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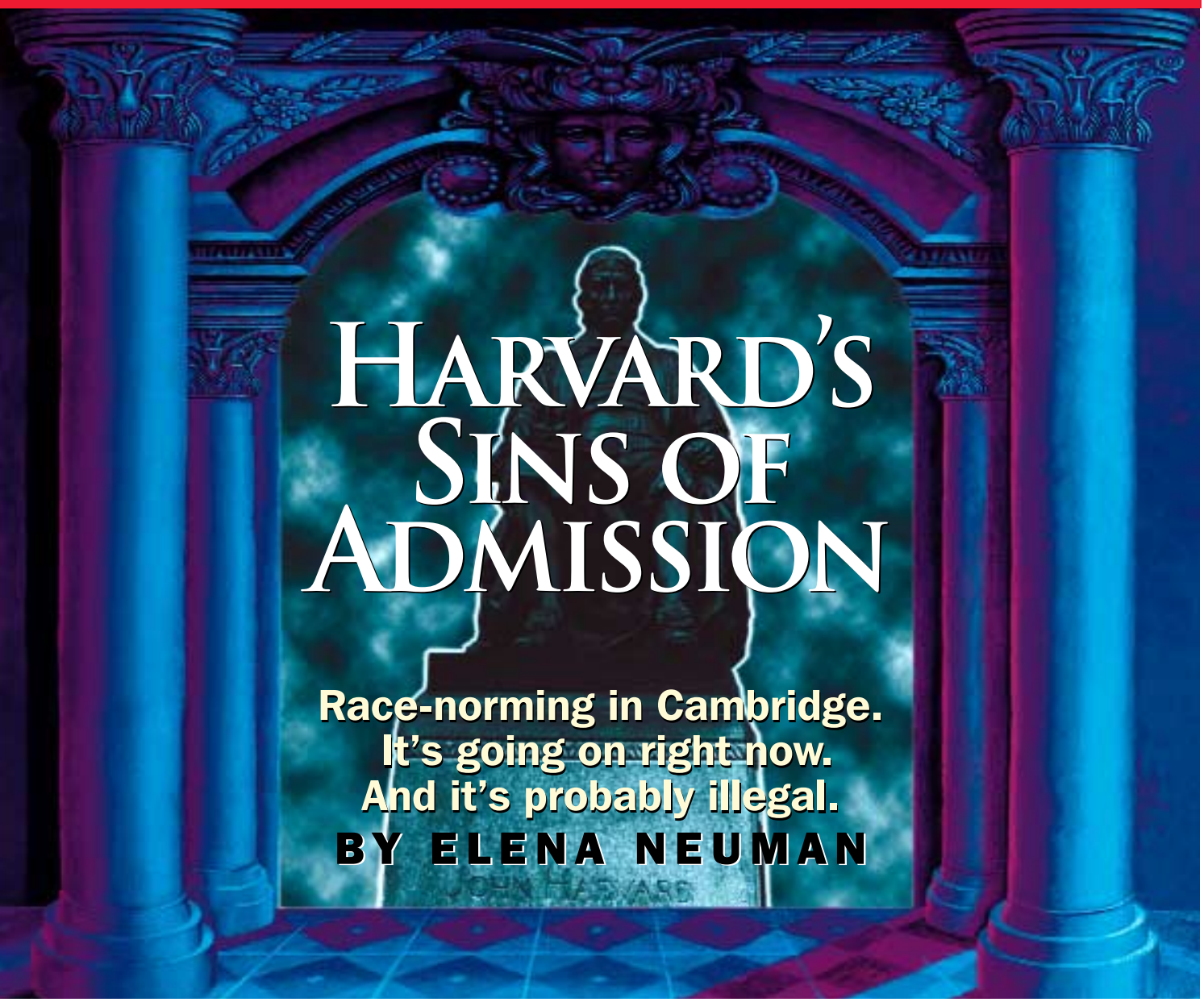

Harvard's Sins of Admission

Race-norming in Cambridge. It's going on right now. And it's probably illegal.

BY ELENA NEUMAN

Stop Perot. Now. **The Editors**

My Friend, Allan Bloom **Werner J. Dannhauser**

The End of Zionism **Yoram Hazony**

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Cover by Kent Bain

Casual

Hot Wax Museum

I like rock and roll, especially Bob Seger, Bob Dylan, and Ray Charles. My son Freddy, 10, also likes rock and roll, especially R.E.M, Hootie and the Blowfish, and Blues Traveler. So when we went to Cleveland in September to see an Indians-Red Sox baseball game, we dropped by the just-opened Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum for a tour. The ballgame was better.

The museum itself—the building, situated downtown, beside Lake Erie—is breathtaking. Architect I. M. Pei delivered the goods. And that's the problem. The building (cost: $92 million) is too grand for what's being celebrated inside. Rock and roll doesn't warrant such exalted treatment. Sure, it's pleasantly distracting to listen to in the car. It's also fun to dance to (I'm guessing here, since I don't dance). It provides nice background noise for teenage parties and beach outings. But it's primitive music, mostly. And in the scheme of things, rock and roll isn't very important, musically, socially, or politically.

Skirting this fact by elevating rock and roll, giving it gravitas, transforming rock stars into musical statesmen—that's what the museum is all about. Also, it's an attempt to puff up a segment of the recording industry that's notorious for unbridled greed, drug use, and corruption.

The glossy program (cost: $10) says rock music has been "maligned as an art form by critics." True. Rectifying this is the museum's job: "Since its inception, it has been the desire of the Board to make the Hall of Fame a dignified and serious home commemorating the people who created this music."

I suspect the Board feared the Hall wouldn't be dignified and serious enough if only rock performers were honored. So they added other categories. One is "early influences"—everyone from Woody Guthrie to Hank Williams to Leadbelly. Heck, Beethoven or Burl Ives would be eligible for this category. Another is "non-performer." This

gives rock producers and deejays a chance to claim equal status with rock stars. Dick Clark is an inductee.

The actual Hall of Fame is on the sixth floor, and it's not easy to reach. You have to climb a spiral staircase that brings you to a room in almost total darkness. The only things illuminated are plaques on the wall honoring inductees that include talents like Dylan and Buddy Holly but also mediocrities such as the Allman Brothers Band, Eddie Cochran, and the Grateful Dead.

I didn't examine the plaques closely. The room was packed, and all I could think about in the dark was keeping hold of Freddy. How would you explain losing a child in a museum?

Freddy, by the way, was unimpressed by the shrine-like atmosphere. The only thing he remembered from the entire tour was the mannequin, on the second floor, of reggae singer Bob Marley. "It was funny looking," he said. So were the mannequin of Sid Vicious and the four of Michael Jackson.

The truth is there's not much to see at the museum. The main floor is dominated by wardrobes of the stars: John Lennon's leather jacket, sneakers from Run-DMC, Keith Moon's elevator shoes. This stuff wasn't interesting, and the crowds moved quickly by. There are old posters from rock concerts. Wow! There are plenty of guitars. Freddy insisted on strumming one. And there's lots of silly artifacts. My favorite was the high-school yearbook from Wink, Texas, of Roy Orbison. I liked Roy Orbison's singing, but this didn't add to the pleasure.

What about hearing the music? Well, there are several theaters with short films of rock musicians performing, along with chatter about rock's social and political significance. It once had significance, but that came and went with the 1960s. Now rock concerts inspire teenage boys to grovel in the mud. They'll grow up. By age 25, most people have relegated rock and roll to a small corner of their lives. They listen to oldies stations. Other things, many, many of them, are more important.

Freddy didn't want to sit through any rock films, but I made him. He wanted to hear R.E.M. We went to one of the computerized devices with earphones in which you're supposed to be able to pick out the performer you want and punch up the music. We tried. Maybe we didn't follow instructions carefully enough. We heard nothing.

Fred Barnes

In Defense of Pat Robertson

In a memorable scene in the Woody Allen film *Annie Hall*, Allen is standing in line at a movie theater, and a self-proclaimed "expert" is pontificating on the work of Marshall McLuhan. Allen then steps off-camera and produces none other than McLuhan, who tells the critic that he knows nothing about his work. Stephen Bates's article on the Christian Coalition ("The Christian Coalition Nobody Knows," Sept. 25) reads a lot like that scene. The reason that "nobody knows" about the Christian Coalition he describes is because it simply does not exist.

Some of Bates's analysis is prescient. The Christian Coalition's antipathy for triumphalist rhetoric, its adoption of a pro-family rather than theocratic political platform, its ecumenism in reaching out to like-minded Roman Catholics and Jews, and its emphasis on lay as opposed to clerical leadership all point to a growing level of maturity and sophistication.

But Bates's otherwise fine article is marred by overdrawn conclusions. To take just one example, Bates asserts that a survey by the Luntz Research Corporation on our Contract with the American Family was designed to help us "sculpt a more moderate image." That must be news to our foes on the left. A constitutional amendment legalizing voluntary school prayer, the elimination of federal funding of abortions, abolishing the National Endowment for the Arts, and returning control of education to the local level by abolishing the federal Department of Education are neither timid nor modest. It is a bold, conservative, pro-family agenda. The sole purpose of the Luntz survey was to determine levels of support among the American people, which averaged between 60 and 90 percent. The actual items in the Contract were selected based on a survey of our grassroots members, and on discussions with members of Congress and our governmental affairs staff, a critical fact Bates fails to mention.

Bates writes that Coalition Executive Director Ralph Reed "has also worked to find an alternative to the GOP platform's support for a Human Life Amendment." In fact, Reed has repeatedly stated his support for "statutory and constitutional protection of innocent human life," and he played a central role in 1992 in preserving the existing pro-life language in the Republican platform. He is a signatory of the pro-life pledge promising to preserve the language that guarantees that the right to life is inalienable and cannot be infringed.

Most disturbing, Bates mentions in the same breath Pat Robertson's 1991 book *The New World Order* and Oklahoma City bombing suspect Michael Fortier. To suggest any equation between the violent terrorism of a deranged few and the writings of one of the nation's most respected religious

and broadcasting figures is beyond the pale.

Bates concludes that Robertson has "lowered his profile" due to allegedly high negatives. In fact, surveys show Robertson on a par with or exceeding Billy Graham in admiration among evangelical Christians.

When the Christian Coalition unveiled its Contract with the American Family, Robertson was in Africa holding an international news conference to announce the distribution of $1.2 million in medical aid to victims of the deadly ebola virus. Robertson recently appeared on the cover of *U.S. News*, was interviewed on the *Evans and Novak* show, and was profiled by the *New York Times*.

On at least one thing we agree with Bates: the religious conservative movement should not be counted out by friend or foe, and its greatest influence in the political process is yet to be felt.

Mike Russell,
Communications Director
Christian Coalition
Chesapeake, VA

Not Wild About Powell

If I had to bet today," writes William Kristol, "I'd put my money on Colin Powell." ("President Powell?" Sept. 18.)

It's a fool's bet, Bill. Colin Powell will never be elected President—at least not in 1996. If he chooses to run as a Republican, he will not win the nomination. If he chooses to run as an independent, he will virtually guarantee the Republican nominee's election in November.

While to a certain degree it is true that Republican primary voters are not as ideological as the national media portrays them, it is equally true that new Republican activists cannot be induced to vote for a candidate solely on the basis of his media image. Conservative voters, remember, *do* vote on the basis of issues; it is the "moderate" voter who, once convinced that a candidate doesn't believe anything too clearly or firmly, is willing to vote on the basis of something so amorphous. Conservative primary voters cannot be so easily deceived into voting for somebody who, like Michael Dukakis in 1988, argues that all that is at stake is competence, not ideology.

If Powell runs as an independent, it is virtually impossible that he will gather 270 votes in the Electoral College. Splitting the electoral vote three ways will throw the election into the House, where each state will be allocated one vote. Today, the GOP has a majority in 27 delegations.

Nothing is gained, neither by the Republic nor The Weekly Standard, by fueling the political immaturity that now yearns, as of old, for rescue by the General on the white horse. Conservatives gain nothing by escapism.

Better put your money on Netscape.

Nathaniel T. Trelease
Cheyenne, WY

William Kristol's column in the inaugural issue of your publication is an excellent example of the sort

Correspondence

of amateur analysis I expect to read in the *Atlantic Monthly* or the *New Yorker*, not in a new journal of so-called conservative opinion.
THOMAS MEHAN
WEST LYNN, MA

Pro-choice, pro-gun-control, pro-affirmative action. Does this sound even remotely like a Republican, much less a presidential hopeful?

How can Colin Powell continue to wear a Gulf War halo for a war that he had to be dragged, kicking and screaming, into? Although I am not currently supporting him, I would support Sen. Bob Dole, a true war hero, wounded in battle, over Colin Powell, a former Army bureaucrat.
FRANK M. ADAMS
ORLANDO, FL

It is the height of irony how the media—including conservative strategist William Kristol—keep touting Colin Powell as some kind of Republican moderate, when in fact they know he is an unadulterated liberal.

If General Powell is an honorable man, and not an ambitious one in the Shakespearean sense, then he'll stop exploiting the Republican party (with which he disagrees on all important issues) and challenge Bill Clinton in the Democratic primaries. Only then will I—and the legions who think like me—have any respect for him.
FRANK DI SILVESTRO
BRONX, NY

DON'T FORGET ADOPTION

The first item in your Sept. 18 Scrapbook caught my eye. Your survey asking how parents, if they died, would want their children raised clearly demonstrated the high level of distrust Americans have for the present foster care and welfare systems.

Unfortunately, you left the best option out of your survey: adoption. As Speaker Gingrich said in an address to the National Council for Adoption: "I wish I had been really smart when Sam Donaldson said to me, 'What would you say to somebody who just couldn't take care of their children?' If instead of saying orphanages, I had said adoption, we would have had, I think, a more profitable debate." Having been adopted himself, Mr. Gingrich knows whereof he speaks.

The debate over welfare reform is not between the nightmare of foster care and a Dickensian orphanage. Adoption is often the best option.
PATRICK D. PURTILL
NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR ADOPTION
WASHINGTON, DC

MEL GIBSON, STEREOTYPIST

Stephanie Gutmann's spirited defense of Mel Gibson's penchant for using homosexual characters as comic relief, or, à la *Braveheart*, signifiers of weakness and villainy, was unworthy of your magazine. ("Mel Gibson, One of Us," Sept. 25.)

After all, it's one thing to criticize the left-leaning political agenda of certain "gay rights" activists, but quite another to wink at callow mean-spiritedness, and conservatives who engage in the latter ought to be called to account. To offer the excuse that the characters' sexual orientation needed to be established "quickly via visual cues" raises the question of whether deploying grotesque, Fagin-like Jews as a quick means of establishing religious identity would trigger the same nonchalance.

By the way, the "swishy bartender" in Gibson's *Bird on a Wire* was actually a swishy hairdresser. When Gibson does stereotypes, he goes all the way.
STEPHEN H. MILLER
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A HOPELESS GENERATION?

Noemie Emery's analysis ("Charles, Clinton and the Boomers," Sept. 18) was worth the entire price of a year's subscription. Her economical use of language to present a most astute diagnosis of that generation marks her as not only a professional writer but a penetrating thinker. Whether one agrees or not, her conclusions deserve an equally intelligent discussion of the prognosis for the Boomer generation. Is there any hope?

Congratulations on a splendid magazine!
LAURA S. CURB
FARMERVILLE, LA

JEWS AND JESUS

I thoroughly enjoyed reading the first issue of THE WEEKLY STANDARD. In particular, the article by Marshall Wittmann struck a receptive chord ("Coalition Man," Sept. 18).

I am the product of a public elementary school education in Atlanta, GA, where every morning there was a Christian devotional prayer or reading over the loudspeaker followed by another class devotional. While I can certainly agree that such things did not seriously harm the degree of religiosity of this particular rabbi, I will admit to feeling extremely uncomfortable hearing the name of Jesus *every single day*, sometimes twice a day. Jesus is not my God, and I wondered then—and now—what good there was having the majority culture always dictate the terms and dimensions of those prayers we heard each morning. Perhaps that is why I attended a Jewish Day School in high school. Of course, there too, we had similar problems with our prayer services since there were Orthodox, Conservative, Reform, and non-religious students enrolled. But at least we were the majority and we shared a universe of discourse.

Yes, we are all torn between allowing public school prayers (whether before math tests or not!), private moments of silence (how many 6-year-olds do *you* know who will pray quietly during that moment? None!), and nothing. The problem seems to be that a) this country which has been raised on prayer, albeit in churches, synagogues, and mosques, seems to be no better off for all of the words we have directed to God; and b) prayer, in school or out, does not by itself have the power to alleviate crime in the streets, homelessness in our communities, or hopelessness in our hearts.

In my own opinion, it is prayer *together* with active membership in a religious community *and* constant and continuing study of one's religious tradition which will ultimately heal our country, and ourselves.

Now the question is: Can a nice Jewish boy like Wittmann help the Christian Coalition understand and advocate all this without giving up their fundamentalist Christian vision of America?
MELVIN J. GLAZER
FAIRFAX, VA

Stop Perot. Now.

Back in August, you will recall, Ross Perot, ostentatiously concerned to make the two-party system work, issued another peep from his magic flute and summoned a zombie-like procession of leading American political figures to prostrate themselves before a poorly attended meeting of his ragtag "United We Stand America" army in Dallas.

Working professional politicians, well equipped to recognize megalomania when they see it, hate Perot's guts, of course—almost all of them. His selfishness is undisciplined by actual administrative or representative responsibility. And he acts on it so freely, too, regularly subordinating the established procedures of American democracy to the demands of his own insatiable vanity. But still, they went to touch his garment: *Approve us, Ross, approve us*. And Perot repaid their deference, sort of, dispatching his henchmen to lecture "the volunteers" about the logistical and financial difficulties of creating a third party, and banishing those conventioneers who were determined to pursue the idea to an adjacent hotel.

Well, well, well. What a difference a few weeks and a Colin Powell book tour make. Perot's star in the Third Way galaxy is suddenly eclipsed by the glow of a legitimate contender; he is (gasp!) off the front pages. And so the Unabomber of American politics goes back on *Larry King* this past Monday with a threat. To wit, reduced to its essence: Unless the Republican party manages to assume dictatorial power in Washington and ram through Perot's incoherent, gruel-thin agenda by Christmas, he will blow up that party's presidential campaign next year. There *will* be a third presidential aspirant in 1996, after all, his name on all 50 state ballots, the better to siphon a few million clinching "not-Clinton" votes away from the GOP.

Wanna get involved in the "Independence Party," which will nominate its stooge candidate by "satellite hook-up" from "auditoriums all over the country" next April? Call Ross's new 800 number. You'll hear about "a new party" called, oops, the "Reform Party." But don't let the bad guys "bug you on minutiae," says Mr. Perot. "They"—you know, *they*—"don't want this to happen." His party "will have a name, it will be a good name, don't worry about that."

Yes, but *why*? Perot is not the world's best explainer, but the answer seems to go like this. Voters are disgusted with politics, a phenomenon reflected in those "high quality polls" he likes to read, the polls whose questions are rigged to generate but one correct response: Damn right, I'm disgusted. Addressing this disgust apparently involves one thing, mostly: a balanced budget amendment, which failed by one vote in the Senate earlier this year. You'd have thought another Republican victory next November would fix this problem quite nicely. It might also have occurred to you that Congress is about to enact a budget plan that redirects 60-plus years of federal social welfare policy, tearing it up root and branch, achieving fiscal balance by 2002 in the process. A history-making achievement, by ordinary standards.

