the weekly
Standard

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ABORTION AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Consider the fetus. It is life, but just barely. Live, but not viable. Human, but not fully developed. Distinct but dependent, in another's body but not a part of it, its relation to the woman who carries and may want to kill it is a matter of ongoing strife. Unable to breathe, it makes presidents tremble. It has the power to split the Republican party, and has helped bleed the Democrats white.

A New Approach

by Noemie Emery

Jonathan Kozol, Phony TUCKER CARLSON

End Neo-Segregation Now MICHAEL GREVE

In Defense of Newt THE EDITORS • FRED BARNES

the weekly Standard

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Allons, Enfants!

The French, always on guard for infections of Englishism on their precious *corps culturel*, have suffered another blow. An international study of basic literacy, conducted by the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, has ranked France last among seven Western industrialized countries—barely ahead of Poland. More than 40 percent of France's adult population scored in the lowest level of reading proficiency, a figure twice as bad as that for—*zut alors!*—the United States. What's a proud Frenchman to do?

Simple: Reject the study and order all references to France expunged. That's what the French Education Ministry has done. The reading tests in question, says Ministry official Claude Thélot, were spoiled by "Anglo-Saxon culture." How so? One exercise outlined the egg recipe for a four-person cake and then asked how many eggs would be required to feed six. French people don't learn this way, sniffs M. Thélot. "If you make a mistake of one egg, your cake may not be spoiled." Every *écolier* knows that.

But the Anglo-Saxons get the last laugh. The French now wrap their arms around the "culture bias" critique of unwelcome standardized test results, a peculiarly American export if ever there were one. *Touché!*

Corruption in Washington? Where?

If ever there was evidence that the United States is hypersensitive to political corruption, it came with the Dec. 6 announcement that a special counsel would begin examining whether House Speaker Newt Gingrich breached the tax code when he used tax-deductible contributions to underwrite his teaching of a college class. Now compare the Gingrich troubles and other Washington scandals, including former Sen. David Durenberger's recent sentence of one year's probation for submitting $3,825 in phony expenses to the Senate, to a few that have recently ensnared politicians around the world. Raul Salinas, the brother of the former president of Mexico, is in prison on murder charges and now faces questions about an $84 million bank account he maintained in Switzerland. Then there's the former president of South Korea, Roh Tae Woo, who was indicted on Dec. 4 after admitting he received $654 million from businessmen to create a political slush fund. The grand prize for dipping into the national kitty goes to the president of Zaire, Mobutu Sese Seko, who during his 30-year tenure is estimated to have enriched himself to the tune of $5 *billion*, though as far as we know he has never been examined by a special counsel. Notwithstanding the howling by Perotistas that Washington is awash in special-interest money, the U.S. federal government still seems orders of magnitude less corrupt than just about anywhere else.

Gag Me With a Candidate

Democratic Rep. Robert Torricelli of New Jersey inaugurated his campaign for the Senate seat being vacated by Bill Bradley at an elementary school in his home town. But, according to the Associated Press, the sixth-grade students in the audience "became distracted when one of them threw up during the speech."

Fun With Federal Workers

A week after last month's government shutdown, 200-some federal workers flew at public expense to Orlando, Florida, home of Disney World. The ostensible purpose of the junket was a (week-long) "training workshop."

The gang reportedly unwound at Sea World, and was treated to backstage tours of the Magic Kingdom. Said Corky Mayo, "chief of interpretation and education" for the National Park Service, "People expect government workers to work 24 hours a day." (Actually, many taxpayers would settle for, oh, five hours.) Continued the Corkmeister, "I think at the end of the day it's okay if we have dinner and get together." Yes, employees the world over like to do that; but they don't ask their fellow citizens to pay for it. And come to think of it, Disney World is a "national park" that is none the worse for being outside the control of the National Park Service.

The Reading List

The Reading List again hangs its head in shame. A correction in last week's issue contained a doozy of a mistake itself: It is not true, as we said, that in the last paragraph of Evelyn Waugh's *Black Mischief*, the hapless newspaperman Boot of the *Beast* gets cannibalized. In

Scrapbook

the first place, Boot of the *Beast* appears only in Waugh's *Scoop*; the English protagonist of *Black Mischief* is none other than the classic Waughian reprobate, Basil Seal. And it is Basil Seal's fiancée, Prudence, who is made into a human stew that Basil actually ingests in the last paragraph of the book.

All thanks and apologies to Michael Kelly of Washington, D.C., Terence E. Ryan of Danbury, Ct., and Jerry Brown of Potomac, Md., who caught us out in the postmodernist act of committing an error in the course of apologizing for a previous error.

In honor of this week's editorial about Newt Gingrich and the unfair charges against him, we recommend two books by one of the Reading List's favorite authors, Anthony Trollope, who wrote masterfully about the experience of being charged with an offense that the accused did not commit.

The Last Chronicle of Barset may be Trollope's greatest work, the stunning and sobering portrait of the impoverished clergyman Josiah Crawley and how his pride makes it impossible for him to defend himself adequately when he is accused of theft. Though Trollope does not usually reach such heights, the grandeur of Crawley's weakness makes him a towering literary figure.

Phineas Redux is the fifth book in Trollope's six-novel Palliser cycle, which together surely make up the best British novel about politics and Parliament. In *Phineas Redux*, the idealistic young Irish member of Parliament we met in *Phineas Finn* finds himself accused of murder, all because he was wearing the same kind of raincoat as the true murderer and is fingered for the crime by the thick Lord Fawn. Sadder and wiser after his acquittal, Phineas is at last ready to make a wonderful marriage to Mme. Max Goesler, the Jewish widow whom Shirley Robin Letwin describes as the "ideal gentleman" in her seminal study, ***The Gentleman in Trollope***.

Harvard Hates Us

The Weekly Standard has obtained a Nov. 21 memorandum from Harvard University's government department chairman, Kenneth Shepsle, that attempts to answer questions about the department's use of quotas in admissions that were originally raised in Elena Neuman's Oct. 9 cover story, "Harvard's Sins of Admission." The story demonstrated how the government department used a two-track system for admitting students and granting financial aid, and has understandably caused a firestorm in Cambridge.

Shepsle's memo assures all concerned that the department's admissions process is "merit-based" and minimizes the extent to which "diversity" considerations come into play. In addition, in a letter Harvard is sending out in response to inquiries from disgruntled alumni and others, Shepsle assures one and all that "we do not have separate admissions processes for minorities and nonminorities" and that he wants the admissions committee to "focus on intellectual merit."

This means either that Harvard is blowing smoke, or that the government department has in fact changed its admissions procedures, but is unwilling officially to acknowledge doing so for fear of antagonizing all of those (like the graduate students "of color" whose letter was published in the Dec. 11 issue) who will scream if there is any public retreat from the "affirmative-action" regime described in Neuman's article.

Casual

The Unflappables

Most people get annoyed when salesmen call during dinner. Not at my house. We love it. A call from somebody hawking burial plots or new long-distance service may interrupt the meal, but it also gives us a chance to play Scare the Solicitor, my family's favorite parlor game. The object is to say something so disturbing, so bizarre, to a telemarketer that he'll never call again, maybe even give up phone sales for good. It's harder than it sounds.

"Hi, Mr. Carlson, this is Brandon Mink, from Merrill Lynch."

"Hi." (Voice sounds kind of familiar. Do I know this guy?)

"Mr. Carlson, if you have a second, I'd like to talk to you about some important investment opportunities."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Brandon, I can't. I'm kind of busy. I'm having my other leg amputated in the morning. Got to pack for the hospital."

(Pause. Nervous chuckle.) "You're kidding, right?"

"Unfortunately not." (Did he just ask me if I was *kidding*?) "Had the other one taken off last year. Terrible experience. Just when I was getting used to one prosthesis, they're getting me another. I'm not looking forward to it."

"Wow. Sorry. Well, listen, would you have time to talk when you get out?"

"Actually, Brandon, I'm going out of town after I leave the hospital. Headed up to Minnesota for a couple of months. Going to get some experimental therapy, see if I'll ever walk again. I won't be back till March."

"Hmm. Okay. Well, maybe I could call you then. Will you be at this number?"

Sound callous? Not by the standards of the people who call my house. (Though, to be fair, Brandon from Merrill Lynch did write a follow-up note a few days later. "If your spirits stay high," he wrote in ballpoint at the bottom of the investment pitch, "you'll never be low.")

Just the other night, Sherri from Rollins Protective Services dialed up to see if I wanted to buy some fantastically expensive alarm system. So I told her I was blind.

"Legally blind?" she asked. "Oh, totally blind," I said. "I was young, a chemistry set blew up in my face."

From across the room my wife grimaced, as if to say I was going too far. Which I was, but then so was Sherri.

"Well, we have a model for the visually impaired," Sherri offered hopefully. "It doesn't have Braille, but the buttons are raised. Alarms are especially important for the handicapped." She didn't miss a beat. "If your house caught fire, the alarm would wake you up and the fire department would come and lead you outside."

She almost had me. "I'm not sure," I said, "I have this terrible drinking problem. I don't think I'd wake up even if the alarm went off." "Well," she countered, "the firemen would just carry you out."

Clearly nothing was going to deter this woman. Finally, in a desperate move, I slammed the handset against the wall, made a yelping sound and muttered something about hitting my head on a kitchen cabinet. Got to go, I said.

But she ignored me. "Could I at least come over and show it to you?" she pleaded. "*Show* it to me?" I harrumphed with what was rapidly becoming real indignation. "I'm *blind*."

Over the years, I've tried just about every disease and physical deformity I could think of on phone solicitors, the whole gamut from kidney dialysis and advanced melanoma to more esoteric maladies like lupus and Hansen's Disease. When Greenpeace canvassers would show up at our door begging for money, I'd stare at them in bovine incomprehension without saying a word. Taking their clipboard, I'd write, "I am a deaf-mute" in big, scrawly letters and keep staring. Usually, they'd get uncomfortable and leave quickly (though one patient volunteer spent 10 minutes trying to explain acid rain to me in hand gestures).

But all of these were just short-term solutions. What I really needed was something to scare them off for good, some way to get blacklisted by phone salesmen. By the time Citibank called last summer hoping to hook me on a new credit bargain, I thought I had it all figured out.

"Would you like to take advantage of our new Credit Value Plus Voucher Savings Plan today?" the woman asked.

"Of course, I'd love to," I said. "But I don't know if I should. My future's kind of up in the air at this point. I'd better wait to find out what happens with my appeal."

"Your appeal?"

"Yeah, I'm out on bond right now. Maybe you read about it—I killed three people in a drug-related murder spree a couple of years ago. I'm out now trying to beat the charges. And it's expensive. You wouldn't believe what lawyers cost. So I really don't think I should take advantage of the offer till I win my case."

"I know you're innocent," she said perkily.

"I'm not. I definitely did it. But I'll probably get off anyway. This is America."

"Good luck!" she said.

Tucker Carlson

Into Bosnia

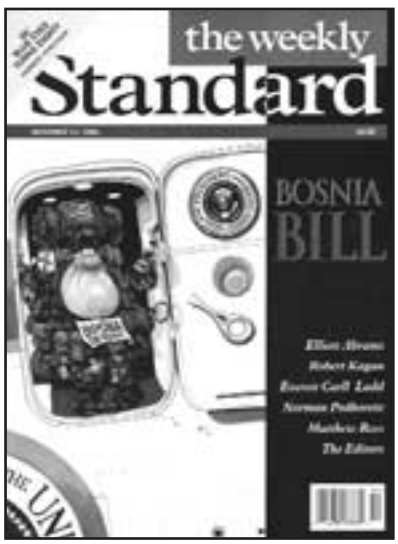
Concerning your position on Bosnia (editorials of Dec. 4 and Dec. 11): No, no, a thousand times no! Opposition to the cavalier use of our resources is not only prudent—it's required. To allow the mission to proceed and fail, as it will, will do more to undermine our global credibility than drawing it up short before disaster is realized. Leadership does not equal supporting or excusing presidential mistakes now, simply because we wish to preserve some image of American unity abroad. Leadership is recognizing what is correct and having the courage to stand on it. To follow this president in this action is neither correct nor courageous. It is simply wrong. Do we really need another black wall memorializing yet another failed foreign adventure?

Stan Jones
Oakdale, CA

So eager are you to plant your "standard" in the killing fields of Bosnia, you have paraded a meretricious collection of arguments in support of your internationalist pretensions. Any opposition to the insertion of 20,000 American troops in that wretched region is characterized as "strident, even cavalier." You don't have to be an isolationist to believe that American power—and the lives of American soldiers—should be carefully husbanded in support of clearly defined American interests. If anyone is being cavalier here, it is those who claim, as you do, that the U.S. "would be a niggardly superpower indeed" were it not "to help halt horrifying bloodshed in Europe." Where else will this assistance be required? In the far greater killing fields of Africa? Chechnya? The think-tank commandos in the salons of Georgetown will not be the ones freezing at round-the-clock roadside checkpoints, trying not to be the latest casualty in a blood feud as old as the millennium, wondering whether that oncoming truck is being driven by a jihad-ist hell-bent on Paradise. You should question how you are defending the Constitution by backing a "peacekeeping" mission in an area of marginal strategic interest. This, many of us question—uncavalierly.

H.T. Voelkner
Alexandria, VA

Ever the vanguard of establishment Republicanism, The Standard serves up another plate of Washington-think for our consumption. Go to Bosnia, protect presidential primacy in foreign policy, avoid embarrassment, and, for God's sake, man, protect the NATO-led European security arrangement. If we don't, what will our neighbors say? The internationalist buffet you offer fails to address the lack of a vital U.S. national security threat and the carelessness of negotiations that put our credibility on the line. If the Bosnia deployment is wrong—and it is—Congress should do everything in its power to stop it. The silent scream of military



families ("Surely someone is going to stop this madness") summons us to deeper reflection than, "But we've always done it this way."

Jeff Fedorchak
Alexandria, VA

With some misgivings (now confirmed), I decided recently to accept your six-week trial offer. Please cancel my subscription, and thanks for the look. The last straw was the endorsement of the allied occupation of the Balkans under the Arkansas chicken hawk. You clinched it for me with the comment: "When the 'conservative street' is wrong, it should be corrected—or ignored." I got the message.

F. M. Kellam
St. Louis, MO

I was greatly relieved to see that the editors were able to transcend their partisan proclivities and support the president on his Bosnia decision. Many Republicans justly criticize Democrats for using scare tactics as their only defense against painful policy decisions (e.g., Medicare). Yet this is precisely the same strategy that many in the GOP are engaging in now.

Bob Dole, fortunately, has not given in to this short-term political ploy. His embrace of Clinton's position, though qualified, is an act of statesmanlike foresight. He understands that we cannot maintain credibility in our existing security arrangements with Europe while doing nothing to help stop the ethnic cleansing raging in her midst. With leadership comes responsibility—which is not to say that our limited mission should escalate into another futile attempt at nation-building.

The Weekly Standard is right to support the president on Bosnia, but must caution him and others on the dangers of "mission creep."

Matthew Feely
Philadelphia, PA

Matthew Rees claims inconsistency in my approaches to the Gulf war debate and the current Bosnia debate ("Hypocrite, Thy Name Is . . . ," Dec. 11). I disagree. In Bosnia today—as in Haiti in 1994, Somalia in 1993, and the Persian Gulf in 1991—I favor congressional authorization. Congress should vote whenever U.S. combat troops are put in dangerous situations. This position is consistent with my belief that the president, even absent congressional authorization, has the power as commander in chief to deploy troops (as President Bush did in 1990) and to take other military actions.

As to my position on the Persian Gulf war, I opposed H.J. Resolution 77, which authorized the president to use force to turn back Iraq's invasion of Kuwait. I did so because the authorization was a blank check. It was left to the president to decide when—even whether—to go to war. This was not shared responsibility; this was handing over all authority to the president.

Concerning Bosnia, Congress should vote—preferably in the form of an authorization. I opposed two previous House measures (October 30 and

Correspondence

November 17) that risked undermining the peace negotiations in Dayton (November 1-21). The November 17 bill denied funds to deploy U.S. forces, certainly an intrusion on the president's commander-in-chief powers. Neither of these was an authorization.

Finally, let me point out several key differences in the Gulf and Bosnia situations. There were 500,000 U.S. troops on the ground poised for attack in the Gulf before Congress even voted. Significant U.S. ground forces are not yet in Bosnia. The 1991 debate was about the question of war; today's debate is about the implementation of peace. While the alternative to President Bush's policy in January 1991 was to give sanctions more time to work, the alternative to President Clinton's Bosnia policy is far more dangerous—to do nothing, and thereby risk resumption of the war and stability in Europe.

REP. LEE H. HAMILTON
WASHINGTON, DC

Credit Where It's Due

James Higgins ("Poor-Mouthing Uncle Sam," Nov. 27) criticizes Standard & Poor's for announcing that the budget deadlock caused "diminished" faith in the credit of the U.S. government. The Standard & Poor's credit rating measures the ability and willingness of the borrower to make *timely* payments of interest and principal in accordance with the terms of the obligation. While many investors may not care whether the payment is made a day or a week late, many other purchasers of U.S. Treasury securities rely on timely payment.

The ability to *print* money does not affect this risk for timely payment. Dollar bills in my wallet bear the legend "Federal Reserve Note." While some old currency bears the legend "United States Note," printing money today seems to require Federal Reserve involvement, and thus the acquiescence of human beings other than Secretary Rubin and his subordinates. I suspect that Rubin has no statutory authority to go to the basement of the Treasury and print up a big stack of $1,000,000 "United States Notes" (a denomination that has never existed) to make timely payment on billions of dollars of United States Treasury obligations on a particular day.

Standard & Poor's, therefore, is correct. Furthermore, the U.S. government should have been downgraded years ago, when budget deficits became large enough to be major political issues.

SCOTT E. BUTLER
TOPSFIELD, MA

JAMES HIGGINS RESPONDS: The broadest issue here is whether a credit rating means anything for debt a sovereign borrower issues in its own currency. And that issue should turn on whether a credit rating is supposed to mean that a bondholder is entitled to a real return of principal and interest or just to a nominal (i.e., perhaps inflation-reduced) return. The fact that only some sovereign credits are rated triple-A implies that Standard & Poor's believes bondholders are entitled to a real return, but that implication points straight to the question of why Standard & Poor's never threatened to downgrade U.S. debt in times of high inflation.

The fact that the Treasury does not issue paper money is a red herring: The president appoints all the governors of the Federal Reserve Board. So while Mr. Butler is correct that Secretary Rubin does not have a printing press in the basement, the administration ultimately does control monetary policy.

Timely payments are important. I never said they weren't. All I said was that it is hypocritical and partisan for Standard & Poor's to carp about liquidity now while sitting on their hands as Democrats eroded the financial soundness of the government for 40 years.

Had Standard & Poor's issued a downgrade in the 1970s, their pronouncement this year might have had some validity. But they didn't; so it doesn't.

Letting Our Hair Down

As to Michael Anton's call for a "Conservative Bohemia" (Nov. 27), count me in! I'm one of your "intrepid souls." Only instead of the dank, inner recesses of New York, our bohemian culture should grow in the great petri dish of conservatism: suburbia. And in keeping with our ideals, we might even charge a membership fee!

