

panded the Earned Income Tax Credit, which supplements the earnings of poor families with children. This year it is trying to create a health-care system in which everyone will receive medical insurance. But it has yet to propose a system of child-care subsidies that would make it possible for every single mother to work. And it has yet to tackle our current patchwork of housing subsidies, which give some poor families \$800 or more a month but give the majority nothing and force some to live in shelters.

The second option is to increase spending modestly, put a two-year time limit on welfare, but only allow a state to terminate a woman's AFDC benefits if it found her both child care and some kind of a job, either in the public or the private sector. If Congress adopts that approach, few women and children are likely to suffer serious harm from these "reforms." But if appropriations for child care and public-service jobs remain modest, as they surely will in the near future, the welfare rolls will not shrink much either.

A reform of this kind would encourage the most employable welfare recipients to work and let the rest remain on welfare. In the end, that is probably the most prudent use of taxpayers' money. Such a program would cut the AFDC rolls a little and enable us to learn a lot about the feasibility of making more mothers work, without making anyone worse off. But it will most definitely not "end welfare as we know it." The public is likely to consider this another broken promise, and another signal that the "welfare problem" is unsolvable.

The third option is for Congress to impose a two-year time limit without requiring states to provide child care or guarantee jobs. If that happens, most single mothers will find ways to survive. But for some the results are likely to be tragic. Little as we like it, welfare is the price we now pay for keeping single mothers and their children together. If we put a time limit on welfare without creating a viable alternative, more families will break up. Some mothers will send their children to live with relatives. Others will move in with men who abuse them or their children. More will show up in shelters. In due course, more children will also end up in foster care. This obviously is not what President Clinton intends. Yet the political momentum that he has set in motion with his rhetoric about "ending welfare as we know it" has made these possibilities much more likely. Unless he demonstrates the political resolve to follow through on his promises with the commitment they require, he may have a lot of misery to answer for.

[Bottles]

ROCK-A-BUY BABY



The milk bottles pictured above, which are used for feeding babies, are sold by Munchkin Bottling, a Van Nuys, California, company. They are part of the company's Collectibles! series, which also includes milk bottles designed to resemble bottles of 7UP, Dr Pepper, Mountain Dew, and Orange Slice.

[Essay]

IN MY BACKYARD? SURE!

From "Learning to Love the Waste," by Trebbe Johnson, in the January/February issue of *New Age Journal*.

When I learned that my rural community in northeastern Pennsylvania was under consideration as a site for a low-level nuclear-waste dump, my first reaction was to vow to block the project. "No way," I swore, along with my neighbors, who were equally terrified at the prospect of living around the bend from a mounting repository of radioactive material.

"If they build it here, I'm putting the house up for sale," a friend told me as the battle heated up. "And if anyone asks why, I won't say, because nobody will come near this area if they know the truth." Although I share that frustration, lately I have been considering another, more chal-

lenging option: I'm trying to prepare to cherish that waste.

After all, in a very real way, I have helped to create it. No, my community isn't powered by nuclear energy, and I don't work in an industry that uses radioactive materials. But if I believe that all of life is interconnected, then I must accept that my society's waste is also my own. And although I like to think of my lifestyle as environmentally conscious, it's actually not all that pure. My husband and I together drive 350 miles every week. In the summer we pick fresh vegetables and fruits from our garden, but in the winter we buy them from health-food stores that truck them east from organic farms in California. And as a writer, I use paper—a great deal of paper—and that requires the felling of trees, even when I conscientiously write on both sides. Unavoidably, I use energy, and using energy makes waste. So I've begun asking myself—as I gather information about the half-life of isotopes and the reliability of concrete versus steel storage containers—what must I do to respect the waste?

I take inspiration from the story of Avalokiteshvara, the bodhisattva of compassion, who chose to delay nirvana and remain among civilization until all other sentient beings had attained enlightenment. In his determination not to shut his eyes on the sorrows of the world and to reach out his hand to help, he sacrificed his own rest and comfort.

I, too, must be willing to sacrifice. I confess that I still lack the courage to say that I embrace the waste facility and will cease my fight to keep it out of my community. And yet, should our area be chosen, I pray that I will have the courage not only to remain here but to welcome the dump as my new neighbor. Only by doing so can we usher waste back into the circle of life.

Writer and deep ecologist Joanna Macy has envisioned "surveillance communities" forming around nuclear facilities, centers where the mon-

itoring and repair of equipment and the education of citizens would become a sacred responsibility passed down from one generation to the next. I myself imagine a solemn ceremony taking place each year on the anniversary of the date our nuclear-waste dump opened. We citizens would burn candles, pray, and sing as we joined hands all around the 500-acre site to consecrate our commitment to shared vigilance.

Only by cherishing the waste can we honor the earth and our awesome responsibility as its caretakers.

[Testimony]

ANDY WARHOL: FOURTEEN MINUTES AND COUNTING

From testimony given in January by André Emmerich, a dealer in contemporary art, in New York State Surrogate's Court. Emmerich was testifying as an expert witness on behalf of the Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, the chief beneficiary of the Warhol estate, in a suit filed against the foundation by Edward Hayes. Hayes, who served as the estate's lawyer for six years, is suing for \$11.7 million in unpaid fees; he was to be paid 2 percent of the total value of the estate. Hayes claims that the estate is worth \$827 million; in order to limit its settlement with Hayes, the foundation argued that because Warhol's popularity may soon wane, the estate is worth only \$220 million. The case was heard by Judge Eve Preminger.

HON. EVE PREMINGER: Is there an artist who, in your opinion, could profitably be compared with Warhol?

ANDRE EMMERICH: If we go back in history, we come to artists who in their time were as fashionable and acclaimed as Warhol was in his time but who subsequently went through periods of total oblivion—John Singer Sargent, Helleu in Paris, Boldini, Meissonier. These are all artists who in their time were the most fashionable, the most popular artists, who within the span of a decade or so went into oblivion, to be rescued perhaps a decade or a few decades down the line.

HON. PREMINGER: I gather from what you are saying—insofar as one can predict anything in the market—you are predicting a period of oblivion for Warhol?

EMMERICH: I wouldn't want to predict. Crystal balls are risky. I do want to point out that there certainly is the potential, particularly in the Warhol case, as he was the most fashionable artist of his period. By definition, what is fashionable today will be old-fashioned tomorrow. Warhol's



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