

undercurrent®

THE PRIVATE, EXCLUSIVE GUIDE FOR SERIOUS DIVERS

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Cabo San Lucas, Baja, Mexico

Where The Water Runs Hot And Cold

At Cabo San Lucas on the rugged tip of Mexico's Baja California, the vortex of the Pacific and the Sea of Cortez create an underwater Disneyland unlike any other mingling of the seas worldwide. Here the cold-water critters of the Pacific shake pectorals with the warm-water creatures of Cortez and create a scene both dissonant and harmonic. Nature has orchestrated such an incredible score below that one wonders why Cabo hasn't become as much a diver's center as, say, Grand Cayman. One has to be there to begin to understand why.

Mexico has never catered to gringo development and ownership of local businesses, so in an area so underpopulated there hasn't been much capital, ingenuity and business acumen to do much more than open a few lazy hotels and take out a hand of big gamefisherfolk into rich waters. Ferry trips across the sea take forever, so the only real connection between the mainland has just opened with the completion in the last few years of the highway stretching from Tijuana, just south of San Diego, to Baja's tip. But the lazy days of Baja are not for long. Nowadays a handful of luxury hotels dot the shore, restaurants are moving their prices upward, and the long national siesta has run its course. Baja, California is to the dismay of many who prefer to keep it undiscovered, coming of age.

My destination on Cabo was the Finis-terra Hotel (literally "Lands End"), one of a half dozen class-A hotels in South Baja. It is built on the rugged slate cliffs which overlook the Pacific on one side and the Sea of Cortez on the other. Because cheap labor is abundant, the hotel was painstakingly built to conform with the natural line of cliffs, with hand-laid rock walls, slate roofs and colorful tile throughout.

All the major hotels have some diving guide connected to them and two public diving shacks--one at the municipal harbor and one at the Hacienda Hotel--pump air and rent gear. Upon my arrival, Bernardo, the

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concierge, quickly arranged a meeting with a diving guide, the diving guide next to the Finisterra, Eduardo Reyes. After some negotiation -- the common practice here -- I arranged two dives -- 4 tanks -- with Eduardo in his 25-foot fiberglass skiff at \$50 for my buddy and me.

Eduardo, about 30, has been diving for 12 years and is NAUI trained, he says. He and his wife live in a modest beach bungalow where he rents twenty 71-foot steel tanks and a half dozen regulators and B.C.'s. He expects to soon expand his shop to become a Dacor distributor. Eduardo serves the Finisterra by picking up customers in his truck for the short ride to his boat in the harbor. During my stay he was well-booked, running three or four groups of five divers to the various spots each day. Many of the dive sites are a continuation of the topside topography, with boulders and slate rocks and pinnacles and ledges forming the backdrop. There are several types of coral and sea fans and sponges, but the stationary life is not as colorful as, say, the Caribbean, although it is a bit more attractive than is Hawaii beneath the surface. But in my four days of diving I found at least a hundred varieties of fish, a score of shell species, and turtles, sea lions, octopuses, morays, crabs, spiny lobsters, and star fish, all coupled with unusual visits from diving cormorants which, from well beneath the surface, we watched swim in hot pursuit of a meal. Our bonanza was never more than fifteen minutes from the dock where the sea life of the cold Pacific and the tropical Sea of Cortez converged, sometimes in enormous and unusual schools. Diving was unpredictable and indeed exciting.

My first dive was over Cabo's underwater curiosity, the "Sand Fault," a corridor of sand about 40 feet wide that runs down at a 45° angle, between two parallel cliff lines from the shores to the depths. Eduardo claims that the fault bottoms out at 3000 feet, and judging from the frigid, perhaps 50° blasts of water that occasionally hit me at 80', he was correct. To watch sand slowly sliding and shifting downward, as far as the eye could see, was indeed an eerie experience.

We took our second dive at a sunken Japanese trawler (about 100' long) in 60' of water, a wreck beaten up by the surrounding strong currents. Novice divers without experience in murk and surge will find it a difficult dive. It is now the home of three-foot-long spiny puffer fish, French angels the size of dinner platters, rooster fish, large squirrel fish and medium-size groupers. Schools of jacks, mullet and mackerel swam in and out of view and I spotted lobster antennae in dark holes. As I happily poked through the remains a dark cloud passed over. Looking up I was stunned to see a massive school of South American sardines 8"- to 12"- long massed side-by-side, fin-to-tail. The school was at least 25 feet deep, 60 feet wide and 40 feet long--hundreds of thousands of fish swimming in a ballet-like pattern. As I swam toward the school, it parted and flowed around me like I was a rock in a stream. Rocks near the wreck are homes for sea lions, and to my delight seven of them joined us to frolick and play. Two giant mantas with a 6- to 8-foot spread floated above the site, seining plankton. I could barely hold my excitement. Eduardo attempted to ride one of the mantas but with a flip of its wings it lazily eluded his strongest swimming speed.