But not good enough for Mr. Perot. He hasn't yet released the full-scale platform he claims to have developed, but on Larry's show last week a few highlights were revealed. A legally restricted four-month federal campaign season. Voting on weekends. Abolition of the electoral college. Guaranteed health and retirement benefits equivalent to those of government staffers. A total ban on lobbying expenditures. Congressional campaign fundraising restricted to each member's home district. "And this and that and the other," as Perot told King with his customary eloquence, "et cetera, et cetera, et cetera."

Every one of these ideas is terrible, incidentally. But what's truly striking is how *small* they are. *This* is the big, important agenda the Republican Congress is ignoring while it busies itself with tiny stuff, like undoing the New Deal? Please. Were congressional "inaction" truly the burr under Ross's saddle, he would run "Independence Party" candidates in legislative races next year, attempting to elect his own "reform" congressmen and senators. And that's the one thing he's promised *not* to do. It's to be an independent presidential campaign exclusively. For which you do not actually *need* a formal, third-party structure, as Perot himself proved so notably in 1992.

So never mind the man's ostensible rationale. The

truth is simple: This is about Perot, and the satisfaction of his infantile narcissism. Why is it that practically no one in official Washington will come right out and say so?

The newspapers are now full of speculation about the technical how-and-whether of third-party mobilization. Can Perot get the requisite 900,000 registered voter signatures—or 90,000 new registrants—in California by October 24? He probably cannot legally finance his new party all by his billionaire lonesome, and he won't get the $60 million in general campaign funds that the federal government grants to established major parties. Can he replace that sum with contributions from small donors nationwide? And who will be his patsy nominee? (Colin Powell says Perot has added "a little measure of possibility to the independent route," a statement that by itself raises questions about the general's seriousness of purpose where presidential politics is concerned.) Perot isn't saying, except that, barring the reincarnation of Washington or Lincoln, the "Independence" candidate won't be a current member of the Republican or Democratic party. And he won't be "some weirdo," either.

Thanks, pal. Democrats may be pardoned for cooperating in this puerile media guessing game, their glee concealed behind a front of dispassionate analysis. But Republicans don't have that luxury. Perot says he wants to "restore trust and confidence in government," something he deliberately undermines every time he opens his mouth. Heads up to the new majority party, now shaping the future of American public policy: Whenever Mr. Perot advances the great cause of his own notoriety by encouraging mass dissatisfaction with the post-1994 order, he's encouraging mass dissatisfaction with *you*.

Completely unwarranted dissatisfaction, let's remember. The Republican Congress was elected last November in a rare seismic shift of national political alignments. It is pursuing precisely the promised conservative agenda that produced that shift, against weakly articulated opposition, and with so far stunning success. True, some voters are holding ultimate judgment in abeyance, waiting for next year to see how things all turn out. But come on, there's no focused mass disgust with the Republican party "out there." Not yet, anyway. And there probably won't be, either, unless Republicans fail to rebut Ross Perot's loud claim that there *should* be.

That's what this Independence party presidential campaign will mean: that the conservative Republican revolution is illegitimate. Republicans certainly can't acquiesce in that verdict. Carried to its logical conclusion, Perot's latest exercise of egotism could well seriously derail their revolution, now only six Senate seats and the Oval Office away from filibuster- and veto-proof fruition. It simply won't do for Republican spokesmen to whimper like jilted schoolgirls at prom time about how Perot has betrayed them; of course he has, he's Ross Perot. His challenge must be met directly, his balloon punctured for good. His argument about congressional "failure," in other words, must be demolished. Soon.

There's precedent for that. Perot is clever, but he's not that smart. He tends to dissolve into humiliated incoherence when knowledgeably contradicted face to face, as Al Gore proved during the 1993 battle over NAFTA.

Here's a suggestion. There is one Republican politician, an historian by training, who is uniquely qualified to explain why, in a non-parliamentary republic of separated powers, American politics tends naturally and valuably to divide itself into two parties, not three or more. And why those two parties are supposed to reflect each of two general tendencies in public opinion, conservatism and liberalism. And why and how the Republican party, at least, is doing its part of this job so well, in tune with the wishes of a large plurality of our voting citizens.

This Republican, as it happens, is also the one leading member of his party in Congress who has reacted swiftly and vehemently to Ross Perot's latest folly, calling it "a substantial mistake," and "a fantasy of delusion." Good for Newt Gingrich.

How about a Gingrich-Perot debate on national television? Surely Larry King would be delighted to serve as host.

—David Tell, for the Editors

Congress

Newt ♥ Marion

by Tucker Carlson

Newt Gingrich took the stage at Eastern High School in Washington, D.C., this summer to face one of the toughest audiences of his political life: a thousand or so District residents upset about Republican plans to cut the city's budget. The Speaker was there to convince the assembled that the new Congress had no intention of meddling in the affairs of local government.

It was, needless to say, a hard sell, but Gingrich sold it. "The citizens of the city have to deal with the reality of everyday life," he intoned, "and those of us who visit do not have the knowledge and do not have

the right to micromanage the daily lives of the people of this city."

Most of those present had never expected to hear such sentiments from a Republican. And they were impressed, local politicians especially. "Our Speaker cares about Washington," concluded Mayor Marion Barry. "Our Speaker cares about our children." (*Our* Speaker?) "I am optimistic," Barry went on, "that members of the House . . . are going to work with us to bring in added resources, new ideas, not in a patronizing way, not in a slap-you-on-the-head kind of way, in a partnership kind of way."

Eleanor Holmes Norton, the District's non-voting congressional delegate, was no less enthusiastic about Gingrich's speech: "You would have to be deaf, dumb, and blind not to have heard and understood the commitment. It has been a model of home-rule consultation." Gingrich returned the compliment. "In D.C.," said the Speaker, referring to his para-colleague, "she's the senior partner and I'm the junior partner." As for Barry, Gingrich said he and the flamboyant mayor are now "more in agreement than disagreement."

Two months later, Gingrich's words seem less like hollow flattery and more like a statement of fact. Thanks to the Speaker, Marion Barry and Eleanor Holmes Norton have indeed become senior partners in the Republican effort to reform city government in Washington. And to such an extent that Gingrich's own party members are taking a seriously junior role.

In late September, Rep. James Walsh of New York, who heads the subcommittee responsible for the District's annual appropriation, came up with a new city budget. Walsh's recommendations included ending rent control, cutting salaries for school board members (now the highest in the nation), and paring the District's bloated municipal workforce. For a city at least $700 million in the red and unable to pay its bills (in the first three weeks of last month alone, 66 city vehicles were repossessed for nonpayment), these were not unreasonable suggestions.

City officials, however, threw a very public fit at the news. Marion Barry promised to "fight to the death" against the Walsh plan. Then he called Newt Gingrich. And Gingrich responded, stopping Walsh's bill in its tracks. The reason? To give local officials, as well as the city's newly-appointed financial review board, a voice in the appropriations process. Or, as the Speaker put it, the District's budget must be created "within the framework of . . . home rule." A day after Gingrich put the bill on hold, the Senate's budget for the District, in some ways more radical than the House version, passed with hardly a debate.

House Republicans, many of whom had spent years waiting for the chance to do something about the mess in city government, were horrified. In addition to a chastened Walsh, Bob Livingston, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, was said to be utterly nonplused. "He was livid," says one staffer. "He flipped out."

What happened? Why would Gingrich publicly overrule—even humiliate—political allies to appease ideological enemies? And why would he solicit suggestions on the District's future from the very people who have run the city into the ground?

The official answer is that the Speaker has too much respect for the concept of home rule to shove improvements down the city's throat. Sounds sensible enough, until you try to define what "home rule" actually means. No city in America enjoys complete home rule, at least as defined by Barry and Norton. State legislatures pass laws all the time that trump those enacted by municipal governments, telling cities which taxes they can collect, what sorts of companies they can do business with, how much to pay their mayors. Home rule is nothing if not a flexible concept.

In the case of the District, which was chartered by Congress and is neither a county nor a state, the term seems particularly empty. The federal government still appropriates every dollar of the city's budget—not just federal dollars, *all* dollars, including those raised by local property taxes. And, 20 years after the "home rule act" of 1975 was passed, every piece of legislation the District's city council passes still must be sent to Congress for approval before it becomes law.

In other words, appealing to the sanctity of home rule doesn't quite cut it. A more plausible explanation for the Speaker's actions: the politics of race. It is never politically pretty when a white Congress tells a black city what to do. Gingrich, whose interest in the District is longstanding, is particularly aware of the symbolism involved. He has been made even more aware by two of his key advisors on District matters—Steve Gunderson, one of the House's most liberal Republicans, and Jane Fortson, a senior fellow at the Speaker's own Progress and Freedom Foundation and a liberal Democrat. Gingrich, explains one observer, "doesn't want Congress to come off looking like a bunch of white Republicans who just want to beat the hell out of the District."

While it may make for good public relations, the Speaker's strategy leaves at least one question unanswered: How does Gingrich intend to make Washington into the model capital city he envisions without allowing House Republicans to chart a radically new course for the District—without stepping on a few local toes and braving the usual Barry-inspired hysterics about congressional racism and the return of plantation overseers?

It will be quite a trick. As other Congresses and other Speakers have found in years past, the two goals—

fixing the city and retaining the good will of its elected leaders—are almost always mutually exclusive.

Or perhaps nothing will happen. Reforming the District may get lost in the shuffle, a casualty of more pressing concerns, like Medicare reform and reelection. After all, as a congressional staffer close to the issue put it, the matters at stake are "relatively minor stuff: rent control, something about the salaries of the school boards. There's not a lot at stake here, not exactly the great issues of the day." Not unless you're poor, black, and live in Washington. ♦

Medicare

Bedfellow Bob

by Tod Lindberg

For months, Republicans on Capitol Hill complained that "their" Congressional Budget Office wasn't behaving. The CBO had long been a GOP bete noire, subject to constant accusations from the right that its supposedly independent studies were cooked for the benefit of the Democrats in charge of the House and Senate. The new Republican Congress was supposed to effect major ideological changes in the CBO, now under the management of June O'Neill. But O'Neill's CBO has been a disappointment for many; it has refused, for example, to support claims that a cut in the capital-gains tax will actually increase the amount of tax money in government coffers.

So a sigh of relief flooded Capitol Hill last week when the CBO decided to "score" the GOP's Medicare reform proposals the way the House leadership wanted them scored (and needed the CBO to score them). The GOP needs $270 billion in savings over the next seven years to balance the budget, and party leaders believe their Medicare plan does just that.

Through their fretting, Republicans have found themselves with an unlikely ally in their Medicare struggles—none other than Robert Reischauer, who headed the CBO for six years under Democratic Congresses. Reischauer, now at the Brookings Institution, is also happy to declare $270 billion in savings. In fact, he's puzzled by those who think otherwise: "They've missed the plan completely."

Before Republicans start crowing over this, however, they had better hear Reischauer out—if only to understand why he sounds so amused when he talks about this. Because it's not the menu of new choices in the Republican plan—private HMOs, medical savings accounts, doctor and hospital networks—that has Reischauer's blessing. No, it's the so-called "global budgeting." And "global budgeting" is something Republicans hated as little as a year ago. Ah, the irony.

The GOP plan sets a fixed amount of money that the government will spend on health care for seniors in each of the next seven years. Then, the GOP offers its choices—the new, private options that make up the so-called "Medicare Plus." You add up the total cost of the Medicare Plus component, subtract it from the big fixed number, and that is how much you have to pay doctors, hospitals, and other providers. In the event that spending in a given year outpaces the funds available, the secretary of Health and Human Services must hack away to get the numbers to match up. Lab fees might be frozen, reimbursement percentages for doctors might be reduced, and so on.

Reischauer calls the system a set of "prospective and retrospective fail-safe provisions" and "a very important step in the right direction."

He also calls it "price controls"—and he's right. Which is why he's so amused. There was a time not so long ago—as the Clinton health care plan was dying aborning, to be precise—when Republicans railed to the heavens against any sort of "global budgeting" and the price controls and rationing of care that would surely ensue from it. The horrors that would be visited upon the sick who did not meet the protocols for timely care! The long, long queues of people ahead of Granny in line for that hip replacement! The pain, the suffering! The demise of the finest health care system in the world! But that was then.

Ouch. Reischauer has a point. But Republicans have a couple of things they can say in their defense. First of all, they really do believe that adding competition to the system in the form of those Medicare Plus options will realize so much in savings that the current fee system will be safe. If that happens, then the HHS secretary will never have to impose additional cuts to keep under the global-budget limit.

Second, when the Clintonites were talking about the global budgeting for their health-care plan, they were talking about the sum total of *all* health-care spending in the United States. Now that's a global budget—$800 billion-plus a year. In the Republican case, the global budget consists of the government's share of old-folks' care. At $157 billion a year, it sure isn't just chopped liver, but it's far from everything. And the fact is that from the GOP point of view, Medicare is precisely the sort of socialized medicine Republicans feared we'd all be subjected to by the Clintonites. Republicans didn't create Medicare, nor would they. They're just trying to cope with it.

The unfortunate bottom line in this is that the GOP Medicare plan had better work. Nobody's got any other bright conservative ideas for dealing with

this Great Society legacy of big-government intrusion. Odds are pretty good that seniors would object to a proposal to just up and get rid of the whole thing, for example.

Because if these ideas don't work, the solution *is* rationing. You needn't take Bob Reischauer's word for that—or Hillary Rodham Clinton's, or Ira Magaziner's, or that of any other proponent of the view that government is the way to resolve this little matter of life and death. It's right in the Republican plan. The secretary of Health and Human Services, Democrat or Republican or Powellista, will be meting out health care dram by dram. Great. ♦

Abortion

Culture of Death

by Paul Greenberg

When the lady from the Arkansas chapter of Right to Life called and asked if I would accept its annual award for promoting the cause, I hesitated. Did she know she was talking not to a saint but a sinner? As an editorial writer back in 1973, I had thought—and written—that *Roe* v. *Wade* sounded like a pretty sensible decision.

It seemed simple enough back then. Thanks to *Roe* v. *Wade*, those relatively few Americans needing an abortion for good reason would no longer have to thread their way through a tangle of state laws, or fly to Sweden or somewhere. At last the decision would be safely left to the physician and patient, and that would be that. No one else need be concerned.

Here was an essentially private matter—abortion—that was on the periphery of medical and legal concerns, let alone social and political ones. Back then abortion wasn't a litmus-test issue. Nor did it seem an ongoing constitutional concern like federal-state relations, or the balance of powers between the executive and legislative branches. It dealt with just one limited, technical medical specialty. I confidently expected my first editorial on *Roe* v. *Wade* for the *Pine Bluff Commercial* to be my last on the subject.

In short, Right-to-Life was now proposing to give its award to somebody who couldn't tell a slippery slope from a ukulele.

I think I would have smiled indulgently back then if you had told me that the debate over abortion would grow far more intense 20 years down the road, that abortion would become the kind of moral test for American society that slavery once was, and that in *Roe* v. *Wade* we were seeing the *Dred Scott* decision of the 20th century.

What I didn't realize was that ideas have consequences, especially when they become embedded in law. The law, as they say, is a great teacher. What they don't say is that it can teach not only good but evil, not only peace but turmoil, not only life but death.

For some time after *Roe* v. *Wade*, I carried on a running debate with a local Baptist preacher over whether the state constitution should protect life. The preacher, Mike Huckabee, would later become that rarity, a Republican lieutenant governor of Arkansas. (He's now feeling out a race for the U.S. Senate.) On more than one occasion since, he has asked me what changed my mind about abortion. "A million and a half abortions a year" is the simplest answer. But there is more to it.

I hadn't realized the dimensions of the social and political changes *Roe* v. *Wade* would come to symbolize—and license. And how that change would devalue not only life but the tenor of society in general. No nation can approve violence against the most innocent and vulnerable, and expect the effects of that approval to be limited.

By 1995, what had seemed a purely private decision in rare circumstances would become a standard method of birth control, an industry, a political litmus test, a rite of passage . . . a central tenet of a whole culture that centers not around life, its promise and responsibilities, but around self, its creation and cultivation.

Those unalienable rights to life and liberty Mr. Jefferson mentioned in the Declaration seem to have been eclipsed by a sad emphasis on the pursuit of happiness. And for all the happiness that the unbridled right to an abortion is supposed to make possible, no political question since slavery seems so heavy with guilt, and its denial. Or else there would be no reason for those who favor abortion to call it something else, "choice" being the most popular euphemism and "reproductive freedom" the most ironic.

The signs of this culture of death are now so common that they no longer stand out. In politics and economics, pop culture and art, lifestyle long ago replaced life. The general coarseness of today's politics, today's economics, today's society did not spring up overnight; it is a consequence of a general disrespect for persons. When life ceases to be a right and becomes a power relationship, when any victims can be dismissed as unpersons, indignation and accusation will replace reason and respect in public discourse.

It's happened before. The brutalities of the Third Reich in the 1930s did not arrive without warning; they were a logical extension of the enlightened eugenics of the 1920s, and its concept of *liebensunwerten*

Lebens, or life not worth living. And therefore worth destroying. In the growing acceptance of abortion and euthanasia, one can see the advancing pincers of the same brutalizing idea.

It was in 1988 that Walker Percy, in a letter to the *New York Times,* pointed out whither we are tending. It was such a good letter, the *Times* declined to print it. It was also a remarkably restrained analysis of the abortion issue, and remains one of the most concise summaries of just what is being aborted:"Rather than enter the fray with one or another argument, which, whether true or not, seems to be unavailing," wrote Percy, "I should like to call attention to certain social and historical consequences which may be less well known, [for] once the line is crossed, once that principle gains acceptance—juridically, medically, socially—[that] innocent human life can be destroyed for whatever reason, for the most admirable socioeconomic, medical, or social reasons—then it does not take a prophet to predict what will happen next." The rise of Kevorkianism is only the next wave of the general disdain for life that seems to be setting in. Others will follow as surely as one transgression leads to another.

Academicians may argue whether these times are modern or post-modern, industrial or post-industrial, but one increasingly feels they are post-civilized. One recalls the response Gandhi is said to have made when, visiting London, he was asked what he thought of Western civilization. "I would be all for it," he replied.

Earlier in this century, Jose Ortega y Gasset wrote about the dehumanization of art. Now we witness the dehumanization of the culture in general. It is hard to imagine a poet at the tag end of the 20th century celebrating man in the words of a 16th century English playwright: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, in moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

If man may still be seen as a paragon, he is no longer seen as an animal, a creature with a time to live and a time to die. Instead, man becomes self-creating, and therefore self-destroying, with an obligation only to self. A life becomes something to be designed, and to be destroyed at will—not sanctified, revered, celebrated, mourned.

It used to be said, in the kind of jest that is half serious, that Americans look upon death as a preventable disease. Now it can be said in all seriousness that we come to look on birth the same way.

