

be harmful to everyone. We do not know how far people would go to get cigarettes. For example, if teenagers were not to have enough money to buy the cigarettes that they would go to extreme measures to obtain the money. They would start to rob people, houses, and businesses. Innocent people would just get hurt. Already the violence in Ponchatoula has increased. And if taxes go up the violence might get totally out of control.

Now I would like to make a suggestion to use the tax money that we already receive from the purchase of cigarettes and spit-tobacco to inform people more about the dangers of it's use.

I would like to thank you for your time to read this letter and ask that you do something about this major problem.

Sincerely yours,

LEAH POCHE'•

EULOGY FOR DEBRA LYNN SIMMONS STULL

• Mr. MCCONNELL. Mr. President, there is nothing that confounds our logic and our sense of justice more than life cut short before its time. And when a person of special character and giftedness dies young, the loss casts a long shadow over everyone who knew the individual. The memory never completely recedes into the past, nor do we ever find a point of comfortable reconciliation with it.

Such is the case with the recent and untimely death of Debra Lynn Simmons Stull, sister of my director of communications, Kyle Simmons. A wife, a mother, a sister and a daughter, Debbie had already led a life that was rich with family bonds, with church service, and with community involvement. She was so energetic and vibrant that everyone who knew her naturally expected she would long outlast them all. But that was not to be. An accident at home suddenly interrupted this shining life, leaving the many who loved her the difficult task of sorting it all out.

Debbie's brother Kyle composed a beautiful eulogy for his sister, which I would like to read into the RECORD. It tells the story of a remarkable individual—who was not a person of title or lofty position, not someone whose name was regularly mentioned on the weekend talk shows, nor someone who even remotely desired such attention—yet Debbie Stull lived her life in a way that made the world she inhabited immeasurably better and that profoundly touched each person she knew.

In this time of mourning, I would like to extend my sympathy to the Stull and Simmons families. May you find the grace and strength to help you through this present hardship.

EULOGY FOR DEBBIE STULL, JUNE 24, 1995

It doesn't surprise me or my family one bit that the occasion of my sister Debbie's death has produced such an outpouring of public support and comfort.

Debbie wasn't neutral or ambivalent about anything—so, consequently, it was impossible to be neutral or ambivalent about her. And, in her case, everyone loved her.

She was one of life's active participants. If you were ever around her, you knew that she engaged you with her smile, her laugh, her

warmth. As my Mom said recently, Debbie came at life with a balled-up fist—determined to ring from it all the vitality it could offer. And she did.

For some, emotion is like water collecting behind the wall of a dam, but for Debbie it was a never ending spring which flowed freely and would wash over anyone lucky enough to be nearby. As someone said to me last night at the visitation, she always made you feel special.

No doubt she touched your lives in many ways. Some of you will recall her wonderful singing voice. She always loved music and singing in church was always her favorite.

And let me say to the many children in her choir, Miss Debbie loved you. Nothing would make her happier than for all of you to go on singing.

Others may remember her as the always ready volunteer, ready to pitch in and help. Still others will recall the glow of her irreplaceable smile—she smiled more than any other person I ever knew. And I'm sure others were on the receiving end of one of her hugs which said, "I understand."

Of course, she touched us, too.

My Dad moved the family in 1952, to St. Petersburg, Florida, where he began his career as a Baptist minister. Not yet 30, he and Mom raised Anne, Debbie, and Bob in a world of real togetherness.

It didn't take Debbie long to make her mark.

In his early childhood, Bob was slightly more interested in the world that turned inside his head than what was happening elsewhere. You could call him a dreamer.

Ordinarily, this quality would have marked him as an easy target for some of the other kids except that Debbie—in addition to being his sister—was also the neighborhood enforcer. It was widely known that if you messed with Bob, you messed with Debbie. And, of course, that fact was enough to make Bob's interior world safe from harm. Years later, Bob would remark that Debbie would march through the gates of Hell for you. And he was right.

