

"Where there is no vision,
the people perish."

NEWS PAGES

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LETTERS

KeySpan charge is nonsense

KeySpan's weather-normalization adjustment is one of most ridiculous forms of gouging the public out of more money that I have ever heard ["KeySpan's no fair-weather friend," News, Jan. 12]. Even the term "weather-normalization adjustment" sounds made up. If the weather gets cold, does that mean we can pay less for more heat? Am I, as a consumer, supposed to feel sorry for KeySpan because it is not showing billions in profit?

My answer is for all consumers to band together and refuse to pay the additional surcharge. Is it me or is history repeating itself? This reminds me of the Boston Tea Party. My answer: Refuse to pay. KeySpan owes us all an apology for thinking it could get away with such blatant nonsense.

Christian John Nielsen
Ridge

Comparing wind farm, Broadwater

I just read "Environmentalists founder on faith" [Opinion, Jan. 15] and would like to add a comment. I have been very active in Massapequa's opposition to the proposed wind farm. We have very significant issues with that specific project, but that is not the issue here.

I also monitored the recent Broadwater hearings and found them extremely interesting. The

arguments presented were virtually the same as the ones the South Shore residents brought up to the Long Island Power Authority and the Federal Mineral Management Service in opposition, which at that time were totally discounted by the so-called environmental experts.

Saying that these supposed experts are total hypocrites is an understatement and exposes them as media hounds and group panderers. I was dumbfounded that a single group of pilings, nine miles offshore, is a junkyard and an environmental disaster. That is especially true in comparison to the windmill project proposal, having 40 towers and a substation three miles off a shore where almost 10 million people visit per year. There would also be 28 miles of cables dredged into the ocean and back bays, then traversed through the streets of Massapequa. Why is this not a junkyard, unthinkable and an environmental disaster?

Phil Healey
Massapequa

Editor's note: The writer is past president of the Biltmore Shores Civic Association.

Let's have 'green' development

My girlfriend was reading "LI's '07 economy likely to be deja vu" [Business & Technology, Jan. 15]. It said Canon is to build its Western Hemi-

sphere headquarters on land called the old "pumpkin farm" in Melville. There were other paragraphs on other corporations building new headquarters around Long Island.

I agree that this is good for the Long Island economy and will benefit us all, but we need to strike a balance between developing land with new buildings and using the existing facilities.

Olympus left Long Island, and the building it occupied remains vacant.

I don't want to chase companies like Canon off Long Island by saying they can't construct new buildings. But, with all the issues with the environment, wouldn't the world be better served by planting trees on that land, to soak up some of the carbon dioxide we are polluting our atmosphere with, and using the shells of corporations that have departed Long Island?

I'm sure the county or state could extend tax advantages to corporations that reuse pre-existing structures, or tear down these structures to build anew, rather than develop farmland or wooded areas, like Reckson did off the Expressway.

If companies like Canon and Arizona iced tea insist on erecting new buildings, my question is: Will they be environmentally friendly, "green" buildings, like those being built in New York City?

Jack Perry
Selden

Avoid rush decision in Iraq

Newsday, as usual, emphasizes the high cost of the Iraq war. What I find missing from your reporting and editorials is any examination of the consequences of our sudden or scheduled withdrawal from that country.

Will our departure bring about a Shia "puppet" state controlled by Iran? Will it begin a religious struggle between the Shia and the Sunnis in the Middle East? Will this cause a cataclysmic world oil crisis? Will our defeat move the world closer to international anarchy? I am sure there are other possible consequences, maybe some positive, and they should be examined in the media before we make a decision on withdrawal.

John J. Brennan
Bayport

Uncle Sam needs Ann Coulter

Never one to shirk from tearing into anyone like a vicious junkyard dog, Ann Coulter should share her talents with America. The president is off on another delusional romp in Bushworld, pretending he can still "stay the course" in Iraq with more troops.

