the weekly
Standard

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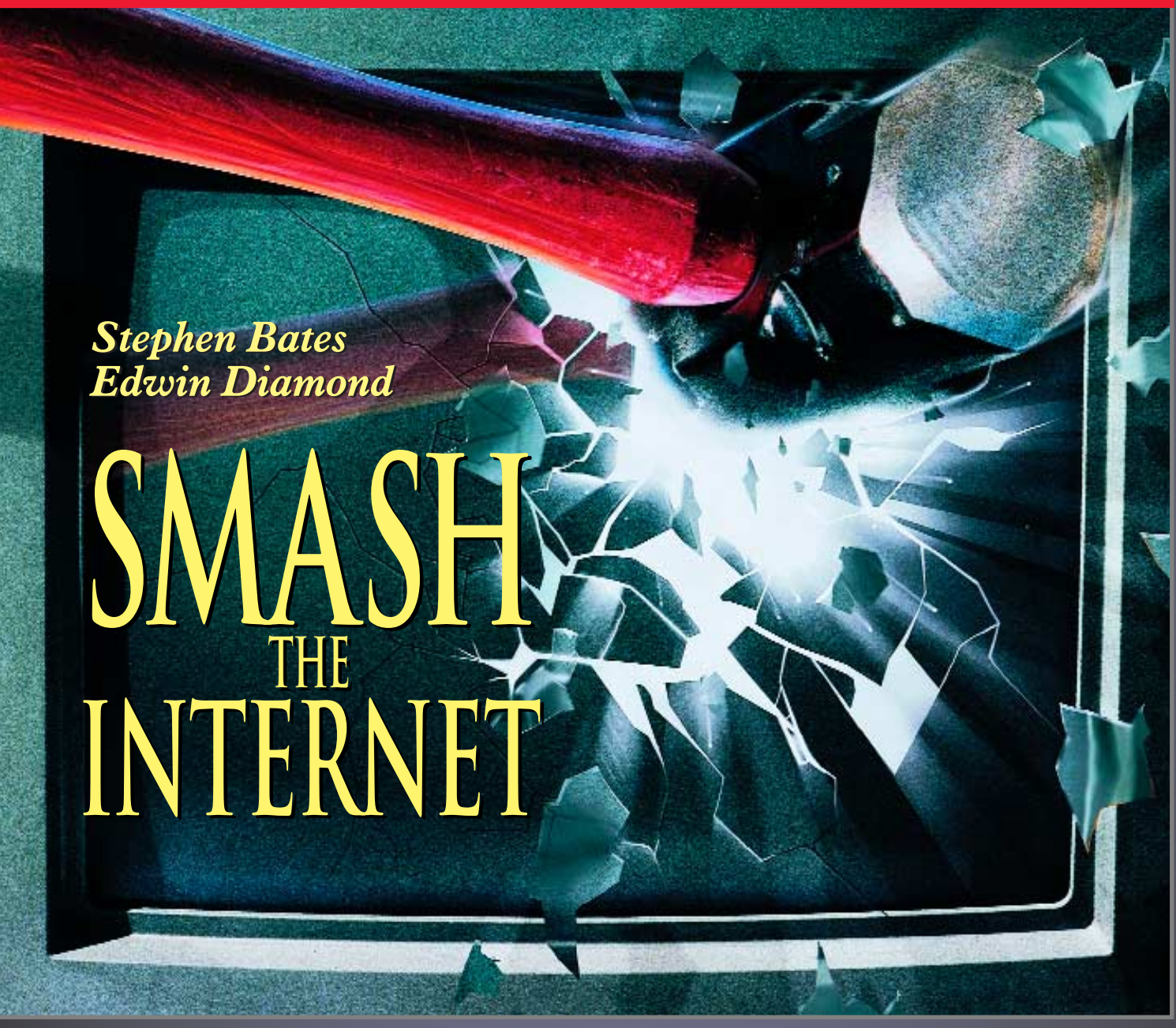

Stephen Bates
Edwin Diamond

SMASH THE INTERNET

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER ~ **THE MYTH OF PEACEKEEPING**
MARVIN OLASKY ~ **THE POWELL I COULD SUPPORT**
DAVID FRUM ~ **THE TRUTH ABOUT HARRY TRUMAN**
CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL ~ **WHAT HAPPENED TO JACK KEMP**

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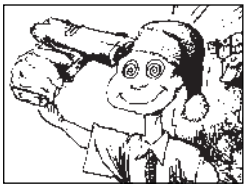

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Casual

. . . And Fred Barnes as the Beaver

I do a lot of television, but there's a world of difference between a public-affairs program and a network sitcom. The tipoff for me came shortly after I showed up on October 17 at the Warner Bros. studio in Burbank to rehearse for an appearance on *Murphy Brown*. A fellow asked me if I'd brought my wardrobe. Indeed I had. I was wearing it.

Why would a journalist be doing a sitcom? Very simple. I was asked (and they pay). The idea wasn't really to get *me*. It was to get *The McLaughlin Group*, of which I'm part. Or to be truly accurate, it was to have Murphy Brown and her prissy colleague Jim Dial from *FYI* appear as panelists on *The McLaughlin Group*. No, not on the chat show itself—Brown and Dial are fictitious characters, after all—but on a mock version that will take up about 5 minutes of a *Murphy Brown* episode in November.

So I went, willingly, along with John McLaughlin and Eleanor Clift. Now, I know what purists in the media will say: We're once more blurring that important line between news/commentary and entertainment. Spare me the indignation; I plead guilty. But my transgression doesn't amount to much. The line between news and fun barely exists anymore. Besides, the 20 million viewers of *Murphy Brown* will understand that John, Eleanor, and I are real people doing a gig on a sitcom. Won't they?

Peter Bonerz, the director, said having us there "legitimizes" Murphy (Candice Bergen) and Jim (Charles Kimbrough) as being "like Eleanor and Fred." Sounds weird. But it's not as if Murphy and Jim are preparing to oust Paula Zahn and Harry Smith from *CBS This Morning*. People know Murphy and Jim aren't real.

"Literally, all we're trying to do is make people laugh," Bonerz said. I believe him. By the way, Bonerz is famous in his own right as an actor. He played Jerry the dentist on *The Bob Newhart Show*. He's a great director. I base this on the fact he kept telling me how well I was doing.

I didn't have anything to lose by doing *Murphy Brown*, other than my reputation, credibility, and self-esteem. The writers for the show didn't let me down. On political chat shows, conservatives deliver more than their share of compelling lines and zingers. On sitcoms, they're stuffy and humorless.

On *Murphy Brown*, I was a conservative slug. I approved the election of an aging Bob Dole. I advocated rolling up our borders to keep out welfare-hungry immigrants. I extolled hypocrisy as the glue that holds civilized society together. I was coldhearted, mean-spirited, and hysterical—you know, just like all conservatives. This was all in the script.

Naturally I was sympathetic to Murphy's foil, whom McLaughlin refers to as Jim (Don't Touch That) Dial. Kimbrough, who plays Dial, is a wonderful actor. He makes Dial convincingly pompous and huffy and petty. He fumes and grimaces. Everyone watching is bound to think he's a dork. So what do I say in response to one of his outbursts? "Jim makes a very good point."

I don't blame the writers. In fact, they are very witty and deserve credit for keeping *Murphy Brown* a hit for eight seasons. Whoever had the brainstorm of putting Murphy and Jim on *The McLaughlin Group* came up with a show Candice Bergen predicts will be a *Murphy* "classic." Douglas Wyman got the writing credit for the script.

McLaughlin could claim a writing credit, too. In the first rehearsal, he proposed to rewrite his lines—not to change the gist, but to make them more McLaughlinesque.

He didn't want to begin the segment on immigration this way: "Immigration." He persuaded the honchos to let him say: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses . . . Not!" He also altered the Middle East segment to begin with "Yassir, that's my baby!" The next day, he tried to kill that line, then relented. "I have no shame," he joked.

Why should he? As print reporters who appear on TV say, it's only television. That means whatever they do or say on TV doesn't matter. (What's important is what they write.) On his chat show, McLaughlin refers to me as Freddy (The Beadle) Barnes. It's hardly ennobling. But, hey, it's only television. To my surprise, every time he called me this on the *Murphy Brown* set, the crowd of writers, directors, and assistants laughed uproariously. Maybe they know a good line when they hear one.

Or maybe it's just the sitcom sensibility has successfully invaded chat shows. Come to think of it, Bergen suggested that McLaughlin run a snippet of the sitcom *McLaughlin Group*, the one with Murphy and Jim, on the real *McLaughlin Group*, and see how they compare. I shudder at the thought. Maybe sitcoms aren't so different after all.

Fred Barnes

Tracking the Simpson Travesty

Your reaction to the Simpson verdict echoed the conventional wisdom, both on the left and the right, in that it revealed a level of anger and astonishment that borders on hysteria ("Travesty," Oct. 16). In view of this, anyone might have supposed that the prosecution had an airtight case and only the playing of the infamous race card allowed the defendant to be acquitted.

As a lawyer (a white, conservative lawyer, if you must know), I find all of this slightly preposterous. Far from being airtight, the prosecution's case was built entirely on circumstantial evidence, much of it suspect for various reasons. Further there was no credible evidence of motive. Unlike other high profile acquittals (the Lemrick Nelson case, for example), there was no murder weapon, no eyewitness testimony, and no confession. Experienced trial attorneys will tell you that they are never surprised at what a jury does. The results in this case, far from being surprising, were extremely predictable, at least for those who have neither a vested interest in, nor an emotional attachment to, the proposition that Simpson is guilty.

Stanley A. Bowker
New York, NY

One wonders what will be next in the Simpson nightmare. Perhaps a Christmas album: "All I want for Kwanzaa is an all-black jury."

Of course, I should be careful. After all, we have just witnessed what amounts to P.C.'s first execution and a double one at that. When tyranny tastes blood, we should all be concerned. I commend The Weekly Standard for eloquently sounding the alarm

John Podhoretz's article ("Yes, We Do Understand") should be required reading for the the media who seem to think middle-American whites "just don't get it." The problem is, they do get it. They understand that the media and the entertainment industry have ground middle-class morality and values into the dirt of a cultural dust bowl. When a storm blows through, the media grab a handful of dirt and throw it in our eyes, telling us that we don't see.

The media have the nerve to explain reasonable doubt to us. What role does reason play in today's culture? Isn't reason just the intellectual whip the white man uses to maintain his power? What has the cultural elite done to help cultivate the intellect required for doubt? And what should we expect from a jury that admits to having sharpened its sword of justice on "Hard Copy?"

Stephen J. Adamek
San Diego, CA

David Tell writes ("Johnnie Cochran's America") that "Black juries send black men to prison for violent crimes all the time." He then refers to Mike Tyson, who raped a black woman. The question to ask is not if black juries will convict when the victim is black, but how likely they are to convict when the victim is not black. In cases that have received national attention in the 1990s, it appears that they are very reluctant to do so.

Kevin Kelley
San Jose, CA

I disagree fundamentally with your views of the verdict in the Simpson case. Despite being a white conservative, I believe that cold-eyed criminal trial law dictated an acquittal.

I find it disturbing that you are not only apologists for an investigation that, in your view, only suffered the tiny defect of being less than perfect; but you also ignored forensic test results in blood-typing, footprint, and fingerprint analysis that pointed away from Simpson.

This is called "reasonable doubt," and it clearly justifies an acquittal, even against the most brilliant prosecutors and blameless police departments.

Los Angeles District Attorney Gil Garcetti claimed the jury reached its decision out of emotion, not reason. The "Travesty" issue reflects a disappointing, knee-jerk, emotional reaction. As a proud charter subscriber, I expect better from you than this kind of tantrum journalism.

Mark R. Voss
Cottage Grove, MN

Correspondence

In my opinion, the real "travesty" is how the media, including members of your editorial staff, have covered the aftermath of the Simpson trial.

I have followed this trial from the beginning. How many members of your editorial staff closely followed this trial or sat in the courtroom during the proceeding? How many members of your staff listened to the actual witnesses' testimony rather than what was reported on the nightly news shows like *Rivera Live*? How many people on your editorial staff read any of the trial transcripts before writing?

You refer to the "American public." Who is this? Is the American public only those people who agree that Simpson should have been found guilty?

Perhaps you should get a copy of *Court TV*'s viewer call-in segment regarding the Simpson trial. Then you will see that 90 percent of the callers who responded or commented on the Simpson verdict were white Americans, many of whom believe in Simpson's innocence and/or feel the prosecution did not prove its case in the courtroom.

If you and your editorial staff wanted a "better" verdict, then perhaps you should have quit your jobs and gone to work for the Los Angeles District Attorney's office.

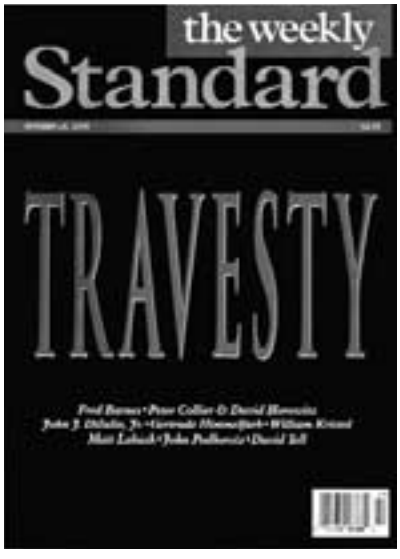
DIANE TURNER
ARLINGTON, VA

Gertrude Himmelfarb ("The Gender Card Loses") was correct in noting the clash between race and gender in the O.J. Simpson trial and the resulting injustice.

However, she was wrong in one of her wider judgments of what this means. During jury selection the prosecution gambled that a predominantly black jury would still convict if made up primarily of women because of Simpson's wife-beating record. Marcia Clark, a woman, was picked to lead the prosecution. This strategy failed. The district attorney's office seems to have been influenced more by feminist pseudo-intellectuals than by street-wise experience.

This, however, is a good sign from a social-conservative perspective. Feminism is rooted in an extreme individualism that places a woman's self-interest above all else, even the lives of her children. The basic, ancient difference between conservatives and liberals is whether one sees the basic building block of society as the family or the individual. The individual does not provide a complete or adequate foundation. The family, in contrast, is the smallest self-sufficient unit which can mirror the interdependence of a larger society.

Himmelfarb falsely asserts that the movement from group identity to individualism is "progress." The solution to the race problem is not the further destruction of communities in the nihilist rush to self-centered individu-



alism, but rather building upward from local communities to a renewal of national allegiance and a sense of common purpose.

WILLIAM R. HAWKINS
BURKE, VA

Fred Barnes ("The Shame of Lance Ito") said more than all the multiple commentaries in the national media.

If the Simpson trial had been held in Arkansas, it would have lasted no longer than two weeks. Television cameras would have been excluded from the courtroom. The verdict might have been the same, but the uproar would have been minimal.

But it goes to show I was wrong when I thought that Bill Clinton moved the Fruitcake Capital to Washington, DC, when it turns out to be in California.

Justice is supposed to be blind, not dumb. Turns out that Simpson's best defense was on the bench. No jury would convict after that spectacle. A travesty, indeed!

The strangest thing about the entire mess is that only Barnes picked up on it.

MARY MAY
BENTON, AR

With dubious gratitude to that "Travesty" known as the Simpson verdict a new "ism" has ingloriously snaked its way into America's lay and legal lexicons: "Cochranism."

This can be defined in criminal law as jury nullification (of evidence, fact, and testimony) generated by exploiting race and racism thereby causing the jury to focus on and address social and political issues rather than a search for truth and justice.

THOMAS M. EDWARDS
SAN FRANCISCO, CA

Formal Aesthetics

Tom Wolfe ("Frederick Hart: A Tribute," Oct. 2) presents an affirmative perspective and directs some valid criticism at the ideological corruption and elitist insularity of the contemporary "art world."

Unfortunately, in spotlighting Hart as an exemplar, Wolfe undermines the strength of his own argument. Hart's work is devalued both by its failure to assert the nature of his artistic process and, with the notable exception of his Vietnam Memorial, to represent the dynamic, problematic world in which we actually live.

Representation constitutes the absolute, irreplaceable essence of art; but the only worthy and enduring artistic ideal is an aesthetic beauty attained by the skillful, sophisticated deployment of a given medium's formal elements, not a pre-determined literary construct.

HARVEY GORDON
KALAMAZOO, MI

the weekly Standard

Three Cheers for the Tax Cut

Nothing more displeases respectable Washington opinion than politicians using money to their own advantage. And respectable opinion is mighty displeased just now. Senate Republicans, hang it all, have refused to abandon the $245 billion tax-cut bargain they made with Speaker Gingrich earlier this year. It is right there, like a big red pimple on deficit reduction's handsome nose, in the budget reconciliation measure the Senate will shortly debate. That central Republican campaign promise of 1994—the first major reduction of federal taxes on individuals and employers in almost 15 years—still lives. The vulgar *politics* of it all. Mrs. Grundy is appalled.

A "huge mistake," scolds the *Washington Post* editorial page. "Bad" and "indiscriminate." "Awful," even. "There shouldn't be any tax cut at all," because "the more you cut taxes, the more you have to cut spending if you propose to balance the budget," thus jeopardizing the government's "future ability to pay for health care, housing assistance and all the rest."

So candid an expression of big-government-ism is rarely heard these days. It was, once upon a time, Washington's official philosophy. A just and efficient American polity was thought impossible without a giant federal executive to redistribute wealth and establish social arrangements "correctly." The first and highest claim on money earned *privately* belonged to the government, which would better spend it *publicly.* The money that people were allowed to earn and keep was not really theirs at all, in fact, but merely federal "aid"—the *Post*'s unintentionally revealing term for the higher-education credits and deductions included in the Republican tax package.

And budget deficits were regrettable only insofar as they damaged government's ability to spend more. It wasn't that taxes were too high. The problem was simply that debt service absorbed too big a percentage of tax revenues—money that should otherwise have been spent on a thousand different federal programs.

Another word for this thinking is "liberalism." Democrats used to believe in it. Most of them still do. But shell-shocked by last November's election and the national revulsion against liberalism it signaled, they're ashamed and afraid to say so. Which is why the *Post*'s bony, accusing finger wags most ferociously at the White House, not Capitol Hill.

Granted, President Clinton has performed an astonishing rhetorical *volte-face* this year, repudiating in every essential respect the theory that informed his enormous 1993 tax increase. Humbling himself before an audience of $1,000 donors in Houston last week, he even (partly) apologized for raising taxes. The new, improved Clinton now favors individual and business tax cuts very much like those proposed by the Congressional leadership . . . only smaller. He tries to *keep* them smaller by hollering that larger cuts—and the deeper spending reductions that make them possible—will unfairly advantage "the rich." But the rich-bashing is just talk.

The one totemic "tax cut for the rich" in the Republican plan, a capital-gains tax reduction, is also that plan's strongest economic-growth initiative. It involves a relatively small amount of money. If secret ballots were possible, it would pass Congress easily. And it is a provision that the White House appears *not* to reject on ideological grounds, since according to news accounts that have never been denied, the Treasury Department is busily developing a cap-gains proposal of its own. By far the largest proposed Republican tax cut goes to families with children, and is currently capped (in the Senate) at individual incomes of $75,000, which means the vast bulk of it will go to people well within anyone's definition of "middle class."

