Oh, it'll be fixed, all right--greased to go right through the House and Senate like toxic waste through an aquifer. Luckily, despite the recent multi-million refurbishing, the ninth floor has zero credibility. One of the biggest supporters of the Environmental Audit Bill is the Arizona Chamber of Commerce. Such a nice-sounding name, the Chamber of Commerce--it calls to mind well-dressed men with cigars, banding together to better the community. And what does the Chamber have in mind for Arizona? In ACCEPT--a thrilling acronym for the "Arizona Chamber of Commerce Economic Plan for Tomorrow," a 16-page outline of the '96 agenda--they lay out their plans. And they seem to want to ACCEPT lax regulations and tax breaks. "Changing the philosophy from a system based on command and control enforcement to a compliance-oriented system is a long-range and challenging project," according to ACCEPT, which places the environmental audit privilege at the top of its legislative priorities. On another environmental front, look for House Speaker Mark Killian, another of those revolutionary Mesa Republicans, to take a stab at raising awareness of his particular non-issue: "regulatory takings," whereby anyone who wants to ignore health and safety laws can cry poverty and get paid to comply at taxpayer expense. Back East, they call it a "protection racket." Here proponents wrap themselves in the the flag and cry "Property Rights!" Theirs, not yours. In 1994, Arizona voters rejected a takings bill the Legislature had passed, but Killian isn't letting that little setback slow him down. Sure, no legitimate example can be found of state government abuse of private property rights, but he's still pursuing the legislation with his characteristic zeal. It's no secret he intends to run for governor. When he does, we should all run for the hills. It's just like date rape--no doesn't mean no to these guys. Late last year, lawmakers heard testimony from developers who urged them to pass legislation that would force taxpayers to pay them if a zoning law somewhere prevented them from maximizing their profit on a piece of land. Hey, we knew Arizona was built on land scams, but we didn't think we'd write them into law. So much for land "speculation." States' Rights THERE'S NOTHING HANDIER for a politician than an enemy to vilify, and at the statehouse, that enemy is the federal government, that rotten, corrupt snakepit of malignant Washington bureaucrats forcing Arizonans to adhere to punitive policies invented by the liberal Eastern establishment and the Trilateral Commission. Last year, we were treated to new complaints against the feds on a daily basis. They were setting wolves loose in Arizona, ruining the cattle industry; they were destroying our economy by stopping the production of ozone; they were requiring the state to conform to these environmental standards that were costing Arizonans a fortune. Things got so silly we actually seceded from the Union for about 45 minutes; and if the Constitutional Defense Council has it's way, we'll soon be invading Nevada by siding with Nye County in its fruitcake fanatic lawsuit against Uncle Sam. Gov. Symington, who has had his share of trouble from the federal regulators regarding all those intriguing Keating-style financial deals that finally fell to pieces last year, went so far as to describe the relationship between the state and the feds as that of a generous nephew who has kindly allowed his uncle to come visit, only to find the uncle is free-loading. A more apt description might be that of an irresponsible nephew who, having enjoyed the largess of a rich uncle for many years, now feels he owns a portion of the uncle's estate. Last time we checked, the federal government covered the cost of the troops who made settlement possible by slaughtering Native Americans. The feds also built dams, provided grazing land at well below market value, gave away mineral rights for practically nothing, and provided a long list of other subsidies. The myth of rugged individualism taming the West is a pleasant fairy tale, but we do need to grow up someday. Unfortunately, it won't be this year. Expect more chest-beating and cries about "giving the land back to the states"--never mind that the land never belonged to the state in the first place. The states' rights debate is so shrill that one rep, Snowflake's David Farnsworth, regularly briefs Birchers and Posse Comitatus on the activities of FedGov, a shadowy organization responsible for most of the nation's ills, particularly secular humanists, one-worlders and the wretched welfare culture. Farnsworth, it should be noted, accepted food stamps to feed his family a few years back and feels no compunction to pay it back. Education EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO, the Arizona Supreme Court recognized that a system that allowed some school districts to build domed stadiums while others used sweltering trailers as classrooms was unfair and unconstitutional. The court ordered the Legislature to come up with a fair split of tax dollars for school construction and maintenance. Since then, the Legislature has danced around the topic without committing to a solution. We've heard tantalizing rumors of special sessions, but this education issue can't be tackled when there's a distinct absence of spines and a revolt forming against the federal government. Gov. Symington, who recently dismissed the notion of school equity as "socialism," has his own education agenda, which basically dismantles the Department of Education and school districts and teacher certification and unions. He's also behind a private school tuition