Upon our return to the harbor a Japanese trawler, much like the sunken one below, had just set anchor. From a distance it looked as if the crew were hanging grey and black clothes on a laundry line, but up close the garments proved to be several score of shark being dried for the market in Japan. The Japanese heavily

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Diving Mexico's Baja

The beautiful waters of the Sea of Cortez are often dived by adventurous divers who tote their own Zodiacs or charter boatmen to take them to the reefs. *Diving Mexico's Baja California* by Michael and Lauren Farley, provides an up-to-date statement of the services available, the location and nature of the dive sites, and information on the fish life likely to be encountered. The book is especially valuable for people who drive the 1000-mile route and wish to stop along the way for good diving—or for dinner from the sea.

If *Diving Mexico's Baja* is unavailable in your dive shop, send \$8.95 (California residents add 54¢) to Marcor Enterprises, POB 1072B, Port Hueneme, CA 93041.

The Farleys also lead about ten trips of 18 divers each year in the Sea of Cortez aboard the *Don Jose*, an 87-foot vessel. For six days of unlimited diving the tab, including airfare from San Diego (actually, just across the border in Tijuana) is \$795. For a brochure write to the Farley's at the above address.



mother of pearls, moons, a veritable army of murexes, olives, oysters and scallops. On top was a forest of sea fans, green, purple, red and black, plus good lobster hunting. A seafood dinner was assured. We saw some patches of fire coral and a few clumps of stinging hydra, but so few and far between even rookies can avoid them.

fish these waters. Several beached or sunken trawlers testify to the power of the sea—or perhaps to careless seamanship.

Eduardo was booked the next day, so my partner and I rented a car (\$21) to explore various beach diving sights and coves between San Jose Del Cabo and Cabo San Lucas. The VW bug had nearly 200,000 miles on it, but still ticked along reliably. San Jose Del Cabo, about 20 miles north of Cabo San Lucas, with 15,000 inhabitants is the main town at the Baja tip. For tourists, the primary attractions are a few good restaurants and the ruins of an old copra operation. Between the two towns we explored several public and hotel beaches for diving potential. The beach furthest north at the 19-kilometer marker had too much stirred-up sand for enjoyable diving. Visitors at the Twin Dolphin Hotel, located about fifteen minutes south of San Jose, have access to a private cove with some good snorkeling potential, but the 100-yard walk down through sandy hills discourages tank packing. Between the Twin Dolphin and Cabo San Lucas, the beaches are more suitable for sunning and surfing than for diving. Only three hotels have true ocean beach access: The Solmar, The Hacienda and Finisterra. The Hacienda alone has decent beach swimming; the surf and undertow at the other two are killers.

On my next diving day with Eduardo, the eve of the Mexican revolution celebration, Eduardo was eager to wrap-up by midday. Three divers had flown in from Mexico City to see the sand fault, so we again stopped there first. I snorkeled and collected shells in shallower water, where a school of silver needle fish skimmed just below the surface, and slightly below a large school of trumpet fish idled by. Against the rocks I saw scores of species of fish, including drums, stone fish, groupers, tangs, parrots, sergeant majors, and wrasses. Before the next dive we found ourselves one tank short, so Eduardo quickly motored to his beach home, about five minutes away, to grab one more full tank. Off the Hyatt Hotel in 45 feet of water, we collected two large brown shells (called "conch" by locals) and discovered a huge variety of chitons, clams, cockles, conch, cowries, limpets, small

Our final dive of the day was on another point in the sea filled with large boulders. The tough surge brought the worst visibility of our diving--about 30 feet--but again we found the great variety of shells and sea life. Since I had the only depth gauge of the five divers in the boat, I became the unofficial group leader so I couldn't explore as I wanted. Eduardo normally has an assistant who stays in the boat while he leads the divers, he said, but his assistant was on holiday, so on several dives we were on our own. In most instances Eduardo's explicit instructions got us to all sights, but I would recommend using a compass since it is easy to get confused in an underwater boulder field--especially if you become the leader of four other divers. In fact, I believe Eduardo ought to find a second assistant so his dives are not burdened with leadership tasks. I had hoped for one night dive, but the Fiesta in town took precedence. So I, too, partied in Cabo San Lucas.