(Medicare, incidentally, the Republican spending cut that most "alarms" the White House, is a program devoted exclusively to the nation's wealthiest age demographic, the elderly. And according to every available independent analysis, the administration's own proposed cuts in this area, despite being $10 billion a year less stringent, would be practically indistinguishable to current beneficiaries.)

It is middle-income tax revenue that fuels federal

spending. Mr. Clinton wants to hang on to as much of it as he can to preserve pet initiatives like Americorps and the giant social programs that buy off traditional Democratic constituencies. But he also wants to sign a middle-class tax cut—or at the very least not to be implicated in its defeat. Yes, it is an inelegant, comical pirouette he's dancing. And yes, it is a betrayal of his party's long-established principles—a "mortgaging of future revenues for near-term votes," as the *Post*'s editorialists contemptuously put it. But what do they expect of the man? He is Bill Clinton. He is running for reelection next year. Mortgaging things for near-term votes is what he does for a living.

True, Republicans have made political accommodations of their own. Conservative principle has not gone undented. The $75,000 income limit on the child credit pays unfortunate deference to a central tenet of liberalism: the idea that beyond some arbitrarily determined level of economic success, money earned is not the legitimate property of those who earn it. The child credit itself is a departure from the purist thinking of economic conservatives, who usually prefer straight rate reductions to credits and exemptions. And there are other disappointments, most notably the fact that the tax and spending cuts now heading for final congressional votes are not even *bigger*.

But the perfect conservative tax cut was never in the cards this year. The Republican Senate majority is still too small to sustain more than a few key defections, let alone block Democratic filibusters or override presidential vetoes. Add to that very basic institutional hindrance the Republican leadership's pledge to balance the budget in seven years, which unavoidably squeezes the pool of money available for tax relief. And add to *that* a forgivable Republican uncertainty about exactly how far and fast last November's tax-and-spending-cut mandates might popularly be pursued.

Still, the Republican leadership's *political* judgment—they are politicking every bit as thoroughly as the White House, let's face it—is that a large-scale tax cut is the correct result. They think it is correct both for Republican careers and for the future of conservative tax reform. We think they're right. Voters hate taxes, and conservatives betray no principle by reducing them—in almost any form.

If Congress manages to make its coming tax cut retroactive, or works to ensure that tax withholding tables are adjusted to produce larger paychecks beginning in January, then voters will get more money in their pockets early, well in advance of next November's election. This will make them happy. They will vote Republican. And a more Republican Congress in 1997 can then get started on better—and deeper—tax cuts in the future.

Cynical? Only a little; the outcome *is* good for the country, after all. We wouldn't be too put out, in fact, if, at some point during the next few weeks' highwire maneuvering over vetoes and debt-ceiling extensions, Speaker Gingrich and Senator Dole simply called Mr. Clinton's class-warfare bluff. They could give up all the business provisions they've proposed, and offer to devote the entire $245 billion tax cut to individual taxpayers. If there were no "tax cut for the rich" to fight about—if only for the next few months—the president would be left with almost nothing to say.

Sure, our friends at the *Post* would complain even more bitterly that the White House and congressional Republicans were conspiring to "fly an airplane across the country" and simply "drop the money." Fine. That money belongs to the people on the ground. Better for conservatism's long-term, limited government principles that as much of it gets dropped next year on as many of them as possible.

— David Tell, for the Editors

The Right Colin Powell

by Marvin Olasky

RESPECTED FELLOW CONSERVATIVES are carpet bombing Colin Powell. In usually fair-minded circles, mere mention of the general's name draws frowns and hisses. They may prove to be right in the end, but so far they are rushing to judgment. There are reasons to believe that Colin Powell just possibly could make the best president of all those in the running.

Consider abortion. Powell says that an unmarried woman who becomes pregnant and does not want a child should give birth and place the baby for adoption. It is Powell's follow-up statement that causes consternation among pro-lifers: "If it is her choice to abort, it's a matter between her, her doctors, her family, and her conscience and her God. . . . So that's pro-choice."

No, it's not. Most women abort because they are pressured by boyfriends, parents, a sense of aloneness, and fear about careers. The vast majority undergo assembly-line procedures and have no contact with the doctor before the operating room. Most women feel they have no choice.

What really counts, then, is both providing women with compassionate alternatives and winning the culture war. If Powell wants to fight abortion—and he said on "CBS This Morning" the other day that "we should do everything possible to avoid that choice for a woman"—there is much he can do. He can be "pro-choice" in the sense of not seeking to prohibit abortion by law—and then even more pro-choice, in a way that saves hundreds of thousands of lives each year, by helping to promote alternatives to abortion at three crucial points.

The Powell I could support would promote abstinence. He would use the bully pulpit in a credible way (Clinton obviously cannot do this), and he would push to substitute abstinence programs for condom pimping. Teenagers need support in making good choices. Girls desperately want to know how to say no without giving offense, and boys need alternative ways of displaying manhood. Powell is a strong backer of Elayne Bennett's Best Friends abstinence program, which is a good sign.

Sean Delonas

Second, this Powell would show commitment to the work of crisis pregnancy centers, which provide material and spiritual aid so that women can carry their children to term. Some 3,000 such centers across the country offer real choice to unmarried pregnant women at one of the roughest times of their lives. At the center I chaired and the nine others I've seen close up, the counselors get no pay but a lot of abuse from the abortion industry. Powell could help immensely even during the campaign by visiting a center and treating counselors as the heroines they are. Crisis pregnancy centers also face regulatory barriers and bureaucratic harassment, and a committed president could help to free them.

Third, this Powell would strongly support adoption. Now, most unmarried mothers are never counseled about alternatives to single parenting, so they think that placing a child for adoption shows a lack of love. Thus they feel pressured into a choice that usually commits them and their children to a life of poverty. A president would need to support adoption strongly to fight prejudices built up over years; it would not be enough, as journalist Nick Eicher put it wryly, for a president merely to announce that "adoption is a matter between a woman and her lawyer."

A president who did not want laws against abortion but truly wanted to make abortion rare would have many opportunities to help do so. Colin Powell, who spent three decades working to contain one evil empire, could excel at implementing plans to contain another. Steady pressure helping to consolidate public opinion against abortion will contain and eventually roll back the abortion empire.

Now to a second issue. Conservatives are hooting at Powell's self-definition as a "fiscal conservative with a social conscience." Sure, "social conscience" has become liberal doublespeak—but what if Powell is sincere in meaning the words in their non-propagandistic sense? Bob Dole is a walking political tactic, Phil Gramm seems to be all economic calculation. Shouldn't public policy be more than that?

Too often, leading Republican candidates fall back on the same old tactic of frontally assaulting the Democrats' dug-in positions. Welfare is paying big bucks to a bunch of bums! Get those lazy mothers to work! The 1995 debate over welfare reform has been a tad smoother, but the message of the past three decades remains: We may be hardhearted, but at least we're hardheaded; the Democrats are softhearted but clearly softheaded; you voters will choose hard over soft. If Powell is rebelling against the choice between hard-hard and soft-soft, he's right: All Americans—and poor people especially—need leaders who are warm-hearted but tough-minded. That combination can rebuild our cities and bring them hope.

Some Republicans appreciate this. Governor Allen of Virginia, for example, and his secretary of health and human resources, Kay James, emphasize that their welfare reforms seek to change lives for the better, not just cut costs. Mrs. James notes that as volunteers do more and welfare recipients escape dependency, government will save substantial sums—but she presents such savings as a by-product of freeing poor people sunk in dependency and welfare workers mired in drudgery.

More Republicans in Washington need to understand that our goal should be neither piddling reform nor instant elimination of the welfare state but its

long-term replacement. They need to see that effective anti-poverty programs work when they provide compassion that is challenging, personal, and spiritual. If what Powell means by "social conscience" is support for conventional government programs defined by entitlement, bureaucracy, and the naked public square, he is not worthy of support. But if by "social conscience" he means that the better-off should not abandon the poor, and if he wants to empower community-based organizations to do the job, relying on person-to-person help informed by faith, then he may be the warm-hearted but tough-minded president America needs.

In a third broad area, political strategy, some historical study should keep us from quickly dismissing Colin Powell. Before the Revolution, two groups of Americans roughly analogous to the libertarian and religious-right wings of today's Republican party arose to challenge London's centralized rule. Leaders such as Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams had the wisdom to build a coalition from such disparate elements. They rallied against the Stamp Tax because both low-taxers and religious conservatives were concerned about London's stamping of ecclesiastical papers. In the same way, today's fiscal and moral conservatives can agree that there should be no federal funding of abortions or pornographic art.

A Colin Powell who understands this would not run as an independent, scorning those who relish their dependence on a higher power; he would run as a Republican and strive to bring big government under control by uniting those who back small government with those who care most about the moral ends of government. Powell's warm endorsement on CBS of the purposes, if not the entire legislative agenda, of the religious right is encouraging; his statement "I think it is very, very good that the Christian right has focused us on this again, that we are a nation put here by a divine providence" is important. For such a coalition to succeed, of course, libertarians must acknowledge that virtue is an essential base for democracy, and the Christian right must learn from Patrick Henry and George Washington to work alongside the freethinking Benjamin Franklins and Thomas Jeffersons.

Finally, a personal encounter with race influences my sense of Powell's potential as a president. He writes in his autobiography, "I would certainly not run simply because I saw myself as the Great Black Hope, providing a role model for African Americans or a symbol to whites of racism overcome." That's good—and yet Powell's skin color could be a huge advantage. I think about this particularly because the youngest of my four sons, Benjamin, is black; my wife and I adopted him when he was three weeks old, and he has just turned five and begun asking questions about color. Black kids often are pressured to see virtue not as universal but as white. I would love to be able to tell Ben during a televised address, "President Powell is a moral man who emphasizes faith, family, and work." If that would be good for Ben to see, how much more would it help all the black kids without fathers?

Is that sentimental? Probably. Top-down role modeling is secondary to the bottom-up racial reconciliation that this country desperately needs, particularly in the O.J. era. Still, on racial issues and others we may be entering an age of congressional government, in which the president will be less powerful in shaping legislation but as crucial as ever in setting a tone for the country and in throwing a spotlight on pressing needs.

If Colin Powell is the establishment's counterrevolutionary candidate, then he does not deserve support. If, on the other hand, he sees the necessity for a revolution deeper than Washington normally thinks of—a revolution of morals that would mean the overthrow of anything-goes liberalism—then he soars above the leading presidential contenders.

Marvin Olasky is a senior fellow at the Progress and Freedom Foundation, the author of *The Tragedy of American Compassion,* ***and the editor of*** *World,* ***a weekly news magazine from a Christian perspective.***

The March: What Was Said

by Matt Labash

AT FIRST GLANCE, Louis Farrakhan's Million Man March was innocuous enough: middle-aged black men with salt-and-pepper beards and Morehouse sweatshirts mixing with Student Union revolutionaries sporting cowrie-shell necklaces that look like Motherland gnocchis—all embracing and dewy-eyed and ushering in a new era of good feeling.

"This is the prettiest sight I ever seen in my whole life," said Cora Masters Barry, oblivious to her husband, Mayor Marion, in a *Daktari* suit keeping time to Maya Angelou's "Clap Hands" poem, praying that no one thought that the Rev. George Stallings's admoni-

tion, "Help us to put away our crack, and clean up our act," was directed his way.

Broadcasters and print jockeys waxed euphoric about how peaceful and ecumenical it all was going down, how Farrakhan was perhaps a sideline freak attraction and not at all the impetus for the shebang. Proceedings were largely graded on a curious sliding scale that betrayed everyone's innate fear of what could go wrong. The *Washington Times* even ended a story with "Only one death was reported, from an apparent heart attack." *Only one death*—a stat not usually trumpeted after a Kiwanis convention as an indication of success.

But it's no wonder expectations were low, from Farrakhan's hatemongering to the militaristic Fruit of Islam, Farrakhan's soldier unit, hovering around the bullet-proofed podium and lending fascistic *mise-en-scène*. It was peaceful, but on both the ground and the dais, all was not kosher, and the march's theme in practice was hardly evocative of Dr. King's '63 "symphony of brotherhood."

If you wanted to pick up oppugnant vibes, all you had to do was take a walk along the march's outlying areas. Two blocks from the dais, a New Jersey contingent observed their day of atonement by draining Foster's Lager oil-cans out of brown paper bags, while many dumped dollars on Korean hot-dog vendors against the orders of Farrakhan's economic embargo. And despite his freshly inspired outreach to the Jewish community, book vendors still sold titles such as *Conspiracy to Destroy Black Youth (Parts I-IV)* and *Jews and Their Lies*.

Not all, of course, were Farrakhan supporters, but as a *Washington Post* survey of 1,047 participants showed, half were there "to send a message to white people," six in ten had an unfavorable impression of whites and four in ten had a bad impression of Jews. And these weren't the inner-city disenfranchised—two out of three had household incomes exceeding $30,000 a year, one of five exceeded $75,000, and three out of four had attended at least a year of college.

The *Post* figures were consistent with my encounters on the march. "Farrakhan's not a racist," said Ibn Mitchell. "He's a profound brother. . . . Don't take strips of [his message] and try to perpetrate that on people. . . . Everything he says I'm in total agreement with."

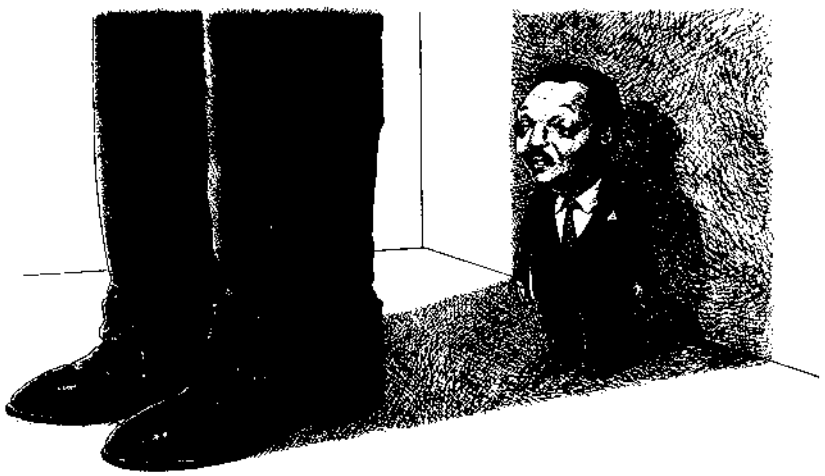
"Speak on it," amen'd his escort Lana Lang, who repeatedly cautioned me to "write the truth." "People have called him a bigot, they've called him a racist, but they've never called him a liar," Lang said, bemoaning a biased media, many of whom were there broadcasting gavel-to-gavel coverage. "Every time I turn on the news, I see a black man getting locked up, but when Jeffrey Dahmer was eating people, you heard maybe a couple hours' worth of stuff."

When two aspiring documentarians from Louisville, Ky., poked a camera in my face to solicit views on Farrakhan, they defied me to cite specific examples of his hatred. As I pulled out a copy of *Ministry of Lies: The Truth Behind the Nation of Islam's "The Secret Relationship Between Blacks and Jews*," Harold Brackman's response to the Nation's notorious anti-Semitic tract, Lamont Woods said, "We don't respond to negativity like that. You can't take the answer of a Jew for what Minister Farrakhan said, you gotta listen to him yourself, because a Jew could twist anything around—I'm not saying we hate Jews—but any other race outside the Black Muslims, we will not believe."

These sentiments echoed elsewhere, from the companion of a white reporter who was told by a young black gentlemen, "I could take out his fat white ass for you" and from another reporter in line at a lemonade concession, who, when it was her turn, was met by a middle-aged black intercessor who told a teenaged boy behind her, "You're next in line; today's the black man's day."

This unpleasantness was, contrary to the already-conventional wisdom, mandated from the podium—even though the 8-hour, 60-plus speaker docket saw many a strong black man slumped over a cooler, aching to his dendrites from tedium. Every time the audience was ready to slumber, it was roused by one or another trench-mouthed applause line.

Damu Smith from Greenpeace said, "[The media] can tell their lies, but there are more than one million



Sean Delonas

black men." Mr. Rock Newman told the crowd it was 1.5 million; co-chairmen Farrakhan and Benjamin Chavis said 2 million; the white-supremacist National Park Service put the number at 400,000. But why quibble over numbers? That doesn't change the fact that "rich white men are wreaking havoc in our community," according to Smith.

Cloaked like an Afrocentric piñata, former congressman Gus Savage, who at times can make Farrakhan look like Oskar Schindler, added: "Blacks should atone not for our anger, but for not being angry enough" and for not "taking control of our economy in defiance of white power, in defiance of Jewish influence. . . . White dreams have crippled many black children, and white values have maimed many black families because the selfishness and greed of whites do not serve us well."

Even Jesse Jackson, who spent the march as he is spending the 1990s—in Farrakhan's shadow—jacked up the rhetoric and was every bit as divisive as the man who came to fame back in 1984 threatening to "punish with death" anyone who said anything bad about Jesse.

"Why are there so many blacks in jail?" Jackson asked. "Is it behavior or is it the rules?" According to the Rev., brothers should sell cocaine in powdered form instead of crack—due to lighter sentencing and all. And before he went out in his "Up with hope, down with dope" blaze, he managed to sneak in these pearls: "Slave masters never retire; the slaves have to save their minds. . . . Pimps never retire; the prostitute must regain her character."

It was still Farrakhan's day. His somnambulic oratory contained gems such as the secrets of the Masonic order, how black athletes are drawn out of their culture and asphyxiated by golf and poker with white benefactors all the live-long day, convoluted numerology matrixes ("What is so deep about this number 19? . . . When you have a nine, you have a womb that is pregnant, and when you have a one standing by the nine, it means that there's something to be unfolded"), and other nut-job bunkum that has left lunatic equals and lessers (David Duke, Lyndon LaRouche) completely discredited.

"We're not here to tear down America," he said before doing so until dusk, referring to his slave home as "this pharaoh and this Egypt."

"The real evil in America," he said, "is the idea that undergirds the setup of the Western World, and that idea is called white supremacy. . . . That makes you sick . . . you produce a sick society and a sick world" which begets the "poisoned bloodstream of religion, education, politics, jurisprudence, economics, social ethics, and morality."

If it's not Napoleon blowing the Sphinx's nose off because "it reminded you too much of the black man's majesty," it's Mark Fuhrman saying "that he is like a god," an observation not without irony after Farrakhan equated himself to Jesus, and considering he preaches the gospel of Elijah Muhammad, who explicitly stated, "The white man is the devil, the black man is God."

But perhaps Farrakhan has been undervalued as Black America's physician, able to inoculate his people against rising crime, illegitimacy, and poverty rates by throwing a picnic on the Mall complete with smokin' church choirs and some hell-for-leather blame-gaming, all the while solidifying an 87 percent favorability rating with those in attendance.

"Black man," he said, "you don't have to bash white people."

Maybe not, but it sure helps. ♦

A Neumann in Town

by Linda Killian

IT'S USUALLY NOT WISE to get into a screaming fight with the chairman of a powerful House committee if you are a lowly freshman congressman, but it seems to be working out well for Mark Neumann. His relationship with Appropriations Committee chairman Robert Livingston has been a rocky one—so rocky that on Sept. 29, Livingston exploded at Neumann and hollered so loudly that the Capitol police came running to find out what the disturbance was about. Two weeks later, on Oct. 11, Neumann received a letter from Livingston informing him that he was being demoted in the ranks of Appropriations from the national security subcommittee to the less powerful subcommittee on military construction.