Anne and Debbie sang together. When they were teenagers the task of washing and drying the dishes fell to them. They didn't seem to mind too much because it gave them chance to sing hymns. With Anne's rich alto and Debbie's clear soprano, their voices were beautiful together. As they grew older, they sang together less and less, but what we wouldn't give to hear their sisterly voices wrap around each other one more time in harmony.

Mom and Debbie were best friends. Debbie's social ease and grace came from Mom. And it was only Debbie who could match Mom's enthusiasm for shopping.

The last time they were together, they woke at 6 a.m. to drive three hours to Jacksonville for a day of shopping—nine full hours worth. Although I've not asked, I have no doubt the radio was never turned on during that long drive home—they simply had too much to talk about. With those two, the apple did not fall from the tree.

All the way to the end, my Dad's nickname for Debbie was "flea." It was his fatherly way, I think, of capturing at once her boundless energy and how sweet and small and precious she was to him. Debbie always loved his special name for her. And it was always with love that he used it.

Anne Kathryn, I don't need to tell you how much your Momma loved you. You were the light in her life. I cannot recall a single conversation with your Mom when she didn't tell me how and what you were doing—and she was always so proud of you.

David, what can be said? We love you. Debbie's life force was so strong it made us believe she would be here forever, but we were wrong.

And so we huddle together today to say goodbye to Debra Lynn Simmons Stull; sister and daughter, mother and wife, friend and neighbor, partner in song.

We commit her body to the earth, her soul to the heavens—but her spirit lives on in every last one of us who ever knew her.

We will miss her very, very much. •

THE DEATH OF EFREM KURTZ

• Mr. MOYNIHAN. Mr. President, I rise to report to the Senate the sad news of the death, in London, of the beloved American conductor Efrem Kurtz. He passed away at the great age of 95 after a career unequaled in the history of music in the 20th century, which he all but spawned. He was, of course, born in St. Petersburg in 1900, later moving to Berlin where he conducted the Berlin Philharmonic, thence to Stuttgart where he directed the philharmonic there from 1924 to 1933. As a Jew, he left what was by then Nazi Germany. He became a guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, the NBC Symphony, the San Francisco and Chicago Symphonies, and for the longest while the Kansas City Symphony. He was a guest conductor of many orchestras in Europe, Japan, Australia, Canada, Israel, the Soviet Union, and much of the rest of the world. But the "International Who's Who," 1994-95, identifies him as American conductor, the term I used earlier. He was awarded a gold disc by Columbia Records after the sale of three million of his recordings with the New York Philharmonic alone. He was loved and admired the world over, but most especially here in the United States. We shall miss him even as we have the treasure of his memory. Our great sympathy goes to his beloved wife, Mary.

In order that the RECORD might show the range of his achievements, I ask that there be included at this point the entry of Efrem Kurtz from "Current Biography," 1946, at which time he had just begun conducting the Kansas City Philharmonic. Finally, I would ask that a flag be flown over the Capitol in his honor and presented to his widow.

The biography follows:

[From CURRENT BIOGRAPHY, 1946]

Kurtz, Efrem Nov. 7, 1900—Conductor. Address: b. c/o Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Kansas City, MO.

One of the younger men who have been gradually demonstrating their competence in the orchestral field is Efrem Kurtz, permanent conductor of the Kansas City, Philharmonic Orchestra. After an impressive debut in Berlin in 1920 as a last-minute substitute, he became known as a conductor of symphony, and as musical director of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, in Europe, South America, Australia, and the United States.

One of four children, all musical, Efrem Kurtz was born in St. Petersburg Russia, on November 7, 1900. He is the son of Aron and Sima Kurtz. His father, a storekeeper, loved music but did not play an instrument. His mother, however, played the piano, and his grandfather had conducted a military band for Czar Nicholas I. Through his grandmother he is distantly related to Mendelssohn. Young Kurtz received most of this musical education at the conservatory in St.

Petersburg, where he studied with Tcherempine, Glazunov, and Vitol.