The Lord Moves in Strange Ways

But he did not pick up the island of Utila and move it to the British Honduras, which our headline writer claimed in the November/December issue. Utila is in the Republic of Honduras. In fact, British Honduras no longer exists; it has been renamed Belize.

All the hotels offer lodging from \$90 to \$125 per day double including breakfast and dinner (MAP), or without meals (European plan) at \$60 to \$75 per day. A car or a cab is needed to reach town from all but the Hacienda and the Finisterra; the Hacienda has a few more amenities, including tennis courts and beach swimming. The Hyatt Baja and Twin Dolphins are beautiful, but remote hotels. I would also recommend travelers to take the less costly American plan to enjoy dinner (up to \$10, including drinks) at the many Cabo San Lucas Restaurants. I enjoyed El Regional and Alfredo's, the latter having a much more local flavor. Chef's everywhere are more than happy to prepare any fresh lobster or fish divers bring in. I also enjoyed the bar at the Hotel Finisterra, nestled in the cliffs and overlooking a 40-acre beach. Swingers may find some night life at the Hyatt or at La Bullring, an open air disco, designed just as its name implies. Unlike at some Mexican vacation spas, the locals were indeed hospitable, and even seemed to like us gringos. Walking the street at night was quite safe.

For the diver then who wants unique diving, Cabo San Lucas is a find. One must be tolerant, however, because the quality of the diving service is not comparable to most Caribbean resorts. Yes, everything stops for fiesta. Yes, the guides may or may not come underwater with you, depending upon circumstances. Yes, equipment may break down. But Cabo San Lucas is coming into the modern world. It is being discovered by tourists. And it is being discovered by divers. If you're not too presumptuous, not too demanding, and accepting of a slower-paced life, you just might have quite a time.

Divers' Compass: Access to Cabo is from Mexico City from Los Angeles from which Aero Mexico runs daily services. Mexican and Continental have limited service; flight time is two hours. . . . year-round big game fishing makes Cabo a true sportsman's town; blue and white marlin, tuna and dolphin fish are caught in the mid-October to May prime fishing season. . . .visibility ran between 60 and 85 feet. . . .surface temperatures can reach 85° and in the depths that can drop to 75° in the summer, but in winter months the depths can get colder and some divers prefer full wet suits. . . .

Navy BC Tests

Modifying the Results for Sport Divers

Last month we published the results of the U.S. Navy BC tests. Four models were accepted. Nine were

rejected. But of the nine rejected models several are suitable for sport divers even though they were not

deemed suitable by the Navy. These BC's are:

The Scubapro Stabilizing Jacket: Although the Stabilizing Jacket was "well-received" by Navy test divers, the Scubapro design was officially rejected. The Navy requires both a quick release belt so tanks can be jettisoned and a BC which floats the diver with his head out of the water, *with or without* a tank in place. The commercially-available Stabilizing Jacket did not have a quick release strap, but Scubapro provided a special design for the Navy tests to meet the first requirement. With the tank mounted in the pack the unconscious diver floated with his head out of the water. Once the tank was jettisoned, however, the BC turned the diver over in the water, floating him with his face down. That's unacceptable to the Navy.

Many trained sport divers, especially those trained in the early seventies, were told that they might need to jettison their tanks in an emergency. We've never been quite sure what kind of an emergency would be required to drop a tank, unless it was to use the tank as a buffer between a diver and a shark. And that's not too common an occurrence. So for sport divers, it seems a bit unreasonable to reject the jacket design and its many advantages because it doesn't float a diver with his face out of the water *without* a tank. We asked the Navy's chief test engineer, Jim Middleton, about the need for the Navy requirement.

Middleton explained that Navy specifications require that tanks can be dropped because if a Navy diver—especially the good ole Navy frogman—needs to be picked up by a speeding boat under a cover of weapons fire, he must drop his tank to facilitate his

grabbing the harness and swinging himself into a moving boat. So for the Navy the requirement that tanks can be dropped makes all the sense in the world. But it doesn't seem particularly appropriate for the sport diver. In that case, we think the Scubapro Stabilizing Jacket is indeed acceptable for sport diver use.