That day, Newt Gingrich called Neumann to his office to smooth the freshman's ruffled feathers. The speaker explained "how it would be important for me to accept this and move on," Neumann says of the meeting. "Mostly, I listened." Neumann earned his way into the House on his third try, spending $1.2 million of the money he made as a homebuilder in Wisconsin. He brought that tenacity with him to the House, and has proved a thorn in the leadership's side

due to his I'm-more-of-a-budget-hawk-than-you-are attitude.

His fight with Livingston, however, had not been about money. It was over a Neumann amendment to the defense appropriations bill that would have prohibited the president from sending U.S. troops to Bosnia to enforce a peace agreement unless Congress first gave its approval. The amendment passed the House on a voice vote but was removed in the conference between the House and Senate. Neumann signed the conference report. But next to his name, he added this clause: "except to the agreement regarding U.S. deployment in Bosnia." And he made it clear he would be voting against the measure when it came back to the House—a rare act for a conferee. He was joined in his "no" vote by more than 120 Republicans, including 54 of the 73 freshmen.

Before that tally, Neumann went to Livingston's office to ask the chairman if he knew anything about a military contractor who had suggested he wouldn't help Neumann with fundraising if he voted against the defense appropriations bill. The veiled suggestion that Livingston was responsible for this intimidation was what provoked the chairman's rage, which was not calmed by an apology from Neumann.

That would have been that, were it not for the intercession of Neumann's fellow freshmen. On his way out of Gingrich's office, Neumann bumped into Linda Smith of Washington. He told her the story. She alerted some of the other GOP freshmen about what was going on. Mark Souder of Indiana pulled class president Roger Wicker aside and told him, "This can't happen."

The freshman leaders didn't waste any time. First they met with Majority Leader Dick Armey to let him know there was a problem. Then they assembled the rest of the class. The freshmen considered asking the entire House Republican membership to vote on Neumann's reassignment. Instead, they went to Gingrich.

When the delegation arrived at Gingrich's office, only a few hours after they had first learned of the matter, the speaker and Livingston were already going at it over a harshly worded Appropriations Committee press release announcing Neumann's reassignment and accusing him of breaking a pledge to "work in support of the panel's business."

The freshman delegation told Gingrich and Livingston that tensions were running high. "At this point we were trying to work out something and not blow up the place," Souder says. Livingston wanted to know if the freshmen would be satisfied if Neumann got one of the three Appropriations spots on the Budget Committee. The next day, Peter Hoekstra, a Republican sophomore from Michigan, magnanimously offered to give up his seat on Budget to make room for Neumann. In acting as a go-between for the leadership and the freshmen, Hoekstra says he was just trying to be a problem solver and avert an ugly rift at a time with some difficult votes coming up. "This was just a bump in the road," Hoekstra says.

Hoekstra will give up his Budget seat at the end of the year, but only temporarily. He'll get it back when the first opening comes up or at the beginning of the next Congress, whichever comes first, and he will not lose any seniority. He's also been put in charge of planning strategy for the House Republicans and congressional reform efforts.

Livingston gets to save face, Neumann winds up with two choice committee assignments, the leadership quickly and quietly resolves a potentially serious problem, and the freshmen emerge with more clout than ever. As for what kind of a member of the Budget Committee he'll be, Neumann may have found his match in its outspoken chairman, John Kasich. "If he wants to be a radical or a revolutionary," says Kasich with a smile, "he'll have to get in line behind me."

Linda Killian is the former editor of National Public Radio's "All Things Considered." She is currently writing a book on the House freshmen.

Travelgate—or Cousingate?

by Thomas M. DeFrank

TRAVELGATE IS BACK THIS WEEK—and to the dismay of a jittery White House, so is the distant presidential cousin who touched off the scandal in May 1993.

Catherine Cornelius, aficionados will recall, was a ringleader of the bungled scheme to revamp the office that arranges travel for the White House press corps. Civil servants were to be fired, Clinton relative Cornelius would replace them, and lucrative charter business would flow to her friends at a travel agency in Little Rock. A storm of publicity frustrated this cozy scheme.

Now THE WEEKLY STANDARD has learned that Cornelius is the hitherto anonymous official whom a

longtime Clinton aide encouraged to lie about a memo central to Travelgate.

As this magazine reported in September, sealed court records allege that veteran Clintonite Patsy Thomasson, now deputy director of the White House personnel office, importuned a colleague to deny any knowledge of the memo. At the time, the White House disclosed that Cornelius had been reprimanded. In fact, it now emerges, the administration tried to fire her. In June 1993, White House official Brian Foucart telephoned Cornelius at home and asked her to submit her resignation. Cornelius refused to fall on her sword, and the White House nervously backed off.

In the end, it promoted her. Despite the embarrassment she brought on the administration—she had filched documents from the travel office in an effort to persuade her superiors to replace director Billy Dale and four of his associates—she was eventually made deputy director of the advance office. Says one investigator, "They're keeping her inside the tent because she knows too much."

All this dirty linen is being aired twice this week, when the House Government Reform and Oversight Committee opens its investigation into Travelgate and when Billy Dale's trial begins in a federal district court. Dale is accused of embezzling $68,000 from news organizations; he says he used the funds for legitimate travel office expenses.

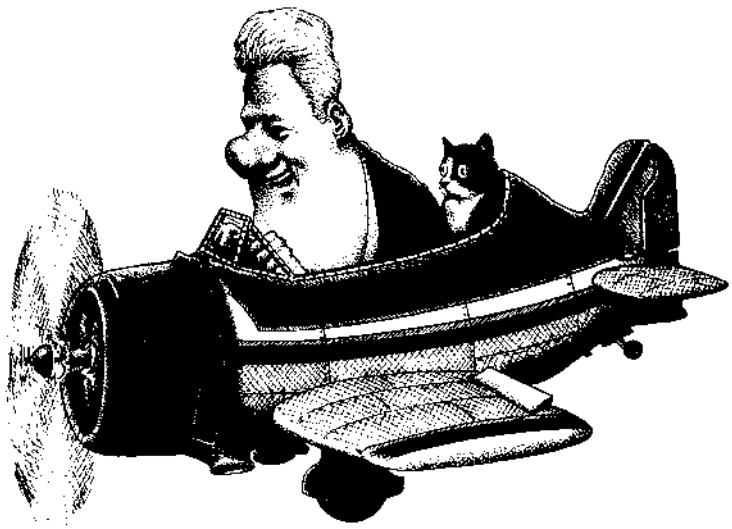
The committee will examine the machinations of Cornelius and Thomasson, as well as those of Clinton crony and Hollywood sitcom mogul Harry Thomason (no relation to Patsy). This week's hearings, however, last only one day. They focus on the tepid investigations of the travel office mess by the White House, Justice Department, General Accounting Office, and Internal Revenue Service. The committee is expected to conclude that further hearings will be necessary later this year, because so much remains unknown about the travel office affair.

Committee investigators are most interested in digging into the White House internal review, which slapped a few wrists but generally glossed over evidence of dubious actions by several Clinton aides. The White House has agreed to allow John Podesta, who conducted the review, to testify. But he isn't expected to shed any light on what investigators say is a blizzard of unanswered questions.

"He couldn't remember anything before," says one congressional aide, "and I doubt his memory will be any better now."

As the Whitewater hearings demonstrated, collective amnesia is rampant at the White House. So is high-minded stalling. The Clinton spin doctors have strung Rep. William Clinger's committee along for months—promising to produce witnesses and documents, then threatening to withhold them on grounds of executive privilege before handing over some, but not all, of the key ones.

The White House rope-a-dope was designed to delay the hearings in hopes that Dale would be quickly convicted. If that happens—and Dale's lawyers and supporters insist he will be vindicated—Clinton's men will spin this line: Sure, we could have handled the travel-office firings a little better, but we told you those holdover employees were crooks. Now quit harassing us with some politically motivated fishing expedition.



Sean Delonas

Whatever happens to Dale, the White House strategy has worked remarkably well so far, inadvertently helped along by Chairman Clinger's inexplicable reluctance to use his subpoena power to compel White House cooperation. Unless Clinger and his investigators begin playing hardball, Clinton's spinners will continue to keep the lid on the story.

Plenty of questions remain unanswered: Why has Harry Thomason declined to be interviewed about his involvement? (His lawyer, Robert Bennett, calls the investigation "nothing more than a witch hunt to embarrass Harry and the White House.") Just how much did he tell Hillary Rodham Clinton about his own interest in the travel office? Why has the FBI been poking around in White House safes for the

missing documents that court records allege Patsy Thomasson may have had in her possession at one time? Why do so many documents related to this affair appear to have vanished?

Finally, why did the attorney general of the United States telephone Clinger last week and ask him to delay the hearings, claiming that they might jeopardize Dale's prosecution?

Thomas M. DeFrank, a veteran White House correspondent, collaborated with James Baker on his memoirs, *The Politics of Diplomacy.*

Pugwashing the Truth

by Eric Breindel

The fact that the Nobel Peace Prize has been awarded to an individual who heads an organization that long seemed to serve the interests of the Soviet Union shouldn't surprise. This isn't the first time the prize has been conferred on folks who didn't mind carrying water for Moscow. What's curious, here, is that it is 1995, and the Soviet Union no longer exists.

In this sense, the decision by the Norwegian Nobel Committee to honor the 86-year-old London-based physicist Joseph Rotblat and the Pugwash Conferences on Science and World Affairs—the organization over which Rotblat presides—is more bizarre than distressing.

In 1962, by contrast, when the Norwegian parliamentarians who hand out the prize honored the late Linus Pauling for his "disarmament work," there was genuine reason for outrage. While Pauling himself struck some as a harmless eccentric, the season in which Moscow provoked the Cuban Missile Crisis—setting the world on the brink of nuclear war—seemed an inappropriate moment to celebrate one of the West's pre-eminent fellow travelers.

The 1985 award to the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War can be viewed in a similar light. While most of the American doctors who joined were left-of-center dupes with no ability to influence public opinion, Oslo's decision couldn't but be interpreted as an anti-American provocation. (On the Soviet end, moreover, there's no question that International Physicians was controlled by the KGB.)

This year, to be sure, the Norwegians have actually acknowledged that their purpose in honoring Rotblat and Pugwash is to send a political message. The Oslo committee's protest is aimed at France and China—both states, it seems, have displeased the Norwegians by continuing to conduct nuclear tests.

The Pugwash group has championed the test-ban cause—and nuclear disarmament in general—with rare fervor and some influence for almost four decades. Why not, then, use this elect fraternity of scientists, which grew out of a disarmament manifesto drawn up by Bertrand Russell—and signed by Albert Einstein—to protest French and Chinese policy in this sphere?

The French reaction to the Oslo announcement points to the answer. Although Paris issued a pro forma expression of congratulations to Rotblat, Pierre Lellouche—a member of parliament and former adviser to Jacques Chirac—gave voice to the feelings of many when he described himself as "perfectly scandalized" by the decision.

Lellouche says Pugwash was a Soviet propaganda tool. Former Reagan administration Pentagon official Frank Gaffney agrees. Affording the Pugwash crowd the benefit of the doubt, Gaffney argues that while most members may simply have been dupes, the nature of "the [Pugwash] operation made them unwitting tools of the Kremlin."

Such charges aren't tossed about lightly—which means Pugwash deserves serious examination. Only Soviet documents, or testimony from surviving participants, will reveal whether or not Pugwash was actually created or nurtured by Moscow. But it's plain that by 1955, Bertrand Russell was a first-echelon America-hater. Eventually, Russell devoted all of his energies to placing U.S. officials on trial (in absentia) for "war crimes" allegedly committed in Southeast Asia. And Einstein himself, a devout anti-anti-communist, had long since become an unreliable political actor. The Einstein-Russell manifesto—Pugwash's "charter"—was signed by nine other scientists including Rotblat and French physicist Frederic Joliot-Curie, a Nobel laureate and prominent French communist.

The document, which warns of the imminent risk to humanity's survival posed by atomic weapons, calls for international scientific meetings to discuss the danger of nuclear war. Thus, after Einstein's death, Cleveland-based industrialist Cyrus Eaton—an early advocate of enhanced U.S.-Soviet trade—offered to finance the first such meeting. It was held in the Nova Scotia village of Pugwash (Eaton's hometown) in 1957.

As for Rotblat, his ideological orientation was already well settled. Indeed, he'd resigned from the

Manhattan Project and left Los Alamos in 1944, while American men were still fighting in both theaters. U.S. intelligence had concluded that Nazi Germany had abandoned its nuclear program, and Rotblat had no interest in helping to build a bomb that might be used against Japan. More to the point, the young physicist concluded that the weapon would eventually be employed to counter postwar Soviet aspirations—a possibility that distressed him profoundly.

In view of the ideological disposition of the men who founded Pugwash, it's scarcely surprising that the group always happened to side with Moscow on public-policy issues. Beyond embracing the Soviet stance on matters directly related to nuclear weapons, the Pugwash group even went so far as to hold its 1982 meeting in Warsaw—shortly after General Jaruzelski had imposed martial law and banned Lech Walesa's Solidarity trade union. An effort to issue a statement "disassociating" Pugwash from ongoing political repression in Poland was rejected by the group's governing body, as were proposals to relocate the session.

Only one year earlier, the Pugwash council took it upon itself to condemn Israel's attack on Saddam Hussein's nuclear reactor at Osirak. The 10-point condemnation termed the Iraqi facility "experimental" and made light of Israel's fear that an operative nuclear reactor in the hands of Saddam Hussein might pose a danger to its security. (Pugwash has never taken the opportunity, even in the aftermath of the Gulf War, to correct or modify its initial response.)

Then, again, Pugwash was exceedingly busy during the 1980s conducting an all-out campaign against Star Wars. The goal, of course, was to persuade Washington to abandon the "threat to world peace" allegedly inherent in space-based missile defense. Happily, Ronald Reagan wasn't listening, either to Pugwash or to Mikhail Gorbachev, who advanced the identical argument at the Reykjavik summit in 1986. The Strategic Defense Initiative survived long enough to help persuade Gorbachev that the Cold War had been lost.

In theory, the end of the Cold War should have cheered Rotblat and Pugwash; after all, communism's demise rendered an all-out nuclear war far less likely. But the 1995 Nobel Peace laureates evidenced no interest in celebrating. That, above all else, says a great deal about whom the Norwegians have chosen to honor this year.

Eric Breindel is editorial-page editor of the *New York Post.*

The Blackpool Tories

by Irwin M. Stelzer

"Ice Cold Slush," read a large sign on a food stand directly outside Blackpool's Wintergardens auditorium, where Britain's Conservative party met for its seventeenth annual conference since coming to power. Nothing better described the speeches inside the hall.

The gloom that attended the opening of the meeting was palpable. This, despite the atypically warm and sunny weather that greeted the Tory conferees as they gathered in this resort town on the Irish Sea. Once the preferred vacation spot of Britain's successful Victorian manufacturers and its coal miners, Blackpool boasts both glorious old hotels and thousands of inexpensive bed-and-breakfasts. The party's top pols claim the former; its grass-roots workers, paying their own way, find the B&Bs more consistent with their means.

Whatever their accommodation, the 5,000-6,000 delegates shared one thing: a sense of impending doom. The voters are attracted by Labour's new moderate, almost-social-democratic instead of socialist image and by Tony Blair, Labour's reassuringly non-revolutionary leader, a church-going barrister educated at Oxford and private schools. The Tories are 20 to 25 points down in the polls—despite the fact that under Margaret Thatcher they transformed Britain from the sick man of Europe into a country so competitive that it now attracts more foreign direct investment than any in Europe.

Surveying the party's wreckage brought to mind an old political saw: When in a hole, stop digging. But the Tories seem to take their cue from New York's Con Edison, which once proudly claimed responsibility for every traffic-disrupting excavation with the slogan "Dig we must." And dig the Conservatives have, providing Labour with enough ammunition for their charge of "greed and sleaze" to mow down one Tory candidate after another. The excessively lax regulatory regime established after privatization has permitted executives of private water companies to vote themselves huge bonuses during a severe drought that has forced their companies to ration water in many parts of Britain. The British will tolerate a great deal without a quiver of their stiff upper lips. But prevent them from watering their gardens, and expect retribution at the polls.

To greed add sleaze. Tory after Tory has been caught in some compromising position, generally after a rousing speech in favor of family values. The electorate, titillated but also repelled, sees these sexual escapades as a further sign of the arrogant disregard of public sensibilities that afflicts a party too long in power. One very young speaker at the conference, supposedly on the podium to give a two-minute set speech extolling the wonders of Tory rule, suddenly turned to the ministers arrayed above him on a platform Politburo-style and urged them not to undermine the party further, shouting: "Keep your buckles buckled and your flies zipped until after the general election!"

But Tory hole-diggers are endlessly inventive. In his opening day speech, Dr. Brian Mawhinney, MP and chairman of the Conservative party, decided to attack wasteful spending by "loony left" Labour councils. Always a crowd pleaser. But the unfortunate Mawhinney chose as his target the Camden Hopscotch Asian Women's Group, only to learn the next day that it is a quite respectable charity, under the sponsorship of the Princess Royal, dedicated to teaching Bangladeshi women basic language skills. The group derives its name from the building in which it is housed, not the children's street game.

Sean Delonas

John Major

Not all Tory wounds have been self-inflicted. Harold Macmillan, Conservative prime minister from 1957 to 1963, once said that the only thing he feared was "events." John Major now knows that SuperMac, as Macmillan was called, had it right. On the eve of the conference, the prime minister's carefully laid plan to display the Tories' new-found unity came to nought, as Alan Howarth, an MP and former minister, defected to Labour, allegedly in protest against the Tories' inhumane swing to the right. It matters little that Howarth is a disappointed job-seeker, or that his shift was reported to be part of a reappraisal of several aspects of his life including his marriage of some 30 years. Or, as one of his close friends wryly noted, that Howarth had pulled off a great political coup: He switched to Labour immediately after its party conference, and from the Tories on the eve of theirs, thereby avoiding both of these often-tedious affairs.

Then, on the evening preceding the home secretary's speech calling for longer sentences for criminals, including life sentences for those who commit two violent or sexual crimes, the press reported two spectacular jailbreaks. The home secretary's hard-line proposal for longer sentences inevitably lost some of its force when it turned out that he can't even keep those crooks he has in jail from voting themselves early release.

Then came the chancellor's speech. Hours before Kenneth Clarke addressed the delegates, who were clamoring for a tax cut, the government announced that the inflation rate had hit 3.9 percent in September, its highest rate in over three years and well above the chancellor's 2.5 percent target. This dealt Clarke a double blow: Tax cuts become riskier when inflation is rising, and the September inflation rate is used to compute the increase in social benefits. So he will be out of pocket some £700 million, about one-third of the money that he might otherwise have used to cut taxes.

To make matters worse, the chancellor's speech was delivered on the eve of Lady Thatcher's seventieth birthday. The former prime minister, still the idol of the party's rank and file, decided to visit the conference, to a standing ovation from the delegates, who remembered her tax cuts and election victories. Major, Clarke, and the other relative pygmies on the platform rose, forced the bloodless smiles of which practiced politicians are capable, and joined the applause for the leader they had discarded but never really replaced.