voucher plan, which sucks away tax dollars to possibly unqualified and insolvent education entrepreneurs. Superintendent of Public Instruction Lisa Graham is a little less ambitious; while she'd like to keep the Department of Education (and her job as head of it), she does want to scrap school districts and she supports tuition vouchers. Plenty of lawmakers have their own ideas of how to better education, so look for plenty of squabbling on the issue through the session. But remember it's all chest-beating and election-year pandering, because they've already had a year and half to do something about it. The Economy AS PART OF a deal struck last year, lawmakers are committed to giving Arizonans a $200 million tax break this session. Right now, they're scrambling to figure out what form that break will take, and there are, not surprisingly, plenty of folks with ideas of who should take the hit. Income taxes? Personal property taxes? Vehicle registration taxes? So many mechanisms to choose from. How about giving total control of all special funds to the Legislature and calling it regulatory reform because we won't be able to do what the law says? Watch for this one from the GOP leadership. The Chamber of Commerce suits have all sorts of ways to cut taxes and improve the lives of Arizonans. According to ACCEPT, that carefully worded agenda of theirs, they will work hard "to strengthen the employment-at-will doctrine," a turn-of-phrase that proves Orwellian double-speak is alive and well. Basically, the Chamber wants to make sure employers can fire just about anyone for just about any reason. Oh, and they've dedicated themselves to opposing any raises in the minimum wage. The Chamber does these things, of course, to lure new companies to Arizona to keep our economy booming and wages low enough that food stamps and welfare health care providers thrive. And we all saw how well that worked out in the Microsoft deal down here, where taxpayers are now being asked to subsidize the rent for computer tyrannosaur Microsoft, while they import their employees and put some temps to work at a plant where the company doesn't even pay property tax. Incidentally, half of Microsoft's $4 million rent abatement is supposed to come from the Legislature and go to the University of Arizona. Sen. Carol Springer, who heads the appropriations committee, has vowed to block that payment, which could make for some delightful fireworks. Social Issues NOT EVERYTHING THAT happens at the Legislature is directly related to money. Take abortion, for instance. For the last several years, Senate President John Greene has enforced a moratorium on abortion bills, believing the subject was too fractious for the party. But this year, he's lifting the ban because the GOP caucus says they'll behave and work together to pass a bill which will require minors to notify their parents before terminating a pregnancy. Word is it'll pass--the votes are already counted. The state's few affirmative action programs are also coming under attack. Freshman Republican Scott Bungaard, a 27-year-old fresh-faced disciple of U.S. House Speaker Newt Gingrich and an ex-felon (the Phoenix New Times dubbed him a "man of conviction"), has concluded that since discrimination is wrong, it's also wrong for the state to engage in discrimination. A compelling argument, until you stop to consider that our government does all sorts things individuals aren't allowed to do--like kill people, for instance. Bungaard himself, demonstrating the progressive sense of justice that's so popular in the Middle East, wants to impose the death penalty for drug dealers. Apparently, discrimination is always wrong, but killing people is only wrong sometimes. Maybe that's because affirmative action programs help minorities, while the death penalty generally kills 'em off. The Good News IF ALL OF this sounds depressing, don't feel too bad. It's an election year, and it costs at least $10,000 to run a decent campaign for the statehouse. Since lawmakers aren't allowed to accept contributions while in session, expect them to try to wrap things up quickly. And expect them to have their sweaty palms out once they do. Page 10 Capitol Punishment It's January in Arizona--do you know where your tax dollars are spewing? A look at the big legislative issues facing that intractable band of GOP wackos in Phoenix. By Jim Nintzel Mailbag Missives from our adoring/outraged readers. Smith NAFTA has given us hell on wheels. By Jeff Smith The Skinny The making of journalistic history in the Naked Pueblo...The Constitutional Defense Council goes to war...And much more! Backward Glances Follow-up reports on some of our stories you may have read (assuming you do read, of course) during the infamous year just done. By David Devine Blind Ambition Who's running for office where in '96--a round-up of political rumors. By Emil Franzi and Jim Nintzel City Week Big doings in Tucson for the week of January 4 - January 10. Eighth Day Bill Bennett: Shut up. By Hannah Glasston Cheap Thrills Fun things to do that won't cost a fortune. City Week Listings Tucson's most extensive list of what's going on. My Dinner With Dan A conversation about life, the universe and everything with local punk legend Dan Stuart. By Fred Mills Soundbites A visit with Van Christian, who's just released a new Naked Prey album. By Jennifer Murphy Quick Scans Leaving Las Vegas Soundtrack...Replicants...Jack O' Fire Club Listings What's happening at the local hot spots for the week of January 4 - January 10. Western Passions A look at the paintings of James Cook, who has been classified as a western artist, even though he's so much