Seapro Atpac: The Atpac was rejected for the same reason as the stabilizing jacket, and therefore should be added to the revised list of acceptable BC's for sport divers. We should note, however, that if the Atpac is used with a standard weight belt, not with its compartments filled with bb shot for weight, the Navy found it too would float a diver face down.

U.S. Divers Sea Otter II: The Navy found that the large lift capacity of the Sea Otter I vest would frequently float a diver face down on the surface. The problem was resolved, however, if a large enough diver used the vest. The Navy did not test the smaller Sea Otter II, but deemed it more appropriately sized for most divers. With that in mind the Sea Otter II may be added to the list of recommended BC's for sport divers:

So, the *Undercurrent* revised list of recommended BC's based on the U.S. Navy tests is:

Scubapro Stabilizing Jacket
Seapro Atpac
Seatec Sunfish Tuff Tiger Models 10396-01
through 04
Swimmaster BC Model GBC-1
U.S. Divers Vest Model 7700-BC700
U.S. Divers Sea Otter II
White Stag BC IV Model No. 53962

Breaking The BC Rules

"I don't believe' ole easy diver said that!"

In the September 1980 issue of *Undercurrent* we published an article by Lou Fead, the author of *Easy Diver* and a NAUI instructor, who argued that the common rule, "Never dive without a BC," is a rule that's ready to be broken. Fead contends that there are plenty of situations where the complexity of a buoyancy compensator not only detracts from the joy and freedom of a dive but doesn't necessarily add much to the dive's safety. He said that many skin divers don't need BC's, particularly those with wet suit tops who can drop their weights and float like a cork. He also argues that some scuba divers don't have to wear a BC either. The experienced scuba diver on a dive boat who knows how to adjust her weights exactly for the depth of a dive doesn't need a vest. By being properly ballasted against the buoyancy of her wet suit top she won't have to compensate for being too heavy on the bottom so she needs no BC. And since the boat will pick her up immediately when she surfaces she doesn't

even need a vest for surface flotation and in an emergency could drop her belt.

Fead concludes by saying that if you don't need a vest don't wear one. Use a vest when you anticipate needing it to do its job: to provide controllable flotation. If the dive plan doesn't call for that kind of flotation then a vest isn't necessary. Permit yourself to strike the proper balance between safety and pleasure. When you do your diving will be a lot easier and much more enjoyable, says Fead.

"...we here at Scuba Center find the article on BC's compromises the safety of the average snorkeler and diver."

As you might imagine, Fead's arguments did not garner support from many members of the dive community. We received several letters arguing against

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Fead and to provide balance to his somewhat radical thesis we'd like to quote from several.

David J. Schwarze, a PADI instructor at the Scuba Center in Minneapolis wrote this:

I can't think of when a BC doesn't add to the safety of a snorkeler or diver. That's like saying the United States Coast Guard-approved life jackets are only for those who can't swim. As for the "Bikini-clad snorkeler" most people can float without the aid of flotation devices, but in a stressful situation most people cannot stay afloat without treading water or with the help of a buoyancy device. Besides this, isn't a little bit of drag worth the safety of a snorkeler or diver? What if he or she gets a severe cramp or is caught in a current? Considering that many snorkelers and divers are below-average to average swimmers less than qualifies them to risk their life in a possible drowning.

As a professional training facility we here at Scuba Center find the article on BC's compromises the safety of the average snorkeler and diver."

A somewhat different approach—with perhaps a few unrelated ideas—comes from Bill Foley, an assistant NAUI instructor from Holbrook, Massachusetts.

Safety or Sexism. At times it's a little discomfoting to accept changes or even the thought of them. Having been weened on NAUI and such dogma as "Never dive alone" and "The B.C. is the single most important piece of diving equipment," it becomes a little uncomfortable when you start hearing conflicting information. Not that any of this is sacred...although you certainly could draw that conclusion listening to some. In any event I believe that the bottom line and choice should always be with the individual diver however strongly one might disagree.

Those choices are obviously swayed by the so-called

authorities in the field—whoever they are. Fead's questions concerned the use of the B.C., its applications, benefits and, yes, even drawbacks. I have a problem with it, not so much with the arguments as written but rather what might be behind what's being said.