In 1918 he was graduated from the Peter the Great High School there, and from 1918 to 1920 he was a student at the University of Riga. When the Kurtz family was later forced to flee Russia because of the Revolution, the young musician resumed his studies at the Stern Conservatory in Berlin, with special classes in conducting under Carl Schröder, and was graduated in 1922. His first big opportunity has come in 1920 when at the last moment he was asked to substitute for Arthur Nikisch as conductor of a recital by Isadora Duncan. A highly successful debut brought the novice an immediate guest contract for three performances with the Berlin Philharmonic.

During the next several years Kurtz followed a heavy schedule which took him to forty-eight German cities and later to Italy and Poland. Then, in 1924 he was appointed chief conductor of the Stuttgart Philharmonic and musical director of the radio station servicing all southern Germany. In these posts Kurtz remained for nine years, until the rise of the Nazis to power. His activities, however, were not confined to Stuttgart. In 1927, for instance, Anna Pavlova, the dancer, heard his conducting and engaged him to conduct her ballet company at Covent Garden. The ten-day season was followed by a South American tour with the Pavlova Ballet, during which period Kurtz also conducted symphony concerts in Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. The South American engagement led to an invitation to wield the baton in Australia, and the Australians were so enthusiastic that they extended to him three separate offers to remain. Kurtz, however, preferred to return to Europe. While permanent conductor at Stuttgart he also filled engagements in Holland, Belgium, and other European countries, and in 1931 and 1932 he conducted a series of Handel concerts at the Salzburg Festival.

In 1933 Kurtz, a Jew, left Germany for France. There, in Paris, Colonel Wassily de Basil asked him whether he would aid in an emergency by conducting the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo without rehearsal, and on the strength of his performance appointed Kurtz musical director of the Ballet Russe. This position the young conductor was also to occupy for nine years, touring extensively throughout Europe, South America, and the United States, and at intervals appearing as guest conductor in Melbourne and Sydney, Australia, with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra at Lewisohn Stadium for several seasons, and with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, the NBC Symphony, the Cleveland Orchestra, the Detroit Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and others. His ballet work encompassed both the classical repertoire and new choreographies some composed to the music of the great symphonies. Although, unlike some balletomanes, he believes that the latter should be included in the repertoire, or ballets utilizing symphonic scores the Ballet Russe's former musical director was on one occasion reported to have remarked, "Oh, I never see them. I keep my eyes closed. But it is not so cruel to use the music that way, because it is experimental. [Although] it is true that when I am conducting something like Brahms's Fourth I do not want to see a Mickey Mouse come out and cavort."

Kurtz has, however, written seriously of ballet. "The ballet as an art form," he said in 1941, "offers to the conductor problems which are inherent in the combination of two heterogeneous elements: bodily movement and tone. The ballet requires absolute synchronization of music and physical movement, and in this synthesis lie the problems

peculiar to the ballet. . . . I am a conductor and a musician first, but ever since the days when I was associated with Anna Pavlova I have been impressed by the manifold possibilities involved in the relationship of music and the dance. If the conductor is sensitive to the problems involved, he might very well come to the point where he doubts his ability to preserve the highest standards of musicianship while, at the same time, maintaining interpretation, synchronizing the accompaniment to the movements of the dancers, and fully expanding the choreographer's ideas. . . . When one conducts classical ballet, he must follow the dancer in finest detail. He must be thoroughly conversant with the steps of the dancers; more, he must have developed an intuitive feeling for equilibrium. . . . All the problems involved in classical ballet are pertinent to the modern with an additional important element. As contrasted to the classical ballet which is merely the projection of a mood, the modern is conceived for the execution of a story. . . . Composer and choreographer have produced the modern ballet in closest collaboration. Tempo becomes a matter of a work's content, of a dance's very essence. The dancer becomes the instrument of the choreographer who, in turn, is a much the servant of the composer's ideas as the composer is willing to integrate his composition with the potentialities of pantomiming. . . . Music originally written as ballet music is without doubt better than music arranged for ballet. The possibilities for young composers in the field of ballet music are tremendous."

