DOLE AND THE BOARDROOM
IRWIN M. STELZER

the weekly Standard

APRIL 1, 1996 $2.95

SPRING BOOKS ISSUE: ***Paul Johnson, Joshua Muravchik, Donald Lyons, J. Bottum, Daniel J. Mahoney, Charles J. Dunlap, Jr., Woody West & David Horowitz***
review new books on the struggle against communism

the weekly Standard

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 28 • APRIL 1, 1996

Special Books Section

Cover art
by Kenton Nelson

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013), Vol. 1, Number 28, April 1, 1996. Published 50 times annually by News America Publishing Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10036. Application to mail at Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Send subscription orders to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153. Yearly subscriptions, $79.96; Canadian, $99.96; foreign postage extra. Cover price, $2.95 ($3.50 Canadian). Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage and handling). Subscribers: Please send all remittances, address changes, and subscription inquiries to: The Weekly Standard, Customer Service, P.O. Box 710, Radnor, PA 19088-0710. If possible include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. For subscription customer service, call 1-800-983-7600. Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Weekly Standard Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is (202) 293-4900. Advertising Production: call Natalie Harwood, (610) 293-8540. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 930, Radnor, PA 19088-0930.

Ann Lewis's Truth Squad

James Stewart's new Whitewater book, *Blood Sport*, is a scurrilous attempt to blacken the reputation of the Clinton administration. Or at least it would be if it contained any new and damning information. Which it doesn't.

Such is the gist of a March 14 memo by Hillary Rodham Clinton's attack dog Ann Lewis—not to be confused with Mrs. Clinton's attack dog emeritus, Susan Thomases, who originally approached Stewart with the expectation that he could be persuaded to write the definitive Whitewater acquittal.

The Weekly Standard's crack investigative team (Fred Barnes's fax machine) has obtained a copy of this confidential memo (thank you, whoever sent it). Lewis sent the memo to select Clinton boosters under the heading "To: All Concerned." Not that they are concerned, mind you, it's just that "while Mr. Stewart uncovered nothing new on the Whitewater front, he does recycle some old allegations."

Some "erroneous allegations" are then ticked off under the he said/she said subheadings "Blood Sport" and "Truth." It seems that while Stewart challenges Mrs. Clinton's description of her role in the Whitewater investment as passive (since she attended to its business affairs after 1988), the "truth" is that "Mrs. Clinton has *always* [our emphasis] acknowledged that in the later years of the investment . . . she took over to make certain that the company complied with the law. *Mrs. Clinton described her Whitewater work in detail to RTC investigators*" (Lewis's emphasis).

The "Bottom Line," Lewis asserts, is that Stewart, "an award winning journalist . . . found absolutely no evidence that the Clintons did anything wrong." Which is perhaps what prompted a *Washington Post* reviewer to call *Blood Sport* "an endless tale of small-time venality, hypocrisy, conflicts of interest and impropriety . . . all of it inflated to gargantuan dimensions by the refusal of both Clintons to try the simple expedient of telling the truth."

Unlike the first lady, Stewart will not be flanked by a Secret Service detail to remove unwanted hecklers on his six-city book tour. Lewis helpfully included a schedule and locations of his upcoming stops. "We don't want to help sell this book by creating controversy," she wrote, "but we do want to be prepared to answer allegations with facts." Perhaps the Clintons can find some new documents in the White House book room to help in this endeavor.

Patron of Lost Causes

The roller-coaster trajectory of this year's Republican presidential primary campaign left many pundits humbled and out of breath. Not Jude Wanniski. The supply-side guru, Forbes adviser, and tireless disseminator of newsletters has concocted the most original interpretation thus far of the campaign. In a fax dated March 15, Wanniski surveyed the political landscape and announced: "The biggest winner of all is Jack Kemp."

Quite a novel interpretation of recent events. This wouldn't be the same Jack Kemp who, in the space of a month, was going to endorse Forbes and then Dole and then Forbes and then didn't and then did, but only after his endorsement was of no practical use to the Forbes campaign; who decided to campaign for his man and then didn't because his man asked him not to; whose increasingly feckless behavior has left his many admirers scratching their heads in puzzlement? Yes, *that* Jack Kemp.

Wanniski's reasoning is typically labyrinthine, but it should be noted that Kemp remains one of the few political figures in America who continue to take Wanniski seriously. A convenient, if depressing, symbiosis is taking root: Wanniski is becoming one of the few pundits in America who continue to take Kemp seriously. "Today," Wanniski writes, "[Kemp] is vice-presidential material, whether Dole likes that idea or not." No doubt Sen. Dole is listening intently.

Excellence Through Dishonesty

As everyone remotely familiar with higher education knows, the Berkeley campus is home to one

Scrapbook

of the most byzantine, impenetrable—and jealously guarded—affirmative action programs in the United States. It would take pages to fully explain this Orwellian system—if you have a copy of Dinesh D'Souza's *Illiberal Education* handy, read chapter 2—so suffice it to say that in order to live up to its motto, "Excellence Through Diversity," the university quite intentionally lowers its standards for students with the requisite melanin count, to the point that the gap between the average SAT scores for those admitted on the basis of "academic criteria" and those admitted for the sake of diversity is almost 300 points. Naturally, the chunk of spots reserved for "students of color" exists at the expense of other, more qualified kids who would get in were the admissions policy "open" (i.e., fair).

Sound like "reverse discrimination"? Or at the very least a ticklish departure from Title VI of the Civil Rights Act? Not according to the Clinton administration's Department of Education. The department's Office for Civil Rights has just released a report on Berkeley's admissions policy, which insists that Berkeley "does not maintain illegal quotas for black, Hispanic, and Filipino applicants."

The report took seven years to produce, the last two of which allegedly involved sending department officials to method-acting classes, where they learned how to keep a straight face.

The Reading List

The Reading List first must absolve Contributing Editor Robert Kagan of responsibility for the misattribution of an allusion to Ozymandias in the midst of his article "Remember Nicaragua?" last week. As reader Alan Vanneman of Washington, D.C., alertly points out, "It was that damn hippie Percy Bysshe Shelley, not Robert Browning, who trashed Ozymandias." The Reading List promises henceforth to confine his mischief to this page.

With the NCAA Final Four imminent and the NBA playoffs following soon, don't say you will be too busy watching basketball games on TV to read. Hit the mute button on the remote control, and you can watch and read at the same time. It's true there's no first-person basketball book to rival *Instant Replay* by pro football's Jerry Kramer or *Ball Four* by baseball's Jim Bouton. Nonetheless, here's the Reading List's Final Four.

The Jordan Rules, by Sam Smith. All you want to know, locker-room tales included, about the last championship season of the Chicago Bulls. You'll learn Michael Jordan is impatient with mere mortals, Scotty Pippen is a mere mortal, and coach Phil Jackson understands the game at a higher level of consciousness than the rest of us.

A Season on the Brink, by John Feinstein. Chronicles a season of Indiana University hoops. Chair-throwing misanthrope Bobby Knight really is a great coach, it turns out.

The Essence of the Game Is Deception, by Leonard Koppett. You may remember Koppett, who used to be a sportswriter for the *New York Times*. He had the best grasp of pro basketball—the inner game, that is.

A Sense of Where You Are, by John McPhee. The great *New Yorker* writer on Bill Bradley when he starred at Princeton. It's a short but riveting account of what made Bradley great. McPhee details Bradley's training schedule as a high-school kid. Show it to your lollygagging children.

Casual

Expeller Pressed Oil, Anyone?

My introduction to organic foods came as a college freshman late in the Jimmy Carter era. A roommate in my group house baked "brownies" whose main ingredients, substituting for chocolate and sugar, were carob and sorghum molasses. These came from a natural-food cooperative where she volunteered—an outpost of hippie commerce that her baked goods were meant to entice us into visiting. They didn't, but morbid curiosity did.

The co-op was a dark hole-in-the-wall, full of barrels overflowing with whole grains. Walking the aisles, bulghur cracking under your shoes, you realized that the food came with a moral: Slough off convenience, comfort, and pleasure for a harder, more virtuous life. Inferior substitutes, like carob for chocolate, were the co-op's stock in trade. There were clove cigarettes, sea sponges to replace the paper products of the Tampax company, and chicory root, an ersatz coffee not seen in ordinary markets since World War II. Indeed, you could say the co-op—in tune with Carter's moral-equivalent-of-war energy policy—was offering the moral equivalent of wartime rationing. Well, I was the moral equivalent of a deserter.

I was reminded of that place a few days ago when the Bread & Circus Whole Foods Market—a prosperous descendant of the hippie co-ops of the 1970s—opened just down the street in Arlington, Va. It's clear that I wasn't the only deserter.

For starters, Bread & Circus is a beautiful supermarket, inside and out. Striking architecture and interior design don't come cheap. This is a well-capitalized publicly traded company. The hippies now prefer initial public offerings on the NASDAQ to herbal offerings on the summer solstice. And they have long since made their peace with caffeine. If there's chicory for sale, it's not prominently displayed. The 20 bins of coffee beans are hard to miss, however, and a corner of the store is given over to the *de rigueur* espresso bar.

There are still whole grains and bulghur, certainly, but clear plastic bulk bins—some 240 or them—have replaced the barrels. As you might expect, there are multiple brands of designer water, culminating with the self-proclaimed "Queen of Table Waters," the German-bottled Apollinaris, which retails for $7.54 per gallon.

Most startling, though, is the abundance of meat—steaks, pork chops, even . . . veal. Which is not, to be sure, your ordinary tortured-calf variety. This is "Free to Roam" veal, as the label explains. Likewise, the sirloin steak is "Colorado Mountain Raised." The pork "comes from exceptional suppliers in Vermont and Ontario." And the lamb is "raised by an exceptionally eco-conscious stockman," who "received a special award from . . . a group of leading environmental advocates that includes the Sierra Club."

You pay a premium for these fine meats. Or rather, you pay a premium for the words attached to them. The food no longer comes with a moral. It comes with an alibi. This holds true not just for the meat but for all the indulgences that were once anathematized by the Bible of the hippie co-ops, *Diet for a Small Planet*.

White sugar? Try the Florida Crystals® Cane Sugar, which looks like white sugar and tastes like white sugar but "retains traces of some nutrients." Potato chips? Dig into a bag of Little Bear chips, made with Organic Potatoes and Expeller Pressed Oil. While eating, you can read the alibi on the back of the bag: "Good For The Earth: Our Company vision has its roots in Nobel prize winner Dr. Alex Carrel's statement that 'soil is the basis for all human life.' We invite our customers to share our vision and stop treating our soil like dirt!" A cheesy snack for the kindergarten set? You'll want the 100% Natural Cheddar Guppies, which "unlike lesser fish" (you know the ones they mean) "use the finest expeller pressed oil."

Pondering the unsolved mystery—What exactly is an expeller?—I roll down the breakfast-cereal aisle, which offers "natural" replicas of America's most famous brand names (all except, as far as I can tell, Cap'n Crunch). "Are You Up For Some Diversity This Morning?" asks the Heritage O's box. Unlike, say, Cheerio's, these are made "from the ancient grains Spelt, Quinoa & Kamut." These I have to try.

Chewing on the Heritage O's and their ancient grains, which I can now report are not quite as tasty as the o's they imitate, I'm reminded of the ill-fated televangelist Jim Bakker's Christian theme park and time-share condo development. Sprinkling some Florida Crystals® onto the Spelt, I hear the latest in Christian rap drowning out the Gregorian chant. The true church of high-fiber and protein complementarity has learned how to reach out. The answer is Ben and Jerry's—the original alibi food—not carob.

At the Bread & Circus exit is a customer comment board, filled with testimonials ("the recycled cardboard napkins are fine") and suggestions ("need more low-fat, healthy types of cookies") and one customer's poignant plea: "Please accept American Express."

Richard Starr

Bob Dole and the E Street Band

As South Carolina's attorney general and Bob Dole's state chairman, I took offense at Andrew Ferguson's unremarkable remarks about the senator's recent visit to Charleston ("Campaigning with Bob Dole and the Pips," Mar. 11). He referred to former governor Carroll Campbell, Gov. David Beasley, and me as "the Pips behind Gladys Knight."

Cute. But not at all accurate.

Ferguson apparently doesn't like to let the facts get in the way of a good story. Yes, it is true that we, along with many other GOP leaders, toured the state with Sen. Dole, standing with him and echoing his themes of conservative leadership for America. And yes, it is true that after the senator's overwhelming victory in South Carolina, we put him on a "Midnight Train to Georgia," where he continued to sweep southern primaries.

However, if Ferguson had been honest in his description of the enthusiastic reception Dole received from huge crowds of cheering South Carolinians, he would have compared Dole's performance in the state to Bruce Springsteen, not Gladys Knight.

This, of course, would make Gov. Campbell, Gov. Beasley, and me the E Street Band.

Charles Molony Condon
Attorney General
Charleston, SC

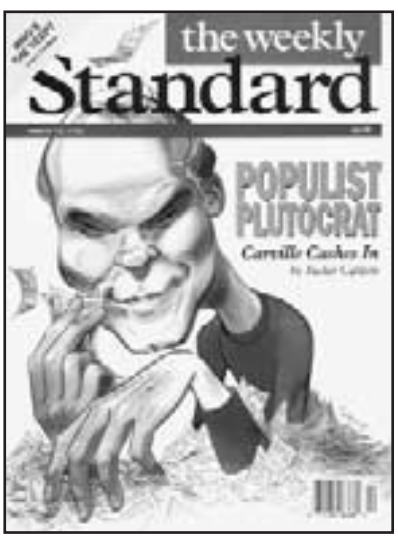
Dirty Harry Hunters

Kent Bain's column truthfully exposed sport hunters for what they are ("Hunting, Dirty Harry Style," Mar. 18). It is a shrinking segment of the U.S. population that still finds fun in entering the woods to boldly match wits and test their virility with, say, a mourning dove.

The high-tech search-and-destroy mission described by Bain is still practiced in many states. Trophy hunters unleash packs of radio-collared dogs to track and chase bears, cougars, raccoons, foxes, bobcats, lynx, and other woodland creatures. Once a frightened animal flees to a tree to escape the baying hounds, the "hunter" follows the radio signal to the base of the tree and shoots the animal off a branch. There may be more sport in shooting a caged animal in a zoo.

Fortunately, voters in Colorado banned the use of dogs to hunt bears in 1992, and Oregon voters banned the practice for bears and cougars in 1994. People in Idaho, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Washington are pursuing similar campaigns for the 1996 elections. Through the democratic process, we can take back the woods and protect our wildlife from the 6 percent of Americans who still kill wildlife in the name of fun.

Michael Markarian
The Fund for Animals
Silver Spring, MD



What is this, *Mother Jones*? I refer to Kent Bain's Casual. Bain falls into the trap of consistently referring to the reprehensible cougar killers as "hunters" and to their drunken-bubba activity as "hunting."

In doing so he unwittingly takes a page directly out of the playbook of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, which seeks to smear all responsible hunters with the same bloody brush in its ongoing, incremental efforts to ultimately ban all hunting in the United States.

Fair chase has no more in common with the cougar killing than it has with poaching. The animal-rights nuts are very aware that the average non-hunting person, being told that these are all examples of "hunting," can be manipulated into advocating outright bans, which effectively eliminate an important wildlife management tool.

Witness the recent referendum in California, where the animal-rightists banned all hunting of cougars. Attacks, often fatal, by cougars on pets and people are now on the rise. But what do the PETA folks care about the deaths of mere humans?