PHIL LOLLAR
GLENDORA, CA

If the Republican Revolution needs a few coffee houses and bars for intellectual discussions, I would like to invite you to the Blarney Stone Pub in Fort Worth, Texas. It's a great Irish bar in the heart of downtown. Kids from Texas Christian University, blue-collar workers, lawyers, and judges mix freely, discussing the differences between conservatism and libertarianism, keeping or abolishing the Federal Reserve, the merits of the gold standard, whether Buchanan is a Republican or a populist, etc. You should have heard the screaming fits the Powell supporters threw when he opted not to run.

While the juke box goes from the Pogues to Bob Marley to Texas honky tonk, TCU co-eds fight with one another to get the attention of the bartender. Conservative philosophy is alive and well at the Blarney Stone Pub. Come on down and I'll buy a pint of Guinness for each of your staff.

ROBERT K. STOCK
WEATHERFORD, TX

Woody Allen, Quipster

As a retired New York University dean, I applaud John Podhoretz for remembering Woody Allen's line about being thrown out of NYU for cheating on a metaphysics exam: "I looked within the soul of the boy sitting next to me" ("Mighty Pretentious," Nov. 20). I remember that Woody also used another line about having to leave NYU because of cheating: "It was pretty bad—it was with the dean's wife."

RICHARD WEST
GENOA, NV

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In Defense of Newt Gingrich

The Speaker of the House finds himself in an almost unprecedented position these days. Without changing his views, his strategies, or his tactics one iota from his triumphant first hundred days; while holding fast to the principles that helped elect the first House Republican majority in four decades; and with a record of relentless legislative achievement that has, in just one year's time, made him the most remarkable legislative leader of the second half of the 20th century, Newt Gingrich has become widely unpopular.

This is not supposed to be the way things work in Washington, the good-government types have always told us. Fulfill your promises, speak your mind, be resolute, and you are a Perot voter's dream come true. You are supposed to decline in popularity when you talk out of both sides of your mouth, when you do things because the polls tell you to, when what you want diverges from what the voters want. When, in other words, you are Bill Clinton.

But just as it is no longer the case that crime doesn't pay, it's also a lie that sticking by principle turns you into James Stewart in the eyes of a grateful nation. Far from it, in fact. Conviction politicians are often reviled by a mainstream culture that pays obeisance to the idea of integrity but that is itself usually driven by its opposite—cronyism, cowardice, and peer pressure. That was true of Winston Churchill in the 1930s; it was true of Margaret Thatcher in the 1980s; and it is now true of Newt Gingrich in 1995.

What all three have in common is a single-mindedness, a willingness to live and breathe their ideological convictions 24 hours a day. This quality can turn them into remote, confusing figures for ordinary citizens, in whose lives politics plays a minor role. Unlike the people they must get to vote for them, conviction politicians burn with the knowledge that everything is political—that every decision they must make, every thought they think, is laden with ideological meaning. Most people don't live their lives that way. They do not breathe such ideologized air, and they find people who do somewhat off-putting: too intense, too serious, too humorless. So a conviction politician is often not a particularly well-liked one.

What's more, the conviction politician is usually a polemical figure, opposed to the prevailing cultural attitudes of the day. And those who choose to live by those prevailing cultural attitudes recognize an enemy when they see one. Unlike the conviction politician, they are warmly wrapped in a consensus like a baby in bunting, supported by the assumptions of the newspapers they read, the lunch conversations they have, the columnists they admire, the books they buy, and the documentaries they watch on public television. Their reaction to a politician who comes along and challenges every comfortable assumption they have ever made—a politician who insists not only that he knows how to do things better, but that every idea they unquestioningly accept has made things worse—is a tantrum of disbelief, scorn, and rage.

That is what Newt Gingrich has done to the political class that dominated America before the 1994 elections. He stands up and daily tells its members they are wrong. He tells them their idea of compassion toward the poor is destroying the ability of the poor to emerge from poverty. He tells them that their idea of using government to protect people from the misbehavior of the private-enterprise system has led to the creation of large public bureaucracies from which we now need salvation. He tells them their ideas about personal liberation and the centrality of the self have had evil consequences.

This is what he tells them, and they fear and hate him for it. They would like to destroy him, and they know they have a better chance to do so by exploiting the distrust of the non-political classes for such a figure than by confronting his ideas. And they find any opportunity they can to rally non-political Americans to their side. Let Gingrich say that the ghastly murder in Illinois, in which a pregnant mother's belly was cut open and the eight-month-old fetus inside untimely ripped from his mother's womb, was yet another example of the soul-sickness created by the culture of welfare dependency, and the earth opens up. *He's mak-*

ing political hay out of a ghastly crime! scream the liberals, and this naturally has an effect on the non-political class, which prefers its politicians nice. Score one for the prevailing consensus.

And yet just two weeks later, the murder of Elisa Izquierdo in New York is taken by the very people who claim to have been repulsed by Gingrich's comments as an opportunity to blame her death not on the welfare culture, but on cutbacks in spending on child services. In effect, they were blaming Gingrich and his policies—policies that have yet to be implemented, by the way—for the death of a child killed by her own crack-addict mother, who was granted custody by the very bureaucracy that now complains about cutbacks.

He has made mistakes. Of course he has made mistakes. Gingrich talks too much, although it would be nearly impossible for any human being whose words are examined with a microscope for an entire year to avoid saying things he shouldn't have said. You can disagree with many of his more high-flown ideas, as Charles Krauthammer did in the first issue of THE WEEKLY STANDARD. You can cavil with his strategy—we remain uncertain that it was necessary to make Medicare reform so central to the Republican agenda this year. But what is most impressive to us is that, with all the pressure on him, Gingrich has refused the temptation to sue for peace and "grow in office": that is, allow his views to soften and his agenda to falter so that his press will improve. He has been, and continues to be, the most forceful advocate for, and the most effective leader of, the Republican Revolution.

And so the attacks will continue. And so his poll numbers will remain low. The question is: How are Republicans responding to the attacks? So far, not all that well. There was the example of Florida Rep. Mark Foley, a freshman, attacking Gingrich in a Dec. 8 *Washington Post* article. "Newt Gingrich didn't elect me to anything," Foley said, adding that "everyone remembers that he attacked the ethics of Speaker Wright, and now all this is just coming back to roost." Elsewhere in this issue, Linda Killian explains that the Republican freshmen are dissatisfied with Gingrich—in part because some of them worry that he is a compromiser, a sellout!

There's something stomach-turning about these Johnny-come-latelies, who have never had to deal with the harsh realities of serving as a minority member of the House, who have not spent 15 years working to secure a Republican majority, now cavalierly impugning the motives and ideas of the one person who most deserves credit for devising a long-range strategy that helped them become members of Congress, and part of a majority at that.

But even if they are just being independent-minded, the freshmen ought to realize what is at stake in the assaults on Gingrich. The attacks on Gingrich are attacks on the Republican revolution, pure and simple. The effort to delegitimize Gingrich follows precisely the same pattern the Democrats invented during the Reagan years: What they cannot win at the polls, they try to accomplish through character assassination and, if that doesn't fly, the intervention of the legal system.

He is about to fall into the grasp of a special counsel. Now we can only hope that counsel does a fair job, because no really honest person can take the ethics charges against him all that seriously. At worst, they boil down to campaign-finance and tax-exemption infractions. These are not criminal violations; they are not even ordinary civil violations; they are violations of the convolutions of the tax code and our bizarre political-money system. Virtually every major presidential campaign has had to pay fines for the sorts of infractions Gingrich is accused of masterminding at GOPAC; nobody has ever talked ominously about impeaching Clinton, or Bush, or Reagan over such pettiness. Why, then, Newt*? Because it's not about GOPAC; it's about the Republican revolution.*

And, as former Times Books editor-in-chief Tom Lipscomb told the House Ethics committee earlier this year, Gingrich's book deal was on the level—Marcia Clark just got almost the same amount for the memoir she's going to write of her experience prosecuting the O.J. trial, for God's sake. And Gingrich gave up the deal, in any case. Maybe he was imprudent, but unethical? That's absurd, and anyone with five minutes' experience in the world of publishing knows it. So why is Newt still getting hammered over a book with 600,000 copies in print—one whose sales will gross in excess of $10 million*? Because it's not about the book deal; it's about the Republican revolution.*

Gingrich may have been imprudent with the book deal. He may have been reckless with GOPAC. His punishment for such imprudence and recklessness is that he may never be president of the United States, which, for someone as ambitious as he, is a pretty potent punishment. But if Republicans stand by and allow the attacks on Gingrich to go unanswered, or even become complicit in them, they may find themselves subject to a harsh punishment as well: for the revolution that Republicans believe in, the revolution they need to consolidate and deepen in the next few years, may be delegitimized along with Gingrich.

This is what is at stake in the assault on Newt Gingrich; and the response to that assault will be a test of Republican mettle. For if Republicans and conservatives lack the courage and cool-headedness to repulse this assault, they probably don't deserve the chance to bring about the transformation of American politics and public policy to which they say they are committed. ♦

Newt Doesn't Hurt

by Fred Barnes

Republican Gordon Smith, running for Bob Packwood's Senate seat in Oregon's special election in January, was defensive on the subject of House Speaker Newt Gingrich. Responding to charges he's an ideological twin of Gingrich, Smith emphasized his differences with the GOP leader. Then Republican Tom Campbell won a special House election in California on December 12, overwhelming a foe who attacked him as a Gingrich clone. Smith immediately telephoned Campbell and arranged for him to come to Oregon on Smith's behalf. The purpose: to show the Newt issue won't work in Oregon either. Also, Smith won't be poised to distance himself from Gingrich. "He's said his piece on Newt Gingrich," said Nancy Ives of the National Republican Senatorial Committee.

Smith shouldn't have been defensive in the first place. The notion that Gingrich is an albatross for Republican candidates was always questionable. And the idea that Gingrich's declining popularity reflects a broad drop in support for the Republican party and its agenda—it's pure myth. Rather than lose strength since it took control of Congress last January, the GOP has held its own, even gained a bit. Election results show this. Poll findings, some but not all, show it. Party switchers and retirees show it. There's contrary evidence—Gingrich's lack of popularity, President Clinton's improved standing, the dip in public approval of the "Republican Congress"—but not enough to conclude Republicans have lost ground.

Democrats are worse off at the end of 1995 than they were at the start. Following the 1994 election, they needed a pickup of only 13 seats to win back the House and 3 to regain the Senate. Now, because of party switching and Campbell, Democrats need to win 19. In the Senate, where two Democrats jumped to the Republican party, Democrats now must win 4 seats (or 5 if Smith wins in Oregon). By the way, there haven't been this many party switchers in Congress—all going to the GOP—since the collapse of the Whig party before the Civil War. Nationwide, 169 Democratic elected officials have switched since Clinton was elected in 1992.

Retirements make Democratic chances of taking back the House or Senate all the more difficult. Of the 31 announced retirees, 22 are Democrats. At least 10 of these Democratic seats, including three in Texas and two in Alabama, are ripe for Republican takeovers. In the Senate, the 12 retirees (8 are Democrats) are the most in history for a single election cycle. And at least six of the Democratic seats—Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Arkansas, Illinois, and New Jersey—are vulnerable. The flood of voluntary departures, especially by senior Democrats like House member Pat Schroeder of Colorado, points to one thing: Democrats don't expect to win back Congress and their committee chairmanships in 1996.

So events in 1995 have put Republicans in good shape for holding Congress in 1996. Despite most press reports, the GOP also fared moderately well in 1995 elections. Republicans won the Democrat-held Louisiana governor's office, added to their victory margin in winning the Mississippi governor's race again, narrowly lost the Kentucky governor's election, maintained their lopsided margin in the New Jersey legislature, and won two seats in the Virginia Senate. True, Republicans didn't live up to their high expectations in 1995 races, but they came close.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, the party hasn't lost favor with the public. Asked in November 1995 in a Times-Mirror poll if they'd vote Republican or Democratic for Congress, voters split 48 percent to 48 percent. A year earlier, when Republicans won 53 House seats and 8 in the Senate, Republicans led 45 percent to 43 percent in a Times-Mirror survey. That change is inside the margin of error. In other words, there hasn't been any change. The same is true on the question of which party Americans identify with. Asked in October 1995, in a *New York Times*/CBS poll, voters chose Democrats 35 percent to 31 percent. A year earlier, Democrats led 34 percent to 31 percent. And, while approval of the Republican Congress has fallen, it may rebound once a budget deal is reached.

Republicans have been pounded by Democrats on Medicare, but the GOP's broad conservative themes are more popular than ever. Asked if big government, big labor, or big business is the greatest threat to the country, 64 percent of adult Americans said big government in a Gallup survey last August, a new high. Is government doing too much or too little? Sixty-two percent said too much in an NBC/*Wall Street Journal* survey in December. Have Republicans gone too far in cutting back the federal government? Only 21 percent in a September Times-Mirror poll said yes, with 47 percent saying Republicans haven't gone far enough. The same survey found 62 percent prefer smaller government and fewer services (27 percent want more government, many services).

Still, Republicans were nervous about the Newt factor, worrying his lack of popularity would hurt GOP candidates. In the special California election, Democrats tried to make the race a referendum on Gingrich. If that strategy will work anywhere, it should have worked in that district. Democrats lead in

voter registration (44 percent to 38 percent). They've held the seat for a generation. The incumbent who resigned, Norm Mineta, got 60 percent in 1994 against a Republican tide. And both Clinton and Mike Dukakis won the district handily.

Campbell's landslide win, 59 percent to 36 percent over Democrat Jerry Estruth, means the Newt issue "isn't a magic bullet for Democrats," insists Republican consultant Jeffrey Bell. "It doesn't work." Estruth probably would have done better by running a normal campaign, ignoring Gingrich.

But Democrats are reluctant to give up the Newt issue. It didn't work in California because Campbell is a moderate, not a conservative like Gingrich, argues Don Foley of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. Oregon is different because Smith is more conservative, Foley says. Smith's opponent, Democrat Ron Wyden, is airing a TV ad that links Smith to Gingrich and says both are "going to extremes." "We have no intention of backing away from it," Foley insists. "In this case, we think the shoe fits." They'll be wearing it, no matter what. ♦

The Clinton-Dole Polls

by Everett Carll Ladd

Asked in a poll taken December 6-7 by Yankelovich Partners for *Time* and CNN how they would vote if the 1996 presidential election "were being held today," 50 percent of respondents said they would support Bill Clinton, just 32 percent Bob Dole. The average of recent polls has Clinton ahead by 10-12 points. What should we make of this? Should Republicans in general, and Dole backers in particular, be worried?

Unfortunately for those who want things neat and simple, the answer is at once yes and no. Let's look at the no side first.

One of the enduring mysteries of modern politics is why otherwise sensible people allow themselves to be yanked around by incredibly soft poll numbers. An election isn't being held "today." For the bulk of the population who, happily, aren't caught up in the great game of politics, there simply is no need at this point to think much at all about a vote that won't come for 11 months. For perhaps half the public, answers to the hypothetical vote question are now exceedingly tentative.

We have loads of examples from past campaigns of misleading early trial heats. A Gallup poll taken January 4-6, 1980, for example, found Jimmy Carter leading Ronald Reagan by 62-33 percent. This sounding was taken just two months after staffers of the U.S. embassy in Teheran were taken hostage, and many Americans wanted to express solidarity with their beleaguered president. But polls taken throughout the first three months of 1980 continued to suggest that the president was well ahead.

That was absolute nonsense. Lots of other data available at the time told a very different story—in particular, that a large majority of the public saw Carter as a failed president and wanted to vote him out at the next election. He was, nonetheless, thought to be decent and earnest while Ronald Reagan, his eight years as governor of California notwithstanding, was still something of an unknown to much of the country.

The important thing to understand is that Reagan never actually trailed Carter by 30 percentage points. The concreteness suggested by those poll numbers was illusory. Similarly, Bob Dole does not actually trail Bill Clinton by 18 points today.

Remember the stir created in May 1988 when polls seemed to say that Michael Dukakis had opened a wide lead over George Bush? The Gallup survey of May 13-15 put Dukakis ahead 54-38 percent among registered voters. It even suggested that the Massachusetts governor was up 9 points in the South! A July 22-24 Gallup poll found Dukakis ahead by a similar margin nationally (54-37 percent) and among most social groups.

It's not that there was "something wrong" with the polls cited above or with the dozens of others at the time that got similar results. The pollsters had drawn their samples well and framed the hypothetical vote question properly. There were reasons why many voters who hadn't focused on the presidential race felt some dissatisfaction with the Republican nominee, or some attraction to the Democrat.

But again, much of the electorate hadn't "decided," even tentatively, to back Dukakis over Bush. At every point during the year, the underlying structure of the election pointed to a comfortable Bush victory. That is, the public's verdict on Reagan's eight years was positive, and the country's economy was doing well. The philosophic realignment that has seen majorities increasingly skeptical of claims that more government is the answer was proceeding apace. Bush was in fact a respectable candidate, and Dukakis far from superman.

Kevin Chadwick

Polls can be helpful guides to the factors shaping voters' judgments. But extracting this value takes work. Poll trial heats are tempting because they suggest a ready answer to how a race is going. Prior to the nominating conventions, though, these numbers are soft. They're even softer now, in the television age, which has accelerated changes of mood. The sophisticated poll watcher in 1996 should focus on how swing groups view the incumbent. Do they really want to reelect him? Beyond this, where is the electorate on the big issues that have been driving a major political realignment for roughly a quarter of a century?

Yet, if there are compelling reasons not to take the current Clinton-Dole trial heats too seriously, the numbers shouldn't be completely dismissed.

A majority of the electorate considers Bill Clinton a "moderate failure" as president. He has not satisfied this majority on character grounds, and despite his efforts to scramble back to the political center, the centerpiece of his domestic agenda of the past three years was an effort to expand government's reach massively in health care. Still, it's far from certain that voters will turn him out next November. The Republican nominee must make a sale.

Dole has yet to do this. What's more, the polls provide no indication that he is making even modest headway. Ideologically, he is very close to the center as understood by the public at large. He is seen—because it's true—to be able and experienced. He does not, however, command enthusiastic support in any substantial part of the electorate, including rank-and-file Republicans. What should trouble his backers most is that he hasn't yet shown swing voters he can provide what they are looking for in their next president: a compelling vision for the country that starts from the desire to curb government but extends far beyond it. Our deepest national anxieties involve what may be called, in broad terms, the moral dimension.

So, yes, it's early, and it's foolish to hang on the trial-heat numbers. But the latter, along with other data, do show that President Clinton, while down, isn't out; and that Senator Dole, while well ahead for the Republican nomination, has done little to rally the country.

Everett Carll Ladd is president of the Roper Center for Public Opinion Research.

The Freshmen Get Fresh

by Linda Killian

The relationship between House Speaker Newt Gingrich and his freshmen can be likened to that of a father and his sons. Like a father, Gingrich takes pride in their accomplishments along with the knowledge that he gave them life. And like adolescent children, the freshmen are eager to show their independence and at times distance themselves from the Great White Father. Gingrich has alternately played the schoolmaster, drill sergeant, and team captain to the freshmen, and while they respect his political instincts

and vision, he does not appear to have engendered much affection or warmth among them. Although many of the freshmen consider him to be a brilliant political strategist, they also consider him arrogant and aloof.

The 73 newcomers were never the lapdog followers of Gingrich that Washington conventional wisdom has assumed they are. That same conventional wisdom now assumes that Gingrich's vulnerability is causing the freshmen to run for cover. Neither assessment is entirely accurate.

The presumption that the freshmen are feeling antsy was fueled by a December 8 story in the *Washington Post* featuring Mark Foley of Florida offering dark assessments of Gingrich's book deal and ethics investigation.