After reading Lou's article and after seeing countless underwater shots in all the diving magazines of women (supposedly divers) chest bared, no B.C. or a back B.C. (which is the same as no B.C.) I've begun to get angry as hell. What are they selling? Who's buying? Are we listening and looking at safety? I doubt it. If anyone is looking for arguments against the B.C.'s usefulness and effectiveness I don't have any here! What I'm referring to here is the packaging of something and selling it as one thing when in essence it's something else. I don't think it encourages or gives an accurate picture of women diving; if anything it degrades their involvement. Who's safety is at stake?

P.S. I just picked up my own copy of OUI magazine and luckily I didn't find any of the women covered with diving gear.

"He is entirely right when he quotes what we did in the 'good old days.' But I for one don't believe that the 'good old days' were so bloody good! I like the good new days a hell of a lot better."

And finally there's Dave Woodward, the President of Dive Guide and Photo Pro in San Salvador. This is what Dave has to say:

I don't believe ole' easy diver said that! Having just read Lou's article from the other side of the coin in Sport Diver, I get a little bewildered.

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I would agree with Lou that there are certainly situations when a BC is not only not mandatory but also a drag. However, these situations are primarily involved with breath-holding diving or snorkeling with experienced snorkelers. I certainly can't agree at all with his paragraph on the experienced diver adjusting her weights for the exact depth and diving without a compensator. He is entirely right when he quotes what we did in the "good old days." But I for one don't believe that the "good old days" were so bloody good! I like the good new days a hell of a lot better. I also find it hard to believe that anyone can quarrel with the fact that a scuba diver should have total control of his (or her) buoyancy at all times, and that a slow controlled

ascent (as well as descent) is imperative; to minimize the possibility of bubbling on ascent, and squeeze on descent. If you weight yourself for one particular depth then you struggle to go down to get there and you are out of control coming back up. "Out of Control" is the first step in the "Incident of Accident" syndrome.

I would like to add one "Good New Days" statement: an underwater photographer who is not using a push-button-inflated BC to dive with is kidding himself. Buoyancy control is not only a must for safe diving, but of even greater importance in taking good pictures. If it takes the work out of what you are doing it makes "EASY DIVING!"

The DEMA Show

From Innovations to Refinements

Each year the Diving Equipment Manufacturers Association (DEMA) holds a dog and pony show to trot out its new breeds for the retailing public. This year the event was headquartered in the Las Vegas Hilton and, as in previous years, we sent our representative to the show. This year his greeting was somewhat different because of the response to a series of articles we ran on regulator advertisers. He found himself welcomed by many dive shop operators who were delighted that at last someone had published the facts on regulator performance. But other shop operators and instructors took sides with the Sportways memorandum printed in *Undercurrent* in January 1981, giving him a cool, however civil, reception. After the trip to the convention, he filed this report.

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Two years ago at the DEMA convention I was impressed with the innovations being offered, new regulators, new BC's, the AIR II for example. Last year there were few innovations, but the rainbow of colors caught my eye; the scuba world had at last been brought into the world of high fashion. Nor were there numberable innovations this year. It's as if the big changes and new additions have been completed. Now is the period for refinement, for increasing the quality in both new and old products. It's time for attention to detail.

Two refinements caught my eye. Metal tank bands seem a thing of the past. They are replaced with nylon or other synthetic materials to eliminate rusting, corrosion and packing problems associated with metal. Such a simple idea! I have to wonder why it hasn't been part of the industry for years.

Another refinement—perhaps an innovation to some—seems to stem from a comment made by Jim Church in our 1979 Nov./Dec. issue, when we asked several people to state their wishes for the 80's. Church

wished for a strobe with replaceable units so all he had to do was pull out one packet of circuit boards and cords and insert a new packet. This year Subsea has introduced replaceable circuit boards for the new Mark 150. All you need is a crescent wrench and needle-nosed pliers to do the job. Last year many foreign manufacturers joined the list of exhibitors. This year a new and a curious entry is Barkuda, a West German company which is also a *training agency* and a *dive club*, an unusual combination.

As usual, travel suppliers attended from all corners of the globe. A strong contingent from British Columbia, Canada, presented some impressive photographs of what can be experienced in cold water diving, at two new Canadian diver resorts. San Jac Tours, representing Egypt and Jordan, promoted new Red Sea diving sites and the Philippines government made a formal presentation to the attendees.