Bain's poor attempt at humor may not be in vain—no doubt a corner office and a big thank-you hug await him at the offices of PETA.

James E. Gugino
Portage, MI

Down-Home Raconteur

Believe me, I'm no fan of James Carville or the gang he and Ross Perot helped bring to Washington ("James Carville, Populist Plutocrat," Mar. 18). But slamming him for "cashing in" on his luck and pluck seems, well, downright un-American.

Carville is down-home, funny, and a good storyteller (Will Rogers, another populist plutocrat, comes to mind). If the National Association of Mohair Farmers wants to pay him 15 grand a performance, so be it. Ditto for Rush Limbaugh, Bill Bennett, Dan Quayle, and anyone else from the conservative pantheon. That's entertainment.

Marc D. Beauchamp
Falls Church, VA

American Responsibility

Your editorial "It's Foreign Policy, Stupid" (Mar. 18) gives solid advice to Bob Dole, but permit me to take exception to the word "internationalist" to describe what Reagan was and what the Republicans should be.

What precisely is an internationalist? Surely you meant that Reagan pursued a responsible foreign policy that served American interests and the larger interests of peace and freedom.

Congressional Republicans are following Reagan's lead when they advocate policies that Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. calls isolationist. He wrongly defines American isolationism as a diminished interest in operating through the

Correspondence

United Nations and other international organizations.

Hardly. Reluctance to rely on Security Council resolutions to finance questionable peacekeeping missions may be a robust expression of American responsibility—imperial responsibility, if you will—in the dangerous post-Cold War world.

ERNEST W. LEFEVER
CHEVY CHASE, MD

Nerds on the Offensive

Matt Labash's article drawing an analogy between the CPAC convention and the *Star Trek* convention ("To Boldly Go Where No Conservative Has Gone Before," Mar. 18) contained a number of flaws.

There are more women involved in *Trek* fandom than Labash implies. While both sexes share the classic nerd characteristics (highly intelligent, awkward in social skills, etc.), the eons-old male-female hunting game goes on here, too.

I also take exception to the implication that the primary non-convention activities of Trekkers are pretending to fly spaceships, endlessly watching *Trek* videos, and playing with *Trek* action figures.

Queen to Queen's Three, Chicago's *Trek* club, sponsors discussions on current science fiction and technology-oriented nonfiction books and participates in groups working to promote the space program.

Despite the above, though, the parallels between CPAC and *Trek* fandom *are* amusing.

ROSS PAVLAC
EVANSTON, IL

Hollywood's Liberal Appeal

Michael Anton asks, "Has Hollywood created a demand for depravity or merely responded to one that already exists in the hearts of people?" ("When Lefty Met Righty . . . , Or, Sleepless in Hollywood," Mar. 11).

The answer, I think, is that people have both the capacity for the lowest depravity and an incredible capacity for decency, courage, and nobility.

Liberalism (represented well by Hollywood) has been appealing to the baser instincts of the population for the past 30 years, while at the same time ridiculing anything decent and good.

JOANN SCOFIELD
NINEVEH, IN

Mr. Flack, Esq.

John Podhoretz's "Mau-Mauing the Flacks" (Mar. 11) was charming. However, I must point out your error in etymology. Although "Esq." after a lawyer's name is admittedly pretentious, it is an appropriate honorific, even for women lawyers.

After 1066, when William the Conqueror's legitimated offspring established the King's Courts, the lawyers were considered "sergeants of the law." They descended from the middle class of those who invaded England with William. There were three classes of those invaders: knights, squires, and gentlemen; the last were men without land or title who nevertheless had escaped from serfdom.

Thus, a squire in the Middle Ages was "higher than a gentleman (a freeman) but lower than a knight," as Pollock and Maitland write in *The History of English Common Law*.

The judges of the King's Court were originally all knights, that is to say, officers, while the advocates were squires, so "esquire" was a proper honorific for those who today would be called barristers and solicitors in the United Kingdom.

Thus, it is not inappropriate for lawyers in the common-law system of the United States to refer to themselves as "esquire." It is pretentious but permissible, like most of what lawyers make of themselves in this society.

FREDERICK L. SIMMONS
LOS ANGELES, CA

No Preferences Needed

In his fine article "Affirmative Reaction" (Mar. 11), Matthew Rees describes congressional Republicans' considerable support for, and reluctance about, the effort to end racial and gender preferences. Some regard that effort as in conflict with the empowerment agenda. They are complementary.

Minority preferences claim to expand opportunity. In fact, they cannot do so. By definition, whatever they give to one, they take from another.

The division they build in society stems from the injustice they work. Necessarily, they undermine the whole idea of equal opportunity. They cut us off from the principles that have made opportunity more widely available here than anywhere else at any time.

The empowerment agenda can, on the other hand, actually deliver on the hope of expanded opportunity. At its best, the empowerment agenda is simply a step toward limited government, self-responsibility, and the industry to which they give rise.

The only consistent policy is to support both the removal of preferences and the implementation of policies to encourage self-reliance, prosperity, and self-government among the poorest sections of our society.

LARRY ARNN
CLAREMONT, CA

Still in the Kemp Camp

I never thought I would see the day when Jack Kemp, the one unifying Republican, could be dismissed from the Republican party for promoting and supporting a pro-growth agenda ("Trying, As Ever, to Understand Jack Kemp," Scrapbook, Mar.18).

If Speaker Newt Gingrich (whom I supported up to this point) and Sen. Bob Dole are willing to dismiss supply-side, private-enterprise solutions, then maybe it's time for us supply-siders to look elsewhere.

DON SICKLES, JR.
SAN BERNARDINO, CA

THE WEEKLY STANDARD

welcomes letters to the editor. Letters will be edited for length and clarity and must include the writer's name, address, and phone number. All letters should be addressed:

Correspondence Editor
THE WEEKLY STANDARD
1150 17th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036.

You may also fax letters: (202) 293-4901.

the weekly Standard

Diversity Strikes Out

Affirmative action bleeds anew. And this latest wound might eventually prove fatal. Ruling March 18 in the case of *Hopwood* v. *Texas,* the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit has now sharply limited the circumstances under which a state-sponsored institution of higher education may give "substantial racial preferences in its admissions program . . . to the detriment of whites and non-preferred minorities." Such preferences remain theoretically permissible when designed to remedy the proved, persistent effects of a school's own past discriminatory practices, the court acknowledges. But the Fourteenth Amendment's Equal Protection Clause otherwise forbids the elevation of "some races over others, even for the wholesome purpose of correcting perceived racial imbalance in the student body."

In other words, almost every race-conscious student-selection procedure now in place at an American public college or university is unconstitutional. And the constitutionality of American affirmative action *generally*, far beyond the realm of higher education, has never been more in question. The Fifth Circuit's reasoning eviscerates the "diversity" rationale upon which affirmative action loyalists have been hanging their increasingly slender hopes. If the opinion survives potential appeal, and if relevant authorities conscientiously *comply* with its clear meaning, then *Hopwood*, as one of the defeated attorneys in the case complains, leaves "no place in the country for affirmative action." He exaggerates. But only a little.

Cheryl Hopwood is a 32-year-old white woman who applied for admission to the University of Texas law school's 1992 freshman class. She was denied admission, though the vast majority of black and Mexican-American students who were *offered* admission that year had a much lower test-score and grade-point-average ranking.

Two years later, Hopwood sued, alleging unconstitutional discrimination on account of race. As conceded by the state and university defendants in the case, the law school handled white applications differently from those of black and Mexican-American students, granting clear and heavy preference to the latter in the service of an "aspiration" to achieve 15 percent minority enrollment.

In August 1994, a U.S. district court held only nominally in Hopwood's favor, awarding her one dollar in damages and the right to reapply for admission free of charge. The law school's 1992 affirmative action procedures were, purely by virtue of technical design, a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, that court decided. But on the eve of trial, the school had announced an intention to correct such flaws. And its revised affirmative action plan, the district court held, *would* satisfy constitutional requirements—even though it would admittedly continue to discriminate on the basis of race, with exactly the same practical results.

It is this "new" race-preference mechanism, and its affirmation by the district court, that the Fifth Circuit has struck down. Hard.

As the Supreme Court had already established, any racial discrimination by the state must serve a "compelling government interest" and be "narrowly tailored" to achieve that goal. The lower court held that two such goals justified Texas's discrimination in favor of black and Mexican-American law school applicants: correcting the present effects of past discrimination and maintaining a "racially and ethnically diverse student body." But the first of these goals cannot justify race preferences at the University of Texas School of Law, the Fifth Circuit has now determined. And the second of these goals, diversity, cannot justify race preferences *anywhere*.

The defendant officials in *Hopwood* contended that discrimination at all levels of Texas public education in the 1950s and 1960s had two contemporary, negative effects at the law school: the institution's alleged reputation as a "white" bastion hostile to minorities, and the statistical underrepresentation of minorities in its student body. The Fifth Circuit rejected this contention, concluding—beyond dispute, really—that Texas had failed to show constitutionally acceptable evidence of such a cause-and-effect connection and

that the "remedy" involved was inappropriate to the "harm."

The law school's race preferences were instituted in the 1970s, like so many similar programs, simply because they seemed a "good idea"; their "remedial" justification is a defensive afterthought. How might the legacy of long-ago discrimination in elementary and secondary schools explain the current qualifications of black and Mexican-American applicants to law school when most of those applicants first attended Texas public school no earlier than 1980?

In any case, Supreme Court precedent allows the University of Texas to correct only its *own* past discrimination, not discrimination in grade school. And here Texas's rationale was even weaker. The law school's exclusion of black students was abolished in 1950. Mexican-American students were never excluded.

Nor was the law school's affirmative action program ever really contingent on discrimination in Texas public schools at all. Race preferences were granted to graduates of private and parochial schools. And more than two-thirds of all black students offered admission in the year Cheryl Hopwood applied were from *out of state*. "In this situation," the Fifth Circuit's opinion dryly reads, "an inference is raised that the program was the result of racial social engineering rather than a desire to implement a remedy."

So what about "diversity" as the justification for a public university's racial favoritism? It is totally impermissible, the Fifth Circuit says. And here the *Hopwood* decision represents a major threat to the legality of race preferences on campus *and* off. Because few existing race preferences in America can meet the constitutional "remediation" standard the Supreme Court has established since 1989. "Diversity" is affirmative action's last gasp.

Writing the controlling opinion in the only Supreme Court case involving race preferences in student admissions (*Regents* v. *Bakke*, 1978), Justice Lewis Powell said that diversity *could* be an acceptable justification for affirmative action so long as minority and non-minority candidates were not entirely segregated in the competition for placement. If race were merely a "plus factor," in other words, and did not by itself and by definition determine the results, race-conscious decision-making would be okay.

The Supreme Court was split three ways in *Bakke*. Powell wrote only for himself, his conclusions have never commanded a majority of the court, and his opinion's value as legal precedent has always been hotly disputed. The Fifth Circuit, from an obvious reading of more recent Supreme Court decisions, now concludes that Powell's *Bakke* opinion "is not binding precedent." For as the facts of the Texas case make clear, the Powell-derived fiction that affirmative action involves constitutional "goals" rather than unconstitutional "quotas" is just that: a fiction.

At the University of Texas law school, minority test scores and college records were ranked on a separate, much less stringent scale. White candidates were presumptively *denied* admission at the same index rankings that effectively *guaranteed* admission to black and Mexican-American applicants. All black and 90 percent of Mexican-American applicants whose rankings fell just below the so-called discretionary zone for white students were offered law school placement in 1992; only 6 percent of white students with the same scores earned the same reward. Texas passed over Cheryl Hopwood and roughly 700 other higher-scoring white applicants that year before it denied admission to any black in-state candidate. And only one black applicant admitted to the school had an objective ranking as high as hers.

A series of law school deans from around the country testified in *Hopwood* that their institutions employ racial preferences essentially identical to those at Texas—in order to achieve, as they invariably succeed in doing, "flexible goals" for minority opportunity. So race is not just a "plus factor" in diversity-based affirmative action in the United States. It is, sad to say, the only plus that matters. And a dispositive racial quota like this, the Fifth Circuit now announces, is no longer constitutional just because some people are prepared to lie about how it works.

Hopwood does not end the affirmative action battle. It is a circuit court decision that formally applies in just three states. The realization of its broader implications for full, colorblind justice probably depends on further litigation. And the same, noble goal *certainly* depends on the efforts of elected officials, who must respect rather than resist such judicial results, and who must also correct certain perversions of colorblind principle that our courts cannot reach.

At least in the near term then, affirmative action remains a *political* as well as constitutional issue. An elected politician—the president—appoints federal judges. And our current president has fought the clear, current trend of judicial affirmative action rulings—a trend now capped by *Hopwood*—from the day he took office and at every turn. Bill Clinton should be forced to explain his obstinate defense of official race discrimination, and to join a serious national debate about affirmative action, in the coming campaign.

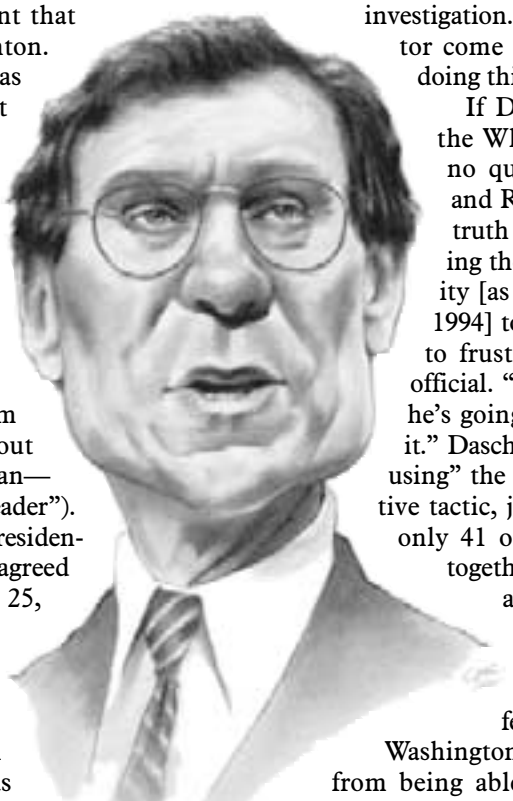
— David Tell, for the Editors

Dole vs. Daschle

by Fred Barnes

Bob Dole loves being Senate majority leader so much he'll try to hang on to the job even if he's elected president. That's a joke, first told by Michael Barone of *U.S. News & World Report*. But there's an element of truth in it. Having captured the GOP presidential nomination, Dole went "back to work" on Capitol Hill. His plan is to build a record of legislative accomplishment that will help him defeat President Clinton. This won't happen. Instead, Dole has stepped into a political trap that Democrats are poised to spring.

Dole can't be oblivious to what Democrats have in store for him. Yet he resumed the task of managing mundane Senate business as if nothing else mattered, conferring with Clinton on March 19 about routine appropriations, the farm bill, a debt-limit extension. True, his Senate position gives him a platform from which to speak and churn out press releases ("Assault Weapons Ban—Statement of the Senate Majority Leader"). But there are better platforms for a presidential candidate. Dole had tentatively agreed to speak in Hollywood on March 25, Academy Awards day. His remarks were to be a sequel to his powerful speech last May zinging TV and movie producers for turning out trash and numbing America's moral sensibility. In fact, a new speech was drafted that would have gotten enormous attention. But Dole canceled.