Have superpatriot Ann Coulter sashay on over to 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. and tell her good pal the truth, and have her point out that not only are the Democrats and Republicans in Congress getting impatient, but the "fat lady" is warming up in

the Oval Office. Chastising a president should be easy compared to telling the widows of 9/11 they enjoyed the life insurance of their husbands.

Her country needs her.

Ed Burke
Riverhead

Stop cheap shots at the president

I couldn't help get the feeling after reading his anti-Bush diatribe that Les Payne has deep-seated, personal hatred for our president ["Bush's thinking gets ever curiously," Opinion, Jan. 14]. It's obvious that Payne isn't over the election of 2000, implying that the president's "victory" was somehow the result of his brother being the governor of Florida. That horse has been beaten to death by Payne's liberal brethren.

Payne continues his piece with cheap shot after cheap shot. His reference to our president's "alcoholism" is nothing but a cheap shot at our commander-in-chief in a time of war. I understand questioning our tactics in the war on terror, but giving comfort to our enemies by cheap-shotting our president and mocking the reasons we're at war is nothing less than treasonous.

Gary M. Handel
Huntington

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500 WORDS OR LESS

To Seattle, with a shoe box, or two, of memories

BY ELIZABETH M. ECONOMOU

We're done. My husband and I are calling it quits. Soon, we'll be leaving our 551-square-foot, southerly exposed studio apartment in New York City and moving to Seattle, where we have family.

Relocating will be especially challenging for George, my pharmacist husband. Reared in Queens, he attended the prestigious Bronx High School of Science, graduated from Long Island University in Brooklyn and owned businesses in Greenwich Village and Astoria. A devotee of the N Train, at age 43, he just got his driver's license.

I was an Upper East Side resident for nearly a decade and am already suffering from Big Apple withdrawal. How will I, a former publicist, cope without white-gloved doormen and New York tabloids? In fact, celebrity sightings are so pervasive in my neighborhood that in one week I saw Sean Connery, Dan Rather and Caroline Kennedy.

I couldn't bear severing ties with my heels. What's the matter with me, I thought?

Anticipating our move, I've been shredding piles of bank statements, credit card bills and miscellaneous receipts. There's more confetti on my living-room floor than in Times Square on New Year's Eve. Tattered business cards and faded matchbooks also remind me that my Manhattan life is disintegrating

into a million tiny pieces. And I'm afraid I'm starting to lose it. "You can't give that away," I snapped. "I shlepped it all the way from Macy's at Herald Square to Duane Reade on 58th Street." George waxed sympathetic, assuring me the leather bomber jacket I'd bought him three Christmases ago should go to someone who really needed it.

Meanwhile, in classic New York form, I had — over the past decade — amassed dozens of fancy shoes, collecting Stuart Weitzman pumps much the same way young girls collect Barbie dolls. I had pairs in satin, suede and black leather. For our wedding two years ago, I wore gold lame stilettos embellished with metallic threads by the same designer. Unlike Gotham, Seattle is preoccupied with kayaking and Coho salmon, not with red-carpet af-



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fairs, and certainly not with fashion-forward pumps.

So far, we've managed to donate most of our "gently used" furniture. And despite having unloaded mounds of clothing at the Goodwill in our neighborhood, I couldn't bear severing ties with my back-breaking heels. What's the matter with me, I thought?

My mother consoled me: "Honey, I still have shoes that I

haven't worn since Kennedy was president. And I refuse to give them away, especially those your father bought for me."

I wasn't saving my pumps at the expense of my soul, after all. I realized it's not the heels themselves that I can't part with, but rather the fond memories they evoke: Black-tie affairs at the Plaza Hotel, special occasions at Cipriani, concerts at Carnegie Hall and two-hour lunches at Keens Steakhouse, where George started courting me.

I've decided to keep my stilettos. I'll need to peek back at my glittery Manhattan past from time to time. But in Seattle, where hills are steep, I'll be embracing the present with Pumas, not pumps.



Elizabeth M. Economou lives in Manhattan.