Such was the debris that had accumulated by the time John Major took the platform for his conference-closing speech. The smell of defeat was everywhere. Like their U.S. senatorial counterparts, a record number of Tory MPs have decided not to seek reelection. Others are abandoning constituencies in which close-fought contests are the norm and are seeking to relocate to safer areas—"the chicken run," Labour calls it. Most with whom I spoke are preparing for opposition and deciding which candidate for party leader to back when Major is replaced after the election.

And then the prime minister rallied his troops. No Churchill or Thatcher, Major nevertheless succeeded in setting out a program that might just enable him to pull a Truman. He attacked the notion that his government is a failure. Crime rates are down; inflation is more or less under control; the economy is growing more rapidly than any in Europe; the unemployment rate is falling; foreign investment is pouring into Britain from Asia, America, and Germany.

More important, the prime minister finally put forward a coherent policy for the future, one that put "clear blue water" between his Tories and the rightward-lurching Labour party. Labour would sign on to

the European Union's "social chapter," imposing on British industry the high social costs that have made France and Germany uncompetitive in world markets; the Tories won't. Labour would set up a separate parliament in Scotland, with the power to levy taxes; the Tories will oppose "the siren voices of separatism" that threaten Scotland's prosperity and eventually its union with England, Wales, and Northern Ireland. Labour would surrender increasing bits of Britain's sovereignty to a federal Europe and what one speaker called "jumped-up Euro-judges"; the Tories won't. Labour would eventually surrender control over foreign policy and the deployment of British forces to the European Union; the Tories won't.

Most important, Major rediscovered Thatcherism. He will proceed with the railroad privatization program that Labour is pledged to resist. He will increase funding for programs that permit poor people to have the choice of sending their children to private schools, a program that Labour would kill if elected. He will resist Labour's call for a job-destroying minimum wage. And he will shrink the share of national income now claimed by the government, permitting him to cut income taxes and eliminate capital gains and inheritance taxes. In short: private enterprise, lower taxes, smaller government, more choice.

A Major in Newt's clothing? Perhaps. But one who will first have to persuade the left wing of his party to go along. So far, not much progress on that score. Major wants lower taxes and smaller government, but his chancellor's projections show government's share of GDP rising from 36 percent to 40 percent. Major wants educational reform, but his education secretary's main proposals are to post grammar lessons on buses and trains and to spend more money on a failed system.

If Major can control his lieutenants, he then faces an even higher hurdle: He must persuade the voters that this time he really means it. This will be no easy chore after raising taxes, backing away from a promise to privatize the post office, failing to push educational reform, and presiding over a government that for too long crippled British exports by adhering to the ludicrous fixed-exchange rate policy of the Franco-German monetary unionists. If running against your own record can work—and the British prime minister has little choice but to hope with the American president that it can—the Tories will rule Britain into the next century. If not, all those ministerial cars and perks will be snatched away, turned over to a Labour party eager to take Britain in a new, more European, more "communitarian" direction.

Irwin M. Stelzer is director of regulatory policy at the American Enterprise Institute.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, HELLO!: Just how bad are things for the Democrats? In an Oct. 19 appearance on *Larry King Live*, Secretary of State Warren Christopher and Sen. Chris Dodd, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, discussed Bosnia and American race relations. The show starring this less than dynamic duo would have been forgettable, except for a DNC memo faxed to "Democratic Activists" a few hours before it aired. "It would be extremely helpful to get some positive calls into the show tonight," the memo pleaded. "We are trying to emphasize the positive role the Clinton Administration has played in dealing with this difficult foreign policy conflict, as well as other accomplishments in the administration. Thanks very much for your help." You're welcome.

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COME ON ALONG TO ORLANDO: Republicans in Florida are saying that the big news, come Nov. 18, could be Lamar Alexander. That day, 3,700 delegates show up in Orlando for Presidency III, the strange name the state party is giving to its straw poll, and private polling shows a tight race between the struggling Alexander, frontrunner Bob Dole, and Sen. Phil Gramm, reeling from a story last week in the *New York Times* about the parlous state of his fundraising. Each is polling between 20 and 25 percent.

As many as 35 percent of the delegates will arrive in Orlando uncommitted, which makes the debate between the candidates the night before the straw poll the first genuinely significant political event of the 1996 campaign. It offers Alexander, among others, the opportunity to show he can move voters in his direction. A victory in Florida would begin a Lamar boomlet precisely at the moment you want a boomlet starting, just a few months before New Hampshire and Iowa cast their votes for real. That undecided number also suggests there might be room for a certain general to announce for president, sweep into Orlando, and pull 25 percent himself, thus proving himself palatable to Republican primary voters. Interesting.

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NO NEW CLINTONS: Bill Clinton's repudiation of his own 1993 tax increase, and then his semi-repudiation of his repudiation, again reveal his increasingly bizarre weakness for the unnecessary lie. Faced with a roomful of rich people in Texas last week, the president decided, as is his wont, to demonstrate his empa-

Scrapbook

thy with his audience. "I raised your taxes more than I wanted to" is "I feel your pain" for rich people. It is a lie of many layers; it is almost baroque. During the 1993 budget battles, he invariably defended the tax hike as a judicious way of correcting the favor-the-rich tax policies of the 1980s. He was targeting, quite explicitly, the very people to whom he now apologizes. Still better: He wanted to raise taxes *even more* than he did—and raise them on everyone. Remember the $71 billion BTU tax that Capitol Hill's Democrats—not Republicans, *Democrats*—had to get rid of back in '93? "My mother once said I should never give a talk after 7:00 at night," the president said in extenuation, "especially if I'm tired." We would agree with the president's mother, except he's probably making it up.

♦

PAPAL TRINKETS ON SALE: Apparently, Baltimore merchants are angry because the pope just didn't sell like he was supposed to when he came to Charm City for a mass the other week. "If it was 350,000, none of them came to the harbor," restaurateur Yogi Kumar told the *Washington Post*. "We lost a lot of money and a lot of food." Leave it to a marketing expert to figure out what went wrong. Joan Davidson, identified as "the marketing and sales manager for the company that manages the stores housed in two pavilions along the Inner Harbor," suggested that sales were low because "a majority of people had their energies focused on the holy father."

So that's what led to the trouble—people were too busy praying and heeding the pope's words to allow consumerism to dominate their lives. In July, the *Post* pointed out, Maryland Gov. Parris N. Glendening "applauded the pope's impending visit, saying state analysts projected a $19.1 million revenue windfall." The next time the Baltimore Area Convention and Visitors Association decides to get excited about a dignitary coming to that fair city, it'll be for someone they can trust to keep the crowd's priorities straight—Madonna, maybe, or even O.J.

♦

THE READING LIST: George Orwell once said (we paraphrase) that some ideas are so stupid, only an intellectual could believe them. Here are three works that put intellectuals in their place:

Headlong Hall, by Thomas Love Peacock. Written in 1815, *Headlong Hall* is one of the great little-known works of satire in English literature, a savage portrait of the circle around the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley—you know, the guy who said that "poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world" and whose totalitarian vision of those legislators' running all our lives is the subject of *Shelley's Heart,* Charles McCarry's recent novel. *Headlong Hall* is filled with thinkers who are themselves filled with the latest intellectual fashions—"Perfectibilians" and "Deteriorationists" among them—whose desire always to be fresh and new seems remarkably similar to certain English professors we shall not name.

Love's Labour's Lost, by William Shakespeare. Scholarly young men vow to go without sleep, without bathing, and without the company of women until they have read every book ever written. The beautiful women of Vienna vow to seduce them from their path. They succeed.

Gulliver's Travels, by Jonathan Swift. During his journey, Gulliver makes a stop in the land of Laputa (Spanish for "whore"), whose residents have one eye that looks inside them and another that only looks up to the sky—so wrapped up in abstractions that they don't even know when they step in dung.

The Truth about Cyberhype

By Edwin Diamond and Stephen Bates

George Gilder calls the networked computer "a powerful force for democracy, individuality, community, and high culture." Newt Gingrich boasts that THOMAS, the Library of Congress's online system, will shift political clout "toward the citizens and out of the Beltway" because, after all, "knowledge is power." At the opposite end of the spectrum, Dr. Timothy Leary exults: "Never before has the individual been so empowered. . . . We wrestled the power of LSD away from the CIA, and now the power of computers away from IBM."

It all has a familiar ring. Eighty years ago, Soviet rhetoric promised the rise of a New Man after the "reengineering" of the means of production. In the United States in the 1920s, the NBC network heralded the Age of Radio by dressing musicians in evening clothes and presenting the NBC Symphony of the Air. In 1952, an advertisement for the new medium of television forecast that "citizens will be better informed than they ever were before." Among the results of these three revolutions were, respectively, the Gulag, Howard Stern, and the Home Shopping Network.

Now the new century approaches, and we're told that global computer networks will bring us another revolution, this one literally at our fingertips. Print, it's said, will go the way of the Soviet Union; the daily paper will be an artifact of a quaint past, like NBC's tuxedoed symphony.

Hold on a nanosecond. The BS detector that Hemingway said every journalist should have, ought to be spiking right now—yet plenty of American journalists are swallowing (and spreading) the hype. Leading media companies are racing to secure a place in cyberspace. They're hastily putting the contents of their newspapers and magazines online, offering interactive services, opening home pages on the World Wide Web, forming alliances with telecommunications systems.

The latest entrant is the *Washington Post*. Promoting its online service, Digital Ink, the *Post* now appends a kind of footnote to some news articles urging readers to log in for related information. The quarter you pay for the paper entitles you to learn what the editors thought important in a Clinton speech; pay a few bucks more and wade through the Big Muddy yourself. Not that the *Post* service is singlemindedly devoted to civic empowerment. A promotional mailing boasts that the service lets you "search for a new restaurant by type of cuisine and location—or ask restaurant reviewer Phyllis Richman herself." One recent footnote dispatches *Post* readers to Digital Ink "for a list of Emmy nominations won by *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*."

At least the *Dr. Quinn* list is accurate. One can't say the same of a great deal of online info. Modems make every man a cyberjournalist (the great majority of Netters are in fact guys). Bulletin boards and chat groups churn out a huge stew of fact, error, myth, hoax, and fantasy. The creators of this online content have effectively pushed news back down the evolutionary tree.

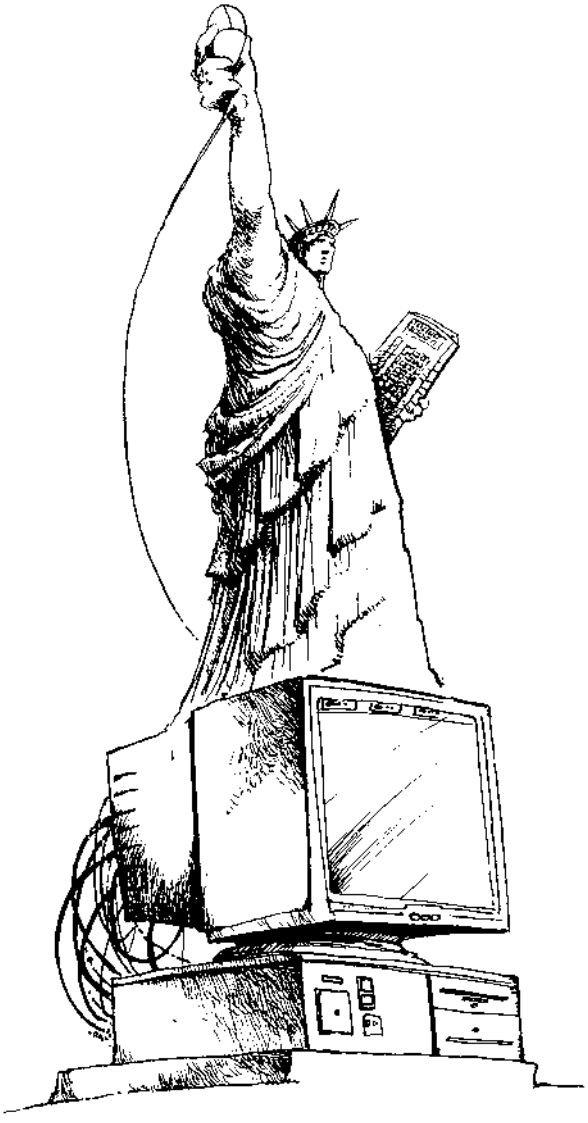
The written word evolved in part to stop rumor. As Mitchell Stephens points out in *A History of News*, print journalism was like turning on a light; dragon sightings got farther from London as the light grew. Since the penny press of the 19th century, the general trend in the news business has been upward, toward credibility and (approximate) respectability. Twentieth-century journalism has defined itself by applying the test of (approximate) truth before disseminating stories—always with the exception of such devolutionary cousins as Bernarr MacFadden's notorious *Daily Graphic* of the 1920s and, more recently, supermarket

Edwin Diamond teaches at NYU and is author, most recently, of Behind the Times: Inside the New York Times *(University of Chicago Press, paper). Stephen Bates, a senior fellow at the Annenberg Washington Program, is author of* Battleground: One Mother's Crusade, the Religious Right, and the Struggle for Our Schools *(Henry Holt, paper).*

checkout magazines and tabloid TV shows.

Proclaiming their freedom from hierarchies, editors, controls, the onliners have brought back the dragon-sightings. In July, right after the papers carried news of Wolfman Jack's death following a heart attack, one user posted the "real" story: The deejay was killed by the same nitrate sodium poison pill that the CIA used to terminate LBJ. Mainstream journalists may debate the ethics of outing closeted homosexuals. Not Net users. Posts to the Internet newsgroup *alt.showbiz.gossip* routinely natter on about which particular Hollywood actors are gay (and/or wear a toupee).

Sex and sexuality, in fact, account for a good deal of online journalism. In the last two months, the *New York Times*, *USA Today*, *Time*, and *Newsweek* all reported in page-one stories and cover articles how shocked, shocked they were to find sex of every shape, kind, and permutation on the Net. Their stop-press news was as old as the Internet itself; 15 years ago, the graduate students who hacked around ARPANET, the Pentagon's advanced research computer network that formed the basis for the Internet, exchanged boys' locker-room humor along with Defense Department data as soon as their professors left the lab.



William Bramhall

Today, *Penthouse* magazine's home page is among the most visited sites on the World Wide Web—the service that makes your computer look like a magazine cover or a publicity press kit. Time Warner's Pathfinder home page on the Web offers access to selected contents of seven of its magazines, and was registering 100,000 visits a week to the site by Internet users until *Sports Illustrated* came out with its swimsuit issue, when the numbers rose to 100,000 an hour. Actually, the Pathfinder images of Kathy Ireland, et al., were grainy compared to the swimsuit photos in the newsstand *SI*, but that hardly slowed the Web's testosterone-heavy audience.

Right behind sex is violence (as American as Apple Computers). The visionaries talk up the glories of providing links to an endless supply of electronic information, but the journalists' old gatekeeper role is quickly missed. Net surfers can easily visit Holocaust-denial bulletin boards (active in the U.S. and in Germany). A few weeks ago, one online magazine ran an article about the militia movement, in the process offering readers instant links to megabytes of militia propaganda. News outlets normally wouldn't publish the 800 number for Posse Comitatus (free of charge, anyway); Internet hyperlinks—which allow users to jump from one site to another automatically—accomplish the same thing.

"Journalism," *New York Sun* editor Charles A. Dana once said, "consists in buying white paper at two cents a pound and selling it at ten cents a pound." Despite the gold-rush fever, it's hardly clear whether media companies will profit in cyberspace. Beneath all the hype about Third Wave communications, the true business of cyberspace has been, and is likely to remain, e-mail and electronic information exchange (e.g., chatlines, bulletin boards, home pages). Consequently, the likely model for hypermedia is not a newspaper or magazine, even one created by cybersharpies working for Time Warner. The model is the telephone company, old Ma Bell and her brood, who daily make possible hundreds of millions of private conversations—that is, people creating their own content. People will post messages to each other, use shareware, run up phone bills (their own or their universities' or their employers'), but they won't necessar-

ily purchase information services. At least at this early stage, users are more interested in gaining a personal conduit than in buying someone else's content.

Industry people recognize the apparent mismatch between their expertise and consumer desires. At the conference on "Magazines & New Media," sponsored by the Magazine Publishers of America in New York in July, one of the symposia asked, somewhat plaintively, "The New Media Magazine: Has Anyone Found the Model?"

This uncertainty didn't slow the usually cautious *New York Times*. Last year, the company sold off its women's magazine group and reacquired a substantial interest in the paper's news databases (from the Nexis and Lexis services). Arthur O. Sulzberger, Jr., the *Times*'s 42-year-old, computer-literate publisher, brashly declared that he was prepared to put the paper on the Internet, CD-ROM, whatever. ("If someone would be kind enough to invent the technology, I'll be pleased to beam it directly into your cortex.")

In hopes of finding the holy grail of cyberprofit, media companies like the *Times* are trying to figure out a place for advertising on the desktop screen. At the commercial online services, companies pay to have their logos displayed on computer screens along with program menus. When some services began to run these logos along the bottom of the screen, users responded by blocking them out—literally, fastening black electrical tape on the screen. Since then, logorrhea has grown more sophisticated. Visitors to the home page on the Web run by Netscape, the hottest company in the Internet world, can get a free information search with a marketing hook: The results come back together with an ad for one of the search "sponsors" (Sun Microsystems Inc. and the Internet Shopping Network were among the first advertisers).

Old gimmicks or new, the logos' promotional value is on a par with the signs promoting beer, banking services, and fast food plastered on National Hockey League rink boards or courtside at NBA games. For the online user, as for the TV sports viewer, the play's the thing. At most, such messages exert only a marginal influence—and sometimes represent a major annoyance.

Perhaps that's why Virtual Madison Avenue's latest approach is to go beyond brand awareness and make cyber ads that appeal to Netters' Nintendo sensibilities.

William Bramhall

On America Online, McDonald's employs full-animation techniques to make a computer game of "driving through" a McDonald's roadside stop. Brewer Adolph Coors Co. sponsors the Tribe Z (for Zima beer) chat room; admission to the site requires information about drinking habits as well as a home address. Then the "interactivity" kicks in: Coors mails out coupons and other promotional materials. Toyota's ad agency also tries an interactive come-on, letting users pick from various colors to give a "paint job" to the graphic of a showroom Toyota. Fun and games, no doubt, but will players then go out and buy a Big Mac or a Zima, let alone a new Corolla sedan?

We suspect that the present print- and broadcast-based media system will prevail far into the future. Online media will be additive rather than dominant. Radio didn't replace newspapers, and television didn't replace radio; electronic news and chat groups will find a modest niche among existing information systems. Hopeful, we tell journalism students that they will still be able to earn a living doing news work, if they master the traditional basic writing and reporting skills (they should be computer-literate, too).

But it's the media owners who need reassuring. For years, they've lived with their "garage nightmare"—that some school kid, working out of his (or her) parents' home, will invent the killer application rendering them obsolete: Digital David slays Print Goliath.