Although Foley's quotes got the most attention—"Newt Gingrich didn't elect me to anything" was one of them—the words of Foley's fellow Florida freshman David Weldon were more representative. "The revolution to restore confidence in government transcends Newt Gingrich," Weldon said. "He may have gotten the movement started, he may have been the engineer who got the train rolling, but now the train doesn't need him to run down the tracks. It's more powerful than him."

Nothing could more perfectly sum up the feeling the freshmen have about the speaker—and for that matter the rest of the senior Republicans in the House and Senate. This isn't personal. It has nothing to do with Gingrich, except for the concern that his occasional verbal missteps and willingness to cut deals detract from their message and their mission to downsize government.

Even George Nethercutt of Washington, one of the older and more statesmanlike members of the freshman class, expresses frustration over some of Gingrich's remarks to the press: "There's a higher purpose here than one man. These are revolutionary times; they deserve some discipline by our leaders." Nethercutt and the freshmen want Gingrich to allow other GOP members to serve as public spokesmen for the party.

When Gingrich's pique over being ignored by Bill Clinton on the plane rides to and from Yitzhak Rabin's funeral overshadowed the budget issues, the freshmen were fit to be tied. "It's not a matter of [Gingrich's] being childish," said one. "It's just not smart."

The freshmen were also angered when Gingrich attached Medicare reform to the continuing resolution to keep the government operating last month after saying he wouldn't. Doing so gave Clinton a good excuse for vetoing the measure. "We were upset at that tactical decision," says Joe Scarborough of Florida. "It didn't make sense to us."

The freshmen like to call themselves the "true believers," and they use religious analogies frequently to describe what they're trying to do. Shortly after his election, Lindsey Graham of South Carolina told *Congressional Quarterly*, "I trust Newt Gingrich to lead us to the promised land, but the Good Lord never let Moses go. We'll do to him what the Good Lord did to Moses."

Just one example of the freshmen flexing their muscles and asserting their independence almost as soon as they arrived was the suggestion by Graham and several other freshmen that there should be term limits on the speaker and other members of the leadership.

"We remain independent and suspicious of the entire leadership. We've got a responsibility to ask tough questions of our leadership," says Scarborough. It was this attitude, shared by a majority of the freshman class, that led to Foley's quoted remarks. The skepticism toward Gingrich is even ideological. "Some days I think Newt is a liberal, some days I think he's a moderate, and some days I think he's a true believer," muses one freshman. "I'm not really sure what he is."

The freshmen are sure what they are—they are warriors at the gates, grandiose fighters for the right. "Practicality and revolutions don't go hand in hand," says Graham. "We have been the conscience of the election. When our leadership gets back in the politics-as-usual mode, we need to say, whoa, wait a minute—that's not why we got elected."

If that sounds ungrateful coming from people who may owe their elections to Gingrich and his strategizing, the freshmen beg to differ. As Foley told the *Post*, they don't believe Newt Gingrich or the Contract with America got them elected; they think it was voter dissatisfaction with Bill Clinton. Even so, the freshmen know they have clout and visibility the likes of which perhaps no previous freshman class ever enjoyed, largely because of Gingrich's political acumen and organizational skills.

Perhaps for that reason, the freshmen gave Gingrich a standing ovation last week when he spoke at their weekly meeting. One freshman said they just wanted to send a signal that they're still with him. The freshmen may not be Gingrich's most reliable political allies, but when you're running a political majority coalition, you can't choose your friends.

Linda Killian, formerly the editor of National Public Radio's "All Things Considered," is writing a book about the Republican House freshmen.

Why Forbes Is No Joke

by David Brooks

When Steve Forbes starts a sentence, you know for a fact that he's going to finish it on time. The language is straight Reagan—America is "the last best hope on earth," our "greatest days are just ahead"—but there's no Reaganesque dallying for a lump in the throat, no misty-eyed gaze into the distance. Watching Steve Forbes give a supply-side speech is like watching a German Elvis impersonator; what he lacks in soul he makes up in earnest efficiency.

You can't help wondering why all Republicans haven't drawn more from the Reagan supply-side gospel of limitless opportunity and high aspiration. It's still an intellectually coherent vision with serious practical side-effects. Even expressed prosaically, it still inspires. But the efforts by establishment Republicans to co-opt supply-side ideas seem to have been abandoned in favor of deficit reduction above all else. That has reopened a hole between the root-canal Republicans and the disenchanted growth wing, a hole big enough for Steve Forbes to drive a Range Rover through.

Le'Herman Payton

The conventional reporting on Forbes begins with the fact that he inherited several hundred million dollars from Dad and ends with him spending large chunks of it on airtime in early primary states. But there's more to Forbes than huge media buys. He wouldn't be spending the money if not for the supply-side message. His is the rare candidacy in which the message is bigger than the man.

Last week, nearly 1,500 people jammed into the ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria for a $1,000-a-plate Forbes fundraiser. Giving money to Steve Forbes is like arranging dates for Madonna. But there are a lot of people so intrigued by the supply-side cause they are willing to see their money trickle up. Staffers say that Forbes's campaign was pulling in over $70,000 a day even before the special event. And the December 13 fund-raiser was quite impressive. It was supported not only by some old Reaganites like Arthur Laffer, but also by business heavyweights: Ace Greenberg of Bear Stearns, cosmetics magnate Leonard Lauder, and former American Express chief James D. Robinson III. Comedienne Joan Rivers, whose devotion to the gold standard was heretofore unrevealed, raved: "Steve's not in the race for ego. He's not in it for self-indulgence. Steve is a serious man." The event bumped Forbes up another notch on the credibility scale.

His advantage is that his message has a fully developed intellectual pedigree, a record of political success, and a following among many of the 800,000 or so readers of *Forbes* and a chunk of the 1.8 million readers of the *Wall Street Journal*. In his speeches Forbes goes directly at those who make deficit-cutting their centerpiece. "The old-style Washington politicians hide behind the deficit," he says. He scoffs at revenue-neutral tax reform. At the Waldorf Astoria he delivered a distillation of the supply-side sensibility while parrying Phil Gramm's line that it's time for those who have been riding in the wagon to get out and help pull. "The genius of America," Forbes said, "is that we have entrepreneurs to design and build engines to pull wagons, so people don't have to."

Forbes's latest TV commercial is an attack on the 1990 budget deal. The visual shows Robert Dole and Phil Gramm at the budget meeting, while a voice intones: "The budget summit. Bob Dole dispatches Phil Gramm to negotiate. Gramm helps negotiate a staggering $100 billion tax increase. Dole calls it 'a good agreement.' Gramm says, 'It will balance the budget in 1994.' It didn't. . . . Bob Dole. Phil Gramm. Washington politicians. It's time for a change."

The Gramm camp is apoplectic about the ad, not least because Gramm ended up voting against the budget deal. But Forbes is right that Dole and Gramm do put budget balancing first and tax relief second. Forbes derides this year's budget fight as "a lot of sound and fury signifying very little," and he denigrates the GOP capital-gains rate cut as small beer.

It's a daring approach, since the conventional view is that the Laffer Curve belongs in a jar with the Dead Sea Scrolls. There's lots of evidence that the Reagan cuts did stimulate growth and produce extra revenue. But it's generally held that the supply siders lost the propaganda war, so that even Republican voters no longer trust politicians who promise tax cuts.

Forbes says this consensus is wrong, and with his massive media blitz in primary states, he seems to be right. His staffers crow about up-near-Dole numbers in the minor league primaries in Arizona and Delaware, and second place showings in Iowa and New Hampshire polls (around 10 to 14 percent). He

does best among those with incomes under $36,000 and among those who say the economy is their top concern.

That is interesting, especially since his major policy idea—the flat tax—is a problematic one for middle-class Americans. They will lose their home mortgage deduction under the Forbes plan, and most economists predict their taxes will rise. Therefore, Forbes is careful to characterize his policy as "a flat tax that is a tax cut." Forbes claims he can exempt the first $36,000 of a couple's income, lower the rate on everything else to 17 percent, eliminate all those other taxes on business and investment, and still generate enough growth so that the Treasury will only lose $40 billion a year. Apparently, he's winning some converts.

It's important to recall, amidst these buoyant poll numbers, what a joke Steve Forbes was when he first announced his candidacy. He opened that first press conference practically trying to persuade everybody that he hadn't lost his mind, and not quite succeeding. But now the anxiety is all in Washington and Nashville, at the headquarters of Dole's more plausible rivals, Gramm and Lamar Alexander. It's hard to see how either of these contenders can pick up enough support to make a run at Dole while Forbes is still standing in the way with 14 percent and willing to go on the air in all the key primary states.

The other campaigns are reluctant to run negative ads against Forbes—though Gramm did go up last week in New Hampshire with an ad responding to Forbes's accusation about the 1990 budget deal. But why would you get in an advertising battle with somebody who can outspend you in his sleep? Instead, the Alexander campaign in particular is hoping the media will tear apart Forbes's flat tax proposals. "The only thing interesting about Forbes is money," says Alexander campaign guru Mike Murphy. "I could run a sack of potatoes on a tax cut platform and win 10 percent in the polls, probably 14 percent."

The deeper case from the Alexander camp is this: Forbes is running to do two things, to stop Dole and promote the flat tax. But he'll end up guaranteeing Dole's nomination by blocking Alexander (or Gramm), and he'll poison the flat tax by associating it so closely with a multi-multi-millionaire. The argument that he helps Dole is more persuasive. It's significant that the Dole people don't seem terribly upset by him.

Forbes's crucial test comes in Iowa. Though polling second, he'll have trouble getting voters to the caucuses since he has little organization. The veterans of Jack Kemp's 1988 campaign worry that if you tank in Iowa, then New Hampshire voters decide you're not plausible and dump you. But other candidates have survived Iowa setbacks, and Forbes won't have to worry about running out of money.

Then he can hope to come in second or third in New Hampshire and second in Delaware. The big question is New York, where he is making a major effort to get on the ballot—right now, only Dole's name will appear on the New York Republican ballot. A strong showing in New York sets Forbes up as the Jerry Brown of the race, the gadfly who dogs the front runner all the way to the end. And then if Dole stumbles late, who knows? Stranger things have happened. . . . Well, actually, stranger things haven't happened, but that doesn't mean a Forbes nomination is impossible.

The central message of Forbes's relative and early success is that the Republican party drifted too cavalierly away from the supply-side vision of Ronald Reagan. It might not have done so consciously, but enshrining deficit reduction and devolution to the states as the Holy Grails leaves plenty of room for a candidate who can draw on ready-made supply-side rhetoric and partisans. The old-time religion lives. ♦

50 Ways to Pull a Clinton

by Stephen Moore

Candidate Bill Clinton's rallying cry was that America needed "the courage to change." After four years of George Bush, who could have argued? President Bill Clinton, apparently. Last week the White House released a 50-page manifesto listing 82 reasons for the president's veto of the GOP balanced budget plan. There is no cheerleading for change in this document. It is in fact a stunning defense of the status quo. Clinton declares himself against almost every major reform Republicans have proposed. He opposes a capital gains tax cut; he opposes medical savings accounts; he opposes Medicare savings; he opposes sending Medicaid in block grants to the states; he opposes fixing the Earned Income Tax Credit; he opposes ending welfare as we know it.

The $12 trillion, seven-year GOP budget proposal is pilloried as containing "extreme and unnecessary" spending cuts. This is a budget, remember, that would

raise federal spending by roughly $3,000 per household over seven years. One can only imagine the hysteria in the Oval Office if the Republicans had proposed to actually spend less money next year than this.

Clinton makes liberal use of the term "values"—it appears 12 times—in his veto message. He says that the GOP balanced budget would "undermine" and "violate our nation's fundamental values." Like a balanced budget? Clinton says he's for a budget that provides funding for those federal programs that "elevate American values." Like the welfare state?

Some of the specific GOP proposals that inspired the president's veto are worthy of mention. Reason 42: "eliminates Goals 2000," the effort to federalize school standards. Reason 49: "abolishes AmeriCorps," Clinton's $7.27 an hour "volunteers." Reason 50: "eliminates the Women's Educational Equity Act." It is highly revealing that out of a federal budget that spends $1.6 trillion a year, the White House feels compelled to highlight an obscure $3 million grant program that funds leftist women's groups.

Clinton also proves himself a valiant defender of corporate welfare. Reason 82 attacks the GOP's intention to end the Export Enhancement Program and the Advanced Technology Program—giveaway programs to Fortune 500 companies that cost nearly $500 million each. In Reason 80, he objects to proposed reductions in agriculture subsidies that mostly benefit large agribusinesses. He says that scaling back price supports would "shred the farm safety net"—and thereby adds a horrific new term to the Washington lexicon.

The report is also crammed with half-truths and untruths. For example, Reason 23 tells us that the GOP budget raises taxes on seven million families with incomes below $30,000. What's this? A secret tax hike in the GOP budget? No; what the administration is referring to are the proposed cuts in the earned income credit. But that proposal does *not* raise taxes on low-income families. Rather, it reduces the *growth rate* in their cash subsidy. Here's the difference: A tax is when the government takes your money; a subsidy is when you take the taxpayers' money.

Then there's Reason 2: "slashes funding for poor, elderly and disabled Medicare beneficiaries." The GOP budget would allow Medicare costs to grow by nearly 60 percent over seven years. The per-recipient cost of the program will grow from $4,500 today to $7,100 in 2002. That's "slashing"? Meanwhile, Reason 24 states that the tax-cut package "takes from the poor and gives to the wealthy." Yet the largest percentage tax cut in the GOP plan goes to families with incomes between $30,000 and $75,000 a year. Families making $40,000 a year might be surprised to learn that they are now members of the leisure class.

Some of the objections listed border on absurdity. We are told, for example, that the GOP budget would "threaten our air, water, and land" (Reason 63). It would mean the demise of the Florida Everglades (Reason 56), the Arctic wildlife preserves (Reason 53), the California desert (Reason 68), the Pacific Northwest salmon (Reason 67), and worst of all, the Tongass rainforest (Reason 66). Cuts in the Energy Department would allegedly lead to "less energy conservation and higher energy prices." Fact: In the 1980s the Reagan administration cut the Energy Department's budget by half—and oil and home heating prices dropped by 50 percent. Reason 47 announces that the GOP budget would deny access of "schools, communities, and libraries to the information superhighway." Now there's a good reason to veto a balanced budget.

Finally, the show-stopper: The Gingrich-Dole budget would "undercut efforts to head off changes to the earth's weather." (Honest, I'm not making this stuff up.) Only someone with unshakable faith in big government thinks that federal spending can actually change the weather. The underlying message here is unmistakable: This is not a president who's at all serious about reinventing government. Nor is this a president who wants to be an agent of change. This latest tome from the White House underscores why gridlock reigns supreme in Washington.

Stephen Moore is director of fiscal policy studies at the Cato Institute.

Cochran of the Walk

by Matt Labash

It's official. Johnnie Cochran is now a society and media darling, virtue incarnate, a double-breasted, hand-tailored Atticus Finch, having garnered the Turner Broadcasting Trumpet Award, the Black United Fund's pioneer award, and even, rumor has it, consideration for *Time*'s Man of the Year.

And here's the topper: last week's Olender Foundation "Advocate for Justice" award at the Kennedy Center, sponsored by Jack Olender, Washington's medical-malpractice king, who's won over 70 million-dollar judgments, figures among Marion Barry's best non-drug connections

(Barry once declared a Jack Olender Day), and is the Ahura Mazda of ambulance chasers (he's taken out ads seeking "brain dead babies").

Standing on the shoulders of Olender winners past, like Heather Whitestone (honored for being deaf) and Paul Prudhomme (they may have thought they were lauding Dom DeLuise, but who can tell?), Johnnie accepted his plaque and a $50,000 grant split between two local law schools. He was "deeply humbled," he said, and pledged to "continue laboring in the vineyard on what I call 'my journey to justice,'" which he'll also call his $4.2 million forthcoming autobiography.

He's the Great Conciliator now, more interested in taking bows than in offering race-baiting rhetorical flourishes. These days he laces his speech with references to Dr. King, Booker T. Washington, South Africa, and the Kerner report. Old ladies and emcee Larry King swoon at the sight of him, young ladies drink in his smoky *savoir-faire* like a tall glass of Don Cornelius.

Le'Herman Payton

The evening provided a Cochran photofest: Johnnie having his hands raised by presenters as a jazz ensemble played the *Rocky* theme; Johnnie being presented with a gavel bigger even than the lump in Larry King's throat; Johnnie swaying as the Duke Ellington School choir sang "So Many Heroes"; Johnnie eating filet of salmon with roasted fennel sauce; Johnnie wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

Religious overtones were recurrent, as Cochran shared with us "The Advocate's Prayer," which contains the line, "my duty to my client will not allow me to seek obscurity." When I asked Cochran about an ornate multicolored cross on his lapel, he said, "It was given to me, it signifies something about Jesus Loves You." And indeed, if you believe He does, as Johnnie and I do, then you also embrace the redemption of sinners both small (me drinking six Chardonnays and asking him if he cuffed the old lady around, as she alleges in her new book) and not so small (him getting a guy acquitted who, evidence suggests, nearly cut off the heads of two people).

But Cochran wants us to look beyond the Simpson verdict. "The real joy of my practice comes from representing not the O.J.'s but the No J's," he says. The high ground is his alone—seeking celebrity acquittal is not a fast buck or status cementer, but a moral imperative, the Lord's work. And he is in fact a champion of the underdog indigent (Todd Bridges, Tupac Shakur, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Jim Brown, Michael Jackson), accused of everything from rape and manslaughter to child molestation, but railroaded all.

Cochran is now in that rarefied sphere inhabited by those who perpetually command the public's gaze. Mere celebrity verges on sainthood here, and too much scrutiny of how one arrived is considered both unnecessary and a breach of etiquette. If Americans are still reluctant to embrace unadulterated scum (O.J. has been shunned in most quarters), they show no such aversion for scum once-removed.

Throughout the regalement, I kept asking Cochran's admirers and fellow lawyers: "If justice was delivered in the person of Cochran, who then was the real killer?" What an annoying afterthought. It brought menacing stares and stumbling equivocations.

When asked what Simpson's doing to apprehend the killer, Cochran replied, with a straight face, "He's got a full-time investigator, he's working every day, tracking down every lead he can." And who was I to suggest differently? Colombian drug lords are fanatic golfers, and Simpson has made it his life's mission to canvass every blasted back-nine club pro for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the actual murderer.

So perhaps rightly, my question was snitted off by a television reporter who just *had* to know, "Johnnie, has the O.J. Simpson trial affected your life in any way?" As if we were all there to fete Cochran's stellar work on behalf of Geronimo Pratt. More of the same on the after-dinner panel, as crow's-footed atrophied socialites hunkered over apple-cranberry cobbler with pecan crusts and French vanilla sauce to hear gladiators' tales. Olender took the stage with Keith Watters of the National Bar Association, "of which Johnnie is our foremost and finest member," with the same betuxed sweaty obsequiousness of Felt Forum fight announcers. "We're gonna grill Johnnie Cochran," Olender promised. And boy, did they rip the clackers off him.

Olender: "Do you think you could have effectively tried that case singlehandedly?" Ouch.

Cochran: "Great question, Jack . . . ."

Watters: "I was in Shreveport, and I want to know

if it's true that you like sweet potato pie, succotash, and gumbo?"

Cochran: "It's true."

Watters: "Is this true? . . . I'm told that your favorite color is red, that you love receiving cards and letters, and that you've run out of gas in a Rolls Royce?"