Certification agencies stroked elusive dive shop operators to get their certification programs into the reluctant shops. PADI employed two very attractive women to attract attention to their booth, resulting in many glassy-eyed males walking the floors with PADI buttons stuck on their lapels.

Two excellent films were shown, both promotional films paid for by tourist agencies of the respective governments. Jack McKenney's "The Bahamas of Dreamers and Divers" is a beautiful rendition of the variety of diving found in Bahamas waters. Stanton Waterman's superb "The Sinai Reefs" is certain to appear in many dive shows throughout the country. Though these films wouldn't have been made without the support of their governments, don't let the source of the money dilute your interest. Both films are fine entertainment.

And in between the major booths, people were selling swimsuits, T-shirts, computer software and beer coolers. In side rooms, seminars on dive shop advertising, cash flow management, travel promotion, and

regulator repair kept people busy—if the baccarat table became boring.

But the main purpose of the DEMA show is for businesses to make sales. Without something to sell or the cash to buy in quantity, a visitor gets little attention. I had neither. I'm just a reporter. But with what *Under-*

current has to say about resorts and regulators and dive schools and underwater cameras there was hardly a person there who didn't wonder what I was up to. Perhaps they'll find out in future issues. If they're subscribers, that is.

The Reagan Administration

Equipped with little more than...tanks, mask and flippers

James Q. Wilson, Henry Lee Shattuck professor of government at Harvard University and once my very own teacher there, is a full-fledged instructor in scuba diving. This is no small matter. Prof. Wilson is well-known. Many people would agree with the proposition that today he is this country's most lucid and insightful observer of American politics and public policy, in the academy or out. But all this dryland stuff means nothing to me. It is because of this native Californian's prowess underwater that when Wilson talks, as he has recently about the Reagan Administration's prospects, I listen.

It is his job, after all, to take huddled bunches of frightened and foolhardy people down into some utterly foreign, bizarrely dangerous underwater environment and keep them from killing themselves. Over the years he and I have had several conversations on the subject. I describe the horror of that amplified rasping sound your own breathing makes in your ears underwater; he responds reasonably enough that under the circumstances, it's considerably better than the alternative.

I ask how he copes with the panic that can turn any one of his charges into a wild man without a moment's notice. "Fetishism," he says. He explains the principle lucidly. "You have to train them to do exactly as you do, down to the most minute detail." He gazes into middle distance, bemused by the implications. "I have left behind me a trail of men and women adjusting their regulators the way I do, winding their watches the way I do, scratching their heads the way I do."

This is self-evidently a man who understands the operational meaning of management and leadership. He came to Washington the other day...to tell people like me exactly what we should and should not expect from a new Reagan Administration that has been plunged into the current sea of American politics, equipped with little more than its bare skin and a set of tanks, mask and flippers.

The new Administration takes office with a mandate and a desire to wreak a fair amount of change on public policy. But, says Prof. Wilson as he lays out the ground for us, it is going to be up against the most important trend in American politics for the last half century.

Americans have always been at best a cantankerous and adversarial political culture, preoccupied with individual rights and mistrustful of institutions of authority....Mass college education in America has been teaching more and more of the citizenry to be moved in their political choices not just by economic interests, but by ideas—especially the contradictory notions that both need government to regulate even more areas of society and at the same time must make our politics ever more sensitive to individuals' needs for self-expression. These ideas combined have "demanded more of institutions," Mr. Wilson put it, "while making it harder and harder for any institution to function." And the incoming Reagan administration is stuck with them.

This means there are a lot of things the new Administration is very likely just not going to be able to do....So we should not be surprised if the Reagan folks find it difficult to improve the readiness of the armed forces, restructure tax and energy laws or improve welfare programs...those activities that don't involve just a single choice at a single time but require a government to put together organizational resources and coordinate many individual decisions over a considerable period.

But then there remains what Mr. Wilson calls the "point" decision: the places where an administration can fight for a choice that by itself represents a real commitment. Shaping and ratifying major treaties, raising or lowering military budget ceilings...in these areas it is not so much organizational resources as the battle over ideas that counts....This is the place where we can look for and legitimately demand administration success.

....This is the moment when you really need that long view of how we should and should not judge the government in the months ahead. Prof. Wilson has adjusted his regulator and pointed the way to the surface; I am going to give him the OK sign and, as I've done so many times, swim right along behind him.

Suzanne Garment
The Wall Street Journal
January 2, 1981