This past May, the Nieman Foundation at Harvard University invited Omar Wasow to speak about the future of communications to a national conference of editors and publishers. Wasow, 24, is co-founder of New York Online, a "neighborhood" bulletin board with all of 600 customers in the city, and another 600 mostly in the tristate area. That's no misprint—1,200 customers. Yet after Wasow spoke to the print poohbahs, he told a reporter: "I was surprised how scared they all were." ♦

Alt.Many.Of.These. Newsgroups.Are.Repellent

By Stephen Bates

In September, President Clinton discovered a rare patch of common ground with the Speaker of the House. All public schools, the president proclaimed, ought to be linked to the Internet by the year 2000. Newt Gingrich has been extolling the educational virtues of the Net for months. Want to learn about batik craftsmanship? he asks in *To Renew America*. Just log onto the Net, the library where the books never leave the shelf. "Somehow," Gingrich said at a Progress and Freedom Foundation symposium earlier this year, "there has to be a missionary spirit in America that says to the poor kid, 'The Internet's for you.'"

Just what will the nation's schoolchildren, poor or otherwise, find in cyberspace? Pending bills in Congress, a directory of ZIP codes, the Shoemaker-Levy photos of Jupiter—and quite a bit more. The messages posted to the newsgroup *rec.pyrotechnics*, for instance, offer plans for constructing bombs. On *alt.suicide.holiday*, users suggest how those so inclined might painlessly kill themselves. One recent addition to the family of online newsgroups is called *alt.fuck.the.skull.of.jesus*.

The *alt.sex* hierarchy includes groups devoted to enemas, spanking, watersports, foot fetishes, necrophilia, and pedophilia. The pedophiles, in fact, populate four separate newsgroups, some of which feature digitized photos of naked children. A company with the easy-to-remember Net moniker *x-rated.com* advertises "that kinky, sleazy, wild, depraved, incredibly hot-making stuff that you used to have to sneak into the house in plain, stained, brown-paper wrappings—now brought to you hygienically by the miracle of computing."

Gingrich's GOP comes in for a good bit of online attention. According to *alt.conspiracy*, the Republicans have a secret plot for cracking down on illegal immigration: Every American citizen will be forced to have a computer chip implanted under the skin. *Talk.rumors*

reveals that Dan Quayle is gay. Then there's the new group *alt.rush-limbaugh.die.a.flaming.death*. Even *alt.fan.newt-gingrich* turns out to feature a sprinkling of skeptics. Not long ago, Philip Elmer-DeWitt of *Time* groused that the Speaker's "much-heralded vision of cyberdemocracy" strikes him as merely "warmed-over Al Gore." Another critic complained that Gingrich's firing of House historian Christina Jeffrey is further proof that "all North American politicians must be cuddling lapdogs of the Zionist masters."

On line, in fact, everybody's sensitivities get trampled. A publicly accessible file-transfer site offers the notorious antisemitic forgery *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, thoughtfully compressed for speedier downloads. *Alt.politics.white-power* features all sorts of racist rants. Sexist flamers now dominate *alt.feminism*, overloading the bulletin board with hostile jibes. On a thread about women and sports, one woman listed her many athletic accomplishments. "Yeah, baby," responded a male user, "but can you cook?"

The Net provides a wide-open forum for all sorts of raucousness. Any user can post to unmoderated newsgroups, and any sufficiently savvy user can create a newsgroup. (The day that *alt.politics.usa.newt-gingrich* opened for business, so did *alt.sex.incest*.) Some insightful debates result, but so does lots of playground name-calling. On a religion newsgroup recently, a user asked a follower of the antisemitic Christian Identity movement how his beliefs differ from Hitler's; the Christian Identity follower responded by asking how the questioner's beliefs differ from the Antichrist's.

The Internet, with its combination of near-absolute free speech, facelessness, and anonymity, naturally attracts people whom offline society stigmatizes. Pedophiles, Holocaust-deniers, and bomb-makers represent only a tiny fraction of Net users, of course, but they generate a disproportionate amount of noise.

That's the sort of noise that plenty of people don't want in their public schools. In fact, a lot of conservative Christians aren't crazy about computers to start with. In his 1991 book *The New World Order*, Pat Robertson refers to supercomputers as an "alarming development" that, by moving us toward a cashless society, may be fulfilling the Revelation prophecy that "no man could buy or sell without the mark of the beast." The Net isn't going to appeal to people who think computers are ushering in the Antichrist. More broadly, Gingrich's Information Age vision doesn't resonate with those evangelicals to whom the future means, above all else, the Second Coming. Some discord has already arisen. The Christian Coalition, which spent an estimated $1 million to push Gingrich's Contract with America, favors new laws regulating online pornography; Gingrich is skeptical.

Plenty of people will wince at what they find online. They'll clamor to make the Net safe for Middle America, especially its schoolchildren: Keep the Shoemaker-Levy photos, but oust the porn, pedophiles, and pyrotechnics. Invariably, critics will be able to cite offline harms resulting from the Net. Pedophiles will abuse children they first met online, kids will blow off fingers with the Net's bomb recipes, despondent teens will poison themselves using recipes from *alt.suicide.holiday*. Maybe all these tragedies would have occurred without the Net, but that's tough to prove.

These critics will also argue that a medium partly funded with tax dollars, as the Net is (through state universities and state-funded networks as well as public schools), must reflect public sensibilities. It's the same argument that's raised against the National Endowment for the Arts, but with a twist. The NEA has aided a handful of projects likely to appall the average American. The Net aids thousands of them, and delivers them straight into the home and classroom. Technological fixes, such as software to block out the raunchy neighborhoods of cyberspace, will help, but they'll never be airtight; the average 14-year-old techno-nerd, after all, can out-hack most of his teachers and a fair number of software engineers.

Though a number of public schools are already online, there hasn't yet been much fuss. A lot of these schools require students to pledge that they'll stay away from certain parts of the Net—perhaps as effective as posting the sign "Please don't look at these books" alongside a library shelf of sex guides. A year ago, I asked an ACLU official why conservative Christians, those traditional schoolbook flyspeckers, hadn't yet caught on to what this new medium was spewing. She held her finger to her lips and said, "Shhh. Don't tell them."

Well, a lot of them have discovered the Net for themselves now. So have those liberal parents who fret about subtle sexism and other outmoded stereotypes in schoolbooks. Cyberpolitics may be quirkily Third Wave—at the Progress and Freedom Foundation conference, Gingrich shared the rostrum with Electronic Frontier Foundation cofounder John Perry Barlow, a shaggy lyricist for the Grateful Dead. Offline politics, though, remains bogged down in the industrial-era Second Wave, where censorship disputes are commonplace and clamorous. This one is sure to be a beaut. ♦

Dreams of a Blue Helmet: The Peacekeeping Fantasy

By Charles Krauthammer

Americans are easily seduced by visions of New World Orders, illusions that arise with alarming regularity in the immediate aftermath of great wars. And, though we are hardly conscious of it, the 1990s, marked by victory in the Cold War, are as classically postwar as were the 1920s and mid-1940s. For the third time this century, we have fallen into postwar dreams about the possibilities of international life.

The first time occurred immediately after World War I, the Wilsonian heyday characterized by an extraordinary belief in the power of parchment and goodwill harnessed to an apparatus of collective security. The Senate rejected the League of Nations (for reasons of sovereignty) but the American people generally embraced the spirit of Wilsonianism. Its apotheosis was the 1928 Kellogg-Briand Pact, solemnly signed by 64 nations (including Germany, Japan, and Italy) declaring that war would henceforth be outlawed. So seriously was this singular exercise in cynicism (for some) and naiveté (for us) taken that its author, Secretary of State Franklin Kellogg, received the 1929 Nobel Peace Prize.

As Henry Stimson explained, this piece of parchment would protect against aggression by "the sanction of public opinion, which can be made one of the most potent sanctions of the world. . . . Those critics who scoff at it have not accurately appraised the evolution in world opinion since the Great War." This staggering belief in opinion and reason and dialogue ended not just in tragedy but in parody when Idaho Republican Sen. William Borah, upon hearing that war had broken out in Europe in September 1939, said, "Lord, if only I could have talked with Hitler, all this might have been avoided."

Our second bout of utopianism came with victory in World War II. Roosevelt's secretary of state, Cordell Hull, upon returning from the Moscow conference of 1943, declared that soon "there will no longer be need for spheres of influence, for alliances, for balance of power, or any of the other special arrangements through which, in the unhappy past, the nations strove to safeguard their security or to promote their interests."

This time we would have a real League of Nations with the United States at its center, with real enforcement provisions, with an active Security Council. This time we would create Tennyson's parliament of man.

By 1947, the United States had been disabused of this utopianism. The Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, followed by NATO and the other great alliances, announced the end of our second innocence. Throughout the Cold War, it was these institutions, exactly the ones Hull said we would not need, that safeguarded our security and promoted our interests.

And now Round Three. In the 1990s, we have been told, and indeed by such ostensible political realists as George Bush, that a New World Order is dawning, an order based on global community, international law, and collective security.

This is nonsense, dangerous nonsense, as dangerous as the nonsense that followed the first two great wars of the century. Marx said that all great events in world history reappear in one fashion or another, the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce. I would add: the third time as hallucination. In plain truth, international relations remains in precisely the same state it was in one and two and five centuries ago. As Henry Kissinger put it, "In the end, peace can be achieved only by hegemony or by balance of power. There is no other way."

However fervently Americans would like to believe otherwise, peace *can* only be achieved by hegemony or balance of power. It is achieved not by reason, nor by dialogue, and especially not through the agency of today's three preferred fantasies of how to achieve and maintain world order: peacekeeping, the United Nations, and multilateralism.

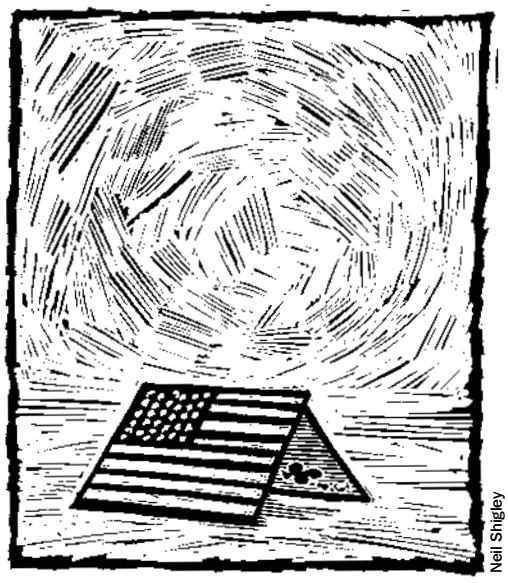
Peacekeeping as practiced today is 40 years old, invented by Lester Pearson, then Canada's minister

This essay is adapted from an address delivered in Toronto Sept. 20 and sponsored by the Donner Canadian Foundation.

for external affairs, to help extract the British and French from the Suez fiasco. Pearson proposed the creation of what became UNEF, the United Nations Emergency Force, whose insertion into the Sinai in place of British and French (and Israeli) troops did help save face. But anyone who thought that it really preserved the peace was rudely cured of that notion when it was put to the test almost exactly a decade later.

In May 1967, Nasser decided to force a showdown with Israel, closing the Straits of Tiran, choking off Israel's access to the south, and ordering UNEF out the Sinai. U.N. Secretary General U Thant immediately agreed. The war that UNEF was supposed to prevent followed.

A quarter of a century later in Croatia we had an eerie replay of this same scenario. First, in 1991, at the beginning of the Balkan war, the Serbs swept into Croatia and captured about a third of the region. U.N. forces were then inserted as peacekeepers between Croatia and the Serb territories in the Krajina.


Neil Shigley

Then, this summer, the Croatians decided it was time for war again. Unlike the Egyptians, however, they did not even bother with the formality of ordering the U.N. out. They simply rolled their tanks through and around U.N. positions, and conquered the Krajina within three days, leaving the U.N. peacekeepers in their wake, cruelly exposed as utterly helpless and pointless. The U.N. forces have since been withdrawn.

These two peacekeeping episodes, the first and the latest, highlight the fundamental truth of peacekeeping: If you already have peace, you don't really need peacekeepers. Today, for example, there is peace between Israel and Egypt. The peacekeeping forces in the Sinai are a nice symbol of that peace. That is a good thing. But it is a very minor thing. Indeed there would hardly be any debate on the issue if that were all that peacekeeping is about.

On the other hand, where there is no peace, as in Croatia in August, as in the Sinai in May and June 1967, or as in Bosnia during the last three years, then peacekeepers are useless. They can stand by or withdraw.

The fact is: If there is peace, peacekeepers are unnecessary. And if there is war, peacekeepers are unavailing.

Well, you might say: Haven't the peacekeepers in Bosnia actually woken up and done something real now? Did not September's strategic bombing campaign really make a difference, relieving the siege of Sarajevo, pushing the Serbs towards a ceasefire and a negotiated settlement?

Yes, the strategic bombing campaign has had some effect. But that is precisely because it was not peacekeeping. It was war-making, delivered by a war-making machine called NATO, a military alliance of the sort Cordell Hull decried and declared obsolete, an alliance that kept the peace—the U.N. did not—during the Cold War and is now trying to impose a peace in Bosnia. With its air strikes, NATO took sides militarily on behalf of the weaker in the hope of creating a new equilibrium, a new balance of power. Why? Because that is how peace comes about: either hegemony or balance of power, not the urging of blue helmets.

Recognizing these obvious facts, congressional Republicans have proposed cuts in the U.N. and peacekeeping budgets. Arthur Schlesinger, echoing the Clinton administration, denounced these Republican attacks on peacekeeping as a blow to "collective security." This is a willful misuse of the term. U.N. blue-helmet operations—like the one in Bosnia—are not instruments of collective security. They roll back no aggressors. They are quite the opposite. They are hand-holding and temporizing operations, means by which the Great Powers, out of their very reluctance to repel aggressors, pretend to do something. Peacekeeping is a convenient device for allowing the Great Powers to appear to be doing something in a place where they do not really want to be doing anything.

Real collective security, on the other hand, is what happened in the Gulf War. There, Great Powers got together to use military force to repel aggression—the one true example of collective security in the postwar era, and one that Schlesinger and other purported champions of collective security vigorously opposed.

Note that this real kind of collective security, with

the Great Powers banding together ad hoc to repel aggression, can occur with U.N. blessing or without. The U.N. is quite irrelevant.

Which brings us to the second great post-Cold War illusion: the United Nations.

As eminent a historian as Paul Kennedy has described the U.N. as "the only international instrument that states possess to attain security, prosperity, human rights, and the democratic way." And in a recent address, Canada's minister of national defense, echoing Kennedy's faith and speaking for many in Western foreign policy establishments, called the U.N. "our best hope for achieving global security."


Neil Shigley

This strikes me as the equivalent of saying that Liberia is the key to world oil trade because there are so many Liberian tankers. The U.N. is a flag of convenience for international security. It is a guarantor of nothing. The guarantors of security and peace today are, as they have been for 500 years, the Great Powers. Most specifically, given the unipolar structure of today's international system, the guarantor is the sole remaining superpower, the United States.

That was demonstrated with stunning clarity in the Gulf War. The liberation of Kuwait was attended by all kinds of U.N. resolutions and declarations and proclamations. This has led to a lot of pious talk about the U.N. as the guarantor of collective security in some new post-Cold War order. But this is to mistake cause and effect. The U.N. guaranteed nothing. In the Gulf, without the U.S. leading and prodding, bribing and blackmailing, no one would have stirred. Nothing would have been done: no embargo, no threat of force, no Desert Storm. The world would have written off Kuwait the way the last body pledged to collective security, the League of Nations, wrote off Abyssinia after it was attacked by Mussolini.

Indeed, the entire apparatus of U.N. resolutions and declarations was a conscious product of American diplomacy, a deliberate effort to give the Gulf War the air of international legitimacy. The U.N. was to be the flag of convenience under which the U.S. and its sundry friends would liberate Kuwait.

Contrast this with Croatia, a situation precisely the opposite, where the U.S. consciously absented itself and indeed gave the green light for Croatia to defy and sweep by the U.N. and conquer the Krajina. U.N. resolutions and reservations and protests came to nothing.

The debate over the U.N. is usually between liberals who support it and believe in its promise, and conservatives who oppose it and fear its reach. The fact is, both sides of this debate are wrong. The U.N. is not a panacea and it's not a threat. It is merely irrelevant. Indeed, on issues of war and peace, to speak of the U.N. having some kind of separate, independent existence, some kind of will of its own, is delusional. The U.N. is, at most, a creature of the Security Council. When American diplomacy manages to neutralize the Russians and the Chinese, as in the Gulf War, the Security Council becomes a creature of the United States. And when, on the other hand, the Great Powers cannot agree—which generally means, when the U.S. is either stymied by opposition by the other Great Powers or simply not interested in an issue, as with Bosnia until very recently—nothing gets done. It simply does not matter what the U.N. secretary general thinks. It matters what the U.S. president thinks.

This is not to say that the U.N. could never in theory or in principle be an independent actor on the stage. It could. But for that it would, like all other independent actors with any influence on the world, need an army.

This has been proposed many times, most forcefully and convincingly by former U.N. Undersecretary General Brian Urquhart. Urquhart has a good idea. If we are serious about the U.N., as we are not today, we would allow it to develop its own army. And not an army made up of units of the Italian and Canadian and Pakistani armies. We have seen how such an army operates in Somalia and it was a catastrophe. In Somalia, the different units were calling their capitals to ask whether or not to follow the orders of the local U.N. commander. This was not an army. This was group therapy in fatigues.

A real U.N. army would consist of soldiers recruit-

ed as individuals. It would be a kind of foreign legion for desperadoes, mercenaries, and idealists from around the world. They would come to New York and swear allegiance to Boutros-Ghali and the blue flag. It is a fine idea and it would make an even better movie. But I doubt it would ever come to pass.

Why? First, because the Great Powers are simply not going to stand for another independent actor's pushing them around. They have enough trouble as it is with the other countries of the world. And second, because an unarmed, largely fictional U.N. actually serves the purposes of the Great Powers. It is a favorite dumping ground for messy and minor operations that they, and especially the United States, do not want to undertake on their own.

Like W.C. Fields reading the Bible on his deathbed ("What are you doing?" asked a friend. "Looking for loopholes," replied Fields), the U.S. has found a use for the U.N.: In the post-Cold War world, the U.N. is the ultimate loophole, the perfect dodge for a reluctant America.

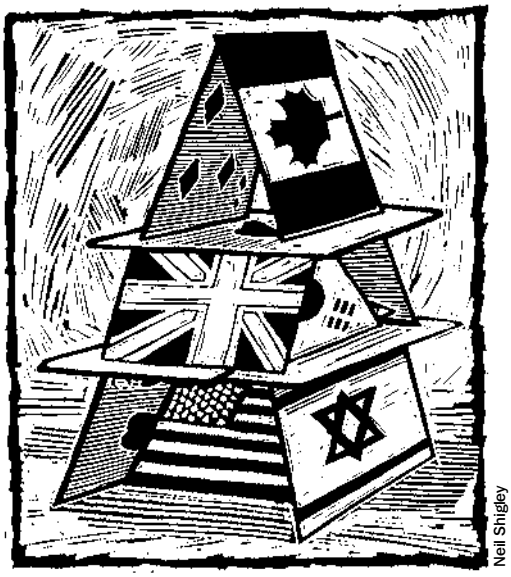
During the latter part of the Cold War, when the U.N. was corrupt and deeply anti-Western and served none of our interests, I was for sinking it. And yet now, after the Cold War, I would argue that we have an interest in preserving its largely fictional existence. Because in a dangerous world, dodges and loopholes have their uses.