Paul Greenberg is editorial page editor of the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* ***at Little Rock and a syndicated columnist. He won the Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing in 1969.***

Germany

They're Ba-a-ack

by Irwin Stelzer

Yogi Berra once said, "I came to a fork in the road, so I took it." That is what Germany appears to be doing. This week marks the fifth anniversary of the reunification of East and West Germany, and after the difficulties of digesting a large Communist dictatorship, the newish nation of 80 million people is now trying to cure its competitive ills. The nation's bureaucrats are hedging their bets, trying to reduce the size of Germany's welfare state while attempting to impose its economic will on the rest of Europe so that if the reform effort fails, they can deploy European Union tariffs, currency laws, and other forms of economic warfare to protect Germany's high-cost industries from the ravages of world competition. This a dangerous and unworkable conceit.

Germany has a lot of work to do if it wants to get its welfare state in line. Its non-wage labor costs (benefits, all the good stuff) now account for about 45 percent of total hourly labor costs. That brings labor costs to an insanely high number—five times those of Portugal, twice those of Spain and Britain, and 60 percent above those in the U.S. Jobs are fast becoming Germany's largest export. Mercedes plans to build 10 percent of its cars outside Germany by 2000, up from 2 percent now. BMW, clothing designer Hugo Boss, and Siemens are also taking a hike.

One would think that such high hourly wages would at least have the advantage of creating a strong incentive to work longer hours. Not so: High marginal tax rates reduce any such incentive sharply. Thomas Mayer, a senior economist at Goldman Sachs's Frankfurt office, estimates that the top marginal tax rate is now 57 percent—and scheduled to rise next year when several tax breaks now enjoyed by high earners come to an end.

There's no tax relief in sight. Government gobbles up a bit more than half of the nation's gross domestic product. Child allowances are due to rise. Subsidies to the coal industry seem fated to endure indefinitely. The "solidarity tax," a 7.5 percent surcharge on taxable income, has become a permanent feature of German fiscal policy. So who can blame a German worker for showing a strong preference for leisure over work, a fact reflected in the labor force's high absentee rate—more than three times that in America, with most of the nation's workers declaring themselves sick on a Friday or a Monday, when they might extend their weekends.

There is no reason to believe this situation can be reversed. The institutional structure of the economy will not permit it. Rigid rules govern everything from apprenticeship training to the hours at which shops may be open for business. Bakers' hours are a good example of the rigidities of the system. To conserve grain stocks during World War I, Kaiser Wilhelm had a law enacted in 1915 banning the baking of bread between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. It took 53 years to get the law changed—the ban now applies between 10 pm and 4 am. Because of this anachronism, German bakers can't get their bread into the shops early enough to satisfy shoppers' needs. But French, Dutch, and Austrian bakers can.

Instead of reform, we are likely to see Germany respond to its woes by seeking what William Rees-Mogg calls "the Deutschification of Europe." The instrument of the "Deutschification" is European Union and, especially, monetary union.

Joseph Schumpeter long ago pointed out that conquest by military action involves large capital expenditures, and that the administration of conquered territories is expensive. But empires can now be established by means short of war. And I use the word "empire" advisedly. Cambridge University's Anthony Pagden points out that "empire" has meant binding together previously independent states. "Empire," he writes, "should be understood as a diversity of territories under a single legislative authority."

There can be no better description of the state of affairs in Europe should Germany achieve its goal of monetary union. Pagden's "single legislative authority" would be the huge, non-democratic European Union bureaucracy based in Brussels, dependent largely on German financing. The bureaucracy is tireless, churning out regulations governing everything from the acceptable curvature of bananas to the acceptable uniform size of condoms. Any powers those bureaucrats lack would reside in a still more powerful organization, the German-dominated European Central Bank, issuer of the new European currency.

Control of monetary and fiscal policy is more than a technical economic matter. For it means that Germany will set European-wide rules that force its own trade-off between inflation and unemployment, its own view of an acceptable rate of economic growth, on other countries.

Economic and monetary union are the means by which Germany can avoid scuppering its welfare state and "social market" or, as *The Times* of London recently put it, the means by which it can "defend the continental model of state-administered corporatism against the depredations of the free market."

Of course, having secured its European flank against competition from other member states, high-cost Germany will still face threats from Japan and other Asian economies, America, and Latin America. But that can be handled by erecting a Fortress Europe, a wall of barriers to the goods of international competitors. True, this would place a hidden tax on all of the European Union's consumers, forcing them to pay high prices for what they buy in order to subsidize high-cost producers at home, and to maintain their welfare states. But very few will notice this imposition, and those who do will be too unorganized to overcome the trade union-employer combination that will support protection.

Perhaps France will regain sufficient self-confidence to be willing to end its lock-step adherence to Germany's economic master plan—but there is as yet no sign of such a development. Perhaps a political leader will emerge who can, Thatcher-like, hector the Germans into preferring reform of their welfare state to a single currency and protectionism—but Germany's experience with charismatic leaders is likely to make it wary of any such politician. Perhaps Europe's elite will bow to popular will and reverse course—but that seems unlikely, since elites by their nature are given to ignoring the popular will.

So once again, the German question has reared its unwelcome head.

Irwin Stelzer is Director of Regulatory Policy Studies at the American Enterprise Institute.

Japan

Nomo New Taxes

by Todd G. Buchholz

Until this year, when Hideo Nomo started throwing fastballs for the Los Angeles Dodgers, most Americans couldn't even name a single Japanese citizen. A recent public opinion survey named Bruce Lee the single most famous Japanese. Too bad he was Chinese, not to mention dead for two decades now. There's a lesson in this, and it's not about how ill-informed Americans are. The reason Americans know little about Japanese individuals is that, in the international scheme of things, Japanese individuals aren't especially noteworthy. Which is why U.S. policy makers and pundits make a dreadful mistake trying to make foreign and trade policy based on the election of individual Japanese politicians who seem more attractive, more open to change, more western.

White Houses both Republican and Democratic, as well as editorial writers across the country, have been fooled in recent years by their search for a Gorbachev, a Yeltsin, even a Salinas, in Tokyo. Take the case of Morihiro Hosokowa, who became prime minister in 1993. The American press declared him the man who would free the market and the suffering citizenry from the bureaucrats. Here was a younger man, in his fifties, who had split from the long-reigning LDP party, which had controlled not just the Diet, Japan's parliament, but the nation's construction contracts since World War II. Not only was he handsome, he was much taller—a source of pride to younger Japanese whose diet and nutritional standards have permitted them to bridge the literal stature gap with westerners. Just as the youthful and affable Bill Clinton would "reinvent" Washington, Hosokawa was supposed to stir up Tokyo. He lasted less than a year.

Though the U.S. gleefully expected profound change inside Japan as a result of Hosokawa's ascent, the truth is that the Japanese did not dump the ruling LDP for Hosokawa because they got tired of watching bureaucrats and corporate godfathers managing trade and industry. No, they dumped the LDP because the LDP failed to do a good job maintaining the centrally regulated economic system. If the LDP could have held the pieces together more tightly, that would have been fine. Voters were not calling for Hosokawa to deregulate faster. They were actually asking him to restore the good times that had deserted them after the financial collapse of the early 1990s—good times they attributed to the hand-holding economy of previous decades.

Although the LDP's reputation has taken a beating, the party's long-standing conviction that the free market must be closely regulated for the sake of large, traditional employers has not been substantially challenged. That's partly why the LDP was able to come back to power last year, albeit in a bizarre coalition with the Socialists. The LDP's newest prospect for prime minister is Ryutaro Hashimoto, an Elvis-sideburned trade minister who catapulted his popularity ratings last June by standing up to the Clinton administration on automobile imports. The Japanese people are certainly not turning to him for the "shock therapy" of quick and massive economic deregulation.

Only market conditions—not personalities in Tokyo, not populist uprisings among the electorate, and not bullying from Washington—can and will force the changes every American president has sought for the past 15 years. Market conditions are responsible for the weakening of Japan's tradition of lifetime employment, for instance. The unemployment rate, though officially only 3 percent, is actually closer to 9 percent when calculated by our standards. Almost 20 percent of recent college graduates cannot find jobs; for women, double that number. And Japan is moving factory jobs offshore to China and Malaysia, hollowing out the Floating Kingdom so quickly that the term "doughnut economy" has taken hold.

A more competitive U.S. economy has changed things as well, and to a far greater extent than is usually acknowledged. In market share, the U.S. personal computer companies have now swiped 30 percent of the Japanese market, tripling its share in a decade. Even within the Japanese models there rests an Intel computer chip, made in Sunnyvale, California. In scientific instruments, Japanese imports from abroad have jumped from about 20 percent to about 60 percent.

What this means is that U.S. competitiveness, not high-level trade negotiations between U.S. ambassador of ill will Mickey Kantor and the Elvis-like Hashimoto, has proved the only effective way for us to change market conditions in Japan for the better. One-sided trade deals will only drive the Japanese to become more entrenched in practices we deem odious. Japanese consumers are right to take as an insult the demands of American politicians that they buy large Whirlpool washer/dryers for their small apartments or 8-cylinder Chevys for their tiny garages.

But there is a real use for trade policy, as long as it is used to urge structural reforms that do not give a clear competitive advantage only to the U.S. A sound and innovative trade policy would lead the United States to suggest to Japan that the two countries try to effect parallel changes in their respective economies to ensure that neither side has an unfair advantage. One possibility for change suggests itself: tax reform.

If the U.S. goes the flat-tax route, we could challenge Japan to jointly develop a simpler, flatter tax. American politicians and bureaucrats shouldn't, and can't, force this on the Japanese by threatening them, but instead by offering the opportunity for mutual gains. Japan now has a top personal income tax rate of 50 percent. Such a high rate encourages executives to take compensation in the form of benefits, so those customary, rollicking nights at the karaoke bar are picked up by shareholders.

Meanwhile, Japan's consumption tax discourages its citizens from shopping and keeps the U.S.-Japan trade balance off kilter. If flatter and more uniform tax rates were enacted by both the U.S. and Japan, it would place pressure on other global market competitors to enact better, more efficient tax policies. Just as New York must now worry that the newly attractive New Jersey will steal its jobs away because Gov. Christine Whitman cut tax rates by 25 percent, so other countries would have to be vigilant and competitive about their fiscal policies.

A series of serious discussions on joint tax reform would help anxious voters in the U.S. and Japan much more than screaming at each other over which side of the car the steering wheel should stick out of. And finally, it would call on the best part of Japanese culture—the quest for simple beauty and the devotion to careful workmanship. And finally, if we wait for a dazzling personality—the Ronald Reagan or Clint Eastwood of Japan—we'll first see hell freeze over, or the polar ice caps melt.

Todd G. Buchholz is author of *From Here to Economy: A Shortcut to Economic Literacy* ***(Dutton) and is President of the G7 Group Inc., an economics consulting firm.***

Education

God & Civ at Yale

by Pat Collins

WHY WOULD A UNIVERSITY refuse to celebrate an offer from some of its most devoted alumni to raise $20 million or more for its coffers? For reasons of principle, apparently, because the same university sacrificed a $20 million gift for precisely the same reason just last year. The university is Yale, and in both cases the money was to be raised for the purpose of teaching western civilization to freshmen.

In March, representatives of 15 classes of Yale alumni, led by the class of 1937, sent a letter to Yale president Richard Levin after Texas billionaire Lee Bass pulled his $20 million grant from the school. The alumni offered to "control the heavy damage caused by the failure of the grant" by raising funds for the creation of a western civilization major, a significant enlargement of Yale's acclaimed freshman Western Studies program, and the creation of a Center for Western Civilization.

Bass rescinded his gift in March after a politically charged curriculum fight in which liberal professors sought to prevent the school from implementing the western civilization program for which the gift was expressly earmarked. Sara Suleri, a professor of comparative literature, put it this way: "Western civilization? Why not a chair in colonialism, slavery, empire, and poverty?" Amid such criticism, Levin decided to forgo hiring professors for the program and formed a committee to explore alternative uses for the Bass grant—without informing Bass himself.

The collateral damage was astonishing; one professor familiar with the university's fundraising efforts estimates that the school blew many millions besides the $20 million Bass grant in lost donations from alumni disgusted at the school's willingness to kowtow to faculty ideologically opposed to the study of Western Civilization.

At a meeting with alumni representatives at the Yale Club of New York on Sept. 8, Levin rebuffed the alumni. He was only willing, he said, to see an expansion of the existing freshman Western Civ program—and that by a mere 34 students, or less than 1 percent of the school's undergraduate population.

This proposed enlargement would probably harm the program it is designed to help, because the Yale administration is refusing to hire new faculty to handle even the 34 new students. Levin decided instead to hire six post-doctoral fellows to do the job. This aroused the ire even of the liberal *Yale Daily News*, which blasted the administration in a Sept. 12 editorial: "Levin is doing away with the most attractive part of the program: small discussion groups led by professors. . . . Postdoctoral fellows just don't cut it. . . . Hiring non-professors waters down—rather than improves—Yale's Western Civilization programs."

Thirteen Yale professors delivered a letter to Levin on Sept. 21 asking that the hiring of the post-doctoral fellows be stopped, in part because they believe the administration is in violation of its own regulations as well as the policies of the American Association of University Professors.

But it's Levin's continuing disrespect for efforts on behalf of Western Civ that has evoked the most discomfort—disgust, even. "They threw a nickel to the freshman program, and the rest is nonsense," says one professor. "It's an incalculable loss." Levin seems to be gambling that alumni and faculty discontent will quickly fade and that the implementation of additional Western Civ programs will prove unnecessary. Indeed, if this past year is any indication, the administration appears to view its alumni as irrelevant to policy debates at Yale. Terry Holcolmbe, Yale's vice president for development, even told the *Yale Alumni Magazine* that alumni will "eventually . . . return to the fold and life will go on."

That may not happen. Alumni are maintaining unprecedented levels of involvement in the affairs of the university. Says Russell Reynolds, a 1954 graduate who heads a consulting firm specializing in corporate governance: "I don't think the problem is simply dealing with Western Civilization or the humanities at Yale—I think it's dealing with the governance of Yale and the way the institution is currently being run."

Pat Collins is editor of *Light and Truth,* ***a conservative magazine at Yale published by the Intercollegiate Studies***

BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME . . . : In a recent episode of *Good Morning America*, former first child Patti Davis joined host Joan Lunden to talk about her new book, *Angels Don't Die: My Father's Gift of Faith*. Davis showed aspiring self-promoters how almost any question—even those about a dying parent—can be turned into a plug for a book:

"How's your dad, how's he doing?" asked Joan.

Well, said Patti, "the same serenity, the same deep faith that I wrote about in *Angels Don't Die* is what's still so astounding in my father."

Tell me about seeing your mother, said Joan.

"You know," said Patti, "we just began talking and a lot, obviously, of what we talked about were past wounds, many of the things I had written about. And in the context of that, I heard myself saying, 'Well, I think you should know I've written a new book, and I think you'll like it.' And it's called *Angels*. I hadn't brought it over with me. I ended up giving it to her that evening."

"Did you want to have her blessing on it?" asked Joan.

"Oh yes, I did," said Patti. "And when I left the hotel to get it Xeroxed and bring it to her that evening, I really realized how perfect all of this was, that I needed her blessing before it was to be published."

"Good having you back here with this book," said Joan.

"Thank you," replied Patti.

That same promotional shamelessness was on display in last week's edition of *Newsweek*, in a cover story called "The Long Goodbye" about Reagan's declining days, for which Patti was clearly the major source. In the course of it, a conversation between mother and daughter is recounted in which Patti wonders at the fact that her book *Angels Don't Die* has reached #3 on the Christian bestseller list. This makes it the first book on that list by a writer who also posed nude in *Playboy*.

♦

ON THE MENU AT KAY'S: BROILED SHALIT: After Ruth Shalit's recent 13,000-word *New Republic* article, "The Washington Post: In Black and White," about affirmative action at the *Post*, several fiercely independent writers popped up to discuss the piece—which meant attacking Ruth Shalit. First the *Post*'s Howie Kurtz weighed in, then the *Post*'s Richard Cohen, then Jonathan Alter of *Newsweek*, owned by the Washington Post Company. And one day last week we had the *Post*'s Donna Britt assessing Shalit as "a marginal reporter" and the *Post*'s William Powers reminding readers that she "plays the writing game fast and loose." Well done, troops! Your dinner invitations to Mrs. Graham's will be arriving shortly.

♦

WE'RE WATCHING, TOO: Speaking of the *New Republic*, its most recent issue expresses concern that because Rupert Murdoch has business dealings with China, THE WEEKLY STANDARD will pull its punches with respect to that regime:

"We'll be watching for the STANDARD's hard-hitting attacks on the Communist tyrants in Beijing . . ."

They haven't been watching very hard. Take a look at the article in our first issue, "Rule by Thieves," where George Jochnowitz calls China a "kleptocracy" in the iron grip of "wicked leaders." Or take a look at last week's Scrapbook, specifically the item titled "Post-Cold-War Commie Update," where we criticize Bill Clinton's "kowtow" to the Communist Chinese for refusing to have the Dalai Lama in the Oval Office "so as not to antagonize Tibet's tormentors in Beijing."

For our part, we've been watching for years for *TNR*'s hard-hitting attacks on the Singer Sewing Machine Co.

♦

THE READING LIST: In honor of Ross Perot's return to the presidential stage, here are three works by three authors that remind us, for some reason, of the $3 billion man:

The Dunciad, by Alexander Pope. The greatest work ever written by a dwarf.

The Napoleonic Code, by Napoleon. The original "let's look under the hood and fix the engine" work from the shortest dictator in world history.

Scrapbook

Life Studies, by Robert Lowell. Featuring many poems about what it's like to go completely insane and be committed to an asylum.

♦

GREAT MOMENTS IN PUNDITRY: With Pete Wilson's departure from the presidential race, we thought you would like to know what professional political sage William Schneider had to say on the subject of Wilson just days before the California governor's pullout. "Wilson has always had a special genius for positioning. That's exactly what he's doing right now," he wrote in a Sept. 23 *National Journal* piece after Wilson's decision to withdraw from the Iowa caucuses. Schneider's article was based on conversations with unnamed Wilson aides, and took issue with the prediction made by Lamar Alexander communications director, Mike Murphy, that Wilson would be out by Thanksgiving. "Pete Wilson," opined Schneider, "is clearly positioning himself to win if Robert Dole stumbles."

Ooooooooooops.

♦

THE FOURTH BOOK CONTEST: Two weeks ago, we asked readers of THE WEEKLY STANDARD if they could guess the name of the book we inadvertently left off our first Reading List. It was the fourth novel on a list of great works about money (the other three were *The Titan* and *The Financier*, both by Theodore Dreiser, and *Framley Parsonage*, by Anthony Trollope). The reader who correctly named the missing Fourth Book was to receive a gift subscription.

And the winner is: Nobody! But we did receive some astonishingly literate and interesting guesses:

"The fourth book," writes James K. Glassman, "should be Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet* (much better than the overwrought Dreiser), about how a miser destroys his family. Two Balzacian runners-up: *The Rise and Fall of Cesar Birroteau* and *A Harlot High and Low*."

Charles Dickens's *Bleak House*, about a 25-year lawsuit, was the choice of two entrants, George Anne Castel of Hillsdale, Michigan and T.B. Connor of Wimberly, Texas.

Two novels by Trollope, Dickens's contemporary, were also mentioned: *The Way We Live Now*, about a speculative frenzy in 1870s London (sent in by Ted Levinson of Manhattan) and his first serious novel, *The Three Clerks* (thanks to Joseph Hamburger of Hamden, Connecticut).