Tom Daschle

Senate Minority Leader Tom Daschle has been candid about his intention to prevent Dole from using the Senate to advance his campaign. Democrats are ready to block any legislation, by filibuster if necessary, that might burnish Dole's reputation or embarrass Clinton. They want to save the president from having to choose between signing popular but conservative bills and vetoing them. And they don't want Dole to amass a list of personal legislative achievements. "If both parties can't claim victory [for whatever passes], there won't be a victory," says Daschle. In plainer English, a Senate Democrat explains: "They're not going to give Bob Dole anything. Daschle is playing his cards for the White House. It's blatant politics, but it's how the game is played."

Daschle says the interests of Senate Democrats and Clinton, which often diverged in the past, now coincide. "I feel very comfortable with our relationship," Daschle insists. "We're virtually in perfect sync with the White House on the agenda and the strategy." Worse for Dole, Democrats are unified on most issues. That became clear when they stuck together five times to continue filibusters against prolonging the Whitewater hearings. Those weren't easy votes for some senators, since they can be accused of obstructing a legitimate congressional investigation. But "I haven't had one senator come to me and say, 'I can't keep doing this,'" Daschle notes.

If Democrats are willing to kill the Whitewater probe, they'll have no qualms about thwarting Dole and Republicans on any issue. The truth is they relish the idea of turning the tables on Dole. "Dole's ability [as minority leader in 1993 and 1994] to rally every Republican used to frustrate us," says a Democratic official. "He was very good at it. Now he's going to see Daschle's not bad at it." Daschle says Democrats "will keep using" the filibuster as a regular legislative tactic, just as Dole did. This way, if only 41 of 47 Senate Democrats join together, they can block any Senate action.

"Dole has set himself up," says a Democratic aide. He's cast himself as the fellow who gets things done in Washington. He's eager to keep Clinton from being able to label him leader of, as House Minority Whip David Bonior puts it, "the do-nothing and delay Congress." Dole would rather hang the do-nothing label on Clinton, or "Veto Bill," as he calls the president. But he needs Democratic help to push bills through. Thus, the trap.

If Dole forges a grand budget deal with Clinton, the president will get plenty of the credit. But even if Dole figured this was a worthwhile tradeoff, it's questionable whether any deal agreeable to the White House would be acceptable to conservative Republicans, especially in the House. On some bills, Dole might attract the support of as many as a dozen moderate Senate Democrats—enough to end a filibuster—but only by watering down Republican legislation. And the chances are great that House Republicans would balk at mushy, bipartisan compromises. "That's the problem" for Dole, says Bonior.

Chas Fagan

Consider, for example, the terms Dole would probably have to accept to get Democratic assent to a Medicaid and welfare reform bill. Medicaid would have to be maintained as an entitlement. Limits on cutting people off welfare would have be mandated. Not only would House Republicans refuse to go along with these changes, so would GOP governors who spurred the effort for Medicaid and welfare reform in the first place. Putting Medicaid and welfare in separate bills wouldn't help either. The governors—and many conservatives—want both or nothing.

For Dole, there's an alternative to immersion in Senate drudgery and humiliation by Democrats: stepping down as majority leader. Dole hates this idea, but it makes political sense. He wouldn't be stepping down, anyway. He'd be stepping up to a bigger role as presidential nominee and leader of the entire Republican party. From that perch, he could occasionally advise GOP whip Trent Lott on Senate matters, while spending most of his time campaigning and preparing for the presidency. Dole has said if Clinton can perform the dual role of president and candidate, he can handle being Senate leader and candidate. The difference is Clinton has an entire administration to carry out his presidential business. So he campaigns almost full time now. It's time for Dole to do the same. ♦

A 19th-Century Campaign

by Marvin Olasky

Bob Dole exasperates conservatives. Caught in philosophical contradictions, condemned for inarticulateness, carped at for lack of personality, he is content to claim he is a doer, not a talker. And yet he wins our reluctant votes, and now we're all stuck with him.

The Texas primary, in which I voted, was typical. At the polls on March 12 and at the caucuses that evening, there was support but little enthusiasm for the candidate. And there was lots of talk about how to improve him. Warm him up. Cool him down. Make him tell heart-rending stories.

Of course, this is all wrong. Bob Dole cannot win by attempting to look younger or otherwise relying on spin. But he can win by adapting for the end of the 20th century some political strategies that Thomas Jefferson and others used at the end of the 18th and for much of the 19th.

The first has to do with swing voters and coalitions. Now, as 200 years ago, some voters yearn for liberty and small government, while others prefer the security of big government. Still others care less about government's size than its use, to foster morality. These proponents of "holy government" are the swing voters in American politics, since at times they can be drawn into a big-government coalition, at other times into alliance with the forces of liberty.

Jefferson was a firm believer in small government, but he worked hard to build an alliance with many who cared most about holy government. Since the religious right of his era feared that French revolutionary atheism would soon cross the Atlantic, Jefferson publicly separated himself from the bayonet-backed impulse that he had once supported. Instead, he spoke admiringly of Christianity as "inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man" and swore that the federal government would not get in the way of the freedom to practice religion.

Today's Republican party, in a nation going through a spiritual awakening, wins elections by uniting Main Street businessmen with eyes-to-the-skies evangelicals and traditional Catholics. In the American Revolution, a small-government/holy-government coalition ousted the big-government British; today's Republican revolution can triumph the same way.

To do so, it must heed another lesson from history: Submerge discussion of personal beliefs. Don't worry so much about the innermost convictions of candidates, but emphasize their public commitments. It used to be understood that personal views were less important in politics than what a party or coalition stood for. Jefferson kept his radical theology out of the public eye and gained support by pushing projects desired by the Christian conservatives of his time. While president, he served as chairman of the school board of Washington, D.C., and authored its plan of education, which used the Bible and Watt's Hymnal as texts. He also proposed a treaty with the Kaskaskian Indians that provided federal money to build a church and support a minister.

These actions in support of Christian faith were all the more remarkable because Jefferson himself did not believe in the essence of Christianity, the divinity of Christ. He produced a version of the Bible purged of the supernatural—but did not publish it in his lifetime. He always treated members of his coalition with respect. In his second inaugural address, Jefferson, who did not espouse the efficacy of prayer, even asked

for "the favor of that Being in whose hands we are" and invited the assembly to join with him "in supplications."

Now, we do not know much about the personal theological beliefs of candidate Dole. When *World* magazine interviewed him last November, he acknowledged that he was not much of a Bible reader and could not think of a situation where Scripture had influenced his thinking on an issue—except, he said, that he'd "been active in food stamp legislation, WIC legislation," as if the Bible supported those programs. But even if Dole is a theological blank, he understands the need to build alliances by showing respect for his allies.

John Kascht

Dole, then, has to look beyond Pat Buchanan's personality and ask what the Republican nominee can deliver to Christian conservatives—what they want the most. Here, abortion is key, and Dole needs to hew to his years-long pro-life voting record. Since he seems unable to give a coherent speech about abortion, Dole the doer should visit pro-life crisis pregnancy centers, which calmly educate pregnant women and show them alternatives to abortion. He should embrace their volunteer counselors, literally and metaphorically. Since Dole cannot explain why *Roe* v. *Wade* should be overturned, he should simply say, "Right to abortion's not in the Constitution. Last time I checked."

Dole's inarticulateness leaves his handlers hustling to figure out the minimum amount of public speechifying that a late-20th-century campaign allows. Here again, history suggests an option—speak sparingly—and Jefferson provides the model. He minimized his speech-making, even to the point of sending State of the Union messages over to Congress in writing, a custom continued by his successors into this century. He considered high-flown presidential rhetoric ostentatious, better suited to a monarchy than a republic.

In 1996 it would be hard for Dole to pass up presidential debates and other near-obligatory appearances. His best hope is to stick to his business as majority leader and run a 19th-century "front-porch" campaign. He could hang out on

his Capitol sundeck receiving a steady relay of delegations from the states. Local TV stations would eat up video feeds showing groups from their communities conferring with the candidate.

Meanwhile, the Dole campaign could revive the 19th-century tradition of emphasizing surrogates with clout, people likely to be part of a Dole cabinet. Obviously, Dole needs a pro-life running mate to keep Christian conservatives from bolting, but what if he also designated someone like Chuck Colson—the Nixon assistant who became a born again Christian following Watergate and who has spent the past two decades doing good deeds and giving good speeches—to be secretary of health and human services? Colson, who is probably second only to Billy Graham in respect among evangelicals, could help Dole win not just grudging acceptance but enthusiastic support from most of the Buchanan voters.

Conventional wisdom puts off cabinet nominations until after the election, so that critics do not have more targets. But when a candidate is rhetorically impaired, he needs help during the campaign. Several appointees-to-be, along with an eloquent vice presidential candidate, could carry the ball in 1996, as surrogates typically did in the 19th century. Meanwhile, Dole the doer, not the talker, can display the lack of pretension that is precisely what should trump an administration built on pretense.

Marvin Olasky is a senior fellow at the Progress and Freedom Foundation and the editor of **World**, *a Christian weekly news magazine.*

Judge Clark's Blunder

by Paul Ciotti

Over the last 10 years, a federal judge has spent $1.6 billion trying to desegregate the Kansas City, Missouri, schools and improve achievement for black students. But despite the best efforts of Judge Russell G. Clark, the school district is as segregated as it was 10 years ago; the black-white achievement gap hasn't changed; average daily attendance is down; and the high school dropout rate is going up.

"It is really disheartening," says black activist and Kansas City attorney Clinton Adams, "because this district had an opportunity like no other district in the country to really come in and deliver a quality education and truly desegregated educational experience for African-American kids—and they failed."

It's not hard to see why. Mistakenly deferring to the school district on educational matters, the judge did everything to fix the system but the one thing that would have made the most difference—firing incompetent teachers and replacing them with good ones.

When Judge Clark first took over the school district in 1984, his twin goals were "to integrate the system" and "to build a quality education program." But reaching the goals was more difficult than the judge ever dreamed. In the two decades following the Supreme Court's 1954 *Brown* v. *Board of Education* decision barring separate-but-equal schools, whites gradually fled the school district, and the white population went from 75 percent to 25 percent. As white voters lost interest in the school district, they quit passing school-bond measures, and by 1977, the year Clark was first assigned the case, schools were literally falling apart, with windows coming out, ceiling tiles tumbling down, and blue sky showing through the roofs.

Although Clark would soon become the most hated man in Missouri for the way he pushed the judicial envelope in trying to ingegrate the schools, at the start of the desegregation case he was far from a judicial activist. In fact, during one part of the eight-month trial, he so badly frightened the young NAACP lawyers who were helping to argue the plaintiffs' case that they would go into the bathroom and throw up before court.

But as the trial progressed, Clark's attitudes gradually changed from those of a farm boy raised in the redneck Ozarks to those of a fervent crusader. By the trial's end, he had rendered a decision so favorable to the plaintiffs that even they were stunned. "He really had gone though a change of heart as to who was at fault," says Alison Morantz, a Harvard graduate student who has done a study of the case. "He really wanted to make amends."

He did, and on a grandiose scale. Inviting the district planners to go out and "dream"—build, buy, order, train, whatever they needed to reverse the downward trend of Kansas City's central city schools. Clark pushed the exceptionally broad powers granted to judges in school desegregation cases right to the limit, unilaterally doubling city property taxes and, when that proved insufficient, ordering the state to make up the difference.

Suddenly, a district that had never even been able to balance its own books found itself inundated with

hundreds of millions of additional dollars per year for new schools, TV studios, computers, swimming pools, ceramics labs, planetariums, zoos, a model United Nations with simultaneous-translation capability, and a mock court, complete with a jury deliberation room and judge's chambers.

But after $1.6 billion had been spent, the Kansas City Municipal School District was less integrated on average than before the plan started. Test scores for black students hadn't improved at all, and high school dropout rates were about 55 percent and (slowly) rising. "They had as much money as any school district will ever get," says Gary Orfield, a Harvard sociologist who directed a study of the district. "It didn't do very much."

Clark had made a basic mistake. He had accepted without question the argument of professional educators that the district could bring test scores up to state averages in four or five years if they only had enough money. Clark provided the money, and in the end it made no difference.

For despite what the professional educators may have thought, the problem wasn't money after all, but teachers. According to the estimate of plaintiffs' attorney Arthur Benson, 40 percent of the teachers in Kansas City are incompetent. ("Forty percent is low," says black activist Adams. "I think it's 50 percent or better.") Furthermore, the school district's central administration is bloated, with three to five times as many employees as other districts the same size.

Clark should have been able to do something about the school system's poor administration. After all, anyone who can unilaterally double property taxes should have been able to find a way to replace bad teachers with good ones. But Clark, an essentially modest man, seemed to feel himself unqualified to second-guess professional educators in their own field—his worst mistake.

In Kansas City, the schools weren't just an institution for educating children. Together with the post office, they were the leading employers of the city's middle class blacks.

As a result, black ministers took a keen interest in the hiring and promotional practices of the school district, including Mayor Emanuel Cleaver, himself a Methodist minister. An attempt to fire anyone would have been regarded as a grave insult and huge calamity. The same was true when it came to hiring teachers or principals. New hires weren't based on merit but on a quota—one black for every white. "Race is the first

and foremost consideration in almost anything to do with the district," says former school board president Sue Fulson, who served on the board from 1982 to 1994. "Once you decided which way you are going on [race], you made the decision on the merits of what is left."

In an attempt to recruit black teachers, the district went to the teachers colleges, only to discover, says Benson, that only 3 percent of the graduates were black. "The number of African Americans being trained to be teachers had plummeted in the last 15 years," he says. And in any case, "however you measure it, the kids going into schools of education [both black and white] are at the bottom of the barrel academically."

There were, however, a few shining exceptions. For teaching positions with such specialized requirements that they could only be filled from outside the locally available pool, the new hires were often extraordinarily well qualified. Once when the district needed a native-French-speaking teacher for a French-immersion magnet school, it hired a savvy African woman who had been educated in a convent school in Cameroon. The school flourished. There was no gap between black and white students. Its students scored above national norms on standardized tests.

Unfortunately for the students, such successes could only be duplicated in a small number of magnets. As for the rest of the students, says Adams, too often they are being taught by teachers who are "ill prepared, ineffective, and [unable to] connect with them."

Former school board president Fulson, whose children were plaintiffs in the original school-desegregation suit that led to Clark's takeover, "truly believed," she said recently, "if we gave teachers and administrators everything they said they needed, that they would truly make a huge difference. I knew it would take time, but I did believe by five years into this program we would see not just results, but dramatic results educationally." The fact that she and the rest of Kansas City never saw such results, she concluded, "is my bitterest disappointment."

Paul Ciotti is a Los Angeles writer who covers public schools.

Dole and the Undeserving Rich

By Irwin M. Stelzer

For the first time in three decades, a fundamental challenge is being mounted to the legitimacy of America's system of corporate governance and to the distribution of the rewards produced by America's free enterprise system. This is a serious challenge, coming as it does from the conservative blue-collar Democrats who helped elect Ronald Reagan, white-collar middle managers who lean toward the center, and Bill Clinton's center-left Democrats. The challenge goes something like this:

Both the stock market and corporate layoffs are soaring, and the two phenomena are unhappily related. When AT&T announced it was axing 40,000 employees, its share price rose. Worse still, when the government announced that over 700,000 new jobs had been created in February, the stock market crashed, allegedly in direct response to the good news on the job front. So, bad news for workers—layoffs—is good news for shareholders, while good news for workers—more jobs—is bad news for shareholders: hardly an economy in which the interests of workers and those of capital owners are coincident.