The U.N., as hand-holder and temporizer, achieves two things. First, it helps keep the number-one superpower out of some regional conflicts (like Bosnia, until recently) by providing moral cover. And second, it helps keep the other Great Powers out, too, thus reducing the chances of regional conflict going global.

Thus, in the Balkans, the U.N. has not kept the Yugoslavs from killing one another. But it has kept the Americans and the Russians and perhaps the Turks and the Greeks and others from coming in on any threatening scale. In other words, it helped keep Sarajevo 1995 from becoming Sarajevo 1914.

Bosnia is one demonstration of the U.N.'s real role as cover for inaction. Rwanda, site of the worst genocide since World War II, is another. The Great Powers—for reasons of exhaustion, indifference, distance, racism perhaps—did not want to get involved (with the brief exception of France). So we handed it all over to the blue helmets. Similarly in Somalia, where the U.N. became the cover for an American retreat. By the time we got to the Haiti operation, the U.N.-as-exit-strategy had been planned even before the U.S. entry.

But let's not mistake what is going on here. The U.N. involved itself in Rwanda and Somalia and Haiti only because the Great Powers deemed it of insufficient importance to their national interest, of insufficient threat to real international peace. Hence the U.N. It is not an agency. It is an excuse.


Neil Shigley

Finally, there is multilateralism, an idea that enjoys an entirely illogical moral prestige. "Unilateral" is a word used almost exclusively as a pejorative. Multilateral action is invariably considered morally superior.

By what logic? As Ernest Lefever writes, "the morality of state behavior is determined by its purpose and consequences, not by whether the state acts alone." Britain's finest hour was the Battle of Britain, an act of unilateral resistance to Nazi Germany.

Yet most Americans take for granted that there is something morally tainted about unilateral action. Take Grenada. When Reagan invaded in 1983, the Democrats did not quite know how to respond. Walter Mondale, the prospective Democratic candidate, could only point out that neither the British nor the French supported the invasion, as if that was somehow a weighty criticism.

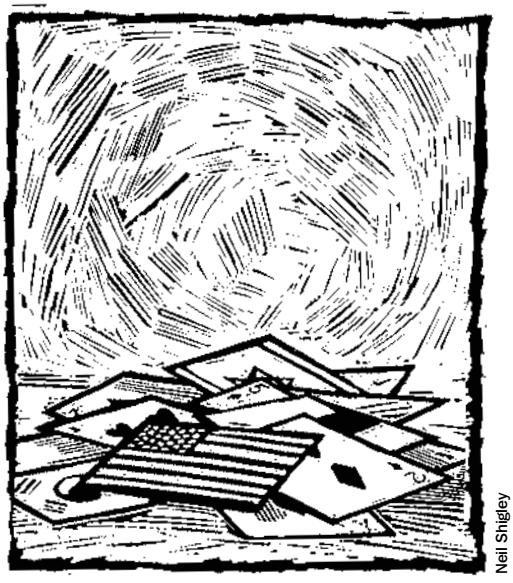
And yet even the conservative Reagan administration felt that it could not admit to naked unilateralism. What did it do? On the day of the invasion, the prime minister of a tiny neighboring Caribbean island was flown to Washington, where she issued a claim on behalf of an ad hoc, highly dubious alliance of very tiny islands that it had invited the U.S. to invade Grenada.

In American foreign policy debates, it should not be necessary for one side or the other to claim the backing of Dominica. And yet it is.

If Grenada was the most farcical example of the multilateral myth, the Gulf War was the most elaborate. It was hailed, universally and enthusiastically, as

an example of the much-celebrated multilateralism of a new world order. The only people unconvinced were those on the receiving end of the multilateralism, the Iraqis. They charged that the entire multilateral apparatus established in the Gulf by the U.S.—U.N. resolutions, Arab troops, EC pronouncements, etc.—was nothing but a transparent cover for what was essentially an American challenge to Iraqi regional hegemony.

The Iraqis were right, of course. The Gulf War was essentially an American operation. Others joined the U.S. effort precisely because President Bush had demonstrated that he was quite prepared to act unilaterally if necessary. Under those circumstances, lesser powers, convinced of American will, joined up. It was a textbook example of an apparently multilateral effort hinging entirely on the fact of American unilateralism.


Neil Shigley

There is a sharp distinction to be drawn between real and apparent multilateralism. True multilateralism involves a genuine coalition of co-equal partners of comparable strength and stature—the Big Three anti-Nazi coalition of World War II, for example.

What we have today is pseudo-multilateralism: A dominant great power acts essentially alone, but, embarrassed by the idea and still worshiping at the shrine of collective security, recruits a ship here, a brigade there, and blessings all around to give its unilateral actions a multilateral sheen. The Gulf was no more a collective operation than was Korea, still the classic case study in pseudo-multilateralism.

Why the pretense? Because a large segment of American opinion doubts the legitimacy of unilateral American action but accepts quite readily actions undertaken by the "world community" in concert. Why it should matter to Americans that their actions get a Security Council blessing from, say, Deng Xiaoping and the butchers of Tiananmen Square is beyond me. But to many Americans, it matters. It is largely for domestic reasons, therefore, that American political leaders make sure to dress unilateral action in multilateral clothing. The danger, of course, is that they might come to believe their own pretense.

But the greatest illusion of all is not peacekeeping, is not the U.N., is not multilateralism. The greatest illusion of all is the one underlying all the others, the illusion about the very nature of the international system: the woolly Wilsonianism that plagued us after the two world wars and now plagues us again in the period of exhaustion and exhilaration that follows the end of the Cold War, the belief in sweet reason and perpetual peace.

The 1992 presidential campaign was heavily under the influence of this illusion. It saw less foreign policy debate than any campaign in the last 50 years. That is because it was run on the shared assumption that the U.S. had entered this era of perpetual peace, and that we could therefore safely turn our attention to domestic affairs.

The '92 campaign merely confirmed that the U.S. had indeed entered its third period this century of postwar utopianism. As before, it is an era marked by the belief that peace is the norm, that peace is something to be kept, that all that it requires is for the unrulies of the world to be civilized by compromise and reason Western-style, and that we do this with talk—Vance-Owen plans, U.N. resolutions—and blue helmets.

The natural state of the world, however, is not perpetual peace but perpetual conflict. Liberia, Rwanda, Somalia, and Bosnia remind us of that. They remind us also that when we really want to end these wars, we must use overwhelming force to alter the balance. "When there is no agreement on what cards are trumps," the saying goes, "clubs are always trumps."

History is creative but not redemptive," said Reinhold Niebuhr. It is important for us to recognize that the post-Cold War world is not new. It is as old as the international system. The reality of that system is that peace depends ultimately not on multilateralism or the U.N. or peacekeeping but, as since the Peloponnesian wars, on balance of power. And the structure of the world being what it is today, with the United States overwhelmingly dominant, that means American power and the will to use it.

Ask the Bosnians. ♦

What Happened to Jack Kemp?

By Christopher Caldwell

Four days after O.J. Simpson's acquittal, Jack Kemp went on *Meet the Press* and talked about the delirious joy with which certain blacks greeted the verdict. "I am convinced," said Kemp, "that a lot of the black experience, and a lot of black people, cheered for the reason that . . . this overturns 100 years of the lynch law, albeit no one can possibly excuse and not feel incredible sorrow for the loss of Nicole and Ron Goldman."

Kemp has always been a Republican with a difference on racial attitudes, but over the last three years he has turned up the rhetorical volume, issuing dark warnings about the persistence of racism, the dangers of dismantling social programs, and so on and on. Every Republican you talk to has at least one story of Kemp's contrariness. When the Prison Fellowship, a Christian missionary group led by Charles Colson, held a Maryland retreat in June, Kemp—whose wife Joanne sits on the board—went along as a spouse. As the afternoon's proceedings drew to a close, Kemp rose from the audience to inveigh against cooperating with Republican efforts to end affirmative action. One participant remembers that Kemp "wasn't listening to anybody and went on for 45 minutes."

Two years ago, during an after-dinner panel at a Chicago fundraiser for Kemp's think-tank Empower America, a relative of Blockbuster Video mogul Wayne Huizenga asked Kemp a question about "protecting our borders" from immigration. "Hui-*zen*-ga!" Kemp roared. "Now *that* doesn't sound like the name of someone who came over on the *Mayflower*."

Kemp's discomfort with the GOP of the 1990s has led him on at least two occasions into active political opposition. In 1994, with Republicans on the brink of a legislative takeover in California, he campaigned against the state's anti-immigrant Proposition 187—the centerpiece of Gov. Pete Wilson's campaign.

That, of course, was no sin against Reaganite conservatism. Open immigration was a dogma of the economic-freedom right for much of the 1980s—even if Kemp had taken it to an extreme as Bush's housing secretary, banning immigration inspectors from entering public-housing projects to search for undocumented workers.

Affirmative action, a core Republican issue, is a different matter. At a July breakfast hosted by the *Christian Science Monitor*'s Godfrey Sperling, Kemp attacked the decision of the University of California regents to eliminate programs that discriminated by race, saying that he would have voted to continue the practice. "Race alone should not be the criterion," Kemp said, "but race could be considered as you try to broaden the base of economic opportunities." This was high apostasy, and Kemp threatened to disassociate himself from any campaign that followed a contrary agenda. "If '96 is run on dividing races," he said, "I will not participate in that."

Once a unifying force in the Republican party, Kemp has begun to vex the more aggressive pursuers of the Contract with America, and even many in the political center, largely over race. Self-described Kempian civil rights lawyer Clint Bolick of the Institute for Justice wrote Kemp an angry letter calling the Sperling incident "appalling and profoundly disappointing." Radio talk-show host Armstrong Williams would not even speak about it for this article, saying, "Personally I think the world of Jack Kemp, but our politics are just too far apart." With Republicans in power, Kemp has gone from Happy Warrior to Reluctant one. "He's in the process of marginalizing himself," says a longtime supply-side ally, and it may not be too early to ask the question of Jack Kemp that Ronald Reagan asked himself about the Democrats: Is he leaving the Republican party or is the Republican party leaving him?

This was supposed to be Kemp's moment. Since 1980, he has consistently been the favored presidential nominee of Republican activists. (A 1992 convention poll showed Kemp at almost 40 percent, with no one else out of single digits.) And Kemp in no small measure made the people who made the Contract with America. The Conservative Opportunity Society, Newt Gingrich's main rhetorical vehicle before his election as minority whip in 1989, was founded on consciously Kempite lines. For the past 10 years, a small group of legislators, called "The Ami-

gos"—Kemp, Gingrich, Sens. Trent Lott and Connie Mack, former Rep. Vin Weber, sometimes House majority leader Dick Armey, and (infrequently) Sen. Dan Coats—have met for dinner almost every month to discuss personal and political issues. Among his friends and political allies, Kemp has always been first among equals.

It was after one such meeting in January that Kemp decided to pull out of the '96 campaign. Kemp attributes the decision to an impatience with fundraising, but the rap on Kemp in some activist circles—that he raises money and thanks donors poorly—is unfounded. He raised $2.6 million for his congressional campaigns in both 1984 and 1986, and $16.7 million for his presidential run in 1988.

Fear of fundraising surely is *part* of the story; asked whether he would run if drafted, he replies, "Of course." But Kemp was troubled by something else: finding himself at odds with his fellow Republicans. He has been largely silent on the Contract with America. Aside from a capital-gains tax cut, the Contract was dedicated to small-government reforms that Kemp has traditionally ignored, even opposed. "Jack is ripping mad that he campaigned in 150 races last year and didn't really get much credit," says one former staffer. "And he's right. But did he talk about the Contract? No. He talked about *his* issues." His issues are increasingly race and poverty. "It's no secret," Kemp told a reporter in January, "that Jack Kemp will depart from the budget and Contract with America if it doesn't include a dramatic change in the inner-city investment climate."

"To him, the villains are all on the right," says one of Kemp's oldest congressional allies. "If you asked him, 'Who's better on these issues: Charlie Rangel or Pat Buchanan?' he'd say, 'Charlie's better.' And that's why he didn't run for president. He figured a campaign would put him in a series of ongoing arguments with conservatives."

Kemp has always been concerned about the downtrodden, and optimistic about governmental solutions. One of the things that has made him so different—and appealing—as a politician is that these biases are wholly idealistic and have no pragmatic or Machiavellian basis. Kemp likes to tell stories about campaigning in union halls in the district he represented for 18 years in Congress; but in fact, especially after redistricting in the early 80s, the New York 31st was solidly Republican and suburban, and Kemp's conservative Republican successor, Bill Paxon, won safely in it once Kemp had left. There's no pragmatic explanation for Kemp's interest in race, either: His district was 1 percent black.

It was when he took over HUD in 1989 that Kemp's idealism—particularly on race and poverty issues—began to set him adrift from conservative politics. Kemp experimented with a number of "empowerment" programs, all of which began with supply-side ideas and wound up with gargantuan price tags. David Frum subjected the most ambitious of these—tenant ownership—to a withering attack in his book *Dead Right*, noting that privatizing a public housing unit cost $130,000, more than the price of *building* a unit and giving it away. Howard Husock, a housing expert at Harvard's Kennedy School with strong sympathies for Kemp, described the program as "lemon capitalism": private bailouts for public failures. Even the liberal Nicholas Lemann saw Kemp as "reliving with an almost eerie exactitude the early machinations that preceded the War on Poverty." Kemp did little to stem a corrupt HUD bureaucracy, and left having presided over a budget expansion from $19.7 billion to $28.1 billion.

He also began "building bridges" to blacks—specifically to the black far left that cares about housing issues. Memorable was Democratic party activist Kimi Gray, the autocratic den mother of Washington's Kenilworth-Parkside housing project, whom Kemp described as "my hero." In September, he was one of the few white Republicans to attend (as the guest of Rangel) the annual soirée of the Congressional Black Caucus, which has been conspicuously inhospitable to his fellow Republican Gary Franks, and which gave O.J. lawyer Johnnie Cochran a lengthy standing ovation that night.

Kemp told the 1988 Republican convention that "if we do our job right, I predict that by 1992—the start of George Bush's second term—one-quarter of our party will consist of black, Hispanic, and Asian Americans." As late as May 1994 Kemp was warning that Republicans would "never be a majority again" unless they courted minorities. Republicans took only 12 percent of the black vote in their sweep to victory.

That does not mean that Kemp's cross-racial appeals have not been an asset to the party—or at least to him personally. Ed Goeas, who polled for Kemp in the 1988 campaign, says he has done no polling on him since he pulled out of the '96 race, but that his most recent numbers showed Kemp at a strikingly high 50 percent name-recognition among blacks. Clint Bolick thinks Kemp has made real inroads. This year he asked a left-wing Latino activist in the Alazanapache housing project in San Antonio whether Kemp could get any votes there. Says Bolick, "The guy told

me, 'If Kemp were running for president, he would *carry* Alazanapache.'"

But Kemp isn't running for president. So he is using Empower America, the organization he co-founded with William J. Bennett, as his platform on these issues, a platform that may be less permanent than thought. When it was founded in 1993, most looked on it as the nucleus of a Kemp presidential campaign. Now that there's no campaign, staffers have fled in droves, and the organization is deep in debt—to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars, by one account. Kemp has said in foundation circles that Empower will be dissolved after next year's Republican convention.

Meanwhile, Kemp is keeping himself in the public eye through the 14-member National Commission on Economic Growth and Tax Reform that he chairs. The tax commission was dreamed up by economist Jeffrey Bell, who first urged a Kemp presidential run in the late 70s, and financial consultant David Smick, a former Kemp chief of staff, as a means of keeping Kemp relevant. (Such continuing loyalty is not unusual for Kemp veterans.)

Kemp's people also hoped it would foster a friendship between Kemp and Dole, who have never been close. According to a former staffer for one of the Amigos, Kemp asked House Majority Leader Dick Armey last summer to float the idea of a Kemp appointment as Treasury secretary in a Dole administration. "There is no quid pro quo, and no promise," a Kemp friend confirms, "but it has been talked about."

Such an ambition could explain the anguished vacillations Kemp went through in the aftermath of the Sperling breakfast. Kemp's blast was poorly timed—just days before Dole was to introduce a Senate bill to abolish affirmative action at the federal level. While claiming to have been misquoted, Kemp called immediately after the breakfast, told Dole what had happened, and stopped by later in the day. "There was no anger," said a Dole staffer, who notes that former Kempites on staff, including campaign head Scott Reed, are more than capable of explaining Kemp's ways to Dole. "Only a sense of '*What the hell is Jack doing?*' Dole gets upset about that kind of lack of discipline."

Kent Lemon

Meanwhile, Dole staffers are working privately on their *own* tax plan, to be unveiled in the general election. The first model—a two-rate flat tax that might soften the hit on the middle class—proved "disappointing," according to a Dole campaign aide, but whatever the details, the existence of a parallel tax track within the Dole campaign is hardly a ringing endorsement.

With Dole keeping him at arm's length, Kemp has been seeking a role in the presidential campaigns of Steve Forbes and (maybe) Colin Powell. At a private meeting in Phoenix last winter, Kemp promised Forbes, who backs a flat tax similar to Armey's, that he'd endorse him. He has backed off, and Powell is now "all he talks about," according to one Empower associate. Kemp has been in touch with Powell through his friend

and Powell's chief adviser Ken Duberstein. (Duberstein has reportedly sought Kemp's advice on how the pro-choice Powell could finesse the abortion issue with the religious right.) According to columnist Robert D. Novak, both Kemp and his old comrade-in-arms ex-Wisconsin Sen. Robert Kasten are seeking to "convert" Powell to supply-side economics.

Even as he hitches his wagon to these unorthodox candidacies, Kemp nonetheless retains the ear of the new generation of orthodox Republican leaders. Kemp and Gingrich are particularly close—Newt got choked up during a toast at Kemp's 60th birthday party in July—and Kemp's role in shaping Gingrich's agenda is large. After last year's D.C. mayoral primary in which Gingrich described Marion Barry as a "convicted felon" who'd offered "failed leadership," he seemed on a collision course with the returning mayor. Lately the Speaker, at Kemp's urging, has been pushing to turn D.C. into a Hong Kong–style enterprise zone with no capital-gains taxes and an exemption from federal income taxes. Kemp reveals that the plan is Barry's. "He called me because I'd played it straight with the city when we tried to convert some public housing," Kemp says proudly. Putting the plan in a racial context, Kemp told a journalist, "Home rule is a civil-rights issue for the 90s, with the same appeal as South Africa in the years of apartheid."

Kemp set up another Gingrich meeting on June 7, this time with Bob Dole and incoming Howard University president H. Patrick Swygert. Howard, a D.C.-based black university on whose board Kemp sits, had been receiving $196 million in federal subsidies, which the House Budget Committee called for zeroing out over seven years. Howard's funding, unlike affirmative action, isn't a front-line conservative issue, and Kemp may be right to protect Republicans from accusations of spite and vengefulness. But it remains an unlikely backwater for the onetime heir to Reagan to be lingering in. Gingrich intervened to stop the cuts—on the same day, coincidentally, that Standard and Poor's, following suit from Moody's, downgraded Howard's bonds.

Kemp's friends say that on more than one occasion, he has expressed concern that the "Republican party is moving too far to the right." Yet he claims he's misunderstood by those who see him veering left. "I spend 95 percent of my speeches beating the left to death on socialism, health care, taxes, devaluation of the frickin' peso. I was the only Republican to go public against the White House, the IMF, and Yale University [on the Mexico bailout], and I did not get a single line. When I criticized the Republicans for supporting the deal, *that's* when I got press."

