

# Accent

THE EVENING SUN, MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1988

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## You've come a long way, baby

**B**ACK IN MY DAY, being a baby was just about the greatest existence in the world.

Basically, all you did was hang out in your crib and play with toys and slam back bottles of formula.

Plus you got to sleep 16 hours a day without someone calling you a hunk and telling you to get a job.

But I recall, the biggest decision a baby had to make was whether to sleep on his left or right side.

Or whether to eat the strained peas or tons on the floor.

It was your basic no-pressure, worry-free life. I mean, a TV could have crashed into the house next door when I was a baby and I wouldn't have batted an eyelid.

If there was a down side to being a baby it was this: People felt compelled to tinkle you under the chin. And no baby really likes this. They get up with it, because they really have no choice. But they'd just as soon see you keep your fingers to yourself.

All in all, though, it seemed to me that being a baby was a pretty good deal.

In fact, if I had my way, I would have remained a baby for 10 or 20 years, instead of the year or so they allow me. It's nothing else, it would have saved on college tuition.

But then a few years ago, they came out with exercise classes for babies.

And I said, "My God, what are they doing to babies?"

Because I just couldn't see your average baby being over to the gym for an evening of aerobics or Nastille training or basketball.

And I couldn't see him or her hanging around the locker room afterward, mopping towels and telling dirty jokes and making plans to grab a beer.

Then someone explained that exercise for babies consisted of crawling, limbering and stretching. Which sounded pretty boring.

First of all, you could do all that stuff in your own crib if you were one of those highly motivated, rab-rak, jock-type babies, which I was not.

If someone had tried to drag me to baby exercise class, I would have said, "No, thanks. I think I'll just curl up with this 'My Kitty' picture book. Besides, I'm beat. They got 14 hours sleep yesterday."

But apparently exercise classes for babies were not enough, because then some genius introduced swimming classes for babies.

This one really threw me for a loop, because what I was a baby, the last thing on my mind was my time in the 200-meter butterfly.

I was more interested in playing with blocks or getting my share of the Gerber's apple sauce, a disproportionate amount of which went to go to my sister, not that I want to get into that here.

But swimming? No way. I was a quick dip in the bathtub with my rubber ducky was fine with me. I was a pretty easy-going baby and was not about to whine for swim classes and send my parents to the porcelain.

Even back then, I know money didn't grow on trees, although I wasn't exactly sure where the stuff came from.

But now they are coming out with strengthening for babies that so ridiculous it makes exercise and swim classes look like fresh air and sunshine.

I'm talking here about baby perfume, which is now being marketed in this country. And if you think no one except a severely disturbed individual would buy baby perfume, get this: One store reportedly sold \$44,000 worth of the stuff the first week it was introduced in New York.

Anyway, the first question that crossed my mind when I read about baby perfume was: Who does a baby have to impress?

It's not like the kid is going to be hitting any baby singles here. Even if he or she has a hectic social life with exercise and swim classes, the majority of a baby's time is still spent in the crib.

And who cares how you smell in a crib? When I was a baby, I didn't care if I smelled like old cigar ashes, although I'm told I smelled more like fresh new petals (the hard modesty).

One question I have about baby perfume is: How does it work gender-wise?

Do only girls wear baby perfume? Or do boys wear baby after-shave, such as Baby Aqua-Viva? Or baby cologne, such as Baby English Leather and Baby Old Spice?

Another question: Don't we already have the entire scent spectrum pretty well covered: baby water? After all, you've got your baby oil, your baby lotion, your baby powder, your baby shampoo.

Besides, who wants a baby that smells like Catherine Deneuve? Or, God forbid, Paul Robeson?

I'll tell you, being a baby was a lot easier in my day. Maybe you smelled like a stinking hamburger half the time. Or at least you had fun.



Boat builder Peter Boudreau tests the helm in the Inner Harbor.



Crew members climb the rigging.

## Pride II: Learning the ropes

**By Steve McKerrow**

**C**APT. JAN MILES called it "a show and tell about the Pride of Baltimore II," but it was the boat that was doing most of the telling, beginning to whisper secrets about herself in the gurgling bow ways, the rumbling sails and the lift and dip of her hull on the edge of a brisk wind.

"We've got a lot to do, turning up and figuring out how tight to haul things," outlined Miles to construction skipper Peter G. Boudreau at one point during last week's first demonstration sail with reporters, a two-hour jaunt out to the Francis Scott Key Bridge and back.