Illustrations by Neil Shigley

The situation appears even worse, the challenge continues, when the interests of the average working person are compared with those of his superiors in the executive suite. Layoffs drive up share prices; higher share prices increase the value of stock options and raise executive compensation; therefore, the road to riches for a chief executive officer is to lay off as many workers as he possibly can without crippling his business in the near term. This offends even a schoolchild's sense of fair play: Why should executives be rewarded for sacrificing tens of thousands of workers below them?

More resources, contend the new corporate critics, must be devoted to retaining and retraining ordinary workers, and some control is needed over the huge bonuses and salaries that corporate executives have taken to granting themselves, widening the gap between shop-floor pay and executive compensation to an extent both unjust and against the long-term interests of those who want to preserve the legitimacy of market capitalism.

The initial response of conservative economists to this challenge has been orthodox and unsurprising. It is the obligation of America's businesses to maximize profits, they say. To do that, businesses must produce goods that consumers want, at prices consumers find attractive. They must deploy their work forces in the most efficient possible way, thereby maximizing worker productivity and incomes.

Unfortunately, these economists have found themselves increasingly questioned by the Right as well as the Left. Labor secretary Robert Reich is no longer alone in suggesting that corporations should sacrifice some of their growing profits to the cause of job stability, either by retaining long-term employees scheduled for the chop or by committing themselves to schemes that will ease a worker's transition from one job to the next. This notion appeals to many social conservatives as well, because they see a link between job stability and the maintenance of a stable, civil society.

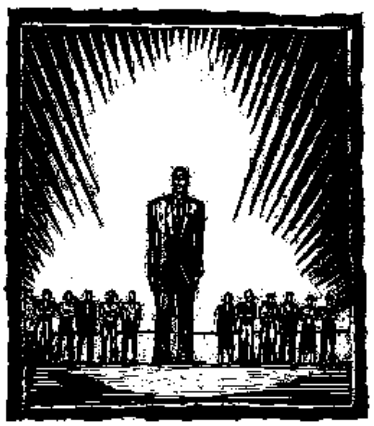
No matter that the facts fail to support most of the whining about the supposedly parlous economic condition of most American households. There is a sufficient sense of unease in the country—or, just as important, politicians think there is—to worry America's captains of industry, who must now grope for ways to legitimize the policies of their companies and their own compensation.

No doubt they appreciate the irony in the fuss over executive compensation. Stock options were supposed to end injustice, not create new inequities. Only a few

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

years ago, stock options were touted as a way to make executive compensation fairer by linking it to the performance of the company's share price. No one anticipated that share prices would surge, as they have in the past year or so, or that much of the increase would be due more to Federal Reserve Board chairman Alan Greenspan's decision to lower interest rates than to any executive's managerial skills. And few considered that the price of a company's stock might jump not only because its managers showed enormous skill at expanding its market (as happened at Coca-Cola), but because managers slashed the firm's work force (as at AT&T).

Of course, top executives do not determine their own pay. That is the job of the "compensation committee" of the board, and that committee is generally made up of outside directors who are independent of the CEO—though not so independent as to deny many CEOs the wherewithal to join the country club in which the directors are also members. But independent enough, indeed, to fire the chief executive if the company persistently fails to perform well, as recent upheavals at IBM, American Express, General Motors, and Morrison-Knudsen attest. Boards "are increasingly willing to push the CEO overboard when a truly serious situation develops that imperils the life of the company, " according to former SEC commissioner A.A. Sommer, Jr. But it does take a truly "serious situation" to galvanize most boards into action, creating the need, in Sommer's words, for "some means of making them [boards] activist before the illness becomes acute."



True, some compensation committees are in the hip pocket of the CEO. But far fewer than was once the case. With institutional investors such as the California Public Employees Retirement System owning more than half of the stock of publicly held companies and becoming more vocal, board members must be more careful than ever not to subject themselves to charges of cronyism or of failure to discharge their fiduciary obligations to shareholders.

Still, one cannot ignore the possibility that executive salaries are not being set by an accurate measure of executives' marginal output—that's jargon for their individual contribution to the value of whatever their firms produce. Nor can one ignore the fact that these arguments have already spilled over into the political sphere. Bill Clinton has so far restricted himself to doing what he does best—make speeches. He exhorts companies to take the long view, to invest in worker training, to consider the effect of plant-relocation decisions on communities. But he also is allowing Reich to test the waters by proposing tax plans to encourage corporations to invest more in worker training—this despite vigorous opposition from White House chief of staff Leon Panetta, among others.

And where does this leave Bob Dole? He instinctively opposes tampering with market forces. But his allies in the business community have so far shrunk from a full-throated defense of their policies and pay packets. And his Republican colleagues will be urging him to appeal to the disaffected blue-collar workers who abandoned the Democratic party to help elect Ronald Reagan in 1980 and 1984 and who, by defecting to Ross Perot in 1992, helped defeat George Bush. What's a poor candidate to do?

First, he can lay out the facts. Workers' pay is not suddenly lagging behind workers' productivity: The president's very own Council of Economic Advisers says that workers' wages have "tracked productivity in recent years." Nor is it the case that the secure world of work has suddenly become a jungle in which the survival rate is plummeting: Reich's Labor Department recently found that "there has been little change in overall job stability. . . . The length of time workers have been with their current employer has changed little in recent years."

Neither is it true that workers' share of the income pie has declined while the share going to capital has soared: When John F. Kennedy took the oath of office in the golden year (as memory now has it) 1961, 69.6 percent of national income went to employees as wage and non-wage compensation, while profits claimed 11.5 percent. Last year, those figures were 72.6 percent and 10 percent respectively.

Most important of all, there are plenty of jobs: The unemployment rate is low, and the number of new jobs becoming available, from resurgent California to grumpy New Hampshire, dwarfs those disappearing in response to changes in the economy.

But facts alone won't carry the day—not in the heat of a presidential campaign. Fortunately, Dole has an opportunity to be innovative without offending conservative principle. He can demonstrate his support for limited government and still offer solutions for some of the problems that are eroding confidence in the ability of the market system to distribute rewards in an acceptably equitable manner. His program might

be captured in two words: empowerment and disclosure.

The Senate majority leader can propose legislation that increases the power of the owners of a business—the shareholders—relative to that of the managers. This will reduce the ability of entrenched executives to value their own services in an excessively generous fashion. Perhaps executive compensation above a certain level should require explicit shareholder approval. Perhaps, as Columbia University's Mark Roe has suggested, rules and conventions that discourage mutual funds' and some other institutional investors' acquiring and voting large blocs of stock should be modified, so as to give representatives of small investors the power to check the excesses of greedy corporate executives. Perhaps the Securities and Exchange Commission should be directed to prevent corporate managers from using their companies' resources on behalf of one or another candidate in a battle for seats on the board, thereby enhancing the prospects of those candidates who are not in the managers' pockets.

And perhaps, as former SEC commissioner Sommer has suggested, the law controlling corporate governance can somehow be changed to permit shareholders to nominate candidates for corporate boards and actually get a real hearing. These and other measures would increase the ability of the owners of corporations to prevent undeserving managers from appropriating to themselves an excessive share of profits—in a sense, enabling shareholders to distinguish between the deserving and the undeserving rich.

Such measures might also go part of the way toward preventing corporate managers from undermining the long-run reputation of their firm with its workers and with the legislative and regulatory communities by abusing their offices. Take, for example, health care. Press reports indicate that the chief executives of many companies are forcing their non-executive employees into rather restrictive managed-care plans. These are painful, but perhaps necessary measures to reduce costs. But at the same time, these companies often craft separate and very generous health-care plans for a few top executives, thereby crossing the line that separates insensitivity from stupidity. One corporate officer defended this practice, according to the *New York Times*, with the argument that top executives are "responsible for bringing in the revenue and making the profits." Presumably, the rest of the work force carries no such weighty responsibilities.

Significantly, the corporation involved does not separately report in its prospectus the value of its executive health-care plan to the small cadre of officers that deems itself worthy of these benefits. Which brings us to the question of disclosure, and to the words of Justice Brandeis, "Sunshine is the best disinfectant."

Presidential candidate Dole would not be violating—indeed, would be applying with new force—his conservative principles were he to propose a substantial increase in the amount of information corporations must reveal in their prospectuses and in other communications with their shareholders. That such increased disclosure requirements would indeed increase the amount of information out there in a market already glutted with newsletters, capable analysts with large research staffs, and powerfully motivated investors is not at all certain. But little harm, and some good, might well come from a requirement that the value of executive stock options be revealed with great clarity in proxy statements, and earnings reports made more realistic by mandating that the estimated current value of such options be charged as an expense against current earnings, the latter a reform that the Financial Accounting Standards Board has been proposing, over the vigorous opposition of corporate America.

These steps to improve the process by which executive compensation is determined would show that a market-oriented conservative candidate such as Bob Dole can devise solutions to real problems by making markets work better, rather than by imposing government controls on the outcome of wage negotiations between companies and their executives.

And because corporate governance and executive pay have become intertwined with the fairness issue, Dole's embrace of these measures would allow him to respond to questions of the sort that Pat Buchanan and Robert Reich have raised with more than his standard answer, "We have two committees looking at the problem." He could show that conservatism can be "caring" by making the market work better, rather than by replacing its outcomes with a new web of the rules and regulations that conservatives rightly abhor and that ordinary citizens—those given less to ideological and more to pragmatic solutions—have rightly come to distrust. ♦

Prophets With Honor

By Paul Johnson

Perhaps we should call it "ideology fatigue." Now that the Soviet Empire is no more, and communism, insofar as it exists at all, is either a toothless old monster or has transmuted merely into power-grabbing sects of political criminals, there is a certain feeling of exhaustion among those who helped to destroy both. True, Ronald Reagan never lost his exhilaration at decapitating the beast, and Margaret Thatcher will treat listeners to a triumphant paean on how it was done at the drop of a hat. But they are rare anti-Communist birds. Most of the rest are weary of the topic.

ONE STANDS AMAZED THAT SO MANY WERE TAKEN IN BY COMMUNISM FOR SO LONG. WE NEED TO UNDERSTAND HOW THIS COULD BE.

Leszek Kolakowski, the Polish political philosopher whose three-volume history of Marxism is one of the great demolition jobs of all time—and who, in his day, did mighty labors in the anti-Communist vineyard—told me he never wanted to hear the word "Marxism" or "communism" ever again. I know exactly what he means. The more one examines the Communist pantheon, from Marx himself to fallen idols like Bertolt Brecht, the more repellent they all appear. Almost without exception, they were horrible people, and their creed a dismal mixture of unreason, hatred, lies, and hypocrisy. One stands amazed that anyone—even intellectuals, with their limitless capacity for self-deception—could have been taken in for a second. There is an almost irresistible urge to close this depressing chapter of human history and turn to better things.

Yet the temptation must be resisted. We need to understand why so many were taken in for so long, and one way to get the answer is to examine the story of those who, from 1917 to the end of the 1980s, tried to expose the myth of communism and warn of its dangers. Richard Gid Powers has now done exactly that. His history of American anti-communism, *Not Without Honor* (Free Press, 554 pages, $30), is full, detailed, dispassionate, fair-minded, and—all things considered—remarkably accurate. He tells the story from the age of Lenin and Wilson, through the Red Scare of Wilson's attorney general Mitchell Palmer, to the fierce ideological battles of the 30s, the wartime ban on criticism of Russia, the postwar and Cold War witch hunts, the rise and fall of McCarthyism, "containment" and its erosion, the disastrous 70s, and the final triumph of the 80s. It is a fascinating tale, well told, and I will not attempt to recapitulate its main points. The book will probably be less well read than it deserves because of "ideology fatigue." But it should be read, not least because it contains many important historical lessons and tells us much about the frailties of human nature, particularly of intellectuals.

Sober and thoughtful anti-Communists, who for the most part were committed liberals and Democrats, were hampered throughout by the antics of the zealots (like Palmer) or the far Right (like Father Charles Coughlin) or the mere opportunists (like Joseph McCarthy). The intellectual war against communism had to take account of the extraordinary sense of disproportion among American intellectuals and opinion-formers; they judged the occasional excesses of anti-communism as a greater menace to the freedom of the world than communism itself—and considered Palmer, Coughlin, and McCarthy, who lost people their jobs or got them chucked out of the country, more evil than Stalin, who killed at least 20 million.

A typical proponent of the tortured logic and highly emotional ratiocination intellectuals brought to the battle between the Reds and anti-Reds was Mary McCarthy. At various times during her long career as a professional intellectual, she fought against the Stalinists and the witch hunters and cold warriors. I once asked her, "Which do you consider more dangerous, the Communists or anti-Commu-

---

Paul Johnson is the author of Modern Times, The Birth of the Modern, A History of the Jews, Intellectuals, *and other books.*

nists?" She thought for a bit and said: "The doctrinaire anti-Communists." Though in theory sympathetic to the Congress for Cultural Freedom, she accused some of its members, such as James Burnham and George Schuyler, of a *trahison des clercs* because they refused to condemn the efforts of Sen. McCarthy without qualification. She termed them "anti-anti-McCarthyites," the worst term of abuse in her vocabulary.

Mary McCarthy also demonstrated the propensity of American intellectuals to bring total irrelevancies to the battle of the anti's and the anti-anti's. The poet and critic Stephen Spender told me that when he repeated to her George Orwell's description of his first wife as "not a bad old stick" (a term of endearment among tight-lipped English public schoolboys of Orwell's generation), she was so outraged on feminist grounds that she said, "I might have guessed that an anti-Communist of his kind would say something like that." This, Spender believed, was behind her notorious attack on Orwell as "proto-fascist."

Such wavering and emotionally swayed intellectuals were driven almost frantic with rage by the revelation that the Congress for Cultural Freedom, the organization that sponsored liberal anti-Communist conferences and the Anglo-American magazine *Encounter*, had been secretly subsidized by the CIA. Here again, the disproportion factor took over. The CIA, though run on the whole by old-fashioned WASPs who simply wanted to preserve American institutions and frustrate the schemes of America's totalitarian enemies, was judged to be the moral equivalent of the KGB—worse, in fact, because nearer. Jason Epstein wrote in the *New York Review of Books* that, if the relationship between the Popular Front and Stalinism had been bad, the Congress's ties with the CIA were worse. *Partisan Review* ran a noisy manifesto against the link, signed not merely by the malodorous Lillian Hellman, as one would expect, but by such well-meaning muddlers as Hannah Arendt, Dwight MacDonald, and Norman Mailer. Mailer called the Congress liberals "cockroaches in a slum sink."

THE COLD WAR WAS A WAR FOR FREEDOM AND JUSTICE. OPPOSITION TO COMMUNISM WAS A MERITORIOUS, SOMETIMES HEROIC, ACT.

The habit of referring to human beings as unclean animals or insects was typical of those who, at a pinch, had an emotional preference for communism rather than anti-communism. Such abuse characterized the mode of discourse practiced by the Politburo at home and the Communist International abroad. At the notorious Congress of Intellectuals held in Wroklau in 1948, Fadaev (for a time Stalin's favorite intellectual) roundly denounced Jean-Paul Sartre, then out of favor with the Kremlin, as a "hyena and running dog of capitalism." Later Sartre wrote his way back into favor and came out with his classic dictum: "Any anti-Communist is a rat." The feeling that anyone who opposed communism vigorously, especially those who had once been on the left, were "ratting" on the workers, was very strong, right up to the 1980s.