Have you no decency, man?

I used the ensuing autograph session to ask a few of my own. "Johnnie, can you sign my program, 'To Matt, Just between me and you, he's guilty.'" Cochran nearly lost his fire-roasted winter vegetables with grapeseed vinaigrette, a narrow escape for his African print tie. "Are you kidding? Absolutely not."

"Your ex-wife's allegations [of abuse and bigamy]—true or false?" The crowd turned, as did Cochran and the security guard. "Ahh, now he's getting rude," Cochran said. "Man, you're rude—get out of here with that," said security. Apparently this is not the kind of question one asks in polite society, not of an American role model with a cross on his $2,000 lapel, not of "a great man," in the words of Larry King, who's "handsome and charming," in the words of a local newscaster, because, as Keith Watters testified, "Johnnie, you are my hero, our hero. You are already our man of the year." ♦

Bosnia's Mira Image

by Matthew Rees

On the evening of December 13, with the Senate tied in knots over the deployment of 20,000 American troops to Bosnia, Majority Leader Bob Dole shuttled back and forth from his second-floor Capitol office to the Senate floor, working to ease political tensions. Legislation that would have blocked funding for the deployment had received 22 votes—many more than expected—and the fate of his own middle-of-the-road resolution was in doubt. In search of a whip count, he turned to one of his trusted foreign-policy aides, Mira Baratta. When Dole's resolution comfortably passed that evening with 69 votes, thanks in part to Baratta's legwork, it was only the latest evidence of her paramount role in Dole's Balkan policy.

Outside the small circle of those who monitor U.S. policy toward the Balkans, the 35-year-old Baratta is unknown. But within this group, her influence and her expertise are widely recognized. Richard Perle, an informal Dole adviser who worked on behalf of the Bosnian Muslims at the Dayton peace talks, says that other than Richard Holbrooke, Baratta has been *the* most influential individual in shaping U.S. policy.

Warren Christopher would probably challenge that assessment, but there's no denying Baratta's clout. It has three sources. First, she works for Dole, which automatically gives her a role in policy debates. Second, she has as good an understanding of the Balkans as anyone on Capitol Hill. Third, she and Dole see eye to eye on issues related to the former Yugoslavia. Since the war began in June 1991 following the secession of Croatia and Slovenia, Dole and Baratta both have seen unrestrained Serbian aggression as the central issue. Not surprisingly, then, the peripatetic majority leader has invested enormous trust in his aide. She traveled with him to London and Brussels last November to discuss Bosnia with NATO allies, and she helped write his grandly titled article, "Shaping America's Global Future," in the spring issue of *Foreign Policy*.

Baratta, who calls herself a Reagan Republican, began working for Dole in June 1989 after a three-and-a-half year stint at the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (earlier, she studied European and security issues at Georgetown University and the Fletcher School). Having supported Dole in the '88 GOP primaries, she landed on his staff with the help of a colleague. Her first year she focused on NATO and arms control, but after communism's collapse and a swing through Eastern Europe with the senator, her duties changed.

On a visit to Belgrade in late August 1990, Dole and six other senators met with representatives of the Milosevic government to discuss human rights and democratic elections. Milosevic didn't attend the meeting, but Dole got a taste of his tactics when his henchmen strongly advised the U.S. delegation to scrap their planned trip to Kosovo, a Yugoslav province where Milosevic had imposed martial law the previous year. When Dole heard this he walked out of the meeting, telling his hosts he wouldn't abide by their suggested travel restrictions. It's good he didn't: What he saw upon arriving in Kosovo later that day has had a profound, and prolonged, influence on his views toward the former Yugoslavia.

Word had seeped out in the Kosovo press that a U.S. delegation would arrive in Pristina, the capital, on August 29. This prompted 10,000 ethnic Albanians to stage a rally outside the hotel where the senators were to meet with local officials. The demonstrators chant-

ed, "U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" and "Freedom! Freedom!" Although peaceful, the rally was broken up by the Serbian-controlled police, with many injuries and arrests. Later, Dole wrote in the *Washington Post*, "The scenes we saw from our speeding bus were appalling and unforgettable—tanks and troops everywhere, hundreds of demonstrators fleeing in all directions, trying to avoid the club-wielding security forces, and tear gas rising over the confusion and carnage." As Dole watched these Gestapo tactics unfold, Baratta was nearby; sources say this experience began to cement a strong working relationship. Today, says one Capitol Hill foreign-policy aide, "Mira *is* the majority leader when it comes to Bosnia."

That's a slight exaggeration, but it's clear Baratta's role in implementing Dole's ideas has steadily increased, particularly since the Republicans took over Congress and the majority leader began running for president. But dating back to June 1991, she has spent an enormous amount of time on the Balkans. She and Dole pursued a number of options with the Bush administration but made little progress once it became clear that the breakup of Yugoslavia was viewed as a European problem. Dole was skeptical that purely diplomatic or economic pressure could end the war, and in the fall of 1992 he seized on lifting the U.N.-imposed arms embargo as America's best option to help the Bosnian Muslims.

Baratta was the lead staffer on this, and a number of Capitol Hill aides question whether last summer's arms-embargo vote would have passed without her leadership. During the past year, an active education campaign was waged from Dole's office, informing senators and staffers on the panoply of issues involved, such as the illegality of the arms embargo. Articles by influential analysts like Albert Wohlstetter were regularly distributed, and briefings by foreign policy bigshots such as Dick Cheney, secretary of Defense in the Bush administration, and Paul Wolfowitz, dean of the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, were held for senators of both parties. After the Senate, on July 26, and the House, on August 1, mustered veto-proof majorities for lifting the embargo, GOP senator John Warner of Virginia spoke on the Senate floor in praise of Baratta's tireless work.

When asked to explain Baratta's success, friends, former colleagues, and observers cite her depth of conviction on Balkan issues. How does one acquire such passion? Growing up in a Croatian American household has something to do with it. Born Mira Radielovic, she was raised in Pasadena, California, in a Croatian-speaking household and spent Sundays in a Croatian Catholic church in nearby Arcadia.

Needless to say, Baratta's ethnic background has opened her to charges of pro-Croatian bias. Some eyebrows were raised, for example, when she received the "Award for Excellence in Politics" from the National Federation of Croatian Americans in May for her "exceptional leadership on Capitol Hill in assisting Senator Dole's efforts to bring justice and peace to Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina." But this hardly counts as treason, and most of the specific allegations range from the disingenuous to the downright comical, such as the claim from one Serbian group that Baratta is working for Dole because he is of Albanian descent (proponents of this theory—which his office denies—say his name should really be pronounced "doe-LAY")

Indeed, there's a fundamental problem with the fifth-column charge against Baratta: Dole's record shows no particular bias in favor of Croatia. He has taken a consistently hard line toward Serbia (calling it "an international outlaw state" in December 1992) and a consistently supportive position toward the Bosnian Muslims. He has been evenhanded if occasionally muddled toward Croatia, recognizing the country's sensitive middle position between Serbia and Bosnia. (During the Krajina offensive in August, he cautioned the Croatians "to respect the human rights of the Serbs," but added, "I can understand the Croatians' actions.")

Wolfowitz, who remains an informal Dole adviser, calls Baratta "fair and strikingly of the view that the differences aren't between Croatians and Serbs or Serbs and Muslims but between decent people trying to defend themselves and tyrannical bullies." Indeed, while a weakened Serbia ultimately benefits Croatia, to indict Baratta for this is unfair though not surprising: The conspiracy theories spun about Baratta's role reflect the passion and hysteria that permeate debates about the Balkans.

Far from being a liability, Baratta strengthens Dole's staff with her expertise. There aren't a lot of specialists on the region, and congressional aides say Baratta possesses an understanding of Balkan nuance that would elude those who had not been exposed all their lives to the region's dicey politics. Moreover, she is probably the only congressional staffer monitoring ex-Yugoslavia who speaks and reads both Croatian and Serbian.

The most valid complaint lodged against Baratta may be that in the debate over sending American troops to Bosnia, she was insufficiently attentive to the concerns of other Capitol Hill aides. But this will hardly prevent her from climbing the foreign-policy establishment's greasy pole. Dole advisers such as Per-

le, Wolfowitz, and Jeane Kirkpatrick are among Baratta's biggest boosters, and with Bosnia temporarily settled, she's about to start work on issues related to ratification of START II. Should Dole be elected president, there's no question the precocious Baratta sooner or later would be offered a high-level slot on the National Security Council or at the State Department. Probably sooner. ♦

Jacques in the Box

by Kenneth R. Weinstein

WHAT A DIFFERENCE a few months make. In June, at the G-7 summit in Halifax, incoming French president Jacques Chirac emerged as the star, convincing fellow leaders to push for a new peace initiative in Bosnia. Yet during last week's signing of the Dayton accords at the Elysée Palace in Paris, Chirac could barely divert attention from the public-employee strike raging outside, France's greatest political turbulence since May 1968.

Chirac's difficulties marked the end of an amazing year for the 63-year-old former mayor of Paris and two-time prime minister. Although he stood at just 14 percent in public opinion polls upon announcing his candidacy in November 1994, Chirac captured the presidency by running an American-style campaign. He spent 184 days on the road, logging over 15,000 miles and hyping the populist theme that Parisian elites—especially the graduates of the prestigious Ecole Nationale d'Administration (E.N.A.), who run nearly every major institution in the country—are out of touch with everyday life.

Kent Lemon

Jacques Chirac

Never mind that Chirac himself was a graduate of the school or that he was mayor of the very city whose elites he vilified. His message struck a chord in a nation plagued by 12 percent unemployment. While the other candidates, especially the ever-so-cautious prime minister, Edouard Balladur, remained engaged with day-to-day politics in Paris, Chirac carried a clear message through the provinces.

He attacked Balladur's center-right government for heartlessly pursuing deficit reduction. Rather than stimulate investment through low interest rates, France needed to wage war on unemployment directly, Chirac argued. He promised to use tax cuts as a weapon in this war, thereby uniting the two poles of his coalition: welfare-state activists and supply-siders. The strategy worked. On May 8, 1995, Chirac was elected with 52.6 percent of the vote, even winning a majority of the unemployed.

Once elected, however, the president began to shed his supply-side optimism. He selected his closest ally, Foreign Minister Alain Juppé, to be prime minister. Juppé's technocratic demeanor and E.N.A. pedigree were signs of politics as usual. Almost immediately, it was revealed that Juppé, his ex-wife, and his adult children lived in subsidized apartments owned by the city of Paris. When concern about a growing budget deficit began to overshadow the promised tax cuts and vaunted "war on unemployment," Juppé introduced minor measures to increase employment—and actually raised taxes by $12 billion. Adding salt to the wound, in August Juppé dismissed his supply-side economics minister, Alain Madelin, after Madelin had the temerity to suggest that public-sector workers should have to work as long as private-sector employees to collect pensions.

Lurking behind the decision to break his campaign promises was a question that Chirac had tried to finesse during the 1995 campaign: the status of European monetary union. The 1992 Maastricht treaty, which committed the members of the European Union to a single currency and set the ground rules for achieving it, had barely won approval in the French referendum of September 1992. Maastricht requires France to reduce its budget deficit to 3 percent of GNP by 1997—from over 5 percent in 1995. During the campaign, Chirac acknowledged the need to get the

country's fiscal house in order, but he also noted reassuringly that the date for monetary union—January 1, 1999—could be revisited.

By October, it was plain that the vicious circle was unbroken: High unemployment was leading to increased social welfare spending, higher taxes, and lower growth. And Juppé's failure to shrink the deficit significantly with his tax increases and spending cuts spurred a run on the franc.

Quickly, Chirac decided that France could not continue muddling toward deficit reduction. The government would pursue austerity even beyond what the financial markets might expect. In light of the government's low popularity, it is surprising that Chirac thought he could get away with so painful a cure as reining in France's generous social security system. Taking a page from Newt Gingrich's book, Juppé announced that he was reforming the health care system in order to save it.

As a simple matter of demographics, France no longer can afford a panoply of social services that includes universal health care, day care, generous retirement benefits, nursing homes, and more. Moderates on the left know this, but organized labor saw itself under attack. For decades now, each of France's major trade unions has held the right to administer a portion of the welfare state, such as family allocations, health insurance, retirement, and unemployment. This patronage system places the unions—whose membership has dropped to less than 10 percent of the work force—in charge of nearly $400 billion and produces enormous waste. Just this autumn, television cameras captured 110 union patronage workers taking off for a health care conference in Bali. Juppé proposes electing the managers of these funds and opening the positions to non-union candidates, with parliament, rather than the unions, setting policy and determining benefits.

Meanwhile, Juppé's plan to reform pensions and the state-owned railways brought transportation to a standstill on November 24. Given the deficits in the retirement funds, Juppé argued that public-sector workers would have to give up their entitlement to earn, in thirty-seven and one-half years, pensions that private-sector workers had to work forty years to receive. French rail workers can retire at fifty. Not surprisingly, the rail system has two retirees for each active employee and an operating debt of $7 billion.

The strike soon spread to the post office, the state-owned electrical utility, and even the national bank. Public workers unabashedly sought to use the strike to maintain the perks that competition and European integration demand be scaled back.

And the public was with them. Polls consistently have shown small majorities supporting the strikers. In this time of economic uncertainty, the average Frenchman is unwilling to forfeit benefits he has come to rely on. The welfare state has co-opted the middle class, too, through early retirement, five weeks' annual vacation, child allowances, and the rest.

If anything, the strike has come to symbolize the cleavage between elites and the people that Chirac so brilliantly exploited in the presidential race. For the past decade, the French have felt as if they were being sacrificed on the altar of European unity, as more and more givebacks were demanded in the name of economic austerity. At the same time, scandals like subsidized housing for the nomenklatura and enormous losses racked up by state-owned banks have left workers feeling that they were being asked to pick up after an incompetent ruling class.

Juppé had expected far less sympathy for the strikers in a season of high unemployment. Still, to his credit, the government's policy could have fared far worse. Unlike 1968, the strikes have not spread to the private sector.

Nevertheless, with the transportation strike in its third week, Juppé caved to the unions' demand to meet and "find a solution" to the impasse. He also backed off restructuring the national railroads and postponed reform of civil service pensions. He cannot concede on health care, however, without inviting another run on the franc.

Thus, Chirac's options are limited. Replacing Juppé with either a supply-sider or an opponent of European monetary union might wreak further havoc. The easiest course is to retain Juppé for a bit longer. But should Juppé's strategy for resolving the crisis fail, his likely successor is 73-year-old Raymond Barre, mayor of Lyons and former prime minister. Barre is widely trusted—and willing to be unpopular.

Chirac, meanwhile, does not face the voters until 2002. That gives him breathing space to "reinvent" himself. For now, *monsieur le président de la République* will likely maintain as low a public profile as possible. But France's economy—with interest rates high and unemployment and budget deficits spiraling upward—will remain a powderkeg. Chirac will be tempted to take the fateful step of slowing the juggernaut of European monetary union. A devaluation of the franc would boost exports and temporarily reduce unemployment. But that is no lasting solution. Even Euroskeptics know that without the kind of market-oriented structural changes required for monetary union, it will be impossible to sustain the economic growth needed to shoulder France's untenable social welfare burden.

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Abortion and the Republican Party

A New Approach

By Noemie Emery

Consider the fetus. It is life, but just barely. Live, but not viable. Human, but not fully developed. Distinct but dependent, in another's body but not a part of it, its relation to the woman who carries and may want to kill it is a matter of ongoing strife. Unable to breathe, it makes presidents tremble. It has the power to split the Republican party, and has helped bleed the Democrats white.

It splits the country in three, and the parties in two, different factions whose limits, at first, are unclear. One bloc thinks abortion is never wrong, and should always be legal: that the fetus itself has no inherent value. Call this the hangnail school. Another thinks abortion is always wrong, and should never be legal: that a pregnancy once begun should never be ended, regardless of hardship or circumstances. Call this the vessel school. Between them moves, in inherent discomfort, a third and far larger group. It thinks abortion is almost always wrong and should sometimes be legal. Its ideas are too ambiguous to support a cohesive lobbying effort. Call it America.

Republicans think abortion is wrong, and fight over whether or not it ought to be legal. Democrats think it ought to be legal, and fight over whether or not it is wrong. Democrats win in fights over legal obstructions. Republicans should begin, right now, to move the battle from the legal to the moral venue. They should frame an attack based on moral dissuasion, based in a war for the soul of the country, attack the hangnail school as harmful to women, and isolate their rivals on the left.

Early in the fall, two separate sightings suggested the time might be ripe. Late in September, Bob Packwood was pried out of the Senate, having mauled through the years a succession of women, while battling for "women's," and abortion, "rights." At the same time, two pieces appeared on the national newsstands, addressing this dark, surly subject from two different ends of the scale. "Abortion: A Lincolnian Position" by George McKenna, a pro-life Republican, appeared in the September issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Our Bodies, Our Souls," by Naomi Wolf, appeared in the Oct. 16 *New Republic*. One might have expected these pieces to shout past each other. Instead, the authors appeared to agree. Harsh words were aimed at the extremes of "their" parties. They were unmoved by the right's pleas for legal barriers. But they were stunned by the voice of the left.

Correctly, they see it as callous, and frightening. They see abortion as a moral concern, to be measured in terms of sin and redemption. They find the language of "choice" and "privacy" inadequate to address an idea of this nature. Both zero in on the language deployed by the ardent choice lobbies as an act of evasion and subterfuge. McKenna compares it to the language once used by the pro-slavery faction, the only other time in history when the right to a "right" was intensely defended, with no mention of what the right was to be for. "How does one reconcile liberty with slavery? . . . By producing a document that referred to slavery in three different places without mentioning it. Slaves were 'persons'—or sometimes 'other persons' . . . free states were required to return fugitive slaves to their masters . . . but in that clause a slave was 'a person held to the service of labor' and a master was 'the party to whom such service of labor may be due.'" How does one reconcile life with death and destruction? By denying that death and destruction take place. Abortion is never abortion. It is "civil rights." It is "women's rights," "reproductive freedom," "women's health." Abortion mills are "reproductive health clinics," though few who are not healthy go near them, and the purpose is to stop reproduction. At best this is babble, at worst this is some-

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thing more sinister: the deliberate numbing of the moral nerve. Naomi Wolf refers, correctly, to a "lexicon of dehumanization," a "series of delusions, fibs, and evasions" that "defines the unwanted fetus as at least valueless; at worst an adversary," a "mass of dependent protoplasm," "inert material," the "material that had to be removed."

At the end, the two authors part aims and objectives. McKenna wants, one infers, a public mood that supports and enforces some legal restrictions. Wolf wants a public mood of much the same nature, but she insists the legal option be maintained. But what both really want is remarkably similar: a voluntary reduction of elective abortions, in a culture that cherishes life.

Republicans should take their cue from both of these pieces and make their stand on the ground both authors share: a stand that permits them to discourage abortion while agreeing to disagree over its ultimate legal status. If Republicans cannot resolve their disputes, they can try to transcend them, and focus on what they can share. If Republicans cannot agree that abortion is murder and ought to be criminalized, they can agree that it is wrong and ought to be countered. If Republicans cannot agree that it ought to be legally punished, they can agree to delegitimize it as a cost-free and value-free option. They can produce a platform that goes something like this:

Illustrations by Neil Shigley

1. The Republican party is the party that thinks abortion is wrong. We say it is wrong, and we plan to reduce it through aggressive, though voluntary and non-coercive, means.