But as the new vessel surged along on a port tack in a brisk breeze that was churning up whitecaps, it was obvious from the booming expressions of Miles, Boudreau and other crew members that the Pride seems an able inheritor of the spirit of her predecessor, the beloved Pride of Baltimore which sank with four loads of Bermuda in May 1984.

Longer, wider and concealing below decks such safety features as watertight bulkheads, twin diesel motors and other modern amenities that make her a far less homely authentic Baltimore Clipper than the first Pride, the new craft also seems faster, confident crew members familiar with both.

Indeed, after motoring away from her Inner Harbor berth, the topmast whorner maintained an easy 8 knots under the power of just one sail, the square topsail that flew from the foremast.

See PRIDE, B2, Col. 2

## Women have a lot to learn in battling the blues

**W**OMEN NEED to take a lesson from men on how to handle the blues," says a nationally known clinical psychologist who has found that 93 percent of the nation's working women are caught up in a "blues epidemic."

Women in a low mood make matters worse — they become inactive, turn inward and start focusing on their flaws, deflating their self-esteem and worrying about all kinds of things.

"This is the psychological equivalent of running headfirst into a blizzard with a blindingly lead cold," says Dr. Harriet B. Braiker, an author and lecturer with a private practice in Los Angeles.

But, most men deal with blue moods differently. They tend to become more active, specifically engaging in activities that distract them from thinking about their low mood and problems. And, they charge their batteries.

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Sue Miller

the blues."

A great majority of the 1,000 working women Braiker surveyed said the three most frequent causes behind their episodes of depression were: too many demands on their time, feeling drained by the needs of other people and feeling tired.

These rankings confirm the importance of "Type E" stress (the stress of being everything to everybody) as a major causal factor in the mood problems of women, said Braiker, who first identified Type E stress and coined "The Type E Woman" in 1986.

"If women begin to feel they are under chronic stress, it's a real good bet that the next thing that is going to happen is that their mood is going to plunge," the psychologist said in a recent telephone interview. "That's the strongest predictor in this survey of mood problems."

The women surveyed came from all regions of the country and from all socioeconomic and occupational groups. Almost half (48 percent) said they get the blues or feel depressed at least once a month. About one-quarter (23 percent) said they feel depressed one or more times in the last 48 hours.

Women who have never been married and relatively younger women reported a tendency to have the blues or get depressed slightly more often than those who were married or those in the over-40 group.

And, women whose household incomes exceeded \$24,000 were less likely to report frequent bouts of depression than women whose household incomes were less than \$22,000.

In her newly published book, "Getting Up When You're Feeling Down," Braiker advocates a "Triple A" approach to help women control low moods.

See MILLER, B2, Col. 2



Tatiana Arana (left) can continue studies with BSO flutist Emily Contrails.

## Hard work hits the right notes as young flutist stays in U.S.

**By Scott Duncan**

**T**WO FRESH-FACED newcomers to Baltimore are delighted today at what hard work and some positive thinking can achieve in their new city.

In slightly less than three weeks, and with little knowledge of the city, Emily Contrails and Tatiana Arana mounted a last-ditch, \$11,000 fund-raising campaign to allow Arana to remain in the United States and pursue a dream to become an orchestral flutist.

Last Thursday, five days before a deadline that would have forced Arana to return to her native Costa Rica, she has achieved their goal, thanks to a generous contribution from a new-found benefactor.

"This just shows that you never know until you try. Once you send out positive energy, one thing can lead to another," says Contrails, 24, who is the newly appointed principal flutist of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and Arana's flute teacher.

"Now I guess I can get back to worrying about the strike," says Contrails. Indeed, with the BSO musicians' strike now in its third week with no end in sight, Contrails may have to wage a fund-raising campaign for herself.

Meanwhile, she's happy for her student. The story began roughly three weeks ago, shortly after Contrails left her former position with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra to come to Baltimore as the BSO's new principal flutist.

Arana, 21, had been studying with Contrails in Pittsburgh and wished to continue her studies with Contrails. Arana says, "I learned 10 times more than when I studied with my other flute teachers."

Arana had come to the United States with her husband, who was studying under a Fulbright Scholarship. When he returned to Costa Rica, Arana was already making rapid progress studying with Contrails — Arana was accepted as a fellow at the Tangwood Festival in Massachusetts last year.

See FLUTIST, B3, Col. 1