Yet it is a fact, and Powers's book provides plenty of evidence, that communism was eventually destroyed as much by former adherents and leftists who had seen the light as by its traditional or natural enemies on the right. Powers has much to say about the role of Jewish intellectuals in this counterattack. Of course Jews played a notable part in launching communism both in Russia and on the world stage, and that is why anti-Communist extremists such as Father Coughlin linked communism to "world Jewry." At any rate, up to 1945, anti-communism had an anti-Semitic element at its extreme. But as Powers says, "The disproportionate number of Jews in the first generation of American Communists meant that there was also a disproportionate number of Jews among the embittered ex-Communists and fellow travelers who began to fight communism from the 1930s on."

In the roll of honor of those who fought communism with reason and good faith, who never in the process abandoned their commitment to democracy, the rule of law, and due process, and who continued to fight also for a better, fairer, and freer world, Jews occupy prominent places: Arthur Koestler, Sidney Hook, Norman Podhoretz, Irving Kristol, Melvin Lasky, Louis Marshall, Abraham Cahan, Eugene Lyons—the list is a long one. Such terms as "cold warrior" and "anti-Communist" are still terms of abuse for many, especially in academia. In fact, the Cold War was a war for freedom and justice, which the West eventually won overwhelmingly, thanks to such warriors.

The act of opposing communism, perhaps the most evil ideology ever to menace the world—worse than Nazism because more cautious and durable—was a meritorious, and sometimes a heroic

one. When all is said and done, the rabid anti-Communists like Joe McCarthy were marginal figures, mere historical footnotes. *Not Without Honor* sets the record straight on all these matters and is a notable addition to the historiography of our times. ♦

Our First Hagiography

By Joshua Muravchik

In his 1996 State of the Union address, Bill Clinton crowed that "for the first time since the dawn of the nuclear age, there are no Russian missiles pointed at American children." As if the fiends in the Kremlin targeted their ICBMs at the under-18 set; next, we'll hear that they aimed their gravity bombs at our elderly, infirm, and pregnant.

With this histrionic rhetoric, Clinton apparently sought to claim some credit for ending the Cold War. In the 1992 campaign, President Bush had claimed such credit because he had presided over the Cold War's denouement. In reality, Bush's role was like that of a back-up quarterback sent in to run out the clock when the game is already securely in hand. But if Bush's claim was an exaggeration, Clinton's was absurd. He was not yet even on the team when that victory was recorded.

ONLY TWO AMERICAN PRESIDENTS CAN CLAIM MAJOR CREDIT FOR WINNING THE COLD WAR: TRUMAN AND REAGAN.

In truth, only two American presidents can claim major credit for winning the Cold War. The first was Harry Truman, who articulated the "Truman doctrine" that launched the policy of containment and presided over the Marshall Plan and the founding of NATO. The second was Ronald Reagan, who ascended to office when America's self-confidence was at its nadir and the "correlation of forces" was more favorable to our Soviet adversary than at any other time. When he left office eight years later, America was ascendant and the Soviet empire—indeed, the Soviet Union itself—was tottering on the precipice over which it soon tumbled.

Did Reagan win the Cold War? Were his policies responsible? Many of his domestic opponents denied it. At the extreme were doves such as the former SALT negotiator Raymond Garthoff and now-deputy secretary of state Strobe Talbott who argued, each in his own way, that the Soviets had wanted peace all along but that it had taken America a very long time to figure this out. As Garthoff put it (and the illustrious George Kennan said much the same), Reagan had delayed, not hastened, the Cold War's finish by his belligerent refusal to recognize or reciprocate Soviet peace overtures. This argument, however, never could explain why Soviet peace-lovingness had not found its fulfillment before the hawkish Reagan became president—say, when America was led by the pacific Jimmy Carter, who embraced Leonid Brezhnev and kissed him, as it were, on all cheeks.

Curiously, the Garthoff-Talbott-Kennan argument also downplays the role of Mikhail Gorbachev, since each of them contends that even under Brezhnev, peace-seeking Soviet diplomacy was thwarted by American militancy. These writers make strange bedfellows with some on the right who argued throughout the Gorbachev era and since that the last Soviet leader never intended fundamental change in the Soviet system but only presided over a break-up driven entirely by impersonal economic forces. This argument, however, never explained why an economic downturn should have impelled Soviet rulers to undertake risky reforms. Their own standard of living was insulated; their hold on power was unthreatened; and their ponderous military machine retained its unsurpassed lethality (far larger than the American even if a step behind technologically).

A more moderate, and more common, liberal account of the Cold War's end accords credit to Gorbachev (*Time*'s "Man of the Decade") but little to Reagan, as if he merely had the dumb luck to be in the right place at the right time to receive the Soviet surrender—much as Forrest Gump might have been. This version is better than some of the others, but still unconvincing. The credit it accords Gorbachev is indeed due him. He surely did not intend the break-up of the Soviet Union and presumably

---

Joshua Muravchik is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. His newest book, The Imperative of American Leadership: A Challenge to Neo-Isolationism, *will be published by the AEI Press in April.*

would have followed a different course had he foreseen it. Still, he styled himself a "revolutionary" and steered a course of radical reform—liberalizing at home and jettisoning empire abroad—that was charted primarily by his own inner compass. Nonetheless, to give all credit to Gorbachev and little to Reagan leaves at least two big questions unanswered.

The first is, Where did Gorbachev come from? His elevation in 1985 to the post of general secretary was far from automatic. Although the Politburo would not have selected him had its members foreseen the lengths to which he would go, he was seen as the candidate most likely to bring change. The oft-quoted declaration by Andrei Gromyko, who nominated Gorbachev, that despite the latter's nice smile he possessed "iron teeth" seems clearly to have been intended to assuage worries about Gorbachev's liberalism.

The second question is why Gorbachev chose the path he did, rather than some alternative means of getting the Soviet Union moving again. Why not, for example, sterner repression at home and more dynamic adventures abroad? Indeed the anti-alcohol campaign and heightened military expenditure of Gorbachev's early tenure may have pointed in such a direction.

These two questions compel us to recognize that Gorbachev's revolution, and before that the Politburo's choice of Gorbachev, must be interpreted in terms of their external as well as domestic context. And the signature on that external context was Ronald Reagan's. Had the Soviet economy reached the point of stagnation when America and the West were still beset by the self-doubt and tendency toward appeasement that marked the years before Reagan's presidency, perhaps the Kremlin would have sought salvation through new conquests or extortion. It was Reagan who led America in rediscovering its pride, who rebuilt our military machine, curtailed the transfer of military technology, and challenged the Soviets ideologically by his rhetoric and militarily by his sponsorship of anti-Communist guerrillas in the Third World.

REAGAN DID NOT WANT MERELY TO MANAGE RELATIONS WITH THE SOVIETS. HE WANTED TO WIN.

Now, Jay Winik, a former official of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority and aide to Rep. Les Aspin and Sen. Chuck Robb, weighs into this debate with *On the Brink: The Dramatic Saga of How the Reagan Administration Changed the Course of History and Won the Cold War* (Simon and Schuster, 672 pages, $30). While, as the title makes clear, Winik's view is similar to my own, this book does not do much to prove our case. Such proof—about the causes of the Soviet Union's suicidal behavior—necessarily must be found on the Soviet side, whereas Winik's book is focused on the American side. It provides a vigorous recounting of some of the key battles within the Reagan administration over Cold War policies, stressing the pivotal role of neoconservatives in what Winik calls Reagan's "new counter-establishment."

Indeed the book is organized around the activities of four of the Reagan administration's most prominent neocons: Jeane Kirkpatrick, Richard Perle, Max Kampelman, and Elliott Abrams. We see Perle waging bureaucratic war with the State Department's Richard Burt and arms negotiator Paul Nitze to defend his ultimately triumphant "zero option" for intermediate range nuclear weapons. We see Kirkpatrick battling Bush and Baker over policy toward Israel and Abrams wrestling with opaque CIA representatives and the devious Ollie North to guide U.S. relations with the Nicaraguan *contras*.

Thus, Winik points at an argument within the argument about credit for Cold War victory. If Reagan won the Cold War, how much of the credit is owed to the distinctly neoconservative camp within his administration?

All four of Winik's main protagonists were, like Ronald Reagan, former liberal Democrats; indeed, some of them remained nominal Democrats when they entered Reagan's administration. (All four had been involved in the Coalition for a Democratic Majority, as Winik had been, and as had I.) The neocons brought at least two distinctive contributions. One was their taste for combat. In contrast to establishmentarian Republicans like Bush and Baker, they did not want merely to manage relations with the Soviet Union; they, like Reagan, wanted to fight and win the Cold War. The other was their penchant for philosophy. In contrast to some traditional conservatives who placed overwhelming stress on the legitimacy of self-interest, the neocons stressed the nexus between America's interests and the well-being of others or the upholding of general principles.

Thus, Abrams led the fight to reverse Al Haig's and Ernest Lefever's early efforts to have the Reagan administration eschew interest in human rights abroad.

Thus, Perle and Kampelman made themselves champions of Soviet dissidents. Thus, Kirkpatrick broke form with traditional diplomacy in her forceful espousal of democracy and the principles of the U.N. charter. All of this immeasurably strengthened America's hand.

It would be wrong, however, to say that these contributions belonged exclusively to neocons. Presidential speechwriter Tony Dolan, who crafted the president's most telling ideological sallies against the "evil empire," had a taste for philosophy but was no neocon. Neither was Bill Casey, who undoubtedly aimed to win the Cold War. (Casey gets surprisingly short shrift in Winik's account, including the puzzling assertion that on Central America "Bill Casey . . . was not in the direct policy loop.")

Winik's book has its flaws. It contains thousands of words too many, most of them adjectives and metaphors. ("For the American people," he says in one passage, ". . . it was a remarkably intimate relationship, as though Reagan resided not simply in their hearts but in their homes. . . . Reagan was also a colossus, the man boldly rebuilding America's spirit and restoring its dominance in the world. He was fresh and buoyant, forceful and persuasive, and always inspiring . . . able to forge and rally not just his administration, but the entire nation, literally lifting it by force of his own dominating presence and the sheer strength of his vision.") It reconstructs by conjecture events or conversations which the author cannot possibly know about or convey verbatim. (When the fatal Soviet missile struck Korean Air Lines flight 007 in the dead of night, "most of the 269 passengers were wide awake," he tells us.) He oversimplifies. (McGovern's "young reformers cheered . . . for Mao, Ho Chi Minh, and the Vietcong," he asserts.) He sometimes fumbles the facts. (Ben Gilman is not a Democrat, and Carter did not meet soon after his election with representatives of CDM.)

Still, *On the Brink* adds grist to the mill of debate about those most intriguing questions of contemporary history: Why did the Soviet Union collapse, and whom should we thank? The one thing we know for sure is that, the State of the Union message notwithstanding, it is not Bill Clinton. ♦

A Forgotten Spy Case

By Donald Lyons

On a recent *Charlie Rose* program, *New York Times* columnist Abe Rosenthal's anxieties about the aggressive expansionism of China were "balanced" by a young Asian woman, Alice Young, who denounced such fears as imperialist and expressed doubt that China was even worth worrying about. Don't forget the Cold War, she warned, when we were frightened of something we now know didn't exist. This is the old anti-anti-Communist line in a nutshell: The Cold War was an excuse for McCarthyite persecution of idealistic progressives at home and an alibi for defense buildups and interventions against a chimerical Red Empire abroad.

Nothing defined the early Cold War times so much as spectacular spy cases, the very first of which—the forgotten story of *Amerasia* magazine—gets an airing in *The Amerasia Spy Case: Prelude to McCarthyism* by Harvey Klehr and Ronald Radosh (University of North Carolina Press, 266 pages, $29.95). Klehr is the coauthor of *The Secret World of American Communism*, which once and for all demonstrated that the American Communist party was primarily an arm of Soviet espionage; Radosh is co-author of *The Rosenberg File*, whose damning conclusions about the executed couple have been confirmed by recent decodings of Soviet material. With their eyes wide open about American Communists and sympathizers, the writers have an amazing tale to tell.

In 1936, radical socialite Frederick Vanderbilt Field and the Institute for Pacific Relations started a new magazine, *Amerasia*, a left-leaning journal about China. Field appointed one-time greeting-card manufacturer and maverick never-quite-Communist China specialist Philip Jaffe as editor. In 1937, Jaffe made an enthusiastic tour of the Communist-held part of China. By 1941, Field had withdrawn his financial support from *Amerasia* and World War II had cut off the receipt of propaganda from China. By 1944, Jaffe and assistant Kate Mitchell were writing the whole mag, which cost a then-substantial 15 cents and was printed on good glossy paper, by themselves.

Desperate for filler, Jaffe began going to Washington to cultivate sources. He met Lt. Andrew Roth, the Naval Intelligence liaison to the State Department—a lefty Asia hand whose hobby was Japanese communism. Roth introduced Jaffe to Emmanuel Larsen, a civilian "China expert" who worked at State. Larsen started giving Jaffe official China documents, which

Donald Lyons writes regularly for the Wall Street Journal *and the* New Criterion.

Jaffe published virtually verbatim. For example, the January 26, 1945, issue of *Amerasia* contained a top-secret and potentially damaging report on the details of the anti-Japanese Thai resistance movement.

This reckless publishing policy came to the notice of the Office of Strategic Services, the precursor to the CIA, whose chief investigator Frank Bielaski promptly put the *Amerasia* office at 225 Fifth Ave. under surveillance. On Sunday night, March 11, 1945, the OSS entered the empty but messy office, finding a well-equipped darkroom and photocopies of some 20 top-secret government documents. Bielaski's men took a few with them to Washington. On March 14, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal gave the case to the FBI, which began trailing, bugging, and phone-tapping Jaffe.

On April 19, 1945, the FBI tapped a hotel-room meeting between Jaffe and John Stewart Service, a brilliant upper-level State Department China hand, the China-born child of missionaries and Berkeley graduate who'd been the American liaison—and an increasingly critical one—at the corrupt court of Chiang Kai-Shek until six days before. Service saw the Chinese Reds as devoted to "agrarian reform, civil rights, the establishment of democratic institutions"—the same Chinese Reds soon to inaugurate one of the three most homicidal tyrannies in human history.

Service boasted to Jaffe that he had, while in China, been getting the Office of War Information to disseminate copies of *Amerasia*. Service and Jaffe went on to a party at Andrew Roth's place. They made a lunch date for the next day; Service showed up with State Department papers. (Service's defenders were later to describe this as being "helpful to journalists.") Even his fanatical collaborators were surprised at Service's aristocratic hubris, his blithe air of invulnerability; by contrast, said City College of New York graduate Andrew Roth, "I was very cautious, a working-class kid." In April 1945, Jaffe was approached by Soviet agents, whose advances he welcomed, feeling as he did that "the first test of a real radical is, do you trust the Soviet Union through thick and thin, regardless of what anybody says." By mid-May, federal agents had entered the *Amerasia* office six times; their bugs had recorded Service promising to procure for Jaffe military secrets (American fleet movements, possible American troop landings in China) and, in general, anything harmful about Chiang's regime.

NOTHING SO DEFINED THE EARLY COLD WAR AS SPECTACULAR SPY CASES. *AMERASIA*, NOW FORGOTTEN, WAS THE FIRST.