more. By Margaret Regan It's Playtime The Old Pueblo Playwrights stage a festival. By Jana Rivera Collage The Edward Nye Fish House may well be the best little adobe in Tucson. Or to rephrase, the best little answer to a decades-old dispute in the city's art community. By Margaret Regan Chow Dinner at Le Rendez-vous is French bliss. By Rebecca Cook Out There Grab your compass and get lost. By Kevin Franklin Danehy Marji Helser got a bad break--and it's taken her off the basketball court. By Tom Danehy Four Rooms Four Rooms you don't want to enter. By Stacey Richter Film Clips Check out our capsule reviews packed with links to the hottest movie home pages on the Web. Film Times What's showing right now on local screens for the week of January 4 - January 10 Real Astrology Astrology for the week of January 4 - January 10 Comics Random Shots . K. Rat . Red Meat . Staggering Heights . Eye Of The Beholder . The City Tucson Weekly Staff Tucson Weekly Home Page DesertNet Advertising Information January 4 - January 10, 1996 AZDPS Tribute to the Fallen Thirty Arizona Highway Patrolmen/Department of Public Safety State Troopers gave their lives in the line of duty. These brave heroes, their families, and their loved ones are always in the hearts and minds of the officers and civilians who worked with them, of others who followed in their footsteps, and of the public whom they served. Of the 30 deaths, eight were the result of murder, 17 were traffic-related, two died in a helicopter crash, one died in a helicopter accident, and one was killed when a train exploded. The Arizona Department of Public Safety Honor Guard represents our fallen in Arizona and nationally. End of Watch: Wednesday, July 25, 2018 Badge: 10449 View End of Watch: Monday, May 6, 2013 Badge: 5430 View End of Watch: Thursday, December 17, 2009 Badge: 6759 View End of Watch: Monday, October 13, 2008 Badge: 5669 View End of Watch: Tuesday, March 21, 2000 Badge: 5548 View End of Watch: Friday, February 18, 2000 Badge: 940 View End of Watch: Wednesday, December 9, 1998 Badge: 3111 View End of Watch: Friday, January 2, 1998 Badge: 3818 View End of Watch: Tuesday, August 15, 1995 Badge: 474 View End of Watch: Wednesday, July 5, 1995 Badge: 2729 View End of Watch: Saturday, July 3, 1993 Badge: 9764 View End of Watch: Friday, July 3, 1992 Badge: 1848 View End of Watch: Tuesday, January 8, 1991 Badge: 1409 View End of Watch: Friday, August 31, 1990 Badge: 1231 View End of Watch: Friday, August 31, 1990 Badge: 2916 View End of Watch: Saturday, October 14, 1989 Badge: 3572 View End of Watch: Tuesday, June 28, 1988 Badge: 233 View End of Watch: Tuesday, October 20, 1987 Badge: 3536 View End of Watch: Sunday, October 2, 1983 Badge: 1622 View End of Watch: Sunday, October 2, 1983 Badge: 1758 View End of Watch: Wednesday, November 19, 1980 Badge: 721 View End of Watch: Friday, November 30, 1979 Badge: 150 View End of Watch: Monday, December 11, 1978 Badge: 695 View End of Watch: Friday, December 2, 1977 Badge: 1442 View End of Watch: Thursday, July 19, 1973 Badge: 204 View End of Watch: Sunday, February 7, 1971 Badge: 409 View End of Watch: Friday, February 5, 1971 Badge: 310 View End of Watch: Saturday, September 5, 1970 Badge: 143 View End of Watch: Monday, June 9, 1969 Badge: 138 View End of Watch: Monday, December 22, 1958 Badge: 59 View Case Summary: ML-40-CFR-761-764 March 14, 1997, Glenn Lauder (28), Mitch Adams (29), Ryan Stone (27), and Jacob Reynolds (28) were reported missing to the Maricopa County Sheriff's office, after disappearing in the Estrella Mountain Regional Park. The men were last seen off-roading south of the Phoenix International Raceway. Maricopa County Medical Examiner's Report was inconclusive. Date entered: March 14, 1997 Case number: ML-40-CFR-761,762, 763, 764 Location: Maricopa County, Arizona Case number: ML-40-CFR-761 Ryan Stone DOB: 10/16/1970 Missing from: Avondale, Arizona Date Missing: 3/14/97 STATUS: UNRESOLVED Case number: ML-40-CFR-762 Mitch Adams DOB: 2/4/1968 Missing from: Avondale, Arizona Date Missing: 3/14/97 STATUS: UNRESOLVED Case number: ML-40-CFR-763 Glenn Lauder DOB: 3/5/1969 Missing from: Avondale, Arizona Date Missing: 3/14/97 STATUS: UNRESOLVED Case number: ML-40-CFR-764 Jacob Reynolds DOB: 12/12/1969 Missing from: Avondale, Arizona Date Missing: 3/14/97 STATUS: UNRESOLVED Long term unresolved cases rely on public information to assist in solving cases that involve unidentified human remains. The database includes long term cases that include demographics, physical characteristics, case number and DNA specific information. Information is added as it becomes available by medical examiners and coroners across the country, increasing the chances that these missing persons will be found. Registration is not necessary to search the database, but coroners and medical examiners are required to register in order to enter case information. This project was privately awarded by the Arizona Missing Database in conjunction with the International Community Identification Network. The content, opinions, findings, and conclusions or recommendations expressed in this publication/program/site/exhibition are those of the author(s) and are not in any way endorsed or affiliated with the Department of Justice or the National Institute of Justice. Anyone having information should contact the Arizona Missing Database at 1-855-2FIND-THEM. info@maricopamissing.com Mitch Adams DOB: 2/4/1968 Missing from: Avondale, Arizona Date Missing: 3/14/97 Anyone having information should contact the Arizona Missing Database: 855-2FIND-THEM. info@maricopamissing.com

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