Nonetheless, Kemp has drifted far from Republican voters on a couple of important issues. His constituent profile can, fairly or unfairly, be caricatured as elite financial interests, liberal journalists, and minorities. That troubles a middle-class electorate that has not yet given supply-side economics a full-throated endorsement. A middle class, furthermore, increasingly mindful that oratorical tenderness in racial politics has always led to waste, graft, and blight, not to mention a justice system severely damaged by the O.J. affair. Kemp's willingness to live with affirmative action is particularly suspect. That program retards precisely the things that Kemp professes to hold most precious: entrepreneurial initiative, job creation, free association. "I wouldn't look for an *intellectual* defense of this position from Kemp—or Gingrich for that matter," says a Republican politician who knows both well.

That's a bigger problem for Kemp than it would be for other politicians. For Kemp's realization in the late 70s that the deficit was a trick to trap would-be tax-cutters—and his gutsy insistence that taxes be cut all the same—was an *intellectual* triumph. But just as he lacks a voice without a presidential candidacy, he lacks an identity without a coherent body of doctrine. "When Jack was in the public arena," says a staffer for one of the Amigos, "he was as rigorous as any congressman I've ever been around. But because of the way he has worked since he went to HUD, he hasn't rigorously addressed any issues in seven years. You can't raise race without raising big government. And this is where, for Jack, rigorous thinking doesn't come in."

In his increasing marginalization, Kemp may be merely a victim of his successes. If Republicans are saying little specifically to black voters, it may be because they have absorbed Kemp's message that the poor and the black are no different than anybody else, and don't need special appeals. His difficulties with the tax commission and with small-government conservatives may be due to the successes of his pro-growth tax policies, which have freed conservatives finally to launch a frontal assault on spending. Kemp is not yet in danger of becoming a renegade Republican crank, along the lines of Harold Stassen or John Anderson. He still begins speeches, "My fellow revolutionaries . . . ." But there is an increasing agreement among Republicans that he is failing to hear an important voice in that revolution—his own. ♦

Term Limits: Declare Victory and Go Home

By Charles R. Kesler

The battle for congressional term limits was lost this year, on two fronts. In the House of Representatives, four versions of a constitutional amendment to limit congressional tenure went down to defeat. Soon after, the Supreme Court, in *U.S. Term Limits, Inc.* v. *Thornton*, struck down the attempt by state legislatures and popular majorities in the states to impose their own limits on the tenure of their federal legislators. As if to add an exclamation point, the Senate in mid-October turned back a resolution that would merely have expressed support for the concept.

Despite these losses, the war for congressional term limits goes on. Republican presidential candidates are hotly disputing the title of Most Eager to Limit Terms–witness Steve Forbes's recent attacks on Bob Dole for allegedly dragging his feet; and House Speaker Newt Gingrich has promised to take up the issue promptly in the next Congress. Even so, the odds against passing a constitutional amendment (the only avenue left to reformers) are enormous; and before plunging the country into yet another futile, protracted struggle to amend the Constitution, conservatives ought to pause and rethink their strategy.

After all, the campaign for term limits has, in one sense, already achieved victory. As a *political idea*, term limits have been taken to heart by millions of Americans fed up with incorrigible politicians. Partly as a result, over the past six years congressional turnover has increased enormously (more than half of all House members have been elected since 1990), and, *mirabile dictu*, in 1994 Republicans took control of Congress for the first time in 40 years. The fondest dreams of many term-limits backers were thus realized.

Though I have always opposed term limits, I must admit that considerable good probably came from the agitation for them. The American people awakened to the danger of "permanent government" and recovered an active sense of the prerogatives of citizenship. At the same time, however, they implicitly rejected the rigid consequences of formal term limits by choosing, as if for emphasis, to re-elect every Republican incumbent running for national or gubernatorial office last year. In dramatic fashion, the voters warned politicians against developing a class interest separate from and hostile to the public's, but they merrily indulged their freedom to re-elect veteran legislators in whom they had confidence. Thus, we now seem to have the best of both worlds: the ethos of term limits without the inconvenience of a constitutional restriction.

What then is left of the case for formalizing—for constitutionalizing—term limits? Why is this laborious, grave, and irrevocable step thought necessary, given that the anxiety over a permanent Congress has been allayed?

The case for formal term limits rests now on two attractive but dubious propositions: first, that they are needed in order to replace professionals with citizen-politicians; and second, that they are needed to restrict the power and scope of government. Neither proposition holds up under careful examination.

In the first place, the effect of formal term limits would not be to bring forth citizen-politicians but to breed a new species of itinerant professionals, switching from one political office to another. Even under term limits, the neophyte congressman would be eligible for re-election up to five times and so would have to master the skills required to retain office. He would face the usual incentives to pour resources and attention into casework, constitutent service, and fundraising instead of lawmaking. Such an electoral gantlet would quickly beat the amateurism out of the most determined non-professional.

But with the clock running on his current office, the politician under term limits will inevitably be thinking of his next one. This itinerant disposition promotes most of the disadvantages of professionalism and few of its benefits. On the House floor, Rep. Henry Hyde criticized the dissipation of talent and experience that term limits would produce, when he denounced the "dumbing down of democracy."

In exchange for a hecatomb of legislative talent, what advantages could term limits offer the country? It is claimed that term-limited legislators would be more likely to rise above the politics of immediate self-interest and seek to advance the common good. But

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surely it is more likely that they would feel less attached to long-term, arduous projects for the public good, because they would not be around to shape them and to take credit for them.

In fact, term limits are likely to narrow and distort the legislator's self-interest. Faced with his approaching extinction, he has little reason to make common cause with his party colleagues, to have a regard for the long-term health of his institution, or even to keep faith with his constituents.

In California we already see evidence of this. California voters helped inaugurate the term-limits movement by passing Proposition 140, mandating term limits for state assemblymen and senators, partly out of revulsion at business as usual in Sacramento—which meant largely out of antipathy to long-serving Assembly Speaker Willie Brown. Last year, the Republicans won a single-seat majority in the Assembly and seemed to be on the verge of ousting Brown as speaker. At the last moment, however, Brown pulled a rabbit out of his hat: Paul Horcher, a Republican assemblyman, who renounced his party, declared himself an Independent, and backed Brown for speaker. To add insult to injury, Horcher had in the course of his just-concluded campaign frequently criticized Brown's autocratic habits.

Why did Horcher risk this treacherous about-face? He was a term-limited legislator in his last term, facing imminent political demise. He had little to lose and, he must have figured, much to gain by betraying his campaign promises. (In fact, after his constituents recalled him from office, he became a paid consultant to the state Democratic party.)

Similarly, Doris Allen, the nominal Republican who in June succeeded Brown as speaker, did so with his blessing and the unanimous support of Assembly Democrats—plus her own vote. She, too, is a third-termer up against the limit who had already failed to move up to the state Senate in a special election.

To put it mildly, members of the California Assembly, all of whom are now covered by term limits, do not seem to have become a race of democratic statesmen as a result of Prop 140. Few are planning, Cincinnatus-like, to return to the plow. Instead, most are figuring out what new office to run for when their six years are up. And many who supported Prop 140 now wish they had devised a better reform that would have made the legislature a more deliberative body, not merely a temporary one. There are plenty of such reforms around. At the national level, the House has adopted a package of them crafted by Rep. David Dreier, including term limits for committee chairmen—a term-limit measure that makes sense because it combines the advantages of rotation with those of experience, enabling the chamber as a whole to *retain* the benefits of fresh insights and long perspectives and so become more, not less, deliberative.

The second argument for constitutionalizing term limits is that without this drastic reform, Congress will never be compelled to restrain, much less to reverse, the growth of government. This argument, especially dear to conservatives, rests largely on the researches of James L. Payne, whose interesting book *The Culture of Spending* demonstrates that the longer congressmen serve, the more spending they tend to vote for. But Payne's own data reveal that this propensity is dwarfed by the difference between Democratic and Republican spending habits.

On a scale in which the maximum score is 36 (for the highest discretionary domestic spending), Republican congressmen start out at 8 and after eight or nine terms spend their way up to about 14; Democrats start out nearly at 29 and after eight or nine terms spend their way up to 31. From these data, one would have to conclude that the most effective way to limit government spending is not to crusade for term limits but simply to elect more Republicans.

Americans should be concerned about the growth of the federal government, especially about the effects of the administrative state on our constitutional system. But the welfare state and the administrative state took over a century to build. They will not be dismantled in a day. Term limits would be a foolish way to pursue a strategy of reducing the size and scope of government. To quote *The Federalist*, which argued elegantly against term limits, "It is not generally to be expected that men will vary and measures remain uniform."

Finally, and most tellingly, we ought to wonder whether term limits would have unhappy effects on the American people's character. Constitutionalized term limits are a standing invitation to the neglect of that vigilance which citizens ought to exercise over their representatives. "Stop me before I vote again!" is the pathetic cry of the die-hard term limiters. In fact, the American people are not irresponsible; they can, and will, make serious political choices, if only they are presented with serious political alternatives, as the elections of 1980 and 1994 proved. The campaign to write term limits into the Constitution is now, at best, a distraction from the momentous effort to restore the constitutional grounds of limited government in America; at worst, it could become a delusive substitute for genuine political reform. ♦

Harry, We Hardly Knew Ye

By David Frum

This week, several hundred of the sort of people Harry Truman would likely have cursed as "bloodsuckers" on one of his intemperate days will pay upwards of $1,000 per ticket to attend a black-tie fundraiser for the Truman Library at the National Building Museum in Washington. The dinner is just one of a series of events commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of Truman's ascension to the presidency in April 1945. The anniversary committee is chaired by all the living presidents, and President and Mrs. Clinton will be the guests of honor at the fundraiser.

These anniversary celebrations cap a spectacular posthumous rehabilitation of the 31st president. President Clinton has lavished praise on David McCullough's loving biography of Truman, which was recently converted into a hagiographic film on HBO. When challenged on his decision to admit uncloseted homosexuals into the military, Clinton cited Truman's equally controversial desegregation of the armed forces. The president—like all trailing incumbents—apparently is taking the desperate, come-from-behind 1948 campaign as a model for his own reelection.

Nor is it merely partisan Democrats who honor Truman. Ronald Reagan and his neoconservative allies also claimed to have been inspired by Truman, humble populist and steely anti-communist. Who remembers now that Truman left office in near-disgrace? A country victorious in the Cold War salutes the author of the Truman Doctrine and the champion of the Marshall Plan. A country weary of deceit in high places treasures the memory of Truman's bluntness, his strength of purpose, his confidence in himself and the rightness of America's cause.

Our Truman is the Truman McCullough lionizes: "He stood for common sense, common decency. He spoke the common tongue. As much as any president since Lincoln, he brought to the highest office the language and values of the common American people. He held to the old guidelines: Work hard, do your best, speak the truth, assume no airs, trust in God, have no fear. Yet he was not and had never been a simple, ordinary man. . . . He was the kind of president the founding fathers had in mind for the country."

And all of this is true. But so is this: Truman spent a week visiting Yale in 1958. At a meeting with a small group of faculty and graduate students, the ex-president was asked how a Southerner like himself had come to support civil rights. Truman "replied eloquently that all Americans had fundamental rights. Then he added, 'But personally I don't care to associate with niggers.'"

That story comes from Alonzo L. Hamby's new biography, *Man of the People* (Oxford University Press, 760 pages, $35), an astringent corrective to the saccharin now served by Truman's uncritical admirers. It is a book that should be read by everyone who prefers history to myth-making. Hamby believes that Truman was a great president, as indeed he was. But he also reminds us that a great president is not always a great man. Hamby observes that Truman "often felt suspicious of those around him, was capable of considerable vindictiveness, seethed with unfocused hostility, and, above all, dealt poorly with stress." Truman's cronyism, his violent temper, his self-pity, his vacillation, his pettiness often justified the doubts of his contemporaries about his fitness for high office.

Truman's iconographers have lauded George Marshall's assessment of the "integrity of the man." McCullough describes Truman out of office. He "was not for sale. He would take no fees for commercial endorsements or for lobbying or writing letters or making phone calls. He would accept no 'consulting fees,' nor any gifts that might appear as a product endorsement on his part." There is no entry for "corruption" in McCullough's index.

Yet corruption was one of the trio of issues that sank the Democrats in 1952 (the others being Korea and communism). Between Teapot Dome and Watergate, no administration was as severely buffeted as Truman's by allegations of influence-peddling, most of them true: Government loans were directed to prominent Democrats and their friends, administration officials accepted gifts large and small, and old war buddies of Truman's accumulated tidy fortunes as "five-percenters." For the sake of his party, Truman was prepared to make all sorts of ethical compromises. In 1948, he fired the liberal head of the Civil Aeronautics Board, James M. Landis, under circumstances that lead Hamby to believe that Truman was motivated by the desire for campaign contributions from the aviation industry. Truman may have been an underdog in

1948, but he still raised considerably more money than his rival, Thomas Dewey: $2.7 million vs. $2.1 million. Nor, unlike, say, Ulysses S. Grant, was Truman invariably personally scrupulous. As a senator, he put his wife on his office payroll at a salary higher than any other of his employees—a practice condemned even by the loose ethical norms of the day.

Of course, if the only flaws marring Truman's reputation were his personal weaknesses or his administration's improprieties, recalling them now would be ridiculously beside the point. What president or presidency has gone unscathed by those? Nobody should begrudge the president who saved Western Europe from starvation and communism and imposed democratic institutions on Germany and Japan a few bouts of irascibility. Unfortunately, though, history's ledger records some far more significant debits in the ledger of Truman's achievements.

Alongside Truman's magnificent successes in foreign affairs, there lies an ominous record at home. All of us, on both sides of the Atlantic and Pacific, owe him thanks for the peaceful, secure, post-communist world we live in. But whenever a contemporary president hails Truman as a model for our own time, we should keep in mind that if conservative Congresses had not shot Truman's domestic program to pieces, our peaceful, secure, post-communist world would be a dramatically poorer one.

No American president ever proposed worse economic policies than Harry Truman. The great postwar economic boom that began in 1945 appalled and disgusted him, and he exerted all his political power in an attempt to shut it down. Truman wanted to impose a permanent war economy on the United States: a comprehensive system of wage, price, and credit controls; state allocation of investment capital; and confiscatory taxation—all supervised by a bureaucracy left almost entirely to its own discretion. It could even be argued that Truman's most important personal contribution to the nation's future prosperity was his unpopularity: Dislike of him helped elect the conservative postwar Congresses that rejected statism at precisely the moment of its maximum prestige. It's more than a little frightening to imagine what the country might look like now if Harry Truman's program had won the backing of a beloved figure like General Eisenhower.

America returned to peace in 1945 in an anxious mood. The country was wracked by inflation and strikes. Unsurprisingly so. Since 1940, the Federal Reserve had let the printing presses rip, creating enough money to keep the interest rate on federal debt hovering at a little above 1 percent. To prevent all that new currency from having its natural inflationary effect, the Roosevelt administration had established an elaborate system of price controls. Wartime enthusiasm eased the enforcement of the controls; it also helped that workers were pressured to invest their money in war bonds, locking up in savings accounts money that might otherwise have bid up the prices of goods.

The Truman administration had planned to finance postwar reconstruction the same way that the Roosevelt administration had financed the war—by continuing to print money, borrowing at very low rates and suppressing price increases. It didn't work. With the war over, people stopped buying war bonds and started cashing them instead, in hopes of buying a few peacetime luxuries: new tires, beefsteaks, civilian clothes. Goods vanished from stores; prices shot upwards. In August 1945, Truman decontrolled wages, and the major unions immediately demanded huge raises, 30 percent and more. When balked, union leaders (some of them communist-inspired) began exploiting the awesome powers conferred on them by New Deal labor legislation and yanking their followers out on strikes that threatened to shut the country down: rail strikes and steel strikes, auto strikes and coal strikes.

These strikes enraged Truman, and he took stern action to end them. In the case of the rail strike, he threatened to draft the strikers and subject them to military discipline unless they returned to work. But the only solution to the inflation and shortages problem that Truman could imagine was to redouble the policies that had created the problem in the first place: easy money and price controls. The president's authority to impose price controls expired in June 1946. In August, Congress restored price controls, but in a much weaker form. Truman never ceased demanding his wartime economic powers back.

Hamby grimly describes Truman's determination to institutionalize a command economy. In September 1946, Truman presented Congress with his first comprehensive postwar economic program: more controls on prices, a higher minimum wage, a law committing the Federal Reserve to easy money, a huge federal housing program, subsidies to small business, veterans' benefits, more generous Social Security payments, and a British-style national health insurance program. As he would do throughout his presidency, Truman proposed raising tax rates—already at wartime highs—as an anti-inflationary device. At the same time, recognizing that excessive taxation depressed economic production, he began punching loopholes in the

tax code to stimulate favored industries.

Truman's September program probably contributed as much as anything to the Republican landslide in November 1946. The reputation of that 80th Congress has been unjustly blackened by partisan historians. It was a Republican majority that enacted the Truman foreign policy. Republicans provided the aid to embattled Greece and Turkey demanded by the Truman Doctrine, and Republicans voted the funds for the Marshall Plan.

Those same Republicans, though, rebelled against Truman's vision of a permanently militarized economy. Even before they arrived in Washington, Truman unhappily abandoned most price controls to assuage them. The new Congress scrapped the rest. Congress made short work too of most of Truman's spending program, and twice sent him an unwanted tax cut, which he vetoed. Congress's repeal of price controls prompted the Federal Reserve to attack inflation by tightening money. As always, that worked. And the passage of the 1947 Taft-Hartley Act, curbing the wilder provisions of the 1935 Wagner Act, helped achieve labor peace.

But Truman's attachment to economic hokum did not waver. In November 1947, he proposed another Clement Atlee-style economic plan: controls on prices and consumer credit, federal allocations of capital to industry, and rationing of consumer goods. Happily, the 80th Congress ignored him.

Eight months later, Truman tried again. Everyone has heard of the famous "special session" of Congress convened by Truman in July 1948. He sent up bill after obnoxious bill, knowing that each would be rejected, justifying his claim that the 80th was a "do-nothing" Congress. Now take a look at the content of his bills: price controls again, a huge expansion of the federal housing program already transforming poor neighborhoods into nightmarish slums, national health insurance, federal support for and regulation of local school boards, and a renewed commitment to federal water projects to produce subsidized electricity. It was the Lyndon Johnson program, 15 years early. And if we believe that Johnson's huge expansion of the federal government between 1965 and 1973 shut down the postwar expansion of the American economy, we ought to wonder: Would there have been a postwar economic expansion in the first place if Harry Truman's legislative program had succeeded?

Kent Lemon

Nor should the left-wing program of July 1948 be interpreted, as McCullough interprets it, as a mere tactic to split reasonable Dewey Republicans from the Taft mossbacks. Truman sincerely believed in it. After his re-election, he sent virtually the same set of policies up Capitol Hill again: repeal of Taft-Hartley, higher taxes, centrally planned hydroelectric authorities on the model of the Tennessee Valley Authority, national health insurance, the inevitable price controls, and on and on. He opposed the decontrol of the price of natural gas, a reckless move that would have accelerated the 1973 energy crisis had he not been forced to change his mind to win the support of a key Oklahoma senator. And again his program was largely disregarded.