2. We regard our disagreements as disputes about tactics, over means to one end.

3. We intend to address abortion not as one issue only, but as a symptom and cause of a social disorder, a sign of a frayed and decaying cultural context, in which the value of life is at risk.

Why should Republicans back this solution? Because it can work. It reframes the issue to their advantage. It moves them from a minority to a majority standing. It defuses a potentially lethal internal division, by giving all factions ground they can share. To pro-lifers, who find it too mild, one can say this: Yes. It is less than you want, but it is *something*. More, it is something you may actually get. Thus far, your methods have not worked very well. You are addressing the choir, not the conflicted public, which seems to desire a new kind of language, and tends to tune out the extremes. This is not your end goal, but it can be a way to reach it.

Moral persuasion sustains legal changes. Laws—moral laws—need consensus to root in, or they are easily displaced and overturned. As McKenna writes, "Lincoln knew that in the final analysis, durable judicial rulings on major issues must be rooted in the soil of American opinion. 'Public opinion,' he said, 'is everything. . . . With it, nothing can fail; against it, nothing can succeed.'" Without it, a quick legal fix is counterproductive; as Prohibition was, or court-ordered busing, a disaster brought on by the left, a legalistic Pyrrhic victory that mortally wounded liberalism. Plead moral concerns, and new laws may follow. Or, one may not need them at all.

What can we say to those pro-choice adherents who find this platform an incursion into private areas? That this is, after all, not that private. The choices being made concern life and death. They concern not only those making them, but another being, who would only months later become a citizen: a reason for, if not legal coercion, expression of moral concern.

In many circumstances, as McKenna notes, the fetus is recognized as a human being. When a pregnant woman dies, or is killed, it is referred to as a "double tragedy." Someone can be legally charged with causing the death of the fetus, and can be tried or sued for it. Legally, the fetus can be seen as a victim. Medically, it can be seen as, and treated as, a patient. All of this is a good reason why the state, if it does not see fit to accord it the full status of citizen, should

not dismiss it, either, as a cipher, or thing.

There is a legitimate advocate's role in political leadership, for addressing behavior one does not ban as illegal, but does not intend to promote. We are told without end to be civil and tolerant, to give time and money to many good causes, to avoid actions and language that offend other people; even to eat and drink less. A civilized culture respects all its people, regardless of color or background. A civilized culture does not freely take life. Do we wish to be a country and people that looks upon life as a disposable matter? That assents to the random destruction of human potential? That measures all life by its value to others? That lives by a code of Me First?

A responsible leader of free and fair people should have no compunction about telling them that a careless disregard for human life is not the mark of a civilized people: that life is to be taken, if at all, in conditions of distress and necessity. Is this a fit use for the Bully Pulpit, built by Teddy Roosevelt, the Progressive Republican? Oh, yes. America is hungry for it, and by embracing the platform I propose, any Republican presidential challenger can speak language that will seem bracing, human, and considerably less divisive than some pro-life discourse has been over the years.

Naomi Wolf notes, in language that reveals how far she is from a conservative, that "a free-market rhetoric about abortion can, indeed, contribute to the eerie situation we are now facing, wherein the culture seems increasingly to see babies not as creatures to which parents devote their lives, but as accoutrements to enhance parental quality of life. Day by day, babies seem to have less value in themselves . . . than they do as products, with a value dictated by a market economy. . . . If we avidly cultivate our love for the ones we bring to term, and 'get over' our love for the ones we don't, do we not risk developing a hydroponic view of babies—and turn them into a product we can cull?"

This is correct, but just part of the story—and just part of the opportunity for a politician who might choose to speak in moral terms to an electorate. For the unalloyed sway of choice-driven morals—subjective, conditional, interest-based morals—has turned all of us into things. It is simply not possible to maintain a true civil culture on the values the "choice" culture spawns. The ethic of "choice" is not good for the world, or for women. It has not made women more valued, respected, or safe in their commerce. It has not made them free. It has set them adrift, in a coarsening culture, where the value of life is at risk.

What have we seen in the years since abortion was made legal? A staggering burden of smut. The "right" of women to abort, for all, and no, reasons, has been matched in lockstep with a ratcheting upward of similarly callous choices: to kill for a bike or a jacket; to beat one's wife bloody; to choose to abuse one's underage children; to mug and to batter and to rape. Pornography—the treating of women as objects, to be used by men for their interests—leached into the mainstream, seen routinely now in films, ads, billboards, and tony fashion spreads (near editorials that staunchly back abortion rights). In film, the "good" roles for women have vanished, replaced by depictions of hookers and bimbos. Popular music, once about romantic love and idealized women, is now about mayhem and battery. As women exercise their right to opt out of pregnancies, men exercise theirs to opt out of families, and the responsibilities attendant on them, abandoning families, or refusing to start them: leaving aging consorts, if they can swing it, for ever-younger trophy wives. Has anyone noticed how many of these things happen to be specifically or disproportionately harmful to women? Which brings us to Senator Bob.

When Bob Packwood's diaries were printed, in all their weird splendor, even his ex-wife was stunned. "This shadow life makes a mockery of Bob's dedication to equality for women," she said to reporters. "Women taken advantage of? Women treated as chattel? As objects?" Dear Mrs. Packwood, this was not his

"shadow life." This *is* the whole picture. Is it much of a journey from seeing a fetus as plaque, or as matter, to seeing women as meat? Why are so many harassers such avid pro-choice people? Why are feminists so often embarrassed by friends' private behavior: Ted Kennedy, Bill Clinton, Gary Hart? In *National Review*, Kate O'Beirne says it nicely: "Packwood's public and private lives can easily be reconciled by recognizing that the feminist philosophy he espouses encourages male irresponsibility toward women. Abortion provides a refuge for men like Packwood, who seek sex without commitment," and flee the responsibilities it usually brings.

Women as "things?" Where *could* this have come from? From the pro-choice contingent, with their predator ethic, where life has no claims of its own, or claims only when feminists make them, in pursuit of their own selfish interests. They may abort at will, but men have to treat them with reverence: a double bind of stunning mendacity that doubles back on itself. As McKenna and Wolf note, and some others have realized, the careful "choice-speak" is a deadening agent, Novocaine for the ethical sense of the nation, crafted to kill moral nerves. Late-term abortion is "this procedure," a "medical treatment," a "health measure," a "right." But when it serves "women's interests," these nerves are to be quickened, and sensitized. Seduction is "rape," a comment "harassment," a long look an incursion of criminal nature, a whistle a criminal act. The second message doesn't get through, as the first has been all too effective. Who gave Packwood the idea he could treat women as "chattel?" They did. It's no use to say, "The boys just don't get it." The boys get it only too well.

What does all this do for the party and the issue? It changes the terms of debate. It shifts from a context of rights to one of disorder, a sign of breakdown in human connections, with a frightening ripple effect. It turns the feminists' language of "caring" against them. In a sense, it turns the feminists against themselves. As for the Republican party, it brings it together; if those on both sides will permit this to happen. It does not ignore or deny their real points of difference, but moves around and above them, creating a space they can share. It admits of dissent, and allows it to flourish: but within a frame, that contains these divisions without ripping the party apart.

These divisions, in context, may not be as deep as they seem. As David Frum tells us (in the Dec. 4 issue of THE WEEKLY STANDARD), pro-choice Republicans are seldom members of the hangnail school. Many believe in restrictions and limits. Many believe in what might be called the ethic of "permit and discourage." Many are reluctant backers of the lesser evil. Some would support a pro-life amendment as a matter of principle, but fear the real-life consequences of forcing poor, ignorant, or frightened women to bear children they resent and do not want. Conservatives who believe that "pro-choice" means only one far-out agenda misjudge their opponents. And some of their possible friends.

Does it make a difference whether pro-choice Republicans or Democrats hold down places of power? Yes. Republicans know they cannot enrage the conservative movement. But Democrats are indebted to the National Abortion Rights Action League and the National Organization for Women. Moderates are influenced by the tone of their parties. A moderate, pro-choice Republican would be forced, at the least, to be abortion-neutral. A Democrat whose ideas might be similar—Bill Clinton said he wanted fewer abortions in 1992—would be pushed in his turn to the left.

Clinton says he dislikes abortion; he may, now and then, think it. But he has run the most abortion-friendly administration in history, aggressively pushing its accessibility, on the foreign and domestic scenes. His administration is staffed from abortion-rights lobbies. His spokesmen are their moral kin. Asked to reconcile her war on tobacco with her support for abortion, Health and Human Services secretary Donna Shalala burbled, "But smoking hurts people!" Put Shalala with the hangnail contingent. When Mrs. Clinton went to China to protest its policy of forced abortions, her aides were quick to clarify that her complaints were only with the "forced" component. Translated, this means that life itself has no value. Put Mrs. Clinton—did anyone doubt it?—firmly in the hangnail school too.

> "CHOICE-SPEAK" IS A DEADENING AGENT, NOVOCAINE FOR THE ETHICAL SENSE OF THE NATION, CRAFTED TO KILL MORAL NERVES.

Would a Colin Powell have surrounded himself with these moral giants? Nominate and defend a Joycelyn Elders? Or might he have had a decent respect for the opinions of friends?

Let us not slight the purely political assets of picking the moral, not the legal, pose. It plays to the chinks in the Democrats' armor. It stops Democratic opponents from playing the rights card—the sharpest dart in their quiver—and makes them play defense:

Instead of opposing they must now explain to a dubious public why something ought not to be merely discouraged that most people know to be wrong. "For years," writes John Leo in *U.S. News & World Report*, "feminist leaders have treated moral discussions of abortion . . .as a betrayal," adding "there is an obvious tactical reason . . . any such debate would split the pro-choice constituency, a large portion of which thinks abortion is wrong." Exactly. This is why one should be forced. Naomi Wolf's piece drew a shriek from Planned Parenthood, which compared her to "murderous fanatics," described as "intemperate" her description of abortion as "evil," called the casual acceptance of abortion "one of humankind's greatest achievements," and claimed "every woman's decision about abortion is a moral decision," including what Wolf describes as "the repeat abortions . . . the suburban summer country-club rite-of-passage abortions, the 'I don't know what came over me, it was such good Chardonnay' abortions," and much else.

A Democrat who ticks off Planned Parenthood loses much of his backing and money. But how many of the voters the Democrats need to coax back or retain would support Planned Parenthood against Naomi Wolf? A moral debate is the Democrats' nightmare. A good reason for one to be held.

Imagine a united Republican party that dares to do this:

Lay out in moral terms its objections to convenience ethics as subversive of culture in general.

Lay out in specific terms the connection of those ethics to crimes against women.

Urge a policy based on adoption and explain it as follows: "Since 1973, there have been about 1.5 million abortions yearly in the United States, a frightening destruction of human potential. At the same time, nearly one couple in five is described as infertile. Many of these have been made quite unhappy. Some have spent vast amounts of time and money in attempts to have children; often with little success. To address these two problems, we tend to treat them as one. We urge abortion and adoption services to join forces to match parents and children. We plan to compile a national registry of people willing to adopt and raise children and distribute it nationwide to clinics that treat pregnant women. We suggest that women about to abort be urged to bear and place children, and be encouraged to do so. We ask Democrats to join us in this voluntary, non-coercive effort to save and enrich human lives."

What would this do to the national Democrats? They would be cleft, by their center and left. They could endorse this, which would please the center and be good for the people and country. Or, they could please the left, and denounce it. They can alienate what remains of their center, and marginalize themselves as extremists. Or they can play to the center, and alienate, perhaps enrage, their one source of power, their activist, fund-raising, base. What would happen to the PAC checks from left-leaning lobbies? The civil rights caucus? Emily's List? From NARAL? From NOW?

Another side of this that is largely unrealized is the power to splinter their base. Abortion by choice is itself anti-woman: When women worldwide commit infanticide on the basis of gender, they overwhelmingly choose to kill girls. Before the Clinton administration sends off another delegation to an international conference, armed with language to make "abortion rights" global, let it mull this one over: Some years ago, the *New York Times* ran a story from China, to the effect that the widespread use of prenatal testing had brought on a slaughter of girls. "Partly because of ultrasound . . . the sex ratio of newborn children in China reached 118.5 boys for every 100 girls . . . more than 12 per cent of all female fetuses were aborted, or otherwise unaccounted for. Based on a population of 1.17 billion, that adds up to more than 1.7 million missing girls each year." Not only in China, with its one-child policy: "Throughout Asia, with its traditional preference for boys, ultrasound scanners . . . are being used to

check the sex of fetuses so that females can be aborted. . . . The sex ratio in South Korea is about 113 boys to 100 girls. The practice of aborting female fetuses in India has led the authorities in Bombay to limit prenatal testing to women 35 years and older, or those with a family history of birth defects."

Then, there is the "gay gene"—a concern of gay activists, traditional allies of feminist causes, another key bloc on the left. Suppose a gay gene could be found, and identified, via prenatal testing. What then would happen? What do you think? As *U.S. News* quotes a gay editor saying, "one can imagine a pregnant mother and father being told, 'Your baby is going to be queer, do you want it?'" One can, indeed. One who did was a gay man, Jonathan Tolins, who wrote a play called *Twilight of the Golds* on the subject (the couple aborted), and then wrote an essay for *Time*: "Even the most liberal-minded heterosexual may stop for a moment and think, 'Well, do I want my child to be gay?' In that moment of reflection lies the danger of genocide. No, it wouldn't have the calculated and theatrical horror of the concentration camps, but a minority population would be destroyed." When does "reproductive freedom" turn into a Holocaust? When it's one's special ox which is gored. How would Patricia Ireland of NOW and Barney Frank of Massachusetts address this issue?

Much grief was once spent on the Spur Posse, a clutch of young jocks, of Packwoods-in-training, who liked to treat women as prey. Their predator ethic was widely lamented. What the girls did not get, in the midst of their outrage, was that this ethic was much like their own. As Carolyn Hax writes in the *Washington Post*, most abortions are not spurred by health, or by hardship. They are done for "convenience," life minus commitment, to save a "lifestyle," not life. This "style," as she describes it, is like that of the Posse: "spending teen years at the mall with friends, living in a college dorm room, going out and getting drunk after work." In an article touting the abortion pill, *Harper's Bazaar* described a girl who "went dancing" after the "inert matter" had removed itself. What does one get when one drops this sludge into the culture? Nothing too good. One does not get a nurturing world that cares much for women. One gets the Spur Posse and Senator Packwood. In them, the "choice" group has the world that it asked for. And, in a sense, it is the world they deserve. But it is not the world we all deserve, and it is not the world we all want. We want another. And we can have another. ♦

Segregation, 90s Style, and How to Fight It

By Michael Greve

A December 5 House committee hearing on race and sex preferences provided a long-overdue opportunity to put egregious quota schemes on trial. Instead, the session (on the Canady-Dole bill, which would ban preferences in federal contracting) turned into an unfortunate object lesson in how not to advance a conservative civil rights agenda.

The only testimony to be covered by the press was delivered by Assistant Attorney General Deval Patrick: In an angry tirade, he charged the bill's sponsors with fostering racism and segregationist sentiments. While conceding that not "everybody who is against affirmative action is a racist," Patrick denounced the bill as a calculated and "disastrous" setback to integration. "I don't know if they want to go back [to a segregated society]," Patrick added in a press interview, but "that is the risk" of banning affirmative action.

It is tempting to respond in kind to such invective. One might ask Patrick to explain, for instance, whether he meant to suggest that blacks (or for that matter women) are naturally incapable of making it in America without cradle-to-grave preference policies. Not every affirmative action supporter believes this, but some do; earlier this year, one of them—the president of Rutgers University—was tactless enough to blurt it

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out. But Republican leaders lack the stomach for this sort of debate, as the December 5 hearing showed: The congressmen present—a grand total of two, Reps. Hyde and Canady—reacted defensively to Patrick's rant.

The important problem, though, is not a lack of conservative confidence and enthusiasm but the abstract nature of the debate. A sustained campaign to roll back racial preferences depends on small but tangible victories that build political support and demoralize the opposition. But as this past year has shown, a big argument over affirmative action in general and over an all-or-nothing choice between "colorblindness" and "diversity" can't produce such victories. Colorblindness looked like an unstoppable steamroller only a year ago; now, it's barely puffing.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR COLORBLINDNESS LOOKED LIKE AN UNSTOPPABLE STEAMROLLER ONLY A YEAR AGO; NOW, IT'S BARELY PUFFING.

To revive the flagging campaign, conservatives should begin to talk about, and *do* something about, the most extreme, least defensible aspects of the current civil rights regime—to wit, state-imposed segregation and the arrant lawlessness on which it rests.

Why not, for example, ask Patrick to talk about the case of "Michelle Doe," one of a handful of white students at an inner-city school in Corpus Christi, Texas. In 1994, Michelle applied to "Planet Earth," a summer environmental study camp funded in part by the National Science Foundation (NSF) and administered by Texas A&M University. Alas, pursuant to NSF funding guidelines, Planet Earth was reserved exclusively for blacks, Hispanics, and Native Americans. An admissions officer informed Michelle in a personal interview that she was ineligible because she was white. Upon further inquiry, the NSF confirmed this assessment—though not without cheerfully informing Michelle that the National Science Foundation also runs girls-only programs, one of which might eventually come to south Texas.

This is being done, as always, with the best of intentions. The NSF's many race-restricted grants and other opportunities are supposed to benefit "historically underserved" minorities, and this noble purpose would be diluted if the historically overserved were to participate. Planet Earth, the official description explains in tortured prose, seeks to teach "cultural sensitivity to other ethnic groups" and "to encourage *all* of today's ninth grade students to become practitioners and defenders of the environment of Planet Earth" (emphasis in the original). Evidently, this is best done by isolating selected ethnic groups from the rest of us.

There are many other examples of segregationist policies in multicultural garb. The National Institutes of Health administers race-exclusive grants and programs for aspiring doctors and researchers. Numerous state agencies also run educational programs on a minorities-only basis; remedial or "transitional" courses of education often limit participation to selected racial minorities. And outside the area of education, most states prohibit interracial adoptions, in practice if not by law.

Policies that physically separate the races have close cousins in programs that reserve government benefits exclusively for selected minorities. Government-sponsored race-based scholarships are the most notorious example, but there are others. Ohio State University has for years set aside 100 percent of all painting and maintenance contracts for blacks; no one else need even apply. Superficially, such policies may enhance "diversity." But, come to think of it, the National Science Foundation says the same about *its* programs. In fact, race-exclusive programs function on the segregationist principle of Planet Earth.

Defendants in civil rights lawsuits propound this principle without shame or hesitation. Among them is the Wright Institute, a California institution that (like most colleges and universities) considers black applicants separately from others. Patricia Woods, a black applicant who was denied admission despite her superior credentials and qualifications, has sued the Institute. She claims that she would have fared much better had she not been "black-tracked"; and that, in any event, she should not be asked to bear the stigma of having been rejected "even as a minority." The Institute has responded that Woods has no legal standing to complain about a process that was designed to benefit—well, not quite her, but her race. On this theory, it would be lawful to herd black people into segregated housing projects so long as the government means well and the projects are nice.

This absurd proposition is not the law, and plaintiffs have made federal cases of all the policies just mentioned. "Michelle" will soon obtain a highly favorable settlement in her lawsuit against the National Science Foundation and will walk away with a tidy sum of money. Jerry Henry, a white painting-business owner who has sued Ohio State over its 100 percent set-aside, will win *his* case. Prohibitions on interracial adoptions have become the subject of a lawsuit, as has

a minorities-only remedial education program in California; at least the last of these cases ought to be an easy win. Blacks-only scholarships at the University of Maryland have already been declared unconstitutional by a federal appeals court. But judges' reluctance to endorse segregationist "civil rights" practices hardly obviates the need for a public debate and legislative action.