Stephen Miller of Reston, Va., chose *The Wings of the Dove* by Henry James, "about a couple that needs money, so the would-be wife tells the would-be husband to romance a dying heiress. This is James, so no one would be so crass as to actually discuss money, but money—or the lack thereof—is the driving force of the novel."

Karen Jones of Peekskill, N.Y., guessed Frank Norris's 1915 *McTeague*, probably best known for being the source material of Erich Von Stroheim's silent-film masterpiece *Greed*. Harrison Flynn of Boston tried *Babbitt* by Sinclair Lewis (which, we must confess, is not one of our favorite books). Quin Hilyer of Washington chose Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* (ditto).

Two serious obscurities were submitted. First, *The Breadwinners* by John Hay, known to Ted Babcock of Janesville, Wisc. and perhaps six other people. Second, *The Fairy Godmother* by Charles Baxter Clement, a 1981 tome submitted by its original publisher, Jameson Campaigne, of Ottawa, Ill.

Our apologies to all, but the actual title of the fourth book is purely generic: *Money*, by Emile Zola, the story of a bank in France that seeks to get Catholic depositors to invest in Catholic businesses—an eerie foretelling of the redlining hysteria of the 1990s.

We invite readers to submit reading lists of their own on subjects in the news. The books must be genuine works of literature or possess significant historical importance. Send your entries to: Our Weekly Reader, THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th St. NW, Suite 505, Washington DC 20036.

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THE STANDARD QUESTION: The way the media tells it, Republicans on Capitol Hill are producing more change than the public wants. Or as Vice President Al Gore explains, everything Newt and Company are doing is "extremist." We asked pollsters Fred Steeper and Steve Lombardo of Market Strategies to check on this. So in late August, they asked 1,000 adults this question: As the Republican Congress nears the close of its first session, are you "pleased with its work overall, or would you—in retrospect— prefer that the Democratic party had kept its congressional majorities?"

Forty percent said they're pleased, 39 percent prefer the Dems, 10 percent like neither party, 10 percent don't know, one percent refused to answer. And, oh my, what a gender gap. Forty-eight percent of men were pleased with the GOP; 33 percent of women. The flip side was 32 percent of men and a whopping 46 percent of women prefer the Dems.

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BILL CLINTON'S PATHETIC LIES (CONT'D): President Clinton never lets you down. At a White House luncheon on September 25 with several dozen media friends (and a few critics), he tossed off a fresh whopper. Gays in the military? "Well, to be fair, I didn't take that on," he declared. "That was an issue that was visited on the presidency. . .I didn't have any choice. It was brought up —the people who brought it up were the Republican senators." Clinton, of course, had pledged flatly and repeatedly that, once elected, he'd lift the ban on gays in the military. At the lunch, Clinton also said this: "I think [I] had underestimated the importance of the presidency, even though I had read all the books and seen it all and experienced it in my lifetime." He "experienced" the presidency before he was president? Strange.

Harvard's Sins of Admission

By Elena Neuman

Harvard University prides itself on its excellence and selectivity, so it's not especially newsworthy when its government department rejects a candidate for graduate-school admission. But Brett Gerry isn't just any applicant. He had a 4.04 grade point average at Colgate University and scored at the top of the charts on the Graduate Record Examination. What's more, Gerry was accepted with full tuition scholarships to political science Ph.D. programs at Yale and the University of Chicago. So why was his application flat out rejected at Harvard? Maybe because he's white.

Harvard's graduate department of government has for years been engaging in admissions and financial-aid policies that are questionable and quite possibly illegal. The department divides its applications into two separate piles for evaluation—one for "underrepresented minorities" (from which Asian-Americans are conspicuously excluded) and another for everyone else. And it awards full financial-aid packages to all "underrepresented minorities" regardless of their financial position—despite the fact that the school's aid program is purportedly based primarily on need. In other words, if you're a black, Puerto Rican, Mexican-American, or Native American applicant to Harvard's graduate program in government, your application can be reviewed in a separate and unequal process of evaluation, one that excludes all whites. And if you're accepted, you get a totally free ride.

"Race-norming is essentially what it is," says Harvey Mansfield, a professor in the department who is critical of its admissions policies. "Blacks are compared with other blacks and not really with whites; and there are separate funds as well, the purpose of which is to keep the professors on the admissions committee from actually feeling that they're rejecting someone better qualified when they choose on the basis of affirmative action. But, of course, they are."

Gerry received full graduate-school tuition and a $10,000 a year stipend toward a political science degree at Yale, where he has enrolled in a highly selective, joint poli sci/law school degree program just this week. So while his rejection by Harvard will not cost him an academic career, the fact that Gerry was such a successful applicant to other prestigious programs raises questions about Harvard's admissions criteria. "If I hadn't gotten into a number of good political science programs, I would have imagined that there was something wrong with my application, or perhaps that competition was particularly stiff," Gerry says. "But the fact that I got into all these other excellent programs and got a flat turn-down from Harvard was a bit unusual. Something was funny about the way my application was handled."

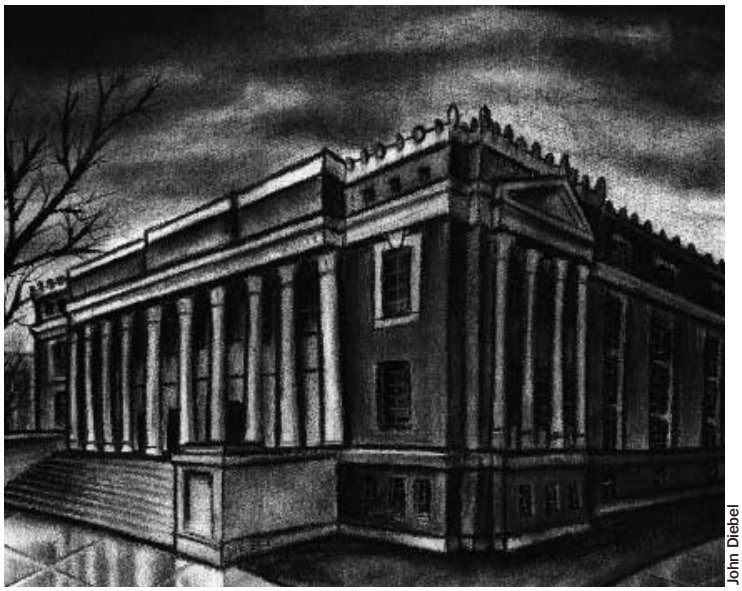
Funny indeed. The department's racially selective admissions policies are scrupulously described in an academic article published in the December 1993 issue of *PS: Political Science and Politics* magazine. The article is the work of Gary King, a tenured professor in the department who had served four years on its admissions committee, two of them as chairman. King, a statistical expert, decided to turn his academic skills toward an examination of the various admissions practices he witnessed and administered at Harvard. His article, "The Science of Political Science Graduate Admissions," is remarkable in the way it cheerfully and scientifically provides a smoking gun to any student, like Gerry, who might wish to challenge the University's policies.

In a page-long description of "the Harvard Admissions Process," King describes in great detail the three-level process the department employs in evaluating applications. Here's how it works. When students apply to Harvard's Graduate School of Arts and Sciences (GSAS), their applications arrive at a main graduate-school admissions office. This office affixes a bright green sticker and a pink status sheet to any application from an "underrepresented minority" before it sends the application on to a specific department. The government department requests that the

Elena Neuman is a freelance writer living in Washington.

green sticker and pink sheet be removed, however, so that the applications can be read blind. The six members of the department's admissions committee divide the 600-700 applications among themselves and proceed to pare them down to about 100. These 100 remaining applications are then read by all of the committee members, and, after a day-long meeting, the list of 100 is narrowed down to around 45—what King calls the "primary list." And then the trouble starts.

After the primary list is compiled, green stickers are reapplied to the minority applications from among the list of 100. Then the minority candidates who did not make the first merit-based cut—King's "primary list"—are compared solely among themselves. Those who are deemed able to "make it through" the program are then accepted.


John Diebel

As King puts it: "After the primary list is complete, we go through the admissions files of all remaining minority applicants to ensure that we do not miss anyone who meets these same criteria. Then, according to departmental custom, we admit, in a separate Affirmative Action category, any minority applicant who we believe would complete the program if admitted."

It seems an obvious conclusion that standards are lowered to accept these applicants. And, indeed, King tells us just that: "If we applied the same rule we are required to use for our Affirmative Action list (admitting those we think would graduate) to all applicants, we would admit 200 to 300 students a year." But only about 35 to 45 graduate students are admitted annually to Harvard's government department.

The practices King describes are dubious not only under the Supreme Court's landmark 1978 decision in the *Bakke* case, but also according to a number of recent Supreme Court and lower-court precedents. In *Bakke*, the Supreme Court held that to further the goal of racial diversity, university admissions committees could consider race as a "plus factor" among equally qualified candidates, but not as an *exclusive* factor for admission. *Bakke* involved the equal protection clause of the Constitution, which has been interpreted to apply only to state colleges and universities (Allan Bakke himself sought admission to the University of California). But in 1964, Title VI of the Civil Rights Act extended those same legal principles to private universities, like Harvard, that accept federal funds.

In the years that followed *Bakke*, educational institutions, public and private, struggled to encourage diversity without resorting to quotas or set-asides. That proved difficult. The problem was that, with the exception of Asian-Americans, most minorities score significantly lower on standardized tests and have substantially lower grade point averages than white students. As a result, race cannot simply be a "plus factor" among otherwise equal candidates; it has to become a determinative factor, at least in some instances, if universities are to satisfy their goals of racial diversity.

Ironically, this very conundrum was pointed out by Harvard, Stanford, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania in a friend-of-the-court brief filed in the *Bakke* case. "The unfortunate fact of life in this country is that the applicants who are members of minority groups tend, as a general matter, not to score as well as whites on the standardized tests to which reference is made in the admissions process." According to figures from the Consortium for Financing Higher Education, black students admitted to Harvard College in 1995 had mean SAT scores of 1290—110 points below the mean score of admitted white students. The score gap at Berkeley was closer to 300 points.

"People treated *Bakke* as an invitation to fraud," says Lino Graglia, professor of law at the University of Texas Law School. "If you're going to get a significant number of minorities into an institution—which was the point of all this—then the only way you can do it is race-norming. Tipping the balance isn't going to do anything."

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To be sure, Harvard is not the only university implementing an affirmative-action admissions policy. Most colleges and universities in the United States have policies in effect that are similar to that of Harvard's government department, and some are even more invidious. They've generally managed to stay out of trouble because they've kept their admissions practices shrouded in secrecy. But when policies like Harvard's have been challenged legally, they often have been held to be impermissible under the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment, or Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

Berkeley's use of a "special consideration standard" and separate admissions evaluations at its law school was found to be unlawful in 1992. Likewise, the University of Texas Law School's practice of segregating black and Mexican-American applications from the rest of the application pool and using a separate committee and a lower minimum Texas Index score (a composite of a law-board score and the student's grade-point average) for admissions evaluations was found to be unlawful last year by a U.S. District Court.

"The point of *Bakke* that was highlighted by the University of Texas case is that each student must compete with every other student for admission," explains Graglia. "There must be competition. And race-norming, or a separate evaluation of minority applications, is by definition not competition. Harvard's program is clearly impermissible."

Harvard administrators defend the government department's policies by pointing to the severe underrepresentation of certain minorities in both the student body and faculty. Without affirmative action, they argue, Harvard and every other selective university would become lily-white. They insist that policies to promote a diverse student body are morally laudable, educationally beneficial, and legal. They cite various court holdings to the effect that narrowly tailored affirmative action policies can be justified if they are designed to redress a history of discrimination or to achieve a diverse student body. "We are concerned—we the government department and graduate school—about minority student representation and... ensuring that we are able to enhance the diversity of our graduate class. But there are no targets, no quotas," says Margo Gill, administrative dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. "[We believe] that it is an obligation for this institution to attract, to be aggressive about recruiting and to support [underrepresented minority] candidates while they are here."

Harvard officials may believe that promoting diversity is a noble cause, but they are wrong if they think it's a legally mandated obligation. Harvard, unlike the University of Texas, is not located in a state that in the past employed segregation as a matter of law. Nor has Massachusetts ever been under the jurisdiction of the 1968 court order that obligated certain southern institutions to implement affirmative action policies in an effort to remedy past discrimination.

In fact, Harvard has never officially discriminated against blacks, Native Americans, Puerto Ricans, or Mexican Americans, the way it once discriminated (by rigid quotas) against Jews and Catholics. Needless to say, Harvard has no program in place to redress past bias against those religious minorities.

"There is absolutely nothing in Title VI which compels Harvard to have affirmative action in admissions," says Michael Greve, executive director of the Center for Individual Rights. "Harvard never officially discriminated against blacks. They could have completely race-neutral standards if they wanted to, and nobody could bat an eye. Not the [Department of Education's] Office of Civil Rights. Not anybody. They're doing this completely voluntarily."

Under current law, it is legitimate for an institution voluntarily to implement a "diversity" program; it is the procedures that Harvard uses to define and achieve such diversity that are questionable. In recent years, the Supreme Court has held that any benign racial preference must withstand a state or federal court's "strict scrutiny" standard; that is, it must be based on a "compelling interest" and be "narrowly tailored" to achieve that interest. Because these terms were never specifically defined by the court, universities have tended to interpret them broadly.

This year, however, the Supreme Court has emphasized the limitations that these two restrictions impose on affirmative action programs. In *Adarand Constructors* v. *Pena*, a case involving the disbursement of federal contracts to minority-owned businesses, the court said that remedial federal affirmative action programs can be upheld only as a means to correct *specific, provable* cases of discrimination, and cannot be broadly applied to remedy suspected discrimination by society over time. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor's majority opinion put it unequivocally: "All racial classifications are inherently suspect and presumptively invalid." There's nothing in the equal protection clause that suggests that access to government education should be different from access to government contracts.

Even if Harvard is able to use *Bakke* to justify poli-

cies that involve separate but unequal admissions tracks, it still must defend an even more questionable aspect of its affirmative action program: guaranteed full aid for "underrepresented minorities."

Harvard's GSAS, as part of its affirmative action program, offers all "underrepresented minority" students in its various graduate departments full financial aid, regardless of need. This covers full tuition and fees and provides an annual $10,920 stipend for at least three years.

It is not unusual for graduate students to receive a financial aid package of this sort. Indeed, at most universities, Ph.D. candidates expect to receive full fellowship packages in addition to paid part-time teaching assignments.

What is unusual about Harvard's graduate financial aid policy is that, unlike most other universities, it claims to be based on need. Non-minority students receive financial aid based on their ability to pay. Hence, they are required to provide personal and parental financial status information in their application as a prerequisite to admission.

Brett Gerry refused to provide that information. He informed all of the universities to which he applied that he would not be able to attend their program without financial aid. Because he had promised his parents that they would not have to finance his graduate education, he refused to disclose their financial resources in his application.

If Harvard really had need-based financial aid for all of its applicants, Gerry's rejection might have been justified on those grounds alone. But Harvard does *not* have a comprehensive need-based financial aid program. The *GSAS Minority Student Newsletter* plainly states that blacks, Mexican Americans, Puerto Ricans, and Native Americans who are admitted to Harvard automatically receive full financial aid, regardless of need, whereas non-minorities must make a specific *showing* of need. (Interestingly, the general GSAS application, received by all students, omits this information, and refers minorities instead to the *Minority Student Newsletter* for information about financial aid.) In addition, Harvard offers some scholarships to students—black and white—solely on the basis of merit, and irrespective of need, in order to attract the most intellectually gifted to the university.

Harvard defends its financial preferences for minorities by pointing out that buying diversity is really no different from buying academic stars: "Within the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, they do make many [financial] awards to Ph.D. candidates on a basis apart from need," says James Hoyte, assistant to the president and associate vice president for equal opportunity and affirmative action at Harvard. "If they perceive that you're a wonderful candidate for the Ph.D. program, and it appears as if they're not going to get you unless they buy you—for lack of a better way to put it—they are empowered to go and get you regardless of what your need is. In the same way, if a judgment is made on the part of a Harvard department that they want to have a diversified set of graduate students, and in order to achieve that objective they're going to have to spend more money for that diversity objective, they go ahead and do it, I'm not troubled by that."

In other words, Harvard's approach to recruiting minority students is just like Notre Dame's approach to finding the best running backs. This rationale may make sense from a marketing perspective. It also may violate the law.

"There's no federal law that says you can't give money to smart students. There is a federal law that says you cannot provide money to students differently based on their race," says Michael Williams, former director of the Department of Education's Office of Civil Rights. He is referring to Title VI of the federal Civil Rights Act of 1964, which forbids racial or ethnic discrimination in programs supported by federal funds. And Harvard University accepts significant federal funding. "Unless they can show that this program is for the purpose of remedying and correcting the present effects of [the university's] past discrimination—and I doubt that's the argument that Harvard would be making—they cannot provide one track for financial aid for minority students and a separate, very different track for others."

Harvard officials believe that their financial aid package for minorities is beyond reproach. After all, it's been around for 25 years. Dean Gill explains that there is a separate fund within the GSAS to support minority scholars. It is completely separate from the financial aid allocation or the tuition reimbursement that departments receive, and it does not affect the level of that funding. Moreover, she claims, admission decisions within each department are made without information about a student's financial resources. Each department is obligated by University policy to support any student it admits to the full level of that student's demonstrated need.

Should a department admit in one year more impecunious students than its budget can handle, it will accept fewer students the following year. Says Gill: "Simply because we have funds that have been identified for minority students, we're not going to support

in any lesser degree a [non-minority] candidate who has demonstrated a full need."

In other words, some financial aid—not necessarily the full package—is available to any non-minority student based on proven financial need; but *maximum* financial aid is bequeathed to any "underrepresented minority" without even a rudimentary investigation of financial resources. In fact, underrepresented minorities are given larger packages than even the poorest white or Asian students receive. Impoverished white students get full tuition and a two-year stipend; but all underrepresented minorities, even those from affluent families, get "at least three years" of stipend. In other words, a black student from an upper middle class family who attended Andover and Harvard College would qualify for full financial aid (plus a bonus year of stipend) to Harvard's GSAS, while his white counterpart would not.

Despite Harvard's complacency, legal storm clouds hover over this policy. The University of Maryland recently got caught in constitutional quicksand over this very issue. A Hispanic student, Daniel Podberesky, complained that the university discriminated against him by offering a prestigious merit-based scholarship exclusively to black students. The 4th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals agreed with him, ruling in 1994 that the 17-year-old Benjamin Banneker Scholarship was illegally race-specific, despite arguments by university officials that the scholarships are necessary to erase the effects of past discrimination.

University documents obtained by Podberesky's lawyers showed that 31 of the 76 Banneker scholars from 1990 to 1992 were out-of-state students, for whom redressing past state discrimination would not apply. In addition, no fewer than 42 of the awardees could have afforded to pay their own way through college; only eight scholarship recipients had demonstrated financial need equal to their scholarships. The Supreme Court recently declined to consider the university's appeal of the case. Therefore, *Podberesky* v. *Kirwan* stands as good law.

Harvard cannot even use the University of Maryland's defense. Unlike Maryland, Harvard was never a segregated campus. And Harvard's aid package for minorities, unlike Maryland's Banneker scholarship, is not merit-based; it is based exclusively on race.