The FBI now wanted to move on *Amerasia*, confident that its entries and tappings were legal because its surveillance had been undertaken to recover documents stolen in wartime. President Harry Truman gave the okay, and—after a mysterious delay—on June 6, 1945, Jaffe and his assistant were arrested at the New York magazine office, while Roth, Larsen, and Service were picked up around Washington. Authorities seized 1,722 documents. Jaffe and Mitchell were defiant and legalistic; Larsen crumbled and began the first of many contradictory and self-exculpating confessions; Service was haughtily indignant; Roth was silent. On June 8, the leftist I.F. Stone, writing in the New York fellow-traveling tabloid *PM*, called the arrests political persecution, claiming the officials were just leakers and asking, "Is the leak to be a right-wing monopoly?" This became the party line of anti-Stalinist liberals, too: Max Lerner and Drew Pearson promptly denounced the arrests.

With Service threatening to make a stink at trial about the Chiang corruption he was "merely" trying to expose, New Deal wheeler-dealer extraordinaire Tommy Corcoran sprung into action behind the scenes. (Klehr and Radosh cannot track Corcoran's steps exactly and are reduced to sniffing by-paths.) Corcoran was counsel and partner of financier T.V. Soong, Chiang's brother-in-law. Corcoran was also making himself very useful to Attorney General-designate Tom Clark (father of Ramsey). Clark was a mediocre hack whose nomination was in trouble in the Senate; Corcoran called in Hill favors and soon all was well.

Jaffe's choice for lawyer was the law partner of powerful Brooklyn progressive Rep. Emmanuel Celler. Jaffe's assistant, Kate Mitchell, turned to her uncle, a rich Buffalo Republican lawyer. The Department of Justice picked as prosecutor the very unenthusiastic Robert Hitchcock. Hitchcock presented the evidence to a grand jury, supposedly seeking indictments on charges both of embezzlement of government property (Jaffe had paid Roth and Larsen) and, more seriously, of conspiracy to commit espionage. Did the grand jury vote to indict? Astoundingly, no one yet knows, for Attorney General Clark

shelved and sealed the grand jury results. Clark let Mitchell off; Corcoran schmoozed Service into shutting up. Soon after, a second grand jury was sworn in, but Hitchcock himself kept Service from being indicted. In court, Hitchcock torpedoed his own case, slamming FBI methods and saying those arrested were guilty only of "an excess of journalistic zeal." Jaffe was fined $2,500, Larsen $500. All the well-connected defendants were off; it was a "political fix." The unconnected and truculent Roth was left dangling, but charges against him were also eventually and quietly dropped in February 1946.

WITH THEIR EYES WIDE OPEN ABOUT COMMUNISTS AND THEIR SYMPATHIZERS, THE AUTHORS TELL AN AMAZING TALE.

The whole thing stank so thoroughly that even the Democrat-controlled House voted 277-111 to investigate the *Amerasia* bungle. But the fix was still in: Sleepy, safe Sam Hobbs of Alabama was chosen as chairman. Sessions were held in secret in his office; there were no oaths and no staff counsel. Larsen, who had given the magazine its first State Department documents, fingered Jaffe and Service, but then waffled; Hitchcock blamed the FBI's clumsiness. Chairman Hobbs squelched affidavits about White House and State pressures to delay the arrests and to clear Service. The Hobbs committee's October 1946 majority report whitewashed Justice and lambasted State's "lax" handling of the purloined documents!

The case would not die. Loose-cannon Larsen, addicted to "confessing," published an article in the right-wing magazine *Plain Talk* naming Service and four others at State as agents of a gigantic conspiracy; these wild charges did more harm than good. Then during the summer of 1948—in an eerily similar case—Whittaker Chambers accused State official Alger Hiss of what amounted to espionage for the Soviet Union, and the spy-case focus moved elsewhere for a time.

Not for good, however. In 1950, Sen. Joe McCarthy named Service as one of those 57 "card-carrying" Communists at State he had on his notorious "list." Four weeks later, a special subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—chaired by Democrat Millard Tydings—met to consider this and other charges by McCarthy against State. The Democrats expected to expose McCarthy's list as nonexistent (it was), and his charges as unjust (well, up to a point, Lord Copper).

Larsen approached McCarthy with a promise to expose Service in public but then got cold feet and changed his story for the umpteenth time. On May 4, 1950, the Tydings panel began a six-week rehash of the *Amerasia* case alone. Robert Hitchcock, the strangely unenthusiastic Justice Department prosecutor, told the subcommittee it was a pure coincidence he'd gotten a cushy job at the Buffalo law firm run by the uncle of Kate Mitchell (she was, remember, the assistant in the *Amerasia* offices). Republican Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, who was on the Tydings committee, grilled Justice witnesses about the military significance of some of the documents; Justice waffled and blamed the FBI again for its sloppiness and excess of zeal. Lodge defended the FBI practices. This public mention of military documents was a bombshell, alerting the world at large for the first time that the *Amerasia* case involved real espionage and not just bitter differences about China.

On the stand, Larsen said he had no idea Jaffe and Roth were Reds and that he really gave them only, oh, "eight or ten" documents. Jaffe took the Fifth, was cited for contempt, and was acquitted in 1951. Then came the last major witness, Service. He really had no idea, he testified, what *Amerasia*'s politics were; he didn't even like Jaffe; he misspoke when he promised to deliver "military plans" because he had never been privy to such stuff anyway; and he barely knew Tommy Corcoran, the fixer who had feared what Service might say about his client, Chiang Kai-Shek.

It was a performance our authors very charitably call "lacking in candor." Lodge—who emerges from this story with credit, one of the very few to do so—did not buy Service's story. He and fellow Republican Bourke Hickenlooper filed a minority report accusing the subcommittee of ignoring the official sabotaging of the case.

The majority report found "no shred of evidence" of a coverup. It called McCarthy's accusations a Nazi-like "big lie." It labeled the editors of *Plain Talk*, Isaac Don Levine and Ralph de Toledano, as "despicable," and attacked Lodge and Hickenlooper by name as lazy and ill-informed. All in all, a piece of Soviet-style overkill that betrayed guilt and nervousness. When the Tydings document came up for debate in the full Senate on July 20, Republican senator William Jenner called its *Amerasia* section "a whitewash of a whitewash," and Tydings went ballistic in a two-hour harangue, comparing

Jenner to Joe Stalin. In a straight party-line vote, the Democrats approved the partisan and mendacious report. Two days earlier, Julius Rosenberg had been arrested in New York.

What can we learn from the *Amerasia* spy case? About the Red agents there is little that needs to be said. About their high-born collaborators there is. Sure of their perfect virtue and contemptuous of imperfection, some elitist bureaucrats of the Roosevelt years projected virtue onto communism and imperfection upon the likes of Chiang. They were then willing to cooperate with professional Communists by giving them, for uses to be determined by the Communists, government secrets, even military ones. The Democrats were long in power and swollen with arrogance. Like the ward heelers so many of the Trumanites were, they manipulated Justice and State to cover up an explosive situation—prelude to Watergate!—and then sat on Congress to cover up the coverup—prelude to Whitewater, pre-1995!

There's a sobering truth about McCarthy's role in all this. Of course, McCarthy was a gift to the Democrat establishment. As a character says in *The Manchurian Candidate*, "If the Soviet Union had constructed a tool to discredit anticommunism, they could have come up with nothing better than Joe McCarthy." Without approving of him, one has to note that his publicity-seeking flamboyance did get the *Amerasia* case the only thing resembling a public hearing it has ever had, and that his "investigator" Tydings did not come off as much of a moral improvement. McCarthy's charlatanism stands as a warning to conservatives not to let their noble causes into the hands of demagogues.

I wish I could admire Klehr and Radosh as much for their storytelling knack as I do for their scholarly industry and for the moral fineness and courage it took to tell this tale honestly even today. But the book is a trial to read, jumping back and forth in time and requiring at times almost a jigsaw-puzzle-like reassembly of its data. One more rewrite with a sharp editor looking over their shoulders would have done the trick. Still, *The Amerasia Spy Case* is good and necessary and—even 46 years later—timely. ♦

Congenital Liar

By J. Bottum

There's just no getting around the fact that Jerzy Kosinski was a toad. James Park Sloan's new biography, *Jerzy Kosinski* (Dutton, 505 pages, $27.95), is as fair an account of the Polish-American novelist as we are likely to get, and Kosinski still comes off as a liar, a cheat, and a world-class social climber.

He had charm, of course, as nearly everyone who ever met him testifies, the dangerous charm of the kind of man to whom the unpredictable always seems to happen, whose conspiratorial grin promises that, any moment now, things are going to get seriously crazy. But the only real question remaining about Kosinski is whether his books, and the fact that he was an anti-Communist in the days when it was still unfashionable in his hip New York literary crowd, are enough of a reason to salvage his reputation from the pit where it has lain since his suicide in 1991.

The answer, surprisingly, is yes. *Being There*, the good 1971 novella he converted into an even better screenplay for the movie starring Peter Sellers, apparently owes enough to a little-known Polish novel to warrant the charge of plagiarism. But his first novel, *The Painted Bird* (1965)—a brutal and weirdly beautiful story of a homeless boy's wanderings through the six years of World War II in Poland—may be the most successful attempt since *David Copperfield* to present a child's view of adult horrors. With his determined efforts to use his novels as an entrée to the high-toned life of the glittering classes, Kosinski proved that his stature as a "major novelist" was more important to him than his actual novels, and he took a long-overdue beating when the *Village Voice* revealed in 1982 that he used (and had always denied that he used) translators and private editors to polish the astonishingly bad English prose of his first drafts. But *The Painted Bird* nonetheless remains an indigestible, unforgettable, *real* book—stronger than its author's endless fabrications, stronger than his wild charm, stronger than his foolish life.

To the born storyteller's impulse to sand the rough edges off a story and make it run a little smoother in the telling than it did in real life, Kosinski added the born liar's impulse to change his stories to fit his needs. There is virtually nothing about himself that he didn't tell in two or three irreconcilable versions, and James Park Sloan has done a masterful job ferreting out the facts of Kosinski's life, especial-

J. Bottum, who writes regularly on literary matters for The Weekly Standard*, is associate editor of* First Things.

ly the long-suppressed details of his early years in Poland.

Born in 1933, Kosinski was not, as he often claimed, abandoned like the unnamed narrator of *The Painted Bird* when the Germans and the Russians invaded Poland in 1939. His father, Moses Lewinkopf, becomes in Sloan's account a determined and fascinating figure. Foreseeing the Nazi destruction of the Jews, he traded his savings for foreign currency, obtained official papers in the Polish name of "Kosinski," and kept the family on the move in the overwhelmingly Gentile and rarely patrolled sections of the countryside. They faced some harrowing moments, and the young Jerzy undoubtedly saw too much too young, but the father kept the family together and brought them all safe through the war.

One of those teachers' favorites—the preternaturally charming child of endless promise for whom excuses are always found—Kosinski in postwar Communist Poland was constantly falling into schoolboy scrapes from which his teachers, his father, or his own luck always managed to extract him. Precociously beginning in high school his life-long, compulsive philandering, he continued in the Polish university system almost, it seems, for lack of anything else to do. After publishing some technical papers in Marxist sociology, he managed in 1957 to finagle a trip to the United States to study for his doctorate at Columbia.

For a young man who had already learned how to maneuver his way through a Communist bureaucracy, New York offered innumerable opportunities. Although he never finished his degree, by 1962 he had published two anti-Communist books (under the pen name "Joseph Novak") and married Mary Weir, heiress to an enormous steel-mill fortune. He had also begun the high-voltage, high-wire act he lived for the rest of his life: as a witness to the Holocaust, a spokesman for the Polish-American community, a freedom fighter in exile, a night-prowler in Manhattan's sex clubs, an ornament at the parties of the 1960s jetsetters, a seducer of college girls, a man of letters, and a conversational storyteller without equal. It was, in fact, a dinner conversation with a publisher—in which Kosinski stunned his listeners with fabricated stories about the war—that led both to the publication of *The Painted Bird* and to the continuing confusion about its truth. Elie Wiesel (whose *Night* genuinely is a lightly fictionalized account of a childhood during the Holocaust) gave the book a glowing review in the *New York Times* only after being falsely assured by Kosinski that it was fundamentally an autobiography.

His second novel, the 1968 *Steps*, won the National Book Award (though perhaps only in belated recognition that his first novel should have) and still has its admirers—as does his third, the novella *Being There*, which Sloan confirms owes far too much to Dolega-Mostowicz's 1932 Polish bestseller, *The Career of Nikodem Dyzma*. ("Nikodem" was Kosinski's own adopted middle name, and Polish acquaintances told Sloan how the young Jerzy loved the book.) Though his later books received consistently bad notices from reviewers looking for a fulfillment of the promise of *The Painted Bird*, Kosinski's six remaining novels had excellent sales for "serious fiction"—all but the last making

the bestseller list: *The Devil Tree* (1973), *Cockpit* (1975), *Blind Date* (1978), *Passion Play* (1979), *Pinball* (1982), and *The Hermit of 69th Street* (1988).

Kosinski may have been like Thomas Mann's fictional con-man Felix Krull, a self-creating parvenu who knew how to make the most of his opportunities. But he was also one of those oddly gifted people for whom inexplicable opportunities just seem to come along. How does a penniless emigré on a suspect visa manage to get a contract from Doubleday to write a book in a language he barely knows? How does an unknown graduate student, parking cars for spare change, manage to meet, charm, and wed one of the richest widows in America? Kosinski always seemed to be there at the right time, managing in some marvelous way to know virtually everybody who was anybody. It wasn't just the actors and politicians a celebrity writer can meet if he tries hard enough. Kosinski had luck's magic foresight: When Polish-American leaders were casting about for someone to guide the little-known Polish cardinal Karol Wojtyla around New York, they happened to light at the last minute upon Kosinski, and Wojtyla happened later to become Pope John Paul II.

Sloan presents Kosinski as a character recognizable even to basically honest people: the get-ahead young man who cuts a few corners, tells a few lies, early in his career, and then—discovering the endless tangled series of lies he has to keep telling to support his earlier lies—lives the rest of his life in dread of the truth's coming out, as it finally did in 1982.

But Sloan misses, I think, the joy of the liar in his lie, the love of risk and the pleasure in making the unbelievable believed. Kosinski kept his Hollywood friendships after 1982, and kept his expansive life. But he had lost the possibility of being believed. From his first novel, he gradually made the lionized young writer's typical turn to a novel about himself writing a novel, and on—in his enormous and almost unreadable last book, *The Hermit of 69th Street*—to the vacuity of a novel about himself writing a novel about himself writing a novel. The storyteller at last ran out of stories. Kosinski spent his last years trying to rope investors into an unlikely scheme for establishing a Polish-American investment bank.

There was finally something strangely mismatched in the man, something incommensurate—a small life lived big, perhaps, or a big life lived in such a small, mean way that it was stripped at last of joy. On the night of May 2, 1991, for no immediately pressing reason and with little warning, Kosinski climbed into his bathtub and tied a plastic bag around his head. *The Painted Bird* survives him. ♦

Visible Ally

By Daniel J. Mahoney

There has been no more successful effort to discredit a great writer and thinker than that carried out against Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn for over two decades. In his *Letter to the Soviet Leaders* (1974), Solzhenitsyn searingly criticized the role played by Marxist-Leninist ideology in the destruction of Russia and recommended that the government jettison communism while gradually altering the country's political and social life. His measured advice was thoroughly misunderstood in the West and by a large part of the Russian intelligentsia. His call for gradualism was perversely read as an endorsement of authoritarianism. His recognition of Christianity as a spiritual force that could contribute to the healing of Russia was transformed into "theocracy" (despite his repeated claim that he wished no special privileges for his own faith). Soon, Solzhenitsyn was denounced as a Russian ayatollah—the "Persian trick," he called it.