Kurtz has been called "the finest of ballet conductors," but although he enjoyed his work with the Ballet Russe, he readily admitted his preference for symphonic conducting. In the autumn of 1943, therefore, he accepted an invitation to become conductor of the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, to succeed Karl Krueger who had left for Detroit. The next season Kurtz was re-engaged for another two years. His first thought on taking over in Kansas City, he has said, was how to bring his music to the masses, how to make them come to understand and like it; and despite opposition he began to offer "pops" concerts featuring good music at very low prices, annual free concerts, "name" soloists, and special concerts for school children in an endeavor to attract audiences. "The most important thing is to get them in," he said, "and then sell myself and the orchestra." The response proved that he was right, for by the end of his second season the orchestra was out of the red for the first time in many years and seemed well on its way to becoming self-sufficient.

He moves Kansas City audiences, it is said, because "he knows how to inject his dramatic flare into programming, at the same time maintaining the highest musical standards." Both in Kansas City and during his guest appearances it is his habit to include modern compositions and the works of the Russian masters on his programs, and he has won commendation for his conducting of these works as well as of the standard repertoire. (Igor Stravinsky⁴⁰ Kurtz has known for many years; he has seen "many of the composer's works come into being and has been their consistent advocate.") He is likewise eager to foster new instrumental and vocal talent, in this regard being a sponsor of Carol Brice, contralto, and William Kapell, pianist, both of whom have been especially well received by the critics; and for 1947 he planned engagements for eight young American soloists during the Kansas City winter "Pops" season. In 1944 Kurtz's Kansas City Philharmonic was selected as the first orchestra to be presented on NBC's new radio program Orchestras of the Nation, with reappearances scheduled for the following seasons.

In addition to his regular tasks Kurtz has led a specially assembled orchestra for several Warner Brothers' shorts of the Ballet Russe and has conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra in the scores for two motion pictures starring Elisabeth Bergner. A "tall, gaunt Russian," Kurtz was married in 1933 to Katherine Jaffé, whom he describes as an authority on cooking, ceramics, and painting. Kurtz himself makes a hobby of art, specializing in water colors and caricature. So well known has his interest in art work by children become that, it is pointed out, mothers now send him the paintings of their talented offspring for criticism. In addition, he collects letters from famous contemporaries, possessing many from Einstein⁴¹, Hindemith⁴², Prokofiev⁴³ and others; and he has built up an unusual collection of stamped letters which have some interesting historical significance. Of one of his constant companions, his French poodle Dandy, the conductor says, "You can talk to him and he understands, but he doesn't answer. That is so good sometimes."•

AN ARAB IDENTITY IN THE CAPITAL

• Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, one of the issues that will eventually have to be confronted is the status of Jerusalem.

No Israeli Government can survive that divides Jerusalem. We should understand that, and we should not create false impressions among our Arab friends that there is going to be any other status.

Unfortunately, we have seen a recent President and Secretary of State unnecessarily raise doubts about Jerusalem.

But there will have to be some practical, symbolic adjustments made. Recently, I saw an article in the Jerusalem Post by Abraham Rabinovich, a member of the Jerusalem Post editorial staff, which had some observations. I am not, at this point, ready to endorse those observations, but what they do involve is fresh and practical thinking on this issue.

My own guess is that the current peace negotiations will stumble ahead. It will not be a graceful march, but Israel will be ahead and the Arab people, of whatever nationality, will be ahead. A full-scale war will gradually diminish as a probability.

But wars can erupt again and frequently erupt over symbols as much as over substance. The Rabinovich article is one that, I believe, merits reading by people who are looking for practical answers.

I ask that it be printed in the RECORD.

The article follows:

[From the Jerusalem Post, May 27, 1995]

AN ARAB IDENTITY IN THE CAPITAL

(By Abraham Rabinovich)

The terrifying scent of sanctity mixing with politics in the mountain air probably accounts for the fatuousness from normally sober politicians on the subject of Jerusalem.

Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin sought to justify this month's expropriations in east Jerusalem as an attempt to meet the needs