What Harvard does have on its side is the Clinton administration, which, despite the *Podberesky* holding, is doggedly pursuing its own statist agenda. In 1994, Secretary of Education Richard Riley issued a final policy guidance on race-based scholarships. These guidelines claimed to be a revised version of the Bush administration's proposed guidelines, which were never finalized.

In reality, they turned Bush policies on their head. Most notably, they changed the prior, strict definition of "narrowly tailored remedies" in such a way that virtually any race-specific scholarship now can pass muster. Race-based financial aid is permissible, Riley said, if it furthers the institution's "interest in diversity" and does not "unduly restrict access" to financial aid for others. The Clinton Department of Education has not revised these policies in light of the *Podberesky* ruling; indeed, the department's Office of Civil Rights actually reaffirmed the legality of race-targeted scholarships this past July, even though *Podberesky* has the force of law, and the guidelines are merely advisory. This is no great surprise, given that the White House joined the University of Maryland as a defender of the Banneker scholarship program.

Despite the Clinton administration's policy, affirmative action in university admissions and financial aid policies is coming under increasing attack. Americans are increasingly prone to challenge the ethical, constitutional, and sociological implications of racially based distinctions among U.S. citizens. A Gallup poll in March found that 67 percent of Americans oppose scholarships based on race; 57 percent object to affirmative action policies in university admissions.

Some university administrators are beginning to respond voluntarily to these public sentiments. This past summer, the University of California Board of Regents announced its intention to end affirmative action in admissions and hiring. Four of the state's premier campuses—Berkeley, Los Angeles, Davis, and Irvine—had been admitting all minimally qualified black and Hispanic students without even bothering to review their applications; yet academically strong white and Asian applicants are being routed to second- and third-choice campuses. The University of California is the largest and most prestigious of the country's public university systems; if its decision passes legal muster, it could initiate the dismantling of similar policies throughout the nation.

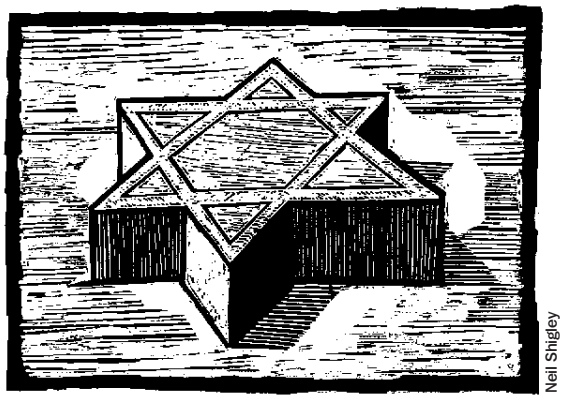
Notwithstanding the turning tide of public sentiment, Harvard is unlikely to change its policies freely. Its administrators are proud of its longstanding affirmative action program, which they believe is an ethical imperative. But, as university officials learned in Maryland, Texas, and California, even the most well-intentioned plans can run afoul of the law. All it takes is a student with a grievance. ♦

The End of Zionism and the Last Israeli

By Yoram Hazony

The agreement Israeli prime minister Yitzhak Rabin and PLO chairman Yasir Arafat signed to a chorus of hosannas last week is principally concerned with the material assets Israel is handing over to the Palestinians: military installations, strategic terrain, water.

But with the Rabin government readying the transfer of authority in ancient Jewish cities such as Hebron, Bethlehem, and Shiloh—and the opening of negotiations over Jerusalem itself a few months from now—it is becoming clear that the diplomats' scalpel has reached *cultural* bone. Two years have passed since Israel signed the 1993 Oslo accord with Arafat. But with the relinquishment of Hebron, the final resting place of the Hebrew patriarchs, by the stroke of a pen, Israelis are only now becoming aware of the most painful ramifications of the deal cut with Arafat—the ones which cannot be quantified by negotiators and military men.



Neil Shigley

Witness a recent exchange between two prominent columnists, both identified with the left, in the prestigious Israeli daily *Ha'aretz*. "In their worst nightmares," wrote Yoel Marcus, perhaps Israel's most respected columnist and a long-time supporter of Rabin's governing Labor party, "neither Yitzhak Rabin nor Shimon Peres could have imagined himself twenty-five years ago as the architect of a government that would take Israel back to its pre-1967 borders. But this is exactly what they are doing."

Marcus asked Israelis to "leave for a moment the preoccupation with the headlines of the hour," and consider "the *really* dramatic revolution taking place." The reason the Golan Heights, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem could be put on the negotiating block by the Labor government without pandemonium in the streets is the near-total collapse of the Jewish nationalist ideology that built the state. "Our people has long since tired of bearing Zionism on its shoulders generation after generation," Marcus observed. "While the Arabs have remained faithful to their ideology of the holiness of the land . . . Israel is ready lightly to withdraw from the lands that were the cradle of Judaism," in exchange for "personal safety and a 'normal' life."

Marcus's piece was gleefully parried by his colleague at *Ha'aretz*, Gidon Samet. "Thanks be to God," Samet cheered; the agreement with Arafat "has broken down the ingredient that was the cement in the wall of our old national identity." According to Samet, the disintegration of the cultural wall that had kept the conflict with the PLO alive signals a new Israeli openness to world culture, from pubs to pasta: "Madonna and Big Macs are only the most peripheral of examples of . . . a 'normalness' which means, among other things, the end of the terrible fear of everything that is foreign and strange. . . . Only those trapped in the old way of thinking will not recognize the benefits."

It is not coincidental that both articles focused on "normalness" (*normaliut* in Hebrew), an old Jewish code-word meaning "like the Gentiles." "Normal" people, so the argument goes, do not live in fear of being blown up on buses. They do not hold grudges over crimes committed years ago, and they do not spend their time fighting over real or imagined burial places of real or imagined ancestors. They go to pubs and eat pasta.

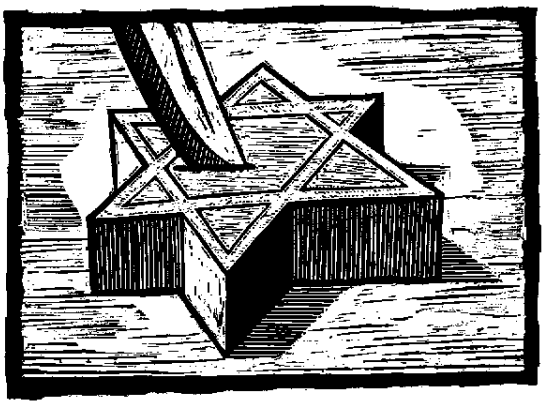
The debate over the *normaliut* supposedly ushered in by Oslo underscores what has become evident to Israelis of all persuasions in recent months: that Oslo was not, like the peace agreements with Egypt and Jordan, a strictly political achievement whose desirability can be judged in terms of guns and butter. For "the handshake," as the deal with Arafat is known, sought

Yoram Hazony is the Director of the Shalem Center-National Policy Institute in Jerusalem.

to achieve the heart's desire of "normal" Israelis by renouncing precisely those emotional assets which allow many "Jewish" Israelis to lead meaningful lives.

And on the heels of this realization has come a second, the recognition that the Jewish state is sliding headlong into a bitter cultural civil war. Israel is realigning into two camps: those for whom forgetting about Arafat's murderous past and giving him what he wants means achieving an exhilarating liberation; and those for whom these concessions mean abandoning the entire purpose of the Jewish state in the first place—a calamity of unfathomable proportions.

Zionism is Jewish nationalism—the belief that there should be a Jewish nation-state in the land of Israel. Few people today recognize what an abomination this idea was to Jewish intellectuals when it was formally constituted as a political organization in 1897. Of the great Jewish thinkers, virtually none could stomach the idea. Hermann Cohen, Franz Rosenzweig, Martin Buber, Haim Soloveitchik, and the Hasidic rebbes of both Lubavitch and Satmar—all rejected Zionism for much the same reason: They believed the Jewish people was essentially a thing of the spirit. The creation of a state, which perforce meant a Judaism of tanks and explosives, of politics and intrigue, of bureaucracy and capital—in short, the *empowerment* of Judaism—would mean the end of Judaism as a philosophy, an ideal, a faith.



What took the teeth out of the anti-Zionism of the Jewish left and right was the Holocaust. In the wake of the most fearsome possible demonstration of the evil of Jewish powerlessness, the anti-Zionism of all camps became an embarrassment. The pugnacious little fighters of Palestine, lashing out at the British enemy and Arab marauders, became the heroes of the Jewish people. By the time Jewish toughs like David Ben-Gurion and Menachem Begin had managed to bomb the British off their backs, the state they had founded had really become the state of virtually the entire Jewish people. After the gas chambers, almost every Jew everywhere became a Zionist, a believer in the necessity and obligation of Jewish power.

Yet Jewish and even Israeli intellectuals never really reconciled themselves to the Jewish empowerment entailed in the creation of a Jewish nation-state. The very desirability of the Israeli War of Independence in 1948 was caustically challenged in the writings of S. Yizhar, perhaps the most prominent writer of the nation's early years. And by the 1960s, Israeli academia, itself founded by anti-nationalists such as Buber and Yehuda Magnes, had begun to spawn an entire generation of literary figures whose point of departure was the rejection of Jewish nationalism.

The most famous novel by the nation's most famous novelist, Amos Oz's *My Michael*, portrays Jerusalem—the very symbol of the Jewish national revival—as a city of brooding insanity and illness. A.B. Yehoshua's story "Before the Forest" has a young Jew joining forces with an Arab to burn down the "Zionist" forest planted on the ruins of an Arab village. In *The Lover*, Yehoshua's best-known novel, the hero deserts his Army unit in mid-battle, and a high school girl from a well-to-do family finds comfort in the arms of an Arab.

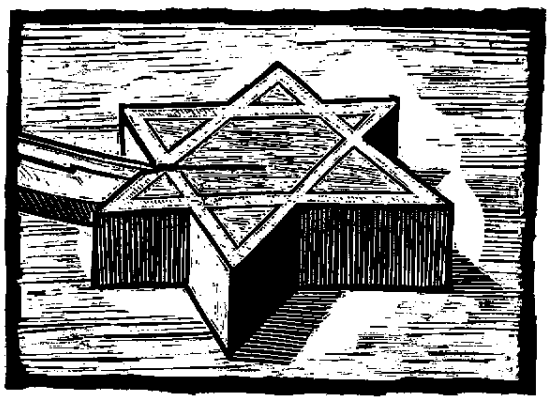
Other common themes of Israeli literature are much the same: the escape from Israel; the destruction of Israel; death (by decay, rather than struggle); the Israel Defense Forces as concentration camp, pigsty, whorehouse; and the ideal of disempowerment represented by the Holocaust—which, as novelist Moshe Shamir has observed, "is becoming the common homeland of the Jews, their promised land."

While literary figures have long led the effort to create a post-Zionist consciousness in Israel, academics have been even more ferocious. The 1967 Six Day War immediately inspired attacks by opponents of nationalism such as Yishayahu Leibowitz, who claimed that Israel was undergoing Nazification, used the term "Judeo-Nazi" to describe the Israeli armed forces, and said the nation would soon set up concentration camps. In the last two decades, these seemingly beyond-the-pale expressions of hatred for Zionist power have paved the way for a more "scientific" delegitimization of the Jewish state by historians, sociologists, and journalists offering more acceptable versions of the same themes. Zionism was a colonialist movement, said Ilan Papo. It forcibly expelled the Arab refugees from their homes in 1948, said Benny Morris. It fabricated a false connection between the Jews and the land, said Boas Evron. It used the Holocaust to

advance its political ends, said Tom Segev. And so on.

There are certainly elements of truth in some of the allegations raised. The reality of power—and especially of power wielded in desperation, as Zionist power has been—is that it inevitably has its seamier side. But instead of contributing to a new balance in Israeli historiography, the new academics have waged what amounts to a scorched-earth campaign against the past. They have joined novelists, poets, and artists in a wholesale effort to wreck the basic faith of the Israeli public in its own history.

As the novelist Aharon Meged, a veteran member of the Labor movement, described the rise of post-Zionism among Israeli intellectuals: "For two or three decades now, several hundred of our society's 'best,' men of the pen and of the spirit...have been working single-mindedly and without respite to preach and prove that our cause is not just: Not only that it has been unjust since the Six Day War and the 'occupation'...and not only since the founding of the state in 1948...but since the beginnings of Zionist settlement at the end of the last century."



In light of this assault, every value invoked in building the Jewish state—the ingathering of the exiles, the redemption of a neglected land, the purity of arms used in self-defense—is repainted as the product of ignorance, hypocrisy, and cynicism, as is the Jewish state itself. "Post-Zionism" becomes the only belief acceptable to an "enlightened" individual.

By now, post-Zionist truths have become so self-evident as to constitute an Israeli "political correctness," justifying—let no one be surprised—the censorship of opposing views. The most notorious example is that of Maya Kaganskaya, a razor-witted literary critic and a well-known personality in the Israeli Russian-language press. After her immigration to Israel, Kaganskaya was for a brief while a prominent personality in Hebrew literary circles. But her career as an Israeli intellectual came to an end on July 24, 1992, when a translator named Nili Mirski accused her in *Ha'aretz* of harboring hitherto concealed nationalist views.

Mirski quoted from a piece of Kaganskaya's, written in Russian, which compared Israeli socialism to Soviet communism, ridiculed the farmer-proletarianism of Israeli fashion, bristled against the social-control methods of kibbutz society, and argued that the Israeli left can no longer be considered Zionist. Having thus "discovered" Kaganskaya's views, Mirski went on to accuse her of a "complete inability to understand the Israeli reality" and a "capricious and burning hatred" of the left-cultural clique, which had showered her with honors "she will probably be sorry to give up."

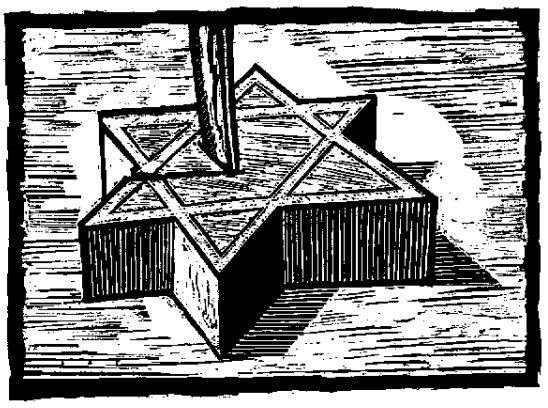
In the three years since the appearance of Mirski's handiwork, Kaganskaya has been erased from the Israeli literary establishment. Not a single essay of hers has appeared in Hebrew. She has been blacklisted by the cultural media and salons. She returned to the land of her forefathers—there to become a despised Jewish dissident.

Few Israeli politicians would or could openly admit to being post-Zionists. They could still lose a lot of votes that way. But this does not mean that Israeli policy-making has remained immune to the intellectual assault on Zionism.

With the disappearance from public life of Zionism's founding fathers—Labor's Ben-Gurion died in 1973, and Likud's Begin ceased all public activity in 1983—both major political parties began to drift. In the absence of a countervailing nationalist intellectual movement, the nationalist agenda of the Labor party (which ruled the country for three decades from Israel's founding until the late 1970s) has been rapidly eviscerated. In its place: a menu of post-Zionist concepts resembling the worldview of the European "New Left" (think of John Lennon). A less pronounced shift in the same direction has been taking place in the more right-wing Likud.

The victory of the Labor party in June 1992 therefore marked no return to the full-throated, proud, and aggressive Labor Zionism of 20 years ago. Indeed, the "Labor" half of the formula had been recanted de facto at a party convention that year, which discarded the red banner of Socialism and even the Socialist anthem, the *Internationale*, which had been warbled by Labor Zionists for seven decades or more. And as the policies of the Rabin government have unfolded, it has become clear that the "Zionist" half has fared no better. Virtually every area of government policy has been quietly redirected to dismantling the Jewish national character of the state.

For example, Israel's schools have been subjected to two decades of progressive dilution of Jewish subjects such as Bible, Talmud, and Jewish history. But the new Labor government outdid its predecessors by installing Shulamit Aloni, of its most radical anti-religious fringe, as minister of education. In this post, Aloni declared traditional Jewish dietary laws unnecessary, attacked school trips to Auschwitz for stirring up "nationalist" sentiment among the students, and insisted that references to God be eliminated from armed forces memorial services. The educational activities of the deputy minister, Micha Goldman, have included calling for a change in the text of the national anthem, *Hatikva*, "in order to give expression to citizens who are not Jews"; advocating that the poetry of Tewfik Ziyad, an Arab nationalist and anti-Zionist, be taught "next to the poetry" of modern Hebrew bard Chaim Bialik; and ordering a purge of religious teachers in the ministry's school system.



The ministry's appointee as chairman of the Committee for History Curriculum Reform is Moshe Zimmermann, who has used media interviews to compare orthodox Jewish children to Hitler Youth, the Bible to *Mein Kampf*, and the armed forces to the SS. Says Zimmermann, "Learning about the Jewish people and the State of Israel appears in the [new educational] program, but certainly not as a subject of primary importance."

A similar trend is in evidence at the Defense Ministry, which has recently approved a new code of ethics for the armed forces called *The Spirit of the IDF*—"the moral and normative identity card of the Israel Defense Forces...according to which every soldier...educates himself and his fellows." The new code is a showcase of post-Zionist virtue, touting the importance of defending "democracy" against all possible menace. Yet nowhere in its 11 "values" and 34 "basic principles" does it refer to the Jewish state, the Jewish people, the Jewish tradition, or the land of Israel.

So ubiquitous are efforts to dejudaize the Israeli government that it is often hard to read the papers without thinking it all a joke. Shortly after the 1992 elections, in which Labor had pledged to stop spending money to build highways in the West Bank "for the benefit of the settlers," Housing Ministry Director-General Aryeh Mizrahi announced a new plan in which highways would be built anyway—so products from Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Jordan would be able to arrive in the port cities of Haifa and Ashdod once peace is at hand.

The new Ministry of Tourism has determined its focus to be encouraging tourists from Islamic countries. The Ministry of Religious Affairs recently promulgated new guidelines for the disbursement of funds that give preference to groups encouraging meetings between Jewish and Moslem youth, "secular" groups using "multi-media and games" to promote Judaism, and organizations promoting Moslem pilgrimage to Mecca. Even as seemingly benign an agency as the Parks Authority has called for cutting the nation's birth rate to zero and, if necessary, amending the law giving any diaspora Jew immediate citizenship if he immigrates—all to protect the national parks, of course.

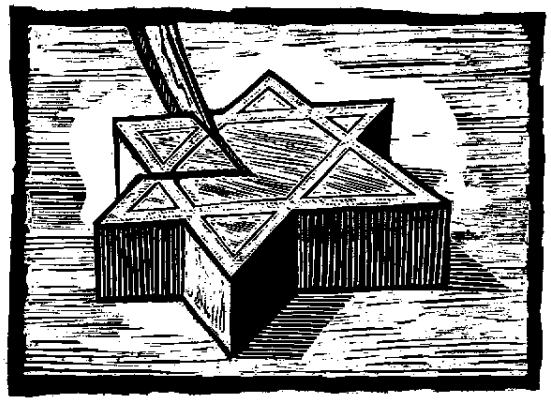
The Jewish Agency, a quasi-governmental body ostensibly responsible for Jewish immigration, has begun testing foreign Jews to determine whether they are "fit" to immigrate to Israel. Its new head, Avrum Burg, has been one of the leading advocates of revising Israeli law to "separate religion and state." He has insisted that efforts to find "lost" Jewish tribes and bring them to Israel "must be frustrated every step of the way," and declared Yishayahu Leibowitz (of "Judeo-Nazi" fame) to be his "moral compass." Burg's advisers, Haim Ben-Shachar and Arik Carmon, have developed a plan whereby the Zionist movement would drop its focus on Jewish immigration and concern itself with distributing "pluralistic" Jewish material over the Internet.