Reverse discrimination lawsuits are expensive, and difficult to win; they are not a lucrative proposition for the bar. In some areas of the law, large and comparatively resourceful organizations—the Association of General Contractors, or trade unions—can provide effective, broad-based legal assistance; this is why contracting set-asides and the proverbial "white firefighter cases" make up such a large portion of reverse discrimination law. In all other areas, potential plaintiffs must usually find their way to public interest law firms—which, being limited in number and size, cannot possibly cover the waterfront.

A much larger problem lies in the pervasive official determination to preserve and defend even the most obviously unlawful programs. With dreary regularity, preliminary settlement talks with a state defendant in a reverse discrimination case begin and end on the same track: Yes, we know that our policy is unlawful (we, too, went to law school), but how about we cut your client in on the deal (school admission, or job, or contracts), we pay your fees, and the policy stands?

Failing that, officials will force plaintiffs to litigate over even patently unlawful programs. Ohio State's set-aside, for example, falls squarely under the Supreme Court's 1989 decision in *City of Richmond* v. *Croson*, which held that set-asides must be temporary, flexible, and narrowly tailored to remedy the effects of past discrimination. Yet here, six years and a score of federal cases later, Ohio State is defending a permanent, categorical, 100 percent set-aside without a shred of evidence of prior discrimination. In a sworn deposition, Ohio State's designated representative testified that the program was needed because *blacks cannot buy paint*—not in Columbus, nor elsewhere; not by mail order, nor in a hardware store. (She provided no evidence of this nationwide conspiracy.) State and local officials across the country are defending minorities-only scholarships, educational programs, and hiring practices with the same chutzpah.

Even after an adverse judicial decision, officials will rarely change their minds or their conduct. Education again provides the best example. In 1994, a federal judge ruled that the University of Texas Law School had intentionally discriminated against white applicants by considering their files separately and apart from those of minority applicants. However, the court permitted racial preferences and admissions "targets" to continue, and University of Texas officials openly vowed that they would henceforth practice in their basement the discrimination they heretofore had perpetrated in broad daylight. And why not? For 17 years running, higher education officials across the country have administered racial admission quotas in plain violation of the Supreme Court's 1978 *Bakke* decision—without being called to account. Only now, and under intense political pressure, do they admit to having done so.

William Bramhall

It is true that both the

confused *Bakke* decision and the district court's equally confused ruling in the Texas case (which is currently pending on appeal) left officials plenty of wiggle room. But defiance is no less pervasive in government contracting, where the *Croson* decision provides quite explicit guidelines for state and local officials. The federal government, for its part, will prove no more cooperative in complying with this year's *Adarand* decision, in which the Supreme Court subjected federal programs to the demanding *Croson* standards. The irrepressible Deval Patrick has averred that *Adarand* did not even strike down the set-aside program directly at issue in the case. This view is correct only in the most hypertechnical sense; it illustrates the administration's resolve to preserve quotas and set-asides at all costs.

In short, reverse discrimination plaintiffs and advocates of colorblindness are learning a lesson the NAACP learned in the 1960s: Almost *no* court ruling can prevent public officials from playing race games if that is what they want to do. But just as such "massive resistance" was an urgent subject of debate and of congressional attention when it was practiced by the Old South, it should be so now that it is being practiced by liberal quota enthusiasts. Where judicial rulings are ignored, probing congressional hearings may yet prove effective. Moreover, far more than court orders, federal threats to withhold funds persuaded segregationist southern institutions to mend their ways. There are good reasons to think that such threats—at least in particularly egregious cases—would have the same effect now.

At the very least, shining a light on official lawlessness and on the most extreme policies would put civil rights advocates on the spot. To this day, and for all their breast-beating about "the law" and their professed opposition to "quotas," they will not concede that any existing affirmative action program—including those of the National Science Foundation and Ohio State variety—fits that description.

This, in a nutshell, is Patrick's position. He has ridiculed Republicans for seeing "quotas in every affirmative action plan the way a child sees monsters in every dark closet." It is also the president's position. In a widely hailed July 19 speech, Clinton heartily endorsed affirmative action, while opposing programs that "create a quota, involve preferences for the unqualified, lead to reverse discrimination, or continue forever." But the authors of the administration report that staked out this position declared themselves unable to find any evidence of any quota or reverse discrimination anywhere in the panoply of federal programs. (They categorized the NSF and NIH minority programs as opportunity-oriented, legally unproblematic set-asides.) This tiresome nonsense is no longer believed even within the president's own party. Throughout the affirmative action debate, New and moderate Democrats, from the *New Republic* to the Progressive Policy Institute, exhorted the administration and the civil rights establishment to distance themselves from the least defensible affirmative action policies, the better to preserve modest "preferences" in employment and education.

But this advice fell on deaf ears, and it did so for a good reason: Racially exclusive programs are the partial-birth abortions of affirmative action. Conceding that any *particular* programs are indeed illegal and immoral, liberals fear, will bring the entire system crashing down.

Here is the logic: A 100 percent set-aside is obnoxious because it categorically excludes non-favored races. But so, come to think of it, does a 10 percent set-aside. While the latter covers only *some* of the available government contracts, it categorically excludes non-minorities from those contracts. The underlying principle is the same—which is why liberals feel compelled to defend the principle even in the extreme case. By the same logic, racially exclusive summer camps and remedial classes are only elaborations of "mere preferences." Consider the case of competitive colleges and law schools, where the average test scores for admitted minorities are typically more than two standard deviations below those of Asians and whites. This means that virtually no minority students meet the standards met by whites and Asians; minorities obtain admission only with the help of huge racial preferences that isolate them from the general competition. They are treated as an entirely separate applicant pool—as a little Planet Earth within the general student population. And if such large preferences were to be jettisoned (along with manifestly segregated programs), on what principle could smaller ones be defended? Finally, "flexible" employment "targets" can often be reached only by reserving some jobs exclusively for minorities. And if minorities-only hiring is off limits, so, ultimately, are the targets. Short of uncompromising colorblindness, there is no stopping point.

Liberals know this logic because they have used it—in reverse: It is how they got us from race-conscious "outreach" into hiring by numbers, from "targeted" college recruitment into segregated summer programs, college studies, and dormitories. And con-

servatives know that any crack in the principle of colorblindness will sooner or later prove wide enough to accommodate a truckload of quotas and segregated institutions. This is why they insist so strenuously on the principle, and why they are right to do so.

But the logic is not self-evident to most people. And especially in light of the pervasive despair over black America, the insistence on uncompromising colorblindness—no matter how principled and sensible—is easily confused with intransigence and mischaracterized as "radical." There will be time and occasion to debate first principles; nor is there any reason to retreat from the ultimate goal of official colorblindness.

But the task for now is not to win it all; it is to create movement in the right direction. When Congress returns to civil rights matters early next year, let's talk about massive resistance. And, especially now that Deval Patrick has broached the subject, let's talk about segregation. ♦

P.C. on $5 a Day: Traveling Left with Arthur Frommer

By John Berlau

Arthur Frommer laid out his "do as the Romans do" philosophy of tourism in the 1989 edition of his book *New World of Travel*: "[T]ravel at all price ranges is scarcely worth the effort unless it is associated with people, with learning and ideas," wrote Frommer, who has published dozens of travel books since his famous *Europe on $5 a Day* came out in 1957. "To have meaning at all, travel must involve an encounter with new and different outlooks and beliefs. At its best, travel should challenge our preconceptions and most cherished views, cause us to rethink our assumptions, make us broader-minded and more understanding."

But in one of his latest travel books, Frommer ignores his own advice and sharply criticizes the customs and beliefs of the destination he is writing about. Although he likes some of the attractions, he urges the community to change its folkways if it doesn't want to lose tourism dollars. He encounters challenges to his preconceptions and most cherished views but does not come away more broad-minded. Where is this exotic destination with a culture that can shake up the ever-so-tolerant Arthur Frommer? Branson, Missouri, U.S.A., home of country music and cultural conservatism.

This tiny town in the Ozarks has become, as Frommer puts it in *Arthur Frommer's Branson*, "the nation's newest music capital." Although Branson has fewer than 4,000 residents, its tourists number more than 5,000,000 annually. According to the *Economist* (that the town would be the subject of an article in a magazine of this prominence speaks for itself), Branson is the most popular destination for coach tours in America and is second only to Orlando as a getaway for motorists.

Many factors are responsible for Branson's boom. For decades, about 100,000 tourists visited Branson each year for its campgrounds, fishing lakes, hillbilly jamborees, and a theme park called Silver Dollar City. A few country singers built theaters there in the mid-80s, but the boom really began in the past few years as the country music scene in Nashville became dominated by younger stars such as Garth Brooks and Travis Tritt. Veterans found a niche in Branson, and tourists from across the country were thrilled to see the likes of Mel Tillis, Glen Campbell, and Loretta Lynn all in one visit. Noticing the nostalgia for older country singers, pop musicians of a time gone by, such as Andy Williams and Tony Orlando, also headed for Branson and built opulent theaters there. Today, Branson tourists can visit over 30 theaters that revisit musical eras from the 40s to the 70s.

Yet what attracts people to Branson is not just the music—it is also the town's values. In a day when much American entertainment is characterized by vulgarity, hostility to religion, and even hostility to America itself, Branson, in columnist Cal Thomas's

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words, is the "town that slime forgot." Parents know they can take their kids to Branson for wholesome entertainment. Scarcely a "hell" or "damn" is uttered in a show, and most Branson productions feature segments that pay tribute to America and religion.

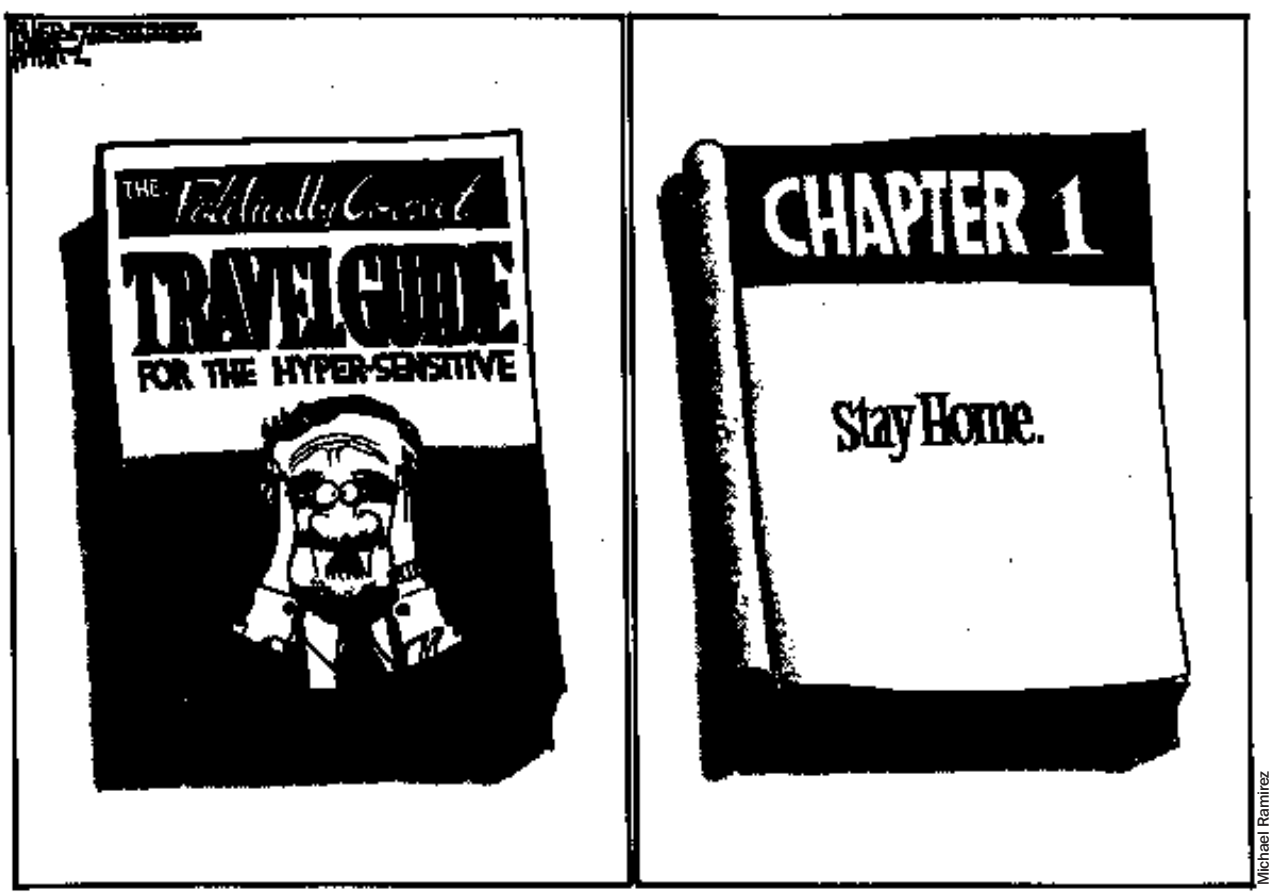
The patriotism and piety of Branson are too much for Frommer. The man who once recommended communes, eco-villages, "Marxist Scholar" tours of the then-Soviet Union, and other ventures of travel entrepreneurs with left-of-center ideologies devotes an entire chapter and several other passages of his Branson guide to criticizing the town's "right-wing excess" and "exclusionary policies."

Frommer, who worked at Adlai Stevenson's law firm in the 50s before becoming a travel writer, states that although he enjoys many features of Branson, he doesn't believe a travel writer should "write only in breathless style about the warm and comfy aspect of a destination, and not about its negatives as well." Yet most of Branson's "negatives" that Frommer points to are not issues of interest to the average tourist, but merely the author's own political quibbles with themes in Branson's shows.

Frommer, for instance, complains that "Glen Campbell sprinkles his show with remarks critical of President Clinton" and that "the Osmond Brothers place a large color photograph of Nancy and Ronald Reagan at one of the two indoor entranceways to their theater, and a similar color portrait of George and Barbara Bush at the other." He asks indignantly, "[A]re they not saying, in effect, that their show is meant to advance right-wing policies (something you discover for the first time only after you have purchased tickets to it)?"

Frommer also complains about the "domination of certain elements of the Branson scene . . . by the religious right." In some shows, he writes, "the gospel segment is preceded by an audible change of mood, lighting, and sound. The performers, who have hitherto worn a mix of costumes, reappear in white, the women in long lace dresses up to their chins. . . . Unprepared, the visitor is bemused at least but often stunned and offended."

Contrast that statement with Frommer's glowing description in *New World of Travel* of New Age resorts where people "search for a single, universal force that



Michael Ramirez

may animate all living things on earth, holding out hope for eventual communication between species (animals, plants)." Frommer explained, "I happen to be, in my own beliefs, very much a rationalist, agnostic, suspicious of spiritual claims or sudden panaceas. And yet the most rewarding travels of my life have been those when I exposed myself to diametrically opposing belief, in a residential setting, among adherents to those other beliefs, and with an open mind."

Frommer is also aghast at public displays of patriotism. He can't stand Branson's in-theater fireworks, laser flags, and stars-and-stripes costumes. "[T]he near-obligatory patriotism number is heard over and over in the course of one's visit, almost as if a municipal regulation required it," he writes, before resorting to even more overheated prose. "A quiet pride in our freedom of speech and religion, our diversity and our democratic traditions becomes a tool to frighten dissenters.

The nation that is shocked by eruptions of violent nationalism in other countries is suddenly portrayed by these affluent Branson performers as equally nationalistic, a place whose citizens are expected to follow unquestioned orders regardless of conscience—'my country right or wrong.'"

Lest anyone confuse Branson with Bosnia, I will describe my experience during one of Branson's patriotic numbers when I visited there with a friend last June. One of Branson's most popular performers is a Japanese-born fiddle player named Shoji Tabuchi, who can make his fiddle sound like a cow or train and do a host of other fiddle tricks. At the end of his show, which was filled with excellent fiddling as well as about 50 singers and dancers with lavish costumes and scenery, a narrator told the story of how Tabuchi came to America determined to make it as a country musician. He worked as a dishwasher and struggled in various gigs until he eventually attracted enough local notoriety to build his own theater in Branson.

A laser flag then appeared and Tabuchi began singing and playing "America the Beautiful" on the fiddle. My friend and I, along with everyone else in the theater, rose to our feet and put our right hands over our hearts. To get back to Frommer, my friend and I were not intimidated in the slightest into our patriotism, and it did not look like any other audience member was either. We stood up because we admired Tabuchi for achieving the American dream, and we were proud to live in a country that makes these opportunities possible.

Frommer writes that Tabuchi's performances are "probably the most heavily booked of all of Branson's shows." But the immense popularity of an Asian-American entertainer doesn't deter Frommer from making his most serious, unfounded criticism of Branson: that the town is racist.

It's not as if Frommer ran across any bigots in Branson. Rather, to Frommer, "ugly racism" is "painfully evident in most Branson shows" simply because there aren't many black cast members. To remedy this, Frommer suggests that Branson theaters spend extra money to recruit cast members in large cities.

Not even Tabuchi gets off the hook for contributing to the atmosphere of "racism." He is criticized for not having any blacks in his show (at least not when Frommer attended). Frommer thinks that because Tabuchi is a minority who made it big in Branson, he has a special duty to bring in other minorities. In a passage of political correctness extreme even for this book, Frommer actually criticizes Tabuchi for making fun of rap. (Never mind that black musicians such as Wynton Marsalis and Ray Charles have expressed similar opinions.) Frommer admits that while it may be "a bit churlish of me to complain about the racial casting of his show," he finds it "sad" that "[a]fter cracking the color barrier to an extent no one else has and becoming immensely rich in the process, Shoji has apparently decided to bring no one else of color along in his show."

Frommer never seems to grasp that Branson's shows may simply reflect performers' musical tastes and preferences. Black country great Charley Pride, who himself heads a successful theater in Branson, recognized as much in his autobiography. "It still puzzles me that more black singers have not followed [from Pride's breakthrough into country] and that there are so few blacks at country music shows. But if a barrier exists now, it is most likely in their own minds and in their own tastes and preferences."

Frommer's book does contain some valuable information for tourists. He notes special features of hotels, reprints restaurant menus, and gives concise but comprehensive information about Branson- area stores, malls, and daytime attractions. At his best, Frommer gives his reviews a personal touch, and readers feel almost as if they're getting travel advice from a friend.

Readers more tolerant than Frommer may come away from his guide thinking Branson is the perfect getaway. It is, after all, a destination where they can kick back to some country music, not worry about exposing their children to sex and violence, and express their patriotism without fear of ridicule from the likes of Arthur Frommer. ♦

Jonathan Kozol's Crying Game

By Tucker Carlson

Jonathan Kozol has made a career out of crying. Over the span of 30 years and nine books, the 59-year-old author has shed tears for nearly every segment of America's mistreated underclass, from illiterate welfare mothers in Boston to migrant farm workers in New Mexico. When you care as much about the poor as Jonathan Kozol does, you can't help weeping.

But Kozol's tears are more than an outpouring of emotion, they are his bona fides, proof that his research into the lives of the poor—no matter how seemingly fraudulent—*must* be true, if only because it moves him so strongly. Of course, tears also sell books. A sobbing author makes for a great marketing strategy. And perhaps no writer in America has worked that strategy more effectively, turing moral outrage into dollars and prestige, than Jonathan Kozol.