By the time of his famous commencement address at Harvard in 1978, a legend was firmly in place that he was some combination of theocrat, czarist, anti-Semite, and imperialist. His criticism in that speech of the "anthropocentric humanism" of the Enlightenment and of the rampant litigiousness of the West was taken as further evidence of his anti-democratic politics, despite his accompanying defense of the rule of law and his expression of respect for the American founding. His continual chiding of the Free World during the 1970s and 1980s for its vacillation before Communist expansion did not help matters in journalistic and academic circles, where anti-communism was in sharp disfavor. By the mid-80s, Solzhenitsyn had lost much of what had been a vast readership.

Yet over the last 10 years, the writer has provided ample material for the definitive rebuttal of his critics. In the revised *August 1914*

Daniel J. Mahoney is chairman of the department of politics at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass., and is author of a forthcoming book on Charles de Gaulle.

(published in 1989), Solzhenitsyn sketches his own model of Russian statesmanship in the figure of Pyotr Stolypin, a principled centrist who fought for constitutional monarchy and land reform against reactionaries in both the czarist and revolutionary camps. Stolypin paid for these efforts with his life—assassinated by, quite fittingly, a double agent of the czarist secret police and revolutionary terrorists. Solzhenitsyn emphasizes Stolypin's vision of a nation of individuals freed from the corruption of absolutism and the tyranny of the village collective, individuals whose love of Russia is not mystical but rather rooted in their status as property-owning, self-determining citizens.

In *Rebuilding Russia* (1990), Solzhenitsyn draws on Aristotle, Montesquieu, and Tocqueville in an exploration of the preconditions of political freedom. In so doing, he reveals himself to be a partisan of a complex political system combining a Gaullist-style presidency with local councils and assemblies. He acknowledges enthusiastically the liberties evident in the Swiss and New England towns of his exile.

Repeatedly, Solzhenitsyn has demanded that Russians at all levels repent for the crimes and lies in which every inhabitant played some part. In *The Russian Question at the End of the Twentieth Century* (1995), he denounces pan-Slavic imperialism and notes: "There is some truth in the reproaches leveled at Russian ruling and intellectual elites for their belief in Russian exclusiveness and messianism." For Solzhenitsyn, the country must find its own path of development, one that avoids imitation of the worst features of the increasingly relativist and decadent West. Yet he also praises what is truly universal in the Western purpose: "its historically unique stability of civic life under the rule of law—a hard-won stability which grants independence and space to every private citizen."

Solzhenitsyn still has something important, even profound, to impart to us. He is a teacher of moderation, a chronicler of modern faith in progress gone awry, an anti-ideologue par excellence. He is also an elegant and moving writer. But will anyone still read him? For those willing to do so—whose minds have not been dulled by the intellectual "consensus" about him or the mistaken belief that the nature of communism is now but a historical question—Solzhenitsyn's most recently published book, *Invisible Allies*, is quite simply a gift for our time.

SOLZHENITSYN IS A MAN OF HUMANITY AND COURAGE WHO HAS BEEN MALIGNED. HE STILL HAS SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO IMPART TO US.

Invisible Allies (Counterpoint, 344 pages, $29.50) was written in Zurich in 1974-75, immediately after the author's expulsion from the U.S.S.R., and updated with subsequent notes. It is an accompaniment to Solzhenitsyn's great literary and political memoir *The Oak and the Calf*, in which he is mainly a lonely fighter, a St. George struggling valiantly against the dragon of "Progressive Ideology." In *Invisible Allies*, by contrast, Solzhenitsyn tells of hitherto unknown allies who made this fight and ultimate victory possible. With the fall of communism, he can now speak freely without risking their lives or liberties (and many are already dead). In 14 moving sketches and accounts, he pays his debts, describing a small and idiosyncratic battalion of patriots united in their devotion to Solzhenitsyn and their hatred of Bolshevik tyranny.

Some of the incidents could be lifted from the pages of spy thrillers. A Russian-born French nun arranged single-handedly to have microfilmed copies of Solzhenitsyn's works transported to the West. A diverse group of foreigners schemed and dared to bring Solzhenitsyn to the attention of the outside world, and some were intimately involved in the translation and publication of the anti-totalitarian epic *The Gulag Archipelago*. The American general William Odom, while stationed in Moscow, saw to it that a large portion of the Solzhenitsyn archive left for the West under diplomatic cover. Others played smaller but critical roles in aiding Solzhenitsyn as he was relentlessly pursued by the Soviet leviathan. About these generous foreigners who risked comfort and safety to help a seemingly forlorn cause, Solzhenitsyn states, "Whenever I remember them or see their faces, my admiration knows no bounds."

Two particular chapters stand out in this most accessible and revealing of Solzhenitsyn's works. One is the story of Elisaveta Denisovna Voronyanskaya, codenamed "Q," an energetic but increasingly frail old woman deeply affected by the misfortunes of Russia and prompted to contact Solzhenitsyn by an encounter with his *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* (1962). A Leningrad native, she wrote to Solzhenitsyn, who was impressed by her determination and love of country. Soon

she was a member of his conspiracy, typing and retyping many of his works, including *The Gulag Archipelago*. Although wholly devoted to Solzhenitsyn and his cause, she was too zealous, too much of a talker to be discreet in carrying out her tasks. She rambunctiously shared his top-secret works with a small circle of friends. More tragically, she disregarded Solzhenitsyn's advice to destroy her remaining copy of *Gulag* after a text had been spirited away to the West. In August 1973, her indiscretions led to arrest and interrogation by the KGB. Under torture, she revealed the location of her copy of the book and set into motion the chain of events leading to its publication and the eventual fall of the regime. (In Solzhenitsyn's dramatic formulation, the publication of *Gulag* meant that "Birnam Wood was moving.")

Solzhenitsyn clearly loved poor eccentric Q, who died either at the hands of the KGB or by committing suicide shortly after her interrogation (the evidence is not clear).

His appreciation for her profound contribution to the common cause and his pity for her death exemplify the gratitude that he expresses throughout *Invisible Allies* for his "loyal companions in arms." While in Vermont, Solzhenitsyn played a recording of Verdi's *Requiem*, given to him by Q, every year at the end of August "in her memory." He confides that, as he wrote the book, all his "invisible allies" gathered around in his mind like "affectionate shadows."

The other revealing portrait is of Elena Tsezareva Chukovskaya, known as "Lyusha." She became, after his wife Alya, Solzhenitsyn's closest collaborator and co-conspirator.

From 1965 to 1970, she was centrally involved in all of his enterprises, including the writing, research, and preservation of *Gulag*. She remained loyal to him until his exile in 1974 and during the *glasnost* period was the first to call in the Soviet press for the restoration of his citizenship and the publication of his work in their homeland. But her sympathies paradoxically lay with the secular, liberal intelligentsia, and she disliked the increasingly religious and patriotic tone of Solzhenitsyn's writings.

In one of the most important sections of the book, Solzhenitsyn discusses how Lyusha's increasing reservations about his project mirrored the growing hostility of secular intellectuals to his openness to religion and his disdain of progressivism. Even as far back as 1972, Solzhenitsyn sensed that he would eventually lose much of the audience that had been with him in the fight against Stalinism.

Invisible Allies is the memoir of one of the greatest men of our century. It is also his account of a band of decent souls who came together to loose their country from totalitarianism. Some were believers, others unbelievers, and all had different prescriptions for the future of Russia. This memoir reminds us of the honorable voices that remain in Russia, just as it reveals the humanity and courage of the much-maligned Solzhenitsyn. One measure of the vitality and maturity of our own intellectual life can be found in our response to his witness. ♦

Berlin Remembered

By Charles J. Dunlap, Jr.

A shattered, divided city, its war-weary population kept alive by airlift. A nation scarred by horrifying genocidal violence. American and allied troops warily keeping order.

Though this may sound like a description of modern Sarajevo, veteran correspondent Henrik Bering reminds us with his new book on postwar Berlin that these are images we have seen before. The parallels to today's headlines are what makes Bering's *Outpost Berlin: A History of the American Military Forces in Berlin, 1945-1994* (edition q, inc., 266 pages, $16.95) so interesting—and important.

While a few in the academy might smirk at the somewhat ambitious titling of the work as a "history," *Outpost Berlin* quite effectively chronicles the life of the city that epitomized the Cold War. Bering cleverly intersperses succinct, newspaper-style overviews and well-rendered oral histories of individuals from every stratum of postwar Berlin. A plethora of photographs, a map, and an effective layout add to the volume's strength.

The personal vignettes, many of which are the stories of Germans who emerged from Berlin's rubble, contain fascinating details. We learn, for example, how ordinary people survived during those early years. One widow eked out a living by making "sandals of the cord of Venetian blinds and slippers of old

Charles J. Dunlap, Jr. is a colonel on active duty in the United States Air Force. The opinions expressed are those of the author alone and do not necessarily reflect those of the Department of Defense or any of its components.

pieces of carpet." Other Berliners dealt with the pervasive hunger by scrambling for scraps from American mess halls and making nettles and weeds into impromptu "salads."

Outpost Berlin captures the enormous tension occasioned by the many large and small Cold War confrontations with the Russians. The Berlin Airlift (a fantastic technical achievement even by today's standards) and the rise of the Wall are detailed in thoroughly readable fashion.

Popular histories like Henrik Bering's are in short supply these days, and our intellectual discourse is the poorer for it. Sadly, readability alone—however pleasurable—seldom guarantees that a book will be read. Modern Americans demand that nearly every cognitive effort justify itself with tangible, pragmatic purpose. So to what *practical* use can Bering's work be put?

Plainly, it would be gross overstatement to conclude that the Cold War story of Berlin is an exact metaphor for Sarajevo or any other current event. With due respect to Santayana, the past does not repeat itself, remembered or not. The variables of the human condition are too numerous for that.

Nevertheless, one can readily find practical significance in the story Bering tells. The most obvious teaching is the sheer time and energy it takes to rebuild failed states. As this rendition of postwar Berlin demonstrates, Americans' insatiable craving for swift solutions collides on occasion with problems that defy the quick fix. Rebuilding an imploded society is certainly one of them.

Accordingly, pronouncements about giving countries that are physically demolished and psychologically pulverized a 365-day "window of opportunity" to revive themselves appear hopelessly at odds with a commonsense understanding of human nature. As *Outpost Berlin* makes clear, it took decades of military occupation and billions in aid and investment to build Berlin (as well as the rest of Germany) into a functioning, economically sound, and democratic entity. And Germany at least had a heritage of modernity from which to start.

THE STORY OF THE BERLIN OCCUPATION CAPTURES THE ENORMOUS TENSIONS OF THE COLD WAR AND TEACHES US SOMETHING ABOUT HOW TO REBUILD A NATION.

How is it, then, that devastated states without that background (Somalia, Haiti, Rwanda and, to an extent, the former Yugoslavia among them) could ever be expected to regenerate themselves in little more than a year? Even absent the superpower confrontation that overshadowed postwar Germany, one wonders what kind of society would have emerged if the allies had given the Berliners merely a 12-month "window of opportunity" and then left them to their own devices.

This is not a paean to the much-maligned notion of "nation building." To the contrary, the calculus of U.S. national interest in the late twentieth century suggests that few overseas ventures warrant the required commitment of young Americans and national treasure. What Bering's book portrays, however, is that success *is* possible. The American people—notwithstanding our impetuous propensities—will shoulder enormous responsibilities over extended periods when the rationale is clear and the goal worthy.

Another, more subtle message in Bering's book deserves thoughtful consideration. His many anecdotes of average Germans interacting with ordinary American soldiers during the long years of occupation suggest that such mingling played an important role in transforming Berlin from the heart of Nazi depravity to the progressive, cosmopolitan city it is now.

Contrast such fraternizing with the typical practice of American forces today: Beginning with Middle East deployments during the Gulf War, and continuing first in Somalia, later in Haiti, and most recently in the Balkans, American troops have been strictly sequestered from the people they are supposedly there to help. Such decisions are understandable from a military commander's perspective. Allowing off-duty troops to venture into the icy, mine-ridden Bosnian countryside, still peppered with armed malcontents of every persuasion, incurs risk at a time when risk-taking by military officers is hardly rewarded.

These officers know that even a smattering of casualties for almost any reason not only would jeopardize their own futures, but could also derail the entire foreign policy effort. Standing logic on its head, too many Americans now believe that military operations should be virtually risk-free enterprises. How many caskets would it take before public opinion would demand that the troops come home, mission accomplished or not?

Commanders also must consider

the frightening prospect that a few soldiers out of the thousands deployed might misbehave, or at least be accused of doing so—all in the glare of intense, global media coverage.

The nightmare of the servicemen-rapists in Okinawa surely haunts commanders when they ponder whether to allow their troops to socialize with the locals. But, as *Outpost Berlin* illustrates, person-to-person contacts contributed significantly to the success of the American military presence in Berlin.

In an era when American forces are ever more frequently finding themselves enmeshed in quasi-conflict situations reminiscent of Cold War Berlin, Henrik Bering's book is the kind of history lesson that today's responsible decisionmaker ought to review. ♦

The Sparrow's Prey

By Woody West

Violetta was not a classic KGB "swallow," trained to compromise foreign officials. She was a "sparrow," say, in the sense that the late Evil Empire kept as keen an eye on its citizens as Providence is supposed to on each small bird. Clayton was a target of opportunity, not too swift a boy and looking for the love of a good woman, or something approximating that.

A translator at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, Violetta Seina did not rebuff the awkward advances of Clayton Lonetree, a sergeant in the embassy's Marine guard. One thing led to another, as things will, and friendly "Uncle Sasha" appeared. Presently the Marine was passing interesting data to Uncle Sasha, who was, of course, no uncle.

This was disclosed in January 1987, and the press went berserk with what was soon dubbed the "Marine Spy Scandal." The buzz was that more Marines than the 25-year-old American Indian might have been snared by the KGB and the embassy itself thoroughly penetrated. Not long after, a second Marine admitted to spying, and the reportorial pack was off in full throat as assorted government agencies scuttled for the bunkers. (The second Marine's confessional torrent could not be corroborated at all, and charges were dropped.)

SERGEANT CLAYTON LONETREE WAS A TARGET OF OPPORTUNITY, NOT TOO SWIFT A BOY AND LOOKING FOR LOVE.

In 1987 Lonetree was convicted by a court-martial on charges of espionage. That he was the first Marine to betray his country in such a fashion was not mitigated by his disclosing the nasty business himself. The sentence was 30 years, reduced to 25 for his cooperation in trying to figure out just what the hell was going on. Not that much really, it would turn out, beyond Lonetree's loathsome adventures; he had unforgivably given the Soviets useful information. Late last month, Clayton Lonetree, whose sentence had been reduced to 15 years in procedural twists, walked out of military prison at Leavenworth, Kansas. He had served eight years.

This bizarre case is reprised well by Rodney Barker in a luridly titled book, *Dancing with the Devil: Sex, Espionage, and the U.S. Marines: The Clayton Lonetree Story* (Simon & Schuster, 336 pages, $24). Barker rounds out the context and fills in the wide gaps in the news coverage of the revelations. He has talked to lots of people, read lots of trial transcript, gone to Russia and chatted with ex-KGB agents and the sparrow, Violetta.