The National Insurance Institute is likewise phasing out its long-standing system of family benefits for citizens who have served in the armed forces—in order to prevent discrimination against the majority of Arab citizens who choose not to serve. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court's new chief justice, Aharon Barak, has articulated a doctrine under which the beliefs of "the enlightened public in Israel" will be the benchmark against which Israeli law is interpreted (these beliefs have proved to include court-ordered hiring quotas and gay families).

But nowhere is the strange fruit of post-Zionist policy more in evidence than in the Foreign Ministry,

which has come to be a kind of foreign ministry not for the Jewish state, but for the entire Middle East. Among the consequences is that a chief responsibility of Israeli diplomats has become fundraising for Arab regimes—based on the principle that they will become peaceable if they are plied with ever-higher levels of aid. Thus, in the judgment of former deputy foreign minister Yossi Beilin, while Israel is "a wealthy country" needing no donations from abroad, Jewish philanthropic organizations have an "obligation" to provide assistance to the PLO and Jordan. Ministry Director-General Uri Savir claims that "anyone who objects to American aid to the PLO has no right to be called a friend of Israel." Aid for Syria, too, has become an aim of Israeli policy.

As for more traditional Israeli foreign policy goals, like explaining the needs and interests of the Jewish state, Foreign Minister Peres has ordered the closing of the Foreign Ministry's Information Department because "if you have good policy, you do not need public relations." Sites such as the Golan Heights and Masada that connote Israeli nationalism and strength have been removed from the schedules of visiting dignitaries (while the Holocaust memorial remains sacrosanct). For ambassadors, the new Foreign Ministry has selected post-nationalists such as Gad Ya'acobi at the United Nations ("There is no such thing as Jewish land") and Shimon Shamir in Jordan ("When we celebrate our independence day, it is always incumbent upon us to remember that our holiday is a day of destruction for another people").



The strategic aims of Israeli foreign policy? Again, Yossi Beilin: Israel should become "a country involved in resolving other people's conflicts, [and] providing officials for the U.N., including U.N. secretary-generals. . . ." Foreign Minister Shimon Peres: "There can be no doubt that Israel's next goal should be to become a member of the Arab League."

Thus have the United Nations and the Arab League become the highest concerns of a post-Zionist foreign policy. The existence and welfare of the Jewish state has become too parochial a *raison d'état* for Israeli leaders.

Zionism was predicated on the idea that the land of Israel is the historic inheritance of only one people, the Jews; that this right was recognized under international law by the League of Nations in 1920; and that the Arabs, having secured self-expression in 20 Arab national states, do not need one more. It was such a Jewish-nationalist view that guided Ben-Gurion, who insisted that: "No Jew has the right to relinquish the right of the Jewish nation to the land of Israel. . . . Even the whole Jewish people alive today has no authority to relinquish any part whatsoever of the land. This is a right of the Jewish nation in all its generations—a right which may not be forfeited under any condition."

Nothing could be farther from these original Zionist premises than the Oslo agreement, in which the government of Israel and the PLO agree to recognize "their mutual legitimate and political rights"—a phrase usually glossed over as though it merely sets up Israeli concessions in the West Bank and Gaza Strip.

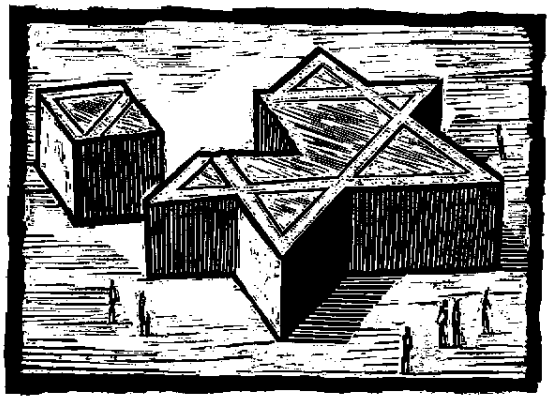
But considering that all previous Israeli governments had claimed the land as the legitimate right of the Jewish people alone, conceding the "mutual legitimate rights" of Jews and Arabs to the land is a step pregnant with meaning not only for Hebron and Jerusalem, but for Haifa and Tel Aviv as well. To claim that the United States and Mexico have "mutual legitimate and political rights" to Texas is a way of saying that no part of Texas belongs rightfully and solely to America. Similarly, in creating an equivalence between Jewish and Arab rights, Oslo proposes that the Jews give up *some* of the land to the PLO—but on the strength of equivalent Arab "rights" to *all* of it.

Which cuts to the heart of why Oslo has created such a sandstorm of opprobrium and horror in Israel: The recognition of such an Arab national right to the land of Israel is a flagrantly post-Zionist proposition. It means that the PLO's carnival of carnage spanning three decades was a perhaps distasteful but nevertheless *justified* war of resistance. By the same token, all the lives lost in pursuing Zionism—from the draining of the malarial swamps to the raid on Entebbe—were in the service of a morally questionable and perhaps even illegitimate enterprise. For under this rendering of history, the land never really belonged to the Jews.

One would like to believe these implications of the Oslo agreement were unintended, the product of diplomatic expedience. Unfortunately for this supposi-

tion, Shimon Peres has written a book explaining the ideological underpinnings of the agreement in detail. In *The New Middle East*, Peres rejects the entire concept of the national state, arguing that wherever "particularist nationalism. . .has staked a claim, the social order has been subverted and hostility and violence have taken root." It was Jewish and Arab nationalism, says Peres, that caused the Arab-Israeli wars, and the only solution is to leave these nationalisms behind, forging what he calls an "ultranational" entity encompassing the entire Middle East, with a common Arab-Jewish government, army, and economy.

If Arabs and Jews are to give up their nationalisms and live in such a New Middle East, what would be their identity? Peres is unequivocal: "One day our self-awareness and personal identity will be based on this new reality, and we will find that we have stepped outside the national arena." True, "people are not yet ready to accept an ultranational identity," but he nevertheless believes that gradually "a new type of citizenship is catching on, with a new personal identity.... Particularist nationalism is fading and the idea of a 'citizen of the world' is taking hold."



It was therefore no coincidence that the agreement with the PLO was drafted without consulting the Israeli military. Oslo was based on a presumed "new reality"—one in which both Zionism and Arab nationalism are "fading," and the location of the defense borders is irrelevant, because the end of nationalism means the end of war.

But it is also clear from Peres's hoped-for "new personal identity" that the end of nationalism may mean the end of the Jewish people in Israel, as well.

The Jewish state is first and foremost a political idea. Armies may menace it physically, but it is on the level of ideas that the gravest threats are registered. The Soviet Union was perhaps the most powerful state in the world militarily, but it fell in 1989 because (to borrow from Gidon Samet) "the ingredient that was the cement in the wall of the old national identity" had long since broken down.

Israel is in the midst of an ideological disintegration whose magnitude and meaning defy comprehension. Its most prominent political and cultural figures speak about the absorption of the country into the Arab League, compare the Israeli armed forces to Nazis, condemn as illegitimate the national movement which founded the state, and are preparing to open negotiations over the capital city, Jerusalem.

The Jewish state is poorly equipped to cope with such a crisis. The Labor Zionists who built the state wished to flee the realm of ideas in which the Jews had been immersed for millennia, and build something powerful and real, something physical. They built farms and factories and fighter planes, among the best in the world. But they did not recognize the need to build the *idea* of the Jewish state in the minds of the people. The result is that, today, with the Zionist idea being expunged before their very eyes, most cannot even see what is happening. The factories and the fighter planes look fine.

In most countries, the role of defending the idea of the nation—the preservation and deepening of its heritage, its texts and holy places, and the wisdoms and social crafts which its people have acquired—belongs to political conservatives. But Israel has never had an organized political conservatism. What passes for a "national camp" in Israel, Likud and its sister parties, has no tradition of intellectual discourse to speak of. It has no colleges, no serious think tanks or publishing houses, no newspapers or broadcasting. Nothing like the writings of Smith, Burke, or Hayek has ever been set down in Hebrew, or even translated; Israel's founding fathers translated Marx.

This means that, in spite of all the hardware procured over the last 50 years, the Jewish state will have to wage and win its next war, the war of ideas, outgunned again. Yet in this fight Israel's Jewish nationalists have a hidden advantage: No people gives up its identity and life-meaning too easily, least of all the Jews. Indeed, it is just such conditions of intellectual wilderness and danger which bring the most creative and powerful aspects of the national character to the fore.

Consigned to political opposition for the first time, Zionism has now become a conservatism. But just as it was the taste of annihilation that taught the Jews the need for physical defenses, it may be that this brush with ideological decay was needed for the Jews to learn the importance of the national idea—and of the political conservatism which protects it—for the survival of even a "normal" people. ♦

The Mobile Pope: John Paul in America

By George Weigel

On October 5, a 75-year-old Pole dressed in the manner of a 16th-century Dominican friar will walk with some difficulty to the great marble rostrum of the United Nations General Assembly, there to address the world, or a goodly part of it. Behind this elderly cleric will be arrayed senior U.N. officials, including Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali. In the world according to CNN, the Pole in the white soutane, second son of a retired Hapsburg army officer, will seem a man out of step with the times, while Boutros-Ghali and his colleagues, nattily attired and beaming, will look the very flower of late 20th-century modernity.

The truth of things is rather different. For in one of the great ironies of our day, the septuagenarian Pole, Karol Jozef Wojtyla, Pope John Paul II, will walk onto that stage representing one of the world's most powerful, dynamic, and effective institutions, while the secretary-general and his confreres will represent something that seems hackneyed, ineffective, bureaucratically stifling, and intellectually moribund—precisely the adjectives that modernity's founding fathers once applied to the Roman Catholic Church.

Indeed, when the pope addresses the General Assembly, much more will be going on than a grand symbolic refutation of the claim that modernization inevitably means radical secularization. For under John Paul II, the Roman Catholic Church has become far more than an embodiment of stubborn religiosity on the edge of the third millennium.

In public terms—and in sharp contrast to the sorry record of the U.N.—the Catholic Church has become the world's foremost institutional defender of basic human rights. U.N. peacekeeping flounders around the world; Vatican peacemaking has been effective from the Beagle Channel to Mozambique.

John Paul II is now widely recognized as the single most influential figure in the nonviolent collapse of European communism; the pope has also been an important influence on the democratization movement that has changed the political landscape of Central and Eastern Europe, Latin America, and parts of East Asia.

Moreover, this recent past is but prologue to a future of considerable possibility. Over one billion human beings of virtually every race and ethnicity are Roman Catholics. The social doctrine of their church is, arguably, the most sophisticated body of moral reasoning about the democratic prospect on offer in the world today. How that teaching shapes those billion lives will have an enormous impact on the social and political contours of the 21st century.

The pope's U.N. address and subsequent visits to New York, Yonkers, Newark, and Baltimore, coming hard on the heels of a grinding 10-day pilgrimage to Africa, should also put full stop to the rumors of John Paul's imminent demise, which have been assiduously circulated by Roman journalists and various ecclesiastical hangers-on for the past 18 months. Yet in that same period John Paul has published an international bestseller (*Crossing the Threshold of Hope*), dramatically altered the course of the September 1994 World Conference on Population and Development in Cairo, addressed the largest crowd in human history (at Manila, in January 1995), seen his encyclical on abortion and euthanasia featured on the cover of *Newsweek*, called the Church to prepare for the Great Jubilee of the year 2000 by publicly repenting its sins and errors, and boldly proposed that Orthodox and Protestant Christians help him think through the kind of papacy that makes sense in the third millennium of Christian history. Not a bad year and a half, that. But the tremendous pace of John Paul's recent pastoral and intellectual activity does not explain why the London *Independent*, no papal apologist, described John Paul early this year as "the only truly global leader left." Why is it that, when he mounts the General Assembly rostrum, this man, far from being a romantic anachronism, will seem to be on the cutting edge of history?

At one level, the answer has to do with the dramatic changes that John Paul II has wrought in the modern exercise of an ancient office. The centralization of authority in the Catholic Church throughout the 19th century created a largely executive papacy, with the pope functioning as something like the CEO of RC,

George Weigel is the president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

Inc. In varying degrees, mid-20th-century popes chafed under this model of leadership; but with John Paul II, a decisive transformation of the world's oldest institution has taken place.

With the exception of some recalcitrant Italians, no one any longer thinks that the pope's primary responsibility is to micromanage the central administrative machinery of the Catholic Church. Using emblematic modern instruments like DC-10s, helicopters, popemobiles, CD-ROMs, the Internet, compact discs, radio, and television, John Paul has revitalized the historic ministry of Peter as the first among the Church's public teachers. The extraordinary volume of his official writings has guaranteed that John Paul's will be remembered as one of the great teaching pontificates. But it is the personal dimension he has brought to this catechesis, through his pilgrimages to every continent, that has caught the imagination of people around the world.

Evangelism, not politicking, is the hallmark of John Paul's relentless travels. The Polish pope takes quite seriously the injunction of Jesus to Peter to "strengthen your brethren," giving that commission global reach. From the *favelas* of Sao Paolo to the Eskimo hinterland of northwest Canada, from African villages to the canyons of Manhattan, John Paul has been, first and foremost, a pastor.

The pope is no quietist, however; his evangelism is shaped by the conviction that Christian truth has an inescapably *public* character. As he told an impromptu press conference while flying to Chile and Paraguay in 1987, "I am not the evangelizer of democracy, I am the evangelizer of the Gospel. To the Gospel message, of course, belong all the problems of human rights, and if democracy means human rights it also belongs to the message of the Church."

Is this the partisan politics John Paul has urged Catholic priests to avoid? That charge is frequently mounted from the Catholic left (and also by the leaders of repressive regimes). But it misses the fundamental theological point. For John Paul II, commitment to the Gospel *demands* a defense of the dignity and worth of human life. Indeed, John Paul has been the least political of modern popes, if by political we mean a pope who follows the established canons of diplomacy. When religious freedom and other basic human rights are threatened, John Paul has challenged dictators to their faces, privately or publicly—as Ferdinand Marcos, Augusto Pinochet, Alfredo Stroessner, Wojciech Jaruzelski, and the brothers Ortega could attest.

Conversely, if by politics we mean the Aristotelian question, How *ought* we live together? then John Paul's global evangelism has been intensely political. As a man of 20 during the Nazi occupation of Poland, Karol Wojtyla was a leading figure in Krakow's underground Rhapsodic Theater. Performing clandestinely without props or costumes, in shuttered apartments above the streets where Nazi sound trucks blared the news of the latest eastern-front triumphs, Wojtyla learned the power of what the Rhapsodic players called the "living word" to cut through the static of lies and propaganda. It is a lesson John Paul has applied to considerable effect—in Manila, Warsaw, and Santiago, and in the run-up to last September's Cairo population conference.

The pope's public project has remained remarkably consistent for 17 years, even as changed historical circumstances have shifted the focus and the impact of his message. During the endgame of the Cold War, the issues and the imagery were clear-cut: There was the pope in June 1979, preaching before a million Poles in Warsaw's Victory Square, calling upon the Holy Spirit to "renew the face of the earth—of this land!" And the people responded with the spontaneous, rhythmic chant, "We want God, we want God!"

In the post-Cold War period, with his eye fixed on the developed societies of the West, John Paul has been pressing what might be termed a post-modern agenda of cultural reform and renewal. As the son of a nation that preserved itself through its language, literature, music, and religion when its independent political and economic life was snuffed out between 1793 and 1919, John Paul II is convinced of the overarching power of culture. Applied to the circumstances of the developed democracies, this means that only a vibrant, publicly assertive moral culture can discipline and temper democratic polities and market economies so that democracy and the market promote genuine human flourishing.

The initial American reception of this new papal challenge was, perhaps, somewhat chilly; no doubt the message was distorted by a media filter through which every critique of the sexual revolution becomes a repressive assault from the fever swamps. But as concern for the character deficit in American society has mounted, what seemed off-putting to some now looks increasingly prophetic. Americans are discovering, once again, that democrats are made, not born, and that a certain critical mass of virtue is indispensable to the functioning of democracy. Which happens to be precisely what John Paul has been urging.

More broadly, John Paul II embodies the cutting edge of history because he is defining a bold, new, morally challenging humanism in a period often dominated by the pleasure principle and the rough calculus of utility. His university in Krakow, the Jagiellon-

ian, is where Copernicus first detected the flaw in Ptolemy's geocentric view of the universe. Like Copernicus, Karol Wojtyla has identified a central flaw in the prevailing world view of his day: modernity's tendency to degrade the human person, by turning men and women into mere instruments for others' political, economic, or sexual manipulation. Vulgar utilitarianism, the pope is convinced, is at the root of a host of evils. Thus, it is possible to think of Wojtyla as the man who left Krakow for Rome to restore the dignity of the human person as *the* focal point of modern thought.

A professional philosopher deeply versed in his discipline's classic, medieval, modern, and contemporary expressions, Wojtyla has attempted for some four decades to revivify the humanistic tradition, which he thinks has been profoundly wounded by several hundred years of principled intellectual skepticism—what the academics call the hermeneutics of suspicion—and by a 20th century of incomparably dehumanizing brutality. Like Solzhenitsyn, John Paul believes that the political crisis of the 20th century began when European civilization "fell into a rage of self-mutilation" in 1914 and set loose a train of evil events whose effects have only now begun to recede.


Chas Fagan

But that cataclysm had philosophical and indeed spiritual roots. The political catastrophes of the century—World War I, communism and Nazism, World War II, the Holocaust, the Gulag, 45 years of cold war—grimly vindicated Chesterton's adage that when men cease to believe in God, they don't believe in nothing, but in anything. The consequences of the hermeneutics of suspicion have been extraordinarily lethal. Launched in the Renaissance on the basis of a new confidence in the human prospect, secularist modernity has paradoxically given birth to a great fear: a fear of man and of the things of which man might be capable.

The spiritual core of John Paul II's project, in both its ecclesiastical and public dimensions, is to conquer that great fear through a new and more securely grounded affirmation of human possibility.

For Karol Wojtyla, Christian believer, the conquest of fear comes through conversion to Christ. Yet John Paul's belief in human dignity is not an affirmation for Catholics or Christians only. The task of constructing a humanism for the 21st century is broad-gauged, ecumenical, and inter-religious. Wojtyla's deep commitment to this enterprise is one of the hallmarks of his pontificate; its conceptual roots lie in his pre-papal career as professor of philosophy at the Catholic University of Lublin.

The pope's philosophical work, which established him as a leading figure in the modern school of phenomenology, was primarily in the field of ethics; his objective was to display the human person in all his dimensions—physical, intellectual, psychological, spiritual—as a free and responsible moral agent. This emphasis on freedom and responsibility, together, is Wojtyla's answer to the biological, cultural, and political-economic determinism of our time. It is also his method for opening up the transcendent horizon of human experience.