So it's no surprise that he keeps churning out tears. "Sometimes . . . I didn't feel like writing anything," he explained to the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution* in 1992 while on book tour flogging his then-best-seller, *Savage Inequalities*. "I just felt like crying."

Three years later, Kozol is as lachrymose as ever. Indeed, the publication of his latest book, *Amazing Grace: The Lives of Children and the Conscience of a Nation*, an account of life in a South Bronx neighborhood, appears to have set the author off on another binge of sobbing.

"I spent much of the last two years crying," he told *Editor and Publisher* magazine in one of the countless media profiles and reviews timed to coincide with the new book's release. "I cried a lot, you can't avoid it," he lamented to the *Seattle Times* (which in turn described Kozol as the "nation's most revered oracle for impoverished children"). It's a wonder the book ever got written at all, he explained to the *Dallas Morning News*, since he had to stop so frequently to "sit quietly and cry." "It's a very sad story, and I cried a lot while I was writing it, and a lot of people tell me they cry when they read it," he confided to Charlie Rose last month. "Sometimes you feel so close to tears that you lack the, the will to, to scream."

But for Jonathan Kozol crying solo is never enough. Others have to join in, too. "I have no wish for people to read this book and come away from it full of hope," he told the Associated Press in November. "I simply want people to weep. Weep and pray and ask for forgiveness for what they have done to these children." Misti Snow, an aptly-named staff writer at the *Star Tribune* in Minneapolis, seemed happy to oblige. In a review of *Amazing Grace* this fall, she noted that "it takes longer than one would think to read this book. One must take time to weep."

They may have been getting teary at the *Star Tribune*, but at Kozol's publishing house the mood was considerably lighter. *Amazing Grace* had just gone into its sixth printing, bringing the total number of copies in circulation to 125,000. Kozol had once again bawled his way onto the bestseller list.

Like many professional advocates for the poor, Kozol comes from a privileged background. The son of a prominent psychiatrist (his father testified as an expert witness at the Patty Hearst trial) and a social worker, Kozol grew up in tony Newton, Massachusetts. After preparing at one of the better private schools in the area, he went to Harvard and studied writing under poet and former assistant secretary of State Archibald MacLeish. Kozol then enrolled at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Leaving early to become a novelist, he spent the next four years living in Paris—for a time in the same Latin Quarter hotel as Beat writers William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg—trying unsuccessfully to produce a book about his Russian immigrant grandmother.

In 1963, Kozol returned to the United States with plans of becoming a lawyer. By the fall of 1964, however, he had changed course and begun work as a temporary teacher in a public elementary school in Roxbury, a poor section of Boston. The nearly all-black school was in dismal shape, with crumbling classrooms and bigoted, sadistic teachers. For the sheltered son of a suburban doctor, it was a traumatic experience—"I've never returned in any real sense," he told an interviewer nearly 30 years later. He began to keep a journal of his experiences. By the time he was fired six months later—for, in the words of school authorities, "continual deviation from the 4th grade course of study"—his diary approached book length. It was

published soon after under the title *Death at an Early Age*. The account was a surprise bestseller, winning the National Book Award and launching Kozol's career as author and social critic.

A stream of other books followed, which Kozol cranked out between jobs as an itinerant college lecturer and organizer for Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers. All were roughly in the mold of *Death at an Early Age*—part reportage, part policy paper, held together with a goo of angry adjectives and leftist aphorisms. Kozol's politics seemed to get more extreme with time. "I am in strongest possible opposition to the present social order of the U.S.," he wrote in his 1975 *The Night Is Dark and I Am Far from Home*. He went on to describe the pledge of allegiance as "a ritual of unforgivable deceit." (These weren't just youthfully intemperate words, either. In 1992, Kozol called *The Night Is Dark* "by far my best book.") His 1978 *Children of the Revolution* is a paean to Fidel Castro, whose literacy programs Kozol called a "pedagogical victory unheralded in the modern world."

In *Illiterate America*, published in 1985, Kozol claimed that a third of the adult population, 60 million Americans (the Census Bureau's estimate at the time was between 17 and 21 million), was unable to read because of a plot by Big Business and the Reagan administration to keep the workers ignorant. "Who can pretend that literacy is not political?" he asked in conspiratorial tones. "It does not require a radical perspective to recognize that those who have a firm hold on the market of American ideas will not foster an ability to question the ideologies they live by."

His 1988 book about homelessness, *Rachel and Her Children*, was so overheated that even Anna Quindlen panned it in the *New York Times* as "advocacy journalism." As if to prove her point, Kozol held a news conference shortly after the book was published to warn of imminent housing riots. "This many poor families—mothers, fathers, children—are not going to remain silent and passive forever," he cautioned. "There is enormous anger building up in these shelters and in the streets."

Kent Lemon

Ordinarily, an author still droning on in the 1990s about conspiracies hatched by the military-industrial complex would find his audience limited to faculty members on lesser-known college campuses. His polemics would be dismissed by ordinary people as out-of-date or boring. Yet Kozol, almost alone among old-line leftists still publishing, has managed to avoid being typecast as a crank. And he has done it by identifying with—rather than simply writing about—poor people. Kozol, after all, doesn't just research his books, he *lives* them, spending years in urban areas empathizing with the downtrodden before telling their story to an indifferent America—working, as he put it a few years ago, in his capacity as "the medium through which voiceless people make themselves heard." "When I get tired," he explained to the *Washington Post* recently, "I get on the subway and go to Boston, or get on the Number 6 train in New York and go up to the South Bronx, or in Washington go to Anacostia, and I just spend one hour sitting in the kitchen of one of the families I know. All the anger comes back."

Jonathan Kozol, in other words, has the credibility that comes from first-hand experience on the streets. "In a sense," Kozol once told the *Chicago Tribune*, "I practice my religion in homeless shelters and airports."

Kozol's image as a tireless and truthful recorder of gritty urban reality has been accepted pretty much uncritically, so it is surprising that key sections of his much-touted 1991 book on inner-city schools, *Savage Inequalities*, appear to have been written by other people. In places throughout the book, Kozol's own, seemingly first-hand descriptions turn out to be thinly (and often inaccurately) rewritten versions of news stories. In other instances, Kozol seems to have simply lifted a reporter's words verbatim, without benefit of quotation marks.

In the second chapter of *Savage Inequalities*, for instance, Kozol describes at length scenes from Goudy Elementary, a deteriorating public school in Chicago. But it is not clear that Kozol ever actually went to Goudy, since nearly all of his reporting seems to come straight from a 1988 *Chicago Tribune* series on urban schools. "There are

no swings. Not even a rusted jungle gym," reported the *Tribune*. "There are no swings. There is no jungle gym," writes Kozol. "Soap, paper toweling and toilet paper are not always available for the children," observed the *Tribune*. "Soap, paper towels and toilet paper are in short supply," writes Kozol.

At one point, Kozol appropriates (without giving credit) a vignette from the *Tribune* about a little girl named Keisha who has punched a classmate in an argument over a crayon. In the *Tribune* version, a school counselor gently tries to reach the girl, who she fears is slipping away. "You know I care about you," says the counselor. "You told me I was your favorite teacher, isn't that what you said?" "You was until today," the girl replies, "the tears spilling out of her eyes" and falling "onto a page in her math book."

THE CHARACTERS FREQUENTLY DON'T SOUND MUCH LIKE PEOPLE ONE IS LIKELY TO MEET IN THE SOUTH BRONX.

In the rewritten Kozol version, the same event becomes a parable about harsh institutional authority: "'Keisha, look at me,' an adult shouts at a slow reader in a sixth grade class. 'Look at me in the eye.' Keisha has been fighting with her classmate. Over what? As it turns out, over a crayon. The child is terrified and starts to cry. Tears spill out of her eyes and onto the pages of her math book."

Kozol goes on to contrast the barren atmosphere at Goudy Elementary with the lush abundance of New Trier, an affluent high school nearby. But Kozol doesn't seem to have visited New Trier either. The only source for his many descriptions of the place appears to be a single article from *Town and Country* magazine.

"Kozol appears to have done no original reporting," concluded writer Sara Mosle, who reviewed the book for *New York Newsday* in 1991. "In each city," wrote Mosle, a former teacher and a self-described liberal, "he culls the local newspaper for anecdotes to support his preconceived notions." For editors at *Newsday*, the apparent dishonesty was too much. According to Mosle, the editors, who had first serial rights, decided not to go ahead and publish excerpts of *Savage Inequalities*, even after Kozol filed a lawsuit to force them to.

Savage Inequalities isn't the only book in which Kozol has employed dubious research techniques. Among the sources cited in Kozol's latest work, *Amazing Grace*, are "a student written New York City periodical," a Home Box Office video, and the translation of a screenplay for a 1947 French movie—that last being the source for an alleged quote from St. Vincent de Paul. At one point in *Amazing Grace* a young black man lays some street wisdom on Kozol's mostly middle-class readers: "'We know the real killer,' says a black musician in response to those who say that it is violent rap music that is spawning death and rage. 'The killer is not a song. The killer is in the street in which we live like rats.'" A trip through the endnotes identifies this philosopher only as "unnamed rap musician cited, *MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour*."

Those characters in *Amazing Grace* who are identified by name frequently don't sound much like people one is likely to meet in the South Bronx. Kozol has in the past defended himself against charges that he alters quotes by calling such criticism racist: Only a white bigot, he says, would doubt that poor children from the ghetto can speak like affluent kids who go to Exeter. Still, it's hard not to hear strains of Harvard in some of the things Kozol's characters say. "The drug dealers don't have any power over the economy," observes a 16-year-old named Maria by way of affixing blame for the city's problems. "They don't control the hospitals. They don't run the schools and they don't run New York." "If you want to solve the problem" of poverty, offers Alice Washington, the AIDS-suffering (she got it from her husband) protagonist of *Amazing Grace*, "raise the taxes everywhere in the United States." In another section, while describing the relative merits of New York's daily newspapers, Washington says she prefers the *New York Times*, and "will not buy the *New York Post*." "Why not?" asks Kozol. "It's prejudiced," she replies.

Washington's son David proves equally politically aware. "Evil exists," Kozol has him saying. "I believe that what the rich have done to the poor people in this city is something that a preacher would call evil." In another place, railing against the injustice of inadequate health care, David describes routine practice in a local hospital: "As soon as they know that someone has TB they're supposed to isolate him in a room, but sometimes it's a day or two before they get to him." Maybe David actually said these things. Then again, when was the last time you heard any person under 50, no matter how well educated, use the correct pronoun—"him," not "them"—with the antecedent "someone"?

Kozol admits he reconstructed some of the dialogue in *Amazing Grace*—"much of the book wasn't written as the result of interviews, but grew out of conversations," he says—so it is easy to imagine that some of his own words may have ended up in the mouths of poor people he met. It has been suggested before. One magazine writer remembers reading an interview Kozol did with a young Puerto

Rican boy "who I happened to have interviewed also on a different pretext. The kid sounded more Marxist in Kozol's book than I had felt he was. It was striking to me because I thought, 'Hey, I interviewed that kid.'"

If there is a single theme that runs through all of Kozol's books—indeed, though his life—it is hatred and distrust of the affluent. The poor are not poor through any fault of their own, Kozol explains again and again, but because of the greed and hypocrisy of the rich. Kozol, who has never raised any kids of his own, relishes his role as protector of and spokesman for The Children. And it is the children, he says, who have suffered most so that the rest of us can "have the lowest possible taxes and enjoy our earnings to the full."

Given how adamant he has been in his denunciations of the rich—Kozol routinely describes them as amoral monsters who "do not lead lives worth living"—it is interesting to note that Jonathan Kozol lives pretty well himself. While promoting his book about homelessness, for instance, Kozol didn't bunk in shelters. In Chicago, he stayed in what the local newspaper called "a luxury hotel just off Michigan Avenue." In Los Angeles, he bedded down in Beverly Hills. In Dallas last month pitching his new book, Kozol took a room at the Adolphus, one of the most expensive hotels in the city, whose rates start at more than $200 a night.

Not that Kozol has to worry about what hotel rooms cost. Over the years he has been amazingly successful at winning grants and awards, including two fellowships apiece from the Guggenheim and Rockefeller foundations. With the royalties from his books—all of which are still in print—it hasn't been a bad living. But it isn't writing that brings in the biggest checks. Like the Washington pundits he despises, Kozol makes his real money giving speeches.

According to his assistant, Cassie Schwerner, Kozol charges $12,500 per speaking engagement, far more than most authors receive. He also demands comprehensive travel expenses (full-fare coach tickets only, which make for an easy upgrade to first class). Despite the price, Kozol is in demand on the lecture circuit, particularly from teachers' organizations, whose champion he has been for 30 years. "I was one time asked to speak to a group of librarians in Ohio," remembers Diane Ravitch, who also writes about education. "They told me they really wanted Jonathan Kozol but they couldn't afford him, so they had settled for me."

Affluent as he may be, Kozol does his best to hide it, with a studied indifference to wealth whenever reporters come near. "They take me to fancy restaurants in Midtown Manhattan, but I lose my appetite," Kozol told *New York Times* writer Peter Applebome over a $2.35 tunafish sandwich at the ostentatiously low-brow B&V pizza shop in the South Bronx. "It just seems strange. I'd rather be here. My digestion is better." Declining an invitation to attend President Clinton's inauguration, Kozol made a show of his simplicity for a reporter from the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, explaining, "I don't have a tuxedo."

Kozol has been making similar statements for most of his life. Twenty years ago, he described how he felt after spending the afternoon in an affluent friend's house, a property he estimated at the time was worth about $100,000: "It occurs to me, as I am sitting here, that this would make a nice school . . . a good, removed and isolated rest house for narcotics addicts . . . a wonderful location for intensive, residential health care for malnourished, worm-infested, tick-infected, navel-distended infants." His own home, he told a reporter recently, is a terribly modest affair, "a shack."

Actually, the Kozol residence, a colonial farmhouse in rural Massachusetts, is much more than a shack. Two years ago the property's assessed value was almost $200,000. Local Realtors says its real value is probably at least 20 percent more, making it one of the more expensive houses in town.

But such details are hardly the point. In Kozol's world, good people naturally come off as poor—whether they are or not. One of the more memorable characters in his latest book, for instance, is an Episcopal priest, Martha Overall, pastor of St. Ann's Church in the South Bronx. Like Kozol, the Rev. Overall has nothing but disdain for the well-off and, like him, has made a career rich in media appearances out of identifying with the underclass. But, it turns out, empathy only goes so far. Overall, of course, doesn't *live* in the South Bronx. She only works there, commuting to the ghetto each day from the most exclusive section of Manhattan, the Upper East Side. Needless to say, Kozol doesn't mention this inconvenient fact in his book—indeed, he quotes Overall making remarks about the moral deficiencies of the people who live in wealthy parts of Manhattan. Not that her home address is hard to come by. It can be found right in the *Social Register*, where this committed redistributionist is a long-time listee. ("There are some poor people in the *Social Register*, too," she says, explaining why she doesn't plan to take her name out of the book.)

> KOZOL'S SELF-DESCRIBED 'SHACK' IS ACTUALLY ONE OF THE MORE EXPENSIVE HOUSES IN TOWN.

Asked about the apparent dis-

crepancy between his ideology and his affection for fancy hotel rooms, Kozol explains that he's no hypocrite, but actually a victim of American capitalism. "You can try to make your life as austere as possible," he says, "but there's no way of escaping the contradictions of our society. If you're trying to engage in the cultural and political debates that exist in America today, you have to do it on the same terms as the people on the other side of the political spectrum." In other words, if William F. Buckley, Jr. stays at the Plaza, Kozol is forced to as well. "This is how America works today," Kozol says gravely.

Not that he likes it of course. "Sometimes," he says, after checking into one swanky inn or another, "it would startle me to come into an elaborate-looking lobby." So, ever resourceful, Kozol came up with a solution: "Whenever I could, I would invite the homeless, people I was writing about, to come and visit me." That way, he says, "they could enjoy a few moments of enjoying a pretty lobby."

It's enough to bring tears to your eyes. ♦

Movies

Jane Austen On Screen

By Paul Cantor

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single volume in possession of a good plot, must be in want of a film adaptation.

And yet, at a time when Martin Scorsese's answer to Brian DePalma's having a character bludgeoned to death with a baseball bat in *The Untouchables* is to have *two* characters bludgeoned to death with baseball bats in *Casino*, it is hard to believe that we are in the midst of a boom in films based on the writings of Jane Austen.

It tells us something about the distinctive world of her novels that one character in *Persuasion* becomes unsuitable in the eyes of a woman he is courting when it comes out that he has been known to travel on Sundays. One would think that such fine moral distinctions would be lost on contemporary audiences. Today the only way to tell the hero from the villain in most films is likely to be the fact that, although he too blows his opponents to smithereens with Molotov cocktails, at least he takes care that his incendiary devices are lead-free.

The current Austen boom began somewhat less than auspiciously with the aptly named *Clueless*, a supposed update of her novel *Emma* to present-day Beverly Hills. It is difficult to take its parallels with Austen's *Emma* seriously when the high school students it portrays make the generation pictured in its director's teenage-morons epic of 1982, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, look like graduates of Cal Tech. If anything, *Clueless* proved a reminder of how firmly rooted in a specific historical and social reality Austen's novels are; trying to transpose them to different eras and different settings invalidates everything that makes these remarkable works of art what they are.

Fortunately, with the success of films like *Howards End*, the movie industry evidently felt primed for a series of period pieces. As a result, we now have versions of Austen's *Persuasion* and *Sense and Sensibility* in general release. A new version of *Pride and Prejudice* is coming from Britain to American cable television, and several adaptations of *Emma* are in the works. If Francis Ford Coppola ever hears about the Gothic elements in *Northanger Abbey*, he may option the book and give Gary Oldman another chance at making a fool of himself in a wig.

The makers of *Persuasion* deserve credit for a sincere effort to remain faithful to Austen. They did not cast Demi Moore as the heroine, Anne Elliot. In contrast to what happens in the recent *Scarlet Letter* featuring Moore, Anne's interest in one of her suitors is not kindled by a glimpse of him swimming naked off the coast of Lyme. Instead, director Roger Mitchell and writer Nick Dear work hard to get the details right, from the costumes to the settings. The dialogue at times is taken nearly verbatim from Austen's text. The actors and actresses turn in uniformly solid performances, with Susan Fleetwood as Lady Russell and John Woodvine as Admiral Croft particularly successful in their roles.

But despite such meticulousness, something is missing from this *Persuasion*—and that something is, alas, Jane Austen, or rather, the wit and intelligence that shine forth in her writing. Not that the wit is entirely absent from the film; several sequences capture Austen's social satire effectively. But ultimately the very devices that make her such a great novelist prove difficult to translate to the screen. She is a master at allowing her characters to reveal themselves—largely their foibles and their follies—indirectly and almost against their wills, but such effects depend on techniques in her prose for which it is not easy to find cinematic equivalents.

Dear admitted as much himself: "I think one of the major difficul-

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ties was trying to replace the wit that's in Jane Austen's narrative, but which you can't use because it's almost all in the author's voice telling us about characters, with a certain wit or lightness that came from the characters themselves." Unfortunately, none of Austen's characters is quite as witty and intelligent as she.