He provides an incisive portrait of an unstable young man who scored so low on the qualifying test that he never should have been an embassy guard. But, with a nudge from a U.S. senator from Minnesota who suggested the test was "culturally biased," Lonetree got a second try and, we're told, passed—a bit of the old quota game by the Marine Corps, where quotas don't exist.

The author hammers the CIA for its mulish refusal to cooperate with the Naval Investigative Service. The reason would emerge while Lonetree was in prison: Aldrich Ames. Ames, as we now know, had a long and sordid career as a Soviet spy, the gang at Langley blundering about while Ames tipped off the Soviets and caused the deaths of at least 10 U.S. agents abroad. Barker contends that the KGB was not displeased at the eruption of the penny-ante Lonetree case because they felt it might provide a false trail and thus protect their

Woody West is associate editor of the Washington Times.

cherished mole, Ames—now serving a life sentence and complaining about how beastly his incarceration is.

The author is critical as well of a lethargic State Department, under whose jurisdiction the Marines on embassy duty fall. The Naval Investigative Service gets gentler treatment, and it was clearly a significant source for Barker. The Naval Investigative Service was excoriated on Capitol Hill (the font of incessant and, as it proved, wildly inaccurate leaks) and scourged in the press for bureaucratic feebleness.

But the most egregious player is the recently deceased William Kunstler, for whom radical causes were profound and clients incidental. Kunstler played every stop on his far-left flute when Lonetree's parents got him into the case—claiming the Marine was a victim of racism, ethnic discrimination, diabolical mis- and malfeasance by a corrupt U.S. government, and the perversity of the military justice system.

Indeed, Barker writes, with the evidence making Lonetree's conviction likely, Kunstler scuttled a deal that might have gotten the befuddled Marine off with five years. Such a deal would have deprived Kunstler of his podium and attentive pressies.

It would appear that the author has reported thoroughly, but it is disconcerting to find errors in small things with which one is familiar, as they cause one to wonder about larger ones.

Barker, for example, places the Marine headquarters at the 8th & I barracks in Washington; the commandant's house is there, not headquarters. He names the Marine general who ultimately reduced Lonetree's sentence to 15 years as "C. Krulac"; the gentleman is "Charles Krulak," who has been commandant for 10 months now.

This tale is evidently not complete: Violetta wrote Lonetree in prison that she loves him, misses him, and wants to marry him. Who can doubt that there's a major motion picture here and surely a book by Lonetree—the invariable return for infamy in our queer time. ♦

Socialism Never Dies

By David Horowitz

Invading armies can be resisted, Victor Hugo once wrote, but nothing can stop an idea whose time has come. Hugo's famous sentiment captures the arrogant historicism of the Left, which is convinced that its agendas are "progressive" and that its progress is the destiny of mankind. But what about a false idea whose time has come? And not through any synchronicity with historic process but because it speaks directly to human weakness: resentment; envy; or merely a wish to believe that ordinary mortals can create heaven on earth? What if such impulses are so strong that large numbers of human beings are destined to believe bad ideas—despite their destructive consequences—to the end of time?

A case in point is Eric Hobsbawm's recent book, *The Age of Extremes*, which indicates just how full of life the bad ideas of the socialist Left remain, even after the close of the Soviet nightmare. *The Age of Extremes* is a history of the world from the outbreak of the First World War to the fall of communism, the conclusion to Hobsbawm's accolade-laden tetralogy on Western capitalism, which one American reviewer called a "*Summa historiae* of the modern age." This final volume has been generally treated as a fitting crown and was awarded Canada's most coveted literary prize. A major assessment by Harvard's Stanley Hoffmann in the *New York Times Book Review* hailed it as magisterial. Even so astute a historian as Eugene Genovese was smitten: "We shall soon be flooded with books that seek to explain this blood-drenched century," he wrote in the *New Republic*, "but I doubt that we shall get a more penetrating and politically valuable one than Eric Hobsbawm's *The Age of Extremes*."

For most of his adult life, Eric Hobsbawm was a member of the British Communist party, and even though he is no longer the Stalinist he once was, he remains an unrepentant, if inevitably chastened, Marxist—still a passionate reviler of democratic capitalism and still an acolyte of the socialist faith. *The Age of Extremes*, which has been published to such praise, is in fact a 600-page apologia for the discredited Left, a brief in defense of the very ideas that produced the world of misery under review. For all its attention to industrial and cultural developments, Hobsbawm's treatise is first and last an ideological argument: that the practical disasters of socialist societies do not refute the utopian hopes of the socialist premise; nor are they reasons to abandon the struggle against capitalism in behalf of a society based on a "social plan." "The failure of

David Horowitz is president of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture, in Los Angeles. His memoir, Radical Son, *will be published shortly by Free Press.*

Soviet socialism," Hobsbawm sums up, "does not reflect on the possibility of other kinds of socialism."

Hobsbawm's defense of "real socialism" against the evidence of the "actually existing" kind is not original, but relies (without acknowledgment) on arguments developed first by Leon Trotsky and Isaac Deutscher. They attempted to explain away the failure of Marxism in Russia by its introduction into an inhospitable environment. (In his *Times* review, Stanley Hoffmann repeats this error: "Marx was right. . . . Socialism could only work in developed countries." But then why didn't it work in East Germany, the industrial heart of the Reich until Marxists took charge and proceeded to ruin what the Prussians had built?) Hobsbawm treats the Soviet revolution as a forced experiment under unfavorable conditions and, consequently, no test of the socialist ideas that guided it. The idea that the Soviet system was a competitor to the capitalist West was only plausible, he contends, because of capitalism's weakness during the era of the First World War and the Great Depression, a period he calls the "Age of Catastrophe." Ever protective of his radical constituency, Hobsbawm fails to mention the role that party intellectuals like himself played in fostering this destructive illusion.

During the Cold War that followed (the "Golden Age," in Hobsbawm's periodization), capitalist economies defied Marxist predictions about increasing misery and social crisis for reasons he is unable to explain. During this era, the industrial democracies of the West were able permanently to surpass the weaker Soviet system, which could not overcome its initial handicap of underdevelopment. Characteristically, it never occurs to Hobsbawm that Marxism itself might be responsible for this failure.

IT NEVER OCCURS TO ERIC HOBSBAWM THAT MARXISM ITSELF MIGHT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FAILURE OF THE SOVIET UNION.

Like other radicals, Hobsbawm writes as though the debacles to which socialist ideas have led carry no implications for the Left's critique of capitalism. This underlies the really destructive intellectual contribution of *The Age of Extremes*, which is to preserve and extend the socialist indictment of liberal societies. It is the very indictment with which Hobsbawm began his Communist career.

Nothing is more indicative of the ideological passion that informs *The Age of Extremes* than Hobsbawm's treatment of its final episode. The 20 years from 1973 to 1991 are described in a section called "The Landslide," by which Hobsbawm means *global* collapse. This was a moment that witnessed the destruction of history's largest and most oppressive empire and the spread of democracy around the globe. But through Hobsbawm's Marxist lens the victory of freedom over communism appears as a *general* disintegration. This, the final section of his book, opens with the following judgment: "The history of the twenty years after 1973 is that of a world which lost its bearings and slid into instability and crisis."

The triumph of Western freedom thus provides Hobsbawm—who in his own life is one of its privileged beneficiaries—with little comfort. In the vacuum created by the great collapse, the historian sees only "a renaissance of barbarism." This thought, too, is an echo of past illusions, in particular of Rosa Luxemburg's famous slogan at the end of World War I that summoned radicals to risk everything in their struggle to overthrow the existing order because the choice was one of "socialism or barbarism." Apocalyptic choices are the crucial term in any revolutionary equation, because they establish that society's flaws cannot be remedied by adjustment or reform. At 78, Eric Hobsbawm is still a prisoner of his reactionary faith. For him, capitalism is a doomed system unable to solve its "crises" except through revolutionary upheaval.

Not surprisingly, capitalist societies like America function in Hobsbawm's narrative as a *diabolus ex machina* of its tragic turns. Democratic America rather than its totalitarian adversary was responsible for the Cold War, in his view. Nor is the conclusion of the Cold War—the collapse of the Soviet empire and the withdrawal of the Red Army from its occupation of Eastern Europe—a victory for the West. ("We need not take this crusaders' version of the 1980s seriously," writes Hobsbawm.) Instead, Hobsbawm attributes the end of the Cold War to the wisdom of the Kremlin's regnant dictator, who "recognized the sinister absurdity of the nuclear arms race" and approached the other side to end it. "That is why the world owes so enormous a debt to Mikhail Gorbachev," he writes, "who not only took this initiative but succeeded, single-handed, in convincing the U.S. government and others in the West that he meant what he said."

Gorbachev was able to achieve this near miraculous resolution of a global conflict only because the White House—normally a center of war-mongering paranoia—was occupied by a simpleton who somehow remained immune to these malign influences: "However, let us not underestimate the contribution of President Reagan whose simple-minded idealism broke through the unusually dense screen of ideologists, fanatics, careerists, desperadoes and professional warriors around him to let himself be convinced."

The Cold War is mercifully over and fatuities like this are no longer consequential. It is in his critical stance towards the present that Hobsbawm shows his ugliest face. If he were not so blinded by his anti-capitalist passion, he might have noticed how the underlying forces of Soviet collapse and Western triumph reflected an economic reality: the capacity of a society based on private property to unleash the powers of new technologies transforming the economic world (and, conversely, the inability of its state-managed rival to do the same). In a volume that devotes whole chapters to developments in science and industry, there is only a one-sentence mention of the digital computer. There is not a single reference to Ed Cray, Bill Gates, or the other Rockefellers of this second industrial revolution, or—except negatively—to its implications. Hobsbawm ignores the Reagan boom, along with the liberating potential of the information age it helped to launch. Instead, his portrait of America's economy in the prosperous eighties is one of unrelieved gloom. He receives the news of technological advance as a society-threatening crisis:

> The Crisis Decades [1973 to the present] began to shed labor at a spectacular rate, even in plainly expanding industries. . . . The number of workers diminished, relatively, absolutely and, in any case, rapidly. The rising unemployment of these decades was not merely cyclical but structural. The jobs lost in bad times would not come back when times improved: they would never come back.

Just as Hobsbawm the radical returns to the anti-capitalist myths of his youth, so Hobsbawm the historian imagines the capitalist past forever recurring in its present: "In the 1980s and early 1990s the capitalist world found itself once again staggering under the burdens of the inter-war years, which the Golden Age appeared to have removed: mass unemployment, severe cyclical slumps, the ever-more spectacular confrontation of homeless beggars and luxurious plenty." To this structural dislocation, Hobsbawm attributes America's growing culture of hate and what he perceives as a general social breakdown (including an alleged epidemic of mass murders). In other words, Marx was right.

MARX WAS WRONG. CAPITALISM HAS IMPROVED THE LIVES OF ORDINARY WORKING PEOPLE TO AN UNIMAGINABLE DEGREE.

But Marx was not right. In fact, the Cold War decades coincided with a period in which capitalist economies revolutionized the lives of ordinary working people to a degree previously unimaginable. It was an era that witnessed the greatest social transformation in human history—the first time in 5,000 years that more than a tiny percentage of the population of any society attained some degree of material well-being. This was at the heart of the demoralization and collapse of the socialist empire, whose peoples were condemned to abysmal poverty by Marxist ideas: the dazzling prospect of American progress in the era that stretched from Eisenhower to Reagan.

The Age of Extremes can thus be seen as an elaborate defense of the two destructive arguments behind which the Left has caused so much 20th-century misery—the evils of capitalism and the promise of socialism. In the wake of its disasters, the false hope of the socialist future is now only tenuously put forward by sophisticated radicals like Hobsbawm. But the two arguments cannot really be separated, since the nihilistic rejection of the present order is predicated on the dream of a social redemption. The final words of Hobsbawm's treatise are intellectually as extreme as any manifesto by Rosa Luxemburg or Karl Marx:

> We have reached a point of historic crisis. . . . If humanity is to have a recognizable future, it cannot be by prolonging the past or the present. If we try to build the third millennium on that basis we shall fail. And the price of failure, that is to say the alternative to a changed society, is darkness.

Capitalist darkness or socialist light. For the Left, as Irving Howe once put it, "socialism is still the name of our desire." But to deny the connection between the radical idea and its practice, as Hobsbawm and his admirers do, is to court the delusion of every progressive generation since 1789. Progressives who take this view of the disasters they create do not understand the way in which the futile quest for an earthly paradise is an integral theme of the human tragedy. ♦

DOLE'S TROOPS TRY TO BUILD BIG CROWDS

"We have to get a lot more creative," [Dole staffer] Chris Serrano says. "We don't have a rock 'n' roll star. He doesn't play the saxophone. But he's much loved by people."

— *The Wall Street Journal*, March 19, 1996

POLICY & POLITICS

Dolemania Grips Nation's Teens

RIVER GROVE, Ill. — It's the night of the big show, and outside the arena a group of teenage girls hop up and down in the cold, awaiting their idol.

"He's getting closer," says Pam, 13. "I can feel his energy."

Her friend Tiffany, 14, nods. In her hands she twists a smudged copy of the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution.

"I've heard him read it a hundred times," Tiffany says. "He says it's only 28 words long. But when he gets to the part about reserving power to the States respectively, I just, like ..." Her voice trails off. "Do you think he'll sign my copy — for me?"

Shades of Bobby Sherman, young Sinatra, and David Cassidy. But it's no ordinary teen idol that these girls — all natives of this Chicago suburb — are pining for.

Meet Bob Dole, newest heartthrob to the nation's pre-pubescent set. Kids from one primary state to another can't seem to get enough. The signs are all around:

Robert Dole

• Copies of Dolebeat magazine are flying off the racks, store owners report. (This month's cover story: "My Uncensored All-night Mark-up on the Ag Bill with Sen. Dole!!!")

• The video of Dole's 1976 vice-presidential debate with Walter Mondale — "Democrat Wars, Republican Casualties" — just bumped "Clueless" from the top of Blockbuster's bestseller list.

• The hot new look for high school boys: gym shorts with midcalf black dress socks and wingtips — a look perfected by Dole himself, during the famous photo-op on his treadmill last year.

• Bob Dole fan clubs are sprouting up coast to coast, with memberships estimated in the thousands. Meetings have been known to last for days, while members debate the fine points of Robert's Rules of Order.

"Sure, he's not a rock star," says Tiffany. "He doesn't play the saxophone. But girls today are looking for a guy like Bob Dole. You just look at him and go: He's been tested and tested and tested."

"Who else could have stopped the Foster nomination when Daschle tried to table the motion to recommit?" Pam says, popping her bubble gum. "Not Brad Pitt, that's for sure."

Tiffany seconds the motion: "And Daschle is just yucky. Those glasses. Eeewwww."

Arriving at River Grove arena this blustery night, the candidate takes the adulation in stride. As Dole steps from his limo he is swarmed by teens waving their copies of the Tenth Amendment for his autograph.

Dole carefully signs them all, charming his young fans with small talk. "Good to see you," Dole says. "Glad you could come. Lookin' good. Good to see you. Hey there. Glad you could come."

At last, with a thumbs-up, the candidate disappears through a side door to prepare for the night's rally. Some of the girls are in tears, others merely mute.

Finally Tiffany leads her friends to the main entrance, past the waiting ambulances poised for the rally's inevitable climax.

"Tonight's a special night," Tiffany says. "Almost every member of the Republican state legislative leadership conference is going to endorse the senator — it just, like, demonstrates the viability of the whole block-grant concept!" And with a deafening squeal the girls run to their seats.