For it is in the dynamics of free and responsible moral agency, Wojtyla argues, that the transcendent—"the extraordinary side of the ordinary," as he once put it—breaks open for human beings. The "threshold of hope" is not only ahead of us but also above us. And we discover that threshold when we reflect on the inner dynamics of moral action, whose goal is the highest possible realization of the good. Contrary to the solipsistic absolutizing of the self epitomized by the American obsession with "autonomy," Wojtyla-the-philosopher argues that a true humanism, commensurate with what is most noble in the human person, is born in that greatest of human dramas: the struggle to surrender the self that we are to the pursuit of the self that we ought to become.

Putting it in these terms does scant justice to the richness and complexity of Wojtyla's philosophical product, but it perhaps illustrates the fatuity of the charge that the pope's is a pre-modern and narrowly sectarian mind. On the contrary, it is precisely Wojtyla's passion for the life of the mind that has led him into conversation with the philosophers and social scientists whom he invites to his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo. (Last year's decidedly ecumenical gathering included Leszek Kolakowski, Edward Shils, Bernard Lewis, Paul Ricoeur, Charles Taylor, and Bronislaw Geremek.) As both philosopher and pope,

Karol Wojtyla accepts that the church ought to open its windows to the modern world. But as Richard John Neuhaus has noted, John Paul also challenges modernity to open its windows to the worlds of which it is a part, which include the realities of transcendent truth and love.

The pope once said that the three greatest surprises of his life were being elected to the papacy, surviving Mehmet Ali Agca's assassination attempt in 1981, and witnessing the collapse of communism without massive bloodshed in 1989. Some will see in these events an incredible string of luck; Karol Wojtyla and many others see the finger of Providence at work.

And in that calm confidence we may find yet another reason for the pope's magnetism: He is a man who knows precisely who he is, what he believes, and what he is about. *Vocation*—the notion that God has a distinctive purpose and responsibility in mind for every human life—is something that Karol Wojtyla has always taken with great seriousness. And his singular vocation would now seem to point toward the Great Jubilee of 2000.

John Paul laid out ambitious plans for the Catholic Church's celebration of the Great Jubilee in a 1994 apostolic letter. Perhaps most provocatively, he called the people of the Church to an "examination of conscience" for "not having shown the true face of God" and thereby contributing to "religious indifference," the "widespread loss of the transcendent sense of the human person," and "grave forms of injustice and exclusion." The pope also urged the church to reflect on the fact, largely unremarked by North American Catholics, that ours is the greatest century of persecution and martyrdom in Christian history. And he reiterated his "fervent wish" to go to Sarajevo, Lebanon, and Jerusalem and to retrace the path of biblical history from Mount Sinai to Damascus. Finally, the year 2000 should be marked, the pope suggested, by "a meeting of all Christians," prepared in "fraternal cooperation with Christians of other denominations and traditions."

The pope has laid great stress on Christian unity in the hope that it just may be possible to heal the 11th-century breach between Rome and Eastern Orthodoxy by the year 2000. Whether Orthodoxy, variegated and fractious, can respond to the pope's initiatives is another question. But John Paul has made it abundantly clear that he sees neither theological nor jurisdictional roadblocks to full communion between the two churches. Were that to be accomplished, it would have the most profound public implications for post-communist Eastern Europe.

Equally, John Paul is committed to a deepening of Catholic-Jewish dialogue, to which he has already devoted considerable attention. His negotiation of full diplomatic relations between the Holy See and Israel broke a crucial psychological barrier, beyond which the pope envisions a richer, more profoundly theological encounter between Jews and Catholics. Even more challenging will be the attempt to find a modus vivendi with activist Islam.

Commenting on the dedication of a new grand mosque in Rome, the pope celebrated the fact that "in Rome, the center of Christianity and the See of Peter's successor, Muslims should have their own place of worship with full respect for their freedom of conscience." But he also noted that "in some Islamic countries similar signs of the recognition of religious freedom are lacking." On the edge of the millennium, John Paul concluded, "the world is waiting for these signs."

At this hinge of history, one hallmark of John Paul's public project will be a vigorous defense of the universality of human rights, a moral claim now under attack from gerontocratic Chinese Communists, Singaporean authoritarians, Islamic activists, and Western deconstructionists. John Paul II is committed to the principle of universality on theological, philosophical, and political grounds. As both Christian believer and philosophical analyst of the "acting person," the pope is fully persuaded that certain basic rights—foremost among them, the right of religious freedom—constitute the inalienable moral heritage of all human beings. Moreover, he understands that the denial of universality is rooted in the denial of a universal moral law—a prescription for a Hobbesian world in which all are at war with all. The public stakes involved in the defense of universality are very high indeed, and John Paul II may be expected to take a large role in that debate.

History has honored only two of the 264 popes with the title "the Great." Like John Paul, Leo I (440-461) and Gregory I (590-604) led a Church confronted by the claims of barbarians: in Leo's case, the Huns; in Gregory's, the Lombards. Leo the Great turned Attila back from Rome; Gregory the Great effected a truce with the invading Lombards and set about converting them to orthodox Christianity. Will history come to think of Karol Wojtyla as John Paul the Great? If it does, the reasons why will have much to do with a third papal intervention in the face of barbarians: the "masters of suspicion" whose radical deconstruction of reason has had such grave public consequences. ♦

Irving's Whodunit

By William F. Buckley, Jr.

In the substantial introduction to his collection, *Neoconservatism: The Autobiography of an Idea* (Free Press, 493 pages, $30), Irving Kristol ticks off ambient felicities. He ends by remarking happily the political faith of those who surround him. "My son and daughter, and son-in-law and daughter-in-law, along with dozens of young 'interns' who have worked at *The Public Interest* over the past thirty years, are now all conservatives without adjectival modification."

That is a tremendous statement in political taxonomy, on the order of the excommunication of Trotsky from the communist movement, as presided over by Moscow; except of course that Mr. Kristol moves in the opposite, ecumenical direction—toward amalgamation, away from schism. Neos are now just plain cons. There are men and women on the right who will frown on this self-designation by the godfather of neoconservatism, perhaps even accusing him of cooptation of the conservative cause. But one wonders exactly what arguments they will advance. Is there an Albigensian heresy in Irving's credo?

Irving Kristol is not stylistically inclined to declamation (he would not have done well as amanuensis on Mt. Sinai). He can write, "What, exactly, is neoconservatism anyway?" and answer, "I would say it is more a descriptive term than a prescriptive one. It describes the erosion of liberal faith among a relatively small but talented and articulate group of scholars and intellectuals." Yes, but an erosion of faith doesn't midwife any complementary view. An attenuation of Marxist faith, even to the breaking point, does not describe what it is that the sometime Marxist now embraces, let alone particular articles of his new faith. And yet in the 500 pages of this book, questions of every kind are pondered—questions philosophical, cultural, and political. Meditation is done and what passes for conclusions are reached, or adumbrated. And the reader is as satisfied as if he had read through a catechism. It is, so to speak, all there—in its own way.

We are reminded of the 5-year-old girl sitting down to draw. "Mother, what does God look like?" "Nobody knows, dear." "Well, they will now."

Early in any discussion of work by Irving Kristol, mention needs to be made of the way in which he writes. In the 20-page introductory section, he gives us much of the narrative of his "idea." There are notes on his childhood; he takes us through his marriage to his celebrated wife, rather absentmindedly touching on their platonic affair with Trotskyism. We learn that he served in the infantry during the war, went then with his wife Gertrude Himmelfarb ("Bea") to Oxford where both did graduate work, then back to New York, on the junior staff of *Commentary* magazine. From there to *Encounter* in London, then to the *Reporter* in New York. After that, *The Public Interest* and *The National Interest* in New York and Washington.

Through it all he wrote what would seem incessantly, but not at length. "I was not a book writer," he notes. "I did not have the patience and I lacked the necessary intellectual rigor to bring my ideas into some kind of consistent thesis." This self-effacement doesn't work—the reader of *Neoconservatism* will find a dozen essays that might have been expanded into books, and they serve to remind us how many books could profitably have been shrunk into long essays, Kristol-length.

To celebrate Kristol's 75th birthday, a Festschrift was done, *The Neoconservative Imagination* (AEI Press, 249 pages, $12.95). It is edited by Christopher DeMuth and Kristol's son, William (the editor and publisher of this magazine). The volume gives 42 pages of bibliography. In sequence, Books, Essays, Newspaper Articles, Reviews, Interviews, Symposiums, and Letters. While in London as a young scholar and journalist, he read John Crowe Ransom's *God Without Thunder.* "The style was lucid, straightforward, unpretentious, but brightened with flashes of irony and wit," Kristol writes, exactly describing his own style.

In his engaging introduction, Kristol takes us back to the early postwar years. Communism was (geopolitically) triumphant. Great Britain was in the hands of socialists, and when Churchill resumed office he did not resume power. The emaciation of bourgeois England was all but complete: the empire gone, the Soviet empire unchallenged, the socialized industries untouchable, taxation confiscatory. It was a period of great loneliness for restive dissenters from left/liberal orthodoxy.

In 1944 Albert Jay Nock's *Memoirs of a Superfluous Man* had

William F. Buckley, Jr. is Editor at Large of National Review. *His current novel is* Brothers No More.

appeared and a few months after that, Friedrich Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom*. Not very long after, Irving Kristol began his criticisms of an "empty liberal-socialist faith." DeMuth muses, "I am sure that, in 1944, the founder of the neoconservative wing of modern conservatism would have found a thing or two to disagree with in those books by the founders of the libertarian wing. But they were all working on the same set of problems, and their answers would converge over time."

It took a while before the convergence could be thought of as full-blooded. It was with the founding of *The Public Interest* that the need was felt to come up with a term that would distinguish Kristol and his associates from other movers, other movements, some of them contentious (the left), some harmonious (the right). In the early days of neoconservatism, there was little room for the adamant anti-statist. And indeed in these essays Kristol happily records that both Reagan and Gingrich have publicly acclaimed Franklin Delano Roosevelt. More specifically, he cites the Social Security program ("and its subsequent corollary, Medicare") as the "outstanding social reform of the century."

His criteria for so designating it are worth noting: It is comprehensive in its coverage; of greater use to the poor than the rich; it contributed to political and social stability "by encouraging Americans to have a better opinion of their society—a 'good' which the economist is at a loss to measure and which the ideologically oriented sociologist, interested in 'social change,' is likely to scorn"; and it is overwhelmingly popular. Well, non-neoconservatives are not calling for the repeal of Social Security, but many of them (of us) would happily see organic reform in the Act, and need go no further than Chile for a better model.


Kent Lemon

At the time Kristol founded *The Public Interest*, he felt a void in serious journalism. DeMuth has written that the "project" began with "concrete objections to the unintended consequences of specific liberal policies and grew into a fundamental critique of liberalism itself as based on a mistaken conception of the nature of man." Kristol had deemed "*National Review* . . . too right-wing." "I was able to see close-up the basic political impotence of traditional conservatism which lived off Democratic errors but had no governing philosophy of its own."

He found U.S. conservatism just, well, jejune and, in any event, politically unmarketable. "Just as erroneous economic actions by government can wreck a society and a polity, so erroneous moral and political beliefs can accomplish the same end, more indirectly but just as effectively. And here, I think, is where what we call neoconservatism has made its major contribution in the past two decades. By enlarging the conservative vision to include moral philosophy, political philosophy, and even religious thought, it helped make it more politically sensible as well as politically appealing. . . . Neoconservatism, for its part, had provided traditional conservatives with an intellectual dimension that goes beyond economics to reflections on the roots of social and cultural stability."

I make a point here that would appear to be self-serving, which it is, but a point that serves also the interests of historical accuracy. Not two decades but three before Mr. Kristol wrote those lines, *National Review* published what was correctly interpreted as a repudiation of Ayn Rand. It was written by Whittaker Chambers, who approved of the free market but was hardly absorbed by it. I was

asked why *National Review* had turned against Rand and gave the answer in an essay called, "Notes Toward an Empirical Definition of Conservatism," published as a preface to a book of essays on conservatism (*Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*).

I wrote that her "exclusion" from the conservative movement was necessary because of "her desiccated philosophy's conclusive incompatibility with the conservative's emphasis on transcendence, intellectual and moral." When I wrote those words—1963—Will Herberg was appearing regularly as Religion Editor of *National Review*; Russell Kirk wrote in every issue; Hugh Kenner was poetry editor; Chambers, a founding editor, had died two years before, and Richard Weaver would die that year, Willmoore Kendall in 1967. James Burnham concentrated mostly on cold war strategy, Frank Meyer kept the libertarian tablets. Chambers, Kirk, Weaver, and Herberg were not primarily evangelists for the Mt. Pelerin Society.

The Neoconservative movement was given its own name for two reasons. One reason was that its leaders, Mr. Kristol preeminent among them, considered it a liability to effect a political liaison with the conservative movement (Goldwater was its preeminent public figure) that had sustained saturation bombing by liberal critics from the beginning ("Scrambled Eggheads On the Right" was the title of the long essay by Dwight Macdonald, disdaining the birth of *National Review* in 1955). Moreover, a movement some of whose luminaries, like Nock and Frank Chodorov, were correctly judged to be antistatist to the point of anarchy ("An Anarchist's Progress" was the title of one of Nock's essays).

And then too the Neoconservative movement wanted to proceed at its own gait, which it proceeded to do, as this volume confirms. Kristol is not epiphany-minded, however acute his empirical intelligence. He is often quoted as having said that he came aboard because he was "mugged by reality," yet water torture would more accurately describe the pressures he felt, and assimilated. In conversation 30 years ago Kristol asked if I had noticed the *New York Times* story that a rebuilt apartment in the Bronx under the auspices of a federal housing agency cost $32,000 dollars. "You can buy a house in Levittown for $28,000." He did not dilate on a point he considered obvious in what it told us.

The movement of the Neos in the direction of the lodestar was influenced by concrete historical events. One—and this is several times brought up in *Neoconservatism*—was the persistent failure of so many liberals to express appropriate indignation over the consolidation of the Soviet empire and life and pain within that empire. A second was the manifest failure of the civil rights movement to bring on the world promised by its bards. A third was the licentious thought and behavior of the student revolutionaries in the sixties, combined with the failure of the liberal establishment to find its voice repudiating and correcting them; and, pointedly, the anti-semitism of many of the young blacks associated with that turbulent period.

But much of what threatened, most especially communism abroad and disorientation here, pointed to a moral dislocation. The salient event in the intellectual history of the modern world, Kristol tells us persuasively, is the triumph of the French environment over against the Anglo-Scottish. The French moved in on man as malleable matter, to be redirected toward virtue at the expense of liberty. The British tradition of Adam Smith and Adam Ferguson looked always for incremental improvements, material and other. Pursuant to that tradition, Kristol defines his movement as concerned with "realistic meliorism." Nothing is so dismaying, given the perspectives of conservatism, as for instance a political program to "end" poverty.

Such impulses are "eschatological" rather than empirical, "meliorist" in vision. Reliable political visions need to spring from a proper understanding of man. And to have that, it helps to understand the spiritual dimension of man. "It is the decline in religious belief over the past 50 years—together with the rise of mass higher education, which popularized the culture's animus to bourgeois capitalism—that has been of decisive importance." "The conservative disposition is real enough; but without the religious dimension, it is thin gruel." Only if conservatism can "give its own moral and intellectual substance to its idea of liberty" will true headway be made.

Spoken in 1975. In later essays, Kristol makes the godlike point that there isn't, in the end, any substitute for what religion does to the character of the mind.

But even if it is so that the Neoconservative movement had to wait until the crises brought on by the Great Society, Vietnam, and Woodstock simply compelled a remobilization of liberal thought, it could be held that the personal enterprise and talents of Irving Kristol were indispensable to its success. Kristol became, in the words of George Will, "a one-man critical mass for a political movement." The autobiography of his idea is missing only the identity of Whodunit, but the hints are everywhere, and readers will rejoice in this great exploration of cause and effect. ♦

Memoir

My Friend, Allan Bloom

By Werner J. Dannhauser

I met Allan Bloom at the University of Chicago in 1956, in a class on Plato's *Republic*. Allan already had his Ph.D. from the university's Committee on Social Thought, but he kept right on coming to classes while teaching adult education courses downtown in the university's Basic Program of Liberal Education for Adults. He was very much at home in the place, for, as he wrote three decades later in *The Closing of the American Mind*, "When I was fifteen years old I saw the University of Chicago for the first time and somehow sensed that I had discovered my life." It was surely more of a home to him than the Indianapolis of his birth.

A home is not a house, and the young man I observed in class that day did not appear to be quite housebroken. He looked gawky and disheveled; the natty dresser of later years was still a bit of a slob. What one noticed most about him, however, was not his attire, nor even the mobile look of somebody who thought with his whole face, but his sheer volubility. The words tumbled out of him so fast they often bumped into each other; he would shift from loudness to whispering to sputtering without warning. What is more, his words generated gestures that almost amounted to a language unto themselves.

He was a strange sight, easy to mimic, and in later years some of his best students could easily be induced to do their riotous imitations of him, but he was not ridiculous, because what he said compelled admiration. In that class he made it evident that he already knew the *Republic*, which he was later to translate, as few would ever be privileged to know it. He treated it like a mansion in which he was delighted to wander. When he spoke of Plato he struck one as somebody trying to become Plato, just as later he turned Shakespearean when writing of Shakespeare. Once, in later years, I accused him of having become Rousseauian. This was when he was wrestling with the *Emile*, and he took it as a compliment.

Even our first talk, the first of countless talks I had with him (to me he was the Michael Jordan of talking), violated the rules of serious discourse among Committee students. Neither Plato nor Nietzsche, his love and mine, was mentioned. He divined almost at once that I choked up when one normally "talked philosophy," unless it grew gradually out of the conversation at hand. So he asked about what it felt like to live as a Jew in Berlin and what it would be like to become infatuated with somebody who turned out to be a Nazi.

Allan's lust for friendship led him to engage in activities for which he was not especially well suited. Thus he played poker once a week though he was a bad player and had no poker face at all. He seemed to drink (moderately) not because he especially loved to drink, but because he loved the fellowship that drinking facilitates. The thing he seemed to need most was good company; the ceremonies of parting made him nervous and he was reluctant to hang up the phone.

Once I read in Colette that for Cheri the telephone was "a weapon in daily use" and told Allan of the phrase; he liked it. For him the telephone was an instrument to express and overcome his nervousness. His line was usually not busy because he was a pioneer employer of "call waiting," but as often as not he was already on the phone when one called him and he would have to call back. And when one visited him the constant ringing of the phone was a major annoyance, but not to him.

Allan would call at all hours, though not usually in the morning. He demanded, deserved, and took a long time for his conversations, except when he used one as a research assistant and was tracking down a quotation or a source. He was annoyed when I was busy with somebody else and infuriated when I refused to convey information in coded form—I was not all that good at deceiving the people in the room with me.

Our best talks might last for over an hour and had a classical form. We began by debriefing each other on major events in our lives, went on to a major topic or two, and concluded with a barrage of politics, gossip, jokes. In politics he was more often than not to the right of me (except in matters concerning Israel) and accused me of harboring sentimental socialist sympathies. We both were major-league gossips, specializing in wild speculations

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Werner J. Dannhauser is visiting professor of political science at Michigan State University. This article is an abridgment of an essay in Political Philosophy and the Human Soul: Essays in Memory of Allan Bloom *(Rowman&Littlefield Publishers, Inc.)*

and confidences of the "swear never to tell anybody else" type. He loved Jewish and dirty jokes best, deploring my weakness for verbal play. (May I join you? Am I coming apart?)