In general, the film tends to shy away from exploring the inner lives of its characters in any depth. And that is precisely what fascinates Austen—the interior conflicts that keep her hero and heroine from reuniting in love after an eight-year separation. Instead, the film version generally substitutes accidental and external obstacles for Austen's psychological barriers. At several points in the film, the once-rejected Wentworth is about to declare his love for Anne when only a simple interruption from some other character forestalls him.

This is misleading. The point of Austen's tale is that, however unfortunate their eight-year separation may have been, fortunately in the interim they have changed—grown and matured—so that their rekindled love will in fact have a more solid and presumably long-lasting foundation. But in reducing what keeps Anne and Wentworth apart to happenstance, the film tends to obscure what makes them distinctive as lovers. Indeed, the film wants them to recapture the impulsiveness, spontaneity, and even rebelliousness of young love, a point epitomized by a false note—the moment when, contrary to anything Austen would allow, Wentworth kisses Anne publicly in the street.

The falsest note is struck right at the end: Anne and Wentworth quite literally sail off into the sunset, thus turning the sober reflective moment with which Austen chooses to end her novel into a cheap romantic cliché. Mitchell and Dear insist on assimilating Austen's heroine and hero to precisely the stereotypical patterns of romantic love that she constantly calls into question in her novels. She wants to show a very adult and intelligent Anne and Wentworth who have learned a sobering and moderating lesson about the compromises society demands. The film preaches exactly the opposite message: that youthful dreams can come true if only you remain patient and the wars go your way.

Chas Fagan

Judged by the exacting standards of Austen's novel, the film version of *Persuasion* fails to measure up, but judged against other movies today, it does rather well. At least the fact that it is based on Austen makes the film literate and thoughtful in a way that has become increasingly rare these days.

The latest entry in the Austen sweepstakes, *Sense and Sensibility,* has an odd advantage over *Persuasion*: It is based on a lesser novel. Written earlier than *Persuasion, Sense and Sensibility* is a more conventional work and does not make as extensive use of the novelistic devices Austen later mastered. Perhaps as a result, the makers of the film felt freer to transform the novel in bringing it to the screen; in fact, the credits say that the film is "adapted from," rather than "based on," the novel by Jane Austen. The result, paradoxically, is that the film version of *Sense and Sensibility* ends up being truer to the spirit of Austen than the film version of *Persuasion,* and also just a better movie: funnier, livelier, more thoroughly enjoyable. It may well be the best movie ever made from any Austen novel.

I will even venture to say that director Ang Lee and screenwriter Emma Thompson have in some respects improved upon the Austen original. They have tightened up the plot, eliminating some minor characters and incidents like the duel between Colonel Branson and Mr. Willoughby that leaves both untouched and is pointless. At the same time, they develop certain characters further than Austen does, such as the youngest of the Dashwood sisters, Margaret. In particular, the film works to differentiate and deepen the principal male characters, who remain somewhat shadowy in Austen's text, especially Edward Ferrars, but spring to life on the screen, in part because of superb performances such as Alan Rickman's Colonel Brandon.

The film of *Sense and Sensibility* works very successfully to bring out Austen's central theme of the way literature shapes life. Using what are only hints in the novel, the film stages several scenes in which reading poetry out loud becomes centrally important and serves to differentiate the characters' attitudes toward both literature and life. Those who have not read the novel

may in fact be surprised to learn that the film's quotations from Shakespeare are not in the original text. And yet in their own way they are quite apt and serve to bring out the Shakespearean dimension of Austen's achievement. Like Shakespeare, Austen is able to expose the foolishness of her characters caught up in the tangled webs of romantic love without leading us to despise them or lose sympathy with their predicaments.

The camera work, the composition of individual scenes, and the editing of the film are so skilled and intelligent that they brook comparison with Austen's own command over putting together a novel. Even in this early novel, one thing Austen does brilliantly is to write scenes filled with literary clichés when she wants to show her characters' lives are being governed by ideas they have learned from books. Thompson and Lee do something similar cinematically; the moment when Mr. Willoughby rides out of the storm to save Marianne Dashwood is a pure movie cliché and filmed accordingly, but one that is appropriate to give a sense of how Willoughby is in a sense a creation of the overly romantic imagination Marianne has developed from her reading.

The difference from what happens in *Persuasion* is that there the filmmakers are captive themselves of the cinematic stereotypes they use, whereas Thompson and Lee knowingly use cliches to make us see key moments through the eyes of the characters, thus manipulating point of view as skillfully as Austen herself does.

One can only hope that this little boom in Austen films will remind the industry that it is still possible to sell movies on the basis of time-honored literary qualities: engaging characters, articulate dialogue, well-shaped plots, and serious themes. In the meantime, *Mansfield Park*, anyone? ♦

Books

Speaking Too Freely

By Adam Wolfson

With the recent electoral triumph of conservatism, the question will increasingly be asked: What is this "conservatism"? How that question is answered is important, for it is no longer merely an academic one, fought out among out-of-power conservatives. Rather, how the question is answered will have serious legislative consequences. And nowhere more than in the area of free speech.

A new book, which claims to be from a "conservative perspective," makes the case that conservatives who favor any limits on speech—censorship, to be blunt—are untrue to their conservatism. The book, a collection of essays titled *Speaking Freely: The Public Interest in Unfettered Speech: Essays from a Conservative Perspective* (The Media Institute, 113 pages, $14.95), touches on a variety of themes: why conservatives should avoid the (liberal) trap of censoring television violence; why the Federal Communications Commission must be combated; why commercial speech deserves the same legal protections as political speech. The contributors are dismayed that the Republican Congress is acquiescing in legislative "attacks on the First Amendment," introduced by liberal Democrats. Conservatives, they assert, must return to their principles—libertarian ones.

The authors' argument runs as follows: The aims of conservatism have always been liberty and limited government; censorship is hopelessly antagonistic to both of them. Writes contributor John Corry, "Conservatism seeks to expand, not curtail, our range of choices." Another contributor, Doug Bandow, alleges that censorship enhances the role and power of the state at the expense of the individual.

But the linking of freedom of speech to limited government is not so simple. For starters, individual rights are not self-enforcing. It takes a strong central government to enforce a broad right to freedom of speech. (Someone, after all, has to ensure that these rights are protected.) It is thus unsurprising that the Supreme Court's ever-more generous reading of the First Amendment has gone hand in glove with the expansion of the federal government's power in the 20th century.

But there is an even more essential reason why limited government is no companion of an expansive right to freedom of speech. In his 1758 "Letter to M. d'Alembert," Rousseau points out that there is a place for censorship in the small republic, but not in the big, bustling commercial city. This is so because, in the big city, vulgar amusements and a large police force, rather than virtue and self-discipline, keep the populace from doing great harm to one another and to the state.

Now: It is true that conservatives have made their peace with capitalism; but they have never regarded it as the ideal. Rousseau's Big City—where there is a right of sorts to freedom of speech, but where the populace is made up largely of "rascals," "without religion or principle"—has never been

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the locus of American conservatives. Instead, conservatives have sought to balance the freedom of the Big City with the virtue of the Small City. Devotion to the latter ideal has meant that conservatives traditionally have, in fact, supported limits on freedom of speech.

So, although *Speaking Freely* describes itself as "written by and for conservatives," it is actually a book written by persons belonging to a relatively modern species of conservatism, known more properly as libertarianism. Interestingly enough, the authors avoid referring to themselves as libertarian. But about the only philosophic forefathers they mention are Friedman and Hayek. Barely a word is said of Burke, Aristotle, or Tocqueville—even of Locke. To be sure, a diet of Friedman and Hayek is crucial to understanding the many flaws of socialism. But the problems faced by America today are fundamentally social and moral. Signs of decay are everywhere around us, and they especially animate the most potent segment of the contemporary Republican party: religious conservatives. Most conservatives, contrary to the suspicions of some libertarians, do indeed regard freedom of speech as an indispensable right. But when it includes the freedom to make movies depicting the torching of subway attendants—and a real attendant by the name of Harry Kaufman actually gets torched and killed—some re-thinking is due.

And yet, if there need to be limits on speech, of what sort should they be? The *Speaking Freely* essayists condemn even minor regulations as violations of "conservative" principle. Take the question of V-chip legislation—V for violence. This would require that manufacturers place in TV sets a computer chip capable of screening out programming unsuitable for younger children. Though no government censorship is involved (the owner of the TV, not any bureaucrat, activates the chip), John Corry condemns this legislation as an unwarranted government curtailment of individual rights. In fact, the government would be doing no more than leveling the playing field a bit between the parent and Hollywood. This is all the more necessary today, when, in many middle- and lower-middle-class families, both parents must work. Thus the futility of Doug Bandow's urging parents to monitor their children's viewing habits. Of course, parents should do as much as they can. But without something like the V-chip, working parents have no way of preventing their kids from feasting on the daily helping of sex and violence served up by Hollywood.


Bill Garner

Theoretical generalizations about freedom and responsibility, however intelligent, will do little to help ordinary Americans maintain, or regain, control over their homes and neighborhoods. Conservatives should be as much the friends of ordinary Americans as of abstract principles. The writers in *Speaking Freely* acknowledge that children themselves understand that they are influenced by values depicted on TV, and that most Americans believe that the government has a role to play in protecting the social and moral fabric of the nation. But Daniel E. Troy, a former law clerk of Judge Robert H. Bork, sounds much like a liberal activist when he insists that the courts must not defer to legislatures in determining the extent of the First Amendment. And Bandow argues that "[i]t makes no sense to force New York City to abide by the values of Salt Lake City"—as though left-wing intellectuals and avant-garde artists were being persecuted by middle America. In fact, the culture war had been one-sided until quite recently, when middle America awoke to discover that it could not regulate abortion, could not pray in its schools, and was required by law to tolerate flag burning and pornography. In the end, libertarians are not overly concerned with family values. To them, family values are a siren song, distracting us from the "bigger task in a democracy" (as the foreword to *Speaking Freely* has it): "safeguarding freedom of speech."

Must there be conflict between the First Amendment and family values? Corry cites the plain words of the First Amendment—"Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech"—as though they settled the matter. But we would benefit from explor-

ing what the founders intended by the word "speech" and why they thought "speech" worth protecting. Such an investigation would shed light on whether there is a constitutional right to watch peep shows. Adam Thierer of the Heritage Foundation posits a constitutional rationale for why regulations of content violate the First Amendment, only subsequently observing that "moral questions remain to be resolved about whether government efforts to promote or regulate children's programming are really just."

But the First Amendment does not exist in a moral vacuum. It is a part of a whole, the U.S. Constitution, the preamble to which begins by invoking what should be more than an afterthought: the matter of justice.

Moral judgments may be difficult, but they are worth making because they are inseparable from living in a decent society. But Bandow is skeptical that Americans can even come up with a workable definition of pornography; Troy is skeptical that they can manage to distinguish commercial speech from non-commercial speech. This reticence seems caused, not by relativism, but by a fear that even minor limits on liberty inevitably culminate in totalitarian shackles. For example, Corry, without irony, compares the V-chip legislation to "George Orwell's old horror: the Ministry of Truth." His co-contributors fret over a new road to serfdom. Says one of them, "There is a regulatory slippery slope." Another worries that a TV rating system "would effectively rule some Biblical dramatizations and much of Shakespeare off the air." Still another warns that the FCC could condemn Joyce's *Ulysses* as "indecent."

I myself am not too worried that any of this will happen. And if it does, those who desire to read the Bible or Shakespeare will find an old copy somewhere. Besides, better that they read the real thing than watch a Hollywood dramatization.

Those who are certain that even minor regulations of speech lead straight to the Gulag should consider another slippery slope: A people that cares more for petty amusements than for voting; that feels it has a "right" to pornography; that considers even so small a measure as the V-chip an unjustified infringement upon its "liberty"; that constructs a conflict between freedom of speech and the moral education of its children (and opts for the former)—this people will scarcely care whether it rules itself or is ruled by a junta. Fortunately, the American people have not slipped so far. Yet. ♦

Music

Monster Talent

By Jay Nordlinger

It's not an evening you've been looking forward to. Guests are coming in from out of town, and they want to go to the Pavarotti blow-out at the sports arena. You are fraught with dread. The last thing you want is to hear the Pav Man like this. It will pain you to see him debase himself, tossing out schlock for a zillion dollars. A hustling impresario from Hungary organizes these events for him, in places like Madison Square Garden, Dodger Stadium, and Hyde Park. They aren't musical experiences; they're vulgar extravaganzas, with microphones, spotlights, and soupy arrangements. You have nothing against the wider dissemination of good music, or the broader popularity of worthy musicians. But this is sheer Barnum-ism, more corrupting than elevating.

You arrive at the arena. The people are buying their hot dogs, pizzas, and popcorn, buzzing at the prospect of being entertained by the big, smiley guy they know from television. You make your way up to the rafters; hockey and basketball banners hang from them. The stage is a dot on the floor, bearing a pick-up orchestra, a provincial conductor, and cameras for the in-house video screens, necessary because of the vastness of the "hall." A voice comes on over the p.a. There will be a delay due to "traffic congestion." Peculiarly, the voice is British, and you wonder whether the organizers suppose that they are lending an air of class. The atmosphere might be that of a tractor pull, or of professional wrestling. People are eating, laughing, and shouting to one another across the sections.

The lights dim, and there he is, bounding in from behind a curtain. With the naked eye, you can spy his trio of trademarks: the delighted grin, the giant hankie, the arms thrust upward. The opening piece —"number," in this context—is "Addio, fiorito asil." The first question to be answered is, Is he lip-synching? He was caught at it once before. No, he is transposing down a half step, so it is probably not a recording. Then come some rhythmic and intonational problems. Good news: He is not lip-synching. This may also be bad news. He lurches to the end of the aria, and its concluding words, "Ah, son vil!" ("Oh, I am vile!"). You squirm in your seat.

After that minute and a half, his

sidekick soprano appears, giving him a rest. He returns with a sloppy, slurred "Non piangere, Liù," and you wish you were a million miles away, or at least at home, with your recordings. He is merely "phoning it in"—and that just barely.

The orchestra assays a Verdi overture, then Pav breezes back, with "Che gelida manina." This, also, is transposed, and he is making an embarrassing hash of it. He is sliding, barking, and missing. This is beyond phoning it in; this is aggressive inferiority, and you are angry. Toward the end, however, the line "Or che mi conoscete" is intensely musical, and you are glad to be reminded that the Pav Man is, of course, intensely musical, and no gaudy carnival can totally obscure it. On the final note, "dir"—an easy, auto-pilot E-flat (D for Pav)—he cracks. Through many years of listening to him, you have heard him do a lot, but not this. It wasn't even a "professional" crack; it was an amateur, civic-theater crack. After raucous and sustained applause—there's no surprise —the soprano gives her, "Sì, mi chiamano," and it is time for the duet. Pav staggers through, which is about as much as you can hope for now. He even manages a pleasing, though fortissimo, final B (for he is down again).

"Half-time," says the man behind you to his wife. "No, at this, it's an intermission," she corrects, though, really, the man wasn't wrong. Why is Luciano doing this? you wonder. You understand the lure of riches, even for an already wealthy man, but shouldn't he recoil to give the public—even *this* public, which is prepared to cheer him no matter what—such a performance? How can you ask people to pay 80 bucks for (a cumulative) 25 minutes or so of a crude impersonation of one of history's great tenors?

Perhaps the worst thing about these stadium outings is that they fuel the Pavarotti-haters, who are mindless, but numerous and annoying. "Put that bellowing clown out to pasture," they have been saying, and you cringe to reflect that, at last, they may be right. You haven't been able to bring yourself to applaud; in fact, you feel ill. And you curse that, by coming tonight, you have put at risk your life's memory of the Pav; you deserve to remember him in his rightful state.

John Kascht

The "Addio alla madre" that opens the second half is actually in the realm of the acceptable. It's not good; it's not Pavarotti; but it's reasonable. Later, there is the third-act duet from *Otello*, and—what's this? The old bear seems to be rousing himself. He is singing with a little more control, a slightly surer step. He is almost into his voice, and he is beginning to . . . to acquit himself with some dignity.

"Mattinata" is next, and something wonderful is happening. Pavarotti has decided to show up for work. He is newly supple and newly characterful. The voice is regaining its pliancy and bloom, finding more predictably the center of the notes. The liquid woodwinds have returned, along with the clarion trumpet. The "Girometta" leaves your mouth agape. He has performed and recorded this piece a thousand times, but may have never done it better. He is almost cocky now: nimble, lithe, and . . . hang on a second. Could it be? Oh yes: He has interpolated a touch of coloratura, and it is masterly.

The printed program closes with "Non ti scordar," exquisitely, definitively sung. Oddly, tears form in your eyes. He truly *is* in the line of Caruso, Gigli, and Schipa. He handles the Neapolitan chestnuts with pure nobility, without a trace of condescension, as Ferrier did her North Country ditties, and Anderson her spirituals.

The encores begin, and you are in the presence of an interpretive titan. It may be late, but greatness will out. This is more than impressive singing; it is high musicianship. Pavarotti is no simple-minded, happy-go-lucky ex-urchin from Modena, accidentally blessed with a freak vocal instrument; he is a musician of formidable intelligence, and he is displaying it all over the place now, to the relief of his defenders.

"E lucevan le stelle" is both heart-stopping and undeviatingly correct. You have lost all awareness of the cigarette placards, the stickiness under your feet, the overhead TV monitors. You are inhabiting a kind of musical cocoon, and, for all you know, you are in a box at La Fenice.

Pav finishes with a dazzlingly improvised *Brindisi*. My, how you've changed, but so has he. You are screaming yourself hoarse, clapping your hands raw, swearing that you'd have paid *ten times* 80 dollars. You float from the hall, and you wish that you could attend one of these "vulgar extravaganzas" every night for the rest of your life. ♦

Not a *Parody*

Michael Lerner is editor and publisher of *Tikkun*, a Bimonthly Jewish Critique of Politics, Culture & Society. Cornel West is a professor at Princeton. They are co-authors of *Jews and Blacks: Let the Healing Begin.* Following are *real* excerpts from "A dialogue between Michael Lerner and Cornel West," published in the November/December *Tikkun.*

After O.J. and the Farrakhan-led Million Man March: Is Healing Possible?

A dialogue between Michael Lerner and Cornel West

Lerner: I'm told that you physically embraced [Louis Farrakhan].

West: I physically embrace people whom I've spent quality time with across the board. No matter what color or gender or sexual orientation.

Lerner: This was in public and was seen as a public symbolic act.

West: Anyone I physically embrace in private I embrace in public too.

Lerner: Doesn't it trouble you that this is someone who is perceived by many Jews as an anti-Semite, many women as a sexist, many gays as a homophobe, and that this is the man you . . . are associated with?

West: In dialogue with, to push, to challenge.

Lerner: What do you think would emerge from a meeting between Jews and Farrakhan at this moment?

West: The dialogue should happen.

Lerner: When I broached this in *shul* . . ., I was suddenly surrounded by angry liberal Jews who were saying to me, "How could you possibly doubt what Farrakhan stands for now that he has repeated this 'bloodsuckers' remark?" And my sister . . . said, go to the Yellow Pages and look up under "Get a backbone."

West: I want to affirm your deep empathy for Black suffering. I've witnessed that throughout the years we've been dialoguing together.

Lerner: I strongly disagree with your assessment of Farrakhan, but I do respect your thinking and agree with you that this kind of dialogue that we have been conducting is an important part of the process of healing to which we are both committed. . . . We are going to have to do lots more talking and encourage lots more dialoguing between our communities.