Then came a great opportunity: another war. Within three months of the North Korean attack on the South, Truman extracted a Defense Production Act from Congress, at last permitting him to re-impose the economic controls he had been demanding for five years. Embittered liberals damned the results of the elections of November 1950—a Democratic loss of five seats in the Senate, and 28 in the House—as a victory for McCarthyism. Perhaps so. But it was Truman's determination to use Korea to reimpose central economic planning that gave McCarthy his opportunity.

Actually, the connection between Truman and McCarthyism is even more direct than that. Senator McCarthy delivered his notorious Wheeling, West Virginia, speech—inaugurating his career as America's premier anticommunist—in January 1950. Previously, most Re-

publican leaders had eschewed McCarthyite demagoguery. Dewey had passionately opposed the outlawing of the Communist party in 1948: "It is an attempt to beat down ideas with a club. It is a surrender of everything we believe in." Two years later, however, the courtly Robert Taft was prepared to make use of McCarthy; in 1952, Eisenhower—who despised the Wisconsin senator—paid him compliments while campaigning in Milwaukee. What changed their minds?

Perhaps one should ask, Who changed their minds? The nostalgic memory of the "Give 'em hell Harry" whistlestop campaign of 1948 has softened our recollection of the extraordinary savagery of Truman's campaign rhetoric. McCullough averts his eyes from the spectacle, inserting only a few rough remarks into his honey-glazed account of Truman's speeches. ("He expressed love of home, love of the land, the virtues and old verities of small-town America, his America. . . . He was friendly, cheerful. And full of fight. 'You are the government,' he said time after time. 'I think the government belongs to you and me as private citizens,'" etc.) Even the more realistic Hamby fails to convey the full flavor of it.

In Iowa, Truman accused the Republicans of promoting a "Wall Street economic dictatorship." The Congress, he said, "had stuck a pitchfork in the farmer's back." "That's how they love the farmers!" he roared in Missouri. "They want to bust them just like they did in 1932." In Detroit, he told a rally that Dewey's election would "totally enslave the working man." Under a Republican administration, not only would wages fall, "our democratic institutions of free labor and free enterprise" would be endangered.

A Nevada speech condemned the Republicans as "silent and cunning men, who have developed a dangerous lust for power and privilege." In Texas he charged that Republicans opposed government construction of hydroelectric dams "because it means that the big power monopolies cannot get their rake-off at the expense of the public."

In Indiana, the president swung wildly, shouting: "If anybody in this country is friendly to the Communists, it is the Republicans." Again in Oklahoma, Truman tested this proto-McCarthyite theme: "Just why are the Communists backing the third party [Henry Wallace's Progressives]? They are backing the third party because they want a Republican victory in November."

Incessantly, Truman warned that Dewey's election would bring back the Depression. H.L. Mencken, covering his last national campaign, quipped, "If he did not come out for spiritualism, chiropractic, psychotherapy, and extra sensory perception, it was only because no one demanded that he do so. If there had been any formidable body of cannibals in the country, he would have promised to provide them with free missionaries fattened at the taxpayers' expense."

None of Truman's railway-car orations, however, quite matched in viciousness the speech he gave to a huge crowd and nationwide radio audience in Chicago on October 25, vilifying Dewey's campaign themes of national unity and administrative efficiency.

Dewey's biographer, Richard Norton Smith, offers this description: "Now he went further, charging that Dewey's party paid only 'lip service' to democracy itself. 'In our time we have seen the tragedy of the Italian and German peoples, who lost their freedom to men who made promises of unity and efficiency and sincerity . . . and it could happen here.' Pointing a finger at 'powerful reactionary forces which are silently undermining our democratic institutions,' Truman accused Dewey of being a 'front man' for the same cliques that had backed Hitler in Germany, Mussolini in Italy, and Tojo in Japan."

Dewey never responded in kind. It's not hard to understand why the Republicans who had lost the 1948 election to a Truman who accused them of fronting for fascism succumbed in 1950 to the temptation to retaliate by representing the Democrats as fronting for communism. What is hard to understand is why McCarthy's lies are regarded as the ultimate in political baseness, while Truman's are laughed off as the amusing excesses of a lovable old cuss.

Since his unlamented departure from office in 1953—by which time he had sunk so low in public esteem that Adlai Stevenson avoided appearing in public with him—Harry Truman's reputation has been puffed by a series of promoters, all of them in the service of an agenda.

First to set the Truman boom in motion was Merle Miller, a journalist who had interviewed Truman at length in the early 1960s, and then reproduced extracts from those interviews in a 1974 book, *Plain Speaking*.

In a country weary of the deceit of Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, *Plain Speaking* inspired nostalgia for the days when it had been governed by a simple, direct man who minced no words. (Ironically enough, the best stories in it are completely untrue.)

As the post-Vietnam Democratic party abandoned its commitment to containment, Truman took on talismanic meaning for the dwindling handful of Democrats who kept faith with liberal anti-communism. What better symbol of their

politics could the party's history offer than a president who faced down Moscow abroad while veering further left on domestic issues than any important Democrat of the 1970s would dare?

For Republicans who wanted to reach out to hawkish Democrats who felt abandoned by their ancestral party, Truman likewise became a potent symbol. And everyone, Democrat or Republican, who retained some elemental faith in the country's conduct of the great struggles of the century felt obliged to vindicate Truman against the revisionists who blamed him for dropping an unnecessary atomic bomb on an allegedly helpless Japan and forcing confrontation on an allegedly peace-loving Soviet Union.

In the aftermath of the Cold War, however, Truman's legacy has become available for more sinister exploitation by politicians who want to incite the poor against the successful, who want to revitalize discredited schemes of statism, who want the press corps to chuckle indulgently as they violently defame their opponents. No wonder Bill Clinton has become so interested in him. ♦

Theater

The Brilliant Show That Killed Broadway

By John Podhoretz

Twenty-five years ago, the Stephen Sondheim musical *Company* opened on Broadway, and made a sensation. *Company* has now returned to Broadway for the first time in a revival at the Roundabout Theater. But something interesting happened in the years between the two productions: Broadway died. And one of the causes of its death was this extraordinary piece of theater.

In 1970, *Company* seemed like a message from the future—an entirely new style of musical, one that would liberate a form that had grown stale and formulaic. Indeed, despite the Roundabout's awkward and second-rate staging, the revival seems entirely contemporary (despite some jarring references to "busy signals," "answering services," bubble-headed stewardesses, and kooky free spirits). That is due primarily to Sondheim's songs, amazingly compact and precise depictions of modern American life—as when an aging matron sings of her life in "The Ladies Who Lunch": "Another long, exhausting day,/Another thousand dollars,/A matinee, a Pinter play, perhaps a piece of Mahler's/I'll drink to that./And one for Mahler." It would take John Updike or John Cheever pages to capture what Sondheim captures in just those 25 words: the self-loathing and self-congratulation of a decaying cultural elite.

Company's emphasis on "relationships" at the expense of plot prefigured the success of such 1990s sitcoms as *Seinfeld* and *Friends*, as did its caustic take on its central character, a 38-year-old charmer named Robert who cannot bring himself to wed despite (or because of) the imprecations of "these good and crazy people, my married friends." Those friends are four couples whose own flawed marriages are portrayed in the broad strokes of a brilliant *New Yorker* cartoonist in George Furth's sharp libretto.

A series of vignettes, *Company* isn't really about Robert or his friends—its subjects are marriage, commitment, fear of commitment, New York, men, women, and sex. And through it all, Sondheim offers a view of adulthood that is sophisticated, depressing, and sobering. About the best he can offer in praise of marriage is this lyric, sung by the four husbands to Robert: "You're always sorry, you're always grateful. You think of things that might have been. Then she walks in."

People enter marriage with dread and foreboding. A woman lets loose with a torrent of words and emotions in a showstopper called "Getting Married Today," at the relentless, literally breathtaking pace of the "Flight of the Bumblebee": "Pardon me is everybody here because if everybody's here I want to thank you all for coming to the wedding I'd appreciate your going even more I mean you must have lots of better things to do and not a word of it to Paul you 'member Paul you know the man I'm going to marry but I'm not because I wouldn't ruin anyone as wonderful as he is . . . ."

Nor are unmarried relations any better. In Central Park, one of Robert's girlfriends sings the first anthem to New York that actually describes the place well: "They meet at parties through the friends of friends whom they never know./ 'Do I pick you up or shall I meet you there or shall we let it go? /Did you get my message cause I looked in vain/Can we see each other Tuesday if it doesn't rain,/Look, I'll call you in the morning or my service will explain . . . .'"

This is a show in which the

audience-pleasing production numbers are all intended ironically. The high-stepping "Side by Side by Side" is, you realize slowly, a terrifying salute to life as a third wheel: "Year after year, older and older, side by side . . . by side./One's impossible, two is dreary, three is company, safe and cheery." And in "You Could Drive a Person Crazy," Robert's three girlfriends make like the Andrews sisters as they attack him for his flaws in the catchiest tune of Sondheim's composing career: "When a person says that you upset her, that's when you're good./You impersonate a person better than a zombie should."

It's startling to realize that *Company* made its debut at a time when Broadway was still dominated by shows that seem a million years old now—lumbering behemoths like *Hello, Dolly!* and *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Man of La Mancha* and *1776*, all of which were going strong when Sondheim and his collaborators came along and smashed their genre to bits.

The show was a turning point in the American theater, as notable in its way as *Oklahoma!* had been when it premiered in 1943, seamlessly merging song, story, and dance and thereby ushering in the so-called "golden age of the Broadway musical." *Company* was the first wholly successful break from the rules of the golden age, which were pretty simple. First, musicals were generally set in the past. Not the past as anyone had ever known it, but an idealized past, a time more innocent than when the show was written. *The Music Man*, which opened in 1957, is set in 1911 Iowa. (1956's *My Fair Lady*? Edwardian London. 1945's *Carousel*? Turn-of-the-century New England. And so on.) Second, with few exceptions (like *Carousel*), they concluded happily, with a marriage or the possibility of a marriage. And finally, they were designed to rouse their audiences, to knock them for a loop with an explosive combination of comic patter, ballads, dance routines, broad and obvious jokes, and a big finish—an "11 o'clock song" designed to send the audience home with a buzz of excitement.

The form worked, and worked brilliantly, for about 25 years. Indeed, for about five decades altogether, the Broadway theater (especially in its pre-*Oklahoma!* days) was the single greatest source of the American popular song, which history will record as one of the glories of American creativity in the 20th century. Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, Jerome Kern and George and Ira Gershwin—these were theater people, writing show after show, year after year, with standard after standard in each score.

Alas, like most art that is produced unconsciously by those who think of themselves primarily as craftsmen, the musical was soon forced to contend with the disease of ambition—the pretentious desire of people who are rich, famous, and successful to be celebrated for their artistry, not for making people laugh or sing or cry. Theater folk ached to prove themselves deserving of the title of artist, and actually succeeded in winning converts to their cause with shows like *West Side Story*—a supposedly daring and adult 1957 musical about street gangs based (may God help us) on *Romeo and Juliet* that today seems as quaint as *The Music Man*.

West Side Story was the first show Sondheim worked on. Later, he would write his own music, but in *West Side Story* he was writing words to Leonard Bernstein's soaring melodies and gave few hints of the rhythmic and linguistic intricacies he was later to display: "A boy like that,/Who kill your brother!/Forget that boy and find another!/One of your own kind, stick to your own kind. . ." was about the best he could do.

So at the beginning of his career, Sondheim had already been party to a movement to change the Broadway musical, to make it more adult, more serious, more capable of addressing important issues. Only who wants serious issues addressed in a musical? Why would you even want to try? It would be like attending *Madame Butterfly* because that opera has a lot to say about suicide, or *The Magic Flute* because you are interested in exploring Masonic philosophy.

After all, an absurd thing happens every 10 minutes in a musical: Somebody bursts into song. This, needless to say, happens rarely in real life, and if it happened more frequently it would be cause for deep alarm. The reason that musicals traditionally concerned themselves with trivialities of plot and incident was because its makers knew they could not fool audiences into taking seriously the antics going on in front of them. Any resemblance to real life was strictly coincidental. The greatest stars of the musical stage—Ethel Merman, Mary Martin—were bold and brassy caricatures of women, every gesture overdone and overdeliberate so that it could be seen in the third balcony rear. When Merman was required to break down in tears during the bitter and powerful 11 o'clock number called "Rose's Turn" that closes 1959's *Gypsy*, Sondheim's second show, the original cast album records her for posterity sputter-

ing and muttering like a dinner-theater amateur.

So along come the 1960s, with their mania for self-expression and celebration of the young, and at decade's end along comes *Company*. Staged with all the glitter and dazzle that Broadway could muster—which was all the glitter and dazzle of the world then—*Company* had a gasp-inducing set, striking costumes, hammy crowd-pleasing performances, and legendary choreography by the late Michael Bennett—all deployed in the service of a show that was, at root, a devastating criticism of the Broadway musical itself. (This would become more explicit in Sondheim's next show, *Follies*, which takes place as a great old Broadway musical theater is literally falling down around the characters' heads.)

Even the audience came under attack: The aforementioned "Ladies Who Lunch," so memorably skewered by Sondheim, were none other than the women sitting in the audience at the Alvin Theater night after night, paying $25 to hear themselves belittled.

No longer would the Broadway musical be shackled to the formal demands of plot, story, character, happy ending. No longer would they require a chorus (the original production had four extra singers, called "the Vocal Minority"; the revival dispenses with them entirely). No longer would they offer only a song, a dance, a laugh; no, now they were to deal with the humiliations and traumas of dancers and homosexuals (*A Chorus Line*). Or life on the verge of a nuclear war (*Dance a Little Closer*). Or the traumas of having a baby (*Baby*). Or discovering your father is gay and his lover has AIDS (*Falsettos*). Broadway musicals could now be about "concepts."

This artistic impulse, this desire to free the musical from the strictures of its past, proved a devastating, horrifying failure. The "concept" musical didn't liberate Broadway; it destroyed it. There was no new intimacy between audience and show as *Company* had promised. Instead, the concepts themselves changed—shows ceased being about marriage, relationships, imperialism and death, and increasingly concerned themselves with singing cats (*Cats*) and singing trains (*Starlight Express*).

Boyd Gaines (center) and the 1995 Company

Instead of brilliant shows like *Company* and the Sondheim shows of the 1970s that followed it—*Follies*, *Pacific Overtures*, *A Little Night Music*, and *Sweeney Todd*, each with a score more impressive than its predecessor's—Broadway audiences today are assaulted by garish, overproduced, earsplitting examples of showbiz excess in the form of Europop bilge like *Miss Saigon* and *Les Misérables*. They aren't works of theater; they're magic shows, Vegas revues, in which the singing, the dancing, the acting, *everything* is secondary to the spectacle.

Instead of the indescribable uplift of an infectiously tuneful Broadway show, they pummel audiences into mute submission and allow them to leave the theater thinking they've gotten their $75 worth.

Still, audiences come; old theaters are being renovated; Disney is making a mint on its stage version of *Beauty and the Beast*. *Cats* and *Les Misérables* will run forever—and that may be the literal truth; *Cats* has been at the Winter Garden for 13 years, *Les Miz* at the Imperial for nine. But Broadway is dead—or rather, the *idea* of Broadway is, the idea that Broadway is a show-business culture that is not simply a stepchild of Hollywood's but one with its own stars, its own legends, its own stories—and that, moreover, offers its fans and spectators a high they can find nowhere else. The only two musicals scheduled to open this season on Broadway are *Victor/Victoria* and *Big*, both adaptations of movies. In 1970, when *Company* opened, 22 new musicals vied for attention. Sondheim and his collaborators made the old Broadway archaic and replaced it with something far worse.

The idea of Broadway is now as remote and dated as the depressing fact that this month on the Great White Way, the 74-year-old Carol Channing will open a revival of *Hello, Dolly!*—in which she must play a desirable woman of 40. Apparently, like the body of Vladimir Lenin, Broadway will be there, entombed and embalmed, right in front of us, for many decades to come. And each year, the tickets will get more and more expensive as the body slowly crumbles to dust inside its well-preserved sepulcher. ♦

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'My Fellow Republicans, As-Salaam-Alaikum'

Yesterday, August 15, 1996, Lamar Alexander accepted the Republican nomination for president. His five-hour acceptance speech was heavily influenced by Louis Farrakhan, whose address to last year's Million Man March has changed American political rhetoric forever. Here are excerpts from Alexander, Hour One:

My fellow Republicans, *as-salaam-alaikum*. I am so grateful to Allah for giving me the chance to serve as your nominee for the presidency of the United States, and for helping me to break from the pack on Super Tuesday.

But I would like to address *all* Americans tonight. I stand before you in my black and red flannel bow tie, not as a normal politician, beholden to the ways of Washington, but as a messenger from God. Whether you like it or not, God brought His message of devolving telecom reform to the states through me. And I say unto my critics, if I am so bland, why is my message so exhilarating? If I am so dull, how is this platform so bright, the response so magnificent?

'The Number 18'

Thousands of you joined me on my march from Nashville, where most of my campaign donors live, to the convention center here in San Diego. And many of you noticed the tractor trailers that would pass us on the highway. And many asked, "Why are they called '18 wheelers'? What is so secret about the number 18?"

LAMAR AL-X-ANDER

Let us probe this mystery. When you have an 8, you have two pregnant Koala bears stacked on top of one another. And when you have a 1 standing next to the 8, it means it is going to be an especially cold winter. Cold water freezes at 32 degrees, and if you add 3 and 2 to 18 you get 23 and if you subtract 13 to get rid of bad luck, you get 10, and what is 10 but the number of the amendment to the U.S. Constitution that explicitly reserves power to the states and not to the federal government?

'Petruvius "Willie" Lynch'

I am speaking to you tonight from a rostrum, which is a structure derived from ancient Rome—and as you know, the Roman Empire was not ruled from Washington but from Rome, which is just the kind of local control we need now. But in 212, a Roman slaveholder named Petruvius "Willie" Lynch, who once blocked hats at his local Masonic Lodge, wrote a pamphlet entitled the "Protocols of the Elders of K Street," in which he plotted to take power from virile, manly Romans and to amass it at the law firm of Patton, Boggs and Blow and among other bloodsuckers inside the Washington Beltway. And little by little it came to pass.

Now I have pledged to spend my presidency walking to global trade negotiations, and talking to normal folks along the way, while turning the White House into a Motel 6.

'Verily, Come On Along'

And this voyage will be no less magnificent than the walk Moses took in the Sinai when he sayeth to the Israelites, Come On Along! And was it not Jesus who said to his disciples, "Verily, Come On Along!" and Lo, they cameth on along!

And by this route, we will take power away from those in Washington and we will have a day of atonement, though we will make sure they, and not we, do most of the atoning. And we will embrace the governors—in Albany, in Sacramento, in Harrisburg—and we will instruct them about the 8 steps of Federalism, and especially step 5, which involves remitting a percentage of each block grant to the Empowerment Hair Care Company, owned by members of my campaign staff.

And so as I look out over this sea of mostly white faces, I say to you, bless you, you beautiful Republicans. And I know you won't mind listening to me for another four hours. And so let me begin the bulk of my remarks by comparing welfare reform to the notes on a piano . . .