It was much harder to end a talk with him than to begin one, for reasons to which I have already alluded. Sometimes he treated "goodbye" as a rejection.

He was thought by some to be quarrelsome and he could certainly be testy, but if one were to study the list of his terminated friendships, a brief list, one would discover that Allan hardly ever did the terminating. Some turned on him most rancorously, but the normal end of a friendship came with the death of a friend, and finally with the death of Allan Bloom.

Our blossoming friendship soon extended beyond our play to the work we did as instructors for the university's Basic Program of Liberal Education for Adults, with its St. John's list of great books. Its faculty was composed mostly of graduate students like me and recent Ph.D.s like Allan, its students bored and unhappy housewives, retirees, businessmen who did not wish to act like tired businessmen, and oddballs of both sexes and all ages—embodiments of ordinary human unhappiness.

Classes were held in the evenings and mornings. Twice a week he would call me early to announce his departure by taxi, and minutes later we'd be sharing a cab from the South Side to the Loop for an expensive breakfast before we began to teach. We earned less than $6,000 for a full load of teaching and thus illustrated Balzac's dictum that students can afford only luxuries. Another gift of Allan's announced itself: He was a genius at living beyond his means, even when in later years, as the author of a bestseller, that became more difficult. During the Basic Program years of the late 50s, he was both a dear friend and an expensive one.

Allan Bloom was one of the great teachers of our time, but he was not the best teacher at the Basic Program. That honor probably belongs to Jason Aronson, our mutual friend. He was spectacular and he could influence students deeply, as is illustrated by the case of the lawyer who under his influence made plans to retire in order to devote himself to the study of Plutarch. But adults are part-time students and finished people; Allan needed to hold sway over the young. And he wanted to be like Leo Strauss, just as many of us did.

Strauss, philosopher and teacher, was the center of our intellectual and even our moral universe. A good deal of the time, the University of Chicago was, for us his students (he called us his puppies), Leo Strauss perched at one end of a log with us in rapt attention at the other. We could play hard because he kept us working hard at acquiring what is now in danger of becoming an anachronism, a liberal education.

Leo Strauss was like a sun around which we thought ourselves privileged to orbit, but unlike Allan Bloom, I was never among his closest students. Strauss bred Straussians and I became a Straussian; I still am one. But for reasons that do me little credit, I remained much more distant from the great man than did Allan.

Paradoxically, that meant that Allan's years of study were less peaceful and more tempestuous than mine. To pursue the above metaphor, Allan Bloom got too close to the sun and was seared by it. He was all set to become Strauss's personal assistant for a year, but the break between them was so serious that Allan left Chicago for a year to study in Europe.

That was around 1960. He could not talk about the details of their quarrel—to this day I do not know the details—but he was deeply wounded. He lost weight and temporarily lost interest in his work. It hurt to look at his manifest hurt. Later, much later, he would hint that Leo Strauss forced him to come to terms with the fact that he, Allan, could be hard to take, forced him to stare at his own neediness.

According to Nietzsche, everything personal is merely comic. Neither Allan nor I was at all sure that this was true, but we liked to brood and joke about this cryptic utterance. In any event, the break with Strauss did not (to borrow from Nietzsche again) kill Bloom but made him stronger. Slowly but surely they patched it up, and at the time of Strauss's death in 1973 Allan was very close to him again.

I heard about Strauss's death quite accidentally, minutes before Allan called me in Ithaca to tell me about it. How did he feel about it? He didn't know yet, he said; all he knew was that the world was suddenly smaller, emptier. We gathered in Annapolis the Saturday night before the funeral. A group of us did not let our sadness interfere with a lavish seafood dinner. Allan was the most nervous member of our little party. He kept jumping up to watch TV at the bar. He had an excuse; it was the night of Nixon's Saturday night massacre.

From teaching, I must turn to music, which Allan loved, differing in this respect from Strauss. Allan had a good voice, and on the most surprising occasions could belt out numbers ranging from "Bye-Bye Blackbird" and "All Through the Night" to arias from the opera *Martha.* The thinkers he loved most loved music. He delved deeply into the discussions of musical education in Plato's *Republic*,

applying them brilliantly and with breathtaking, childlike directness to his dissection of rock in *The Closing of the American Mind*.

He loved Bach, Handel, and Haydn, and he had a weakness for Rossini and Tchaikovsky, but he loved Mozart most. Music meant a lot to him, and he appreciated it in a most personal way. He "sold" Mozart to me, a late convert to the love of classical music, by assuring me that Mozart had written a lot of "Moon River" music, and once, after we had listened to Mozart's horn concertos, he confessed that he wanted to be like a French horn in those compositions: bluff, gruff, forthright, faintly comic, yet capable of beguiling sonorities.

Le'Herman Payton

He was fascinated by the fact that Jean-Jacques Rousseau actually *composed* music, and at the drop of a hat he played that music on his stereo for willing (or at least consenting) listeners. The stereo on which he played Rousseau was, of course, state of the art and the Rousseau CD part of the biggest collection of CDs any of us had ever seen—a collection especially huge when compared to his surprisingly small collection of books. The lofty passion for music combined in him with the less lofty passion for acquiring goods, but for those of us who sat in his plush living room listening to gorgeous music it was well worth his money.

Allan's love of Rousseau was almost as old as his love of Plato, and in point of fact he published a translation of Rousseau *(Politics and the Arts*) before he published a translation of Plato's *Republic*. The two philosophers were intimately entangled in the thought of Allan Bloom, whose version of *Emile* understands that book as in large part a critique of the *Republic*. His final book, *Love and Friendship*, begins with Rousseau and ends with Plato, with the two titans sandwiching Shakespeare in the middle.

One is glib but not totally off the mark if one understands Allan as a lover of poetic philosophers. That's obviously incomplete, as one can see if one remembers the enthusiasm with which he taught Aristotle and Xenophon, who are most difficult to characterize as "poetic." Both Plato and Rousseau spoke directly to Allan's soul. His first intense foray into Plato was by way of an analysis of "the little-read *Ion*"—compared by Jason Aronson to the "little red Riding Hood"—which he saw as a study of inauthentic actors who prepare a face to meet the faces that they meet.

His fascination with actors and acting also is evident in his reading of Rousseau's *Letter to D'Alembert*, as well as the tug between pleasure and duty one finds all over Rousseau. Above all, however, Allan took most personally Rousseau's exemplary analysis of *amour propre*, vanity, as an indispensable clue to what to some extent made him tick because it made all modern men tick. Yes, Allan was vain, but he redeemed himself by the ruthless mockery of his own vanity, and often that vanity took the mild form discussed by Nietzsche of needing to know he was appreciated, admired, loved.

Rousseau also served Allan as a safeguard against an overalliance with conservatism. (Allan had many right-wing views but was not really a conservative and refused to call himself one.) In conservative circles, which run their own risk of becoming politically correct in their own fashion, it is often customary to pit Rousseau against Burke to the detriment of the former. Allan was by no means

blind to the merits of Burke, and even appreciated the latter's characterization of Rousseau as the "insane Socrates of the French National Assembly," but Burke tends to stand for prudence, and prudence is a close relative of moderation, and neither his close friends nor bitter enemies would ever call Allan Bloom moderate.

If I were in a reductionist mood—heaven forbid—I would now add that Allan Bloom loved Rousseau because Rousseau reminded him of Paris, and vice versa.

Allan was a Francophile. He loved French literature deeply, displaying an elective affinity to Balzac, Stendhal, and Flaubert that he could not quite summon up for English, German, or Russian masterpieces of the same period. Proust was his favorite novelist of our century and Céline may have been second. Since he read slowly, he was not much of a casual reader, but if he did indulge himself it was likely to be a Simenon mystery. He was even fond of Zola's *Germinal*, which he thought of as "the Communist Manifesto set to music." He loved to talk French, one of the languages in which he was fluent.

Paris gave a local habitation and a name to his love of things French. No other city rivaled it in his heart. The kid from Indianapolis was a city slicker who liked to quote Marx and Engels on "the idiocy of rural life" and he had good things to say about Chicago, Toronto, New York, Florence, Rome, and Tokyo, but his heart belonged to Paris. I cavorted with him in most of the cities I have mentioned but most deeply imprinted on my memory are images of Allan in Paris.

Shopping for pastries, walking along the Seine, browsing in the book stores ("the French are a nation of readers"), barhopping at night (there was a joint called "de la Methode" on the Rue Descartes and there may still be), unabashedly ordering Coca-Colas in fancy places, smoking up a storm everywhere and rejoicing in the freedom from growing American censoriousness about cigarettes—the memories crowd each other.

He encouraged his students to spend time in Paris. Though he distrusted the word "culture," that's what he wanted them to acquire and he knew one could not get it simply by going to museums or attending concerts. One had to reside in a place, luxuriating in it, so that it set the stage for one's daily agenda, shaping the rhythms of one's day. Paris was ideal for that.

Allan's headquarters in Paris were the Hotel Crystal, partly because it was just around the corner from the Cafe Flore, his favorite spot. (He disdained to patronize the Deux Magots, across a small street and possibly more renowned.) There he held forth on topics great and small; there he could be found breakfasting on a croissant while reading the *Herald Tribune* or late at night sipping a cognac. At his table one would find distinguished writers, young students, a member of Parliament, old friends like Pierre Hassner, or young friends like my daughters, Fanya and Anna.

Allan Bloom is dead three years now—time flies even when you're not having fun—and a lot of us continue to frequent the Cafe Flore when in Paris, talking of things small and great, but always the talk turns to him, and every joke told is diminished because it is not followed by his laughter.

Allan begins a lovely essay on *The Merchant of Venice* as follows: "Venice is a beautiful city. . ." It exemplifies the intimate connection he had with Shakespeare that began even before he wrote *Shakespeare's Politics* (with Harry V. Jaffa). That intimate connection was clearly in evidence in his last book, *Love and Friendship*, when he wrote, "The result of this latest reading of Shakespeare for me is the renewed conviction that there is nothing I think or feel, whether high or low, that he has not thought of or felt, as well as expressed, better than I have."

In other words, he held Shakespeare in awe, and not the least remarkable teaching this remarkable teacher bequeathed to his students is that awe is a necessary condition for learning from the great works of a great mind. He learned with a childlike directness that always amazed me. Pondering the life and times of Shylock, he attained a deeper understanding of the Jew in the Gentile world, and he actually put his thoughts about "The Moor of Venice" to work in grappling with the intricacies of race relations.

That, to be sure, was not the deepest thing he learned from *Othello*, which led him to probe his feelings of jealousy ever more deeply. Neither of us was, alas, a stranger to jealousy, so this particular text was one of the ways our specific talk led us to deeper regions.

When we were in Cornell together, my wife, Shoshana, Allan, and I resolved to have a small reading group devoted to Shakespeare's plays (wherever Allan lived, "small reading groups" sprouted around him). That was not to be, but we did talk a good deal about Shakespeare. Allan's directness of relations to the latter always astonished us. He had very little interest in the immense secondary literature on the subject. He was intrigued by the comments of a Goethe or a Nietzsche or a Lessing on Shakespeare, though he usually disagreed with them, but he did not care much for, say, the analyses of

an A.C. Bradley or even a Coleridge, preferring to take his Shakespeare without mediation.

Remembering Allan's abiding love of Shakespeare, I remember also my wife's abiding love for Allan. And the mysteries of memory bring me back to our times together at Cornell. Shoshana and Allan had not always hit it off. Both were feisty, both had tempers that could flare and tongues that could lash, but the sparks that flew between them soon enough turned to love.

She admired the electricity of his mind and he admired the electricity of her soul, and they both had an enormous need to talk. When Shoshana and I had a serious quarrel in 1967, it was Allan who told me I was a fool; when we married later that year, it was Allan who signed the orthodox Jewish wedding document; when Shoshana died in 1973, it was Allan who gave the eulogy.

In 1968, we spent a year together in Ithaca. The early Cornell days still shine in my memory, golden days of dinners with Allan and Walter and Irene Berns, poker games with Shoshana, Allan, Walter.

It did not last long, but after that we saw each other whenever we could, frequently in Toronto. When Allan went to Israel to teach in Tel Aviv, we gave him the *Soncino Bible*. I hoped to make him more pious, and Shoshana hoped he would turn his exegetical genius to the text she, raised in an Orthodox Israeli home, knew best.

When Shoshana and I went to Israel in 1972, she to study Hebrew literature at the Hebrew University, I to recuperate from my first heart attack, we heard almost at once from Walter Berns that Allan had suffered a heart attack as well. Shoshana was as upset as I ever saw her and wrote him a beautiful letter, quoting an ancient prayer dear to her since childhood, and recited at services on the eve of Yom Kippur:

As clay are we, as soft and yielding clay
That lies between the fingers of the potter's hand.

After Shoshana died, Allan always carried a photograph of her in his wallet.

The academic year 1968-69 moved all too soon from hope to despair; Cornell University came apart at the seams after black students seized Willard Straight Hall, the student union, and the SDS came to their assistance. The sordid story finds its most searing analysis in *The Closing of the American Mind*. Walter Berns resigned in protest; Allan took a year off and then went to Toronto. Walter, Allan Sindler, chairman of the government department, and Allan Bloom were the heroes of a year that featured far more knaves and fools.

The year hurt Allan very much. None of us who knew him well ever saw him more angry and more frenzied. He knew all the foibles of the academic life; he even partook of some of them, but he loved higher education most purely, loved helping the souls of the young stretch upward. Hence he was cut to the quick by those who proudly proclaimed that teaching was primarily a power relationship. Over the years, he hit back hard.

It was at Cornell when *The Closing of the American Mind* appeared and became the nation's number one bestseller. I delighted in delighting Allan with stories of its reception in Ithaca, and especially its reception in the government department, where petty men spent hours picking nits among its pages and vain men denounced Allan in impotent rages at departmental meetings.

Success did not spoil him. His vices, too obvious to occupy me here, may have become more prominent, but it took a certain pettiness of soul not to enjoy his simple joy at savoring his triumphs, his well-earned victories. To put it simply, he loved being a celebrity, and he enjoyed it with an infectious boyishness. The good one-liners proliferated: "I'm in political philosophy because that's where the big bucks are" and "they used to ask me, if I was so smart, why wasn't I rich? Now I can say that I *am* rich."

And then sickness felled him. He fought back from paralysis to write *Love and Friendship*. Almost speechless with love and admiration, I visited him after lecturing on Gershom Scholem in Toronto and read him a sentence from Walter Benjamin's last letter to Scholem: "Every line we succeed in publishing today—no matter how uncertain the future to which we entrust it—is a victory wrenched from the powers of darkness." He liked that.

Nurtured by the love and friendship of close friends like Nathan Tarcov, Saul Bellow, Michael Wu, he improved temporarily and finished the first draft of his last book, but when I saw him next he was in a coma and dying. He came to one day and actually spoke a bit. That was the Eve of Yom Kippur. Nathan, Saul, and I met at Kol Nidre service and wondered whether he could recover yet again. He couldn't, dying on Yom Kippur Day.

Shoshana once told me she was reminded of Allan when she read, in Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, the line that against a genius we have but one defense, to love him. She loved him, and so did many of us, and it wasn't just defensive, though he was a genius. ♦

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PERSONAL HISTORY

THE COLD WAR: I WAS NOT IMPRESSED

Part II of the memoir he never should have written

BY GORE VIDAL

I was at the Astor manor on the Hudson, with its 150 rooms and Winslow Homers lining the walls, but I was not impressed. Winston Churchill, whose mother was the subject of the disdain of the Auchincloss side of my family, was on the radio declaring that an Iron Curtain had descended over Europe and that hundreds of millions of people had been thrown into tyranny, and it occurred to me that Alice Astor Bouverie, our hostess, looked sallow under the maroon curtains of her piano room, though in certain lighting conditions she was beautiful. This was years ago during the great twilight struggle, before I met Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward by the small oval pool at the Château Marmont in Hollywood and gave Paul my cousin Louis Auchincloss's secret recipe for salad dressing.

Truman Capote was flirting with an adolescent Sal Mineo that evening, and Jimmy Baldwin was telling Kentucky (as I called Tennessee Williams) that I was the greatest living essayist. Later the three of us—Jimmy, Kentucky, and I—tried to take Frank O'Hara home, but O'Hara said he was too busy looking for a train to throw himself under. Garbo confided to me that she never wore a bra. Later that night she borrowed Evelyn Waugh's blazer and forgot to return it. Waugh was not much of a novelist.

As I write these memoirs, Susan Sarandon is sitting at my feet, reading Herman Hesse, and it is strange to recall the vital role I played in the political events of the century. Though it would not have surprised Rock Hudson as we flew first class to Rome the day Soviet troops marched into Prague. Buckley Jr. and his ultra-fascist crew at the National Security State were upset about the Soviet invasion, but it was hard to take Whittaker Chambers seriously, because he had such bad teeth. I read later that he was gay, as am I, but that is difficult to believe, considering the appalling quality of his dental work.

Federico Fellini, "Federico Flintstone" as I called him, was at the airport to greet us. Fred said he wanted to show us "the sweet life," but Troy Donahue and Tab Hunter were sulking all day and ruined it for us. We went to the Vatican, but I was not impressed. My stepfather, Hugh Auchincloss, had gone to school with St. Peter and once remarked that he looked like a Roosevelt.

Jackie (as I called Jackie Kennedy) often looked radiant, but I was not impressed. I knew the man who deflowered her, although I will not reveal his identity because I am probably making this story up out of whole cloth. She was disappointed because the Kennedys would not allow her to be an actress, so she did not know Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, as I did.

Jack rode into the White House on the coattails of my 1960 congressional bid, and we were sitting in the White House discussing my role as the Biographer of My Nation, when Bobby rushed in and announced that Khrushchev had placed missiles on Cuba.

I hadn't been to Cuba since I went with Mailer, but it had rained the whole time, and this was years before Bobby Redford (as I call him) told me that he was thinking of making a movie set there. After that conversation with Bobby, I immediately wrote a screenplay, but a few Fifth Columnists for the State of Israel stole my credit and in any case the movie failed, which is why I have yet to win an Academy Award. Neither, I should add, did Mary McCarthy, who had pretensions to greatness. But then, Mary was a woman, which was unacceptable, and she once slept with a Hebrew literary critic named Philip Rahv, which disqualified her in the eyes of all serious men.

I pulled aside Dean Rusk to repeat to him what North Dakota (as I called Tennessee Williams) had told me that day in 1958 when he, Jack, and I had gone carousing at Palm Beach. He told me I looked better in sunglasses than Jack did. Rusk was taciturn as Arthur Schlesinger said that North Dakota was right, but he made sure he was not in earshot of the president. Rusk then asked me to cease touching his lapel. I have always found the denizens of the National Security Apparatus strangely attractive.

I was backstage at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion during the Oscars and Chuck Heston was mentioning something about the oppressed Soviet Jews, none of whom my stepfather Hugh Auchincloss had ever known. Martial law had just been declared in Poland and I was not getting a lifetime achievement award for my many films, though Whitney Houston, whose ancestors were owned by my ancestors, assured me I deserved one. . . . ®